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THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE



Irrigation in Idaho.

ELGIN, ILLINOIS
BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

July 5, 1902

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Number 27, Volume IV

Irrigated Crops Never Fail

IDAHO is the best-watered arid State in America. Brethren are moving there because hot winds, destructive storms and cyclones are unknown, and with its matchless climate it makes life bright and worth living.

We have great faith in what Idaho has to offer to the prospective settler and if you have in mind a change for the general improvement in your condition in life, or if you are seeking a better climate on account of health, we believe that Idaho will meet both requirements. There is, however, only one wise and sensible thing to do; that is, go and see the country for yourself, as there are many questions to answer and many conditions to investigate.

Our years of experience and travel in passenger work teach us that a few dollars spent in railroad fares to investigate thoroughly a new country saves thousands of dollars in years to follow.

Cheap homeseekers' rates are made to all principal Idaho points. Take advantage of them and see for yourself. Selecting a new home is like selecting a wife—you want to do your own choosing.



AN IDAHO APPLE ORCHARD.

**Alfalfa, Fruits, and Vegetables, Grow in Abundance. Fine
Grazing Lands, Fine Wheat, Oats and Barley.**

NAMPA, IDAHO.

I came to Idaho two years ago from the best part of eastern Kansas. I had done no work for a year on account of poor health. One year here brought me all right and this year I farmed and made more money from 80 acres than I did on 160 acres in Kansas. All my crops were fine but my potatoes were ahead, making 600 bushels per acre.

JOSHUA JAMES.

Write for Full Particulars, including Special Rates of Transportation to see the Country.

S. BOCK, Brethren's Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

J. H. GRAYBILL, Brethren's Agent, Nampa, Idaho.

D. E. BURLEY,

G. P. & T. A., O. S. L. R. R.,

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Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

JULY 5, 1902.

No. 27.

THE WOMAN OF HOME.

No, clever, brilliant thinker, she,
With college record and degree;
She has not known the paths of fame,
The world has never heard her name;
She walks in old, long-trodden ways,
The valleys of the yesterdays.

Home is her kingdom, love is her dower—
She seeks no other wand of power
To make home sweet, bring heaven near,
To win a smile and wipe a tear,
And do her duty day by day
In her own quiet place and way.

Around her childish hearts are twined,
As round some reverend saint enshrined,
And following hers the childish feet
Are led to ideals true and sweet,
And find all purity and good
In her divinest motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshadowed still—
God rules the world in good and ill;
Men in her creed are brave and true,
And woman pure as pearls of dew,
And life for her is high and grand,
By work and glad endeavor spanned.

This sad old earth's a brighter place
All for the sunshine of her face;
Her very smile a blessing throws,
And hearts are happier where she goes,
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,
To whisper love—thank God for her!

IS THE SALMON DIMINISHING IN NUMBERS ON THE PA- CIFIC COAST?

BY D. W. EARLY.

THIS question has been answered in the affirmative many times in the last ten or twelve years. Twenty-five years ago salmon that weighed from thirty to forty pounds could be bought in the market almost anywhere for fifty cents. Now it is sold at ten cents per pound. But the people along the coast soon found out that there was

money in canning them, and soon large canneries were established all along the coasts of Oregon and Washington. Salmon were caught by the boatload, canned and sent to all parts of the world. There was considerable money in the business, but too many went into it and for a time it seemed that the fish would be exterminated. When there was no chance for them to ascend the streams to spawn, on account of the many nets set to ensnare them, their numbers diminished rapidly and many canneries shut down for a number of years.

When the cry of "No Fish" began to go up among the fishermen and canning companies, the Federal government took notice of it and established an experiment station on a small stream called the Clackamas, a short distance above Portland, to try the experiment of artificial hatching and raising young salmon. As far as raising them was concerned, that was a success, and fish were turned out by the millions every year. But the question arose whether any of these fish ever returned to be caught. As this was the only test of the success of the enterprise they sought to mark a lot of them by clipping off one of the small fins. After doing that they had to wait three years before they found any of the "marked" fish, when they began to come in in sufficient numbers to show the enterprise a success.

When it was proven that this could be done the two States, Oregon and Washington, took up the matter and created the office of fish commissioner whose duty it is to look after the fishing interests, and establish hatcheries wherever in his judgment they are needed. With this stimulus given the industry, it is bound to revive and be in time one of the greatest industries on the northwest coast.

Sunnyside, Wash.

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BUILT TO CROSS THE PLAINS.

IN 1865, two years before the construction of the Union Pacific railroad, a company calling itself "The Overland Traction Engine company" was formed in the United States for the purpose of carrying out the designs and plans of one Jesse Fry, who claimed to have invented the only machine capable of making rapid transit a reality between the East and the far West of the country.

Fry organized a company with ample means to carry into execution his scheme of building an engine of the desired dimensions, suitable for the actual fulfillment of his ideas and those for which the company was formed. Everyone who has seen a farm traction engine or a steam roller, such as is used by asphalt and other paving companies, will perhaps obtain a general idea of the traction engine conceived by Fry, except that his machine was to be ten times as large and a hundred times more powerful.

The projects put forth by the company, and held by them to be the primary objects of the business, were to transport freight, haul immigrant trains of wagons and carry passengers between the East and as far West as it would be possible for the engine to travel.

The first working engine was constructed at Paterson, N. J. The boiler proved to be very defective, as the circulation was poor. As a matter of fact, when the steam gauges showed 100 pounds pressure over the crown sheet, the third water space was cold.

Instead of the usual locomotive tender, or water and coal tank, which is generally independent in ordinary railway work, the traction locomotive had a large U-shaped tank, between the upright sides of which the boiler was placed. This tank extended the length of the engine, the latter being about twenty feet long. There were four driving wheels, all independent of one another, similar to the four wheels of an ordinary wagon. The main driving wheels were each nine feet in diameter, and had a tread or bearing surface thirty-six inches broad. The front driving wheels were six feet in diameter and thirty inches broad upon their tread.

Each wheel was made of iron boiler plate half an inch thick, backed by three-inch planking, and

the tread, or face, was filled with steel spikes projecting about two inches beyond the body of the wheels, making them look very much like the drums of music boxes. The forward wheels were arranged to be used for steering purposes.

The most peculiar thing about the machine was that each wheel had a complete pair of double (two cylinder) vertical engines, there being, besides, an engine for steering, making altogether nine engines, not including two steam pumps, one of which was used for feeding the boiler, and the other one—the larger of the two—for drawing water from a river or creek on the journey for supplying the water tank.

Part of this tank was reserved for a coal bin; but of course, it was impossible to carry sufficient coal in such a limited space for the intended trip, and coal wagons were, therefore, to be drawn as part of the immigrant train, in which the requisite supply was to be carried.

The axles were fourteen feet long, being more than twice the length of those used on the ordinary type of locomotive. Considering the large wheel tread and the size of the wheels, one can easily imagine the lofty and spreading appearance of the whole outfit.

At that time there were no boats on the Mississippi and other rivers capable of receiving and transporting a whole train, and the problem of how to cross these streams must have sorely vexed the promoter of the Overland Traction company.

One idea which occurred to Mr. Fry and as original as the rest of the invention, and this was to make the wheels 20 feet in diameter, and of sufficient buoyancy to float the entire engine. This suggestion was evidently abandoned as impracticable.

Some fears must have arisen in Mr. Fry's mind that the engine and its train would become an object of attack by Indians. Hence one is not astonished to learn that the front of the engine was made of steel plate somewhat in the shape of a fortress, containing cannon.

When the engine was finished it was decided to have a working test made immediately on the street fronting the shop where it was constructed. This street was not paved at that time and the running of the machine required the services of several men, there were so many engines. Wheth-

er a misunderstanding among them was the reason cannot now be ascertained, but the telegraph poles were knocked down, the street was badly damaged and at one time the monster narrowly escaped running into a house.

The machine complete cost \$45,000 and was sold as scrap. It weighed about 120,000 pounds.—*Cassier's Magazine*.

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MONEY WITHOUT AN OWNER.

"WHAT becomes of all the money orders which are never presented for payment?" asked a Washington business man of a postal official. "Every few days we receive letters from our customers saying that they have forwarded orders for goods, but the orders have never reached our hands. And this is true of a very large mail order house in Washington."

"They disappear in various ways," was the reply. "Some are burned or torn up instead of the receipts and this is particularly true of international money orders where the receipts are of the same size of the order, only white in color. Some are sent in letters which are not addressed at all or are incorrectly addressed, and these, together with thousands of other orders, find their way to the dead letter office. Ultimately most of these letters find their way back to the remitters or duplicates are applied for.

"The British government utilizes as a source of postal revenue all of the money in its hands which is not paid out to meet money orders upon presentation and derives about \$50,000 annually therefrom. Our government does not attempt to derive any profit from this source and the money is turned into the treasury, where it is held in trust, as it were, to meet these obligations. The government has no desire to claim or confiscate this money, and it will pay its obligations in the form of a money order at any time upon presentation, upon satisfying itself in the instance of a long lapse of years that there has been no previous payment by duplicate or otherwise. In Great Britain, I believe, this money becomes forfeited to the government after a certain number of years, four, I think. The British government evidently proceeds upon the theory that if a holder of a money order or the sender does not seek to cash the order within a reasonable time

the government can put it to good advantage by applying the amount to its own use. Such a practice undoubtedly facilitates the business of the government's end of the contract and is strictly legal if authorized by law. In nearly all money transactions there is a limitation upon the validity of any voucher which represents cash as to its presentation. Even a note payable without date is barred by the statute of limitations in the various States.

"There is to-day an accumulation of over \$2,500,000 in the treasury of these unclaimed money orders which has been gradually piling up year after year during the thirty-five years the government has been conducting a money order business. With each individual order the government has made a special effort to effect payment to the payee or restore the amount to the remitter, and, failing, can do nought but keep the amount. The fact that 50,000 duplicate orders are annually issued would appear to indicate that the American people are extremely careless in the handling of these money vouchers. Where the originals go or how they are disposed of would fill a volume.

"The government has issued \$4,000,000,000 in money orders, and has paid every cent of this great sum except the \$2,500,000 I have mentioned. A single order may be issued up to \$100 in amount, and the average is about \$7.50, the smaller offices issuing the great bulk of orders and the larger offices cashing 95 per cent of them.

"Traveling men, actors, circus men, railroad employes and others, whose business requires them to move from place to place, are very fond of buying orders payable to themselves. They cannot spend an order as a bill and as no one but themselves or the indorsees may secure the amount of the orders they are just that much ahead when they get into the next town, making themselves their own bankers with the government as a depository. Sometimes an actor or a circus man will present a dozen orders at the close of the season which he has bought from time to time, and their amount represents savings which otherwise would have been spent."

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BLESSED is the man of whom nobody is afraid, and whose ability to care for himself has never been doubted.

THE JUNIATA RIVER.

BY MARY GRACE HILEMAN.

"Wild roved an Indian girl, bright Alfarata."

THE river is there all right and the Indian girl *did* rove over its banks, but the water is not blue.

The Raystown and Frankstown branches are the head streams. The former rises in Bedford County, Pa., and the latter in the Beaver Dam Mountains and in Blair County. It flows in a southeasterly direction and empties into the Susquehanna. Its entire course is in a mountainous region. On one side of the river is a hill or mountain, and on the other rich meadow land. Many of these elevations are dotted with limestone quarries. The Pennsylvania railroad traverses almost the entire course of the river. In the day of the canals the water way ran parallel with it. The towpath is now a footpath, and part of the canal has been underdrained and converted into farming land. Bass and some other fish inhabit the waters of the Juniata.

Tyrone and Huntingdon are on its banks. Lewistown is practically so, and many other old Pennsylvania towns on down toward the mouth of the river.

The Juniata is one of the most romantic and one of the most beautiful rivers in Pennsylvania. It is probably the best known, which is due to the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Elgin, Ill.

SPOOKISM.

BY A LOYAL INGLENOOKER.

THE city of Los Angeles was set on end a short time ago by a visit from spooks. The whole Nook family were watching and waiting for Frank and Kathleen, the distinguished guests who were sweeping over the country, in order that we might give them a rousing reception, but not even a shadow of them was seen. We have not heard of any hen roosts being disturbed, or cows milked, and how they managed to get at the heart of domestic affairs as they did is a mystery.

Frank and Kathleen missed a whole lot by playing the part of spooks. If they had quietly

pulled the door strings, prancing steeds and commodious vehicles would have been at their disposal, and enough sights would have been shown them to have made material for three or four letters. The Nook family here don't like it that they went through the place incognito.

The Nookman will remember that in one of the letters there was a reference to Bro. Peter Myers' aviary, and his attempt to cross the Mongolian pheasant and the bantam. The dog that killed one was banished to the country, the incubator broke the contract before the twenty-one days were up, and of those that did come to light not one agreed to live. The experiment is still on.

Los Angeles, California.

THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD AND THE CIVIL WAR.

It was the first and most desirable point of vantage coveted by both the Federal and Confederate armies. In May, 1861, the four Federal advance columns concentrated at Parkersburg, W. Va., Wheeling, W. Va., Harper's Ferry, W. Va., and at Washington. To retain the advantage, the Federal government established block houses along the railroad from the Monocacy to the Ohio river, besides forts at Winchester, Harper's Ferry, Cumberland, Piedmont and New Creek (Keyser). The B. & O. was the base of operation for the Federal army for nearly four years and from which the government could not take advance line earlier than November, 1864. The B. & O. was the means of communication between the West and the Army of the Potomac, and was consequently in a continual state of siege. Harper's Ferry, the key to the Shenandoah Valley, first famed through the fanatical attempt of John Brown, in defying the laws and customs of his country, was captured or recaptured eight times in three years. The Government Arsenal and armories which were located there, were destroyed by the government to prevent their capture. One hundred and seventy-nine battles of greater or less importance were fought on or adjacent to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, not taking into consideration the innumerable skirmishes.

BETHLEHEM OF TO-DAY.

THE little town where Jesus was born is less than six miles from the place where he was crucified, writes Walter Williams. It is one of the most beautiful spots in Palestine. Its population, about 8,000 in number, are nearly all Christians, and are chiefly engaged in the manufacture of mother-of-pearl ornaments. The merchants are quite enterprising and one of the largest exhibits at the St. Louis World's Fair will be by a Bethlehemite. The women of Bethlehem are extremely pretty—the prettiest to be found in all Asia Minor. If married they wear a peculiar headdress, not unbecoming, to distinguish them from their unmarried sisters. Their wedding

7,000 tram cars. The total population is between six and seven millions.

Four thousand postmen deliver 10,000,000 letters weekly, walking a distance equal to twice the circumference of the globe. Sixty thousand letters are written a day, consuming thirty gallons of ink.

Ten thousand miles of overhead telegraph wires almost skirt out the smoky canopy which spreads above the same London streets, and the number of telegraph messages received in London last year was over six millions. Ninety million gallons of water are consumed daily.

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WHILE Congressman Warnock, of Ohio, was serving as judge of the court of special pleas in



A NEW IRRIGATION DITCH, IDAHO.

dowry is carried, a string of silver and copper coins, in the form of a necklace.

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IN LONDON.

A CHILD is born every three minutes, and a death is registered every five minutes.

The city contains over seven hundred railway stations, nearly eight hundred miles of railway line, and eleven railway bridges span the Thames. Daily a million persons travel on the underground railways, and two and a half millions in 5,000 omnibuses, 7,000 hansoms, 14,000 cabs, and

his district, which position he held for ten years, he was one day trying a case in which a woman was a witness. An attorney asked her age and the witness hesitated. "Better answer the question now," said the lawyer. "The longer you hesitate the older you will be."

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HAVING two legs and not four, don't be a "sook cow," and call your inability to stand up for yourself humility.

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DRINK seems to have its place in the world. It wipes out the unfit.

THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER
FACTORY AT DAYTON, OHIO.

BY ELLA MILLER.

THIS factory is unusual in many features. They do many things for the betterment of their employees, mentally, morally and physically, and say, too, that it pays from a dollar and cent point of view. Some of the things they do for their employees are as follows:

Short hours are the rule. Men working nine and one-half hours per day are paid for ten. Women working eight hours per day are paid for nine. Suppers are served free of cost to men working over time. In a cozy dining room warm lunches are served to the young women for five cents, thus saving car fare, or a walk home, and avoiding the necessity of the cold lunches so many are obliged to eat.

Nine bath rooms are provided in the factory for the men and five for the women. During the winter each employee is allowed one bath per week, consuming twenty minutes of the company's time; during the summer, two per week and forty minutes time. White aprons and sleeves are furnished to three hundred and fifty women and laundered at the Company's expense.

First aid and medicines are also furnished to the injured free. A rest room for the young women employees who may be taken ill or are indisposed, is fitted up with couches and chairs, medicines and restoratives. A ten minutes recess, morning and afternoon, with calisthenic exercises, is allowed all the office employes and young women of the factory. Classes in physical culture are in session daily, the Company paying a part of the expenses and allowing each twenty-five minutes time.

They have a woman's club composed of the employees of the factory, and its object is the promotion of and the furtherance of their interests in a musical, literary and educational way. Fifteen minutes of the Company's time is allotted to each for the purpose of attending its meetings. A library is in use from 12 to 1:20 o'clock daily, as a reading room. Stereopticon lectures are given twice daily except on Saturday. After listening to these one feels well repaid for the visit to the factory for that alone.

Wheel chairs are furnished for visitors to the factory who may need them. A force of guides is provided for visitors to the factory. The one who took our party of fifty through did it very heartily, thoroughly and politely, and seemed to spare no pains to make it interesting.

Beautiful palms and vines are distributed all through the factory and office departments. Mottoes and pictures adorn the walls, and as to light and ventilation, it perhaps surpasses any other factory in the country. The partitions are all of glass and most of the side walls also.

The daily output of machines is one hundred and sixty-eight. The wages, they claim, are the highest, generally higher than union wages. Bicycle sheds have been erected, and accommodate eight hundred wheels daily. Compressed air is furnished free to the user. This is only a little thing, and yet it saves time and labor for the tired employee. But how many a factory President would think of so trivial a thing?

The money the Company spends for the betterment of their employees amounts to about two and one-half per cent of their payroll. They say they are paid for this in the criticisms and good suggestions they get which are solicited. In every office and factory we noticed a register asking for suggestions or criticisms. Prizes are continually awarded for the best ones. Thus they get the co-operation of all their employes. The suggestions are along the line of informing the Company where they can save material, save labor, save expense or improve the organization. Thus thousands of brains are working together. To give nothing but wages means to get nothing but the working of so many hours, instead of the intelligent and sympathetic co-operation which is so valuable.

Much attention is given to the lawns and flowers. Landscape gardening of the grounds is designed yearly by specialists. Tennis courts are provided for the employees and the young people of the neighborhood. In addition to the factory there is what they call an Extension House. This is in charge of a matron who teaches housekeeping, cooking, sewing and kitchen gardening. A garden plot has been let out to seventy-five little boys in the neighborhood, from ten to twelve years of age. At the end of the season the best gardener gets a prize.

From this garden our guide took us on to a handsomely-furnished club house, where the heads of the departments and their assistants meet daily for luncheon at an expense of five dollars per month. This brings them together and affords opportunity for discussing plans and the work of the factory. Here also many noted visitors to the factory are entertained. And here, to close our pleasant visit, we enjoyed a social cup of tea.

Nappanee, Ind.

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THE STORY OF JENNIE WADE.

AMONG the many thousands of Federal and Confederate soldiers who lost their lives at the Battle of Gettysburg there was none to whose death there attaches more interest than that of Jennie Wade. Jennie Wade bears the distinction of being the only woman who was killed at the time of this dreadful battle. The story runs something like this.

Jennie Wade lived with her mother in Gettysburg. She was twenty years old at the time and was engaged to be married to a Federal soldier who was killed at Winchester, Va. Hers had been the ordinary happy life of a young girl up to this period. She had a sister, Mrs. McClellen, who was very sick at a house near what is now the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, and in order to see her sister Jennie and her mother on the third day of July, 1863, went to Mrs. McClellen's house. The houses on all sides were filled with sharpshooters who were continually firing at each other. About eight o'clock on the morning of July 3 Jennie was in the kitchen in Mrs. McClellen's house making bread. The bread had been made, put in the pans, and as she was in the very act of putting the pans in the oven a bullet came through the outer door of the house, striking her in the back, passing through her body and killing her instantly. She was singing at the time she was shot. They took her body to the cellar, it not being safe to go outside, and there she lay until the evening of July 4, at which time she was buried in a coffin that had been made for a Confederate soldier who had been killed in the fight.

Probably a good many Nookers have heard the story, as the writer did shortly after the battle, that she was baking bread for the soldiers

at the time of the fatality, but it appears from the story her mother tells that she was doing the family baking. At all events the whole tragedy shows the horror of war and how the innocent often suffer in times of great national calamity.

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THE CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.

OF all known climates the English is at once the worst and the best. From year's end to year's end the whole island and the heavens above are steeped in the soft damp of the four surrounding seas. A long and drenching rain is almost unknown. If a man can forego the vanity of being quite dry and is not above the occasional retreat into a cab an umbrella or a raincoat is scarcely necessary. Yet the sky is never crystal clear, as it so often is with us; the sun seldom dazzles, the stars never flicker and blaze. Month in and month out the landscape is blurred in all-pervading damp—thin, almost imperceptible in summer, yet changing the verdure to an olive green; azure and opalesque in spring, purple in autumn, golden gray or lurid dun color in winter. And frost and snow are as rare as the heat of pure sunlight. The defects of this climate are at one with the virtues in that they drive men into the open; indeed, it would not be easy to say what are defects and what virtues. The temperature of the summer heat makes out of doors a paradise. In the winter one is chilled to the bone in English houses—not only American residents, but the natives themselves, if they stay long indoors. The coal consumed seems enough to heat the entire island to incandescence; yet such is the efficiency of the open fireplace of the country that the man who crouches before it goes blue in the lips and white to the roots of his nose, while the particles of half-consumed carbon gather in minute globules of mist above the chimneys, shroud the city in a black natural fog and the citizens in a fog of the spirit.

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ISSUES A COSTLY CATALOGUE.

A LONDON firm has issued a catalogue of the goods it keeps for sale. It is an encyclopaedia work in two handsome volumes of 880 pages, 56 in colors, size 10x12 inches and two inches in thickness. Its publication cost \$100,000.

BUMBLE BEES.

BY FRANK S. FARQUAR.

Bees don't care about the snow;
 I can tell you why that's so:
 Once I caught a little bee
 Who was much too warm for me.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

EVERY reader of this sketch is familiar with the bumblebee—the clumsy, blundering insect that is the burden of the cares of the small boy when disturbed in its nest in the harvest field. It belongs to that class of economic creatures without which, science says, no plant that produces its kind by seed would become fertilized. In this respect it is as much a benefit to mankind as any other member of the great animal kingdom.

The average person gives it credit for anything but that which makes it useful to him. It is a thing to be dreaded—crushed to earth at the first opportunity—because it carries a sharp-pointed instrument of self-defense in the rear of its abdomen. It is through the agency of this bee, as well as many other insects, that the fertilization of flowering plants takes place. The pollen of one flower is carried to mingle with the pollen of another of its kind, thus producing that which could not be produced in any other way.

This remarkable condition of nature is beyond comprehension, yet it is true. The bumblebee, by reason of its physical construction, is one of the main factors by which nature accomplishes this strange piece of work. It does it with its little pollen baskets on its hind legs. These baskets, as they are called for want of a better name, are composed of small hairs so formed or arranged together that, when the legs of the bee come in contact with the flower, while seeking honey, the pollen clings to them. Going to another plant, the bee carries this pollen along in its pollen-basket and deposits it unconsciously in the flowers it visits for food. It is in this manner that the flowers become fertilized and reproduce their kind.

The bumblebee is a curious little creature, with a life history extending through one season only. There are three forms of the individuals—the workers, the females or queens, and the males or drones. It is the queen only that lives through the winter. As soon as the first warm days come the queens emerge from their hiding-places

which may be under stones, beneath boards or any other place that may afford shelter—where they have lain dormant during the winter months.

The queen searches about till she finds an abandoned mouse or ground bird's nest, and upon a ball of pollen, which she gathers together, she deposits an egg. When the larvæ hatch out they eat through the pollen mass in all directions, reaching maturity about the time the material is consumed. At this stage of its existence a silken cocoon is woven and it transforms into a pupæ. The time required for this change is six weeks.

The cocoon surrounding the insect is strengthened by wax placed on it by the queen bee, and after the pupæ goes out as a full-fledged "bumble," the wax-strengthened cocoons are filled with honey. The first broods are called workers and as soon as they come forth relieve the now overworked queen, who has been doing all the work up to this time. She then ceases to work and does nothing but lay the eggs for the later broods, which come forth as males and queens. As soon as cold weather sets in all the males and workers perish. The queens crawl into sheltered places and hibernate till the next season to start the family anew again. These hold-over queens die shortly after the male and queen broods come on in the summer time.

The bumblebee is remarkable for its swiftness in flight and the great distance it travels from its nesting place. It has been traced across the country over two hundred miles. This is accomplished by using flour on the bee and tracing it through correspondence with distant friends. The humming noise this bee makes in flight is caused by the rapid motion of its wings, which vibrate so fast as to be invisible to the eye.

It has a sting on the rear end of the abdomen that, while not poisonous, gives great pain in penetrating the flesh. Any small boy who has worked in the harvest field will attest to this. The stinger to the youngster is equal to any two-edged sword, and it is doubtful as to which would give the greatest misery. The name of this creature is *bombus pennsylvanicus*; that is, it belongs to the great family of insects to which all bees belong, and that this particular one is native of the district encompassed by Pennsylvania.

This bee has a temper that is unrivaled for aggressiveness. It is always on the alert and

will attack a person on the least provocation, particularly when one approaches its nest. It is vindictive and will keep up a running fight as long as its antagonist, be it human or beast, desires to prolong the contest. It is combative to a degree not found in any other insect that is so familiar to the habitat of mankind. Attacked in its home, it will fight till overpowered by the genius of the superior mind.

The bumblebee is not susceptible to domestication like the honey bee. Kept in confinement it will soon perish. It has characteristics of the honey bee, but its habits are somewhat different. It does not store up honey like the honey bee, neither does it build a similar comb for the rearing of its young and then fill it with the precious fluid of the flowers.—*Pets and Animals.*



NO MORE FEATHER WEARING.

It cannot but be a matter of regret to all finely tempered people that the life of man on this planet obliges him to prey on his fellow-animals. Certain inhabitants of India feel this so keenly that they wear a cloth-strainer over their mouth and nose to prevent the entrance of insects. Most of us cannot carry the thing so far. We eat the flesh of animals and wear their pelts without reproaching ourselves for misconduct. We are convinced that such a use of animal life is legitimate. At the same time we are willing to admit that the destruction of beautiful animals for no other purpose than our personal adornment has in it something grotesque and repulsive. Such destruction we call "wanton." Now, it is "wanton" destruction that the Illinois Audubon society is trying to check. The letter sent out recently to the milliners of Chicago had this end in view. It is to be hoped that the milliners will feel that the Audubon society is right and that the woman who wears the feathers of a song bird in her hat stands so low in the ranks of femininity, and indeed of humanity, that her wishes do not constitute a proper trade demand. It should be almost as vile a thing for a trader to provide his customer with song bird feathers as to provide her with opium or any other injurious article. Besides, it is not altogether a matter of sentiment. It is also a point of law. The Illinois statutes name the crow, the crow blackbird, the chicken hawk, the English sparrow, and game fowls as

the only birds that a person may have in his possession without exposing himself to a fine of \$5 or imprisonment for ten days, or both. Women who are not humane by nature can be made humane by State regulation. The public in general will hope that recourse to law will not be necessary. If it should be necessary, however, the Audubon society will have the main body of the people on its side.—*Chicago Tribune.*



A FUNNY MISTAKE.

It is not true that every sweet girl graduate who speaks a piece on commencement day is possessed with the idea that she and her class are competent to solve any and all problems. Generally speaking, they look cool and collected in their pretty white dresses and fluttering ribbons, but beneath this calm exterior often rages a tempest of nervousness. A case in point is related by the *Washington Post*. It is that of a girl who graduated not long ago and is just home from school. She was present at a social gathering a few evenings ago and some one asked her to recite. The young person recoiled with horror at the request and later told why. She had studied elocution at school, was well up in all sorts of Delsartian tricks and had earned quite a reputation as a reader. On graduation day she was on the programme to recite one of Kipling's poems, which she did with such effect as to secure an encore. Just at this period some old-fashioned person in the audience sent up a request that she recite "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night." She got along splendidly until she reached the line: " 'Go, your lover lives,' said Cromwell."

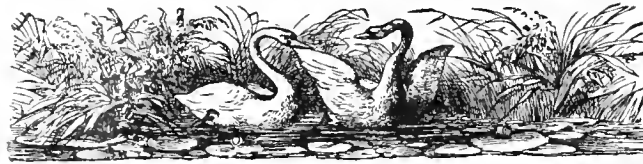
Now, it happened that she and some other girls had often amused themselves with an absurd misreading of that particular line, and when the reciter reached it this is what she said:

" 'Go, your liver loves,' said Cromwell."

To say that she brought down the house does not anything like express the situation, and from that moment she foreswore recitation.



In most cases when planting shade trees the hardiness of the trees should be given preference over rapid growth. It is of no advantage to secure a shade tree early only to have it die when most useful.

 ▲ ▲ ▲
 NATURE
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 STUDY.
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HOW SPIDERS REST.

Most spiders build wonderful traps or homes of finely spun web. These webs are stretched in all kinds of places. Out in the fields they almost carpet the grasses and weeds with a spread intended to catch the teeming insect life. They are thrown across the roadways and in the open glades in the woodland.

Everyone has seen the great, round, fat bodies of the spiders as they hang motionless in the center of these large circular webs. Every child has seen the black and gold fellows which make huge scrawling lines of white across the webs in the garden corners and among the grape vines. The children call them "writing spiders;" and really the white lines bear a close resemblance to hand-writing when viewed at a short distance.

Every student and observer in nature soon learns that the spider remains in the center of the web that it may feel the slightest motion caused by any luckless insect which has been caught in the sticky substance. Now, if one will look closely at the spider he will see that it hangs head downward.

One day, by suddenly frightening a spider, a man learned the secret of its constant position upside down on the web. It dropped head down and stopped when about half way to the ground and swung slowly to and fro from the end of a long thread of web. If it had been head up in the web it would have turned a somersault and the web would have been broken. After the spider had swung at the end of its web for some time it thought all danger had passed, and turned and climbed up again. It rolled the web thread up with its forelegs, and then threw it to the ground. This was evidently done to keep it from becoming entangled with any of the web proper or with grass or weeds nearby. Anyone who has touched a web knows that it is sticky and hard to ravel when once tangled. Certainly this bit of instinct is not absent from the spider's brain.

A NEW VEGETABLE SWEET.

A PLANT has been found in the northern part of Paraguay whose leaves contain a sweet substance. Small pieces will have the same effect as a large lump of sugar if dropped into a cup of tea or coffee. The stuff is not the same as sugar, though, because it is much stronger and cannot be fermented. The director of the Agronomical Institute at Asuncion believes that its chemical nature is different from anything else now known. The herb is a rather common one, and the Germans in that part of the world are about to make some elaborate experiments in cultivating it for the market. It is said to contain no deleterious substance, but possibly the matter has not been investigated sufficiently. Fifteen or twenty years ago Professor Ira Remsen, now President of Johns Hopkins University, devised a method of manufacturing out of coal tar a substance 300 times as sweet as cane sugar. He named it "saccharin." Its use has been recommended for victims of certain diseases who are forbidden to take sugar. Nevertheless, for some mysterious reason, there has been a disposition in Germany to prohibit by law the introduction of saccharin into beer. Possibly the explanation of this procedure is political, not scientific. Whether the Paraguay plant, botanically known as *Eupatorium rebaudiarum* will eventually prove a disappointment time alone can tell.

* * *

THE FISHES OF JAPAN.

THE islands of Japan are remarkable for their richness of animal life. The variety in climatic and other conditions, the nearness of the great continent of Asia and to the chief center of marine life, the East Indian islands; its relation to the warm black current of Kuro Shivo (the gulf stream of the orient) and to the cold current from Bering Sea, all tend to give variety to the fauna of its seas. Especially numerous and varied are the fishes of Japan. It has been noted that the

fish fauna of Japan bears a striking resemblance to that of the Mediterranean, and Dr. Gunther has suggested that this can be accounted for by supposing that in recent times a continuous coast line and sea passage extended from one region to the other, the isthmus of Suez not existing.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

* * *

VICTIMS OF INTOXICATION.

TIPPLERS among animals are not rare. Abyssinian goats find the counterparts of bacchanalian feasts in the coffee bean, fighting furiously when under its influence. Cows are intoxicated and maddened by hempseed and opium, while bee toppers find solace in the deliciously overpowering aroma of the flowers whose sweets they seek. Ants have been chloroformed and thus completely paralyzed, with the exception of their tongues. Dogs and horses have been known to acquire a confirmed taste for alcoholic liquors, while all domestic animals become ferocious if fed habitually on flesh diet.

* * *

FISH THAT KILL EACH OTHER.

ONE of the queerest sharks is the thrasher, which has the upper lobe of its tail so much developed as to equal in length the body of the fish itself. This tail is controlled by powerful muscles and is used as a weapon. Swordfish and thrasher sharks have been seen on many occasions to attack whales in concert and kill them, the sharks lashing their victims with their tails while the swordfish pierce them from below. On the other hand, sharks themselves are often killed by porpoises, which will surround a shark and lash the enemy to death with their flukes.

* * *

WHY GIRLS CAN'T THROW STONES.

A LONDON physician, having made a long and careful scientific investigation of a girl's inability to throw a stone as a boy does, says that it is due to the physical conformation of her shoulder. A boy throws with a free movement of the arm that is not possible with a girl, because her collarbone is larger and sets lower than the boy's. The girl may excel in sports where this action is not required, but she can never learn to throw like a boy.

ORCHIDS.

ORCHIDS have been known for years but were not put into hothouses until about one hundred years ago, the first species being sent to England by missionaries and soldiers in the tropics in 1731. There are 410 genera and 5,000 species of wide distribution, although only a few are indigenous to North America, among them being the cypripedium, or common lady slipper. Innumerable hybrids have been produced by crossing species and even genera.

Orchids are chiefly collected from Mexico and South America, India, South Africa, and the Malay Islands.

* * *

MARTENS AND SPARROWS.

ADAM MINNICH, of Trotwood, Ohio, writes the *NOOK* that in the marten boxes the sparrows built their nests and laid their eggs. The martens simply sat around on the limbs in convenient places and when the sparrows were out they went into the nests and dumped the eggs out. This was repeated until the sparrows were disgusted and gave up the fight when the martens entered their boxes and built as usual.

Every natural history note of this kind is especially welcomed by the *INGLENOOK*.

* * *

LIGHT EATERS.

A LIGHT eater was recently twitted with the familiar expression that he "ate no more than would feed a canary." To prove the criticism inapt he watched a canary and found that it ate thirty-two times its own weight in a month, or more than its own weight every day. This is considerably more than the most gluttonous porker could ever be accused of.

* * *

COD LIKE COLD WATER.

A CHRISTIANA professor has discovered that at the Loforen islands cod are invariably to be found in waters whose temperature is always between four and five degrees above the freezing point. Norwegian fishermen now make use of the thermometer as a means of detecting the presence of the fish.

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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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The poor deluded Hindoo
He does the best he kin do,—
Sticks to caste from first to last,
And as for clothes he makes his skin do.
With apologies to Bro. Stover.

* * *

ROUND AND SQUARE PEOPLE.

THE world is full of people who have missed their vocation. They are square people in round holes, or round people in square holes. The misery of much of it is that the parties often know it, but are powerless to help themselves. Some quirk of fate put them where they are and they are there to stay. They can't help themselves.

The moral of this is to find one's place and keep it. It is one of the peculiarities of human nature for us to hold lightly what we can best do and which comes easily to our hands and drops therefrom well done. We hanker after the things that are out of our class and struggle to get to them, and often get so tangled that we can never get away. There is many a cobbler who might preach well, and more preachers who ought to be cobblers.

The thing is usually done in early life and happy is he to whom the wreck comes at once so that the round man can get back to his proper fit without pinching and being pinched all his life. So the Nook advises its readers to stick to the devel-

opment of their natural endowment whether it seems to be shoeing horses or making books.

* * *

COMPENSATION.

IN the division of gifts at our birth, practically none get all of them. Some are moderately gifted, as we may say, some enormously so, and occasionally an all around man crops out. Generally, however, where there is a deficiency there is also a marked compensation, and vice versa. The writer has often noticed it in school. The boy or girl, expert at figures, has to be carried through grammar. The scholar quick at language, easily first in grammar, is last in x equals y. It is almost universally true. The editor can pick his people who hate figures by their writings. A good writer thoroughly despises mathematics. He is all "verhootled" in arithmetic, while the human calculating machine who can wade through figures as children wade in mudpuddles is never a ready writer. It was the open confession of a celebrated literary man that he did not know the multiplication table. And many a man of letters is in bad shape when it comes to a long column of figures. So also the one to whom figures are an a b c. He is done when you take him into the realm of letters.

In music, art, and every department of human endeavor it is also true. Nobody gets it all. The thing to do is to be thankful for what the good God gives us and use it to the best advantage of our fellow man.

* * *

A PROPOSITION.

SHOULD any member of the Nook family see any place in which the Nook could be bettered by the addition of certain departments it will be a pleasure to consider the subject. This is not to be regarded as a bid for raw and foolish suggestions from everybody. Nearly everybody knows how to run a paper or magazine, or they think they do, which amounts to the same thing, though they would be the worst kind of failures in practice. This has been demonstrated too many times, at too great a cost, to cut much of a figure in the handling of a publication.

What is meant is suggestion for the improvement of the magazine by the addition of features now absent. There have been many hints re-

ceived, acknowledged and put into practice, for the good of the NOOK, and there can be many more. It is not a question of what to put in the NOOK,—there's no end of material. But it is oftener hard to decide what to keep out. But the secret of success lies in constant improvement. The paper that gets into a rut, a publication whose successive issues resemble each other as one guinea egg looks like another, may be taken as a matter of duty, but in a publication like the NOOK, people who take it do so of their own volition, and as they stand for intelligence the publication that competes with the metropolitan magazines must be of something like equal character. We have always found good results to accrue from taking the NOOK family into our confidence and acting as though their wishes were to be thought of.

Here are some ways you can help us and do good. There are perhaps 30,000 people who read the INGLENOOK. If any one of this army sees anything helpful, whether an original idea, a clipping, an article or anything "good enough for the NOOK," send it to us and banish the thought that it will not receive careful consideration. It will be most carefully considered. It may not be put into type for a multitude of reasons not necessary to go over, but occasionally some one brings in a diamond and then we are all that much richer.

Now, with this preliminary, let us look at one question as it has come to us: Would it be a good idea to establish a musical department in the NOOK? If so what and how do you suggest?

What's your idea about this? The editor is not a musician and knows nothing about the science.

* * *

A NUMBER of our family friends have called the editor's attention to the omission of Mrs. McKinley's name in the article descriptive of the presidents' widows. Of course it was an oversight too late to correct in the article, but we desire to thank our readers for their earnestness in detecting the error and their promptness and courtesy in advising the editor of the defection.

Thanks to every one of them.

* * *

THANKS, little girl for the Ohio roses. They came through all right, and are doing a good work in the Editor's rooms now.

WE BELIEVE THAT

He who seeks trouble finds it.

❖

The country is God's free library.

❖

Never speak an injurious word in jest nor in earnest.

❖

When pride and poverty marry, want boards with them.

❖

Be sure the one to whom you give your love really wants it.

❖

Evil never passes through windows in which flowers are blooming.

❖

The man who can do many things seldom does one thing to perfection.

❖

A thoughtless person is like a puppy racing over newly-made garden beds.

❖

Nobody would ever know some people were Christians unless they told it themselves.

❖

Instead of wasting so much affection on the dog try it on a child, preferably your own.

❖

What is prettier than a mother with a handsome baby framed in a window containing flowers?

❖

Never suspect a friend. There is more personal disgrace in that than in your thoughts being true.

❖

He tied a river sucker to his coat and imagined himself a whale. But it was only two suckers, one dead and one alive.

❖

Did anybody ever see a mother play a piano and talk to a man while her daughter washed dishes? The Nook isn't saying it mightn't be so.

❖

Anybody can get rich. Work hard, save everything, spend nothing, live poorly, take from the needy, be a curmudgeon and you'll get there—you'll get rich and be cordially hated.

"OUR EXTREME VIEW."

BY F. C. WAMPLER.

WE feel that we must object to some of the Nookman's arguments on the health food question.

In the case cited of the child with the oatmeal and beef before it, we agree that to make it eat the meal when it wants the meat is likely for the worse because eating in an irritated mood is likely to cause indigestion. But suppose the beef is not there and the child has never been taught to eat meat. If the mush or meal has been properly cooked and seasoned, the child being hungry, will eat plenty of it with good relish and grow fat on it.

Now, if we let the child have its own way, the first, and probably the only things it wants, will be the richest pie or cake, possibly meat or gravy without bread, or it will eat the butter and jelly off the bread and leave the rest.

Taking special notice of children with scrofula, sore eyes and nervous hands, we find on inquiry that their food consists, in most cases, of meat, fried potatoes, pies, cakes, and often coffee. We can name almost a score of schoolmates whose parents allowed them to drink coffee three times a day and they thought they must have it. On being told by a friend that it was harmful, by a heroic struggle they quit its use, to enjoy better health in almost every case. With some of them it is quite noticeable.

In the case of a sick man or boy we generally find, on looking for the cause, that it is excessive gratification. Very commonly a mess of pork, new beans, potatoes, cucumbers, green apples, cherries, ice cream, cakes or candies is the diet. Does he crave them? Most assuredly. We do not have to go far from home to find a person who is fond of all sorts of dainties, but eat them to regret it every time. A notion! We have tried very hard to make that notion conform with the appetite for these things but have found it impossible.

If people crave caramel cake and ham and live on it we have no special objection, but venture to predict that in most cases they will regret it before they have traveled half the course of life. While we believe that many people are unnecessarily scared, and think they are poorly when

they are not, we believe that very many more digestive organs are ruined by a reckless desire to gobble up every good thing possible in this short life.

This is our extreme view on this side of the question, with the best of feeling.

Dayton, Va.

COMMENT.

WE welcome courteous criticism like the above. Our view was simply stated. Eat all you want, of all you like, as long as you can get it, provided it does you no harm. If anything makes you sick to eat of it,—then *don't* eat it. But one may be born with a weak stomach, just the same as another is born with weak eyes. Then one must be careful. As a rule, and a very general rule, the confirmed dyspeptic will eat things he knows will make him sick, and he is often heard saying as he helps himself to the doubtful article that he "is going to pay for it." He wants a thing and hasn't will power to hold off. He eats and "pays for it." Precisely so with the man who fills up on rum knows that he is to be sick the next day, that he "will pay for it," but he does it all the same, from a lack of will power.

The Nookman sympathizes with the one with the weak stomach, but still ventures to teach that for the man who doesn't know that he has any "insides" there should be set before him anything and everything he wants as long as it doesn't hurt him. The statement that it will lay him out in the long run is not always true, not by a good deal. The trouble with some of us is that we can't get all we want of what we most like. Others may get more than is good for them, and they should avoid it.



CHEAP CABS FOR WOMEN.

RUSSIA is supposed to be a backward and half-civilized country. Yet women there have privileges which they do not enjoy in our enlightened land. Those who have property of their own have a voice in municipal affairs, and on all railways there are carriages for ladies only. In St. Petersburg and other cities there are cabs set aside for women only, of which the fares are, by law, but half those demanded from mere man.



NEVER mind about your fortune. Live right and heaven will take care of you.

CAGGLE GOO.

BUDDIE'S having troubles of his own. He's getting his first teeth. I've all of mine, and this thing of teeth troubles me. Buddie's got none, mine are good and fast, and some people who come here can take theirs out in their hand. I've seen them do it. I've tried to do it, but mine are there tight. But the funniest thing was an old man who came here, and when my mother went out to the kitchen this man took hold of his hair, yes indeed, his hair, and took it all off in his hand, and his head had no more hair on it than Buddie's. He scratched his head and put it back again, that is, he put his hair back. When he was gone I tried to get mine off, and I tried so hard that my mother caught me and looked all over my head, closely. She said, "What's the matter, child? You're all right." But if I am why can't I take my teeth out and my hair off?



ONE OF IDAHO'S INDUSTRIES.

There are other funny things about the way some people are put together. But perhaps I will learn more about it.

I'll tell you what I eat, and what Buddie gets. He doesn't get anything but milk. They tried ever so many prepared foods, but none of them go to the spot like a quart of good, rich milk. So all he gets is milk. I eat most everything, meat, bread and butter, and nearly all kinds of fruit. I believe if I had my choice I would rather have a good thick piece of bread soaked in a

strong, not fat, meat gravy. That seems to help out the soonest, and last the longest. Then a fresh egg, broken into a pint of milk, is a sticking thing, too. After I drink a pint of milk with a fresh egg all shaken up in it, I feel so good and sleepy. I have a whole lot of trouble, and always had, with my sleeping. I want to lie down on the floor, on my 'tummy, with my hands up about my head, and my feet crossed. Then I am perfectly comfy. But they just will turn me over on my back, and no matter how often I get settled the way I want to be they turn me back. Same way with Buddie. They may know lots but I know when I feel the best, and I wish they would let me sleep the way I want to. One day when I had settled down to a good nap this way the Nookman said "Look at the little monk holding on to a limb." What did he mean?

I aint got any complaint against anybody, but Buddie's everything and everybody these days.

He drinks out of my bottle, wears my clothes, and they put in most of their time talking gibberish to him. I don't seem to be in it any more, but then I get a chance to do a good many things that otherwise they would head me off at. Some of these days I'll tell you of some of them.

LOUISE.

* * *

TEN bands led the singing at the great religious service held in Pretoria concurrently with the thanksgiving services in London. How much better it would be to hold great religious services when a war is threatening than to have them after it is over and all the mischief has been done.

The above paragraph is from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, a very cleanly and hightoned metropolitan daily. There is a whole sermon in the above two sentences. We congratulate the Editor of the *Post-Dispatch* on his good sense which is none too common anywhere or with any of us.

* * *

THE Highland costume has almost disappeared from Scotland. The natives are still very fond of the kilt, and it is eminently suited to the country, but its disappearance is due to its cost. A good kilt costs at least twenty dollars.

SUN A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

MAN'S most faithful and tireless servant is the sun. Although there has been much talk of late years of harnessing this "glorious orb," the fact is it has been in harness and diligently at work from the creation of the world down to the present time. But the genius of man is destined to bring about still greater results than are now apparent. Several more or less practical plans of utilizing the sun's rays have been invented, but none so perfect, so full of promise as the great sun motor now engaged in storing up the sun's heat at the well-known Pasadena ostrich farm in California. By the sun's heat water is boiled, the steam working a powerful engine capable of pumping some 1,400 gallons of water in a minute.

From a distance the California sun motor looks like a huge open umbrella inverted and with a piece sawn off its top. It is balanced on a high steel framework and is set at such an angle that it will catch the sunbeams on its 1,788 mirrors. Each of these mirrors measures two feet in length and three inches across and reflects the sunshine on to a long cylinder corresponding to the handle of the umbrella, which holds about 100 gallons of water. The boiler is made of steel, covered with a heat-absorbing material.

The hot, persistent California sun that shines almost every day in the year, when reflected from the mirrors on the boiler causes such heat that it is possible to obtain 150 pounds of steam pressure in one hour from cold water. When the machine is made ready for work—a task for a boy, who has merely to turn a crank until an indicator shows that the sun is truly focused on the mirrors—it will move around so that its face is kept turned to the sun all day without further manipulation under the force of an automatic engine. The boiler is automatically supplied with water, a safety valve releasing the steam if the pressure should become too great.

All day every day from an hour after sunrise to a half hour before sundown this tireless heat concentrator keeps its shining face turned to the sun, storing up an energy which may be put to almost any use. It works under the powerful California sun as well in winter as in summer.



Don't hit till you must. Then make it count.

SLAYS BIRDS BY SCORES.

A BIRD which from both an ornithological and popular point of view is probably the most interesting of the feathered kind which finds a congenial summer home in the vicinity of Baltimore is the cowbird. As the name implies, the birds are the associates of cows, or, in fact, cattle of any kind. When this is said the entire list of their friends is complete, for the birds seem to be shunned as a serpent by other of their kind. This is not strange when the fact is known that, although the cowbirds are by no means birds of prey, they indirectly slay more feathered songsters than many of the larger and carnivorous members of the family. In appearance the birds are unassuming little creatures of somber hue, about the size of a bluebird and with a faint, dry voice which could not possibly sing its owner either into the good graces of man or beast.

In the springtime they come to the fields of Maryland from their winter haunts in the south. In flocks of six or eight they roam restlessly about among the pastures, following the cattle, catching the flies and other insects that make life miserable for the dumb beasts. They are fearless of their animal friends.

When mating time comes the birds develop their slaying proclivities in a peculiar manner. Possibly they have no intention of killing the young of other birds. The end is accomplished just the same. They build no nest, but the females shift the duties of motherhood by laying their eggs in the nests of other and usually smaller birds, forcing them to incubate and rear the offspring. A peculiarity of the eggs of the cowbirds is that they hatch from one to two days earlier than those of the other birds, and as the young cowbirds by this start are given time to gain strength before the rightful occupants of the nest are ready for their food the result is that they are crowded to death by the foster child. At no time during the growth of the changeling do its real parents come to aid in providing food to satisfy its voracious appetite.

The strangest part of the whole procedure is that the birds which are thus imposed upon do not rebel. Usually only one egg is laid in a nest, and to deposit their usual clutch of four eggs the cowbirds travel from nest to nest. To

every cowbird egg deposited four or five deaths result, and their presence in the vicinity of a nest is the death blow to the domestic hopes of the rightful proprietors.

THE HOLY CITY.

JERUSALEM is literally "built upon its own heap." 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, Suleman—writes Walter 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 70,000 people comes in a four inch pipe. The open courts are few and small, and 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 sang and over which Jesus wept.

PROOF OF THEIR BRAVERY.

EVER and anon there comes from Japan the report that some distinguished soldier or statesman has committed hara-kiri in order to escape public condemnation for some well-meant but mistaken act. The latest instance is that of an eminent officer, Gama-Guchi, who has com-

mitted suicide because his father, an old soldier, reproached him with having lost 200 brave men, who were killed recently by an avalanche, and being saved himself.

"Hara-kiri," or, as the Japanese prefer to call it themselves, "seppuku," is not an aboriginal Japanese custom, but was evolved gradually during the Middle Ages. Its origin is probably to be found in the desire on the part of vanquished warriors to avoid the humiliation of falling into their enemies' hands alive. Thus the custom would come to be a characteristic of the military-class, or at that time of the feudal nobility and gentry. From a custom it developed into a privilege, and at the beginning of the sixteenth century all who held the rank of gentlemen were exempted from the indignity of being put to death by the common executioner, and were allowed to commit "hara-kiri" instead, the time and place being notified to them officially and officials sent to witness the ceremony.

How ineradicable is the Japanese sentiment of death rather than dishonor was shown in a rather ludicrous way in the early days of the modern constitution. A young Japanese midshipman on board a British man-of-war was reprimanded by the authorities at Tokio for some indiscretion, and on the receipt of the letter went and committed "hara-kiri" in the wardroom. The romantic novels of Japan are full of instances of this time-honored custom—the most famous of which is the story of "The Forty-seven Ronins." The vendetta, though imperatively prescribed by custom, was forbidden by law, much the same as duelling with us. To take vengeance on an enemy was inevitable to a chivalrous Japanese, but it also involved capital punishment in "hara-kiri."

OLD MAIDS.

WHEN is a young lady an old maid? The NOOK answers confidently,—Never. When does an unmarried woman become an old maid? With equal certainty we say we don't know. The tendency of most women is to set the limit from twenty-five to thirty years, but that is clearly a mistake. The fact is there is no limit.

Now, the NOOK does not pose as an authority but it has some decided opinions on the subject.

First, there's the woman nobody would have. She is bad, silly, or possessed of several demons—to be polite—and nobody would have anything to do with her. Then there are others.

These others generally have a story which they don't tell everybody, and some never tell at all. There may have been an early disappointment and the woman drew out of the game, or he may have died and she is waiting the home coming. And a good many, more than we think, deem it a duty to stay by aged parents or watch over a brood of orphaned children till chances have gone by. It may be that there is some hidden deformity, some inherited dread disease, or some equally good reason which impels women to chance it single rather than to jump into unknown evils. Who shall say the choice is an unwise one or that they should be the subject of ridicule?

Naturally an unmarried woman gets into notions of her own, but she is never as queer a duck as the man who as a confirmed old bachelor becomes an oddity and a crank of cranks. The woman is often entitled to more credit for her course than she gets. At all events no sensible person will decry and ridicule her choice of position against the luck of a good many who have married without mating, and who spend their lives patching, washing, keeping things together and waiting for beer-drinking husbands to come home late, faultfinding and surly. Many a woman who has "gone to the altar" as the phrase goes wishes she had stayed at home instead. We raise our hat to the unmarried lady, no matter what her years, if she has kept out of the ranks of tattlers and gadders.

CORKS ARE BECOMING SCARCE.

THE fact that the world's supply of cork is much less than the demand has been working a peaceful revolution in many trades. The increase in the price has rendered it necessary to devise other kinds of stoppers. This has given employment to a perfect army of inventors, many of whom have reaped neat little fortunes from ingenious contrivances. Thus far, however, all the inventions have not been able to restore the former balance and prices keep up in an alarming manner. As a consequence there has been

developed a trade in second-hand corks and under this have come into being queer little industries such as gathering corks, cleaning corks and revamping corks.

In the big hotels, restaurants and saloons the cork perquisite is now a moderately valuable privilege. They are no longer cast contemptuously by, but are thrown into a box or cask, where they accumulate until the cork picker arrives, who pays a round sum in cash for all offered to him. The average waiter and bartender now employs corkscrews which inflict minimum damage upon the cork and in many places where a number of bottles are opened in the course of the day a steel cork extractor is used, which will pull out a cork from the interior of a bottle into which it has been carelessly forced.

The peddler who buys them sells them to the second-hand man, who assorts them into various classes. Many large corks can be recut with considerable profit.

OH, BUTTONS!

THE following is a short résumé of the mode of making pearl buttons: After the mussels have been cooked and the meat removed, the shells are taken to the factories and stored in sheds. They are then sorted into three different sizes and soaked in barrels of water from three to six days to render them less brittle. They must be used while wet, otherwise they crumble under the saw. The next step is the cutting or sawing of the rough blanks. The shells are usually held with pliers while being cut, but some sawers hold them in their hands. The saws are hollow cylindrical pieces of steel, two inches wide, and with a diameter corresponding to the size of the button. At one end these cylinders are provided with fine teeth; they are adjusted to lathes in which they revolve. As the sawer holds the shell against the saw, the blanks are cut out and passed back into the saw and saw holder and drop into a receiver. The next step is the dressing or grinding of the back of the blank to remove the skin and make an even surface. To accomplish this, each blank has to be held with the finger against a revolving emery wheel. Then comes the turning, by which the front of the button is given its form, including the cen-

tral depression. When the holes are drilled the button is complete, with the exception of the polishing process, which brings out the natural luster which was lost in the grinding. It is this luster which gives the buttons their chief value. The polishing is effected by placing the buttons in bulk in large wooden tumblers or kegs, in which they are subjected to the action of a chemical fluid as the tumblers revolve. By mutual contact, combined with the effect of the fluid, the buttons become highly lustrous. Then they are washed, dried, and sorted into sizes and grades of quality. After being sewed on cards and packed in pasteboard boxes, the buttons are ready for the market.

The majority of the factories in the West do not finish the buttons, but merely cut the blanks. These are then sent to the factories in the East, which are supplied with improved machinery for the finishing of the buttons. Some of these Eastern factories formerly made buttons out of imported mother-of-pearl shells, but now their principal work is the finishing of the home product.

Notwithstanding the enormous progress this branch of the industry has made during the last five years, it is yet in its infancy. The only disquieting circumstance is the injudicious and wanton depredation of the shell deposits. The beds in front of Muscatine, Iowa, are already exhausted, and unless something is done to protect the mussels, it will not be long before the raw material for this industry will be exhausted.

* * *

ODD FRUITS OF JAVA.

"THE fruits of Java," writes a correspondent of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, "form an interesting study in themselves, there are so many and of such strange varieties. The most common is the strangest of all. It is called the durian and grows like a huge excrescence from the trunk of a tree somewhat similar to our pear tree. The fruit, which is pear shaped, grows to a great size, often several feet in length, and has a yellow skin, rough like a pineapple. The most remarkable thing about the durian, however, is its odor. To say you can smell it a block off is putting it mildly. A combination of aged eggs and the ripest cheese could not be compared with it.

When you break open the hull to find what can be the cause of all this disturbance to your olfactory nerves and find a great cluster of snow white kernels which taste like some strangely delicious custard, your amazement is greater still.

"Another strange fruit is the serpent fruit, so called from the fact that its skin is the exact counterpart of that of a snake. There are the pomoloe, like a great orange; the potato fruit, which resembles that vegetable in all but its fine flavor; the custard apple, with yellow, custardlike pulp, having a rather decided taste of turpentine; the poppæ, like a melon growing on a tree; the great jack fruit, of rather a coarse flavor; a small yellow fruit, with an unpronounceable native name, incased in a great bur like a chestnut, and a hundred other varieties, with none but native and scientific names, some good, some indifferent and some entirely unpalatable to any but a native. The orange is rather a scarce fruit, but the pineapple and the banana are abundant and delicious, especially the former. There are more than twenty different varieties of bananas native to Java."

* * *

THEY BUY THEIR WIVES.

WIVES are still obtained by purchase in parts of Russian Europe. In the district of Kamyschin, on the Volga, for example, this is practically the only way in which marriages are brought about. The price of a pretty girl from a well-to-do family ranges from \$50 to \$100, and in special cases a much higher sum is obtained. In the villages the lowest price is about \$25. It is customary for the fathers of the intending bride and bridegroom to haggle for a long time over the price to be paid for the lady. A young farmer whose father cannot afford to pay for a wife for him need not think of getting married.

* * *

INCREASE OF MORMONISM.

WHILE it is commonly believed that polygamy has been stamped out in this country that fact should not lead people to believe that the Mormons are becoming fewer. Quite the contrary is the case. In the last ten years, according to a late census report, the number of Mormons in this country has more than doubled, something that cannot be said of any of the orthodox churches of the land.

BIRDS NEED PROTECTION.

THE greatly diminished number of mocking birds and other feathered songsters in this section of the country has been frequently remarked and commented upon. Various reasons for their disappearance have been advanced. The main one probably is that they have enjoyed no protection. All seasons have been "open" so far as they were concerned. They have been the prey of every person and thing that chose to worry, capture or kill them, in nesting time or at any other time. Nests have been wantonly robbed of eggs or young birds, and the parent birds in many instances have been killed for protesting against the robbery. The sweetest and most versatile songster of all the feathered tribes is the mocking bird of the south. An appreciation of glorious melody should cause us to give this bird all of the protection in the power of the law, making all seasons "closed" with respect to it, instead of "open."

The mocking bird, however, has not been alone in its lack of protection. All of the nongame birds have been in the same category with it, and like it all of them have suffered severely. There are certain species, of course, like the English sparrow and rice eaters, that deserve to be outlawed, but by far the greater number of nongame birds, so far from being destructive, are the friends of man and deserve his consideration and care. And yet up to last year there were only five States in the union that had laws for the protection of nongame birds. They were Indiana, Vermont, Arkansas, Illinois and Rhode Island. Last year ten States passed similar laws, namely: Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Florida, Wisconsin and Wyoming. Congress also passed a law applying to the District of Columbia covering the matter.

DIRT AND HEALTH.

THE ghetto in Rome was the healthiest quarter of the city and at the present day the Jewish quarter of New York, the most crowded and until recently the dirtiest part of the town, has the lowest death rate. Persons with such constitutions, being, in a large measure, proof against morbid influences, are generally injured only by

their own excesses and it will be found as a rule that centenarians have been persons of this class, who have seldom been ill in their lives, who have had the contagious diseases of childhood lightly, if at all, who have always been temperate in all things, light eaters and drinkers, slow to wrath, able to control their passions and emotions and usually leading a placid, uneventful life. Such conditions can be brought about by sanitary laws only as a result of long-continued teaching and pressure extending over many generations and may not be perceptible in the race for one hundred years to come. Our first parents were driven from the garden of Eden for fear they would become immortal and their descendants have lost so much ground that only one out of millions is able to reach the physiological limit of life, which certainly should be 100 years, and possibly 120.

FOR THE NOOK FAMILY.

THE INGLENOOK is in receipt of a belated piece of music dedicated to the INGLENOOK family. It is only belated in the time of its receipt as it is fully up to date in manner and matter. It was originally written by Sister Marguerite Bixler and is set to music. Sister Bixler is one of our finest musicians and every INGLENOOK reader ought to feel complimented that he has had a piece of good music dedicated to him.

Sister Bixler will send this music to any member of the INGLENOOK family who will enclose her two cents for postage. Wherever there is a NOOK family with a musical instrument we advise that they order this and learn to play it. Personally, we have been denied the gift of song, but we appreciate the honor conferred upon the INGLENOOK in this dedication, and we trust that Sister Bixler will find herself the recipient of many inquiries for this particular piece of music. She writes the NOOK that she will send it to anyone of the family for two cents postage, and we suggest that she be snowed under with applications.

THE recent census returns show that the population of Belgium now stands at 6,693,810, having doubled the last sixty-nine years. Belgium is now the most densely populated country in Europe.

ABOUT YOUR GLOVES.

THE origin of the glove is not known. It probably constituted a part of man's dress from time immemorial. As gloves came to be used more generally the church and ecclesiastical authorities only had the right to wear them, though they subsequently widened out the number of people who might use them. Women did not wear gloves until about the period of the Reformation.

The first gloves were made of substantial leather though not destitute of ornaments. At least the best gloves were very well made, and one of them known as the Limerick glove was of exquisite texture and so delicate that it is said one of the gloves might be placed within a walnut

Indian process of tanning was employed. This required the use of the brain of the deer. An attempt to substitute the brain of the hog was a failure as it lacks certain of the properties that a deer brain possesses. At present, as a rule, egg and salt, ten parts salt, ninety parts egg yolk, are used in the process of preparation.

The manufacture of the gloves prepared is a complicated one, and one which requires a long apprenticeship to secure the knowledge required in the production of the best goods. Before a glove is finished it has passed through the hands of many workmen. If some fair Nooker knew the history of her glove which she has on her hand she would see that it required from first to last many men and complicated industries and processes before she had the perfect fitting article of wear that she so highly prizes.

* * *

SETS AUTOMATIC LUNCHEON.

A NICKEL-IN-THE-SLOT waiterless restaurant in lower Chestnut street, Philadelphia, will be opened. It will be called the Automat.

Each patron on entering will be confronted with a variety of depositories containing quick lunch creations caged in glass. Each depository opens when a nickel falls into the slot and the hungry luncher, pie or sandwich in hand, passes on to a nickel-in-the-slot spigot whence flows tea, coffee, milk or chocolate as he elects.

* * *

THE WATCH.

THE watch came to the United States from the Old World perfect in principle. There have been no improvements for many years in arrangement of train, in escapements, or in other parts of movements. Its evolution from the clock with its pendulum, through the table clock with its lever, and thus to the perfect pocket timepiece, is a part of the history of Germany.



FISH CAUGHT IN SNAKE RIVER, IDAHO.

shell. It is believed that the best gloves come from France.

The manufacture of gloves and mittens in the United States dates from about the year 1760 when they were made at Perth, New York. It was not until 1858 that waxed thread was used in the manufacture of gloves. The Civil War gave the industry a wonderful impetus when thousands of pairs were needed. Since that time their use has been almost universal.

The finer gloves for street wear are made from the skins of the goat, kid, lamb, antelope, calf, colt, Arabian sheep, South American kid, chamois, and reindeer. These skins are put through a process of tanning and dressing which constitutes a distinct and separate industry. During the earlier period of glove-making the

The Q. & A. Department.

The Editor of the Inglenook is not responsible for any of the signed answers given in this department. They represent the views of the writers whose names are appended. Sometimes they may be wrong according to your view, and in that case take it up with their writers. If an error of fact is made, correct that through the Inglenook.

* * *

Can you give me a statement of the estimated value of the property that has been destroyed by fire and water in the world's history?

Certainly not. Who can know anything about the floods or fires in prehistoric times?

*

Was cotton ever successfully grown in middle Missouri?

Yes, cotton was grown here, but farther south where they make a success of cotton raising they have three pickings in a season, while here, on account of the climate they cannot do that. Therefore its culture is no longer attempted.—*Eld. M. S. Mohler, Lecton, Mo.*

*

Why are certain languages called classics?

The word classic means of a class, those of a higher class. The Greek and Latin languages are called the classics because for centuries their works have been accepted as the standards of excellence in literature.—*Heber M. Hayes, Professor of Greek and Latin, Mt. Morris College, Mt. Morris, Ill.*

*

Is there a desirable market for specially prepared foods, such as dried corn, berries, etc., in which cleanliness is a part? Would it pay for a farmer to engage in the work on a large scale?

There is a market for such and it would pay to follow it up. Fraternity Produce Department of Chicago will take pleasure in answering any inquiries along this line.—*J. B. Otto, Mgr. Fraternity Purchasing and Sales Department, Chicago, Ill.*

What will be the approximate cost of a full course at the Elgin Horological School for a young man of twenty-five, board and all to count?

The approximate cost of a year's instruction at our school, with board, room, small tools, laundry, etc., would be \$425. This would mean twelve months' instruction in watch repairing, engraving and optics. A good deal depends on the young man.—*Thos. J. Juzek, Pres. Elgin College of Horology, Engraving and Optics, Elgin, Ill.*

*

What is the prevailing plant on the unirrigated desert?

My knowledge is limited to Arizona. There is the gramma grass that is destroyed if wet or irrigated, the mesquite bush growing in abundance all over the desert, the canaigre root thriving in the driest and hottest of soil, the century plant, juniper, polyverdi, desert willow, or catalpa, greasewood, sage brush and the giant cactus which reaches a height of thirty feet with arms extending at intervals all over its great body.—*Lizzie Forney, Phoenix, Arizona.*

*

Why are the first four books of the New Testament arranged in their present order?

The first four books of the New Testament are given in the following order in Bzae's manuscript: Matthew, John, Luke, Mark. In the Curetonian Syriac version the order is Matthew, Mark, John, Luke. The first were probably arranged so as to place the apostles' writings first. Later the books were arranged in the supposed order in which they were written, and so they have come down to us.—*D. L. Miller, Mt. Morris, Ill.*

*

Would it pay for an individual to buy a linotype and do job work for publishers?

Most newspapers are fully equipped with linotype machines. Quite a number of good operators have started in by renting single machines, however, getting composition to do from city,

book, and job offices. This work pays, as but few job offices have steady enough work to keep a machine busy, yet all want machine composition at times, as it is cheaper and better. In such cases a young mechanic has an opportunity to start a successful business for himself.—*Ned Dougherty, Linotype operator, Genoa, Ill.*



Is it right for children to be allowed to read mythical stories, such as fairy tales?

The Bible fully and emphatically answers your question. The child-soul must be unfolded and filled in God's own way, and that is not by myths. In Deut. 6: 6-9 and 11: 18-20 we have the Divine method of child culture. Christ endorses this method. Luke 2: 46, 47, 59; John 5: 39; Luke 24: 27. Paul is equally explicit. Eph. 6: 4; 2 Tim. 3: 15. Solomon uses a term that is wonderfully comprehensive. Prov. 22: 6. The word "train" has an amazing origin and application. No room for fairy stories in training children for God and eternal glory.—*C. H. Balsbaugh, Union Deposit, Pa.*



Why do girls prefer clerkships and factory work to domestic service?

There are two principal reasons: First, girls, like lambs, are gregarious, and in factories or other places of the kind having numbers employed, however hard the work may be, they have certain hours and can arrange for *plays* in which social recreation reconciles them to their work; while in domestic service they, in many cases are isolated, and for social enjoyment must go elsewhere which is often objected to, and their visitors, whatever *their* station may be, must go to the back door as does the delivery boy or the garbage man.

The other reason is the total lack of uniformity in system among housekeepers. No two run the business alike and many girls are raised without teaching along this line. Such girls are not aware that there is anything in particular to learn. One measures the standard of proficiency by breadmaking, another by biscuit making, so that girls who start out to do housework without thorough training make a failure, and prefer to learn one simple trade where there is no more perplexity about keeping a place.—*N. J. Roof, Warrensburg, Mo.*

A late issue of the Nook says that the chain letter business is a grand fraud and good to keep out of. How about the Missionary Chain letter circulating among the Brethren? Please explain through the Inglenook.

In answer to the above, a consultation with the Secretary of the General Missionary Committee elicited the fact that the Committee had no such arrangement in operation, and has always opposed any such system of getting money. What others may do, unofficially, we have no control over or knowledge of. It may be gone into in good faith by some of our people, but there are also many discreditable schemes worked under this guise, and we are opposed to it.

The chain letter idea is a most vicious one where there is money attached to it. One of the commoner frauds of this kind was recently overhauled and forbidden the use of the mails. Between ninety-five and one hundred thousand letters waiting for the firm were taken possession of by the government.

Few realize the extent of this sort of arithmetic where one person writes to three others, and each of these to three more, and so on. If carried out the tenth round it would have covered the entire membership of the church. In practice the chain breaks a hundred times, but enough of it is kept up to become a nuisance. The government stops it and that is the end of it. Of course there is nothing wrong about the chain business of letter writing in and of itself, but reference is had to getting money illegally in that way for a purpose that is not creditable and often for a cause that does not exist. Then consider the expense. I receive a letter that cost two cents. I send ten cents and that's two more, and write three letters, as requested, which cost six cents. Now, ten cents have been spent to get ten, and I have given eighteen cents to contribute ten. Does it seem right? Hardly.—*The Inglenook.*



I can explain part of that question why girls do not go out to work. If people would treat a girl right they would have less trouble than they do in getting help. Many people seem to forget that a girl has feelings or friends and think that she is good for nothing else than drudge work. Of course this does not apply to all places.—*A. C. G., Pennsylvania.*

 The Home



 Department

 WASHING IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Koreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands, and they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water, and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a shirt front fresh from a Chinese laundry.

The Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes, and some of them have quite a luster. The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her wash-tub is not more than six inches high. She gets the dirt out of the clothes by rubbing them between her hands. She sometimes uses Japanese soap, which is full of grease, and works away with her bare feet. The Chinese girls do their washing in much the same way.

The washing in Egypt is usually done by the men. The Egyptian washerwoman stands naked on the banks of the Nile and slaps the wet clothes, with a noise like the shot of a pistol, on the smooth stones at the edge of the running water, and such fellah women as wash pound the dirt out of their clothes in the same way.

 STEAMED CORN BREAD.

BY MRS. GUY E. FORESMAN.

TAKE two cups of sour milk, one-half cup of syrup, two cups of cornmeal one-half cup of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of soda. Steam for two hours.

Lafayette, Ind.

 COOKIES.

BY SISTER JOANNA MASON.

TAKE one cup of sugar, two eggs well beaten, one cup of sour cream, one cup of butter and lard, melted, one tablespoonful of soda, a little nutmeg and enough flour to make a medium soft dough.

 CHICKEN SALAD.

BY LONA CRIPE.

TAKE three boiled chickens chopped fine, ten eggs boiled hard, the whites chopped fine and added to the chicken, mash the yolks and moisten with six teaspoonfuls of butter and olive oil to which add one tablespoonful of mustard, one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of cream, and last, add six bunches of celery chopped fine, with sufficient vinegar to moisten the whole.

Battle Creek, Iowa.

 WATER SPONGE CAKE.

BY SISTER MARTHA REIFF BECHTEL.

TAKE two cups of sugar, two eggs, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half cup of water, beat the eggs and sugar together and add the water and flour.

Yerkes, Pa.

 BAKED TOMATOES.

BY SARAH C. GATES.

PARÉ and slice ripe tomatoes, put in a pudding pan or baking dish, dredge with flour, add sugar and butter to taste, put in the oven and bake.

Beattie, Kans.

The Crop Conditions for June.

The general outlook at this time is from good to very good all over the United States except Virginia.

FROM two hundred observers scattered over the United States we glean the following: The spring was cold and late. All over the country was a dry spell, especially severe in the Eastern States. Since that time abundant rains have fallen all over the United States. In brief the conditions are very good over three-fourths of the country. The only place where a shortage is likely to exist is in Southern Pennsylvania and the valley of Virginia.

Alabama.—Fruit very good. Garden truck poor. Butter 30. Eggs 15.

Arkansas.—Garden and fruit very good. Butter 13. Eggs 10.

Colorado.—The irrigated sections, good. Fruit good. Outlook fair. Butter 25. Eggs 16.

Illinois.—Crops much retarded but everything in good condition now. Butter 16. Eggs 13.

Indiana.—Everything good to very good. Crops much improved. Prospects good. Butter 17. Eggs 15.

Iowa.—Every report good. Fruit only fair. Butter 18. Eggs 14.

Kansas.—Everything helped by recent rains. Wheat not so good in places. Wheat harvest in progress. General outlook fair. Butter 16. Eggs 13.

Louisiana.—Rice regions, good. Butter 25. Eggs 15.

Maryland.—Everything fair. Butter 22. Eggs 16.

Michigan.—Outlook good. Fruit good, the best fruit report in the United States. Butter 18. Eggs 15.

Minnesota.—Same as Michigan. Butter 18. Eggs 13.

Missouri.—Every reporter says very good except for fruit. Butter 15. Eggs 12.

Nebraska.—Fair to good. Crops retarded by

cold spring. Some grasshoppers. Butter 16. Eggs 12.

North Dakota.—Good. Rains plenty. Butter 15. Eggs 15.

North Carolina.—Wheat half crop. Other crops very good. Butter 20. Eggs 13.

Ohio.—Everything good to very good, except fruit. Butter 17. Eggs 15.

Pennsylvania.—Hay and grass poor. Wheat only fair. Fruit not extra. Other crops fair. Butter 20. Eggs 18.

Tennessee.—Wheat only tolerable, too dry. Other crops fair to poor. Butter 16. Eggs 13.

Virginia.—Wheat poor. Other crops fair. Butter 15. Eggs 13.

West Virginia.—Conditions fairly good. Hay only fair. Recent rains have helped. Butter 19. Eggs 15.

Wyoming.—Outlook good. Butter 25. Eggs 25.

From Clarkson, Okla., we learn that harvest ing is in progress and that everything excepting apples promises a good crop. Butter 14 cents; eggs 10 cents.

All over the United States crops have picked up wonderfully in the past month. Corn planting backward; too wet. A very general poor crop of fruit may be looked for except in New York, Minnesota, Michigan, and the Northern States. Unless something unusual happens the year will be a good one. Next week detailed crop information.

The general outlook all over the United States can be considered as favorable with local exceptions, notably in the east. The Nook family has reason to congratulate itself that the prospects are so favorable. Wheat harvest is over in some parts of Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, and some other States. The corn is in tassel about Waterloo, Iowa; around Elgin the best of it is about knee high. The fruit outlook in general is not good, and there is sure not to be a surplus. Our Brethren in the valley of Virginia have fared the worst of any in the United States. The Middle States have an excellent crop. Kansas, Nebraska, and other States fair. The next crop report will show results all over the country. The outlook now, save in the localities named is very good.

Why Not California?

Some people think that the California farmer raises fruit only, also that none but the rich can possess the climate. Let us tell you about a place where you can do the sort of farming you know all about, and the climate will be yours to enjoy as much as if you were worth a million.



THE BIG FOUR

ALFALFA

CORN

CATTLE

HOGS

Fruit farming is good, wheat raising is all right, but everybody knows that the steady money follows the man who owns cows and pigs and the right kind of land to grow feed for them. If you want good alfalfa and corn land come to the

Laguna De Tache Grant

in Fresno and Kings Counties. 60,000 acres of Kings River bottom Land, none better in the State for dairying, corn growing and fruit raising. Now being sold in small lots to suit purchasers at \$35.00 to \$50.00 per acre, including perpetual water right, with abundant water for irrigation.

Terms, one-fourth cash, balance in 8 annual payments if desired. The greatest opportunity ever offered in California to get GOOD land reasonably. Many of our settlers are paying for their land from the crops. Why should not you?

If you want to know more about the place, let us send you printed matter and our local paper free. Address,

NARES & SAUNDERS,

Laton, Fresno Co., - - - California.

**NO WINTER,
NO HIGH WINDS.**

Profitable work on the farm 313 days in the year.

Something to sell from the farm every month in the year.



THE INGLENOOK

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No. 28.

NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Not understood. We move along a-sunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years. We marvel and we wonder
Why life is life, and then we fall asleep
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions
And hug them closer as the years go by.
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions,
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die.
Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision,
Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;
The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision
Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age.
Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action,
Which lie beneath the surface and the show,
Are disregarded. With self-satisfaction
We judge our neighbors and they often go
Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us!
The thoughtless sentence and the fancied slight
Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us,
And on our souls there falls a freezing blight.
Not understood.

Not understood. How many hearts are aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah, day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!
How many noble spirits pass away
Not understood.

O God, that men would see a little clearer,
Or judge less harshly when they cannot see!
O God, that men would draw a little nearer
To one another! They'd be nearer Thee,
And understood.

* * *

WHERE ROSARIES ARE MADE.

In the parishes of Meiming and Rietz, in the Tyrol, the members of nearly every household are engaged in the preparation of rosaries, through the stringing together of beads. Every person of the female sex, old or young, spends

her spare time in this manner. The workwomen are paid by the piece and receive for stringing a dozen rosaries of the ordinary kind from 10 to 13 kreutzers (4 to 5.3 cents), while in the case of those which require more delicate handling as much as 40 kreutzers (10 cents) per dozen is paid, after the cost of all spoiled material has been deducted.

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HOW A PHRASE ORIGINATED.

A LOCAL historian down in Connecticut thinks he has found the origin of the term "a lot of land" as applied to a house "lot" or a parcel of land, which he says is a purely American term or, in other words, a colonial term as found in the early records. It originated from the custom of dividing grants for townships, etc., into parcels of land and then numbering each parcel, putting the numbers into a hat, or whatever was used, and then having them drawn out by those who were to occupy the land. Each man took the parcel corresponding to his number, so his land came by lot literally, and hence the use of the term.

* * *

THREE GRADES OF MANKIND.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE's thoughts and conversation were always on a high level. Once he remarked: "Men and women range themselves into three classes or orders of intelligence; you can tell the lowest class by their habit of always talking about persons; the next by the fact that their habit is always to converse about things; the highest by their preference for the discussion of ideas."

* * *

THE difference between reputation and character is this. Reputation is what people say you are, and character is what you are. There is no question as to the superiority of character.

QUEER STORIES TOLD BY OLD PAPER MONEY.

MANY a romantic or tragic tale is told by the mutilated pieces of paper money that come in daily to the redemption division of the treasury at Washington.

Mrs. E. A. Brown, the treasury expert on mutilated money, and her assistant, Miss Elizabeth D. Smith, have to deal with money under many queer conditions. It comes to them burned until only fragments of charred paper are left, rotted and mildewed, gnawed by mice, eaten and discolored by acids, and in a thousand other forms. Their knowledge of money is reduced to science. By a glance at a mere fragment of a bill they are able to tell from its geography—by which is meant the particular style of engraving—the year of its issue and the denomination of the note of which it is a part.

A case Mrs. Brown now has in hand called forth all her ingenuity. The Moravian Bank of Moravia, N. Y., sent a package of money that had been burned until only black and shrivelled paper remained. The burned bills were supposed to amount to \$125. Mrs. Brown was able to identify more than \$100, and as there remained a considerable amount of the charred paper which had been crushed until it was unrecognizable, the full amount will be paid upon an affidavit from the bank that the sum was destroyed.

A couple of weeks ago a roll of burned money was received from a small town in Virginia. The sender explained in his letter that the money belonged to an aged woman who had been saving it to pay her funeral expenses. Her house caught fire and her little hoard was destroyed. The old lady was not quite sure of the amount that had been in the roll, but she thought it was between \$70 and \$75. Investigation showed that there was \$130 in the package, and that amount was forwarded for the benefit of the funeral fund.

Among the receipts recently was a large package of fractional currency in circulation during the Civil War. It had evidently been stored away in a vault that was not dry, and was badly discolored, but was yet in such a condition that it could be redeemed. A good deal of this fractional currency is received, much of it almost as bright and clean as on the day of issue. The

best is not destroyed, but kept on hand and sold at face value to collectors.

A week ago there was received a number of Continental bills, issued by authority of the Continental Congress during the war of the Revolution. The law does not provide for the redemption of this money, and the bills were returned. Ignorant people in the South and elsewhere, particularly negroes, frequently send in large quantities of Confederate bills, believing the government will redeem them.

The government formerly held that the finder of money was not entitled to have it redeemed, and when turned into the treasury it was kept there for the owner. This rule has now been changed and the finder of the money is the one who profits. A few days ago a Washington colored man took to the treasury two \$50 notes, which he held he had found on the ash heap. Although badly soiled, the notes were easily identified and the negro got the \$100.

Another Washington negro not long ago took to the treasury a large package of bills which had been buried in the ground and were badly water-soaked. The bills were generally of small denominations, and the task of separating the pieces and patching them together was a big undertaking, as the amount of the resurrected roll was more than \$3,500. The negro explained that he had buried the money to get it away from an extravagant family, and that when he went to the place of burial to get out a small amount he found that the entire stock had been ruined.

The work of identifying mutilated coin is not always pleasant. Recently an installment was received from Florida, with the explanation that it had been damaged by fumigation of a house where a man had died of smallpox. The money found on people who have been drowned is frequently received, and its condition is usually such that it has to be picked to pieces and the fragments pasted on a backing of paper. The odor from money received is often offensive, and Mrs. Brown and Miss Smith frequently burn incense on their desks.

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If we can't re-make ourselves and our temperaments we can at least measurably control them somewhat.

AMONG THE MOKIS.

THE original North American Indians were more of farmers than we give them credit for being. They raised only one grain, maize, or Indian corn as it is called from the fact that it was found in possession of the aborigines by the first Spaniards who erroneously named them Indians. The Indians in the eastern part of this country divided the labor of the household in such a way that the planting and tending of the crops devolved on the women from the fact that there were game to be killed and battles to be fought by the men. With the Moki Indians of Arizona it is different. They dwell in villages on the mesa tops, 700 feet above the plains, where not so much as a blade of grass will grow, and the women are in no danger from enemies of other tribes. There is little game to be found in this arid region and the men are free to devote the necessary time to their farms. These they make in the valleys below, and the Moki, who has changed less through the influences of encroaching civilization than perhaps any other tribe now in existence, follows in farming the methods of his fathers who never saw a plow.

The Nooker who knows what a dibble is needs no further description of the Moki's corn-plant. It is a pointed stick with a shoulder at right angles on one side to receive the foot pressure that plunges it into the ground for several inches, making a hole into which the grains of corn are dropped.

These farmers give close attention to their farms too, not neglecting to irrigate, a very necessary thing to do in their dry climate. This they provide by constructing with their hoes little earth dams across streamlets and washes so as to concentrate the water that falls in showers during the growing season. Whenever a rain comes the farmers are all called out by the proper officials and they help one another to guide the shower waters among the growing crops as well as possible.

The corn grown by the Indians centuries ago was often larger than what we raise to-day, a fact that is proven by specimens found in ruins. That grown by the Mokis of Arizona is shorter than our corn and bushy, producing smaller ears but making up in number what is lacking in size. In

addition to corn they also raise watermelons, peppers, squashes, and in favored spots cotton and peaches. Their produce is carefully stored in secluded inner rooms, and even the watermelons keep for a remarkably long time, such is the quality of the perfectly dry Arizona air. The Moki is thrifty enough to keep a year's provision ahead, so as to be prepared in case of famine, but usually has a good deal also to sell.

The Moki women build the houses, and very good ones too, and after that look after household affairs much as our own women do. The men raise the corn, harvest and store it away in the inner room, and the women do the rest. That is, they reduce it to meal and then to bread. This process would likely be as interesting to most of the INGLENOOK readers as the part that went before. The corn is ground on a mill, or metate, which consists of a thin, flat slab of sandstone, set up at an angle of about thirty-five degrees, and surrounded by a curb of flat stones or boards to keep the meal from rolling off. Here with a rubbing stone the grains are crushed. This process is gone through about three times, each grinding making the meal a degree finer, and it is then ready for the housewife who mixes it in a bowl with water and a small quantity of wood ashes for a leaven, and proceeds to bake it. She has a long, flat, smooth stone adjusted in a horizontal position and resting on other stones, thin and upright, to hold up so that fire may be kindled beneath. This long stone is hot and the housewife dipping her hand in the batter sweeps it over the stone, leaving a film of the batter which immediately bakes. She spreads two or more films over this, making a thin sheet which is then peeled off and rolled up and stacked on a tray. This method looks slow and laborious but it produces a palatable and wonderfully nutritious bread.

BABY HAD BEEN USED.

A BOY baby arrived at a certain house and a visitor said to a little girl in the family: "Do you like the baby?" The little girl said she did, but would have preferred a lady baby. "Well," the visitor continued, "maybe you can exchange this one." "No, I don't think we could," said the little girl, "because we have been using it for seven or eight days."

THE HUMMING BIRD.

HENRY HALES thus speaks of the "winged jewels" of our gardens:

The brilliant little humming-birds are the most exquisite of all birds. They are called the gems of bird life. They are more. No gems in any diadem sparkle as they sparkle. They flash with a radiance and brilliancy not equaled by any other of nature's brightest jewels, even among the gaudy butterflies. Every change of light or movement reveals a new color on their iridescent feathers, changing like the glint of light on a diamond, but with stronger effect in color. Not

tastic, eccentric freaks in feather, as well as color—like the unique tropical orchids! Nature seems to exhaust herself in fascinating, delightful oddities. Had they been known in the old-world fairy-lands, we think they must have figured as ariel sprites, so quickly do they present themselves, so quickly disappear.

We of the chilly North must be satisfied with this one representative of this numerous little family, and be thankful for that; and as there is a great similarity in their habits of living, flying, building, and feeding, our little Ruby-throat must, in a degree, stand as a deputy for all his Southern brethren, whom he visits every winter.



AN IDAHO ALFALFA FIELD.

known outside of the American continent and its islands, what a surprise they must have been to the early explorers! And they still keep surprising us as new species are discovered. Not many years ago one hundred and fifty species was supposed to be about the number; now it is nearly four hundred—about as many as all the species of birds breeding in the United States. What a variety of lovely forms and delicate, fan-

He sips the charming flowers of the tropics, returning in the spring. He arrives in Florida early in March, gradually going north as the flowers open before him, then going farther north, passing the northern boundary of the United States about the first of June, breeding as far north as the Saskatchewan plains, west to the Missouri valley and Texas. Some of them remain in Florida.

The flight of this little bird is more remarkable than that of the eagle. We can understand the flapping of the eagle's immense wing supporting comparatively light body. But our little bird as a plump body: his wings are not wide, but long, so he must move them rapidly to sustain his weight; and this he can do to perfection. The vibrations of his wings are so rapid as to make them almost invisible. He can use them to sustain himself in mid-air, with his body as motionless as if perched on a twig. In this way he can sip the nectar of the delicate, fine-stemmed flowers without alighting for a moment. He never alights while so engaged. He moves from flower to flower with a graceful and rapid movement, sometimes chasing away a bee or humming bird moth, of which he is very jealous; nor is he much more favorably impressed with any small birds that seem in his way. He knows his power of flight, and he has no fear of any other bird.

* * *

WHO INVENTED THE PIANO?

BY MARGUERITE BIXLER.

THE honor of inventing the piano is claimed by the English, French and Germans. Wood, an English monk at Rome, is said to have been the real inventor, in 1711, and to have manufactured one which he sold to Samuel Crispi, the author of "Virginia," from whom it was purchased by Fulke Greville. Count Carli claims the credit for Bartholomeo Christifori of Padua, during his stay in Florence, some three years later (1714). The French attribute the invention to Marius, a Parisian, who, they claim, produced in 1716 a harpsichord in which hammers had been substituted for the old plectrum of quills. Last in their claims are the Germans. In 1717 J. C. Schroeder of Dresden, when eighteen years of age, is said to have constructed, after much consideration, the model of a new clavier with hammers, upon which he could play loudly or softly.

East Akron, Ohio.

* * *

NOT THE EXPECTED,

"An amusing incident of college life has just been related to me," remarked Seth Low at a little informal luncheon recently. "A western

seminary for young women was having much difficulty in maintaining discipline. It finally came to the ears of the faculty that the students were preparing to give a nocturnal reception to a number of young fellows from a neighboring military school. The visitors were to come after nightfall and be hoisted into the dormitories in a basket dropped from a window at the end of a rope.

"One professor at the seminary agreed to take the matter into his own hands and prepared a surprise for the transgressors. After all the guests had made the trip in safety he stole from the place where he had been in hiding and slipped into the basket. The signal to hoist was given and the professor's upward journey began. He was so much heavier than those who had gone before that reinforcements were called for above. At last the girls brought the handle of the basket on a level with the sill. The light from the window shone on the bald head of the intruder and he was recognized. The professor heard one frantic scream of terror in unison from a dozen charming pupils, and then—" Mr. Low paused.

"What happened?" demanded the listeners eagerly.

"They let go the rope!"

* * *

THE YORKERS.

BY KATHLEEN.

THE Yorkers are a religious sect or denomination closely resembling the Brethren in many points of doctrine, such as baptism, feetwashing, nonconformity to the world in dress, peace principles, and so on. Properly speaking, they are the Old Order element of what is called the River Brethren church. Originally these two formed one church, but dissensions came among them and the church divided some forty years ago. The Yorker branch adhere firmly to the primitive simplicity of the original church and are the same to-day in dress and customs that they were fifty years ago. Probably their largest congregations are found in York, Lancaster, and Franklin Counties, Pennsylvania, though there are some in different parts of the West and a few in Canada. In Pennsylvania they are largely of Pennsylvania German descent and in some localities speak the Pennsylvania German

language to the almost entire exclusion of the English, the children oftentimes learning their first English when they start to school. This custom has its amusing side as well as its drawbacks to the English teacher who cannot understand.

As a rule the Yorkers are farmers except in rare instances, and their fine farms and comfortable and commodious buildings testify to their thrift and industry.

In church discipline the Yorkers are exceptionally rigid and severe. In some few localities the old and now almost obsolete custom of banning a transgressing member is literally enforced but only for certain forms of crime. It is against the rules of their church for a member to marry anyone not a member. A violation of this rule results in expelling the offending member from church fellowship. Such are not put in avoidance however, and if they afterwards repent and wish to be reinstated the church receives them again. To consistently enforce this rule one might naturally think that the worldly companion must be put away before reinstating can take place. But such is not the case. It is required of all who apply for baptism that they first come into the order of the church and make a public confession of their sins and shortcomings, certainly a severe test for even the most saintly, and one seldom entered upon without strong conviction and sincerity. In connection with this feature, it might be observed that unexpected details are sometimes given with a frankness rather embarrassing to some of the congregation. After this, the applicants pass through a probationary period sometimes lasting nearly a year, during which they are instructed and made sound in the faith. If, during this time they have lived consistent with the principles of the church and given proof of their faith and sincerity, they are then baptized and admitted to full membership.

This deliberate policy is in direct contrast to that of many churches where the object seemingly is to gain quantity regardless of quality. And it is probably owing to this strict preliminary discipline that comparatively few Yorkers ever voluntarily leave their church or chafe under its restrictions. On the contrary, they are united in their efforts to keep their church to its primitive order. While they discountenance

Sunday schools, foreign missions, and church publications, it is worthy of note that their lives are consistent with the doctrine they teach. Moreover, their own children almost invariably join the church of their parents despite the greater liberty and inducements held out by other churches.

The Yorkers have no churchhouses, but continue to hold their religious services at the homes of the members, as did their fathers before them. To those accustomed to nothing but the formality of church services, a Sunday spent at a Yorker meeting in some big, red barn would be enjoyed, no doubt. The place of meeting is generally among the older members and those where circumstances are such as to justify taking it. At an early hour the members for twenty miles around begin to arrive. The old folks with the younger children come in the big carriages that are as essential a part of the Yorker garb as is the broad brim and the plain bonnet. The young men come in more stylish turnouts, sometimes bringing their own sister, and sometimes somebody else's sister. Hostlers are at hand to unhitch the horses and see to it that they are properly fed and watered. The people soon gather into the big airy barn whose floors have been clean swept and filled with long wooden benches on which the congregation seats itself, the boy element sometimes seeking a more comfortable position on the hay mow. The services are generally conducted in both the German and English languages, if there are any in the congregation who do not understand the German. The hymns, intoned in German, are particularly fascinating to an English ear. When preaching is over a substantial lunch, with hot coffee, is served in the house and all who wish can partake thereof before starting home. As might be inferred, this custom is very conducive towards maintaining a social and friendly spirit among the members.

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RURAL TELEPHONES.

BY J. D. HAUGHTELIN.

IN July, 1901, the farmers around Panora, Iowa, established a central telephone office with one line having twenty-nine phones. Now, in eleven months, we have eight rural lines and

numerous town and individual lines. The rural lines are from three to twenty miles long. Each line has from nine to twenty instruments, making nearly two hundred in the Panora system. We connect with central offices in all neighboring towns.

Each patron has his own instrument, each rural line belongs to an organized company of patrons, and all lines running into a central office are managed by a central committee from the various companies. They employ an operator and all stockholders have free use of all connecting systems. The average first cost per member is about twenty-five dollars, and from two to five dollars per annum for current expenses, including central service, repairs, etc.

The toll lines had a central office in Panora with about forty patrons before we established a rural central. Two farmhouses in this vicinity were saved by the phone, and physicians are called at all hours. The rural telephone has come to stay, and is considered a household necessity.

Panora, Iowa.

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FROM OREGON.

BY DIANTHA CHURCHMAN.

THE lakes of southern Oregon are numerous and some of them are beautiful beyond description. There are the Upper and Lower Klamath Lakes, Tule, Silver, Aspen, Fish, and Buck lakes, Lake of the Woods, Pelican Bay, and Diamond Lake and Crater Lake. The most mysterious and wonderful is Crater Lake. An Indian legend tells us that sometime, in years past, the top of a large mountain fell in and formed a lake. It is true that there has been a terrible volcanic disturbance sometime. For many miles quantities of pumice stone may be seen, also many other indications are present. Diamond Lake, not very distant from Crater Lake, is very beautiful too.

The Lake of the Woods is situated about thirty-five miles from Ashland. One morning, two years ago, we started on a camping trip to this lake. We climbed mountains nearly all day. Toward evening we reached the summit. Then we went down several miles and we were in the Dead Indian, so named because several Indians were killed and buried there. The country is

mainly quite level, and a number of stock ranches are here. The grass is excellent and many cattle are driven up from the valley to summer here. It is a fine place for making butter, as the air is pure and cool. Often there is frost in July and August. It is too cold to raise fruit or vegetables except the hardy varieties. The timber, mostly pine and fir, is fine,—lofty tree-tops towering into the blue sky, for the sky is very blue in these elevated regions, and the air is pure and invigorating. We camped here for the night and continued our journey the next morning. Here we have mountain beyond mountain as far as the eye can reach. It is bewildering and lonesome. The silence is broken only by the pretty barking chipmunk and the sighing pines.

In the afternoon we reached the lake. It is rightly named, for it is completely surrounded by timber, and a vision of beauty it is, the silvery sheen of the water contrasting with the green of the trees.

About six miles distant stands Mt. Pitt, a solitary peak 10,000 feet above sea level. This is one of the most beautiful mountains of Oregon, especially when covered with snow and gilded by the rising sun. The side toward Rogue river resembles a pyramid. This mountain is a volcano, possibly dead but most probably sleeping, as many others are.

Ashland, Oregon.

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GREEN AND BLACK TEA.

THE difference of color between green tea and black tea depends on the fact that the first is obtained from leaves dried as soon as they are gathered, while in the case of the black tea the leaves are allowed to ferment before drying. Black tea, therefore, contains much less tannin than green.

* * *

THE family name of Florence Nightingale was not originally Nightingale, but Shore. Her father, a rich Sheffield (England) banker of the name of Shore, connected with an old family which had been in possession of land in the counties of Derbyshire and Yorkshire since the fifteenth century, assumed the name of Nightingale after the birth of his children because he inherited the estates of his mother's uncle.

CHICAGO SUNDAY-SCHOOL EXTENSION FUND.

BY W. R. MILLER.

WE wish to state to all the boys and girls of the Nook family that we have arranged a little plan whereby everyone may have a hand in the grand work of getting more boys and girls interested in the "Sunday school."

We will not ask for one cent of money; we will furnish that, and will furnish you a handsome present besides.

Now what we propose to do is this: We simply ask you to help us,—work with us, if you please. We know there are many young people through this blessed country of ours, who have large hearts, as well as large opportunities to work for Jesus, and we want these big hearts with splendid opportunities to help us enlarge the Master's work.

We want to send you a beautiful pocketbook, with a sum of money already in it: the book is a present for your own use, but the money is the Lord's, therefore we cannot give that away. We want *you* to invest it for the Master, carefully and judiciously, and by the first of next December, send all the proceeds of the investment to help swell this fund so that at an early day rooms may be secured and new Sunday schools started. In order to secure a purse you need only ask your Sunday school superintendent for a word of recommendation, and sending that with your application, you will receive a purse by return mail.

Perhaps a better plan would be to get up a club of ten boys and girls, or even a larger number, and have one recommendation cover the entire number. A recommendation from any of your ministers or Sunday-school superintendents will answer, and be sure to send the full name and post office address of each one applying for a purse.

In addition to this present of a pocketbook to each one joining this circle of willing workers, we are authorized to present to the one sending in the largest amount of proceeds from their investment, a copy of the "Royal Scroll." This splendid picture gallery, and volume of biblical history and knowledge, sells for about five dollars, and ought to be an incentive to everyone

to be very diligent and do his best, especially since it is all for Jesus.

Address all letters to W. R. Miller, 466 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

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A NEW CHAPTER ON THE WILD TURKEY.

BY J. E. BRYANT.

APPROPOS of two statements read recently in the INGLENOOK, one made by the Nookman himself, to the effect that wild turkey "eggs can readily be hatched, but the young ones will go wild every time, and may even take tame ones with them," allow me to state a few facts that I know to be true.

In the summer of 1864, in Morgan County, Ind., my brother was hunting squirrels. He shot one in a tree, and it fell among some weeds on the hillside. When he went to pick it up a wild turkey hen sprang from her nest and ran away. My brother brought the eggs home and they were put under a chicken hen. Just as the eggs began to hatch a tame turkey hen also began to hatch a nest of eggs. The wild eggs were transferred to the turkey hen and thirteen of them were hatched, all of which were raised, and always ran and roosted with the tame turkeys. To be sure, they were a little more shy than the tame ones, but they remained with them all the time. Sometimes they would fly up into the high trees, the tame ones remaining on the ground beneath the trees. We regarded their flying into the trees as a sure sign of an approaching storm.

Winter came on and the wild turkeys with the tame ones were driven into the barn to be killed and dressed for market. The killing was done by shooting them through the head with a rifle. As usual we kept some for breeding purposes, among which was one of the wild gobblers. Soon after being turned out of the barn he took to the woods, and it required as skillful hunting to get him again as if he had always run wild.

Odell, Nebr.

We are glad to print the above article, and will welcome all similar contributions. But had the flock of wild and domesticated turkeys been allowed to run together, when mating and nesting time arrived the following spring the whole flock

would have taken to the woods, which agrees with what we have said, based on the experience of others who have tried the experiment.

THE NOOKMAN.

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OCCUPATION FOR THE BLIND.

At a recent conference on matters relating to the blind, held in London, a member announced that he had sent out papers to 100 institutions at home and abroad asking what trades and occupations they recommended for the blind. The following was the list he obtained, in order of merit, Basket, brush, and broom making, piano tuning, mat weaving, chair caning, music (in all branches), mattress making, knitting, typewriting, legal and clerical work. As new employments he suggested telephone exchange work,

12; the Burmese, 18; Italian, 23; Bengali, 21; Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee and Samaritan, 22 each; Latin, 25; Greek, 24; German, Dutch and English, 26 each; Slavonic, 27; Arabic, 28; Persian and Coptic, 32 each; Georgian, 35; Armenian, 38; Russian, 41; old Muscovite, 43. Sanskrit and many of the oriental languages have fifty each.

* * *

PRAYED IN HER MOTHER'S WORDS.

THE little girl's father was away from home and her mother, who usually said grace in his absence, said to her little daughter: "You may ask the blessing this time." "What shall I say, mamma?" "Oh, say what you have often heard me say." "Very well, mamma," and the head, with its fair curls, bent reverently over the little



SHIPPING WOOL IN IDAHO.

linotype typesetting, reporting, gardening (for the partially blind), massage, lecturing, commercial agencies, organ blowing, bell ringing. In the discussion which followed much time was given to the question of massage, several doctors speaking in favor of it. In regard to typewriting, it was mentioned that such an office had been started in Birmingham. Four blind girls are now employed.

* * *

ALPHABETS FROM TWELVE TO FIFTY WORDS.

LETTERS in the alphabets of the different nations vary in number. The Sandwich islanders have

clasped hands. "Where in heaven's name all my pins go to is a mystery to me," piped the baby voice. "Amen," she added.

* * *

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.

LITTLE Alice had been put to bed and was saying her prayers. This was part of her petition: "O, God, make all the bad people good and make all the good people—all the good people—the good people—nice!"

* * *

SOME men are stoics over other's misfortunes, but when hit themselves bellow so everybody hears them.

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NATURE
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STUDY.
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SPONGE FISHING.

THE sponge is an animal and not a vegetable, as some state. It breathes, eats and, when in the water, is filled with mucus. The sponge in its familiar state is only a carcass. Sponges are known to grow at a depth of two hundred feet and live deeper, doubtless. At the depth of fifty feet they can be forked by an expert fisher, but at a greater depth they must be got by diving.

Sponge fishers use a glass by which sponges can be seen growing on the bottom. The instrument is in the nature of a pail with a glass bottom, attached to the bow of the boat. It is submerged, so as to steady the vision, which otherwise would be contorted by the waves. The water where sponges grow is very clear, and bottom can be seen at a great depth.

The home of the sponge fishing industry is in Greece and centuries old. A large percentage of the Mediterranean sponges come from the island of Hydra. Some, however, come from off the coast of Tripoli. A few sponges come from the far-off land of Madagascar. There are two months in each year when sponge fishing is practically abandoned. This is in August and September, the hurricane months. During the other ten months the industry flourishes.

POISON FROM THE BAMBOO.

It is perhaps fortunate for some people that the bamboo does not grow luxuriantly in this country or there might be a large increase in the number of mysterious deaths recorded. The young shoots of this tree are covered with a number of very fine hairs that are seen, under microscope, to be hollow and spiked like bayonets. These hairs are commonly called bamboo poison by the white men resident in Java, for the reason that murder is frequently committed through their agency.

When a Javanese woman takes a fancy to a European, according to an official Dutch report,

she will either have him or poison him if she gets the chance. She seeks any and every opportunity of mixing these infinitesimal hairs among his food, and they serve the purpose of irritating the whole length of the alimentary canal and setting up malignant dysentery. It may take a long time and many doses of this so-called poison to effect the purpose, but the native woman does not tire and death will surely result. The male native will also try this method of revenge for an affront.

INCREASE IN BUFFALO HERDS.

THE buffaloes are increasing in such proportions in Canada that they promise in the course of a few years to become again fairly abundant. Some time ago they threatened to become extinct.

The herd of woods buffaloes in the Peace river district has trebled in size under the protection afforded it by the Northwest mounted police. Five years ago it was estimated that there were not more than eighty buffaloes in the herd; now there are four hundred.

In appearance there is little difference between the woods buffalo and the plains buffalo. The former is merely a larger, richer-coated animal. It differs materially, however, in its habits from the subspecies which inhabited the plains, and which has undoubtedly passed away, except for the presence of a few animals in captivity and in the Yellowstone National park.

This species preferred the plain and traveled hundreds of miles in its annual migrations, while the Canadian buffalo shuns the prairie and migrates but little.

THE POISON OF THE LILY.

A GERMAN botanist has discovered that the pretty flower known as the lily of the valley contains a poison of the most deadly kind. Not only the flower itself, but also the stem as well contains an appreciable quantity of prussic acid. While injecting a concoction of lily of the valley

into the ear of a guinea pig, he noticed the animal succumbed immediately, with all the symptoms of poisoning by hydrocyanic acid, says the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. Chemical analysis of the little plant has disclosed, however, the presence of this poisonous constituent, to which—strange to say—scientists attribute precisely the penetrating perfume of the lily of the valley. The attention of the German botanist has been drawn by the fact that one of his gardeners has felt himself seized with dizziness and vomiting after having individually raised a bunch of lilies of the valley to his mouth, the lips of which were cracked.

* * *

TRAINED FLEAS.

SO-CALLED trained fleas are simply fleas attached by almost invisible silver wires to little gilded chariots and other vehicles, hundreds of times larger than themselves, which the wonderful strength of the insects enables them to drag after them in their leaps and bounds. They wear their harness night and day and endure this unnatural existence for a couple of months after which they are replaced by others. This rapid consumption of "horseflesh" is not ruinously expensive as the market price of healthy fleas is about a cent and a half apiece.

The feeding of the animals is the simplest thing in the world. Twice a day they are turned out to pasture—the pasture being the arm of a beautiful young lady who has been especially engaged, at an enormous salary, to exhibit them.

* * *

STRENGTH OF MUSHROOMS.

AN incident showing the immense growing power of mushrooms was unearthed recently at Stockton, Utah, when two large specimens of the fungi were found growing through a heavy concrete floor. The owner of the building noticed that the concrete and bitumen floor was being forced upward in the shape of two hillocks. He could not account for the change in the smooth surface for several days, until the bitumen split open and two mushrooms forced their way upward into the fresh air. By actual measurement, the mushrooms grew through four inches of solid concrete and two inches of bitumen, and there was not a sign of a crack in the floor before they came through.

NOISES THAT ATTRACT SNAKES.

It is a curious fact that there are certain kinds of noises which attract snakes. For instance, the whirr of the mowing machine, instead of scaring these reptiles, as might be supposed, seems both to allure and enrage them, and they almost invariably dart toward it, rearing themselves in front of the machine, which, of course, promptly chops off their heads. In six months so many as 120 cobras alone have thus been slaughtered on one grass farm in India.

* * *

VAST FORESTS IN RUSSIA.

"WOODEN Russia" is the name familiarly applied to the vast forest areas of Russia in Europe, which cover 464,548,000 acres, or 36 per cent of the entire area of the country. Yet some fear is felt that the country may be deforested through the carelessness of private owners and the government is considering steps for the preservation of the forests.

* * *

ANIMAL VEGETARIANS.

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 the most speed and endurance—the horse, the reindeer and the antelope—are all vegetarians.

* * *

M. P. LICHTY, a Nooker at Cando, North Dakota, writes that in a five years' residence in that country he has never seen a rat and on inquiry has never heard of there being any such rodent in that country, although there are mice galore living in nests in the prairie grass, in the straw stacks and granaries all the winter through, and many freight trains daily come in from Duluth, the Twin cities and other rat-infested communities

* * *

ONE of the mooted questions in natural history is now before the nature study readers of the *INGLENOOK*. "Do fish ascending a stream to spawn eat anything while on the way?"

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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"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God that loveth us
He made and loveth all."

DON'T BE ALARMED.

VERY often parents are alarmed at the moral shortcomings of little children. They find some bright-eyed little boy or girl is given to lying, cruelty, or even stealing. They are frightened at what they call early depravity.

Now the facts are that all healthy children are naturally and normally cruel, and perhaps an absolutely honest child was never born. The reason for this is the fact that small children have no moral sense of right and wrong. The little girl will pet and care for her doll,—that's her own, and haul the kitten around by the tail,—that's the kitten's affair, and if she can talk will certainly mislead her mother, especially if punishment is in store.

Right and wrong are matters of education, and with some people development is very slow. A good-sized boy or girl will tell lies without the slightest regard for the proprieties. They know nothing about the moral aspect of the case, and act with a view to self-protection. Parents should not be unduly alarmed. They will outgrow it, and grow into the right of it. That children are liars, cruel, and without moral sense,

is no sign that they will not develop into absolutely just and conscientious grown-ups. Their parents often expect too much and overdo their training. This is often what ails the preachers' children who are sometimes notoriously bad because their parents had so little sense as to expect perfection in a rudimentary savage not given time to grow into right. So people who are worried over Jimmie and Jennie should wait till ideas come to them about the right or wrong of things. In not one in a thousand instances will they grow up abnormally wrong.

KING EDWARD.

THERE was never a more conspicuous instance that death and disaster due to natural causes wait on nothing and nobody. The King of England, ready to be crowned, one of the earth's great, is stricken precisely as a common laborer sometimes is, and the whole costly and world-wide advertised pageant is called off pending death or recovery. We can hardly realize the situation. For months all that money can buy and ingenuity invent, have been requisitioned to make the coronation one of the showiest, and representatives of all nations have gathered in London to witness the ceremony, when down lies the principal figure with a disease that might and does attack the lowliest.

There is but one King, and he is the King of kings. To Him we turn, not to gaze at, admire or envy, but as a helper in time of need, and to Him and from Him alone comes Edward's chance to reign. The whole world wishes the earthly king renewed health, and a reign that will be long and glorious.

"AIRLY TO BED."

It is altogether likely that early to bed is very good practice for youth. Left to themselves they would not go to bed till they were carried there, nor would there be the faintest semblance of the rest of the proverb that says health, wealth and wisdom greet the before sun-up people. Yes, when the time comes, and that will vary with the place and locality, the children should be sent to bed. It is soon over and done with once they are there.

But the rest of it! The early to rise is subject to a good deal of variation according to cir-

cumstances. When the father and mother force themselves out of bed in the morning and get the "work" under way, always and eternally the "work," it is a very doubtful practice to rout out everybody from Grandpop to little Willie so they can get breakfast and expedite the work. The Nookman remembers the first term of winter school he taught. He boarded with a family of excellent people, and in the dead of winter everybody was got out in the dark of the morning. We ate breakfast by a literal candle light, and then sat around the fire, stupid and comatose, till it was light enough to see. He has always thought that he was defrauded of about a month of sleep and that he has never come into his own again.

The NOOK will not lay down a rule for getting up, but believes on general terms that children and old people ought to be allowed all of the morning they want for rest. It is really not a case of lying late in bed but rather of so many hours of sleep, and if the "childer" seem to want twelve hours sleep make them go to bed at six and they will be alive when six comes again for where is the boy or girl who does not fight off the inevitable, and by some unexplained condition they will deny that they are sleepy when their eyes are shut. Still the rule holds good. Off with them when dusk gathers and out with them when the eastern sky grows red. Only see that they get their full dues and you set the beginning and the ending.

❖ ❖ ❖

TRY this for one day. Don't speak an unkind word to anybody, from sunrise to the going down thereof. And don't speak unkindly of anyone. To honestly try this will be a revelation to many people, and a very good lesson. The habit of kindness can be cultivated the same as more ignoble traits. But first try it for one day.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHILE there is no shortage of articles around the NOOK office we would like a few good, short animal stories, true, and showing the intelligence and devotion of some of the so-called lower animals. These are always interesting and instructive. Where there is a better understanding between the man and the animal there is always a better feeling and better treatment is accorded the more helpless.

IT IS SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

Friendship is the fruit of the tree of life.

❖

Small doubts often kill great resolutions.

❖

The really truly Christian has seven Sundays a week.

❖

The good must die but death cannot kill their memory.

❖

Love comes as easy to a woman as fragrance to a rose.

❖

Knowledge is like a river, the deeper it is the less noise.

❖

If you want to know the value of money try to borrow a five.

❖

Going into debt is like eating the potato crop before it is grown.

❖

A mean man may sometimes justify himself by quoting scripture.

❖

The most sensible man is sometimes the most awkward in courtship.

❖

If a woman is seized with a violent fit of kindness to you, better run.

❖

Think twice before you speak once and you will speak twice the better.

❖

There may be several ways of doing a thing, but only one is the right way.

❖

Did the sermon please all its hearers? If yes, something was lacking in it.

❖

Somebody tells out loud what we think, secretly, of ourselves. That's flattery.

❖

Don't make such a fuss about babies' fingerprints on things. Some people would give all they have in the world if they could have them in their homes.

THE PRICE.

THE other day the Nookman was passing through the accounting department of the Publishing House and there he saw something, not so very common, yet not so very rare after all, and it will do for a sermon in the INGLENOOK. The chief clerk was standing beside a typewriter with a letter in his hand. He was talking in an undertone, rather slowly, but continuously. The girl running the machine was making it sing a continuous song. It was one indistinguishable rattle. She was writing from dictation, and when the letter was pulled out of the machine all that it required was signing and posting.

It used to be the case, and is largely so yet, that letters are dictated to a stenographer, who sub-

words come out correct automatically, and she had to add to that a working knowledge of the grammar of the language so that her wits act as quick as a flash, to see, hear, note and correct on the machine when there is not a moment to think about it. The girl operating the typewriter had to pay that price before she was fit to sit down before the machine at all, and then came the years of practice.

Yet the average looker-on would like to get a machine and try it without having paid the price of success. He would fail, naturally and deservedly so. Yet not one of them sees it. Not one of them will recognize his own worthless weakness in the essentials. He "could learn." The only way that he would ever accomplish it would be to begin again with his speller, and grammar, and when he had paid the price



MODEL RANCH IN IDAHO.

sequently writes them out on a machine. This is being done away with. In the individual case referred to if a lot of boys and girls had stood around, watching the performance, probably every one of them would have thought of it as a desirable accomplishment, and all would have said, on inquiry, that while they could not do it just now, they "could learn."

Now for the sermon. In the first place they could not do it now, and the chances are that they never would be able to do it. They have not paid the price, and are going about it wrong end foremost. The girl had to learn the spelling of the English language so accurately that the

of preparation he might, just *might*, acquire the necessary flexibility of fingers to do the work.

An advertisement for a stenographer and typewriter in a Chicago paper would bring hundreds to the fore as applicants. There is no end of half-way people. When seated at the machine they would spell it "buisness," and write that "The orders of yesterday was sent." They would lose their jobs, and blame it on the perversity of their employers. It is happening every day in all large cities. They have not paid the price, and do not have the goods called for to deliver.

And the final moral of the whole matter is

that there is no excellence of any kind without a long and tedious preparation, and nobody ever got in without paying the price. Now when you see something skillful and desirable consider whether you have paid the price. The way is open to all, but success waits only on the worthy.

* * *

"BUTTON, BUTTON."

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

THE following anecdote was once told by a veteran of the civil war, who sleeps now in Arlington National cemetery. It goes to show that little gleams of humor lit even so sad a chapter as Andersonville, darkest in the gloomy story of that conflict between brother and brother.

It was nearing the close of the war, and buttons, like many other articles of Northern manufacture, were becoming very scarce in the South.

The Union prisoners found ready sale among their captors for all they cared to dispose of. Hardtack, bacon, or a bit of tobacco constituted the medium of exchange. An empty stomach is an eloquent preacher against the vanities of life, so it was that before long a Northerner had parted with every available article he possessed, and his remaining rags were fastened together with twine, or anything else that came handy.

Two of the half-starved wretches were standing in a quiet corner one day when the officer on guard passed them. On the back of his gray uniform shone two brass buttons. Something like a gleam of fun crept into the sunken eyes of one of the "Yankees."

"Harv." he whispered, "Do you see those buttons? Get the Johnny to talking, when he comes back."

"What's up, Jim?" the other asked.

"Wait and see," Jim answered.

Just then the guard turned toward them, and Harvey, intercepting his beat, asked him some question. Jim, after loitering a moment, strolled indifferently away, but, out of the guard's vision, tiptoed back, and with his knife carefully cut the buttons from the rear of the gray uniform. By a flank movement he reached his friend's side again, holding the booty in his open hand.

"Any market for these to-day, Cap?" he

asked, at the first pause. The Confederate glanced at the buttons, and thrust his hand into his pocket.

"Don't know but there might be," he said in his soft, good-natured southern drawl. "They just naturally match a pair on the back of my coat, I declare! Here you are!" And he handed out a good-sized piece of chewing tobacco.

It is needless to add that the spectators enjoyed their end of the bargain.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

LONG JOURNEY OF A SPOON.

A CURIOUS find has just been made at Samrishamn, in Sweden. At low water a sailor discovered among the stones on the beach of Massakasbay there a teaspoon of brass. After cleaning it he found engraved on the inside the picture of a man-of-war, with the words "Maine" and "6600 tons." The spoon would therefore appear to have belonged to the ill-fated Maine, sunk in Havana harbor in the spring of 1898, and it needed four years for the ocean currents to wash this tiny object ashore on the coast of southern Sweden.

* * *

LORDBURG COLLEGE.

WE are indebted to the Passenger Department of the Union Pacific Railroad for the cut on the front cover, of Lordsburg College Building, and are advised that Brother Hanawalt, of Derry Station, Pa., will have charge of the school this year. He is looking forward to a large attendance, and some students from as far east as Pennsylvania are arranging to attend school there this year. The location is all that can be desired, as Lordsburg, California, is settled almost exclusively with Brethren, and as Brother McDonough who lived there for years says there is not a pleasanter place in the United States in which to live.

* * *

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

VESSELS of 4,000 tons can ascend the St. Lawrence river to Montreal, a distance of a thousand miles from the sea. Only one other river in the world, the Amazon, is navigable to such a distance for craft as large.

FIRE WATCH TOWERS.

LOCATED at the fire department engine-house No. 7, near Halsted street, Chicago, is a tall watch tower that calls to mind the days when there were no electric telegraph lines nor telephones to flash calls for assistance in putting out fires. Then any watchman stood at his post night and day and swept the field of view round and round, closely scrutinizing any suspicious haze of smoke or glare of light that might indicate that a house was burning. If such proved to be the case he rang a conveniently located bell which aroused the sleeping citizens and the volunteers of the fire companies, who were all expected to turn out when the rapid clang of the fire bell sounded. Chicago is too new to have had such ancient institutions as the old fire alarm bell, but a cautious regard for the public safety and the disinclination to omit any means of protection against fires have caused several of these towers to be built in recent years and used daily to assist in detecting incipient blazes.

There are fourteen watch towers connected with engine-houses in the city of Chicago and the one at No. 7's is typical of its class. In recent years these towers are not used solely as places from which watches are kept on the houses of the surrounding quarter of the city, but they serve as convenient places for hanging up the long sections of rubber hose so that they can dry out properly. This is the principal use for the Halsted street tower now.

The tower rises above the surrounding houses and gives a fine view of the city for miles in all quarters that have none of the modern skyscrapers intervening. On a still winter's night when there is no more than the usual smoky haze to interfere the watchman can see over the roofs of the houses to every quarter of the district in which the fire company at that house is expected to respond to alarms. There is a small segment of the circle in which he stands at the center that is shut out from his direct view. This is the portion to the northeast behind the tall flat building that looms up a block away from the tower. Even if a fire occurred in the region that is not in view the chances are that there would be a show of smoke or a reflection of the blaze that would enable the watcher to determine the lo-

cality and also enable him to detect the presence of the fire before it had made much headway. The watchman on the tower is usually provided with a good glass and this materially aids him in his work. At the top of the tower is a small glass-enclosed space in which the watchman sits and in winter a little stove provides warmth for him. There is a speaking tube connected with the floor below, where there is always a man on watch and every half hour the watchman whistles down his tube and reports to the man below.

Though the picturesque old watchman who patrolled the streets or stood on his lofty tower and sang out the passing of the hours with the comforting assurance that it was "Two o'clock and all's well," or else by the loud clanging of his bell aroused the sleepers to fight the common enemy is gone, the quieter and more modern successor does equally as effective work. In spite of the watchfulness of the policemen on the beats and the general acquaintance of citizens with the location of and the method of sending messages through the alarm boxes many of the fires in the districts surrounding them are first seen by the tower watchmen and the fire companies aroused by them, or rather by the man on the lower floor to whom they report.

The watchmen who keep their lonely guard way up above the housetops get to know the district from nightly study of it as none of the policemen who travel their beats on the street level can possibly know it. It is another city, apparently, with which they are familiar. Constant observation from one point of view gives them an intimate acquaintance with the normal conditions. The location of every factory smokestack, the place of every furnace that is likely to send the reflection of its glare against the clouds is as well known to these watchers as is the interior of the engine-house. When anything unusual comes into view it is detected on the instant and a glance shows whether it is a harmless kitchen chimney smoking or the forerunner of a destructive blaze. In the latter case the speaking tube calls the man below and he is given the location. Often when fires do break out the firemen are blocks away on their run before the electric alarm sends in its call for help. The watch tower guardian may be a relic of the olden time of volunteer fire companies and bucket brigades of

citizens who tumbled over each other in their efforts to do something and usually succeeded in doing nothing more important than giving the fire a good chance to burn all within reach, but its usefulness in modern days is fully recognized by experienced fire fighters.

The fire watchman's tower can only be made useful in sections of the city outside of the skyscrapers, as it would be necessary to raise them hundreds of feet above these to give a full view of the houses beyond them, but notwithstanding they are confined to the regions of lower buildings there are fourteen of them in Chicago, on which every night in the year are six men who are sleepless sentinels on the outposts of the army organized to battle with the worst enemy of property owners. Residents in the neighborhood of these towers sometimes complain of them as being unsightly, but these complainants do not understand the usefulness of the structures.

Even as convenient places for drying out the hose the towers are valuable to the fire department. The Halsted street structure, which is a fair sample of the others located in different sections, is a nearly square hollow column. Inside the wall a flight of steps goes from the lower floor to the top, sticking close to the outer wall. Inside this stairway is a space that permits of a score of sections of hose being hung up at once. The heights of the towers are such that a section can be all hung clear and every bit of water drained out of it before it is coiled on the wagons for use at the next fire.

IRON AND STEEL RIDDLES.

IN view of our apparently extensive knowledge of the nature of iron and steel, it may seem strange to still speak about riddles wrought in these metals. Nevertheless, in everyday practice, we are constantly confronted by riddles of one kind or another, when dealing with iron and steel, particularly the latter.

Why is it that we can raise the strength of soft staybolt iron of, say, 47,000 pounds per square inch to 60,000 pounds per square inch either by heat treatment, or by repeated application of stress?

Why is steel coming from the rolls or hammer weaker, and less ductile, than the same steel is

after left lying a day or two, or, better still, a week?

There is no doubt that many tons of suitable material have been either thrown out by the mill people themselves or were rejected by the inspectors because it failed to meet specifications, simply because neither the one nor the other of the parties knew that steel is in a disturbed physical state after rolling or hammering, no matter how good the material, and should be left to rest, the longer the better. Now, what takes place in the steel during the period of rest?

Another riddle is that we can raise the elastic limit and ultimate strength by a successive application of stresses very much above the original strength.

We are all familiar with the discovery of cast iron getting stronger by tumbling in a tumbling barrel, but for all we know it is still an unsolved riddle what the conditions really are producing such effects.

NORTH MANCHESTER COLLEGE.

NORTH MANCHESTER COLLEGE was founded in 1895 at North Manchester, Indiana. The picture of its three buildings appeared in a late INGLENOOK, and we are happy to say from information we have in hand that it is now free from debt and deeded to five church districts in such a way that it will never be encumbered financially.

The trustees have leased the school to the four men who had charge of it last session, of whom E. M. Crouch is president. Three substantial brick buildings stand on the ground. These afford excellent accommodations. The past year was marked by harmony and solid work. Seventeen graduates received diplomas May 31.

The outlook for the institution is very encouraging. Those interested in North Manchester College and who wish further details will find them in the catalogue which will be sent to anyone asking. Simply address your letter to North Manchester College, North Manchester, Indiana.

BIRDS THAT KILL SNAKES.

To emulate St. Patrick and do for his country as did the traditional Irish saint is the life work of Father Pedro Rodriguez.

To go even farther, and not only rid the southwest of its pest of rattlesnakes, but to destroy the insect life on the arid lands, is the hope of Father Rodriguez.

Fifty years ago he came to Arizona and began his labors for the church, through New Mexico, Arizona and Mexico. A short time later he brought west his sister and brother and established them on a small but profitable ranch in the upper valley of the Yaqui river. He himself was stationed at Guaymas and his duties frequently called him to the Pueblos in the Yaqui valley, thus giving him the opportunity of sometimes meeting his relatives. One day a message came telling him of the death of his brother and sister. The latter had gone to a spring for a bucket of water and as she stooped a warning rattle under her hand preceded the venomous stroke as the fangs fastened in her cheek. She tore the reptile loose and, hurrying to the house, fell in a faint. Her brother reached home to find her dying, and going to the spring killed the venomous snake. The following day, at the spring, he, too, was bitten by a rattler, doubtless the mate of the one he had killed.

Father Rodriguez buried the bodies side by side, and for nearly twenty years remained in the solitude of the monastery.

Ten years ago he gave up the priesthood, failing health forcing him to a life in the open air.

Most of the time he has devoted to a scientific and persistent slaughter of snakes and the walls of his country home are covered throughout with skins and rattles.

"No, it is not a feeling of revenge that urges me on in my war on the reptiles," says Father Rodriguez, "but I must in some manner improve my time out-of-doors and I know of no better way than to kill snakes. Then, too, it is not an unprofitable business, and from my snakeskins and oil I am enabled each year to give quite a snug sum to the church."

Father Pedro has killed nearly 1,800 rattlesnakes during the past ten years, with a value of \$3 each on tanned skins and half as much more for the oil, which the Mexicans deem an infallible cure for rheumatism.

In all that time the venerable hunter has never felt the fangs of a rattler, nearly all of his victims being secured by his tamed and trained

"road-runners," those remarkable birds of the desert, about which so much is said, and so little known. The "road-runner" or chaparral bird, is the hereditary enemy of the rattler and his most dangerous foe, and it is by the use of these birds that Father Pedro hopes to force the rattlers to extinction.

Never before has the long-legged road-runner, "the fighting cock of the desert," been domesticated, although both Arizona and New Mexico laws make it a crime to kill him.

Father Pedro, however, has succeeded in bringing the bird to its highest point of usefulness, and with a flock of over a score he has achieved wonderful success.

The birds hunt in pairs and it is thus that they harvest their master's strange crop, one pair sometimes bringing in half a dozen snakes in a day's time. They get their reward in the snake meat, upon which they thrive.

All through northern Mexico and the Territories Father Pedro has hunted with his birds, and it is in the hope of securing the general taming and use of the chaparral birds that he hopes to rid the Southwest of snakes, tarantulas, scorpions and centipedes.

As far back as go the traditions of the Indians the chaparral bird has been looked upon as a benefactor of mankind, while pictographs have been found which indicate that, in pre-historic times, he was a familiar object, many rude pictures carved in stone showing the long-legged birds in the act of devouring snakes.

The name "road-runner" the bird earned by his habit of frequenting road-ways, perhaps to better discern in the dust the trails of his reptilian victims, and his propensity for remarkable speed. He is, indeed, possessed of ability to keep pace with a horse for a short distance. He is poorly equipped with wings, in fact, the short flippers which take their place, are only valuable in accelerating his running powers.

Plainsmen who have seen the bird at work, tell remarkable stories of his fighting qualifications, and his immunity from poison. When the marvelous quickness of the bird does not save him from the lightning-like stroke of the rattler, he resorts to a remedy which he gathers from the stem of the smaller cactus. So careful, though, is the assault of the bird, that rarely does the

snake escape or injure his assailant. Coming upon a victim, the birds attack from opposite sides and so fierce is the assault that it is usually but a matter of a few moments until one of the birds has his beak around the neck of the snake and the rest is easy, the head of the snake being quickly crushed to a pulp, by rapid hammering from the birds. At times an especially alert snake is found and then the plan of attack is changed. On opposite sides, and running rapidly, the birds circle their victim, until he is worried into a frenzy of rage. Then an opportunity offers and like a flash the birds are on him.

The most interesting method the road-runner employs he puts into effect when he finds a snake asleep. On nearly all of the desert lands grows a choya cactus, with burrs of small sharp spines. Wherever these needles touch the flesh their barbed ends hold them in and they are as difficult to remove as fish-hooks. The "road-runner" quietly gathers these burrs and lays them in a circle about the snake. Then arousing the latter, he works him into a furious lashing which eventually fills his body with cactus spines. Every movement puts the barbs deeper and adds new ones, until finally, the bird, having gratified his desire for torture, finishes his victim with a blow on the head.

* * *

WHAT WE OWE TO THE TREE.

Most people have formed the habit of talking about shade trees, fruit trees, and lumber as if shade, fruit and building materials were all for which the trees were good. Of course, the artistic eye looks at them for beauty, the entomologists as harbors for insects, and the botanist for herbarium specimens, but the true lover of the tree thinks of it in its wide value to all living things in the universe.

Though trees lack the power of volition and have no nervous system in the ordinary sense of the word, they are a highly organized form of life. They accomplish a vast amount of actual work in a day, and earn their living as surely as you and I do. Their work is the world's work of the unselfish kind. They struggle for self-preservation and the perpetuation of their species; they return to the soil and to the atmosphere materials loaned them for food, they are

altruistic in providing an abundance of fruit for the use of others; they furnish grateful shade for man and beast, are the refuge of birds and insects, and add to the beauty of nature.

Think of the linden tree on the hillside! In autumn it sets sail its winged nuts upon the breeze. Blown down the hillside a few are buried under the dry leaves and the soft coverlet of winter's snows. In March the sunshine seeks them out. Moisture has softened the tough shell of the nut. The tiny embryo within throbs at the touch of warmth, turning lifts a hand, and, creeping through a break in the shell, buries itself in the ground. It is the instinctive baby hand grasping a protecting mother, and the kindly step-mother of the infant tree is Mother Earth. The first tiny hand is the hold-fast root. Next comes one waved aloft to greet the sunshine. This tender growth throws aside the outgrown nutshell, and develops cell by cell into trunk, branch, twig and leaf of the linden tree. Sunshine, warmth and moisture help it along, but the ambitious little tree knows how to look out for itself as well.

Utilitarians consider the trunk the important part of the tree. The trunk is a wise makeshift of nature, which towers aloft and tries to lift the vital organs of the tree—the leaves—out of harm's way and into the purer air and brighter sunshine. Beneath the ground the strong roots and rootlets have hundreds of eager, thirsty mouths which take nourishment from the earth. Water and mineral matter are carried upward by the process of capillary attraction to the leaves in the crown and the branches for digestion and assimilation. A leafless tree stands little chance of living. Trees denuded of their leaves by caterpillars and other mischievous things are deprived of their stomachs and lungs at once.

Every leaf on a tree is unceasingly industrious day and night. Examine the linden leaf, or, in fact, any leaf will do—the truth applies to all—and notice how its surface is spread to catch the sunshine. The under side of the leaf has a different appearance. The tissue is tenderer and a network of breathing pores. A section placed under the objective of the microscope reveals tiny cells filled with a greenish liquid called chlorophyll, which plays an important part in the domestic economy of the tree. When undigested

food from the ground has been carried to the leaves the chlorophyll seizes it, and under the influence of sunlight changes it to nourishment. The chlorophyll also breaks up the carbon dioxide with which it comes into contact, and, liberating the oxygen, sends it out into the atmosphere.

Digested food materials are carried from the leaves to all parts of the tree and aid in its growth. Leaves as the lungs are necessary in the process of breathing. Like animals the tree needs oxygen and breathes much after the manner of a human being. Not only is the life-giving air taken into the lungs, or leaves, but it is inhaled through tiny openings in the bark, just as man and animals transpire through the skin. These tiny breathing holes are called lenticels, and may be seen plainly on the bark of cherry and many other kinds of trees. As the tree drinks water, it sweats and exhales water vapor along with the oxygen cast off from the carbon dioxide.

Tons and tons of moisture are evaporated from wooded areas. This is another beneficial act. Water vapor in the atmosphere is essential to agriculture. Trees transpire through cracks and fissures in the bark, where the lenticels are hidden from sight. This is especially true in old trees. From time to time scientists have computed the leaf area of trees and the results have been astonishing. An ordinary linden leaf has a surface of ten square inches. Multiply this by the number of leaves on a branch and calculate the leafage area of the tree. This entire surface is liberating oxygen and water vapor day and night.



FLOWERS THAT ARE POISONOUS.

THE majority of people think that the tulip has no smell, and this is true of a great number of the fashionable, variegated kinds. The old self-colored sorts, however—particularly those of a deep crimson hue—have a powerful odor which is dangerous when inhaled. This odor is of saffron flavor, and affects many people in a very peculiar manner. If breathed deeply, it has the effect of producing light-headedness, which continues for some time, causing the sufferer to do and say all manner of remarkable and ridiculous things. Its influence often lasts

for an hour or two, and is followed by deep depression.

Another common flower whose odor has evil properties is the poppy. This is doubtless due to the quantity of opium which the blossom contains. Numbers of individuals—especially young ladies of highly strung temperament—complain of the drowsy sensation which comes after walking through a field of these flowers, and afterwards of violent headaches and a disinclination to move about. In Asia Minor, where the poppy is grown in vast quantities for the purpose of extracting the drug, tourists are frequently incapacitated for many hours after inspecting a poppy plantation, and two cases of death among English tourists were traced to the same cause last year.

All flowers grown from bulbs are dangerous in rooms where there is illness. Although bunches of flowers are invariably taken as presents to patients, such blooms as hyacinths, lilies-of-the-valley, tube roses, and even daffodils and narcissus, should be carefully avoided. The perfume is as dangerous to a person in a critical state of health as a dose of morphia would be, without possessing the benefits which that drug sometimes confers.

Perhaps the most remarkable effect which any garden flower has on the human body is that which follows the handling of the particular variety of primula known as *obconica*. Experienced gardeners are always careful to wear gloves when potting this plant, as, should there be ever such a slight scratch or prick on the hands or fingers, evil results are almost certain to follow. The first noticeable result is a slight itching of the hands and arms, and this precedes the breaking out of a skin disease which frequently extends to the body. It dies away in autumn when the leaves fall, and by Christmas the sufferer is free. But the primula has by no means finished its deadly work. When spring comes again, and the sap rises in plants and trees, the dread disease makes its reappearance, and continues all through the summer. This continues for many years—frequently for the whole of the victim's lifetime—and there is no known remedy for it, although years of the most rigid dieting have, in some cases, produced a diminution in its violence.

If blood poisoning by the *primula obconica* does not take this form, it brings about the still more dreaded erysipelas.

Cases of poisoning through eating the berries of the belladonna, or deadly nightshade, are all too frequent; but there is the gravest danger in even handling this attractive plant. It is a very common practice in the country among parties of young people to pick the berries and flick them at each other with the fingers for sport. Then, when heated by the fun and fusillade, the face is sometimes mopped with a handkerchief upon which fingers sticky with the juice of the berries have been wiped. Should but just a little of this get into the eyes, a fearful calamity may ensue. Iritis, or paralysis of the iris of the eye, which invariably results in blindness, has been known to come on, and against this dread disease medical skill has, as yet, proved unavailing. This, too, is in face of the paradoxical fact that treatment with tincture of belladonna is the one usually adopted in the elementary stages of iritis.

The dainty heroine who is so often to be heard of as idly plucking to pieces the petals of a flower must beware which blossoms she chooses for the purpose. Lilies, begonias, rhododendrons and peonies are likely to set up festers, with consequent loss of finger nails, if treated in this way.

SPOIL OLD FOOD THEORIES.

SEVERAL popular theories concerning the digestive values of various foods are set at naught by a bulletin given out to-day by the chemical division of the state agricultural department. Following are some extracts from the report:

The opinion entertained by a great many people that whole wheat and graham bread is more nutritious than that made from standard patent flour (the flour used in everyday baking) is erroneous.

When milk was used as a ration with bread, butter, beans, eggs and potatoes, all the protein of the milk was digested and in addition 4.91 per cent more of the protein of the other foods with which it was combined was digested than when the milk was omitted. The highest degree of digestibility was secured in a mixed ration.

Experiments made with butter showed that it has a high degree of digestibility, 98 per cent of it being available to the body.

Cheese should be used in the diet regularly and in small quantities rather than at irregular intervals and in large quantities, as is frequently the case. Cheese ordinarily is one of the cheapest and most nutritious foods that can be procured.

Oat meal, like cheese and beans, is slow of digestion, requiring much intestinal work for the digestive process. But if well prepared and thoroughly cooked it is a suitable food for persons of all habits.

WESTERN TABLE ETIQUETTE.

DELEGATE RODEY of New Mexico, whose fund of good stories is exhaustless, related this incident in the cloakroom yesterday:

"I was traveling through the West a couple of years ago," he said, "when our train stopped at an eating place for dinner. The woman who kept the place was evidently an Easterner, and was quite anxious to spread around the cultured habits of her section.

"Will you please give me a knife for my pie," said one of the men eating dinner.

"We don't eat pie with a knife here," replied the woman, quite severely.

"Then, madam," remarked the cowboy, quite unabashed, "will you please get me an ax?"

WHILE seated in the democratic cloakroom the other afternoon Senator Mallory of Florida called a page to him. The boy had a bunch of hair standing straight up from his forehead. "Sonny," said the senator, "you should train that cowlick to lie down or when you get married your wife will have a good place to grab." Now, the senator is as bald as a doorknob, so the best he could do was to smile when the boy said, innocently enough, but with a twinkle in his eye: "Yes, sir; is that the way you lost your hair?"

SOME people have a fit over some small vanity in others, and yet would sell their own souls for public applause.

If you can't keep your own secret from your friend why blame him for telling it to his friend?

AMONG the worst things that can overtake a man is living wholly within himself.

The Q. & A. Department.

The Editor of the Inglenook is not responsible for any of the signed answers given in this department. They represent the views of the writers whose names are appended. Sometimes they may be wrong according to your view, and in that case take it up with their writers. If an error of fact is made, correct that through the Inglenook.

* * *

What is the life of an ordinarily well-made wind-mill, if properly cared for, that is how long may it be counted on to last?

Fifteen years.—*D. C. Stover, Freeport, Ill.*

*

How far may a sister follow the fashions and do right if at the same time she wears a bonnet?

It seems almost out of the question to keep out of fashion altogether, but my answer to the question would be to follow just as few as possible.—*Susie M. Brallier, Johnstown, Pa.*

*

What is the probable origin of the shells found in the railroad cuts out along the Union Pacific in the States of Kansas and Colorado?

Their origin is undoubtedly marine. Their composition and the circumstances surrounding them when found show that the plains were at one time the bed of an ocean that has disappeared, leaving not only these fossil shells, but other remains of a marine character to prove it.—*B. A. McAllister, Land Commissioner, U. P. R'y., Omaha, Nebr.*

*

Of what are the colored liquids in the show windows of druggists' bottles made?

The fantastically shaped bottles in use among druggists had their start so remotely that there is no record of their origin. They are being done away with more or less now. The colored liquids are common chemical mixtures of colored water, with perhaps enough alcohol to keep them from freezing. Aniline dyes have been tried, but with no great degree of success. Solutions of chemicals serve best, as they do not discolor the bottles, and leave no settlings.—*The Nookman.*

Would it pay a country boy to make a business of raising pigeons for the city markets, selling through commission houses?

It is doubtful whether it would pay, selling through commission houses. They charge poultry rates. It might pay selling through some special agency.—*J. B. Otto, Mgr. Fraternity Purchasing and Sales Dept., Chicago, Ill.*

*

What is the truth about the prairie dog, the owl and the snake living together in peace?

I feel satisfied that the prairie dog and owl occupy the same burrow, but as for the rattlesnake, I don't know and have not seen anybody who could say positively. As for the peaceable part, they always acted peaceably when I was present, but maybe they are like some people—act better before company.—*D. H. Ikenberry, Quinter, Kans.*

*

Did any of the Brethren in Virginia ever own slaves?

No. Not in the memory of the oldest citizens,—seventy years back. Persons who owned slaves, wishing to unite with this people were required to free their slaves upon entrance into fellowship. The State law required that those set free should not remain in the State, hence, in harmony with this law, Andrew McClure on freeing his slave sent him to Liberia.—*Prof. James Z. Gilbert, Pres. of Daleville College, Daleville, Va.*

*

Is it likely that other musical instruments, like the piano, etc., are yet unvented, or has the limit been reached?

I presume the "etc.," in this query has reference to "stringed" instruments, as the piano comes in this classification. As in all branches of science and art, so in the perfection of musical instruments, the last three centuries show a phenomenal development, and while the piano and violin head the list of stringed instruments in their improved and perfected state as we now have them, it is likely that the end is not yet and time may develop or invent something superior.—*Marguerite Bivler, East Akron, Ohio.*

What effect has irrigation on the wild gramma grass of the plains? Does it change character under water?

I have never heard of anyone irrigating wild grass, but in wet seasons it grows larger. I have observed that where much water gets to it, as along ditches, etc., it grows quite rank.—*John Ikenberry, Quinter, Kans.*

✱

What commercial disposition is made of the huckleberries picked for sale in the Cumberland Valley Mountains?

The pickers dispose of some berries in the near towns, but the bulk of them are bought up by produce dealers and shipped to the cities—mainly Harrisburg, Lancaster, and Philadelphia, Pa.—*Anna M. Mitchell, Newburg, Pa.*

✱

Is a sober, upright young man safe in marrying a pure and respectable young lady whose father occasionally becomes intoxicated?

Yes, and no. He may get a good companion and do well in this world, but his marriage would probably place him under intemperate influences and give to some of his posterity a predisposition to strong drink, inherited from an intemperate grandfather.—*I. D. Parker, North Manchester, Ind.*

✱

What are the most prolific causes of failure among those who attempt a course at a hospital to become a trained nurse?

Lack of preliminary education, and being without natural talent. What they do is done as a matter of duty and not for the love of it. Others are not willing to do more than is absolutely required. Some cannot stand operations, but most get used to them. Bad health and lack of patience are also causes of failure. Some cannot learn to obey implicitly their seniors. To succeed one must be cheerful, sacrificing, love the calling, and be willing to accept the disagreeable features which, like the rewards, are many.—*Effie Strohm, Sherman Hospital, Elgin, Ill.*

✱ ✱ ✱

When fish ascend streams for the purpose of spawning, do they eat? Is anything ever found in their stomachs?

Yes. Men here, of truth and veracity, who have had actual experience, say they have caught trout chuck full of spawn, that had live minnows

in the stomach. Chinook salmon have been caught with the trolling hook, when ascending the stream in spawning season. Fish take bait to eat. All nature teaches this to be a truth.—*J. B. Lehman, Salem, Oregon.*

All the same some fish do *not* eat when on the road to the spawning grounds and of the millions caught for food nothing has ever been found in their stomachs. Will the Atlantic seaboard Nooker tell of some? Bro. Lehman's answer is all right, as far as it goes. But it is by this interchange of thought we all become richer and none the poorer.—*The Nook.*

✱

What varieties of fish are found in Devil's Lake, and other fresh water lakes in North Dakota?

In the pioneer days of North Dakota,—1882 to 1885—the amount of fish, mostly of the pickerel family, to be found in Devil's Lake was immense. Carloads of such fish, many of them of great length and size, were removed from that body of water by the early settlers. But at the present time there is but a limited number of fish in that lake, consisting of pickerel, black bass, sunfish, perch, and catfish. Similar kinds of fish abound in small numbers in Sweetwater Lake, Lake Irvine, and most all the large fresh water lakes in North Dakota. The many fresh water lakes in the Turtle Mountains, in McLean, Emmons and Stutsman Counties contain numerous fish consisting of pickerel, trout, bass, croppies, perch, catfish, etc.

Our large rivers, such as the Missouri, Red, and Mouse rivers, are well supplied with fish of different varieties.

There has been a large decrease in the supply of fish in our State waters since the early settlement of the country, owing mainly to illegal and wholesale destruction of the same by men who thought the supply was inexhaustible, and low stages of water incidental to droughty seasons.

Within the last nine years there have been distributed eight carloads of live fish in our State waters for propagation purposes, and the increase from such planting has been most encouraging. The variety planted in our lakes consisted of trout, black bass, croppies, pickerel, yellow perch, sunfish, catfish, etc.—*W. W. Barrett, State Fish Commissioner of North Dakota, Church's Ferry, N. Dak.*

 The Home



 Department

**COOKING TWICE HELPS SWEET
POTATOES.**

SWEET potatoes are much richer twice cooked. Baked or boiled merely this vegetable is good, but when the baking or boiling is followed by a subsequent cooking in the pan or in the oven they are far better. One of the ways of improving the sweet potatoes after they have been boiled is to mash them and season them with salt, pepper and butter, adding milk enough to moisten them. Put in a pudding dish, brush the top with egg and brown in the oven. Serve with a tomato sauce. More elaborate is this preparation: Put four cups of mashed sweet potatoes over the fire with the beaten yolks of two eggs, one-half cupful of cream, one teaspoonful of salt; mix well; remove from fire, add the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs, heap into a conical loaf on a buttered pan, brush with the white of egg and melted butter and brown in a hot oven.

When sweet potatoes are to be glazed they are first boiled until partly tender, then drained and sliced. These slices are put into a buttered pan with butter and sugar liberally added and baked half an hour, or until the potatoes have absorbed the syrup and grown rich and brown.

For croquettes the mixture is composed of one pint of mashed sweet potatoes, three tablespoonfuls of butter, a seasoning of salt and sugar, two egg yolks and one tablespoonful of cream, and a little minced parsley.

 * * *
CHOCOLATE CUSTARD PIE.

BY SISTER ALICE HECKER.

LOVERS of chocolate in every form can make this addition to a common custard pie. Beat one egg to a stiff froth, add pulverized sugar and

grated chocolate, with a teaspoonful of vanilla. Spread this on the pie and let it harden for a moment in the oven. Or, put your grated chocolate in a basin on the back of the stove and let it melt. Do not add a drop of water to it. When it is melted mix with some sugar and one egg beaten to a stiff froth. By melting the chocolate you have a regular chocolate-brown icing, while by simply using the grated chocolate your icing will be a sort of grey in color.

Carrington, N. Dakota.

* * *

CHICKEN CROQUETTES.

TAKE two cups of cold chicken, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour and one cup of milk. Rub the flour smooth with a little of the cold milk, add to the remainder of the milk and cook together. Then add the chicken chopped fine and mixed with the eggs. Allow to cool, form into small cakes, roll in powdered bread crumbs and fry. This answers for all kinds of meat but if any other than chicken is used add a few drops of onion juice to the milk before adding the other ingredients.

* * *

BEEF LOAF.

BY MRS. WILLOUGHBY FELKER.

TAKE two pounds of round steak and a good slice of salt pork, chop very fine. Add one egg, one cup of sweet milk, three-fourths of a cup of cracker crumbs, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Mix well and pack closely in a coffee can with a tight-fitting lid, place in an iron kettle with plenty of water and boil three hours. Leave till cold and slice thin.

Leaf River, Ill.

CROP PARAGRAPHS.

Oats very rank.—*Cedar County, Iowa.*
 Making hay now.—*Holt County, Nebraska.*
 Fruit dropping off badly.—*Huntington, Ind.*
 Very heavy rains.—*Sumner County, Kansas.*
 Cherries are ripe and past.—*Blair County, Pa.*
 Very good corn.—*Caroline County, Maryland.*
 Much interest in corn crop.—*Rockingham Co., Va.*
 Corn very irregular in growth.—*Elkhart Co., Ind.*
 Too wet for good oats.—*Appanoose County, Iowa.*
 Rye hurt by May frost.—*Delaware County, Indiana.*
 Apples are on the market.—*Montgomery Co., Kansas.*
 Stock brings good price.—*Kingman County, Kansas.*
 Too much rain just now.—*Harvey County, Kansas.*
 Half a crop of wheat.—*Montgomery County, Kansas.*
 Some grasshoppers here.—*Redwillow County, Nebraska.*
 Oats the best for years.—*Richardson County, Nebraska.*
 First rate crop of cherries.—*Berrien County, Michigan.*
 Harvest is on. The crops never looked better.—*Kidder, Mo.*
 Corn never did look so favorable.—*Lawrence County, Illinois.*
 No complaint against the corn crop.—*Brown County, Kansas.*
 Too wet and too cold for corn.—*Missaukee County, Michigan.*
 Greatest rainfall for forty years.—*Fillmore County, Minnesota.*
 We have the finest prospects so far.—*Efingham County, Illinois.*
 Clover hay short in quantity but good in quality.—*Miami County, Ohio.*
 Except wheat things have never been better.—*Montgomery County, Indiana.*

Meat very high.—shoulders 15, ham 17, and lard 10.—*Somerset County, Pa.*

Wheat very thin on the ground but of good quality.—*Rockingham County, Virginia.*

The valley of Virginia is a great stock raising country.—*Rockingham County, Virginia.*

Some farmers will not cut their wheat at all; too short.—*Rockingham County, Virginia.*

Tomatoes are raised here for canning. Outlook for them good.—*Botetourt County, Va.*

Large amount of onions grown here. Never a better prospect.—*Kosciusko County, Indiana.*

Never saw a wheat crop like the present one and better prospects for corn.—*Johnson County, Mo.*

Small snowfall in the mountains last winter; shortage of water for irrigation.—*Boulder County, Colorado.*

In Tennessee wheat is now harvested. Stand is poor and the straw very short, but the head is well filled.—*Jas. R. Winc.*

Seems odd to hear onions spoken of as a crop here.—*Kosciusko County, Indiana.* (Perhaps the observer lived near a large onion farm).

* * *

LITERARY.

JULY *Success* is before us. It maintains its high standard of excellence without a taint or suspicion of coarseness. It is a publication the general tenor of which cannot fail to inspire the readers, especially the young, with feelings of high endeavor and helpful thoughts. It is a distinctly secular publication, but it embodies in its teachings all the traits of morality that so distinctly commend themselves to the Nook family.

There is too much of it to go into details. Ten cents, everywhere.

* * *

WHAT THEY SAY.

"THE INGLENOOK is a magazine of rare merit. In purity and interest it is excelled by none."—*Bessie Mertz, Indiana.*

We Will Get the Highest Prices...

For your Wool, Hides, Hay, Grain, Poultry, etc. An extract from one of many letters: "Dear Brethren:—I am well pleased with the prices you got for the wool and hides.—*H. H. Troup, Maxwell, Iowa.*" See our other ad in the Nook.

Fraternity Purchasing and Sales Dep't.,

J. AMICK, President,

153 S. Jefferson St.

25t2

CHICAGO, ILL.

Why Not California?

Some people think that the California farmer raises fruit only, also that none but the rich can possess the climate. Let us tell you about a place where you can do the sort of farming you know all about, and the climate will be yours to enjoy as much as if you were worth a million.



THE BIG FOUR

ALFALFA

CORN

CATTLE

HOGS

Fruit farming is good, wheat raising is all right, but everybody knows that the steady money follows the man who owns cows and pigs and the right kind of land to grow feed for them. If you want good alfalfa and corn land come to the

Laguna De Tache Grant

in Fresno and Kings Counties. 60,000 acres of Kings River bottom Land, none better in the State for dairying, corn growing and fruit raising. Now being sold in small lots to suit purchasers at \$35.00 to \$50.00 per acre, including perpetual water right, with abundant water for irrigation.

Terms, one-fourth cash, balance in 5 annual payments if desired. The greatest opportunity ever offered in California to get GOOD land reasonably. Many of our settlers are paying for their land from the crops. Why should not you?

If you want to know more about the place, let us send you printed matter and our local paper free. Address,

NARES & SAUNDERS,

Laton, Fresno Co., = = = California.

NO WINTER,
NO HIGH WINDS.

Profitable work on the farm 313 days in the year.

Something to sell from the farm every month in the year.



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BEYOND.

The sunset's crown of radiant gold,
And robe of amethyst,
Had paled to twilight gray and cold,
And trembling veils of mist.
Then, up the heaven the white moon sailed,
And gleaming in her wake,
Her silvery shimmering garments trailed
A shining way, in shadows veiled,
Across the dusky lake.

• The darkness quenched the sunset hues,
Day—shrouded, sank in night,
Yet, through the gloom, and through the dews,
Still trailed that track of light,
No wind bore upward hymn or prayer,
No step throbbèd on the sod,
And yet my soul saw opened there—
Cross lake, o'er mount, through ambient air—
A shining path to God.

O coward soul, that fears to miss
The glow from out thy sky,
That shrinks from sorrow's touch and kiss
When shades are drawing nigh;
Beyond the night's o'ershadowing form
Light gleams on wave and sod,
And thou mayst climb—thy robe and crown
Faded and in the dust laid down—
That shining way to God.

CROWNS OF THE WORLD'S RULERS.

In the matter of costliness the crown of Portugal takes the lead of all others. It is computed to be worth £1,600,000. But it is not the most imposing of European crowns. The iron crown of Lombardy is said to be the oldest and state-liest of monarchs' crowns. It is gravely declared to be made out of the nails of the original Cross, and is said to be 1,500 years old.

King Oscar of Sweden has not only two crowns, but, although Sweden and Norway are now one kingdom, the Swedish king receives two coronations.

The crown has no part in the inaugural ceremony of the king of the Belgians, who merely swears to preserve the constitution and to observe the laws.

While some monarchs have no crowns, others have several. The czar of Russia has a large assortment. Among the headpieces of the czar are the crowns of Kiev, Kasan, Siberia, Astrachan, Poland, Finland and Crimea.

Spain originally had no crown, and there is no actual coronation now, the monarch only taking an oath similar to that of the king of the Belgians. But though not actually invested with the round and top of royalty, a Spanish king has a crown of a very costly and elaborate design, though it originally was only a plain band of gold.

The Sultan of Turkey has no crown, and nothing of the kind is employed in his investiture with despotic power. His authority is frankly the power of the sword. Instead of coronation, the sultan is girt with the sword of Othman. "Take it with faith," is the injunction, "for you receive it from God."

THE GARB OF MINISTERS.

Nor until Martin Luther's time did black become the distinguishing hue of clerical garb. When Luther laid aside his monk's clothes the elector of Saxony sent him a piece of black cloth and Luther had a suit made of it according to the prevailing cut of the time. It was long after before the cut of a clergyman's coat became different from that of the laity.

"For better it is that it be said unto thee, Come up hither; than that thou shouldst be put lower in the presence of the prince whom thine eyes have seen."

THE SWIFT OR CHIMNEY SWALLOW.

BY J. AS. SPEED, NATURALIST.

NEXT to the ever-present English sparrow, I know of no other bird so constantly seen in towns as the common chimney swift. Every one should learn to know this bird when he sees it and be able to catch its notes.

Often when I have spoken of this little bird as a common dweller of our large cities I have had persons to say, "Why, I think you must be mistaken, I never see one." This lack of observation is one of the strange things in our city people, and especially among the grown folks. They have simply allowed their senses to become so dulled that they are unable to see and hear things about them in every day life. Children see and take note of everything and would grow up into men and women with keen senses to enjoy the things of nature but for the fact that grown-up people are constantly repressing their enthusiasm by saying, "Don't ask such foolish questions." The only reason they are "foolish questions" is because the grown-up people are unable to answer them.

All the summer long, high above the city house tops, these swift-winged birds skim and hover, hunting for their insect prey. And they are not so silent that they should escape notice, for every few moments they give a shrill, chattering note which can be plainly heard in the bustling streets below. They stay with us all summer. Unlike our common barn swallow, they do not leave for the South the moment their young are strong enough for the journey, but linger until cold weather drives them away.

They are truly birds of the air, for they never alight on tree, fence, or building, but drop into the top of some wide-mouthed chimney and cling to its rough sides with their tiny feet. Barn swallows will settle on the roof of a barn, the top of a plank fence, or upon a telegraph wire; but I have never seen one on a live or dead tree. Of course, any one who has noticed birds has seen a swallow sit on a roof plate or a beam near its mud nest within the barn. The chimney swift does not even alight in a tree to obtain the small twigs with which it builds its nest, but takes them in passing on the wing. I have often watched a pair of these birds as they would swing in huge

circles near the top of a dead elm that stood near my home in the country. As they approached a twig they had selected for their nest they would check their speed and catch it in their bills. If they failed to secure it they would continue to try until successful.

It seems that we should know a great deal about the habits of these little birds, as they are so common, even nesting in our chimneys. But as their whole life is passed on the wing and their nights in dark chimneys, it is impossible to learn much of their habits and ways of life. Their flight is wonderful. It is rapid and graceful. The bird appears to glide through the air without effort except the opening and shutting of the long, pointed wings. Late in the warm summer afternoons a fine view of their motions can be had as they skim just over the tree tops, catching tiny insects. At such times the rapid change of direction can be seen at its best, for they drop and mount as they catch sight of the insects they are pursuing. In the heat of the midday they are to be found high in the air, where the insects are numerous. Indeed, the swifts often appear as dark specks in the upper line.

The nest of this interesting little bird is quite peculiar in its construction, being composed of small twigs glued together into a shallow basket, which is fastened to the rough brick or stone work of the chimney. The glue used to fasten the sticks together and to hold the nest to the chimney is secreted in the salivary glands of the bird. Among all of the swifts these glands are abnormally developed. The use of this glue reaches its highest development in the nest of the swift which the Chinese use for their celebrated "bird's nest" soup. In this instance the bird forms the whole nest of the glue.

The basket of twigs which our swift builds is extremely light and dainty in its construction. The lightness is gained by using only dead twigs that have seasoned in the early summer sun, and no more are used than enough to hold the eggs in place. As one looks up a chimney where these nests are built he can see through the numerous interstices. The eggs are usually four or five in number and are pure white. Their shape is similar to all eggs laid on a rough platform of twig—elliptical.

These little swifts are commonly spoken of a

chimney swallows. As they fly twittering overhead the resemblance to our swallows appears striking, and yet they are not closely allied at all. Strange to say, they are closer kin to our humming birds than to almost any other member of the feathered family.

We find many times the same wonderful development of a part used for one purpose. All of our woodpeckers and our creepers have sharp, stiff tail feathers, which enable them to climb trees and also to brace themselves when cutting into the timber with their bills. Now, our little swift in clinging to the sides of a rough chimney would soon wear out a tail of ordinary feathers, so his tail feathers have been modified much in the same manner as those of the woodpecker's.

Before this country was settled these birds built their nests and roosted in hollow trees, but the wide open chimneys of the early settlers made better nesting places, so they abandoned their tree homes. To-day, in the far West, where there are few houses, the birds still use hollow trees. In the middle West and in the East of this country chimneys exclusively are used. Exactly this same thing is noticed in the habits of other birds. The common purple martin, the bird which the farmer attracts with his martinhouses, uses boxes altogether in the East and central parts of this country. In the unsettled parts it uses the natural cavities in limbs of trees.

WHY LONG DISTANCE TELEGRAPHY IS DIFFICULT.

THE longer a telegraph line the fewer the signals that can be sent over it in a given time. An analogy will make the reason clear.

If we take 500 feet of rubber garden hose and attach it to a water-tap, the water will not start and stop flowing instantly when the tap is turned on and off. The water will not flow out in sharp jets, as it does with a short hose, but in gradually increasing and decreasing gushes. And if the tap is opened and closed very rapidly, the gushes will not have time to increase and decrease. They will merge into one another, and the water will flow out in a steady stream. In other words, if we try to send signals rapidly through a very long garden hose, the signals run into one another and are lost. The reason is that the rubber hose is slightly elastic, and the pressure of

the water flowing through it swells it up slightly. When the tap is suddenly closed the hose contracts again to its ordinary size, thus forcing water out at the open end for a moment or two after the tap is closed. When the tap is suddenly opened again the reverse process takes place. The hose is already full of water, but enough extra water has to be forced into it from the tap to swell it up as much as it will stretch before the water will start flowing out of the open end.

A telegraph or telephone wire is exactly like the garden hose. The wire, or rather the ether surrounding the wire, is elastic, and when we pump electricity into the wire it does not instantly start or stop flowing at the other end, unless the wire is very short. We must give the signals time to start and stop, and the longer the wire the slower the rate of signalling. That is why it is impossible to telephone over more than about one thousand miles, and why telegraphing through Atlantic cables is so slow. It follows also that a telegraph system using a large number of signals per letter will not be able to compete over long distances with a system using only a few signals per letter:—*Donald Murray, in Everybody's Magazine.*

MORE ABOUT TELEPHONES.

BY L. M. NEHER.

THE article on this subject recently printed in the INGLENOOK has been interesting to me. I am glad to learn that the columns of this paper are open for such practical uses. A large per cent of our people live in the country and a majority of them are without telephonic connection with their town or even neighbors. Many of them still consider the telephone as an expensive convenience or luxury. They think of it much as I did of the bicycle ten years ago. This I presume is as it should be, at least it seems to be natural with us. The American people have in recent years been severely criticised by educators at home and abroad for being unstable and impetuous. It is claimed we are not sufficiently fixed in our ways and that we are too ready to take up with any new thing that is brought among us. This is evidently true in the full sense with the city population of our country, but not so with our Fraternity or in

general with the out-of-town people. In fact if we are at an extreme we are at the safer end and are too slow to accept new things.

Telephone devices and problems have appealed to me with interest for a number of years, and I am gratified to know that our people are availing themselves of this great blessing all over the country. It has been only about seven years since telephone supplies were placed on the general market. Prior to that time the patents were practically all in the hands of a telephone monopoly which made it almost impossible for farmers to have telephones. From 1892 to 1895 the leading patents all expired and many independent factories at once sprung up to make telephones. Now some of the independent instruments are actually superior to those made by the monopoly (which by the way is on a severe decline) and are so cheap and simple that every farmer should own his own telephone. In another generation the farmers will no more think of being without a telephone than they now do of getting along in harvest time without a self binder. The cost of a telephone is little compared with the cost of a binder, yet it will last several times longer and may be used every day and night in the year while the binder is used but a few weeks each year.

The organization of farmers into mutual ownership telephone companies is a vital subject along this line. I may express myself on this point later on, and in the meantime hope some one else will furnish us an article on the subject.

North Manchester, Ind.

* * *

A PECULIAR OCCUPATION OF DOGS.

BY JOHN E. MOHLER.

A TRAVELER in South Africa has noticed that it is a common thing there for a large flock of sheep to be guarded by one or two dogs, miles away from any house or man. The dogs were especially educated to care for the sheep.

This was done by taking the dogs when pups and raising them among the flock. A pup was taken from its mother and forced to receive its meals from a ewe in the flock. A nest of wool was made for it in the sheep pen, and it was not allowed to associate with other dogs, or with children. From this very strict, careful edu-

cation it had no wish to leave the flock, and just as another dog will defend its master so this dog defends the sheep.

Upon the approach of an enemy the dog leads in the defense, while the sheep all close in its rear, as though round the oldest ram. The dogs are also trained to bring the flock home at a certain time in the evening. The dog comes to the house daily for food, and if pursued by other dogs will retreat to the flock, and there stand his ground firmly. Even a pack of hungry wild dogs will seldom attack a flock of sheep which is under the protection of one of these dogs.

Before the dogs reach the age when they are a protection to the flock their puppy proclivities are a source of torment, for they race the sheep unmercifully in their play. Later they become the dependence of the soberest and strongest of the flock, and not the least fault is found because he is not dressed in sheep's clothing.

Des Moines, Iowa.

* * *

YOUR COLLARS AND CUFFS.

THE manufacture of collars and cuffs dates back to about seventy-five years ago to the town of Troy, New York. At that time shirts were made with collars and cuffs attached and it remained for the wife of a Troy blacksmith to make for sale the first separate collar, which she cut with the scissors from a paper pattern. A Methodist preacher by the name of Brown saw they were a good thing, and, as he kept a small store the female members of his household made collars, which they stitched, and ironed on the kitchen table.

The collars were tied around the neck with tape strings and were commonly called string collars. It was not until 1843 that the manufacture of linen collars and shirt bosoms was engaged in as a separate business. In 1845 the manufacture of collars was made a separate industry in Troy, N. Y. There endless varieties are now made, although there are but two general classes—the stand-up and the turn-down collar.

In the manufacture of collars and cuffs the goods are stretched upon a long table, one piece on top of another, until the desired thickness is reached, after which block patterns are laid upon the fabric and the cutter, with a keen-

pointed knife, cuts through the entire thickness, cutting out the several parts of the collars. As soon as these separate parts are ready to be put together the name of the brand, and the size, are

which is attached to the factory. After being laundered they are examined for defects and are then boxed and prepared for shipment.

There are fifty-seven collar and cuff establish-



WANTED: ALONG THE C. M. & ST. P. R'Y.—THREE MEN.

tamped on the fabric. The collar is then sent to the stitching department where the final sewing is done, after which the button-holes are made.

When the collars are made they are sorted and counted, and then they are sent to the laundry,

ments in the United States of which fifty-four are in the State of New York, and only three in other States. The total capital involved in the industry is over ten and a quarter million dollars, and the products aggregate nearly six-

teen million dollars annually. Thus it will be seen that a comparatively unimportant article of dress easily mounts into the millions when its details are understood.

* * *

INTENSIVE FARMING.

SOME of our Nook people who are engaged in farming, and it is the rarest thing for a Nooker to know nothing of farming, would be surprised to learn something of the methods of the Chicago market gardener. An article in the *Record-Herald* tells something of the methods

Within ten miles of the Cook County courthouse is the most valuable farming land in the State of Illinois.

That is a bold statement, but it is made with the full knowledge that it is correct.

The soil in the vicinity of Chicago is of two qualities—black loam and clear sand. The latter lies adjacent to the lake shore, from the water's edge, beginning at a point about half a mile south of Evanston clear to the Indiana line and beyond, in a widening belt all the way.

This is the prehistoric bed of what is now Lake Michigan, once a salt water sea.

The value of this sand for agricultural purposes is small.

Planted to potatoes the first year, there will, all things considered, be a good crop. The second year to potatoes again a much smaller crop will be the result, while the third year the chances are that there will be no crop at all.

Much of this sandy belt is covered with a forest growth, principally black oak, of no value as timber and of small use even for fire-wood.

In the swales between the long billowy hills of sand there is apt to be a leafy mold, varying in thickness from a few inches to a couple of feet.

This black earth is very rich, but with this peculiarity: It has doubtless been centuries in forming, and often lies under the drifting sand, sometimes several feet under, and the first season it is exposed to the sun and rain and air is absolutely lifeless; nothing will thrive in it. The second year it is all right.

Back of this sandy belt is the ordinary soil of the State of Illinois, good, fruitful and readily yielding itself to the labor of the intelligent worker.

Of the two kinds there are several thousand

acres which are available for market gardens. This land is usually held in small parcels, from five to fifty acres, the smallest holdings predominating.

Of course there are larger tracts owned or controlled by syndicates or a few individuals who are holding them for speculation, in the one case; in that of the individual it is usually some one who bought it long ago or has inherited it.

But there is much that comes into the control of thrifty, industrious, capable men and women and they go into the business of market gardening. As a general rule these gardeners are foreigners, Germans or Polanders.

By such means as they can they come into control of five or ten acres of ground.

The usual ground rent anywhere within ten miles of the courthouse is \$100 per acre per year—a figure to frighten most folks. Not so these people. Trained from childhood to notions of industry and thrift, they tackle what is considered a very uncertain proposition with avidity, and as a general thing win success. Let us follow a ten-acre tract and see what great possibilities lie under its surface. It must be understood in the start that the gardener is a man of some means, for he must pay cash for labor, and that is a large item; the other principal expenses are for seeds, fertilizers and tools.

He begins by covering the ground as deep as he can with well-rotted manure. He has had it on the place since last autumn in long rows rotting.

The land is plowed then and pulverized.

A ten-acre patch will be close in the neighborhood of 400,000 square feet of available land, rather more than less, as the larger the piece the less relatively has to be deducted for paths, ditches, fences, etc.

The first crop will be an early variety of radishes.

This piece of ground will contain 4,000 rows, each 200 feet long.

Allowing nine marketable radishes to the foot we have on that ten-acre field 7,200,000 radishes.

The standard number of radishes in a bunch at the garden is sixteen. That field, then, will produce 450,000 bunches.

At 1 cent per bunch, and that is a very moderate price, we have an income of \$4,500 from radishes off a ten-acre lot.

You will do well to remember, too, that this is all paid in within forty days after the seed goes into the ground.

But our friend, the gardener, don't stop at radishes. He is not paying \$100 per acre per year rent for his ground to see weeds grow. While the radishes are coming along he has growing under glass along the sunny side of the north fence any quantity of lettuce. As soon as the last weeding of the radishes is completed a mob of women with baskets of the young lettuce plants invade the patch and between the radish rows they will set out 576,000 heads of lettuce on that same ten acres.

As that grows to perfection the radishes gradually disappear until before the time the lettuce is ready for market, the radishes are gone, roots and all.

But our thrifty provider of spring table dainties has no idea of stopping at radishes and lettuce, so into the empty frames he has sowed cabbage seed, and while that is growing he holds open a big bag for the dollars which are coming his way about as fast as he can count them.

His 576,000 heads of lettuce are put up in boxes holding twenty heads each, and our plutocratic friend thinks he is a dreadfully abused man if he receives less than 1 cent per head, or \$5,760 for his crop of lettuce.

That patch is by no means exhausted yet, however. As the lettuce market begins to fail, and the last of it is disposed of, those cabbage seeds have grown into plants suitable for transplanting.

Women and boys are again called to aid, and in a day or two those acres are blue green with 176,890 heads of cabbage.

When late autumn has arrived these will be ripe and they will readily bring 2 cents each, \$3,537.80 for cabbage

Is our German friend done? No, indeed, he is perfectly merciless. The joy of acquiring has full possession of his soul, and with greedy eyes he looks for something more to grow on that wonderful piece of ground, and he finds it—in celery.

While the cabbages have been ripening and are being gathered for market he has set out between them 1,064,000 stalks of celery. Late in the fall, often after snow flies, this, having been grown

and bleached, is put up in bunches of twelve stalks each 88,660 bunches. At a remarkably low price, 12 cents per bunch, this would bring in \$10,639.20—and the year's work is done, and the income ceases with the selling of the celery

Now, let us cast up and see what has been the income from that ten acres.

From radishes	\$ 4,500.00
From lettuce	5,760.00
From cabbage	3,537.80
From celery	10,639.20
	<hr/>
Total	\$24,437.00

This means about \$2,450 income per acre. That is enough to take the breath of an ordinary farmer. As a matter of fact, there are very few men in any business who receive anything like such returns upon either their investments or labor or either.

Of course on the other page of the ledger are large amounts of money paid out for labor, seeds, implements and fertilizers.

The crop is not always a success. Sometimes drought or rain or cold or heat or bugs above ground, or worms below, or a low market conspire to render the summer's work a disappointment. But it is no gamble. He is certain of plenty to eat and some money.



APPENDICITIS IS NOT NEW.

"Why is it," asked a man of a physician, "that so many men are suffering these days with appendicitis and have to be operated upon, when there was formerly nothing of the kind in existence?"

"My young friend," the doctor answered, "this disease has been in the world ever since Adam was—perhaps that story of his losing a rib may have arisen because he was operated upon for appendicitis. When your grandfather was a boy his neighbors had it all around him, and so they did when you were a boy. But they called it inflammation of the bowels, stomach ache, acute indigestion, liver trouble or something of that sort. The patient got well or he died, but no one ever opened him when living to see what the matter was. Perhaps it is as well that they did not, for much of the surgery of those days was more dangerous than any disease."

THREE DOG STORIES.

"THE most pathetic thing about the thoroughbred dog," said the man whose time has been spent about the kennels, "is his devotion to the memory of a kind master who is dead. There was a friend of mine who owned a Newfoundland, and Dash, as they called him, was never contented when away from his master. Not long ago the master was taken ill. He had to be moved to a hospital and Dash was left at home. The dog refused to eat.

"About eleven o'clock one night he began to howl. His cries alarmed the members of the family, who were greatly concerned about the condition of the patient in the hospital. While his cries continued the telephone bell rang and the message of death came over the wires.

"Dash was sent away until after the funeral. After his return a portrait of his dead master disappeared from the house. Search showed that the dog had carried it into a recess under the house. It was rescued from him with difficulty and screwed to an easel in the library. A rug was put down in front of it for Dash. He lay there with an expression of unutterable woe on his face. He wouldn't eat. For a week he kept his vigil. Once or twice he licked up a little water, and tasted dainty food, but he grew weaker day by day. One morning, ten days later, the library door was opened, and there was the faithful Dash dead on the rug.

"Instances are common in which dogs have remained by the body of a master, refusing to leave. It seems cruel to think of killing an animal of this kind to get him out of the way, and yet it has been found necessary in many cases. A very remarkable case of this kind happened a few years ago within my knowledge. There was a little fox terrier, a trim little animal, with a wag of his stumpy tail for everyone, and he was the pet of a young boy who had reared him from puppyhood. When the little fellow was taken ill the dog would creep into his room, without the least noise, and would lift himself on the bed to lick his master's hand. It was really touching. After a time the boy became dangerously ill. The dog had to be excluded from the room, but he sat by the door, never leaving it, with an expression of abject sorrow on his little face.

"The boy died. The dog knew it just as well

as if he had been human, and they took him away until after the funeral. In some way, however, he escaped and returned home just as the body was being placed in the hearse. He followed it to the cemetery. At the grave he sat on his haunches, his head cast down, and now and then his cries, always low and painful, caused big tears to fall from the eyes of those who were watching the last rites. He moved up closer when the grave was being filled, and when the mound was being smoothed off and the flowers put down the dog advanced and laid himself down at the head. A member of the family tried to pick him up, but he snarled threateningly, and they left the little country cemetery, and the terrier stayed there to guard the last resting place of his master.

"The family believed the dog would return home that night, but he was not in his box the next morning. By noon he had not returned, and a servant was sent to the cemetery. Just as he got to the path leading down to the grave the servant heard a wild scream of pain and terror from the terrier, and before he could hasten to see the cause Mack had been killed. The blow which ended his faithful life was struck by a workman whom Mack had attacked when he tried to arrange the earth on the grave.

"Dogs seem to realize when there is trouble in the air. There is a true story of a big bull dog that seized the hand of a drunken man who was trying to kill his master. Blink, the dog, had followed his owner into a bar-room one night and was lying under the table when a difficulty arose between Johnson, his master, and an Italian. The Italian fired at Johnson once and was about to fire again when Blink jumped and caught the man's wrist in a vise-like grip. The Italian dropped the gun. Like a flash Blink released his hold on the man's wrist and seized him by the throat. The Italian was thrown to the floor, and it was not until Johnson had kicked Blink in the side that he let go. It was rather hard punishment for his good services but if the kicks had not been given the man would have been killed by the terrible laceration of the throat."

* * *

THE boy *thought* the old man a fool, and the man *knew* the boy was one. That's the difference between youth and age.

EASTERN SHORE OF MARYLAND.

BY H. R. HOLSINGER.

FOR the benefit of those Nook readers who have never seen nor heard of the Eastern Shore of Maryland the following facts are offered. We

tion. Very large quantities of peaches are grown but of late they have been a failure. This is probably because the trees have not received proper attention. The tomato is grown to a great extent, and most of them are delivered to canneries.



IN THE C. M. & ST. P. RAILWAY COUNTRY.

term it the garden spot of the world, where we have everything in luxurious abundance.

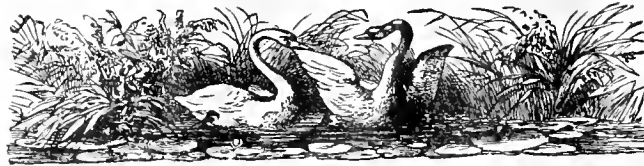
Fruit and grain growing are the principal occupations of this section. Strawberries are raised extensively. Raspberries, blackberries, and almost all kinds of berries are grown here, but strawberries take the lead. We ship as high as ten carloads per day, and sometimes more, from the station of Ridgely, and there are many other stations along the road running through this sec-

Tomato canning is quite an industry, affording work for many of the poor. To see a hundred or more colored people around a table, skinning tomatoes, would be a very striking picture to many who read this article. We have three factories at Ridgely that employ no less than that.

Wheat and corn are grown here extensively and we are now in the midst of a bountiful harvest.

Ridgely, Md.

NATURE



STUDY.

THE SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUST.

BY MARY E. CROFFORD.

ON the second evening of June, 1902, I went out into the orchard to watch the birth and growth of the locust, which had begun making their appearance here on the last evening of May. At about fifteen minutes to eight o'clock they began to come up out of the ground. At first I noticed only a few, but soon large numbers of them were crawling out. They made for a large apple tree near which I had taken my position, and when they reached it they began to crawl up the tree. Some of them crawled very high before they fastened themselves preparatory to stripping their shells, while others did not go up very far.

When the locust crawls out of the ground it is nothing but an ugly brown bug about an inch long. On each front leg there are two hooks, which aid it very much in crawling up things. When it has crawled as far as it wishes to go it fastens its hooks in the bark of the tree and sits still. Soon the brown shell begins to crack and open from the head about half way down the back. Then the locust puts down his head, humps his back, and pulls himself out of his shell.

After the locust has stripped his shell he is a helpless creamy-white insect with large pink eyes. About one-third of the way down his body are ear-like appendages, which soon begin to grow and unwrap, and in about twenty minutes he has full-grown wings. During the night he changes color, and is no more creamy-white but a very dark green, almost black, and his wings are light green, while the veins and edges are yellow. After taking a good look you will decide that he is not so ugly after all.

They begin to sing in the morning before sunrise, and keep up a continual roar all day. Their singing sounds very much like a large number of frogs singing. One kind says "Pharaoh" very plainly. They do not sing with their wings, as supposed, but they have a small white membrane under each wing that vibrates and thus the sound

is made. The female does not have this membrane, therefore she cannot sing. For the millions of singing males there are as many silent females.

They, like other things have their enemies. The birds, chickens, turkeys, ground-squirrels, and even the cats are living on them. I have noticed a very large number of wings lying around, showing that very many of them are being destroyed.

The effect of the locusts on the trees throughout the country has been very marked, for they are stinging the tender twigs, many of which are dying and falling to the ground. They seem to sting into the heart of the little twig and in this way they sting a groove the whole way around it. By examining the twig you will see small white eggs in it. These hatch out when the twig falls to the ground, and they go into the ground and nothing more will be heard of them for seventeen years.

Martinsburg, Pa.

DANGER SPOTS AT SEA.

A NEW method of marking dangerous spots at sea by throwing a ray of light on the clouds overhead is being tried by the government. On the outer edge of Cape Hatteras shoals, the most dangerous shoal on the north Atlantic coast, a lightship equipped with a powerful electric searchlight has been anchored about fourteen miles seaward from the coast of North Carolina. The experiment is being conducted by the light-house board and lightship No. 72 is being utilized.

She has been fitted with a searchlight throwing a vertical beam of white toward the zenith. The projector is placed on the spar deck, forward of the foremast, about five feet above the deck. Observation shows that in clear weather, being reflected by the clouds, it can be seen for a long distance.

Captain Pederson of the Norwegian steamer Beacon, which trades regularly to this port, re-

ports that on the night of May 27 the light was visible twenty miles away. When first seen it appeared only a short distance above the horizon, but was sharply defined against the clouds and gradually worked overhead as the Beacon approached the lightship. Captain Pederson believes the method will come into general use in a short time.

* * *

PURE WHITE ROBIN.

THE people of the Dundee hill have been favored with a rare sight the last few days. A pair of robins have raised a brood of albinos, one of which was a white robin, and another being mottled more or less with white and red plumage. Seldom does this happen among the birds of the air. There are a few records where robins, blue birds, field sparrows, blue jays and flickers have shown this freak of nature. In some cases one or two feathers have been white or abnormal, but rarely do we see a bird so immaculately and solidly white as this white robin. It was pure white from the tip of its bill to its toenail, having beautiful red eyes, plump in form, healthy and strong above its fellows. If its enemies, the cat and the boy, with stone or sling-shot, will let it alone it will return to us next year. In Cleveland, Ohio, an albino robin returned for three successive seasons, proving that birds come back to the same habitat every year.—*Dundee Hawkeye.*

* * *

THE HOUSEFLY DOESN'T BITE.

THE *musca domestica* does not bite. On account of the structure of its mouth this is a physical impossibility. But it is none the less dangerous for that reason. While it does not inoculate the individual as the mosquito does, it is a most active agent in the transmission of disease because it communicates the germs to the food eaten by people. In certain sections of the country there is a common idea that flies bite before a rain. This is true, but it is not the house fly that does the biting. It is the stable fly (*stomoxys calcitrans*) which has a particularly exasperating bite which is also to a certain degree dangerous. This is the fly which is probably responsible for the transfer of surra in the Philippines. The approach of a storm frequently

drives it into dwellings where it is a source of keen annoyance to the occupants."

* * *

BIRD THAT NEVER DRINKS.

THERE is a parrakeet at the zoological gardens in London that has lived for over half a century without drinking anything. Many naturalists have a theory that hares never drink, or at all events that water is not a necessity to their existence; the dew on the grass is supposed to be sufficient liquid for their wants. There is a certain breed of gazelle that never drinks and the llamas of Patagonia live for years without taking water. In France there is a particular class of cattle near Losere that rarely touches water. This is all the more remarkable because these cattle give a milk of rich quality from which excellent cheese is made.

* * *

A FRENCH writer says: "The seeds of the basswood contain an oil the excellence of which was known more than a century ago, but which has been but little used. The seeds can be gathered in abundance under the trees. They fall in autumn, and contain 58 per cent of an oil noticeable for its clear color and delicate taste, with no trace of bitterness, and having no special smell. It may be compared to the best olive oil, and possesses the valuable quality of never becoming rancid. It is good as an article of food and for mechanical purposes, as it keeps perfectly."

* * *

FRUIT trees cannot thrive on all kinds of exhausted soil. The trees will make a growth of leaves and wood on poor land, but they require mineral manure to perfect the fruit.

* * *

CUT the young trees back when placing them in the ground and also trim off some of the roots, especially those that are bruised or broken in any way.

* * *

FOR rooting the best cutting of a plant is a shoot of new growth just before it grows woody or at all fibrous.

* * *

TREES about the house make it more attractive and homelike, besides shielding it from the cold winds of winter and the hot suns of summer.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

...PUBLISHED BY...

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None goes his way alone:

All that we send into the lives of others

Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds,

One thing holds firm and fast—

That into his fateful heap of days and deeds

The soul of a man is cast.

* * *

FUNNY.

PRETTY nearly every conceivable phase of thought and request finds its way, sooner or later, to the NOOK desk. All are welcome, and all are dealt with in routine. There is a very general expression to the effect that the INGLENOOK has improved very much.

This expression of opinion amuses the Editor. Running at the same rate, of pretty nearly the same character of material from week to week, the betterment appears to the Editor to be in the increased appreciation of the weekly feast. The NOOK's about the same, the reader's appreciation has increased, and he says that the improvement is in the magazine and not in himself. Be that as it may, the expression is very gratifying.

One thing has come about, though, and that may be in the bottom of the idea. The character of the published material in the way of contribu-

tions has steadily advanced. In the start of the INGLENOOK much material came here for publication that was good enough in its way, but which was not the INGLENOOK way. Naturally we had to turn it down. People are beginning to learn that there is a pulpit in the church to preach from, and that there is a place to do it. With that idea has come the thought that in a well-regulated home there is a fireside, a chimney corner, an inglenook, around which people gather to consider the cleanly, entertaining and interesting side of life. And to minister to this universal and perfectly natural feeling is the mission of the magazine. Its preaching is indirect, its story is intended to make life brighter and more interesting.

As a handsome young girl from the high school, spick and span from shining braid of hair to shoon, drops in of a Saturday, to talk a while, and leaving a bouquet of wild red roses on the table, so the Nook aims to stand for purity, progress and refinement and leave the home better for having called in it. Maybe we have all improved.

* * *

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

WORD has just been received that a good Nooker had the fingers of his right hand blown off in celebrating the Fourth. This is something that has happened in every part of the country, and if we would have together all the people who have been maimed by the idiotic process of celebrating a political event there would be quite an army. There seems to be a sort of unconquerable disposition on the part of nearly everybody to make a noise, the louder the better, when they want to enjoy themselves. It is a condition very difficult to understand, but it is an overwhelming fact. A story is told of an Englishman in London who, when the African war was declared settled, felt that he ought to do something to celebrate, and so ran out to the front steps where he rung his own door bell most vigorously. If our Nooker had done that, he would have his fingers on his hand to-day.

* * *

THE WEATHER.

THE weather conditions during the month of June have been remarkable. From our two hundred co-editors and crop reporters, scattered over

the United States, we learn that the conditions have been very similar throughout the country. The spring has been retarded, there has been an unusual rainfall and an uncommonly cold spell, so protracted as to materially injure the crops. There is a deep-seated reason for this condition so universally prevalent but we are unable to state it. It is entirely probable that the eruption of Mt. Pelee and the adjacent volcanoes has had something to do with it. It is reliably stated that the monsoon that brings the rain to India has been blown out of its course a thousand miles and that untold damage has been wrought.

It is entirely possible that some cause, either this or some similarly related one, makes the present weather what it is at this writing, that is, cold and wet. Here in the Nook room, on the last day of June, steam heat was turned on and not a few overcoats were seen on the streets. And the week before it snowed in some parts of Illinois. It is certainly unusual.

* * *

THE INGLENOOK has in contemplation issuing a number of the Nook, every line of which is to be written by Virginians, the number to be known as the *Virginia Inglenook*. The editor would be pleased to learn of the magazine's many friends in the Old Dominion what they think of the feasibility of the project. We will be glad to receive suggestions looking toward making this number of the INGLENOOK a complete success and one of abiding interest. What do you think of the idea?

* * *

THE INGLENOOK is in receipt of more than the ordinary list of commendatory letters, and the Editor desires to bunch up his thanks in this one paragraph for everybody. These helping words make a better magazine, and it is like giving away a coin that comes back to us tenfold in better work, better thoughts, and better lives.

* * *

PEOPLE who in the future send half-tones or cuts here to this office without being properly and distinctly marked will have them set aside to remain unused. No attention whatever will be given to them any more than to an unsigned article or unsigned letter. We will take no risk whatever based upon such thoughtlessness.

IT IS SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

Reading is not education, information not knowledge.

*

As we think so we are. Learn to think well and kindly.

*

Women in love will stand a good deal of either kissing or cuffing.

*

To-day our lives are putty. Next week they will be imperishable stone.

*

A weed is a plant the uses and beauty of which have not yet been discovered.

*

The things that live the longest, and do the most good, are the simplest and homeliest.

*

If you would succeed start in with the intention of winning, and absolutely without fear.

*

It takes two to start a quarrel, but often it takes a whole court to settle it. Moral: Don't start it.

*

Never put off till to-morrow, etc., is sometimes nonsense. Some things ought to be put off forever.

*

Be careful about giving favors. There comes a time when you can't, and then your friend recalls you.

*

Is there anything original? Solomon said not. But there are original combinations, old ribbons tied in new knots.

*

Are we duly thankful for the minor good of life. Trifles now, once lost they stand out monumentally. Ask the blind man.

*

No money, few friends. Much money, no real friends at all. A little money, means a community of interest with those around you.

*

The happiest moments of life often come without any previous arrangement. Happiness is an elusive thing not caught with any bait.

TO THE NOOK FAMILY.

It has been decided by the proper authorities connected with the Nook to issue a premium for the coming Autumn's canvass. Everybody knows that the Inglenook Cook Book was given last year, and will be continued to be given those who ask for it as long as the present limited edition is available, after which the Cook Book will pass out of print and cannot be bought or had at any price here. The Inglenook Cook Book was a wonderful success. It is used in all parts of the country and in some foreign countries. People of wealth and prominence, as well as some first-class restaurants, find it invaluable and have not hesitated to say so. There is a very good reason for this, not necessary to enlarge upon.

The next year will bring us practically the same list of subscribers and we trust many more will be added to the ever growing Nook family. We desire to recognize their interest in our publication and we propose to give each of the subscribers a premium, which we have decided shall be an Inglenook Family Doctor Book. It would be the easiest thing in the world to take a lot of old doctor books and compile therefrom a volume similar in size and general make-up to the Cook Book, but this would not be the INGLENOOK way. There is nothing too good for the INGLENOOK Family. Along some lines there is nothing better than what they now have. The editor believes in his people. The thousands and thousands of Nook readers seem to him like personal friends and the proposition is to make an Inglenook Family Doctor Book which shall represent the wisdom and experience of our people. In every family, especially where there are children, the parents have learned by experience to do the thing that ought to be done in cases of emergency. They have learned that it is not wise to be frightened at sickness and send for a physician when a little common sense treatment would relieve the patient and save trouble and expense. There are thousands of domestic remedies which have been so amply verified as to their usefulness that a wider knowledge of them would be a blessing to suffering humanity. It is the intention of the INGLENOOK to collect these as far as possible and properly group them in the Inglenook Family Doctor Book. And we,

therefore, take this means of saying to every reader who knows of a domestic remedy for any disease or ailment whatever to write it out and send it in to us. We will have it arranged in shape suitable for publication and it will appear in common with the others of like class. Taken all together the Nook family will have a doctor book that can be relied upon along the several lines of its scope.

The class of contributions which we desire may cover every imaginable remedy for personal sickness or disaster. The only limitations we set upon what we ask is that the sender knows it to have been tried and proven valuable. If you know a remedy for rheumatism, the baby's croup, malaria, heart disease, colic, corns, headache, burns, cuts, or anything of that kind do not fail to make your knowledge known, no matter how indifferent it may appear to you by reason of your being in possession of it so long.

In the Inglenook Cook Book only sisters were allowed to contribute. In the Inglenook Family Doctor Book the pages are open to everybody, men as well as women, and outsiders as well as Brethren. In many a neighborhood there are some royal preparations such as salves, ointments, or local remedies that would be a blessing if their knowledge was spread broadcast. These are the things we ask for and we hope that the response will be well nigh universal.

It is desired that these recipes be sent in at once and if the remedy is of such a character as not to be a recipe but simply a process or a treatment write that and we will put it into shape duly credited to the author. Thus we hope to get a common sense doctor book made up of remedies immediately at hand, that is to say the medicines need not necessitate going to the drug store.

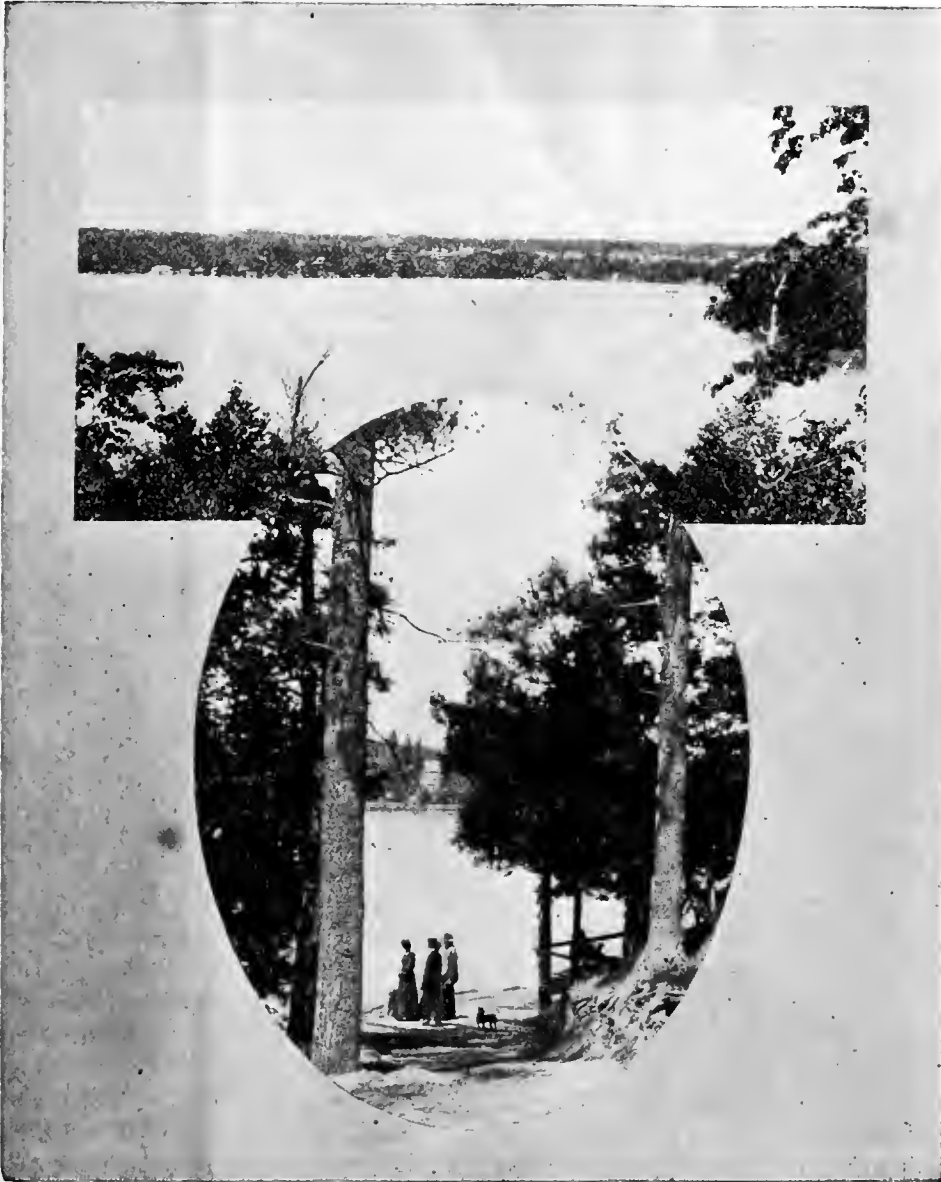
This book is not intended to supplant the physician, but rather to co-operate with him by intelligent action before and after his call.

It very often happens that when an emergency occurs, and is the least looked for, the surrounding people are dreadfully frightened and do not know what to do, and we want to place within easy reach of everybody tried remedies that will give relief if not cure.

It will also be of interest to know something in relation to the sick in the way of their care, their food, and the forbidden articles of diet

We have professional nurses in the Brotherhood and we hope they will contribute. We have some splendid physicians in our Brotherhood and

remedial line of any school of practice, no matter what it is, or how simple it may seem to be only that it will do when most needed. We hope for



BITS OF SCENERY ON THE MILWAUKEE RAILWAY.

they will be asked to contribute articles on the graver diseases beyond the reach of simple remedies. All told we want to make a book that, if it is worth anything, it will be worth its weight in gold when the time comes for its use.

Let us hear from every readers along every

an immediate response for the benefit of suffering humanity.

* * *

“As the cold of snow in the time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that send him: for he refresheth the souls of his masters.”

SOMETHING OF INTEREST ON EGGS.

AN egg is neither more nor less than the raw material for a new organism put into a neat and handy parcel. The yolk furnishes sulphur and phosphorus for brain and nerves, lime for bone-building, as well as a remnant substance for nutrition. The white, pure albumen, is for flesh and muscle forming. The transformation is effected through the joint action of warmth and the living germ.

This germ lies hid within a small whitish semi-translucent clot attached to one side of the yolk, just where it lies against the white. A fresh egg has the yolk perfectly balanced in the middle of the white. Unless it remains thus balanced the chances are decidedly against hatching. Brooding hens understand that. In fact, when filling the nest, a hen turns over all the eggs in it before she quits it after laying a new one. She knows instinctively, too, that in hot weather the sun will addle her eggs, so chooses a shady nest spot. But in winter a stolen nest is often made where the fullest sunshine streams into it.

Brooding is throughout full of quaint surprises. Eggs will hatch if kept at blood heat—98 degrees. But they hatch more certainly and turn out stronger chicks if the temperature is a degree or so higher. Just how it is done nobody knows, but mother hens some way contrive to raise the normal heat of their bodies to the requisite pitch. Further, they strip the breast of feathers, so the eggs may have the benefit of full heat. Twice a day they turn over every egg in the nest, cuddling them separately up underneath their beaks, making little soft half-fretful chuckling noises the while. They are also most uncalculating eggstealers. All in sight will be drawn into the nest, though the stolen eggs may crowd out those legitimately there. Still, in a way, hens take stock of what they brood. With few eggs they sit prim, with trimly folded wings. With too many they sprawl all over the nest, wings loose enough to let light between every feather, and frequently turn themselves about reaching for uncovered eggs and drawing them underneath the breast. A hen of average size cannot profitably cover more than fifteen eggs. In cold weather thirteen is a better limit, although in mid-summer the same hen might brood and hatch twenty. Left to themselves the unchecked in-

stinct of egg-thieving is apt to result in a nest full of spoiled eggs, with maybe one or two feeble chicks.

Twenty-four hours of brooding makes hardly a perceptible change in an egg. Sometimes in warm weather there is the least reddish tinge beside the whitish clot. After thirty-six hours the clot shows a well-defined drop of very red blood. In two days more a ghastly eyeball is visible, further the blood drop has spread to ragged veins and arteries. A little later the veins and arteries are well established. One main channel runs straight out to the shell. Inside the shell there is a delicate membranous lining. In this lining other veins develop from the point of contact with the big. They spread all over the membrane, in fact, and through them the forming blood is oxygenated. Eggshells are full of minute pores through which the embryo gets air.

At the end of ten days the head is fairly well formed, though the trunk is still ragged. In two weeks the chick is recognizable as a chick and if the shell envelope is broken will quiver all through and feebly move the head. It has, however, no vestiges of the fine downy coat it will wear a little later. The coat forms rather rapidly. The period of incubation for a chicken is twenty-one days, and for two days before leaving the shell the young fowl is practically perfect. Notwithstanding it would not live were the shell forcibly removed. It spends the last two days gathering vital force to make its own way out into the world. It lies snug within the shell, the head bent upon the breast in such a position as brings the beak full against the shell. The beak is armed with a tiny detachable piece of horn, flint hard and set upon the very tip of the upper mandible. At full hatching time the chick presses the triangle against the brittle shell and breaks a triangular hole in it, possibly a quarter inch across. An hour later the chick having turned itself slightly, presses the beak against a new spot and makes a fresh break. As more air comes in the little creature grows stronger. It writhes still more strongly in its prison, turning always from left to right. In two hours or ten it breaks the shell in two and slips out into the nest, a wet and weary sprawler. But the turning in the shell meant more than breaking out. The motion twisted in two the parietal blood ves-

sel connecting with the veins in the lining membrane. If it had not been thus gradually severed the young chick would have been in danger of death.

Old eggs with shrunken whites have this lining membrane so thick and leathery that although the chicks may form in them all right enough they rarely ever live to come out of the shell. At pipping time when the chick begins turning the tough shrunken lining elings hard. The shell may be brittle enough to part for one or two pippings, but the skin garment sticks—the poor chick rolls out a wrinkled, discolored ball and dies whether or no he is helped out.

Frog eggs are almost transparent. They are laid in long linked chains, in stagnant water and show there like uncanny ropes. Fish eggs are likewise almost transparent. It is possible to watch the development within their filmy walls. An odd thing about them is that the fry appear to develop almost wholly from the albumen. The yolk sac remains intact and clings as a sort of stomach after the fry are swimming about; indeed, they are nourished by the yolk sac throughout the first weeks of existence. It shrinks and shrinks as it is gradually absorbed until at last it becomes invisible.

* * *

THE TRAVELING HARVESTER.

THIS is a big country with a diversity of interests and a variety of climate. In nothing is this more manifest than in the wheat harvest. This begins down in Texas in the early days of June and ends in the northern borders of North Dakota, where there are many good Nookers, sometime in September. It takes thousands and thousands of people to reap the wheat harvest which will not wait long, and so there are many thousands who make a business of traveling in the wheat country northward as the harvest progresses.

Out in Kansas in a good wheat year, such as the present, a hundred thousand extra helpers are needed. The same is true of Oklahoma. Starting in Oklahoma the wandering harvester will travel northward through Kansas and then to Nebraska. They swarm freight trains, get into empty cattle cars, and sit perched on the roof by scores. When one of these trains laden with helpers reaches a town in Kansas it is wel-

comed by everybody. The farmers are ready to hire these people, who, themselves, are glad to be hired.

A good many of these traveling harvesters could work their way northward in such a direction that although they start in Texas and wind up in North Dakota they will be able to find the INGLENOOK in almost every section of the country through which they pass.

When the harvester has finished the North Dakota harvesting, thrashing begins, and there is easy work to be found with one of the thrashing outfits that travel from place to place.

Out in Kansas there is a custom of putting up notices in the stores reading something like this: "John Smith wants six men to help him harvest, and he wants them immediately." There may be a score of other requests like this, and the freight train load of prospective harvesters can see just where they want to go, if, indeed, there are not people at the station ready to take them out to the places where the work lies. One of the interesting features of this western harvesting is on the larger farms when the work is done by moonlight. When the bright full moon looks down on the wheat fields, and the dew fall is not too heavy, the harvesting goes on the whole day round and does not stop for the night. This is a condition of things that is likely to increase for a long time to come as every year sees an increased acreage of wheat which, of course, will demand an increased number of harvesters.

The character of the men engaged in this work is good. They are workers actuated by a variety of motives from that of earning money to seeing the country, or both combined. The farmers are glad to see them and the harvesters are glad to do the work, and the whole country ought to rejoice over the extent and magnitude of the crop.

* * *

A GENTLEMAN, Scotch Presbyterian, traveling with his five-year-old son, told his child as he put him to bed to say his prayers as usual, which the boy flatly refused to do.

"Don't you want the Lord to take care of you to-night?" asked the anxious father.

"What's the porter here for?" was the child's response.—*C. B. Kuehn, in the July Lippincott's.*

ANENT THE WEEDS.

"It's a bad habit," admits the smoker to his friend who asks with reference to his pipe, cigar, or his cigaret.

"If I ever catch you with tobacco in your mouth," says this same man to his son, taking his own cigar out of his mouth for emphasis, "I'll take all the hide off your back!"

But, according to a medical expert, this man, neither as a friend nor father, conveys a shadow of the seriousness of his vice to either friend or son. He does not know it himself, says the physician, and, more than that, the doctor says that not even the profession appreciates the serious consequences that are inseparably connected with the smoking habit.

"It is a queer situation," he says; "while every authority is agreed that the use of tobacco is most harmful to a young person, there are physicians who will even prescribe it to a man as a sedative. And it is a soothing influence for just so far as the use as a drug makes it tolerable; but one pipe too many makes it a source of irritability and nervous excitement.

"Look at it as a poison. Every pipe which has been used half a dozen times has enough nicotine in it to kill the smoker several times over. That it has not killed him is due to the disposition of the poison to stick to the pipe. But not all of this does so. How, then, about its unquestioned influence upon the system?

"Again, as to tobacco, there is the unquestioned story of the man who stole a bunch of tobacco leaves from a Havana dock, secreting them under his clothes next the skin. He went on with his work, perspiring freely, and suddenly fell unconscious to the floor. Treating him first for sunstroke, the man's plight was discovered, but not till he had nearly lost his life.

"There are other stories sufficiently authenticated, showing how a man who rubbed tobacco decoctions over his body for a skin disease was nearly killed by the poison; of the mother who rubbed tobacco ointment on her child's head and face, causing the little one's death; and of the man who died from swallowing an accidental dose of tobacco water.

"Probably every pipe that has been used half a dozen times contains a dose of poison sufficient to kill the smoker in a few minutes. Fortunately,

it stays in the pipe as a rule. But most of us get a taste of what's there now and again.

"In one case a man got a particularly large quantity of this poisonous juice into his mouth. In a few seconds he fell, unconscious, and but for the presence of a doctor he would inevitably have died. As it was, his life hung in the balance for a long time, but was ultimately saved.

"Even animals are affected in a severe manner by tobacco. A calf washed with a tobacco infusion, as a remedy for some disease, died in a few hours. Dr. Murray filled three glass jars with tobacco smoke and placed in them a sparrow, a magpie, and a frog. All three died.

"Lastly, we have something to learn from the effects of tobacco on dogs. If a dose of tobacco juice be given to a dog daily, he soon loses his hair, then his teeth drop out, and next he becomes blind. Perhaps this experiment supplies an answer to the question: 'Why are men bald?'

"Of course, the work of reformers has injured the educational prospects of the would-be tobacco users. These reformers so often have spoiled all they might have accomplished by putting coffee and tea into the same category with tobacco. These fatalities from nicotine show to the simplest that neither of these table drinks can be compared to the poisons of tobacco, and the cry of the reformer becomes at once too much 'wolf.'

"But to come to the certain influences of nicotine. Both Sichel and Critchett, well-known English oculists, discovered that a smoker who used even so little as five-eighths of an ounce of tobacco a day for any sustained period suffered a wasting of the optic nerve, called amaurosis. The disease is a dulling of the sight, yet no examination of the eye will reveal the defect. Whether it is caused by the irritating effect of the smoke, or whether it operates through the nervous system, is a question, but in any case, other things being equal, it is recognized that the smoker has not as good sight as has the non-smoker.

"If the eyes suffer, so does the nose, and Dr. Armory Hare, who liked a whiff of the pipe as well as the next one, has laid stress upon the statement that every chronic smoker suffers more than his share of nasal catarrh. This is strengthened by the well-observed fact that men, more

than women, are afflicted with 'colds in the head' in chronic form.

"Chronic laryngitis is one of the recognized effects of too much smoking. It may begin with the victim's remarking that he becomes hoarse without seeming cause. The acrid fumes of the tobacco have set up a slight inflammation which

insufficient amount of saliva in the stomach the processes of digestion are interfered with, and the person having a stomach full of food lying in an undigested state cannot be in the most reasonable and reasoning mood possible.

"Of all these ills, tobacco heart is one of the most pronounced and dangerous. In almost any



QUIET AND COOL. C. M. & ST. P. SCENERY.

makes the surface more susceptible to cold, and as the smoke keeps up the irritation and the drafts catch him, he has chronic laryngitis before he knows it.

"Darwin once accused people who smoked many hours a day of having little common sense. This observation may be regarded from the point of view of the physician with more than a shade of credulity. Smoking has a disposition to dry the mouth and stop the flow of saliva. With an

hospital one may see victims of the tobacco heart, scarcely able to sit up in bed and too weak to move. In the hospital these patients are refused tobacco and they soon recover.

"Angina pectoris, one of the most dangerous and painful of diseases, often is caused by excessive smoking. Some of the most prominent men in all walks of life have died from it, and in most cases they have smoked to excess.

"Does tobacco cause cancer? This question

has been disputed, when answered in the affirmative, largely because among the vast number of smokers in the world so few of them have cancer. Yet in English statistics it has been shown that out of seventy-eight cases of cancer of the mouth treated in a cancer hospital only ten cases were those of women. Taking this showing, and the fact that a wound of any kind on a person disposed to cancer may produce the disease, it is not too much to suspect that the pressure of a hard pipestem on the lip, with the consequent irritation of nicotine, may be the direct cause.

"Aside from these most serious consequences of smoking, we have the unmistakable evidences that weakened muscles and tremulousness result in nearly all cases. This is so well recognized that for athletes in training smoking is prohibited. For rifle shooting the smoker suffers as much from shaky nerves as from his eyesight, and few records have been made by men who were inveterate smokers.

"Yes, smoking is something more than a bad habit. Give a dose of it daily to a dog, and he soon loses his hair; keep it up and his teeth will drop out, and pursue it still farther and the animal will become blind. However, it is only the reformer who sees in these statements of fact the final end to tobacco smoking."

* * *

ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

BY MARY GRACE HILEMAN.

ELGIN, on the Fox River, is about forty miles northwest of Chicago. Practically it is a Chicago suburb, and every day people go to and come from their work in the city. It costs only ten dollars a month to do so.

Elgin is a country town with shady streets, shorn lawns and all the evidences of thrift and pleasant homes. There are many factories here, for Elgin is where they make things. Among the manufactures that of the watch ranks first. The Elgin watch is known the world over and it gives twenty-five hundred people work. There are also two watch case factories here. They make shirts, shoes, butter, butter tubs and other things here. The country round about is a huge dairy farm for miles and miles everywhere. There is a market for the milk in the city and it

pays the farmer to sow the meadow with grass and keep a herd of cows.

Two large publishing houses are in Elgin. David C. Cook's is one of the largest in the country. Here the Brethren Publishing House is located, as everyone who reads the INGLENOOK knows.

Two railroads, the Milwaukee and the Northwestern tie the town of Elgin to the city of Chicago. It is a city of dinner buckets and happy homes with green fields surrounding it. The Fox River cuts the town in two and you will cross it coming to the Brethren Publishing House, or see it from the window. When next you come to Chicago run down and see the INGLENOOK and its people.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

BOYS IN CONGRESS.

IN the two houses of Congress there are fifty-nine pages. Sixteen of these belong in the Senate chamber, and the other forty-three in the House of Representatives. The Senate pages range in years from twelve to sixteen, the rule being that the appointment age shall be twelve years and the tenure of office four years, or two Congresses. One-half of this force is replaced every two years, making the youthful corps a perpetual body, and the eight who remain are always supposed to be experienced enough to prompt the beginners.

The Senate pages are appointed by the sergeant-at-arms through senatorial influence and a majority of them are fatherless boys whose mothers need assistance. The salary of a page is \$2.50 per day, and the pay is always for a full month. For instance, if an extra session is called on the last day of any month he is paid for every day in that month, and if the session adjourns on the first day of any month he receives his salary for that entire month. It has become an established rule never to pay a page less than a month's salary, never deducting for Sundays, holidays nor days over which temporary adjournment is taken.

The duties of the Senate page are not those of an ordinary menial messenger. "Acute memory and acute co-ordination of brain and limb are essential to their success. Each must combine in his make-up the functions of an animate

Congressional directory, a fleet-footed library catalogue, a prancing menu card, a fast stepping baseball score, a smooth buffer between the impatient lobbyist and the busy law-maker and the expert translator of senatorial chirography. He must not only know all of the ninety senators by name, but be able to identify the conspicuous members of the Lower House. He must be able to keep a strict account of all the funds intrusted to his care."

Every member of the corps must report at the Chamber promptly at nine o'clock. Good excuses are required for absence or tardiness. After the daily routine of distributing on the senators' desks the bills introduced at the previous day's session, and other printed legislative documents, the boys are divided into squads for special duties. The cloth-covered desks of the president, secretary and clerks must be brushed off, all pens on the desks of members must be examined and the points renewed, each senator's set of laws must be complete and in order, all the rugs in the cloakroom must lie snug and flat, etc., each boy being detailed for some particular part of this work, and a strict rule forbids the opening of any desk.

At ten o'clock they take a recess of one-half hour, when they are at liberty to romp in the Capitol park, a privilege they usually avail themselves of. At the end of this half hour they return promptly to find that senators are arriving and errands increase in number until the noon hour.

The House pages receive the same pay and have the same allowances as the Senate pages but the tipping system is discouraged in the Chamber, and openly allowed in the House. House pages average from \$1.50 to \$2.00 weekly from this source, and both Senate and House pages add somewhat to their incomes by the collection and sale of the autographs of members, as well as legislative records bought by members.

Of the forty-three House pages twenty-four are detailed for duty on the floor. Of the others some are stationed at the doors to receive visitors' cards, some are engaged in the telephone booths, while some run errands to and from the city.

The floor pages are from twelve to sixteen

years of age, but those outside range as high as twenty, and the "minority page" is thirty-four. The minority party, according to the customs of the House, is allowed to keep one page as long as they like, and the present one has served since boyhood, through sessions of both Democratic and Republican control.

Pages in the House of Representatives have two base ball nines, one representing the Republican, the other the Democratic side of the floor. They meet in combat on holidays, and the enthusiasm of partisans of the contending sides is very warm. They also meet in mock sessions, occupying the floor and adhering with surprising exactness to parliamentary rules.

Strange as it may seem Senate pages and House pages never mingle. Their ages, pay and allowances are the same, but the Senate pages seem to possess a full realization of the greater dignity of the body they serve and endeavor to reflect it.

* * *

FINE SCREWS IN WATCHES.

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.

The Q. & A. Department.

The editor of the Inglenook is not responsible for any of the signed answers given in this department. They represent the views of the writers whose names are appended. Sometimes they may be wrong according to your view, and in that case take it up with their writers. If an error of fact is made, correct that through the Inglenook.

❖

Is there any moral right or wrong in the use of cosmetics?

Nothing wrong in their use for curing sunburn, chafing, etc.—*Mrs. John E. Mohler, Des Moines, Iowa.*

❖

What is a good definition of a Christian? To be answered by the Nookman.

A Christian, we would say, is one who responds to such leadings of the Spirit as may be vouchsafed to him, intellectually and otherwise, and who complies cheerfully; one who follows, as well as he knows, the leadership of Christ.

❖

Are there any living lineal descendants of Alexander Mack, and are they still Brethren?

The family of Alexander Mack has now reached the ninth generation. There are many living lineal descendants and many members of the Brethren church. The matter will be fully treated in a forthcoming volume.—*Prof. G. N. Falkenstein, Elizabethtown, Pa.*

❖

From what starting point did the original Brethren settlers of Somerset County come?

They came from the eastern part of this State, from the Conococheague, Conestoga and the Swatara. These all settled on the west side of the Alleghanies in what was called the Glades. Others went still farther west, settling on the Castleman river that flows by Meyersdale. This was then Bedford County. In 1795 Somerset County was formed of that portion of Bedford County lying west of the Alleghanies—*Eld. C. G. Lint, Meyersdale, Pa.*

Is it right to engage in the making of an article for others that we ourselves think is wrong?

I think we should not encourage others to use a thing we ourselves think is wrong. If possible we should not assist in anything our conscience condemns.—*Sara Reese Eby, West Elkton, Ohio*

❖

Can you name some papers devoted to the weaving industry?

Daily Trade Record, of Chicago, American Wool and Cotton Reporter, of Boston, Commercial Bulletin, of Boston, United States Economist, of New York, Textile Manufacturers' Journal, of New York.—*Phillipson Co., Chicago, Ill.*

❖

What is perityphlitis, said to have ailed King Edward?

It is that form of appendicitis in which the tissues surrounding the appendix are inflamed, rather than the appendix itself. The operation made necessary is precisely the same as for regular appendicitis.—*John E. Mohler, Des Moines, Iowa.*

❖

What is arsenical soap?

Arsenical soap is a preparation used by taxidermists, and has arsenic for its important ingredient. It is more convenient to use than powdered arsenic in preserving birds, etc. It is put up and for sale by dealers in taxidermist materials.—*Mrs. H. J. Hogeboom, Taxidermist, Elgin, Ill.*

❖

What are the symptoms of appendicitis?

Appendicitis may be located as follows. Draw an imaginary line from the navel to the point of the right hip bone. An inch or two above the middle of this line the appendix lies, and that is where the pain is to be found. If there is a severe abdominal pain at any other point than this it is not appendicitis. If the pain is at the point named the patient should at once lie down, and stay down. The treatment at first consists of cold applications, ice, etc., over the spot, the object being to reduce the inflammation that is

causing the pain and making the trouble. If this fails nothing but an operation will help. I was operated upon for the disease and this answer is based on personal experience.—*Chas. Eshelman, Elgin, Ill.*

✱

What is the total amount of sap an ordinary-sized maple tree will give in a season?

About thirty gallons. It depends on the size and health of the tree, and the season.—*Nina B. Kimmel, Lavansville, Pa.*

✱

Has trout raising in Morrison's Cove proved a financial success?

It has not proved a financial success, but considering the pleasure of it, it might be considered a success.—*C. L. Buck, New Enterprise, Pa.*

✱

Are routine letters to the Brethren Publishing House preserved and for how long?

All letters to the Publishing House are carefully filed away alphabetically and preserved for at least eighteen months. Letters received from our regularly-appointed agents are filed in a separate case and kept permanently. Any letter desired can be found in a few minutes.—*John S. Flory, Accountant, Brethren Publishing House.*

✱

Are the weather conditions of North Dakota such that the midsummer days are longer than those of the middle States? At what time may work begin in the morning, and how long is it light enough to see to work in the fields?

At night the light of the sun does not entirely disappear, but passes, from the point where the sun went down, eastward along the northern horizon to where the sun comes up in the morning. At midnight the sky is lighted up by the sun directly to the north. In the winter this changes and the days are as short as the nights are now.

The sun set this evening, June 23, at 8:50; standard time,—near 8 o'clock, sun time. Will become too dark to read the NOOK about an hour later. It will rise before four o'clock, sun time, in the morning. It will be light enough to read the NOOK about three o'clock. It is light enough to work in the fields nearly nineteen hours in twenty-four. This point is ten miles from the Canada line.—*Eld. Levi Mohler, Ellison, N. Dak.*

What is the most deadly snake?

The cobra and harlequin snakes. Not being able to satisfy myself here, I at once addressed the Smithsonian Institute, D. C., and have a reply. The question was referred to Dr. Leonard Stejneger, curator of the division of reptiles and batrachians, who says, "Elapine poison, such as secreted by the cobra and harlequin snakes, is by far the most deadly, much more so than the crotaline poison of the rattlesnake, copperhead or moccasin. In a general way the degree of strength in each group depends chiefly on the size of the snake."

In connection with the last statement of the Doctor it is interesting to note a statement made in Proceedings of Academy of Natural Science for 1871, that the young of the viper *nasicornis* bit and killed mice when only five minutes old. Born to bite, it appears.—*Prof. J. Z. Gilbert, Pres. Botetourt Normal College, Daleville, Va.*

✱ ✱ ✱

A NOOKER wants to know what ails his pigeons. He has a large number which he must keep within a big barn, the neighbors objecting to their being let loose outside. These confined pigeons mate, hatch, and raise their squabs till they are about two weeks old, when they invariably die. The interest is a large one, the squabs being wanted to sell, and the querist wants to know what the trouble is, and whether it is possible to raise squabs under the circumstances named.

✱ ✱ ✱

HERE are a few questions the NOOK does not itself know, nor is it known where to send them for intelligent and authoritative answer. Will the NOOK family, or some member thereof who knows please answer?

I hear of a red huckleberry in Oregon. Is there such a thing?

Has any Nooker ever tried cultivating huckleberries?

Will the scuppernong grape grow in the North? Is there a grape native to Florida, different from others?

How many varieties of small fruits will grow successfully in northern North Dakota?

What is the native plant in an irrigated country in Colorado before irrigation is begun?



The Home







Department



BIRD'S NEST.

BY SISTER DORA M. ELLIS.

TAKE nice tart apples and slice them in a pie tin till the tin is filled. Take two cups of sour cream, one-half cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt and enough flour to make quite a stiff batter. Spread this over the top of the apples and bake. This is enough for two panfuls. When it is baked, turn it upside down on a plate and spread with plenty of butter, sugar and nutmeg. Serve warm with cream and sugar.

Dixie, Wash.

* * *

MACARONI SOUP.

BY BERNICE ASHMORE.

BREAK one-fourth of a pound of macaroni in pieces and drop into a kettle with plenty of boiling water. Slice two common-sized potatoes and two onions. Add with a little salt and pepper to the macaroni. When boiled tender add as much boiling water as wanted for soup, season with butter and thicken with a little flour and milk.

Mansfield, Ill.

* * *

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

BY MRS. GUY E. FORESMAN.

TAKE two cups of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of cream or milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg and one eighth of a cake of chocolate, grated and melted. Boil all together till it will harden when dropped in cold water, then pour into greased plates and when partly cooled mark off in squares.

Lafayette, Ind.

SCALLOPED SALMON.

BY MRS. C. E. ECKERLE.

TAKE one can of salmon, drain off all the liquor and remove the bones. Put a layer of cracker crumbs in a buttered baking dish, then a layer of salmon with bits of butter, salt and pepper, then another layer of cracker crumbs and so on until the dish is full, putting cracker crumbs on top. Pour milk over and bake a nice brown.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.

BUTTER a pudding dish, put a layer of bread crumbs in the bottom, then a layer of sliced tomatoes, sprinkle with salt, pepper and bits of butter, and a little white sugar. Repeat until the dish is full, having tomatoes for the top, seasoned as before. Cover till well cooked, remove the cover and brown quickly.

* * *

RECIPE FOR DRESSING.

BY KATE HOWARD.

PUT three pints of milk on the stove and let it come to a boil. Salt and pepper to taste and put in enough bread crumbs to thicken the milk. Then break in six eggs. Put butter or lard into a frying-pan, let get hot, put the dressing in and bake in the oven till a light brown.

Cambridge, Ind.

* * *

PICKLED CABBAGE.

BY SISTER JOANNA MASON.

SLICE cabbage and then mash it down with a potato masher. Take sufficient vinegar to cover add sugar, pepper and salt and a tablespoonful of white mustard and serve.

THE INGLENOOK

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

THE *Criterion*, ten cents, has six complete stories and an article on "Yellow Journalism" by a "yellow" man who has helped make such papers. This article alone is worth the price of the paper, though there are other excellent features.

✦

Lippincott's for July, twenty-five cents, has for its story, "On the Road to Arcady," a Washington love story, well told. There are six other short stories of more or less interest. "Bridging the Depths" is a very interesting and valuable article descriptive of laying an ocean cable. *Lippincott's* is to be had at any news stand.

✦

THE *Arena*, twenty-five cents, presents its usual budget of good things and the description of the "Actors' Church Alliance" will interest Nookers. It is an account of an effort on the part of the stage to have a church of its own. Another valuable article is "Nicaragua or Panama." There is the usual lot of advanced thought contributions.

✦

Everybody's, ten cents, one of the best of the lighter vein monthlies, full of good things, and amply illustrated. There are several timely articles, one on "The World's Great Disasters," fitting in with and describing the Martinique horror, and "The Strange Story of Printing Telegraphs," which tells how they are made and how they work. You can't go wrong in buying *Everybody's*. All newsdealers.

✦

Review of Reviews, twenty-five cents, undoubtedly the greatest eclectic review in the English language. Discussing the coal troubles the review presents facts that will interest everybody who buys a ton of coal. The English and Boer troubles are canvassed with advantage to the outgoing Boer. There is so much in the *Review of Reviews* that but the barest mention can be made. Every Nook family will be helped by its publication.

✦

THE *Era*, ten cents, and one of the best of its class. "The Growth of Christian Science" is worth the trifle the magazine costs, and there are high grade stories, and articles of graver import. If the Nookman were called upon to

recommend any one of the ten-cent magazines, where only one could be taken, he would be strongly tempted to mention the *Era* first. It's worth while.

✦

ONE of these fine days the NOOK will come to the homes of its readers somewhat enlarged, not a great deal, but still noticeably so. The growth of the magazine in spread and in value has been remarkable. It is nothing out of the ordinary for a publisher, willing to spend thousands of dollars in advertising, to boom and boost a magazine into the thousands of names, but nothing of the kind has characterized the introduction and growth of the NOOK. It has stood upon its merits, and wherever it has gone it has made friends, and has come to stay. It will be better in the future than it has been in the past. In addition to the enlargement in the near future, there will be added attractions we are not at liberty to name now, but which will come around all right in time.

✦ ✦ ✦

NOTES.

THE INGLENOOK radish, advertised by one of the Elgin seedsmen, has received a great deal of praise from those who have tried it. It proves itself to be worthy of its name.

✦

THE reader's attention is again called to the advertisement, to be seen elsewhere, of the INGLENOOK Bureau of Information for Travelers. It has already proved itself to be of great value to people having in contemplation a long journey. It will be at the gratuitous service of all members of the NOOK family.

✦ ✦ ✦

WHAT THEY SAY.

"THE NOOK is a clean, wholesome, well-edited periodical, conspicuously adapted to an enlightened home circle."—*N. G. Keim, West Virginia.*

✦ ✦ ✦

WANTED.

A STENOGRAPHER, one who understands the English language, and something of the technical phrasing of natural science, can hear of a good place by addressing: A. B. C., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

THEY BRING
HEALTH

VICTOR REMEDIES

AND KEEP
HEALTH

"Worthy of More Praise than
you Ascribe to them."

Eld. P. S. Miller, Roanoke, Va., writes:

Having used your Victor Liver Syrup, Liniment, and Pain Balm in our family for some time, we find them worthy of much more praise even than you ascribe to them. Would call especial attention to the fact that I so badly sprained my foot that in a few hours I could not walk on it. I applied Victor Pain Balm and in an hour or two I had considerable relief. I applied again at night and was benefited so much that next day I could walk and go about my business as usual. Feeling a recommendation is due you for the benefits I have received from your Victor Remedies, and that it is my duty to tell suffering humanity of this wonderful medicine. I write this testimonial for publication by your approval.



THE OLD RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINES.

OUR BABY

is the finest, prettiest and plumpest chap in the land. It is always cheerful because always well. Every Babe ought to bring this

SUNSHINE

in the home. Instead, many are fretful, sickly, ever crying, and do not grow. No wonder, for they have been teething for nearly two years: yet have had no

=== Victor Infants Relief ===

The Baby's Digestive Tonic, the Mother's Friend. It is a guaranteed cure for Colic, Griping, Cholera Infantum, and all diseases common to infants and to small children.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

And you may make three Summer Tours; but

ONLY TEN CENTS

Will insure a delightful and enjoyable time each trip whether you travel by land or sea; for

Victor Headache Specifics

taken timely, cure every form of Nervous Headache, Sea or Train Sickness, Neuralgia, etc.

Sent by mail on receipt of ten cents. Try them.

...Call on your Druggist for any of the...

VICTOR REMEDIES

If you fail, write to us, and we will supply you. Do not be duped by taking a substitute.

Victor Remedies Co.,

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U. S. A.

Mention the INGLENOOK when writing.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

JULY 26, 1902.

No. 30.

BORRIOBOOLA GHA.

A stranger preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came
To hear a two hours' sermon
On a theme I scarce can name;
'Twas all about some heathen,
Thousands of miles afar,
Who lived in a land of darkness,
Called Borrioboola Gha.

So well their wants he pictured,
That when the box was passed,
Each listener felt his pocket,
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car
That carries light and comfort
To Borrioboola Gha.

That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation
I took a morning stroll,
When something caught my mantle
With an eager grasp and wild,
And looking down in wonder,
I saw a little child:

A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn;
"What do you want?" I asked her,
Impatient to be gone;
With trembling voice she answered,
"We live just down the street,
And Mamma, she's a-dying,
And we've nothing left to eat"

Down in a dark, damp cellar,
With mould o'er all the walls,
Through whose half-buried windows
God's sunlight never falls;
Where cold and want and hunger
Crouched near her as she lay.
I found that poor child's mother,
Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,
A bed of mouldy straw,
A hearth all dark and fireless,—
But these I scarcely saw,
For the mournful sight before me,

So sad and sickening—oh,
I had never, never pictured
A scene so full of woe!

The famished and the naked,
The babe that pined for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around the dying bed;
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar;
Was I suddenly transported
To Borrioboola Gha?

Ah, no! the poor and wretched
Were close beside my door
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.
Alas, for the cold and hungry
That met me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away!

There's work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know,
Our Lord commands His servants
Through all the world to go,
Not only to the heathen;
This was his command to them,
"Go preach the Word beginning
Here, at Jerusalem."

O Christian! God has promised,
Whoe'er to such has given
A cup of pure, cold water,
Shall find reward in heaven.
Would you secure this blessing?
You need not seek it far;
Go find in yonder hovel
A Borrioboola Gha.

—Orrin Goodrich.

MIXED AS TO THE AUTHORS.

A LAWYER in a Missouri town was making frequent references to the Bible and Shakespeare in his address to the jury. He concluded in his burst of eloquence: "Nearly 500 years ago the lowly Nazarene stood on the round top hills of Judea and proclaimed unto the world that he who steals my purse steals trash, but he who steals my good name leaves me poor, indeed."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MUSIC.

BY ELLA MILLER.

THE earliest development in the art of music is found among the ancient Egyptians. In their tombs are found representations of harps dating back to as early as 4000 B. C. So the harp is considered the oldest instrument. Next in point of antiquity comes the violin. This was first used in India, but it passed through several other countries before it took on the modern appearance.

All instruments of percussion were discovered very early. It is thought that these were discovered by marking time on a tree. It was then an easy progress to stretching a skin across a hollow log, then to the whole family of drums, gongs, cymbals, tambourines, etc.

Wind instruments originated among the Greeks. They claim that one day while walking along the river Nile, their god, Hermes, picked up a tortoise shell, with some dried membranes stretched across it, and this gave him the idea of the lyre.

The earliest forms of vocal music were a chant-like monody. Harmony did not exist until about the time of the Christian era.

The piano originated with the Arabs. It was first called a sauter. Then, passing through several other forms, it developed into our piano, the earliest date being about the ninth century.

A treatise on notes was written by Boethius in 510 A. D. Our musical staff was first introduced by Hucbald, a monk of the convent, in French Flaunders. This was composed of fifteen lines, and instead of using notes the words were written on the different lines.

In the twelfth century came measured music. Franco of Cologne gave us four kinds of notes called the *longa* and the *brevis*, the *maxima* and the *semibreve*. The first notation of which we have any authentic knowledge was that of the Greeks. Their scales consisted of two octaves and one note, and the tones were named by the first fifteen letters of the alphabet.

In 1475 the first musical dictionary was printed by Johannas Tinctor. Music schools were first founded in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the first ones being established in the Netherlands and Italy.

Orchestral music started about twenty years after the death of the great Palistrina, in 1594 and at the head of this was the violin. But at this time they had so much trouble keeping their instruments in tune that it is said that a player of eighty years spent sixty in tuning his instrument.

Before 1600 the organ had reached its maturity, and during the sixteenth century the Italian opera began to develop, the first opera house being built in 1637 in Venice, Italy. Fifty years later opera made a beginning in France and a century later it began in Germany.

Napancee, Ind.

* * *

KANSAS CITY'S MARKET SQUARE

BY A. L. MILLER.

MANY years ago while Kansas City was but a small town, its streets but mere paths along the bluffs, noted only as a trading post and steamer boat town, a town father, realizing by some prophetic instinct that the then small, insignificant burg was destined to become a great city, and thinking to benefit its future population and to raise a lasting monument to his name, bequeathed to the city a block of land lying between Fourth and Fifth and Walnut and Main streets to be used for a market square.

The location was then in a deep ravine through which ran a small creek fed by a spring. The creek was turned into a sewer, bricked over, and the ravine filled until the present level was reached. Then the ground was paved with asphalt and a market-house of one story in the shape of a Greek cross was built on the eastern half of the block.

Through this building run two alleys, one from east to west, the other from north to south. The booths, or stalls, all facing these alleys are arranged in sections of a certain number of square feet, each lessee paying for every square inch of his or her territory.

The renters or lessees are mostly private individual firms, although several of the booths are leased to commission men and representatives of various manufactories of cheese and different kinds of meats.

Everything is sold in the way of fruits, vegetables, meats and cheeses. The north section

inside the market house, is allotted to fish merchants. Here you may buy for a reasonable price, fresh and salt fish, lobsters, crabs, eels and oysters. The next section farther south is allotted to beef, pork and mutton merchants. The first section south of the center is devoted to the sale of fruits of all kinds and some vegetables. Farther on and next to the south door cheeses of all kinds may be bought. The eastern section of the cross, or wing of the building, is allotted to poultry and egg merchants. Butter is also sold here. The western wing of the building is allotted to fruit, horseradish and various other commodities. Here may be bought California's choicest fruits: oranges, pineapples, lemons, apricots, plums, grapes, and strawberries, the year round.

Outside the market house and completely encircling it are stands placed against its walls, where more fruit, vegetables and poultry are sold. The stands inside and out, if placed one against the other, would extend over a mile in a straight line.

Around the curbstone, surrounding the square, in a numbered space one against the other, all backed against the curb, are the wagons of the produce growers, many starting at three, two and even one o'clock, coming fifteen miles the same morning. They pay a yearly rental of thirty-six dollars for their curbstone stand, and twenty-five cents for every day they stand on the market. This is collected by the market master.

Market begins from six o'clock to seven, and is mostly over for the gardeners by eight o'clock. The rush, hurry and scramble, during market time are somewhat bewildering to the stranger. All nationalities are represented, the Italian predominating.

Wagons are lined up on the side streets for half a mile in each direction, unable to get to the market, and tons of produce and many dollars change hands in the short hour and a half, mostly sold and consumed in Kansas City.

Market Square has its own police, market master and restaurant.

Olathe, Kans.

* * *

"A MAN shall be satisfied with good by the fruit of his mouth: and the recompense of a man's hands shall be rendered unto him."

CHEAP TELEPHONES.

BY CLIFFORD ELLIS.

IN this part of Washington telephones are successfully run on barbed wire fences as far as twenty miles. A small wire is run from the phone in the house to the fence. At gates insulated wire is run under the ground or common wire is run over the gates high enough to pass under.

The sound will not pass over a looped splice. Where barbed wire is spliced take small wire and wind around the barbed wire at one side of the splice and wind the other end around the barbed wire on the other side. This makes the connection without any loop. In crossing roads run insulated wire under ground or small wire on poles high enough for teams to pass under.

From Walla Walla to Dayton is twenty-five miles. Telephones are run on barbed wire between these places with success. Nook readers, why not try it? I will give any further information desired.

Dirie, Wash.

* * *

RIGHT SIDE WEARS OUT FIRST.

"THE journals in street car trucks always wear out on the right side first," said an expert in traction mechanics the other day. "That's because the majority of the people are right handed. This sounds funny, but it's a fact. Right-handed people involuntarily choose a seat on the right hand side of the car, and most people standing up reach for a strap on the right. Any conductor will tell you that the right hand seats always fill up before the seats on the left, and if you make it a point to count the number of persons occupying seats in a crowded car you'll almost invariably find that there are more people squeezed into the right hand seats than in the left. This, with the majority of standing passengers holding onto the right hand straps, throws most of the weight on the right wheels, and the extra friction grinds the right side journals down before those on the left are much worn."

* * *

"HE that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again."

SMALL WORLDS.

It is no surprising thing nowadays for the announcement to be made that another planet has been discovered. Time was, however, when such an announcement was received with much interest. It is well known that between the orbits of

larger planets; but the labor of doing so, especially of the many tiny ones of little practical interest, surpasses the probable value of the result, and in consequence the orbits of many of them are not yet calculated. The orbits of these diminutive worlds lie in a belt about one hundred million miles wide and with a mean



A RUSTIC SCENE ALONG THE C. M. & ST. P.

Mars and Jupiter there is a belt of tiny bodies, "pocket planets," as Herschel called them, none with a diameter greater than two hundred miles, and whose assigned diameter is less than seventeen miles. There are doubtless some even smaller—about large enough for a cornfield for a Kansas farmer. So diminutive are these curious members of the solar system that even after one has been discovered it is quite likely to be lost. Of course it is possible to trace the movements of the asteroids as well as those of the

tance from the sun of about two hundred fifty million miles.

At present more than two hundred and fifty of these little worlds have been discovered, more are found nearly every year. How many there may be it is impossible to estimate. The astronomer thinks there may be as many as one hundred and fifty thousand of them. The total number, whatever it may be, depends largely on whether or not there is any limit to their minuteness. If there is no such limit, that is, if s

very much smaller than those now known, small to be seen with the telescope now in use, there may be an indefinite number.

Several theories have been advanced to account for the presence of the asteroids in that part of the solar system to which Bode's law assigned a planet long before their existence was known. Others proposed the hypothesis that they once formed a single planet, which at some remote time, was shattered by a great explosion, the fragments continuing to revolve about the sun on approximately the orbit of the original planet. The considerable variation in the eccentricity and inclination of their orbits, not to be accounted for by any present mode of calculation, and the greater probability of their separate formation, as were the other and larger planets, according to the nebular hypothesis, has led to the general discarding of Olbers' theory. None of the outer planets have orbits whose eccentricity which exceeds one-tenth the diameter, or whose inclination to the ecliptic is greater than three degrees. Of the asteroids, however, many orbits are inclined more than ten degrees (one is inclined thirty-four degrees) and have an eccentricity in excess of one-fourth of the diameter.

According to the nebular hypothesis, which is now generally accepted, the minor planets as well as the greater ones were formed by the condensation of rings of cosmic matter surrounding the sun. In the case of the asteroids they, instead of condensing into one mass, condensed about many points, the result being a great number of pigmy planets instead of one large one, as in the case of the others.

If all the minor planets now known were to be combined into one, its diameter would be less than four hundred miles. A thousand more of them, supposing them of the average size, would cover the globe scarcely one hundred miles in diameter, and its mass would even be less than one four-thousandth of the earth's. Assuming the density of these little worlds to be approximately that of the earth, men on their surfaces would weigh very little. A man placed on one of them could easily jump to a height of sixty feet, and in a day he could travel entirely around his little world with less exertion than is ordinarily required for his morning walk.

WHERE TIMBER GOES.

It will surprise the majority of readers to learn that in the United States alone 4,000,000 feet of pine lumber are used every year for matches, or the equivalent of the product of 400 acres of good virgin forest. About 620,000,000 cross-ties are now laid on American railroads and 90,000,000 new ties are required annually for renewals. The amount of timber used every year for ties alone is equivalent to 3,000,000,000 feet of lumber. There are now standing nearly 7,500,000 telegraph poles. The average life of a telegraph pole is about ten years, so that nearly 750,000 new poles are required every year for renewals. These figures do not include telephone poles and the poles required on new railroad lines.

The total annual consumption of timber for ties and poles is equivalent to the amount of timber grown on 100,000 acres of good virgin forest. For making shoepegs the amount of wood used in a single year is equal to the product of fully 3,000 acres of good second-growth hard wood land. Lasts and boot trees require at least 500,000 cords more. Most newspaper and packing paper is made from wood. Although this industry has been developed only within the last forty years, yet the amount of wood consumed for paper during that time has been enormous. The total annual consumption of wood for paper pulp is equivalent to over 800,000,000 board feet of timber, for which it would be necessary, were the trees all growing together, to cut some 80,000 acres of prime woods.

HE WANTED SPECIFICATIONS.

A ROCKLAND teacher described the landing of the pilgrims and asked the pupils to draw from imagination a picture of the Plymouth rock. One little fellow immediately inquired, "Hen or rooster?"

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY FOR ARMY USE.

WIRELESS telegraphy is suggested as a substitute for the heliograph as a means of communication between military posts along the north-west Indian frontier.

CURIOUS ROYAL PRIVILEGES.

WHEN the two countries, China and France, were engaged some years ago in delimiting the boundaries between the French colony of Tonquin and Chinese territory, the European commissioners were extremely surprised at the anxiety of the Celestials to keep in their possession a small range of low hills. These seemed naturally to fall within the French sphere, but the Chinese officials offered so good an exchange for them that they were permitted to keep them. It was not until afterward that the reason was discovered. These hills are known to the Chinese nation as the Seven Tea Mountains. It is there that the tea consumed by the imperial court of China is grown. Every leaf of the crop goes direct to Peking, and no inferior person is permitted, under penalty of death, to use so much as a cupful of this perfect product.

Very peculiar are some of the privileges appertaining to Asiatic potentates. A special brand of tobacco is grown for the king of Siam. It is made into cigars a foot in length for his special use. It is one of the strongest marks of favor which King Chulalongkorn can bestow, a present of one of these royal cigars. Another of the privileges of this monarch is to be permitted a first selection of the stones from the famous Siamese sapphire mines. By custom these are given free, but as a matter of fact he pays for all he takes.

In Persia it is the exclusive privilege of the shah to drive white horses with tails dyed scarlet for six inches from their tips. All through Turkey and other Mohammedan countries the horse's tail is a symbol of honor. A pasha of three tails is the highest in rank next to royalty.

In the left ear of Menelik, king of Abyssinia, may be seen a diamond solitaire earring set with gold. This has two meanings—that the wearer has killed an elephant and that he is of royal birth. In Abyssinia none except those who can claim blood relation with the monarch are permitted to wear gold in any shape or form. This seems a more sensible privilege than that formerly accorded to the ruling family of Madagascar. Like the Chinese, the people of Madagascar are devoted to kite flying. Even the king or queen used frequently to share in this amusement; Queen Ranavalona, the last sovereign,

was very fond of it. It was the law of the country that no subject's kite should ever be permitted to rise to a greater height than that of their ruler, and this odd privilege was most carefully guarded for centuries.

The privileges of European monarchs are comparatively commonplace nowadays. Spain, however, retains a few which are rather medieval. For one thing, no subject not of noble birth may so much as touch the sacred person of the king. Some years ago when the little king was running downstairs, he slipped and fell and was certainly have been badly hurt, perhaps killed, had not a young footman sprung to the rescue and caught the boy in his arms. For this service the footman immediately received his discharge. Fortunately for him, the queen regent is not so narrow minded as her officials. She immediately sent for the man, thanked him, and made him a present of a sum sufficient to keep him in comfort for the rest of his life.

When the czar and czarina last visited France their beds were spread with some of the magnificent linen accumulated by Napoleon III. Much to the chagrin of their entertainers, the servants of their Majesties stripped off all of this splendid linen and used their own sheets woven with the Russian imperial arms. It appears that this is the invariable custom and privilege of the Russian royal family, who, wherever they travel, never use any bed linen or towels but their own.

Other privileges also the czar of all the Russias enjoys. There are certain ponds in the imperial parks where no one but the reigning sovereign may throw a line. The present czar occasionally handles a rod, but when he does he is able to pull out by the dozen monster eels and pike, some of which are said to have been originally placed in these waters by Peter the Great himself. To the czar it is alone permitted to drive at full gallop along the public roads, this is a privilege of which he frequently avails himself.

As for the English royal family their privileges are not only few in number, but they very rarely avail themselves of them. For instance, though the king may claim free transportation over any railway in the kingdom, he never avails himself of it. He could, if he so desired, have all the water and gas he requires supplied free to all the

ces. Yet he prefers to pay for these requirements of every day life. Even local rates and taxes, which England's rulers are specially exempted from, are not avoided. The collectors do not send demand notes to Buckingham palace or Windsor, but a certain lump sum is sent annually by the comptroller of the household to the representative of the authorities of the boroughs in which the palaces are situated.

Only two of the British royal privileges are commonly put in practice. One is the settling of disputes or judging of small offenses among the servants of the royal household by a private tribunal, the Board of Green Cloth; the other, the right of not submitting the wills of monarchs to probate. No one outside her heirs, and one or two officials sworn to secrecy, knows how the late fortune of the late Queen Victoria was disposed of.—*Tid Bits.*

* * *

FIRST BORN LONG LIVED.

It is perhaps nothing new to some, but will interest others to know that the first-born of parents have a much longer average of life than the younger brothers and sisters who come after them. This fact is demonstrated by statistics collected by life insurance companies. Longevity is also known to be hereditary. Said an insurance man the other day:

Some persons have hardier constitutions than others and they are apt to transmit them to their children. A man both of whose parents were long-lived has a promise of a good old age himself.

This, of course, is an old story. A much more familiar principle affecting the duration of human life has been presented by Miss Mary Beeton, of London, and Professor Karl Pearson, of London, in a brief periodical called *Biometrika*.

A comparison was made between the lengths of the lives of two adult brothers or two adult sisters to ascertain if there was a perceptible difference between the older and younger members of the pair. The figures here given represent the average of over 1,000 cases, and hence would be expected to point to a general law. It may be added that the particular persons under investigation belonged to the Society of Friends. That organization places its records at the disposal of Miss Beeton and Professor Pearson. It thus appears that the average age of the

elder brothers was 58.56 years, the younger brothers, 54.575; the elder sisters, 59.924, and the younger sisters, 55.667. There is a difference of over four years in favor of the older brother or sister. This does not signify that the older brother or sister will survive the younger. The mean interval between the births of all the pairs under consideration was about six and a half years. Hence the older brother or sister would ordinarily die first, though attaining a greater age.

The first inquiry here mentioned was limited to pairs, the younger members of which had attained the age of 21. A second comparison was made that included minors with adults. It gave results closely resembling the other. The mean excess of life in 3,855 pairs was 4.6 years. But the intervals between the births appears to exert some influence. *Biometrika's* contributors furnish a formula by which one's expectations can be computed and adds: 'Thus a brother born ten years before another brother has probably seven years' greater duration of life. A sister born ten years before another sister has probably about six years' greater duration of life.'

* * *

MANY USES FOR A RAT.

IN France, more than anywhere else, the science of economy is carried almost to a fine art. The common sewer rats of Paris are raised to clean the flesh from bones that are to be used in manufactures, but that must not be boiled to clean them. When full grown rats are killed their furs are used for fur trimmings, their skins for gloves, their thigh bones for the highest grade of "ivory" toothpicks, their tendons and bones are cooked down to make those beautiful gelatine capsules which our physicians often give us medicine in, and their teeth are used for tipping fine burnishers for bookbinders' use.

* * *

LONG RUN OF A TRAIN.

A RUN was made from Pittsburg to New York, 438 miles, without a stop a few days ago. This is the longest run of a passenger train on record. In order to accomplish this feat it was necessary for the locomotive to carry an extra supply of coal and this was done by enlarging the locomotive tender.

PINS.

BEYOND all question the use of pins dates back to our remotest ancestry. The thorn was the natural pin before the metallic ones came into use. In the lake dwellers' neighborhood over ten thousand pins have been found, showing that pins had been used in prehistoric times. These pins were made of bone, bronze, and, later on, of brass. The lake dwellers in the matter of pins were even farther advanced than the Anglo-Saxons and Britons, who did not discover the use of the pin until a later time. The brass pin was unknown in England until 1543 at which time they were brought from France. The first man to manufacture pins was John Tilsby in 1626. In 1797 the first solid-headed pins were made, and in 1817 a machine was invented to make a pin from one solid piece.

At the present time every part of the manufacture of a row of pins is done by machinery. A continuous coil of wire on a reel is placed in such a relation to a machine that a pin length is cut off, the head shaped on it, and it is dropped into a receptacle. They are then automatically arranged in numbers and pointed by machinery, after which they are cleaned and coated with tin. They come out of the bath in which they received their tin to be placed in a barrel of bran or sawdust where by revolution and friction they are made bright as we see them. The last operation is papering them, and a machine sticks them into the paper.

The amount and value of pins made in the United States almost surpasses belief, the value running into millions of dollars. The cost of the machinery to make pins alone mounts into hundreds of thousands of dollars. The demand for pins is enormous and will continue to be so. As for the pins on the market there seems to be no room for subsequent improvement.

* * *

USING WASTE.

FEW people have any idea of the magnitude of the industry involved in the using of by-products, or waste material from regularly-established industries. Probably not very many Nookers know the extent to which this has been carried on. In the iron and steel industry there is a great deal of furnace slag. Formerly this was

considered an encumbrance and of no earthly good except to pile up in some out of the way place. It has been said that in England this waste slag was worth no less than two million and five hundred thousand dollars annually. Paving stones are now made from it and they stand a heavier traffic than natural material would. Good bricks are made and there are many ways in which waste slag can be utilized to financial and commercial advantage.

In the lumber and timber products nearly all the waste of former years is now used in some way. French cabinet makers have found a way of using sawdust. By hydraulic pressure and the application of intense heat the particles of the sawdust are formed into a solid mass capable of being molded into any shape and receiving a brilliant polish. It has been found that the utilization of sawdust is a very profitable venture. Birch sawdust yields an excellent quality of charcoal, about 30.8 per cent of the birch wood used.

In paper manufacture there is a large residue of waste, or what was hitherto waste, from which are now reclaimed many valuable articles of commerce.

At every slaughter-house there is always a large amount of waste material unfit for human food, but there is perhaps no part of the animal which does not have a commercial value. Hoofs are assorted into three grades,—white hoofs, which are sent to Japan to be used in the manufacture of ornaments; the striped hoofs which are worked up into buttons and ornaments; and the black hoofs, which are used in the manufacture of cyanide of potassium. Corn-tine, or in its lower grades, glue, is one of the by-products. And the bones of animals may be used by boiling and converting into glue.

Cottonseed in the South was once regarded as a nuisance, and it was with difficulty that it was gotten rid of by the planter. Now they use it for cottonseed oil—one of the finest of oils. The residuum of the oil mills is one of the best known foods for cattle.

In the manufacture of starch there is a number of by-products manufactured from what was once wasted. Old rubber shoes, broken glass, ashes, and other things of that character are now utilized through a better chemical knowledge of their component parts. Corn pith

mentioned as it is extensively used in the making of war vessels and other structures liable to collision.

Of late years powdered milk has become a source of revenue. It is made by the simple evaporation of sweet skimmed milk. This re-

NOT THE MUSIC OF BULLFROGS.

RECENTLY a traveling man visited Clarksville, Mich., for the first time, and while there remarked to the editor of the *Record* that while he had been in most of the towns of the United



A GOOD PLACE IN A HOT SEASON.

its in a perfectly odorless powder, and by adding the proper amount of warm water skimmed milk may be had.

These are a few of the things that are revered from what was once believed to be worthless. In fact it might be said that there is no waste at present thrown away which has not its uses if we but know how to recover the valuable element from the useless things we have abandoned.

States and Canada he had never before heard such a loud and discordant croaking of bullfrogs. "Bullfrogs!" gasped the editor. "That is not bullfrogs. That's the Clarksville band."

* * *

"LET not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart: so shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man."

 ▲ ▲ ▲
 NATURE

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 STUDY.

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FARMS IN THE DEEP SEA.

THE sponge, like most other of nature's gifts, is in danger of being effaced by the ruthlessness of man. Growing upon the surfs of the ocean, largely off the Florida coast, they have been comparatively easy of access, and as there has always been a good market for them the rocks have been stripped without regard to the needs of the future. Anticipating the extinguishment of this useful fungus, the government has been making experiments to demonstrate the practicability of its artificial propagation and ere long there will be a stock farm of sponges on the Florida coast, where a man can go and buy eggs or young sponges as he would buy hens' eggs or calves now.

Some time ago Dr. H. F. Moore began experiments at Sugar Leaf Key, about twenty-five miles east of Key West, and at several places in Biscayne bay. Several thousand sponge cuttings were planted at these places under a variety of conditions. The chief problem confronting the experimenter in this field is to find some ready means of attaching the cuttings to a durable support, capable of resisting the action of salt-water and the ravages of the toredo and animals having similar destructive habits and which at the same time will not have an injurious effect upon the growing sponge. The cuttings live and their cut surfaces heal without difficulty.

About six weeks after the plants were made they were examined and under favorable conditions it was found that about ninety-five per cent of the sheepswool cuttings were alive, healed and apparently healthy. In several cases where the plants were made in places exposed to very strong currents many of the pieces were torn loose from their supports, while others had been killed by rough action of the currents.

The cuttings from yellow sponges suffered a much greater mortality than those made from the sheepswool sponge, but whether this be due to the more delicate nature of the animal or to

the accidental conditions under which they were planted is not yet determined.

So far as has been discovered the more valuable sheepswool sponge seems to possess greater hardiness than its cogenere.

WHERE FROG FARMING FLOURISHES

FROG farming is becoming a flourishing industry in many parts of Canada. Not only are large shipments of frogs' legs made from the country to the United States, but there is a growing demand for the luxury in many of the large cities and towns of the Dominion.

One frog farm in Ontario last year produced 5,000 pounds of dressed frogs' legs and 7,000 living frogs for scientific purposes and for stocking other waters.

It is reported by the deputy commissioner of fisheries for Ontario that in the last year many applications were made to the government for leases of lands suitable for this industry. No licenses were granted, as it was found that the industry concerned was already being farmed. In the near future much land now idle probably will be stocked with frogs. All that is necessary is to place a few paired breeders in the water. Natural food is almost always present in sufficient amount. The most profitable species, on account of its size, is the Eastern bullfrog which reaches a length of more than eight inches. It begins to breed at the end of three years and reaches a remarkable size in four or five years. Only the hind legs are marketed, and they average half a pound in weight. They are worth fifty cents a pound, at times, to the producer.—*New York Herald.*

DAINTY CRANBERRY BLOSSOMS.

ONE of the daintiest of wild flowers of June is the blossom of that time-honored concomitant of roast turkey, the cranberry. While, however, everybody knows the berry, few are acquainted

th the flower, for the peat bogs where it blows the choice fellowship of the stately pitcher and the golden club, and of many a rare or- id, are quite remote from the beaten paths of level. The cranberry plant is a small, slender, somewhat trailing shrub, with the neatest of ever- green leaves, from amid which a few threadlike stalks lift their nodding flowers. When fully expanded the pink lobes of each corolla are curled back like a lily's, and from the heart of them the impressed stamens protrude in the shape of a spear point or a beak. The imaginative may see in this long beaked little blossom a resemblance to a tiny crane's head, whence some hard pressed etymologist has thought to derive the word cran- berry—that is, craneberry. Those who like to take a place on the home table for oddities and rarities of the plant world may well include in their list for June a few sprays of the cranberry in bloom—the unfamiliar, alert blossoms looking brightly out from their green bower, be- lievably sure to delight all flower-loving visitors.

* * *

A PETRIFIED FALCON.

AN unusually perfect fossil of a member of the falcon family has been discovered at Crawfordsville, Ind., in one of the huge blocks of stone awaiting being set in the walls of the new Masonic temple.

The outlines of the fossil are remarkably distinct. The figure is two feet high and the details of the eye sockets, feet and the sweep of the long tail feathers are extremely clear.

The block of stone will not be used in building now, but will be preserved with care and eventually will find its way into some museum. Scientists say this fossil is extremely rare.

* * *

DEADLIER THAN THE FER-DE-LANCE.

ONE who has been over the world says: "Your torturine fiend fer-de-lance is not to be compared with the dukite snake of Australia. It is like the pictures you have seen of sin, a long, red snake, with eyes the living embodiment of evil. The dukites never go alone. If you are unfortunate enough to kill one without killing its mate the latter will follow your trail remorselessly, like

death, or fate, and though you camp twenty miles from the spot it will kill you as sure as you killed its partner."

* * *

LIGHTNING FLASHES 17,000 YARDS.

FLASHES a thousand yards long are not rare, while those 10,000 and 17,000 yards in length have been seen. The vast force of these long flashes may be guessed at when it is known that a streak a yard and a half long is the largest that our stoutest apparatus permits our eyes to inspect. Besides the familiar destruction of the bolt in houses, trees, beast, and man, it has been known to charge iron fences with magnetism. A single flash as a scientific man has calculated, if utilized with customary illuminating apparatus, would yield enough power to light a city for a month.

* * *

EVICTED BY BEES.

AN English writer says: "Some of the smaller birds are deliberately turned out of their nests at times by bees. I remember watching for the completion of a hedge sparrow's nest a few years ago, but before the birds had laid any eggs the nest was usurped by a small species of bumble bee and the rightful owners deserted. A friend of mine had two wrens' nests in his garden taken possession of by bees in a similar manner, and I once knew of a tawny owl being turned out of her nesting hole in a hollow tree by a swarm of honey bees which took possession."

* * *

SWEDEN'S LOW DEATH RATE.

SWEDEN's last census records the lowest death rate yet attained by a civilized nation. During the last ten years it only averaged 16.49 per 1,000.

* * *

THE average term of an elephant's life is from seventy to eighty years, and it does not attain full vigor for the first thirty-five years.

* * *

WITH grapes the rule should be to dig deep and plant shallow.

* * *

THE average life of raspberry plantations is about six years.

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.

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

"Throw a pebble on the stream.
See the widening circles gleam!
Each one clasps a sunny beam.

"Do a kindly deed, and shining
Influence opens round it twining
In each curve a heavenly lining.

"As a rose in gentle living,
To the air its sweetness giving,
Does not feel its whole achieving,

"So, heart of love, thy faithful clinging,
Knows not how its fragrance winging
Wakes the desert into singing."

❖ ❖ ❖

MOTHER.

COME whack on the head, come bump on the nose, and the first thought of the child is the mother's side. No matter what the trouble, mother settles it all, and soothes the wearied child to sleep. It is natural, and so ordained that it should be. If not mother, then to whom shall the tired child turn?

There is nothing unnatural or unusual in all this. It has been so since the wail of the infant in the cave of the man before history. But there is another phase of the mother idea that is at once pathetic and tragical. The boy in short dress who stubs his toes or cuts his finger naturally turns to his mother. Then he grows up and seems to forget. The years go by, and the

mother sleeps out on the windswept hillside. The long grass grows over her grave, and the wild bird rests on her gravestone. All is quiet enough as far as she is concerned. The man has grown gray, and what he may think about it no one knows.

Then, in the course of time, comes the inevitable. The angel that has followed with the hour-glass is right over him, and the last few sands of time are trickling through. His journey is ended. He sees the finish before him. Does his mind ask what is beyond? No, he thinks of his youth, his childhood, the old home in which is now the stranger, and he asks for his mother. If he could only see his mother for a little while! He babbles of the past. He cries for what has gone. Then he passes. It seems to the writer that what follows is a home-coming, a meeting of mother and child again, a renewal of the day when the hollyhock flared in the front yard, and the robin built in the porch, and mother crooned the child to sleep when the afternoon were long.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE VIRGINIA INGLENOOK.

As stated in a previous NOOK we have in contemplation issuing an INGLENOOK, every line of which will be written by Virginians, men and women. The articles are coming in and to the Nook family in the Old Dominion we send on something pertinent to the State, and send it at once, something about its history, its natural curiosities, and its people. Do not make your article too long, and don't put it off till it is too late to appear.

Now, then, we are sure that the old story will be reenacted. The Virginia Nook will appear there will be the usual request for extra copies for friends, and the edition will be exhausted. To hedge against this certainty let everyone who wants an extra copy, or copies, write us on a postal card stating the number wanted and we will send them cheerfully and gratuitously. Then we will know how large an extra edition to print.

This Virginia NOOK ought to be an excellent number, and to that end let those of the Nook family who are awake judge the ones napping and get them at it for a rattling and ringing good Virginia issue. There will be a demand for it all over the United States.

CATCH STEP.

A MISTAKE a good many people make in starting out in life is to mark out an original path and attempt to follow it up. Sometimes it wins, and oftener it fails. It is better, all things considered, to ascertain the best of the successful lines of industry and exploitation and then follow the ones that have proved winners.

As a rule the successful methods are the outcome of innumerable failures, a settling down to the best, as proven in actual trial. It is the part of wisdom to recognize the failures and successes of others and to avoid the one and follow the other. In other words, it is the best to catch step, instead of blundering along on our own account. The one who can only learn in the fool's school of experience gets the worst of it every time.

* * *

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS.

THE address of Marguerite Bixler, the composer of music dedicated to the INGLENOK, is Hartville, Ohio. Miss Marguerite Bixler, of Hartville, Ohio, composed a piece of music, dedicated to the NOOK family, which she kindly agrees to send to all who enclose her a two-cent stamp. We advise our musically inclined Nookers to write her for it, at Hartville, Ohio. Letters sent here have been forwarded.

* * *

SOME PEACHES.

THE Nookman acknowledges the receipt of a box of peaches, Elbertas, from 'way down in Alabama. They came through all right, and with their red and yellow cheeks won the hearts of the Inglenook personnel. Mrs. J. A. Miller, of Fruitdale, Ala., a successful horticulturist, is responsible for the contented feeling abroad among the office people. We wish we could put a little more of the Elberta flavor into the Nook.

* * *

CONTRIBUTIONS for the Doctor Book are coming in at a very commendable rate. We would be pleased to have many more from our numerous friends anywhere who may happen to have any information as to cures or helps in cases of sickness. Unlike the Cook Book, the Doctor Book is open to all.

NOW THEN, THERE YOU ARE.

Everybody's baby is bad but ours.

*

The girl who uses slang invites worse.

*

It isn't so much a woman's looks as the woman's ways.

*

A mean man will sometimes justify himself by quoting Scripture.

*

Did the sermon please all its hearers? If yes, something was lacking in it.

*

There may be several ways of doing a thing but only one is the right way.

*

If her "steady" could only see her when she is having a scrap with her mother!

*

The sickest thing in life is to be tied up to a person who never does anything wrong.

*

Cast your bread upon the waters, is all right, but don't expect it to come back fresh every time.

*

Whoever understood all about women, when the best of them is not sure of herself at all times?

*

It would be worth knowing to learn what some women see in some men that makes them want to marry them.

*

There is more joy over the one sinner who makes the majority than the whole bulk of regular voters.

*

The worst punishment a woman can inflict upon a man is to get out his old love-letters and read them to him.

*

When a woman begins to consider seriously the higher life her husband begins to inquire for the best restaurants.

*

See here, girl, when John tells you that you are going to reform him, begin talking about the weather. It is a much surer thing.

A NEW ECONOMY.

ON every hand people are complaining of the high price of meat, and in many localities the farmers are being plagued by the periodical cicado, or seventeen year locust. Why not follow the example of John the Baptist and eat the locusts?

One man in Hamilton, Md., has served them at a dinner. The server of the Hamilton dinner is an ice cream manufacturer, but contends, nevertheless, that locusts are not only fit for human food but are, in fact, a luxury. So he feasted his friends upon locust soup, broiled and fried locust, stewed locust, and locusts served in pies and otherwise.

Some of the members of his family looked with distress upon the locust as an article of food, and were disposed to await a trial by his friends before they themselves partook.

There is, however, indisputable evidence that the locust is not only edible but in some parts of the world considered a dish calculated to please the most exacting epicure. In France locusts are served with kidneys and with sweetbreads, and in various forms are considered by the French a most delightful dinner dish.

Professor Philip B. Uhler, provost of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, says he has eaten soup and has tasted locusts both fried and broiled.

"There is," said Dr. Uhler, "little taste to the locusts. It is like eating the soft shell of a crab. There is no more flavor to the locust than there is to the shrimp, and there is almost no nourishment at all to it, because of the lack of meat. On the locust that we have here, or the cicado, which is its proper name and title, there is absolutely no meat at all. There is nothing to it but shell, and it is almost impossible to derive nourishment from it, no matter how it is cooked or served.

The locust which John the Baptist fed upon was entirely different from the locust which we have now. That locust was, in fact, the grasshopper, and as different from the cicada which is with us to-day as is an elephant from a horse. The grasshopper, or Rocky Mountain locust, which is common in the West, has two jaws and can eat. Usually when they arrive in any numbers at all everything green for miles around is completely swallowed up and disappears.

"The cicada, however, has no jaws and can-

not eat when once above the surface of the ground. It may absorb dew and dampness, but it cannot eat. I hardly think the cicada would supply nourishment enough for a man to live upon, although the grasshopper, or locust proper, which is eating all the time, might. The cicada, instead of having jaws, has simply a sharp-pointed beak, which it can sink into a rootlet under the ground and suck out the sap, but it cannot eat at all above the ground.

"The French eat locusts as a luxury, but they do not eat them alone. They are served with kidneys, sweetbreads, or other dishes, and they appear to enjoy them immensely. I cannot say that the locust dishes which I have tasted were in any way enjoyable. There is little or no flavor to it, although, of course, any sort of flavor can be given any dish, and you hardly know you are eating anything at all."

* * *

HAWK AND CROWS FIGHT.

FROM the Baltimore *Sun* we learn that Druid Hill Park was the scene of one of the fiercest battles ever fought between crows on the one side and a large chicken hawk on the other, and, perhaps the only battle of its kind in which the hawk suffered defeat.

It is a well-known fact that the relations between hawks and crows have been strained perhaps since creation, hawks neglecting no opportunity to destroy young crows before they leave the nests. Representatives of the two species of birds rarely meet without a battle. They usually fight in midair. This is no doubt the reason why the hawk has won so many victories.

Fully twelve or fifteen crows took part in Sunday's battle. The hawk was attacked in midair while hovering over a crow's nest. The onslaught made him furious and he retaliated by swooping down on the tree in which the nest was built. The crows were determined to drive off the enemy and made a systematic and concerted onslaught on the intruder. First one and then another would drive at him and in a short time the ground under the tree was strewn with feathers.

The hawk fought with bill and claws, while the crows used only their bills. The fight became so hot that the hawk was compelled to leave the tree and, being too exhausted to fly

ank to the ground. There he made a final stand, and the battle was an interesting one, passengers on the Emory Grove cars being among the spectators. First one crow and then another would give the hawk a dig with its bill

THOUSANDS OF 'EM.

SOME excited body telegraphs that Paris has a literary prodigy because a 10-year-old girl is writing a play to be submitted to the Comédie



ONE OF THE LAKES ALONG THE MILWAUKEE ROAD.

and then jump back to escape the savage plunges of the hawk.

The hawk fought as long as he could stand on his feet. Even while lying on his side or back he kept up the struggle. The crows, however, were relentless and kept on pecking away until their adversary fell dead. They then flew to a considerable distance and patched up their cuts and bruises as best they could. Not a single one of their number was killed.

* * *

A GIFT in secret pacifieth anger: and a reward the bosom strong wrath.

Francaise. Prodigious, indeed! There are thousands of literary prodigies who are to-day writing things to be submitted to other things, but which will never be heard of after submission. —*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN judge on a Virginia circuit was recently reminded very forcibly of his approaching baldness by one of his rural acquaintances. "Judge," drawled the farmer, "it won't be very long 'fo' you'll hev to tie a string around yer head to tell how fer up to wash yer face."—*Harper's Magazine*.

CAMP INGLENOOK.

HERE in Elgin City there is a large and well managed branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. The work this institution does is of such a character and quality as to merit the respect of all who know the good that is done. To-day has come to our attention a project brought about by the Y. M. C. A. which we think would be interesting to our general Nook family.

It is proposed to go into camp for two weeks, beginning July 28, and running to August 11. The part that will especially interest the Nook family is the fact that our Y. M. C. A. friends, without consultation and of their own volition, have named the project CAMP INGLENOOK. They have a neat folder printed, with appropriate pictures, which sets forth the object and aim of the outing. The INGLENOOK Magazine has nothing whatever to do with the project, it being only the recipient of the honor from the Y. M. C. A. people. Nevertheless, the INGLENOOK does not want to be outdone in kindness of feeling, so we will adopt the Camp Inglenook people into the INGLENOOK family, and everyone of the one hundred boys who will go to Camp Inglenook has now about 40,000 brothers and sisters, scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from New England to the far corners of Texas, from Oregon to Florida, with a sprinkle in Norway, Sweden, France, Switzerland, India, and some other places.

From the circular these people have put out we extract the following:

"The purpose of Camp Inglenook is to provide for boys two weeks of free, outdoor life, full to the brim with fun, sport, and helpfulness to health, under the careful leadership of earnest Christian men who are there to be helpful. The place selected for the camp is a beautiful spot on the upper course of the Fox River, between the Algonquin and Fox Lake. With a very large river front and an abundance of play ground the place is an ideal one. The boys who attend camp will be divided into groups of ten, according to size and fellowship. Boys under twelve will not be taken into the camp. The services of a competent cook have been secured, and there will be plenty of good and well cooked food. Each boy pays into the camp

treasury \$3.25, \$1.00 he pays when he makes the application and the rest of the amount a little later on. His application for membership with the campers must be endorsed in writing by the boy's parents. The following is the proposed daily program:

Breakfast, 6:30 A. M.

Bible Class, 7:30 A. M.

Hare chase, 10:00 A. M.

Dinner, 12 M.

Experiments in nature work, 1 P. M.

Supper, 5:30 P. M.

Balloon ascension, 6:15 P. M.

Social hour, 7:45 P. M.

In regard to their outfits, each boy is required to provide himself with the following articles, which he must pack in a box and deliver to the Y. M. C. A. rooms not later than Wednesday July 23. Here is a list of the articles:

Change of stockings and under clothing, tennis slippers, tennis racquet, coat, old hat, gun coat, two blankets, sheet, pillow, one extra pillow case, cake of soap in tin box, brush, comb, tooth brush, handkerchief, swimming tights, needle and thread, knife, fork, spoon, plate and cup, porcelain or tin, camera if desired, and fishing tackle.

The occasion is looked forward to by the Elgin youths who are eligible with a great deal of interest, and as the details of Camp Inglenook are managed by Christian gentlemen, a very enjoyable time is promised. It does not appear on the face of the circular that anybody will be allowed to visit the camp, outside of the camper themselves, but the Nookman expects to go to Camp Inglenook to take notes for the magazine, and he will tell the whole Nook family just what our Camp Inglenook people are doing and how they are getting along. They have a series of camp yells in which the INGLENOOK figure very materially.

We see no reason why Camp Inglenook should be monopolized by the young folks of Elgin. If any of the Nook family want to have a Camp Inglenook of their own we have no objection, and would be glad to have any effort of that kind written up for the magazine, telling what you did and how you did it. The INGLENOOK management appreciates the honor the Y. M. C. A. has done the magazine in naming their camp Camp Inglenook, and we take pleasure in count

ing everyone of the young men who come into camp full fledged members by adoption in our great INGLENOOK family. In a later issue we will tell the result of a visit we will make to the camp

* * *

THE WILD HOG.

SPORTSMEN are not accustomed to think of the wild hog as game that may be hunted in the United States, but the fact remains that there are thousands upon thousands of the animals wandering through certain sections of the south. They are as wild as deer and well-nigh as formidable as the bear. For some reason the hunting of pigs has not yet come to be generally classed as sport by southern hunters, probably for the reason that for a good share of the year the flesh of the wild hog is not good for food. But such is the case likewise with the deer, the squirrel, and, in fact, every sort of game, and little by little hunters are coming to wait for the pig to grow fat on the mast of the forest and then to hunt him both for sport and food.

The home of the American wild hog begins in the southern Appalachian mountains and extends westward to what is known as the "Delta," the name locally applied to the low bottom lands of the Mississippi from Memphis to the gulf. One finds them in the forests and mountains of North and South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and in the lowland forests of Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana.

Like the wild horse of the west, the hog is not a native of the American continent, but has degenerated from domesticated sires of European origin. It is hard for us to remember this about the horse, yet it is true that all the herds which roamed the plains of the west, set the American youth wild to handle the lasso and demoralized trainers when captured, were the offspring of ancestors introduced from Europe after the discovery of America.

It was in the mountain region that the hog first became wild. Settlers moved into the southern mountains from nearly all of the Atlantic settlements.

There were two essentials in the domestic economy of the mountaineer. These were pigs and corn. The former were killed and salted, to be eaten in the hot months. They made meat

and fat and butter. With pork and corn meal a family could live out its natural life. So pig-raising prospered in the mountains. Sometimes the animals were penned up, but more often they were allowed to run wild and gather the mast which in autumn covered the ground about mountain forests. Gradually they began to grow fearful of the pen and of man, and little by little the broods which were born in the forests and ran wild during the summer months became harder to round up when killing time came. Now and then one especially wild would escape and never be caught. Pigs of this sort would naturally be the wildest, and their fear of man would be contributed with double force to their offspring with each generation. They multiplied rapidly. Of course some of the wild ones would be killed each year, but the numbers were not appreciably diminished in that way.

And what a change came over the pig as it dropped away from the ways of its cultured ancestors and became once more a savage! Its short hair became long and coarse. Mountain climbing is a great reducer of obesity and affected the pig as the stout man hoped to be affected by "antifat." His ribs became visible and he was long, lean and lank, like a mountaineer or a clay-eating "cracker." Running develops long legs and the pig, whose ancestor had possessed legs which barely served to carry it around the narrow limits of the pen, stood as high as a hound and ran like a frightened deer.

All this, of course, has fitted the pig to exist in his new capacity as a wild animal. He is harmless when not attacked, and the mountaineer gives him little trouble, except in the fall when he now and then goes out with his gun and salts down a few of the fattest. But even mountaineers find this method less satisfactory than raising hogs in a pen, so in general the work of pig hunting is left to those who have a taste for that sort of thing.

There has been no organized "pig sticking" among the sportsmen of the south as yet. Men from a number of aristocratic southern clubs who go into the mountains for a few weeks of hunting in the fall stalk the animals and shoot them. The young pig of three or four months' growth, when fatted on mast, has none of the strong taste that will come to it later on, so the

hunting dinner in the mountains is considered a feast if there is such a pig to be brought on roasted, as any darky cook knows how to roast pig. More and more each year this sort of appreciation of the pig increases, and the time is not far distant when the southern hunters will find some way to have sport with this sort of game which will be comparable with that furnished by the wild hog in Europe.

Perhaps the "pig killin'" of eastern Tennessee may point out the way. This differs from the fall roundup of pigs in dealing with the wild ones alone. It has not yet become a general feature of mountain life, and perhaps never will, for the reason that only men with a taste for adventure and a love for the chase will adopt it in preference to the more usual method of killing tame ones. It is practiced by a few, and these few have as much sport as profit.

Dogs trained specially for pig-hunting are used. These are taught to act very much as bear dogs. They must follow a pig and bring it to bay by nipping at its heels or sides. When the pig starts to run the dog bites it. The pig turns, charges with its tusks and the dog darts aside. The pig turns to run again and is again angered by a nip in the heel into turning around for a charge. The hunters approach while this is going on and if the pig seems fat enough to make good pork it is shot and the matter is ended. This smacks more of butchery than sport.

But when the quarry is not ready for killing and it seems desirable to make it a prisoner the case takes on a different aspect. The hunters approach as closely as they can. If the dogs are well trained the pig never gets to the man, but is forced by savage bites from behind to turn again. But if the dogs fail then the hunter must look out and avoid the rush as best he may. While the dogs keep the angry animal busy the hunter takes a rope and manages in one way or another to catch the pig in a slip noose. It does little good to catch the animal about the neck, for then it can pull the average man through the woods as a team pulls an empty sled. It must be caught by the leg. When this is done the hunter takes a turn or two around the nearest tree with the rope, pulls it tight and has the pig in a position where it is an easy matter to fasten the remainder of its legs.

AN UNUSUAL BUSINESS.

IN the neighborhoods where pawnshops abound the soaker flourishes. The soaker acts as middleman between the pawnbroker and his customers. He explains his mission and accounts for his usefulness thus:

"The people down here employ me," said he, "not because they are ashamed to be seen going into a pawnshop themselves, but because I can get more for the goods than they can. There's an art in pawning a coat or a ring, just the same as in everything else.

"I've known people to go into a pawnshop with some old article to pawn and look the proprietor over with a supercilious air, as if they considered themselves so far above him socially that he couldn't touch them with a forty-foot pole. Naturally for sheer spite the broker offers them only about half as much as they would get if they approached him properly. Having had a wide experience of my own, I know how to avoid such difficulties. I am not servile, but I am polite and respectful, and as those two qualities touch the most generous chord in the broker's bosom I get all I want on the proffered chattels.

"As recompense for my services I charge my customers ten per cent commission. I have regular customers and then, of course, I do many odd jobs for occasionals. There are families down here for whom I pawn the same things over and over again, one week after the other. On pay day they take their things out of soak; three days later they put them in again and the next pay day they take them out again. And so it goes, month after month. I canvass the houses just like a book agent or cornplaster peddler or insurance solicitor.

"Anything to be pawned to-day?' I ask.

"And if there is I take it around to some shop and raise the necessary dough and take it back and get my commission. Once in a while I come across somebody who abuses me and calls me a shark. But I'm nothing of the sort. I'm earning a decent living at a legitimate business."

* * *

THERE is nothing so small in this world that it may not effect some good.

HUMAN HAIR.

HUMAN hair is a very considerable article of trade, and will always continue to be, as it is something for which there can be no substitute

The practice is for a dealer to go into a community and make known his business, when he is surrounded by women willing to part with their tresses. Contrary to the general opinion the entire covering of hair is not closely shorn to



A WISCONSIN FARM SCENE.

that is acceptable. Nearly all the human hair used in this country is imported from Europe, where there is a regular business made of collecting it, among the peasants, where the dealers either go or send a representative.

the head but enough is left in place at the front to enable the woman to so dress her hair, with some artificial help, that its absence is hardly noticed. It is also the custom in the neighborhood where hair is bought and sold for women to

wear bonnets, so its absence is not noticed so much or its loss regretted. There is no well-established price for human hair because the dealer is governed by length, quality and color. Nearly all the brown and black hair comes from France, while the lighter and golden hair are found among German peasants. Long white hair is always in demand and brings a very high price. After the dealers have bought this hair it is manufactured into a number of different articles which are purchased by those who have lost their own natural covering.

Even in this country there is a ready sale for a luxuriant crop of hair, though there are no dealers who make a business of going about the country buying. Hair is something that is imperishable, and as stated before, there is no imitation that will pass muster.

* * *

PELEE ENDED A SNAKE PEST.

MOUNT Pelee's death-dealing clouds were not without a patch, at least, of silver lining. The inhabitants of Martinique in time to come will date from the earthquake year the disappearance of the loathsome fer-de-lance, the most dangerous serpent in the world.

For years this snake has been the perpetual terror of all the inhabitants. Many efforts had been made to exterminate it, or, at least, to drive it out of certain sections. Considerable sums of money have been expended in the work, and various animals have been imported to war against it, but in vain.

In addition to the actual loss of life from the ravages of the fer-de-lance, there has been considerable inconvenience in working the fields infested by it. The natives have over and again flatly refused to expose themselves on certain slopes of the island where the snakes were known to be particularly numerous.

The fer-de-lance pest of Martinique was, curiously enough, self-inflicted. The snake is not a native of the island. Its presence is due to its having been especially imported. The native home of the fer-de-lance is in the mountainous regions of Brazil. It has been often observed that when the fer-de-lance makes its home in a field of sugarcane the surrounding country is quickly vacated by every other kind of animal life. Some years ago the sugar plantations of

Martinique and St. Lucia were overrun with rats to such an extent that the crops were seriously menaced. As a relief from the ravages of these rodents it was proposed to import the fer-de-lance. An agent was sent to Brazil, where he collected a number of the living reptiles and returned with them. It was quickly noticeable that the rat pest was subsiding. All too soon, however, the islanders began to discover their awful mistake. Within an incredibly short time the snakes had spread to the uttermost parts of the islands. Heretofore only their good habits had been talked of. The population, taught by very bitter experience, soon came to realize the other side of their character.

The efforts made to do away with the comparatively harmless rats were soon far exceeded by the attempts to drive out the snakes. Whole fields of cane were actually destroyed in the hope of exterminating the fer-de-lances, but in vain. Poisons were set out temptingly in wholesale quantities, and many snakes were killed, but their number nevertheless continued to increase almost beyond belief. Still another plan was to turn hogs loose in the infected areas. The pig is the only animal which does not fear the fer-de-lance. It is protected from the most venomous bites by its layers of fat. Despite the attacks of the snake it calmly tramples its enemy to death and then proceeds quietly to eat its remains. But the porcine population failed to make any serious inroads upon the fer-de-lance.

The fer-de-lance is the only snake in the world which always takes the initiative in a fight with a man and pursues him vindictively to death. It has been found almost impossible to escape its haunts. It usually conceals itself under dead leaves or amid the heavy foliage of parasitic plants. Often it is found coiled up in the nest of a bird which it has devoured. From such a vantage point it will spring without the slightest warning of hiss or rattle, and deal its blow as swiftly and straight as a fencer's thrust. The fer-de-lance is a large snake, generally measuring from five to six feet in length, and frequently growing to a length of seven or eight feet. Oddly enough, the fer-de-lance invariably travel about in pairs. It is believed to be the only snake in the world with this peculiar social habit. This renders it still more dangerous.

The fer-de-lance were found in largest numbers on the very slopes of the mountains. The result of all the efforts to exterminate them had only succeeded in driving them away from the coast line and centers of population. They were, therefore, exposed to the full fury of Mont Pelee's wrath. Beneath the heavy layers of hot ashes which have everywhere covered the islands, the fer-de-lance has been at last very effectively destroyed.

WEEDS THAT POISON MEN.

OUT of this branch of weed study is certain to come remarkable information, for the poisonous plants are the most strangely constituted and given to astounding variations. For instance, the common poke berry presents a spectacle of contradictory qualities. Birds eat the berries, which to men are poisonous. Cattle may eat the leaves when green and fresh, but if perchance they should eat a wilted leaf it would poison them. The roots are deadly poison, yet the shoots which grow up six inches high in the spring are an excellent food for man—the rival of asparagus and equally healthful. Science has at last paused to inquire why this should be so, and some day the chemical action which can make a deadly poison by wilting a leaf when the fresh one is harmless will be discovered.

Similarly it has been discovered of American false hellebore or itchweed that the seeds are poisonous to chickens and that the leaves and roots are poisonous to men and horses, but that sheep and elk, which chew the cud, seem to relish the plant. In all the poison, when in the system, acts alike, paralyzing the heart and spinal cord. The poisonous element of corncockle has not yet been explained, but its curious action has already been observed. When extracted it mixes freely with water, froths like soap, and, though odorless, will, when inhaled, produce violent sneezing. Caper spurge, the common gopher plant or spring wort, is curious in that the mere handling of it will poison to the extent of producing pimples and often gangrene. It is a thing that cattle can eat without harm, and goats eat freely, but the milk of the latter will then be deadly poison. In men a moderate dose will produce a general collapse and death in a few hours. The poison of the sneeze weed develops mostly in the showy

yellow flowers and is violent. The young plants are comparatively harmless and even in the mature ones the poison varies greatly—some having scarcely any at all.

In the case of this plant and the woolly and stemless loco weed some effort has been made to find out where they get their deadly poisons. That of the loco weed is a most subtle thing. The poison of the woolly loco produces strange hallucinations in its victims. It affects the eyesight and silently reaches one after another of the vital functions, killing the victim in two years' time.

Some animals after eating it refuse every other kind of food and seek only this. They endure a lingering period of emaciation, characterized by sunken eyeballs, lusterless hair and feeble movements, and eventually die of starvation. So mystic an element gathered from the earth and the air naturally causes wonder and the desire to know what such things may be and why they are.—*Ainslee's*.

VIOLINS MADE FROM CLAY.

AN old Scotch proverb says: "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." It seems to the ordinary person that it would be quite as impossible to make a good violin out of clay, but it has been done. A well-known manufacturer of the Messein ocarinas and porcelain organus has invented a process for the manufacture of violins and mandolins from clay. Some violins have already been completed, and the inventor has applied for letters patent for the same in different countries. Under this process the violins are cast, and every violin is guaranteed a success and to be excellent for producing music. The latter quality constitutes precisely the chief value of this invention. The porcelain body, it is claimed, is better able to produce sound than a wooden one, since it co-operates in the production of sound, making the notes soft and full.

RECENTLY a pastor was preaching to children. After asking many questions and impressing on the minds of the children that they must be saved from sin he asked the question, "What is sin?" A bright little boy, 6 years old, replied, "Chewing, smoking, cursing and tearing your pants."

The Q. & A. Department.

The editor of the Inglenook is not responsible for any of the signed answers given in this department. They represent the views of the writers whose names are appended. Sometimes they may be wrong according to your view, and in that case take it up with their writers. If an error of fact is made, correct that through the Inglenook.

❖

From what starting point did the original Brethren settlers about Milledgeville, Ill., come?

From Somerset County, Pa.—*Frank Livengood, Milledgeville, Ill.*

❖

Does a college education tend toward our characteristic plainness or the reverse as far as your observation has gone?

It tends towards a more rational, less formalistic and more deeply spiritual life.—*Amanda Witmore, McPherson, Kans.*

❖

From the time of the flower to being fit to eat, how long do oranges and lemons require?

Ten months. However the fruit may be forced by much irrigation but is not so good—*Mrs. A. B. Wells, 2505 W. Pico St., Los Angeles, Cal.*

❖

What degree of truth is there in the Barbara Fritchie poem?

There is no truth in it. It has been proven that General Jackson went through Frederick City before daylight with his army.—*Ora Beachly, Hagerstown, Md.*

❖

Where did the use of evergreen trees, mistletoe and holly on Christmas originate?

The use of evergreen was common in prehistoric and pagan times, long enough before the institution of the Christmas holiday. The evergreen idea represents eternal youth, and was carried over from pagan festivals to Christian observances. It is impossible to locate the first use of greenery on festival occasions. It probably dates back to the days of prehistoric man.—*The Nookman.*

Does the antelope of the plains do without drinking for any considerable period in a dry season?

The antelope of the plains can do without water for a number of days during the driest and the hottest weather, but they usually drift to the streams during the long dry spell in the summer.—*W. H. Wigginton, Quinter, Kans.*

❖

Have the wild turkey and the domesticated ones ever been successfully bred together, the young becoming the same as the tame ones?

They may be bred together and stay together until about grown, and then they go with the wild ones. Occasionally one stays longer, but never to my knowledge do they become the same as tame ones.—*W. K. Conner, Bridgewater, Va.*

❖

What is the prevailing sentiment about the success of prohibition in the State of Kansas?

The prevailing sentiment, or rather fact, is that it prevents all open saloons, closing the opportunity for ready drinking, thus prohibiting, in a large measure, the free use of intoxicants. But, through inter-state law and the decision of the court, liquor is shipped in gallon quantities into many parts of the State and sold under cover. Hence, prohibition, as it now exists in Kansas, does not wholly prohibit.—*Eld. J. S. Mohler, Merrill, Kans.*

❖

How do you account for the fish in a land-locked North Dakota lake?

How do they get there? Possibly through subterranean channels, or by means of spawn carried by water-fowls or amphibious animals, or by waterspouts during terrific storms. Just the other week a boy caught a fish eight inches in length near Cando, in a water dip which is usually dry through the fall and winter. Not long since I read of an abandoned tunnel in southern Pennsylvania, full of speckled trout. Perhaps all of us have read of showers of fish and frogs falling here and there. Many of the lakes of North Dakota are but apparently land-locked. During extreme wet seasons many are run together.—*M. P. Lichty, Zion, N. Dak.*

What was the nationality of the original settlers of the east Tennessee mountains?

The original settlers were Scotch-Irish from Virginia. These were closely followed by the Germans from Pennsylvania and also from Virginia.—*Ephraim Bickel, Case, Tenn.*

✧

Upon what food are the young of the mockingbird raised when captured from the nest, and what per cent survive?

Feed the birds on mashed potatoes and hard-boiled eggs. Mash the egg, shell and all, fine, and mix with the potatoes. Be careful not to feed too much at a time, but feed often. Russian mulberries, hemp seed and flax seed, fed in small quantities, are good for the birds. More birds are killed by irregular and overfeeding than otherwise. About seventy-five per cent of the birds survive when carefully fed as above.—*Chas. M. Yearout, Warrensburg, Mo.*

✧

What are the principal crops in Canada?

There is much good wheat grown here. We are told that some fields yield forty bushels to the acre, and that the average, in a good season, is from twenty-five to thirty bushels, per acre. All the other small grains do well here, but corn is not grown extensively.

Vegetables do remarkably well. In a matter of turnips, especially, the country can make a good showing. The ground is at first prepared, and made into ridges, as done in the United States for sweet potatoes. On the top of this ridge the seed is sown, and then thinned out till they are about a foot apart. They grow very large, and are of excellent quality. Peas grow well, and the best potatoes are raised. Fruit of all kinds is also grown.—*Lizzie Hilary, Hespeler, Ontario.*

✧

Were there bridges in biblical times?

That there were bridges in Bible times is quite certain, but it seems strange that the word bridge does not occur in the Scriptures. There is mention in 2 Macc. 12: 13 of a military bridge that Judas proposed to build to aid his military operation against Capsis. See Kitto's Cyclopaedia. One of the most extraordinary bridges of ancient times was built by Queen Nitrochis over the Euphrates at Babylon, said to be five furlongs in length.

Much attention seems to have been given to constructing temporary bridges for military purposes in crossing rivers and arms of seas. This was done by connecting boats by strong cables over which planks were laid. The army of the Xerxes is said to have constructed a bridge across the Dardanelles, consisting of three hundred and sixty vessels.—*Eld. I. J. Rosenberger, Covington, Ohio.*

✧

Does the INGLENOOK advise attending a great University or going to a smaller college?

Something will depend upon the character of the education sought. As a rule men of great reputation along certain lines are to be found in the Universities as instructors, but for good, all-round men, the professors of a smaller college are not surpassed anywhere, and it has been the case that very many eminent scholars have been turned out as a product of a small college. In a large institution the students never get together, and they never see all the professors at one time. In the smaller college the personal equation figures largely, and very much to the advantage of the student. The INGLENOOK advises a small college for preliminary and general work, and the University for any specialty that may be deemed advisable to acquire.

✧

What would be the probable outcome of raising a mockingbird where it would never hear another bird's song? In other words is the mockingbird's mimicry natural or acquired?

The mockingbird has several distinct cries of his own. One is of warning, one of distress, and one of defiance. These are all very much the same as those of the brown thrush, only more sharp and decisive. The mimicry of other birds is acquired.

A neighbor raised a mocker in the house during the late fall and winter. He did not learn any other birds' notes until spring. Then the sparrows were the first he heard and they were the first he imitated. During the winter he learned to sing, "Evalena," "Happy Day," and three or four other tunes very distinctly, and to say, "Sweet, pretty bird," as clearly as a person can say it. He is now two years old, and mimics all other sounds but does not whistle the tunes as much as he did.—*D. L. Mohler, Leeton, Mo.*



The Home







Department



THE INGLENOOK DOCTOR BOOK.

BELOW we give samples of the recipes that have come in this far. Will every Nooker, with a remedy of any kind, having a known value, send it in at once? The character of a few of them is shown below. The value of such a book must be clear to all. It is confidently expected that the book will be one of the best things of its kind anywhere. Every regularly-educated physician knows the value of these home remedies, and he knows, further, whether he tells it or not, that the less strong medicine one takes the better off he is. The simpler remedies are nearly always the best. Help make the book a good one. All, whether members or 'not, men and women, are allowed to contribute.

Every subscriber for next year will get this book as a premium. Additionally, if any reader knows of any remedy of great value in the possession of another, please notify us of the facts and we will try to get it:

*

No. 76.—TO REMOVE FOREIGN SUBSTANCES FROM A CHILD'S NOSE.

PLACE your finger on the side of the nose that has nothing in it. Put your mouth over the child's mouth and blow hard. The button or bean will be promptly forced out.—*Sister Sallie C. Cline, Castleton, Kansas.*

*

No. 82.—FOR AGUE OR MALARIA.

MAKE a strong tea of common mullen root. Drink one-third of a glass of this every two hours until the disease is broken. Continue the same amount every four hours for twenty-eight days to prevent the return of the malady.—*Lydia E. Taylor, Trained Nurse, 1014 Randolph St., Waterloo, Iowa.*

No. 26.—FOR CUTS.

IN the fall of the year gather puff balls when they have turned brown and are filled with a very fine dust, and put them carefully away. When needed cut open a puff ball and apply the cut surface of the ball to the wound. It will stop the blood. Another good thing to stop bleeding is soot from a stove pipe.—*John H. Rowland, Astoria, Ill.*

*

No. 57.—FOR SUMMER COMPLAINT.

BOIL one pint of blackberry juice, three-fourths of a cup of granulated sugar and one teaspoonful each of ground cloves and cinnamon to the consistency of thin syrup. For a dose give one-half teaspoonful to a teaspoonful. Repeat the does in an hour if needed.—*Hattie Y. Gilbert, Daleville, Va.'*

*

No. 62.—TO PREVENT LOCKJAW.

IN the case of a cut or wound caused by stepping in a nail or glass, bathe the part frequently in warm lye made of wood ashes to take out the poison. Then bind fat meat on the wound.—*Fanny E. Light, Nurse, 745 Hull St., Pasadena, Cal.*

*

No. 80.—FOR HICCUGHS.

TAKE a heaping tablespoonful of sugar and pour on enough strong cider vinegar to make it wet. Eat it at once. Repeat the dose if needed. This is the dose for an adult. Give children less according to age.—*Maggie E. Harrison, Conemaugh, Pa.*

*

No. 90.—FOR CRAMPS IN STOMACH.

TAKE two tablespoonfuls of hot ginger tea in which a half-teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved.—*Della Funderburg, Surrey, N. Dak.*

THE MARKETS.

FOR the benefit of the NOOK family who are interested in the prices of things we submit the following cost of everyday commodities in Elgin. It should be remembered that Elgin is but an hour from Chicago, and that the selling prices of most things are naturally regulated by the nearest markets. In each instance quoted below the figures represent the retail prices, and they are subject to change. This is especially true of vegetables and fruits. The quotations were the ruling price the middle of July.

Hay, \$13 a ton; corn, 65 cents per 50 pounds, ears, 70 cents per bushel; oats 54 cents per bushel; bran \$1.00 per 100 pounds.

Potatoes, \$1.00 per bushel, no old ones on sale; cabbage, 5 cents a head; onions, 5 cents per pound; turnips, 20 cents a peck; beets 3 bunches for 10 cents; carrots, 30 cents a dozen.

Butter, 25 cents; butterine, 16 to 20 cents; eggs, 20 cents; lard, 14 cents.

Bacon, 16 cents; shoulders, 11 cents; hams, 14 cents; no country cured hams on sale; corned beef, 10 to 12 cents; boiled ham, 25 cents.

Apples, 50 cents a peck, peaches, 30 cents a basket, plums, \$1.20 for case of 24 quarts; strawberries, 15 cents a box; black raspberries, two boxes for 25 cents; red raspberries, 9 cents per pint box; currants, 7 cents per quart; blackberries, two boxes for 25 cents; oranges, 30 to 50 cents a dozen; lemons, 25 to 30 cents a dozen; ananas, 15 to 25 cents a dozen.

* * *

WHAT THEY SAY.

"WE are very much pleased with the INGLENOOK."—*Clara Beeghley, Ohio.*

*

"THE NOOK is a grand paper and we are proud of it."—*Ira G. Blocher, Indiana.*

*

"WE anxiously await its coming every week. We especially enjoyed Frank and Kathleen's letters."—*A. Y., Ohio.*

*

"THE INGLENOOK'S pure, moral, religious tenancy proves its fitness for a home magazine. It is alike precious for young and old."—*Mrs. I. Armstrong, Nebraska.*

"I AM highly pleased with the INGLENOOK. It is the best magazine I ever read."—*Isaac Forney, Arizona.*

*

"THE NOOK is as full of good reading from beginning to end, as an egg is full of meat."—*A "Subscriber," Iowa.*

*

"I AM sure I would not like to do without the INGLENOOK as too many good things would be missed without it."—*A. C. Garman, Pa.*

*

"WE take seven or eight different papers, but I believe the pages of the NOOK are perused more than any of the others."—*L. Miller, Alabama.*

*

"NOW, one of the things I like about the INGLENOOK is that the articles are not lengthy, and are right to the point."—*M. A. Bill, Illinois.*

*

"I HAVE been a reader of the INGLENOOK almost from its beginning and have always had a keen appreciation of it."—*J. A. Seese, Virginia.*

*

"I THINK the Frank and Kathleen letters were worth a whole year's subscription."—*Grace Puterbaugh, Missouri.*

* * *

WANTED.

A STENOGRAPHER, one who understands the English language, and something of the technical phrasing of natural science, can hear of a good place by addressing: A. B. C, care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

Thousands of Sisters...

...HAVE BOUGHT...

...CAP GOODS

Of us and are well pleased. If you have never tried our goods, send us a trial order NOW. We are sure we can please you both in quality and prices. Send for free samples.

R. E. ARNOLD,

304 Mention the INGLENOOK when writing.

Elgin, Illinois.

IT IS WORTH TRYING

And I want to supply you with stock. Raising Belgian Hares is profitable, either as your principal business or as a side interest. They are valuable if raised only for their fur, worth double as much for market purposes, and sell for big prices as Breeding stock. Can be shipped anywhere. Shall I write you an interesting letter upon this subject, quoting prices?

W. G. NYCE, Proprietor,

Royersford Coops and Kennels,

30-113 Mention the INGLENOOK when writing.

Royersford, Pa.

A Handsome Watch !



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.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

AUGUST 2, 1902.

No. 31.

LULLABY IN A TREETOP.

Green are the branches that o'er thee are swinging,
Pale is the sky that is bending above;
Sleep, little robin, thy mother is singing—
Singing the wonderful song of her love.

Soft is thy nest with her downiest feathers;
Safe from the hawk it is hidden away,
Warm and secure in the roughest of weathers.
Sleep, little robin—sleep on till the day.

Father will guard while his darling is sleeping;
Guard from all harm with his sheltering wing.
Mother will answer that timorous peeping,
And how with the morning light father will sing!

Sleep, little robin, the shadows are falling—
Falling like feathers above thy warm nest.
Sleep, little robin, the twilight is calling—
Calling away to the country of rest.

—Portland Oregonian.

* * *

RUSSIAN THISTLES.

PEOPLE who live in the East have no idea of the pest known as the tumble weed, or Russian thistle. Immediately following its appearance in the West, strenuous efforts were made to prevent its spread, and information was disseminated on all sides, telling about the pernicious weed and advising those who had to deal with it methods of destroying it. The original seeds were probably brought to the United States from Russia. It is a thing that spreads rapidly and is very hard to get rid of. Lately it has been turned to some account by cutting it as hay. It is said to be very nutritious and fattening. Some even go so far as to say that it is the equal of the native grasses and of alfalfa. These thistles, when they are cut for hay, are harvested with mowers when they are eight inches or a foot high, and before they are hard and woody. It is a fact that the hay, where thistles grow, is preferred by the stock to the buffalo grass. It is even said that the long shoots of the western thistle are good

food for people. They are treated as greens and some people learn to like them. It is one of those pests that is impossible to get rid of, unless through the coöperation of everyone in the neighborhood. Ninety-nine people who will unite in a line of action, calculating to do away with the thistle, will have their efforts set at naught by the one who neglects them and lets them go to seed.

We would be pleased to hear of any other use to which the Russian thistle may be put from any of our Nook family who live where it grows.

* * *

NAIL-BITING A MATTER OF NERVES.

FOR a number of years a distinguished French physician, Dr. Berillon, has been making observations pertaining to the habit of finger-nail biting. The facts which he has gathered show that the habit is a result of a diseased nervous system. He examined the pupils in a number of schools. The habit is much more prevalent among girls than among boys. In some schools 50 per cent of the girl pupils had contracted the habit. It was noted that the nail-biters were the poorest students. The habit prevails most frequently between the ages of 12 and 14.

* * *

TRADE WAGONS AND VEHICLES.

NEARLY everybody has seen the delivery wagons of the hatter in the shape of a hat, or the shoe dealer's shaped like a large shoe. These emblematic vehicles have long been used by tradesmen, but since the advent of electricity as a motor they promise to be very interesting. The boy of the near future may yet see huge bottles, shoes, hats, books and the like travelling along the streets without apparent motive power. It will be exceptionally curious and interesting.

GROWING VIOLETS.

So important have the violets become in the estimation of the public that the Department of Agriculture has investigated the humble little plant, and the best methods of cultivating it have been given. It is even stated by one of the experts connected with the department that an annual profit of \$500 should be made from one hundred sashes devoted to violet culture. This and more too is made by farmers who are favorably located near the large cities.

This is evident from the prices paid for violets out of season. In the winter season five dollars must be paid for a good-sized bunch of handsome violets, and if one goes to a city florist's and orders a bunch appropriately tied with purple satin ribbon he will have to pay ten to fifteen dollars. How many violets go into a bunch is a matter that one can easily ascertain, but few stop to make the discovery. Fifty violets by artful handling will make a bunch two and a half inches in diameter, but no one save a florist can expand them to such dimension. One hundred violets make a bunch five inches across, and two hundred of the flowers will easily expand the circle to ten inches. The latter will often bring ten dollars in winter, and the other two five dollars and two and one-half dollars, respectively. That is at the rate of five cents a violet. The grower, of course, does not receive that amount, but after the profits of the retailer and cost of packing and transportation are deducted he still receives a cent or two for each humble little flower he raises. Under artificial methods of cultivation the violets begin their blooming season in October, and they are picked every day through the winter until after Easter. During the Christmas and Easter holidays the sales of violets are enormous, and thousands of dollars are spent daily for them. The violets are delicate flowers under any circumstances, and they do not retain their bloom long; but the big double ones of commerce are hardier than the modest single plants of the woods. But even these have to be picked in the afternoon and shipped to the market in refrigerators over night. They are always kept at a low temperature until actually sold. Then their period of bloom is rapidly shortened, rarely lasting more than an afternoon or evening. By morning they

look faded and withered and they are ready for the ash heap.

There are two kinds of violets now chiefly grown for commercial purposes. They are both hardy and prolific, and are the results of years of close study and culture. They are known in the trade as the Marie Louise and the Lady Hume Campbell. More recently the famous long-stemmed California violet has come into popularity, and as this plant is rarely attacked by diseases which threaten the other two varieties it is rapidly spreading in culture. This plant from the Pacific coast is like everything else Californian, huge in size and growth, the flowers often being raised as large as a silver half dollar. They are remarkably sturdy growers, and one plant successfully started will sometimes produce as many as two or three hundred blooms, but these California violets cannot be raised so successfully in winter in our Eastern climate and their appearance is rare before spring. California growers have recently attempted the experiment of shipping them east in mid-winter packed in paraffine-paper-lined boxes, and some success has been attained in this way. On the whole, though, the California violets appear at their best when raised in local greenhouses for the early spring trade, appearing then in all the glory of their pristine beauty and fragrance.

In order to raise violets for market it is necessary to make them grow out of their regular season. Instead of blooming in spring and summer, they are made to put forth their blossoms in late fall and winter. This is accomplished by keeping the violets under glass frames in the winter season and taking them up late in March and planting them out in the field where they can rest, withholding water from them until the fall. Then they are put in their winter sashes, watered freely, and sheltered from the cold and too much heat. The temperature is carefully regulated and perfect ventilation given night and day. Rich soil and fertilizers are bestowed upon them, and the plants are forced to a rapid growth early in September, so that blossoms can be obtained in October.

It costs from one dollar and a half to three dollars for cold frames, according to the size and quality of the timber and glass used. But it pays to put up good, substantial frames, for with proper care they should be made to last for many

years and more. Some beginners who have comparatively few plants to start with multiply them by cutting off the offshoots in spring after the blooming period, and putting these specially in separate places. All through summer they are kept growing, well shaded from the hot sun, and by fall they are ready to bloom. By another spring offshoots from these plants can then be obtained for further additions. In a few seasons a large quantity of violets can thus be obtained from a small beginning. It is even possible for the beginner to almost double his stock of plants each year, adding a few more frames to accommodate them. As each plant will yield at least fifty blossoms, and some a hundred or more, like the California violet, the profits are necessarily large.

There are violet farms near New York which annually raise several millions of violet blooms for market every year. One in Winchester County has some 6,000,000 plants on the farm. There are over two acres of land devoted to the culture of the little plants, and daily 50,000 of the blooms are picked by children and women for the market. The farm in winter is mostly covered with glass, and under the sashes the violets lift up their modest heads in the face of the coldest snowstorm. The houses are all built on the sheltered and sunny side of a hill, where the cold west winds cannot chill them at night. It is only rarely that the temperature gets so low that artificial heat must be supplied. There are stoves arranged so that this heat can be given at any time, and the interior of the frames made warm and comfortable, but usually the warmth of the sun, reflected through the glass, raises the temperature of the frames high enough for all necessary purposes. The frames are then built so that this heat is retained through the night. Artificial heat had to be supplied daily in mid-winter, as it has been found necessary in green-houses where roses are growing, the profits of the industry would be greatly lessened. It is because the violets are hardy enough to flourish in the winter without expensive methods of protection from the cold that makes their culture so general and popular. There has been the fear of undoing the industry in recent years, but so long as the violets are in such popular demand and retailed at such high prices there is plenty of opportunity to make good money in raising them.

Many women have entered this industry and fully a score of small violet farms are owned and operated by women who found it necessary to seek some means of earning a livelihood.—*New York Times*.

THE CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.—AN- OTHER VIEW.

BY PHIEBE H. PALMER.

As I lived in England until I was thirty-eight years old, I think I know all about its climate. An article on that subject in a recent number of the INGLENOOK is very misleading. The writer says that a long and drenching rain is almost unknown. Many a time have I got wet to my skin while on my way to work. He also says that the sky is never clear. I have seen the sky as clear there as I ever saw it in America. As to the stars never blazing, and frost and snow being as rare as the heat of pure sunlight, he is wrong about the stars, and I remember in the winter of 1860 the canal was frozen over for thirteen weeks, and that canal ran from London to Oxford. I have seen snow over the hedges and fences.

He is right about the summer heat, but says that in winter one is chilled to the bone in the houses. I do not remember its ever freezing in our house in my life. We would store away the apples for winter use and put a little straw over them and never lost any.

"The coal consumed is enough to heat the entire island to incandescence, yet such is the efficiency of the open fireplace that the man that crouches before it is blue to the lips and white to the roots of his hair." Now, I would like this writer to explain how it is if, as he says, frost and snow are as rare as pure sunlight, that the people cannot keep warm in their houses? For my part, give me the open fireplace instead of the stove, for I have felt the cold more in this country than I ever did in England.

I admit that in the large cities, such as London and Manchester, the stores are lighted up most of the time in winter. That is on account of the smoke from the works that are there. The houses are built of brick and stone, and I never saw a frame house until I landed in the United States

What he says of the temperature of summer is true. My home was in Warwickshire, the garden spot of England. Down in the north of England it is duller because it is near the sea coast, but even there, though the writer says that all over the island is steeped in a soft damp, there are bright and sunny days, and there are frost and snow in winter.

Luray, Kans.

* * *

INSECTS OF ARGENTINA.

BY DIANTHA CHURCHMAN.

THE insect life of Argentine, South America is abundant and attractive. Some are beautiful, some ugly, some quite curious, and many are a great nuisance. Perhaps they are useful in a way, or for something, but we fail to see for what purpose they were created.

It is a pleasure to watch the great variety of butterflies as they flit from flower to flower, or skim over the fields of alfalfa. Some of them are exquisitely dainty in color and markings.

There are beetles without number. Some of them are very pretty, especially the golden beetle. These are used for jewelry. The shell is quite hard and a beautiful golden green. Then there are the silver beetle and the rhinoceros beetle which resembles a tiny rhinoceros with his horn. They are great fighters.

Spiders and tarantulas are plentiful. They are mostly repulsive looking, but one variety is interesting. They build a large wheel-shaped web which, fastened from shrub to shrub, makes a pretty appearance in the morning sunshine, the silken threads glittering with dewdrops gathered through the night. One built a web in our garden. She was quite tame and liked to be petted. She lived there a long time and raised a large family, but one day Mrs. Wren discovered her and had a spider dinner.

Among the insect curiosities is the mantis or praying insect, so-called by the natives because of its attitude when disturbed. They say it is praying. Seeing it on the ground you would think it a straw or stick and on a tree, a dry twig.

Mosquitoes and flies are numerous during the hot months, and are a great nuisance, especially the blow flies. They will blow and consume living animals. The natives are cruel to animals, and sorrowful sights are often witnessed.

There are numerous families of ants. One variety throws up the earth, forming large mounds, while others live in dens deep in the ground. They are very destructive. Some morning you may go to the garden and find some favorite tree stripped of leaves, while the ants are marching like soldiers with the leaves across their backs.

The twilight is very short here, and daylight soon merges into darkness, when we can watch the fireflies as they dance above the horizon. Some of them are large and brilliant. The women of Paraguay are said to fasten them in their gauzy dresses and in their hair when they go to dances.

Ashland, Oregon.

* * *

THE HOME LIFE OF MRS. MCKINLEY

BY MRS. T. M. STUMP.

MRS. MCKINLEY lives on the corner of North Market street and Lewis avenue, just six square north of the public square, on the most beautiful street in the city. She occupies the house in which she and her husband went to house-keeping when they were first married, and where their children were born and died. When they came here from Columbus, to live, it was Mrs. McKinley's request to purchase the house which were associated so many memories of the past.

She does not go out any, except to visit beautiful West Lawn, the silent city where rest her parents, husband, and two children. Little wonder of her wish so often expressed, "That the good Lord would speed the day when she could again be reunited with her loved ones," for she is quite alone.

Since her health has improved, she superintends, personally, the affairs of her home. She employs a nurse, maid, butler, cook and coachman. The latter has care of the carriage and a fine team of dark bay horses, which may be seen every day, going to West Lawn cemetery.

Though she does not go out, Mrs. McKinley cordially receives a great many visitors in her home. One trait which especially endears her to the hearts of all the city is that no one is too poor or common to receive her notice, and she has a gentle welcome. One day a young man from the country brought a friend to call on the f

ily, but he remained in the carriage. As soon as Mrs. McKinley saw him she sent the President to bring him in and they gave him such a welcome that he said he would never again be afraid to call on them.

She has many visitors from abroad, and, quite recently, a member of Aguinaldo's cabinet from the Philippine Islands called to express his

ART OF JAPANESE GARDENERS.

A JAPANESE gardener does not strive after bright colors; he does not lay out beds mechanically or seek to trim the artificial. His object is to counterfeit a natural scene as nearly as possible. Above all he strives to eliminate every sign of his work. He cheats your eye into a loss



IN THE MILWAUKEE RAILWAY CO. REGION.

anks for what President McKinley did for the
nds.

By act of Congress she enjoys free use of
mails. She receives an average of about
7 letters daily, besides a great many maga-
zes and papers.

he has the sympathy and greatest respect of
the people here.

anton, Ohio.

of all sense of perspective. By judiciously selecting his trees and keeping every object on a small scale he can make you imagine that his garden is very much longer than it is and somehow he manages to deceive you as to its boundaries by artful arrangements of shrubs and stone work. He is a past master of landscape gardening craft and some of the work he turns out is truly wonderful.

COLORING "BUTTER."

Most Nookers are interested in bread and butter, in some form or other, and the money received from the sale of butter is a most important item to many a woman. The Nook is doubtless indebted for a good many of its subscribers to the butter money. But what we want to speak about in this article is the sale of oleo, the slaughter house product, out of which butterine is made.

As a good many readers do not know what butterine is, or what it looks like, let us say that it resembles in looks, and very largely in taste, the best dairy butter. Hundreds and thousands of tons of the stuff are sold, and, of course, it displaces the real butter to just that extent. Then the farmers got after the manufacturers by way of Congress in order to kill off the butterine business.

The fight of the buttermakers was almost entirely against the colored substitute made by the packers, claiming that many people were unknowingly buying oleo when they supposed that they were paying for fresh farm butter. Consequently in the law finally passed by Congress this spring, a tax of ten cents a pound was imposed upon the colored article, while the old tax of two cents a pound was reduced to one-fourth cent on the uncolored oleo. The idea of the defenders of the dairymen was readily apparent. By securing an unjust legislation against the sale of the colored article they believed that the demand for the uncolored product would be of so little consequence that the manufacturers of oleo would go out of business, leaving a clear field for those who manufacture butter only from the milk of cows.

It would appear from the above that the butterine people were doomed. Nobody would buy a mess that would look like lard and serve it for butter, whereas, if the taxes were paid it would make the price higher than the genuine article, and consequently there would be no sale for it.

The oleo makers put their heads together and determined to evade the practical workings of the law, if possible, so they sell with every package of the white oleo, a sufficient number of capsules of butter color, made of some vegetable substance, harmless of itself, and the housewife, hotel man, or restaurant keeper, does his own coloring, and he can make a very fair imitation of June butter out of his lot of white oleo.

Looking at the question from its moral aspect, it does not seem to have any element of wrong in it, for if there are people who prefer oleo to real butter, there is no reason why they should not have it, and there can be no law to prevent anyone's eating what he pleases, nor can he be hindered from making it any color, so that about all that has come of the oleo agitation is in the fact that hitherto the manufacturers did the coloring and now the purchaser does it. It is believed by those who are in the business, and so related to the purchasing public as to know, that a greater demand will be created for the imitation butter than has hitherto been the case. For small uses of butter, say in the ordinary family, it would not pay to go to the trouble involved for the small amount used, but at a big hotel or restaurant where thousands of people are fed, that is another story entirely.

* * *

"HELP YOURSELF."

THERE is a candy store in the lobby of one of the largest business buildings in Syracuse, New York, that is different, perhaps, from any other establishment of the kind anywhere in the world. It is owned and operated by a girl named Mary Elizabeth Evans. It has been in operation for about six months, in which time fully 16,000 boxes of candy have been sold, and the project is still in operation and promises to be a great success.

The difference between Mary Elizabeth's candy shop and the ones with which the youth of the Nooker is acquainted is in this: On the door of the show case containing the candy is a card bearing these words:

"Open these doors.
Take what you wish.
Leave cost of goods taken.
Make your change from my till.
Respecting the customer's honor,
Mary Elizabeth Evans.
Please close the door."

Thus it will be seen that customers are put to their honor and it is said that the loss has been trifling as not to be considered at all, and what does appear to be a loss through dishonesty is believed to be because people make mistakes in making change.

It appears that Mary Elizabeth, about the

years ago, when she was just budding into girlhood, was confronted by the problem of how to earn her own living and support the family to which she belonged. There was only one thing which she was an expert and that was at making domestic candies. She started in with the idea of letting the candy sell itself, and trusting to the honor of the public to do the right thing. She ordered a lot of pasteboard boxes and had printed thereon her picture and the legend, "Mary Elizabeth's Candies." These she put up in the store in the big office building, and turned the public loose on her stock. It proved to be a success from the start, and is still in operation. It is said that Miss Elizabeth expects to branch out in other cities where she will establish similar "Help Yourself" stores.

The Nook reader, whose confidence in human nature may not be very great, must remember that the location of the store is in a big office building, is in a place not to be readily accessible by the Arab and the small thief.

This thing of helping one's self to things and paying for them afterwards is not at all a new one, for in many places people, especially in a railroad restaurant, go in and take what they want and make up their own account and pay the cashier on leaving. The Nookman was once in a place of this kind along a Southern railway, where the crowd rushed in and took anything they wanted, put it on plates, and reported the amount at the door what they had, and paid the amount representing their helping, but Mary Elizabeth Evans' is the only "Help Yourself" candy shop that we have ever heard of.

* * *

NOTHING GOES TO WASTE.

In these days uses are found for almost everything under the sun. In few of the great industries is there any waste product. At the packing-houses means have been devised for turning every fragment of a slaughtered animal to account, so that, as far as a hog is concerned, nothing is lost save the squeal." The bristles are made into brushes, the entrails are used for usage casings, the hoofs are converted into glue and the fats unavailable as lard are used for soap-making. The uses to which the bones are put are varied. The chief product from

bones is glue and among other materials which are obtained from them are soap, glycerine and fertilizers. Nothing is wasted. Even the most economical boarding-house has a few parings and husks to throw away. There are no parings and husks in the disposition of bones.

The first stage in the utilization of bones is that of cleaning them. When brought to the glue factory they are apt to be covered with more or less dried flesh and bits of foreign matter. After being carefully culled over by workmen and broken by crushers they are soaked in a weak solution of sulphuric acid. From the soaking tanks the bones emerge white and apparently perfectly clean, but still redolent with a far-pervading odor. They are then placed in what are termed digesters, or steam tanks, where after being subjected to a pressure of steam for several hours a spigot is opened at the bottom of the digester and the liquid glue is drawn off. The grease of the bones, being lighter, is drawn off last and separated from the first product. The liquid glue is evaporated to a strength of forty-five per cent gelatine, a portion of which is permitted to harden for commercial use as glue and a part is refined and sold for gelatine for table use.

The grease is drawn off into cooling tanks, where in its crude state it is made into scouring soaps. By a process of refining and the mixture of vegetable oils and perfumes toilet soaps are produced. The spent liquors which are run off from the boiling soap are utilized for the manufacture of glycerine. The bones which are taken out of the digesters are ground up for fertilizing purposes and the dirty water in which they are cleaned is boiled down and made into manure. From the beginning to the end of the process not even an ounce of material is wasted.

* * *

GET into the habit of looking for the silver lining of the cloud, and when you have found it continue to look at it, rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hard places.

* * *

"WHOSO causeth the righteous to go astray in an evil way, he shall fall himself into his own pit: but the upright shall have good things in possession."

THE HUMBLE HAIRPIN.

THE comprehensive merits of the hairpin are known to all observant men. Its special value in surgery is asserted by a writer in *American Medicine*. It seems that a surgeon can do almost anything with a hairpin. He can wire bones with it, probe and close wounds, pin bandages, compress blood vessels, use it "to remove foreign bodies from any natural passage" and "as a curette for scraping away soft material." And no doubt the women doctors can do a great deal more with that most gifted and versatile of human implements. Anthropologists have never done justice to the hairpin. It keeps civilization together. In the hands of girls entirely great it is much mightier than the sword or, for that matter, the plow. What is the plow but a development of the forked stick, and what is the forked stick but a modification of the hairpin? If there was any necessity a woman could scratch the ground successfully with a hairpin now. In fact, there is no work or play in which something may not be accomplished by means of it.

Dullards will tell you that women aren't so inventive as men: don't take out so many patents. They don't have to. With the hairpin all that is doable can be done. With a hairpin a woman can pick a lock, pull a cork, peel an apple, draw out a nail, beat an egg, see if a joint of meat is done, do up a baby, sharpen a pencil, dig out a sliver, fasten a door, hang up a plate or picture, open a can, take up a carpet, repair a baby carriage, clean a lamp chimney, put up a curtain, rake a grate fire, cut a pie, make a fork, a fishhook, an awl, a gimlet or a chisel, a paper cutter, a clothespin, regulate a range, tinker a sewing machine, stop a leak in the roof, turn over a flapjack, calk a hole in a pair of trousers, stir butter, whip cream, reduce the pressure in the gas meter, keep bills and receipts on file, spread butter, cut patterns, tighten windows, clean a watch, untie a knot, varnish floors, do practical plumbing, reduce the asthma of tobacco pipes, pry shirt studs into buttonholes too small for them, fix a horse's harness, restore damaged mechanical toys, wrestle with refractory beer stoppers, improvise suspenders, shovel bonbons, inspect gas burners, saw cake, jab tramps, produce artificial buttons, hooks and eyes, sew, knit and

darn, button gloves and shoes, put up awnings, doctor an automobile. In short, she can do what she wants to. She needs no other instrument.

If a woman went into the Robinson Crusoe line, she could build her a hut and make her a coat of the skin of a goat by means of the hairpin. She will revolutionize surgery with it in time. Meanwhile the male chirurgeons are doing the best they can, but it is not to be believed that they have mastered the full mystery of the hairpin.

GROWTH OF CATCH PHRASES.

NEARLY everyone has at times been puzzled to account for the origin of words and phrases they hear used in the conversation of those with whom they come in daily contact. Some of these are peculiar in their etymology and give no indication of their parentage. The word "hurrah," for instance, is a token of joy in use for centuries. It is the battle cry of the old Norse vikings as they swept down to burn and murder among the peaceful British. "Tur aie!" was their war cry, which means "Thor aid"—an appeal for help to Thor, the god of battles.

"It's all humbug!" Perhaps it is. Humbug is the Irish "uim bog," pronounced humbug meaning bogus money. King James II. coined worthless money from his mint at Dublin, his twenty-shilling piece being worth two pence. The people called it "uim bog."

It was a Roman gentleman of two thousand years ago who first asked "where the shoe pinches." He had just divorced his wife and his friends wanted to know what was the matter with the woman. They declared she was good and pretty. "Now," said the husband, taking off his shoe, "isn't that a nice shoe? It's a good shoe, eh? A pretty shoe, eh? A new shoe, eh? And none of you can tell where it pinches me."

"Before you can say Jaek Robinson" arose from the behavior of one John Robinson, Esq. He was a fool. He was in such a hurry when he called on his friends that he would be off before he had well knocked at the door.

"There they go, helter-skelter!" This phrase was coined at the defeat of the Spanish armada. The great fleet of the Spanish invasion was driven by storm and stress of the English

tack north to the Helder river and south to the Skelder river—the Scheidt.

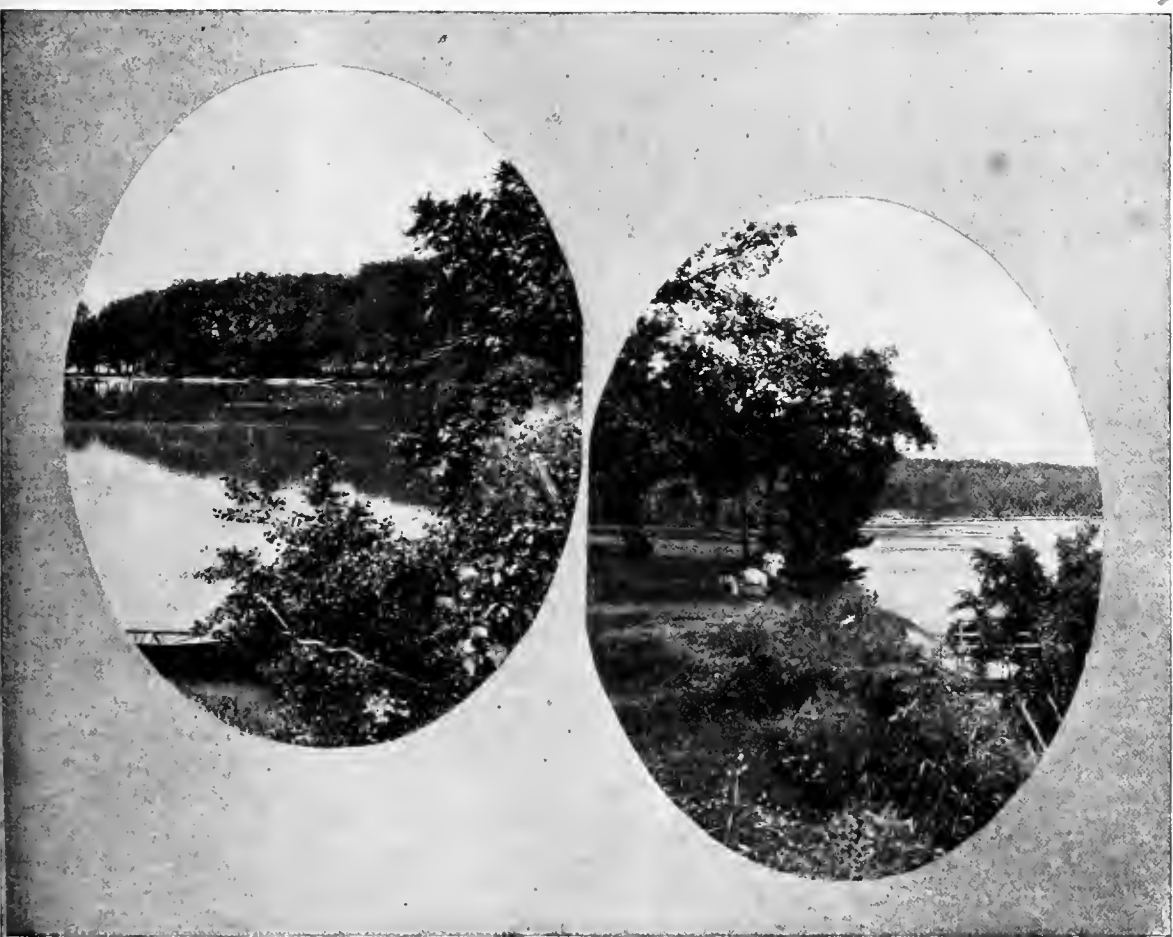
Do you know why a hare is called "Puss"? This is not a riddle, but just an example of how words get twisted. The ancient Norman knights who came over with William the Conqueror pronounced the word "le puss." The puss he remains to-day.

"Go to Halifax." That town was a place of special terror for rogues because of the first rude

"Spick and span" comes from the "spikes" and "spanners"—the hooks and stretchers for stretching cloth new from the loom

To "dun" a man for debt comes from the memory of Joe Dun, bailiff of Lincoln, who was so keen a collector that his name has become a proverb.

"News" is a queer word—the initials of north, east, west, south, which appeared on the earliest journals as a sign that information was



MILWAUKEE RAILWAY SUMMER RESORT SCENE.

guillotine invented there by Mannaye for chopping off felons' heads. Halifax law was that the criminal "should be condemned first and inquired upon after." Coventry had a queer law in old times by which none but freemen of the city could practice a trade there. Strangers were tarred out. Hence the phrase of shutting a man out of human company—"sent to Coventry."

to be had here from the four quarters of the world. The sign was N E W S, and gave us our word "news." The history of many a word of our language is as interesting as a novel is supposed to be.

❖ ❖ ❖

WAIT till the job is done to do your boasting. There may be several unnoticed banana skins.

NATURE



STUDY.

SOME BIRD WAYS.

BIRDS do not feel obliged always to build to a type. They are not hampered by tradition. Not all robin nests are cemented with mud and placed singly in a tree, though it is a prevailing fashion. Robins' nests have been found made of flowers and other material, and one robin extravaganza is reported which included eleven nests side by side, all woven together by one pair of birds, the middle nest used for the cradle.

A flicker, too, of independent thought and open mind has been discovered. Finding a haystack that had been sliced squarely off, leaving a plain wall, she was quick to see the advantage and saving of labor in excavation, and chiseled out a typical woodpecker nursery, and reared her family therein. It is the custom of our common mocking bird to build an open nest in a tree, but in Arizona, where there are fewer people and more egg-loving snakes, the bright-witted bird selects an almost impenetrable cactus and makes a hanging nest, with the further protection of an entrance several inches long.

A great deal has been said of the ingenuity of the tailor bird of the old world in sewing leaves together to hold the nest. That it is ingenious is not denied, but we have a bird of our own who does something quite as remarkable. It is an oriole of California, who swings her hammock from a broad leaf of banana or palm, by which cleverness she secures both shade and protection from enemies. She actually sews the nest to the under side of the leaf, using thread-like fibers from the edges of the leaves and passing them back and forth with her bill.

The giant cactus of the west offers welcome opportunity for a departure from the ways of ancestors, several birds finding its enormous stalks easy of excavation, and its spine-covered ribs good protection. Woodpeckers seem to lead the way, and make the cavities which are afterwards appropriated by the tiny owls of that region, and by a wren who is so fond of the situation that it has been named the cactus wren.

HORSEHAIR SNAKES.

THE "horsehair snakes" are small, flesh-colored mites which live principally in stagnant water. After going through various transformations they come to the surface of the water in the shape of very slender, purplish looking threads. When they reach this last stage, they leave the water and work their way up the stalks and leaves of aquatic plants. When opportunity affords, they attach themselves to the feet, legs, wings and other parts of larger insects, often, as one authority states, creeping under the wing case of beetles. In the case of the cricket, katydid, grasshopper and other insects of that ilk, whose legs are hollow, the tiny horsehair takes the advantage and creeps up the hollows into the very vitals.

This accounts for the fat and clumsy condition of some individuals of the above-named species, single specimens of the cricket having been caught with over two dozen of these thread-like "snakes" attached to and inside of their bodies. After heavy rains, which frequently drown crickets and katydids which are weighted down by these parasites, the "horsehair snake" emerges from the carcass of the insect a full-fledged miniature serpent. In this mature state he is the delight of the curiosity seeker and a mine of study to those who delight to delve in nature's bypaths. Those which have been fortunate enough not to have been carried very far from water by the insects which they encumbered during life make their way back to the ponds to lay their eggs. They then wrap themselves around their eggs, which soon hatch into the little flesh-colored mites mentioned in the opening. About this time the parent "snake" dies to make room for its progeny.

* * *

ANENT THE NILE.

THE Nile overflow is regular. The rise in the river begins in the same week every year. It is caused by the tropical rains in the Abyssinia.

sinian mountains, which begin at regular periods. The Nile is formed by two streams which unite at Khartoum, the White Nile and the Blue Nile. The White Nile is formed by the overflow of Victoria Nyanza. It passes through a swamp called the Sudd, composed of floating islands of vegetation and masses of reeds, grass and tree trunks. The Sudd is several hundred miles in extent and the water, in passing through it, becomes laden with minute particles of vegetable matter which give it a greenish appearance and supplies one of the elements of fertility which makes it so valuable to the Egyptian farmers. The White Nile is steady and does not vary in volume. The name Blue Nile is an attempt to translate the Arabic name of the river which means turbid or mud colored. About the first of October the mountain streams in Abyssinia begin to bring down the lava dust and disintegrated volcanic rock of the mountains and the river rises several feet a day until it has risen eighteen or twenty feet. It then remains almost stationary with several short rises, until February, when it begins to fall. In June it is at lowest level again. The combination of the green vegetable matter of the White Nile and the mountain soil of the Blue Nile makes what the natives call "red water." When the sediment has settled they call it "white water," and it has then lost its usefulness as a fertilizer.

* * *

IN THE MATTER OF CONSUMPTION.

WE see it stated authoritatively in a recent article that consumption is a contagious disease, and the lack of knowledge in regard to it causes its dissemination among people who are otherwise well. It is said that this disease is never transmitted from parents to children. One may inherit a weak constitution and thus make himself more liable to attacks, but it is said that nobody ever inherits the actual disease. All cases of contagion come from the contact with the germs which have been thrown off from the lungs of human consumptives, and the characteristic of these germs is that they retain their vitality for many years, and the sputum of a consumptive in the dust of the street is likely to be carried into the lungs of passers-by.

It is believed that these germs will retain their baleful qualities for years. Be this as it may, it

is certain that too much care cannot be taken in a sanitary way to prevent the diffusion of disease through the community or among those nearest the patient.

* * *

VALUE OF BLACK DIAMONDS.

CARBONS, or black diamonds, are chiefly used in drilling for mining deposits—that is, in prospecting work. They have a combination of hardness and toughness possessed by no other material. They are used to point the steel bits used in rock boring by prospectors. They are found only in Brazil, where the natives collect them along the river beds. The finest grade costs the consumer about \$42 a carat and it is said that anything offered for a lower price should be looked upon with suspicion, as certain dealers have become very expert in coloring imperfect stones and otherwise treating them so that even an expert cannot detect their imperfection.

* * *

THREE HUNDRED DEGREES OF COLD.

FAHRENHEIT, by the action of salt on ice, secured what was then thought to be the lowest temperature attainable and used it as the basis of his thermometer; but now, through the use of liquefied gases, a temperature of 300 degrees Fahrenheit is easily produced.

* * *

THE larvæ of *Culex*, commonly known as wigglers, are familiar to almost everyone, and are the common wigglers found in horse troughs and rain water barrels, which wriggle around in the water, returning at frequent intervals to the surface to breathe, and when at the surface hanging with simply the tip of the tail extruding, the rest of the body being held below the surface at a great angle. What is called the "tail" is simply the breathing tube.

* * *

WE would be pleased to have original communications for our Nature Study Department. These may consist of descriptions of any bird, animal or insect, plant or natural curiosity. Many Nookers live close to Nature and cannot fail to have opportunities of noticing the unusual side of what we are pleased to call the inferior creation.

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The smallest draught the thirsty may relieve;
The slightest shock may make a heart to grieve.
Naught is so small that it may not contain
The rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain.

* * *

NOW THEN, YOU BOY OR GIRL.

THE Nook wants to preach you a sermon. And it is true as real preaching. The text is the boy or girl who is whining over unfortunate surroundings and environment of family and fortune that seem to prohibit or interfere with personal advancement.

First, the Nook will admit that conditions may hamper the individual in his upward struggles, and that such conditions do exist in many a case goes without saying. But about all in such a condition is that it makes the work slightly harder, but by no means are the deterrents a fatal interference.

We will suppose a pretty bad case, one harder than any Nooker is likely to be concerned in. If a father and mother are both drunkards, a thing that is common enough in parts of the country, and the house, for there is no home, is a scene of continual strife, what is the outlook for a clean-minded, unsullied boy or girl, on the edge of ac-

tive life, with such conditions about them? It is hard, we admit, but by no means insurmountable.

The facts are that in this life the good opinion of those whose opinion is worth anything, is not based on family considerations. It will depend on the conduct of the individual himself, not on his surroundings. In the case of hard surroundings overcoming them is an added honor. The feeling on the part of the boy or girl that the delinquencies of parents are charged up to them is a mistake. True, the thoughtless and the ill-composed may do this, but it is not that class it is intended to please. The better, the sensible part of the community, will notice and commend and help onward any upward effort made by anybody, independent of the environment of the actors when it is beyond their control. That is a thing for the disheartened boy or girl to remember. It is not what others see, but what we, ourselves, are. If we do the right thing we will be credited for it.

In case the conditions are only those of poverty and hard lines the rise in the world is easy. All there is in it is to go ahead and do right as far as your light allows, and the rest will take care of itself. There are many people whose poverty and inability to meet the world on as well dressed a basis throws them back in seeming neglect. But it is only seeming and not actual. It is character that counts, not clothes, no matter what you may think about it. In the long run character wins out. It is in the reach of everybody, and the whimpering young person who thinks he is barred out by the situation, or the acts of others is mistaken. He wants to take hold with the best that is in him, and if he holds on to the best he will show to better advantage with the somber background behind him. The good opinion of everybody worth having is open to all comers if they come with character as a recommendation.

* * *

THE WEATHER.

As an unailing topic of conversation "The Weather" is perhaps unequaled. A good deal of the talk that goes on about weather conditions is illogical and inconsistent. If it rains a good deal, people say it is entirely too wet. If there is a dry spell, it is said to be entirely too dry. It

either too warm, too hot, or too cold for the average mortal.

It seems to us that this criticism of the Almighty is altogether uncalled for, while it is certainly useless. The Christian is supposed to believe that God sends the winds, the rains and the sunshine, and that what comes is for the best. Reverse criticism savors very largely of knowledge more than the Maker of all things. A man may feel too warm for personal comfort, but he has no right to say that the whole weather condition is wrong. To a man or woman who believes that God does all things for the best, such a censure of Omnipotence seems certainly out of place. It is a great deal better to take things as they come, and be glad they are as they are, and thankful they are not half as bad as they might be.

* * *

IRRIGATION.

To the eastern reader the talk about irrigating the great west, and the government taking a hand in it, has little meaning. But the real facts are that it is a matter of tremendous import. As matters now stand, in the arid and the sub-arid portion of the West agriculture is more or less a gamble, but with the best soil in the world, the skies overhead, and a certainty of water the whole country would be a garden, certain in its results year after year.

Irrigation is something that does not admit of great holdings of land being operated by one man, and the final outcome will be a dense population that will make its enormous total production severely felt by the eastern farmer who depends on the weather for his crops. The picture suggested will likely not develop during the lifetime of any Nook reader. It is sure to come, however.

* * *

MOVEMENT TOWARD CANADA.

THERE is undoubtedly a strong effort being put forth to introduce emigration to Canada. The government offers unusual inducements for settlers, and there are many persons taking hold, coming from the United States into the western portion of that country. Whether they will better their condition, all things considered, remains to be tested.

LEAKS.

Waste no time throwing stones at dead snakes.

*

Strange that we never show our tempers till after we have lost them.

*

Love your neighbors, of course, but keep up your fences all the same.

*

Hindsight is better than foresight, but it is generally the most expensive.

*

What a smart set we would be if we were half as smart as we think we are.

*

Friends may be bought for love but they never sell for anything in the market.

*

A woman is never satisfied with half of anything; she wants all or nothing.

*

The best speakers and writers always quit when they have really said it all.

*

Don't trust him who asks your confidence. He has a motive and will do you up.

*

A woman with beauty only is like a cheap chair highly varnished. It doesn't wear.

*

It takes an old bachelor to tell all about women, and an old maid to raise other people's children.

*

One can most always tell the Nook reader from afar,—seems to be at peace with the world.

*

Slander is a walking miasm, preferring the dark to light, but spreading contagion far and wide.

*

Money is like a greased pig, hard to catch and harder to hold. But some experts are able to do both.

*

Genius is opportunity held fast, but the trouble is we don't know an opportunity when we see one.

*

Wealth, fame, or place come to all who persistently seek them. The Kingdom of God is given those who think most of others.

EXTRAVAGANT PEOPLE.

Just now, when the Panama hat is taxing the reserve finances of hundreds of men, it is interesting to note that there are other hats more expensive than even the best specimens imported from the tropics to tempt the fashion slaves of this country. What is more, the lavish expenditure of money for articles of dress is by no means confined to hats. Fancy cloaks, ball costumes, and gowns come in for a share of consideration in this connection.

In the matter of hats Mexican cowboys are perhaps the most reckless buyers in the world. They wear sombreros made of special felt which is absolutely waterproof and practically everlasting. These hats are heavily ornamented with delicately chased silver and cost all the way from \$50 to \$1,000. In the National museum at Washington is one of these hats which once belonged to Gen. Grant, and which, when new, cost \$1,500. But even this is not the most expensive hat made. The honor of having owned this belongs to an Englishman named Shedard. It was made in Alsatia and is valued at \$5,000. It is plaited of spun glass and two years were consumed in its manufacture. There is not another hat of the kind or of such value in existence.

Fabulous sums are frequently expended for garments by members of the royalty in many countries of the old world. The emperor of China perhaps leads all the others in the matter of luxuriant dress. He has one robe, along with several others of great value, the cost of which cannot be correctly estimated. The magnificent garment is made of hand embroidered silk, lined with white astrakhan and sable. The furs alone are worth \$5,000 and each of the buttons contains \$15 worth of solid gold. This robe was taken possession of by some English officers at the fall of Peking and has excited much comment in London, a city by no means unfamiliar with a liberal handed royalty.

What is regarded as the most valuable garment in the world is a feather cloak given to Capt. Thompson of the British navy by Queen Pomare of the Sandwich islands. When this cloak was exhibited at the fisheries exhibition in 1883 it was insured for \$500,000, which fixes its value at considerably more than this amount. The

robe is made of birds' feathers whose extremity makes it of almost unreckonable value.

Next in point of value comes the attire worn by the present czar of Russia at his coronation. Exclusive of the crown, scepter, and other regalia his coronation robes cost more than \$200,000. England also has not been free from the royal extravagance. George IV., for instance, footed a bill of \$115,000 for his coronation outfit, \$90,000 of this amount being the furrier's shares of the account. In spite of the magnificence of the cloth of gold especially made for the coronation robe of King Edward VII, the amount expended by him fell several thousand dollars short of this figure.

Fancy dresses, like coronation robes, come high if anything unique is attempted. Not long ago in London a young woman appeared at a ball as a beetle. Her gown was a shimmering glitter of iridescent beetle wing cases—green, gold, and glossy black. Fifteen thousand beetles were sacrificed to produce the gown, which was made in India. It originally was owned by an Indian rajah, and came into possession of the wearer's father. The value of the robe is \$7,500.

When the Infanta Eulalia of Spain visited the World's Fair she was presented with a magnificent robe of some gleaming green stuff, the texture of which she was unable to guess at. Its material was, like that of the hat already mentioned, spun glass. It was made at Dresden, in Germany, took five months to complete, and cost \$1,750. The color effect of this dress under strong light is marvelous. As its wearer moves, ripples of pale green, pale blue, and silvery white appear to chase one another across its surface. The dress does not sparkle, but possesses a very sheen all its own. When the princess wore it recently at a fancy dress ball in Madrid created a tremendous sensation.

Equally sensational, more costly, but certainly not so beautiful, was the attire worn at a New York fancy dress carnival by a woman who represented "Money." She had over \$2,500 worth of paper money fastened on her gown, besides an immense number of coins of different denominations and countries.

Being a mayor in London is a good deal more than the honor of appointment on a governor's staff in this country. The recognition comes home to London's new mayors will have to be rich

stand the cost of their official robes and jewels. The lord mayor, for instance, has three official mantles:

His state robe of scarlet and sable and worth some \$2,500; his reception robe of black Damascus silk, trimmed with gold and valued at \$1,750; and his bench robe for wearing at the mansion house police court. Two hundred and fifty dollars is the least sum for which a mayor's chain of office can be bought, but \$1,500 is a more usual figure. Then there is the cost of cocked hats, black stockings, buckled shoes, etc. Few mayors have spent less than two hundred and fifty dollars for their outfit: many have laid out eight times that sum.

It is expensive enough in America to be in military life, but the cost here isn't a marker to the situation that confronts a British officer before a general can attend court in England and is forced to "blow" himself in royal fashion for the necessary trappings that go with his position. His tunic costs him one hundred and twenty-five dollars; waistcoat, twenty-five dollars; gold laced trousers, twenty-five dollars; dress sash, forty dollars; sword with slings, forty dollars; cocked hat, twenty-five dollars, boots, twenty-five dollars; badges of rank, fifty dollars; total of three hundred and fifty-five dollars. For a field marshal the expense is fully one hundred dollars higher.

The expense of wearing good clothes in this country is quite equally proportioned between men in public life and ordinary civilians. It may be that some officials more to dress themselves becomingly in accordance with their positions, but as a rule extravagance along this line is left to men of wealth who exert a wider influence in society than in public affairs. An every day business suit, cut to fashion and made of material which meets the fancy of men with established tastes, costs all the way from forty to eighty dollars, the prevailing figure being near the fifty dollar mark. The prince of Wales, however, with almost \$500,000 a year, contents himself with a forty-dollar suit, refusing to go higher. The extras that go with every complete wardrobe cost as much as their owners care to invest. The expenditure depends entirely upon the estate of a man's pocketbook and his tastes. Dress suits cost from \$75 to \$125 each, while

the numerous accompanying incidentals are graded to suit each individual case.

The ordinary civilian of this country spends more money for clothes than his English brother. But among men in official life the Englishman easily outpoints the American.

* * *

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, CLEMANTHE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTISS.

MEN seldom think of the shadow that falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones, whose loving smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave even with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal of relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throngs the world to-day will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

"In the beautiful drama of *Ion*, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to give his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his beloved Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: 'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the streams that flow forever—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe.'

* * *

"EVER a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise: and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding."

TALES OF TOPSYTURVEYDOM.

OPPOSITE the harbor of Arica, Peru, but several miles inland, there rests on an even keel in the midst of the tropical forest a large, full rigged ship. Visitors to the place are naturally surprised at its position, and almost invariably inquire how it got there. The answer they receive, however, does not help to allay their curiosity, but rather excites it to a higher pitch, for the native guides have one set formula applicable to such cases, and this they rattle off merrily, the while a good-natured grin illumines their normally solid, mahogany colored countenances: "Senor, she sail here all by herself one day many years ago."

Impossible as this explanation sounds, it is literally true. The name of the vessel in question is the Wateree, and on August 13, 1868, she was lying quietly at anchor in the bay opposite the town in question, when a huge tidal wave, due to some stupendous submarine seismic upheaval far out in the Pacific ocean, lifted her in its embrace and swept her clean across the town and its environs, finally depositing her high and dry, and practically uninjured, on the spot where she now is.

Of course, this terrific wave wiped, at the same time, Arica off the face of the earth, and a similar fate also befell Arequipa, Iquique, Toena, Chenchu and many other coast towns in Peru and Ecuador, but in no single instance was any other among the hundreds of ships caught preserved in so remarkable a manner.

Nevertheless, the occurrence is not quite unique of its kind. At Santa Cruz, in 1857, a tremendous tidal wave lifted the American cruiser *Monongahela* upon its crest, carried her clean over the site of the town of Frederichstadt and back again, and this without injuring the ship to any great extent. The receding wave, however, did not quite complete its work satisfactorily. It landed the corvette on the beach instead of in the bay, and it cost the United States government \$100,000 to refloat her.

A ship sailing over what is ordinarily dry land is certainly a remarkable spectacle, but not more so than that afforded by a railway train running upon water. This latter could have been seen any day during the winter months at Lake Baikal, in Siberia, where the transsiberian railway

was in process of construction thereabouts. The immense inland fresh water sea is frozen over from November to May, and as soon as the ice was strong enough a regular track used to be laid down and the trains ran backward and forward across the forty miles which separate the eastern and western shores.

The effect, when gazing downward out of the carriage windows, was said to have been most uncanny. So clear was the ice sheet covering the well-nigh fathomless depths below, and so pure the water, that thousands on thousands of salmon and other large fish could be plainly seen swimming about, and the startled traveler was almost able to persuade himself that he was being borne by some goblin train over a phantom ocean. Since, however, a regular service has been established, passengers are spared this experience. Instead of laying a temporary track upon the frozen surface, huge ice-breaking ferries have been built, each one of which is capable of transporting a complete train across the lake.

Some terrible accidents may be expected to befall aerial navigation should air ships ever become sufficiently perfected to make this species of travel at all common, owing to the fact, well known to aeronauts, that there exist in the earth's atmosphere, at certain places and under certain conditions, veritable holes or pits of vast depth. An air ship sailing unwittingly into one of these aerial craters, would sink with far more certain and far greater swiftness than would a leaden ship of the same size and shape in an ocean of water.

M. Tissandier, ballooning with two friends above the town of Vincennes a few years back, happened on one of these invisible air holes, which proved to be over a mile in depth, the balloon falling that distance with such incredible rapidity that the earth appeared to be rushing to meet them with the speed of an express train, and the bags of ballast thrown out by the alarmed travelers fell, not downwards as might have been expected, but upwards. Luckily a denser stratum of air, answering to the bottom of the pit in question, was encountered when they were a few hundred feet from the ground and the downward rush of the balloon was checked as if by contact with a pneumatic cushion.

Sometimes topsyturveydom—topsyturveydom

that is, from our point of view—is stumbled upon by ignorant experimenters, with results the reverse of unbeneficial to themselves. Only the other day, for instance, a Burmese contractor, never having seen a European-built locomotive or railway carriage, constructed some, the wheels of which were fitted with outside flanges. The British resident engineer was aghast, but, nevertheless, like a wise man, he decided to try them; and to his unbounded surprise he found that the new style of wheel would round, without derailment or locking, curves of a sharpness that would infallibly have caused wheels with inside flanges to jam or jump the track.

* * *

MARKS OF THE GULF STREAM.

SAILORS can always tell when they are entering or crossing the gulf stream. The waters of that part of the ocean—or, rather of the river that traverses the ocean—are a perceptibly deeper blue than that of the neighboring sea, this blueness forming one of the standard references of the nautical novelists. The depth of color is due to the high percentage of salt contained, as compared with the cold green water of higher latitudes, observation having shown that the more salt held in solution by sea water, the more intensely blue is its color. Thus even in extra-tropical latitudes we sometimes observe water of a beautiful blue color, as, for instance, in the Mediterranean and in other nearly land-locked basins, where the influx of fresher water being more or less impeded, the percentage of salt contained is raised by evaporation above the average.

Another important fact in connection with the stream is its almost tropical temperature, due to the fact that its high velocity enables it to reach the middle latitudes with very little loss of heat. Upon entering its limits the temperature of the sea water frequently shows a rise of ten degrees and even fifteen degrees. It was this fact that gave to the stream in the later years of the eighteenth century and the earlier years of the nineteenth an importance in the minds of navigators that it no longer possesses. In those days the chronometer, invented by Harrison in 1765, was still an experiment. Instruments were made and nautical tables often at fault.

The result was that the determination of the

longitude was largely a matter of guesswork, a vessel after a voyage from the channel to America often being out of her reckoning by degrees instead of by minutes. The idea, first suggested by Benjamin Franklin, that the master of a vessel by observing the temperature of the surface water could tell the moment of his entry into the gulf stream and could hence fix his position to within a few miles, was hailed with delight. The method was published in 1799 by Jonathan Williams in a work lengthily entitled, "Thermometrical Navigation, being a series of experiments and observations tending to prove that by ascertaining the relative heat of the sea water from time to time the passage of a ship through the gulf stream and from deep water into soundings may be discovered in time to avoid danger." In this work he makes the patriotic comparison of the gulf stream to a streak of red, white and blue, painted upon the surface of the sea for the guidance of American navigators.

* * *

CONSCIENCE.

THE following is from an editorial in the *Chicago American*. Is the definition of conscience a correct one?

"And I suppose that the conscience of every human being is the memory of the noblest character with which that being has come in contact, combined with the desire to be worthy of the affection and pride of the one admired.

"Probably every man's conscience, every woman's conscience, the conscience of every boy and of every girl, is really based on admiration for some other human being

"Therefore the good that is in the world comes from the example that is put before the young by older people.

"Everyone of us is forming the conscience of some younger person, everyone of us in his life conduct assumes a responsibility in addition to the responsibility for his own welfare.

"The memory of a good mother is stronger than the grave, stronger than any temptation."

"Every mother and father should set a standard for a child's conscience high enough to defeat temptation when temptation comes."

* * *

SAY all the good things you can about others without any ifs or buts.

BEARS AND BEARS.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

"GRANDPA," said Harry, looking up from the market column of the daily paper, "What are 'bears' ? It says: 'corn lower; bears worry the bulls.'"

"In the stock exchange," Grandpa answered, "the men who want the prices to go down are called 'bears.' Those who try to force them up are called 'bulls.'" He threw back his head with a reminiscent laugh. "Once," he said, "I saw what I should call a great deal more respectable sort of bear, worrying cattle, good and hard. Shall I tell you about it?"

Harry pushed away the paper "Yes, indeed," he replied eagerly.

"It was away back in York State, about sixty years ago," said Grandpa. "Your great-uncle Ben and I were boys then, and we had some great times, I tell you, for father's farm was in the heart of the timber country. Ben and I brought the cows every night, from the pasture about a mile away.

"It was a long strip of half-cleared land, dotted with burnt stumps of the trees which had been felled some time previous. When we got to the bars we used to climb on top of the posts and call 'co-boss, co-boss,' and pretty soon the cows would come stringing along from the far end of the pasture.

"One night, arriving rather later than usual, we found that they had already started, and were filing down along the path; so we sat leisurely on the bars to wait for them. Presently we saw black Becky stop with a snort, and back plump into old Susan who followed her. In a minute the panic had spread along the line till the entire herd were snorting and bellowing, like mad, in terror at one of the stumps beside the path. We watched them for several moments in amusement and perplexity, for we could not make out why they should be all at once so frightened at a familiar object.

"But it was growing toward supper time. I got down from my post, at last, and started towards the herd. 'I'm going after them!' I exclaimed, impatiently. 'We can't wait all night for a lot of stupid cows that daren't go by a charred stump!'

"Ben slid down too, but he caught me suddenly by the shoulders.

"'Hold on there, Win,' he said 'Your charred stump that's bothering the cattle is a big black bear!'

"You'd better believe I got all over my hurry for supper. We sat there quietly for a good half hour, waiting his bearship's good pleasure; but he got down on all fours, at last, and trotted away to the woods, leaving a fidgety herd and two very thankful boys."

Elgin, Ill.

HER NEST IN A MONSTER'S MOUTH

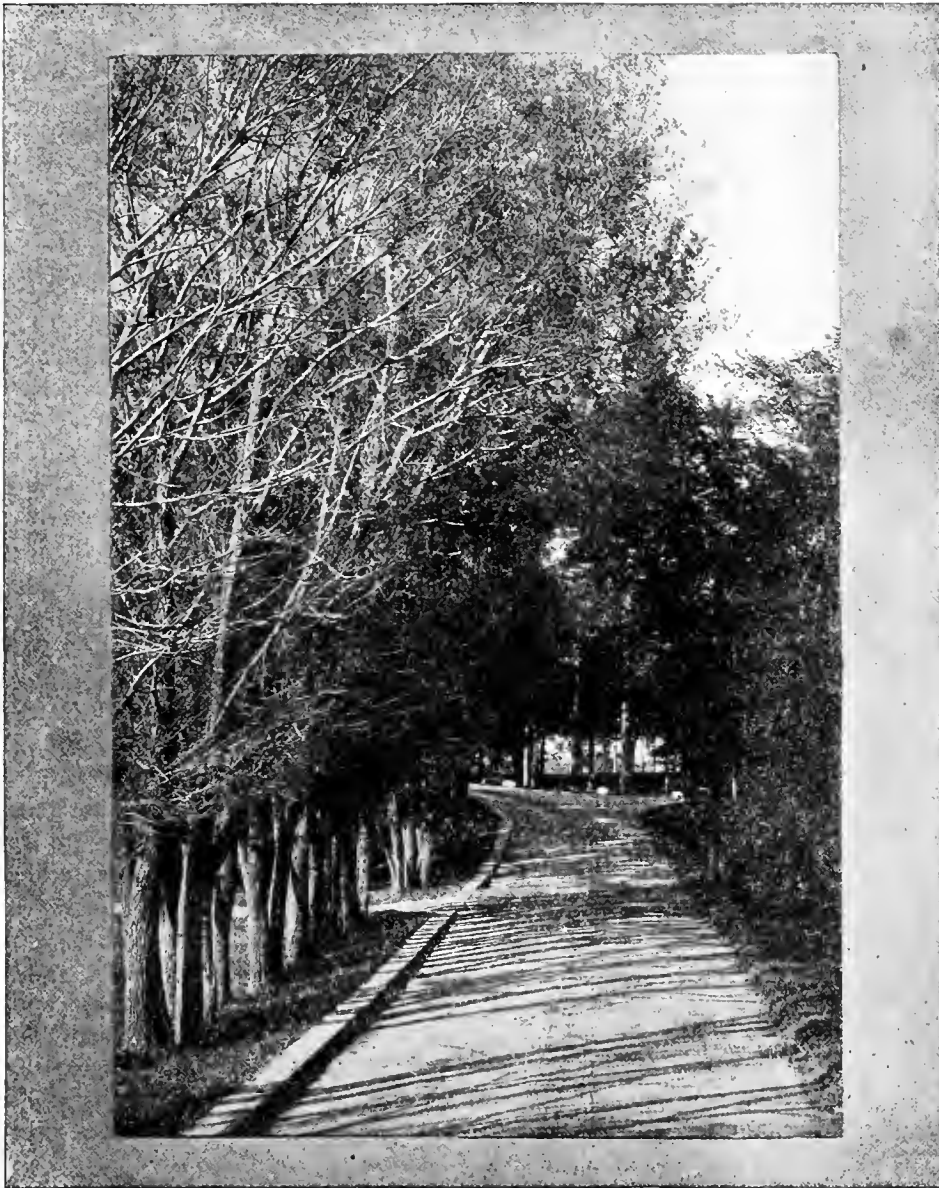
OF the many strange places in which an English sparrow is satisfied to shelter her young, the one which is probably most amusing and which is seldom noticed by those in its vicinity, presents itself to the observing passerby as he walks through the Fifty-seventh street arch, which is an entrance to the University of Chicago.

The arch itself is a very attractive piece of stonework, and the notable features of the gateway are decorations which consist of large, ungainly monsters carved from stone in such a manner as would give them the appearance of crawling up the sides of the arch. Above the keystone of this arch stands the king of the Grifons, while over each pillar where the arch rests is carved still another hideous creature with wide open jaws and bulging eyes. In truth a more unshapely and uninviting animal could not be conceived, even including one of King George's dragons. And here these sentinels stand, day after day, as if guarding and protecting all who are within the inclosure.

One day a little sparrow, after tugging at a straw, an end of which was deeply rooted in the ground, flew up with the dry blade and alighted on the head of one of these animals. She chirped to her mate two or three times, accidentally dropping the straw in doing so, when she immediately started to fly after it. A slight wind was blowing at this moment and the straw was forced between the very jaws of this lifeless monster. The courageous little bird followed it, and alighted in the mouth of the animal, but, alas! the straw had caught in some wedge shaped fissure in the stone, and the persevering sparrow pulled and tugged in vain.

A few days passed, when to the observer's surprise, the single straw had been hidden by leaves, strings and feathers; in fact, soft substances of every description nearly filled the monster's

To believe in God is well in a way, but we must do more than that; we must live in God and *confide* in him. "Behold, we know not anything," and "Though he slay me yet will I



A BIT OF RURAL WISCONSIN.

mouth, and on the top of this delicately built nest, chirping in defiance to any bird which dared to come near those awful jaws, sat the same sparrow, while snugly protected under her were four tiny eggs.

trust him." Confidence in God is what some men lack, and that is the reason they suffer so much. What a beautiful and happy world this will be when we can all confide in God—have full confidence in him as the Loving Father of all.

SOMETHING ABOUT FROGS.

THE WRITER has often wondered how many people are familiar with frogs as an article of diet. Certainly not all of the Nook family are accustomed to frogs as an article of food, yet in a great many places, and in almost all cities they are regarded not only as a special food, but are deemed luxuries and command a high price, profitable to all those who are so situated as to be able to cater to the market.

In some parts of the United States frog farming has been gone into with every assurance of its being a decided financial success. In case any Nooker is so situated that he has a considerable amount of marshy land available it would pay him to enter upon the business of raising frogs. They are readily grown and take care of themselves, while the market for them is never glutted and is not likely to be for many a year to come.

The season in which frogs are eaten runs from the first of April to the middle of October, and the strongest demand for them is just after the disappearance of the spring broiler of the chicken family.

All frog hunting is done at night. They sleep on logs and drift wood, and in marshy grounds, at certain seasons of the year, they are more or less out in the open. The frog hunter usually goes accompanied with a companion who carries a lantern or torch and a bag to put the frogs in. The frog is stupefied and bewildered by the light and generally allows the hunter to get near enough to him to crack him over the head with a stick, when he is picked up and put in the bag carried by the helper. In some parts of the country a gig or tined spear is used. Some of these frogs are very large, sometimes weighing between two and three pounds. They are best hunted for on damp nights when there is little or no moonlight. The hind legs and trunks are the parts used for food. They are skinned and tied up in a dozen bunches, and they sell at retail from \$2.00 to \$3.00 a dozen, out of which the hunter gets from \$1.00 to \$2.00 a dozen. In this way a great many people add very materially to their income, everything being dependent upon the number of frogs the hunter is able to capture. There is always a ready market for them.

If any Nooker happens to live where frogs are plenty and would like to sample the delicacy, let him first catch his frogs, kill them, skin and cut off the hind legs, which should be treated in all respects as in frying chickens. After one gets over the "thoughts of the thing" everybody takes kindly to them.

* * *

THE SAFE PLACE IN A STORM.

MANY people, and especially women, have a great dread of lightning. For that reason they will not carry bits of metal in their pockets during a storm. Others get as far away from the piano as possible, believing the wires to be a great point of danger. And there are still others who will not sit near a window.

Professor J. W. Langley, an expert electrical engineer, of Cleveland, Ohio, declares all these to be fallacies. He declares that the middle of the room is the safest place during a storm.

"There is a constant tendency on the part of the electricity in the sky to reach the ground," he says. "To do this it must have a conductor. Atmospheric electricity always follows the outside of the conductor or agency that leads it to the ground. That's why the middle of the room is the safest place during an electrical storm.

"I know a number of instances where a bolt of lightning followed the walls of a room, burning it on all four sides, while the people in it, being away from the walls, were only slightly shocked. That is the only safe precaution known to science.

"It is a well-known fact that more people are struck by lightning in the country than in the cities. The reason for this is because the builders have unwittingly safeguarded the cities. Buildings to-day have tin and copper eave troughs. Many of the roofs are of metal. Wires are everywhere. All these things are conductors.

"If all the buildings in New York were connected by copper straps it would be absolutely impossible for lightning to strike the city. That is what I mean when I say people in large cities are safeguarded.

"Lightning cannot expand itself over an area. It must concentrate itself. It must find the weakest spot. But the city is so generally cov

ered with conductors that there is practically no weakest spot.

"In the country it is different. One tree is higher than the rest. Perhaps there is a stream of water beneath it. That tree is the weakest spot in the wood, and the lightning destroys it. A farmhouse stands in a vacant lot. There are no other houses near. That house is the weakest spot, and there the lightning strikes.

"So my advice to people is that they remain in the center of the room during every thunderstorm. They will be safer there than anywhere else."

* * *

SMALL PAY FOR HARD WORK.

In the great printing office at Washington where the government paper currency is prepared for circulation there are some very skillful women who receive only small pay. This is notably true of those who inspect and count the sheets of bills as they come from the presses. Every sheet contains four bills, each of which must be perfect. If there is ever so small a spot or flaw in the printing the bill is rejected. These women have to be experts who have served in all the capacities from printer's assistant up, until they can detect in an instant a flaw which would not be seen by the untrained eye. They inspect and count 16,000 sheets of bills a day, and their compensation is \$660 a year; they have to pass rigid examinations before they can get into the service at all.

Persons who suffer from the heat in summer should be comforted whenever they lick a postage stamp, for the girls who put the sticking material upon that stamp are in a much warmer place. During the average warm day in Washington the thermometer stands at 110 degrees in the big room where the government's stamps are coated with glue. The sheets of stamps are run through long boxes filled with very hot air in order to dry them thoroughly, and these heated boxes raise the temperature of the room in spite of open windows and many electric fans.

* * *

SOME LONG TAILS.

THERE have just been received by the American museum of natural history at New York our specimens of long-tailed Japanese barn-

yard fowls, two cocks and two hens. The tails of the two cocks are each eleven feet long and those of the two hens are about eight inches long.

Although undoubtedly descended from domestic fowls intended for poultry, the long-tailed birds are of no value except for museum collection and to show what can be done by selection in breeding. The exact origin of the breed isn't known, although it has been traced as far back as one hundred years ago.

At that time Japanese poultry raisers in Shin-owara, in the province of Tosa, produced these cocks and hens as curiosities by mating birds with unusually long tails and keeping up the process. The proper name of the fowl, derived from the place of its probable origin, is Shin-owara-to.

The breeding of the birds is now carried on principally in Kochi, in the same province, where the fanciers get \$15 for a cock with a ten-foot tail and \$25 for a bird with a tail longer than ten feet. The hens are sold for \$1.50. The cocks not only have abnormal tails, but the body feathers growing from the shoulders of a good specimen are about four feet in length.

The hens lay in the spring and fall and each bird produces about thirty eggs a year. She isn't allowed to hatch them herself as that might muss her tail and in course of time cause the breed to deteriorate. The menial work of sitting is done by an ordinary bird.

The life of the bird is about eight years. He never loses his tail feathers or the long body feathers by molting. The cock roosts on a bamboo perch near the top of a narrow cage ten feet in height with openings at the top for light and air. The bottom of the cage is kept dark, for a light below would tempt the rooster to hop down and ruin his tail in a snarl. He is washed once a month and taken out of the cage once in two days for an airing, with an attendant holding up the end of the tail to save it from being soiled or mussed.

The long-tailed fowls are fed on rice and greens and they drink a great deal of water. About all their strength goes into their quills.

Two of the specimens at the American museum of natural history are snow white and the other two are reddish brown, similar in color to gamecocks.

The Q. & A. Department.

The editor of the Inglenook is not responsible for any of the signed answers given in this department. They represent the views of the writers whose names are appended. Sometimes they may be wrong according to your view, and in that case take it up with their writers. If an error of fact is made, correct that through the Inglenook.

❖

Does wheat ever turn to chess?

Here is the old question again. No sir, wheat never turns to chess or anything else whatever, under any circumstances.—*The Nookman.*

❖

Is there any government land open for settlement near Cando, North Dakota?

In Towner county there is no government land at all, but it can be got about one hundred miles west of Cando.—*Owen Phillips, Cando, N. Dak.*

❖

Would you advise a young woman to take up a claim in North Dakota and stay on it as the law directs till she secured a patent? Is it ever done?

Yes, it is often done. An unmarried person is not required to live continually on the claim, but simply to make it her home and improve it—*Hannah Dunning, Denbigh, N. Dak.*

❖

In what sections of Virginia are peanuts grown for market?

They are grown in the counties of Surrey, Isle of Wight, Southampton, Nansemond, and adjoining counties in the southeastern section of the State.—*J. A. Dove, Cloverdale, Va.*

❖

Are there any precious minerals in the way of gems found near Moscow, Idaho?

At about two and one-half miles from Moscow, Idaho, opals used to be mined. Some very fine ones were found. The mines have been shut down now for years.—*Ellis H. West, Moscow, Idaho.*

❖

What wild game was found in Oklahoma prior to its settlement by white people?

The bear, panther, Mexican lion, buffalo, elk and catamount—*Henry Troxel, Burnett, Okla.*

What amusements or meetings do the young people have in North Dakota during the long winter months?

Literary and debating societies and singing schools—*Iva Sharp, Cando, N. Dak.*

❖

Who is the author of the doxology, Praise God from whom all blessings flow?

Thomas Ken wrote it more than two hundred years ago. He was an English clergyman, who died in 1710, and is buried at Frome, England.—*The Nookman.*

❖

Will the Nook man give a rule whereby one can avoid poisonous mushrooms?

Surely. All there is to do is to keep away from them, and stick to something you know, turnips or their like. There is no "rule" whereby one unskilled in botany can distinguish between edible and poisonous mushrooms.

❖

Does tomato raising for the canner pay the farmer engaged in it?

Whether it pays the farmer to raise tomatoes for the cannery depends on adaptation of the soil to the crop, climate, season, variety, distance from cannery, and "The man behind the gun." At 20 cents per bushel, 100 bushels per acre will pay a net profit of \$6.00; 200 bushels \$22.00; 300, \$35.00; 400, \$54.00; 600, \$90.00 approximately, if not more than one mile from cannery.—*D. P. Showalter, Glenvar, Va.*

❖

Are we safe in concluding that our eyes are a right if they never pain us?

By no means if we are troubled with headache or irritated nerves. Imperfect focusing is often the cause of severe headaches which are credited to the stomach. The same has often caused nervous disorders of the most serious type. There are instances on record in which eyes which never pained at all have caused their owners to go from pictures of health to physical wreck. Glasses, correctly fitted, is an efficient remedy. Bathing in hot water will give temporary relief.—*Mary Grace Hileman, Elgin, Ill.*

Are the Nezperce Indians an agricultural people?

A recent census bulletin states that they are and that many dairy cows are found among them, but as far as I can learn the Nezperce Indians do not bother about dairy cows or similar matters. The word Nezperce means pierced noses.—*Pearl Johnson, Nezperce, Idaho.*

❖

Where did General Lee stay after the war? Was he engaged in any business?

At Lexington, Virginia. He was connected with Washington and Lee University. I think he occupied the honorary position of President of the institution. He was buried at Lexington, Virginia, and a splendid monument marks his resting place.—*H. C. Early, Montevideo, Va.*

❖

Was Daniel of the Bible cast into the lion's den twice or were there two Daniels? See Daniel 6: 16 and in the Apocrypha in the history of the Destruction of Bel and the Dragon, verse 31. Were both the same Daniel?

The apocryphal part of the Bible consists of fourteen books which were found in the Septuagint and Vulgate versions of the Old Testament, but not in the canonical Hebrew scriptures. These fourteen books are very generally rejected by all Protestant churches because of their lack of authenticity. There was but one Daniel in sacred history, and he was cast into the lion's den but once as far as reliable record goes. The reference in the Apocrypha, not being reliable, cannot be considered or a question relating to it be properly raised.—*Galen B. Royer, Elgin, Ill.*

❖

Are oysters cultivated on the Pacific coast as they are in the eastern waters?

No. We cultivate two different kinds. The eastern young growth is shipped here in barrels and on arriving is spread out on the beds, which are sand and only above water at extreme low tide. They require about two years to develop and are then marketed in all the coast cities at a large profit to the men who cultivate them. The young growth cannot be propagated here because the waters are of too uneven a temperature, but this difficulty is likely to be overcome as we gain more experience.

The western oyster is found in great quantities on natural beds, in many places, in most of the bays and harbors, but are very small. These are taken from those beds during three months

from March 15 to June 15, in Washington, and are spread on suitable beds owned by individual oystermen and require from one to two years to grow to full size, when they are again "picked" or "tonged" at low tide, and after being carefully "culled" are sent to market in sacks like wheat and bring about \$2.50 per sack.—*Mrs. N. E. Murdock, Oysterville, Wash.*

❖

The sun comes up in the South here in this new country. That is, it is impossible for me to right myself with the cardinal points of the compass. Is there any relief?

Yes, it can be remedied in a minute. First place yourself facing the east, or where you think it is. Then have some one blindfold you, and turn you around and around, mixing you up completely, and then place you facing the *real* east of the country. Then removing the bandage you find that the whole business has adjusted itself correctly instantly. The sun will seem to have come around to where you thought it ought to be.—*M. H. J., Elgin, Ill.*

❖

Why is not irrigation practiced in the eastern States, say in Pennsylvania? -

Most eastern farmers chance it with natural precipitation, but in some places irrigation is practiced in Pennsylvania. From *Forestry and Irrigation*, a publication devoted to the dissemination of information about such subjects we glean that irrigation began more than one hundred years ago, in Berks county, where small areas of bottom lands were artificially flooded as early as 1800. Until recent years the practice of irrigation was confined to narrow and comparatively level strips of land edging the streams, upon which water could be diverted easily and at slight expense. The hilly nature of the country in which irrigation was first introduced precluded the possibility of any considerable extension of irrigated areas.

The acreage artificially watered in 1899 was devoted principally to hay, more than 93 per cent of the total area irrigated being in this crop. A large part of this acreage was reported from Monroe, Northampton, Lehigh, Bucks, Berks, and Lancaster counties in the southeastern part of the State. In 1899 the acreage of hay irrigated was 758, and the value of the crop was \$17,920, or \$23.64 per acre.—*The Inglenook.*



The Home







Department



**SOME RECIPES FROM THE INGLE-
NOOK DOCTOR BOOK.**

No. 63.—FOR CRAMPS, OR CHOLERA MORBUS
UNCHECKED.

SWEET oil and warm water gives it immediate relief.—*Fanny E. Light, Nurse, 752 Hull St., Pasadena, Calif.*

No. 50.—FOR CHAPPED HANDS.

SCALD two quarts of bran in three quarts of water, let this settle and bathe the hands often in the water.—*Katie E. Kellor, Tipton, Iowa.*

No. 9.—COLDS.

TAKE dried elderberry blossoms and make a tea. When the patient has chills give it warm, when fever give it cold.—*Sister George Hoke, Elkhart, Ind.*

No. 97.—TO PREVENT LOCKJAW.

TO a wound caused by stepping on a rusty nail, apply at once a thin slice of old fat pork with some turpentine dropped on it.—*Mrs. Josiah Clapper, Loysburg, Pa.*

No. 79.—FOR A WOUND CAUSED BY
STEPPING ON A NAIL.

WASH a liberal bunch of lettuce leaves, scald till well wilted and bind on the wound as hot as can be borne. Renew when cold or dry.—*Maggie E. Harrison, Conemaugh, Pa.*

No. 88.—WHITE LINIMENT.

GOOD for sprains, bruises, sores, sore throat, etc. Take one quart of sharp apple vinegar, one-half pint of turpentine, and three eggs, and shake well together. This is equally good for man or beast.—*Leona Shively, Newville, N. D.*

CARAMEL BLANC MANGE.

BY CORA KEIM.

BEAT the yolks of three eggs light. Put in a saucepan a cup of maple syrup, stir in the beater yolks and place over the fire. Stir until the mixture becomes hot, take from the fire and add one tablespoonful of Knox's granulated gelatine which has been dissolved in a quarter of a cup of cold water. Beat this mixture until cold then add the whipped cream and beaten white of eggs and freeze as ice cream.

GOOD DUMPLINGS.

BY M. E. ROTHROCK

HAVE good broth of fresh beef or chicken at the boiling point. Take one pint of flour and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder sifted together and a little salt. Mix with cold water or sweet skimmed milk to thick batter and drop into the broth and boil for ten minutes.

Hartland, Wash.

TO BRINE CUCUMBERS.

BY ANNA M. HAINES.

GATHER the cucumbers from two to four inches long if of a long, slim variety, smaller if of a short thick variety. Make a brine sufficiently strong to bear an egg well up to the surface. Wash and drain the cucumbers, place in a jar and cover with the brine, allow an extra handful of salt for the water that might remain from washing the cucumbers. Place a light weight on top, just enough to keep them under but not heavy enough to mash them. This is equally good for beans.

Cushing, Iowa.

THE CROP OUTLOOK.

THE crop outlook throughout the country is very good, with the exception of certain portions the East and South, where wheat stood light on the ground. There does not appear to be surplus of apples anywhere in the United States, but the Minnesota and Michigan crop is only up to the ordinary. The wheat harvest is better in the great wheat-producing sections, save the far north, and the result has been, in the main, satisfactory to farmers. The outlook for corn and potatoes is from good to very good throughout the United States except in certain portions where there has been too much rain, and even there the crop may pick up and turn out well.

A great deal is seen in the papers in relation to the crop, but our co-editors and observers, being practical farmers, do not make unfavorable reports to the INGLENOOK office. Where they have missed it in one crop there seems to have been a compensating excellence in other departments of agriculture. Unless something should come over the crops now, the season promises to be an ordinarily good one, with better results for corn and wheat than have ruled for the past few years back.

* * *

THE INGLENOOK Crop report for the month of July will not be made public property, and no work will be allowed to pass over to the next month. The reason for this is in the fact that the wide variety of climate in the territory covered by the INGLENOOK renders the report for this month in regard to the wheat and oats as well as the corn an unreliable one. The harvest is over in a good part of the United States and is yet to come off in a very large part of the growing section. By another month the amount of the crop will all be cut or be so far advanced that it can be determined what the outlook is, so we will not send out our schedules until the following month. That report will show the condition of the crop all over the United States and the condition of the corn in such a way as to be a very perfect picture of the general crop conditions.

The weather for the month of July has been very favorable for outside operations. It has done a great deal and in some places the corn

and the weeds are of equal height by reason of the weather not permitting work in the fields. The general report in regard to the wheat makes a very good showing. The prospect for corn is good. By another month we will average up the yield and the price in various sections. At present writing the outlook is good to very good, excepting in very limited areas where the rains came too late to be of material service.

* * *

WHAT THEY SAY.

"I REGARD the INGLENOOK as a most excellent paper. It ought to visit every home."—*S. A. Sanger, Virginia.*

*

"THE NOOK is greatly improved by the pictures as they are the very ones we all enjoy."—*Nannie J. Roof, Missouri.*

*

"THE NOOK is a much coveted magazine in my family. It is all that could be desired."—*J. K. Shively, North Dakota.*

*

"WE are readers of the NOOK and can scarcely wait from one week to another for its coming."—*John H. Thomas, Pennsylvania.*

*

"WE like the NOOK very well. Would not know how to better it, especially Frank and Kathleen's letters."—*Jacob S. Petry, Ohio.*

*

"THERE is an influence that runs from the magazine that strengthens, encourages and uplifts."—*Samuel W. Kulp, Pennsylvania.*

*

"THERE is something about the paper that makes it take. What pleases me so well is its moral purity, its educational force, and its general information."—*D. Mohler, Missouri.*

* * *

WANTED.

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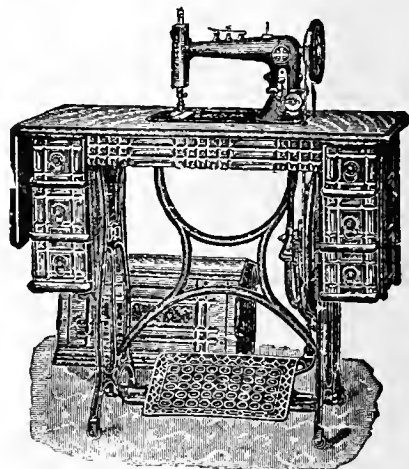
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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

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No. 32.

NOBILITY.

True worth is being, not seeming.

In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in the dreaming

Of great things to do by-and-by.

For whatever men say in blindness

And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—

We cannot do wrong and feel right.

Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure.

For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow.

The bush for the robin and wren.

But always the path that is narrow

And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses.

Nor catch them, like fishes, in nets,

And sometimes the thing our life misses

Helps more than the thing which it gets;

For good lieth not in pursuing.

Nor gaining of great nor of small.

But just in the doing, and doing

As we would be done by, that's all.

—W. P., in Boston Ideas.

ALBERT E. WETTIN.

WHAT would be the name of King Edward II. be if he ceased to enjoy his kingly title? other words, what is the family name of august house? Not a very easy question answer, considering that his majesty's for-ars were sovereigns centuries before surnames, we now understand them, were used at all. However, here is our answer to the conundrum: Dynastically, King Edward belongs to the Anoverian line, or to speak more exactly, to the line of Brunswick-Lunebourg, a branch of which became the royal line of England when George, son of Princess Sophia (granddaughter James I.) and of Ernest Augustus, elector of Anover, ascended the English throne in 1714. The family name of the elector was Gnelph, and

Guelph, therefore, has been the surname of the monarchs of England from George I. to Victoria, inclusive.

Queen Victoria married, as we all know, her cousin, Albert, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, of the senior (though not now the kingly) branch of the house of Saxony. The family name by which this house, which dates from the middle of the tenth century, came afterward to be known as Wettin, and this was, and is, the surname of both branches—the Ernestine and Albertine branches—of the house of Saxony ever since. Our present gracious sovereign, therefore, though maternally a Guelph, is paternally a Wettin, and were he to become an American citizen he would, presumably, be known as Albert E. Wettin.—*Modern Society*.

MUSIC TO HEAL WOUNDS.

THE attention of medical men has been called to two extraordinary cases reported from a hospital in Paris. A man had been seriously cut by accident and the wound refused to heal. From time to time the patient went into violent paroxysms and death appeared certain. A surgeon who had given much attention to the subject of vibrations secured the services of a violin player and treated the sufferer to a musical remedy. A change appeared at once and under the influence of the violin recovery was rapid and complete. In the other case a wound continued to suppurate in spite of all that could be done. The violin was again called into requisition and played close to the injured part, which was bared for the purpose. Soon the wound assumed a healthier appearance, sup-uration ceased and complete cure was effected. In both these cases it was noted that only certain kinds of music were of benefit, showing that vibration must be strictly in accordance with the nature of the wound

MOTTOES OF STATES.

If you desire to have fun with a learned acquaintance, ask him simple questions about his country, its history, financial condition, political divisions, geographical lines, climatology, topography, etc. Questions that any schoolboy can answer Dr. Knowall will stumble clumsily over, often getting a bad fall. There is one question that I have never heard anyone answer—namely, "What are the mottoes of the several States of the Union and their meaning?" A clever man may name that of his own State and guess at those of three or four of the more important sister States, but he is unlikely to know the meanings of any that are in the original Latin. Try some able professor in a crowd and see him flounder.

Ask the professor if he knows that the great seal of the United States was designed by an Englishman, Sir John Prestwich, who also suggested the motto, "E Pluribus Unum?" Our ablest men had failed to propose anything acceptable. Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Lovell, Scott, Houston and others wasting nearly four years on the task. Franklin proposed Moses dividing the Red sea with this motto, "Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God;" Adams proposed the choice of Hercules and Jefferson the children of Israel in the wilderness. Doesn't it seem funny? Some of the suggested mottoes were "Bello vel Pace" (For War or Peace), "Semper" (Forever), "Deo Favente" (With God's Favor), "Virtus Sola Invicta" (Virtue Alone Invincible), etc. After six years the Englishman's device was adopted, and it yet remains the arms of the United States.

If the professor is familiar with the obverse of the great seal, ask him what he has to say of the reverse, and the chances are one hundred to one that he cannot recollect the unfinished pyramid, the eye in the triangle, the glory proper, the motto over the eye, "Annuit Cœptis" (God Has Favored the Undertaking), and that under all, "Novus Ordo Seclorum" (A New Series of Ages). The obverse of the great seal, with its splendid eagle, the bundle of arrows, the olive branch, the thirteen stripes, the thirteen stars, the glory breaking from the clouds and the "E Pluribus Unum," is magnificently American, but the pyramid, the desert, the forbidding

Egyptian sky and the eye in the triangle on the reverse are simply barbarous.

The great seal of the Confederacy by a strange arbitrament of fate was never used. It was made in England and reached Richmond about the time of its evacuation by the armies of the lost cause and the Confederate government. Its motto was "Deo Vindice" (God Maintains). The seal is a handsome silver die about three inches in diameter, bearing an equestrian portrait of Washington (after the statue in Richmond), surrounded with a wreath composed of cotton, tobacco, sugar cane, corn, wheat and rice—the principal products of the Confederate States. Its cost in England was about \$600 with press, wafers, seal papers, wax, silk cords etc. It was presented to the State of South Carolina about 1887 and is kept in the office of the secretary of State.

Ask the professor if he remembers that Minnesota, founded by Americans, is the only State in the Union that has a French motto. The one originally selected and ordered engraved was Latin, but the die was spoiled and the French substitute was adopted, "L'Etoile du Nord" (The Star of the North). Does the professor recall that Montana is the only State with Spanish motto? Strange that fur traders should have adopted "Oro y Plata" (Gold and Silver). If you say that one State has a Greek motto, he probably will do some pretty hard thinking before answering that it is California. "Eureka" is believed to be Greek for "I have found." The only Italian motto belongs to Maryland, and originally belonged to the Calvert family, "Fati Maschi, Parole Femine" (Deeds Are Male Words Females). To be a trifle plainer, "Manly Deeds, Womanly Words." Ask the professor if he knows that Washington is the only State with an Indian motto. "Al-Ki" is pure Chickasaw.

* * *

TO SCARE MOSQUITOES.

A "SCARE skeeter" has been devised by a German scientist to protect mankind from those irritating and dangerous pests of the summer. The mosquito is not generally credited with a timorous nature, but there is one creature of which it lives in dread—the dragon fly or "mosquito hawk." The dragon fly is familiar to

It is one of the most beautiful of aquatic insects and in its graceful flight it sails through the air on iridescent wings.

But beauty is not the only attribute of the dragon fly. Mosquitoes are its favorite food. It has an immense appetite for them and as it is far swifter in flight it can make away with a great number in the course of the day, catching and devouring them on the wing. Unfortunately the dragon fly hunts only in sunlight when mosquitoes are least annoying, and he never frequents the dark places where most mosquitoes revel.

A mosquito, however, seems to have as little discrimination as a crow. It fears its enemy dead as much as when the enemy is living. The scientist's method is to hang dead dragon flies around the bed on wires in such a way that they shall look as lifelike as possible. He declares that no mosquito will pass or even approach the one thus guarded.

Another method of extermination has been suggested by Sir Hiram Maxim, the gun maker and inventor. One evening last summer, when staying in New York, Sir Hiram noticed a large number of mosquitoes on a box which contained a small dynamo for lighting purposes. On investigation he found that the motion of the dynamo produced a faint, high, musical note. He stopped the machine and straightway all the mosquitoes flew away, nor did they return while it was quiescent. But, in starting the machine again, he observed that the insects turned toward it, hesitated a moment, and then made straight for it.

He further noted that all the mosquitoes attracted were males. The females, which were usually numerous in the room, appeared to take no notice of the sound, for the gift of song is the exclusive privilege of the female.

The male mosquito, however, is dumb, and he has no ears. Recent investigation, however, revealed that he is possessed of organs which, for his needs, are even more effective. The male mosquito is endowed with remarkable antennæ, which are covered over throughout their fourteen segments with long, fine hairs. A German investigator has found that to a certain note, corresponding to the song of the female, these hairs vibrate violently; also these hairs vibrate most markedly when they are at right angles to the direction of the sound. Finally, if the sound is a trifle more to one side than the other of the

male's antennæ, the vibration will be greater on one antenna than the other. Hence all the insect has to do is to turn its head until it feels the vibration equally on each antenna and fly straight on.

Thus the mosquito is better equipped for locating the direction of sound than perhaps any creature living. In the case of the dynamo, Sir Hiram concluded that the sound produced was practically the note of the female, and that consequently the males were attracted.

It is true that the male mosquito is harmless, its mouth not being developed into the lances and spears of the female. However, concludes Sir Hiram, anything which can work the segregation of the sexes renders the annihilation of the pests a simple matter.

A careful choice of raiment, too, may lessen one's attractiveness in the eyes of the insects, which appear to have pronounced partialities for certain colors. An experiment recently was made in England with a number of colored boxes which demonstrated that the mosquito prefers navy blue beyond all other hues.

Seventeen colored boxes were arranged in a room where mosquitoes were kept for seventeen days, the position of the boxes being changed each day. The total number of the insects found in the various boxes were: Navy blue, 108; dark red, 90; reddish brown, 81; scarlet, 59; black, 49; slate color, 31; olive green, 24; violet, 18; leaf green, 17; and pearl gray, 14.

In India hospital attendants are in the habit of hanging up black coats, which, they find, are frequented by the mosquito to the exemption of their white-clothed selves and the patients. In Madagascar it has been found that more mosquitoes are to be encountered in black than light red soil, while another African traveler found that he and his party were more nearly immune when they wore light colored shoes and stockings.

Black dogs, again, are more bitten than yellow. For these reasons the surgeon-general of the United States army has recommended that in malarial districts the troops be clothed always in khaki instead of the regulation blue, khaki color appearing to be the especial aversion of the malaria carrying mosquito.



ONE can never tell what is in people until some great emergency occurs.

PENNSYLVANIA.

BY CORA SELL BRUBAKER.

In looking over the Nook we often see "Why not Colorado?" or some other western State. Now, it may be that these States are all right, but we doubt if, to take them in every way, they are

The climate of the State is generally very healthful, but exhibits great extremes of temperature in different sections. In the south and east the heat in summer is intense, while in the north and west mercury falls to twenty-five degrees below zero in winter.

In coal, the most useful mineral, and in petroleum Pennsylvania is the richest region in the



FARM SCENE IN MINNESOTA.

any better than or as good as the old Keystone State.

I will give you a few facts about Pennsylvania as they are given me. It contains 45,215 square miles. The Appalachian mountain system crosses and attains its greatest width in this State. The Alleghany range is the highest and seldom rises above 2,000 feet

world. About three-fourths of the coal and nearly all of the petroleum found in the United States are obtained from this State. Both anthracite and bituminous coal are found in immense quantities, the latter west of the Alleghanies, of which Pittsburg is the center. Here coal fields extend through twenty-five counties. Anthracite coal is found chiefly

between the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers. This region forms a long irregular tract, one hundred miles in length and thirty miles in width.

Pennsylvania has several deposits of iron, especially one near Cornwall, Lebanon county. Before the development of Lake Superior mines, Cornwall supplied a large portion of the iron ore mined in this country. Slate and marble are found here in great abundance. Copper, zinc, tungsten and lead are also mined in considerable quantities. More nickel is obtained from the mines in Lancaster county than in all the rest of the United States. Salt springs exist in several sections, producing annually several million dollars worth of salt. Medicinal springs are also numerous and valuable. In 1890 the income from Pennsylvania's mineral productions was \$60,000,000, nearly half the income from the minerals of the United States, including gold and silver.

The value of its manufactured products is exceeded by that of no other State except New York, while in the amount of capital invested it is surpassed. The principal articles are iron and steel, cotton and woolen goods, building materials, flour, molasses, sugar, clothing, leather, paper, drugs and chemicals, besides which may be mentioned locomotives, and other steam engines, machinery, agricultural implements, stoves and cutlery. Ships and steamboats are also made in this State.

Pennsylvania has a well-organized and efficient system of public schools.

There are many places of interest in the State. Independence Hall is the place where the Declaration of Independence was adopted. Carpenter's Hall is where the first Continental Congress met. University City and many other places of interest in Philadelphia. Fairmount Park in Philadelphia is among the largest in the world, and is remarkable for its fine situation and natural beauty. It contains nearly three thousand acres. The southwestern portion the Centennial exhibition was held in 1876.

In the regions of the Allegheny and Blue Mountains and the valleys of the Susquehanna and Delaware rivers most beautiful scenery is to be seen. The Delaware water gap is widely known and a noted place of summer resort.

Enthusiasts declare that no medicinal water in the world is equal to the Bedford Springs, and

certain it is that it has worked many wonderful cures. These springs are situated in a beautiful valley on the eastern slope of the Alleghenies at an elevation of 1,080 feet above tide water, and about one and one-half miles from the historic town of Bedford. Here in a narrow valley gush forth the famous mineral spring, iron spring, sulphur spring, chalybeate spring, sweet water spring, limestone spring and others. At Cresson Springs the waters are divided into the pure and mineral. The celebrated spring of absolutely pure water is situated here and experts have declared it to be as nearly pure as any natural water can be. It is the highest pure water spring in the world.

Bedford, Pa.

* * *

A GRAND SIGHT.

BY MRS. I. M. ABBOTT.

HERE we have one of the most wonderful and exciting sights to be found anywhere. One of our great oil gushers, six miles from Jennings, is on fire. It was struck by lightning, and the derrick burned down, and a well near by was set on fire, and at this writing the whole country is lit up, and the fire is raging. It is a grand sight, as the oil and the fire leap high in the air, some estimating that it is thrown up a hundred feet. Nearly all the colors of the rainbow are seen in the fire, and every effort to put it out has failed.

There have been a great many visitors, coming in on every train, and some say that it is worth a trip of a thousand miles to see the sight. Certainly it is not a thing that can be seen every day.

Jennings, La.

* * *

CURED THEM FROM A BAD HABIT.

A MINISTER in a near-by town on a recent Sunday surprised his audience by reading the following notice from the pulpit: "The regular session of the Donkey club will be held as usual after the service. Members will line up just outside the door, make remarks and stare at the ladies who pass, as is their custom." But they didn't that Sunday.

BOARDING THE BIRDS.

IN Chicago there are hundreds of birds that are "boarding out" at present. They are to be found in several of the large bird stores in the down town district and at others located in out-lying sections. This boarding of birds is a fashion founded upon a common sense basis and thus far the innovation has been found to work successfully. Not only has the custom solved the problem of disposing of the family pets during the summer season when the town house is deserted, but it has insured the comparative safety of them as well and has relieved kindly disposed neighbors of a good deal of anxiety.

One of the most striking features about the boarding system is the small expense attached to it. For twenty-five cents a week a canary gets all the comforts of home, with plenty to eat and a bath every day. Parrots come a bit higher because they are manifestly more trouble. Their board costs fifty cents a week for each bird, while on mocking birds, of which there are few in the city, the charge is thirty-five cents a week.

The transient birds are given an exclusive apartment in the bird store and get as good treatment as would be given them at home, save perhaps they do not receive as much petting. They are in charge of a special "nurse," who does nothing but look after their welfare and comfort. About the only thing that bird storekeepers refuse to do is to insure the lives of pets intrusted to their care. They decline to take any chances on death, because as a rule pets are valued at such high figures that it would be an absolute impossibility to replace them. Medical attention also comes extra. But in spite of these incumbrances the novelty has caught on with remarkable success.

"It was in response to the demands of our patrons that we opened our bird boarding house," said the keeper of one store. "Owners of feathered pets are, as a rule, particular into whose care they give them when they go away for the summer. And, on the other hand, there are few persons who, for the sake of mere friendship, care to take chances on having a bird die on their hands. Besides, birds if properly looked after are a good deal of trouble. A parrot requires almost as much care and attention as a 2-year-old child, and a canary is about as bad.

"So, when our patrons began to ask us if we couldn't find a place for their birds during their absence, we determined to adopt the plan which has been tried for several years in the east and open a bird boarding house. Our family isn't a large at present because the season has been a bit backward and comparatively few persons have left the city. But we have scores of applications on hand, and, as soon as it warms up our quarters will be filled. Some of the birds will remain with us throughout the summer, while others will be transients, here for a week or two.

"We give them the best of food, see that they wash regularly, and look after their health as carefully as though they were under the care of their devoted owners. No, we don't insure their lives. If we did this and a few were to die I am afraid it would break us up in business, for pets as a rule are quoted at a rather high figure. If a bird gets sick or indisposed while under our care we call a doctor and treat them with great care. This treatment isn't thrown in with the meal ticket, however.

"Our summer school is removed from other departments of the store so that the boarded birds have all the privacy they can want for and yet there are enough of them so that they will not get lonely."

For several years owners of cats and dogs have been in the habit of committing their pets to animal hospitals when they went away for the summer.

CHARMS FROM THE JORDAN.

Few sights that strike the traveler in the Holy Land are more striking than the arrival of Russian pilgrims at the River Jordan to attend annual Epiphany ceremonies on the banks of that stream. A week before the festival immense crowds of these Slav peasants are seen trudging along the Jericho road with every imaginable kind of haversack and carry-all on their backs. Some of the pilgrims are old and weather-worn, others young and cheerful, while a few, overcome by sleep and fatigue, are lying prone along the roadside. But somehow the whole lot, young and old, manage to reach the banks of the river in good time for the ceremony. They spend the night, perhaps, in the Russian hospice at Jericho, where they simply huddle together

a flock of sheep. Before dawn the rooms are empty and the whole crowd has gathered on the bank, where Greek priests, who will presently drive a most lucrative trade, await them. The principal articles sold are branches of trees from various sacred spots, stones from the Mountain of Temptation, hard by, plants from the wilderness and rosaries with olive stones for beads. To whatever religious value is claimed for these articles the Russian peasants implicitly give credence, and they willingly pay their money to obtain them.

During the hours immediately preceding the ceremony the motley crowd is occupied in prayer and silent devotion. To many pilgrims this occasion is one of the greatest life can bring—namely, to be permitted not only to visit the Jordan, but actually to bathe in its sacred waters. Suddenly chanting is heard and the crowd quickly opens to let a procession of purple-clad ecclesiastics pass to the waters, then the pilgrims close in again and station themselves along the banks, eager and watchful. And now, reverently, a jeweled cross is laid by the patriarch on the surface of the stream to bless it, and no sooner does the sacred symbol touch the water than a dive is made into it by the enthusiastic crowd, which splashes and prays and wallows and dips—altogether a strange scene. Such is the baptism, and the longer it lasts the greater the merit the pilgrim will enjoy. Dripping with water, each shroud is now hung out and stored away to serve as the shroud when the pilgrimage of life is over and the body is ready for the grave. As the traveler rides away the next day to Jerusalem he will see these childlike peasants, bedraggled with mud and fatigued by constant sleeplessness, plodding toward the holy city, chanting and singing as they go and leaning on their sticks of wood. But there is now a smile on their faces and joy in their hearts, for have they not bathed in the waters of Jordan?

* * *

EXTREMES IN CALIFORNIA.

BY F. E. L.

THINK this country goes to extremes. What are mountains are immense mountains,

some of them being twelve thousand feet high. The valleys are level and you can see ever so far. Where the land is improved and irrigated it is most beautiful, with palms and shrubbery, flowers and fine fruit trees, making it look like a paradise, but where it is not improved it is dry, and everything looks brown and dead like a desert.

When it rains here it pours, and the next season it does not rain at all. If you see a man going down the street with his overcoat on his arm at two o'clock in the afternoon of a day in July, do not ask any questions or you may be laughed at and called a tenderfoot. Just wait and see how it turns out. The conductors and motormen on the street cars go on duty at two o'clock in the afternoon and work till twelve o'clock at night, and it always gets so cold here after dark that one is glad to have an overcoat.

If you see on the fruit stands some fruit that looks like good sized ripe tomatoes, do not be deceived and buy them until you know whether they are not Japanese persimmons. Or if you see a fruit that looks much like a quince except that it is pink in color don't buy it for a quince. It is a pomegranate. You can always see dozens of other kinds of fruit. By coming and spending a year here you can learn many more things about this country.

Pasadena, Cal.

* * *

MANY HEIRS FOR A SMALL ESTATE

AN unmarried woman's estate of \$625.75 was lately distributed by a probate court of Indiana among thirty-nine heirs. The largest amount anyone received was \$74, which went to surviving brothers and sisters. The smallest amount was \$3.09, the portion grandnephews and grandnieces received.

* * *

ENVY and greed keep many men and women in poverty; the unseen forces not only do not help an envious or greedy person, but put barriers in their way. Now and then the envious and greedy acquire wealth, but unseen entities, which they attract, cause them woe and misery. "Envy shoots at others, but hits itself." Be content and envy no one.

DELARNE PEOPLE.

BY ALICE VANIMAN.

DELARNE is a part of Sweden lying somewhat northwest from Stockholm. The people who live in this little country are the most interesting of all the people I have yet seen in my travels. They are noted for their bravery in war. Several hundred years ago when there was a great struggle between Denmark and Sweden it was due to the bravery and strength of these few people that Sweden was rescued from the enemy.

Most of them are farmers, and they are a very strong, healthy, industrious people, generally of the brunette type. It is said that they can be recognized as easily as the Jew.

They still wear the national costumes which were in vogue centuries ago. The men wear knee breeches, some of which seem to be made of skin, a loose short coat with a belt, and a large, soft hat. They are somewhat timid about wearing this costume outside of their own land. In Stockholm may be seen hundreds of these women in their peculiar style of dress, while only occasionally one sees one of the men.

Many different kinds of caps are worn by the women. Some are bright red, others white silk, and still other colors. These are very small and are worn on the back of the head. Their dress waists are very pretty, worn with a pointed belt of bright colors. They also wear a long, wide apron of heavy wool stuff, with stripes of very flashy colors running crosswise. They really look beautiful in these costumes in which blue, yellow and red, the national colors of Sweden and Norway, prevail, and I have watched them many times with great interest.

These women are very strong. Many of them work in the city during the summer. They help to build the houses, carrying brick and mortar just like the men. We often see them working on high buildings side by side with the men, their striped aprons all besmirched with lime and mud. We also see them working on the streets, carrying heavy loads, cleaning up parks, and doing all sorts of work such as an ordinary woman could not do.

The people are very simple in their habits, and very economical. The best workers earn about three kroners per day doing this kind

of heavy work. This is not quite one dollar in American money. During the summer many of them save two or three hundred kroners out of their earnings which is used in their little homes during the long dreary winter months.

The women, while engaged in their drudgery work on the farm or in the city, usually tie a three-cornered white cloth over their heads. When a woman goes to the field to work she puts her baby in a small loosely woven swing and hangs him across her back, and there he can sleep or laugh or cry, just as he chooses to do, while the warm sun shines down upon him by the hour. When he is hungry he is swung around in front of his mother, given his dinner and then swung back to his resting place.

Malmö, Sweden.

* * *

IN THE CASE OF YOUR LEAD PENCIL.

THE manufacturer of such a simple thing as a lead pencil is something that not every Nooker could describe. The processes are intricate and difficult. In the first place the graphite for that is the substance used, not lead, is mined mainly at Ticonderoga, New York. As soon as it is taken from the mine it goes in the lump direct to the mills, where it is pulverized under water with a stamp mill. The particles float off in the water, and after sinking to the bottom the water is drained off, and the resultant material is sent to the factory in bags. At this stage the material is finer than flour.

At the factory it is put through another process called "floating." The graphite is mixed with water and allowed to flow into a large hopper, from which it flows into a succession of tubs, each one so related to the other that it catches the overflow from the one above. In this way the coarsest settles in the first tub, the next finer in the one below, and so on down to the last, which contains the finest of all, the water being pretty nearly clear as it runs from it. Then the water is drawn off by means of plugs in the sides of the vessels, care being taken not to disturb the sediment. The finest in the last tub, is used in making the finest grades of pencils.

The graphite is now ready to be mixed with a blue-gray clay, and upon the proportion

clay will depend the hardness or softness of the pencil. The more clay used the harder the pencil. For an ordinarily soft pencil about seven parts of clay are taken to ten parts of graphite. After the addition of the clay to the graphite water is added till the mass is of the consistency of a thick cream. Then the mass is

matic machinery is used on the pencils. More women than men are employed, and the peculiar fragrance of the cedar wood is everywhere.

The snail is reared and fattened with great care in some cantons of Switzerland as an ar-

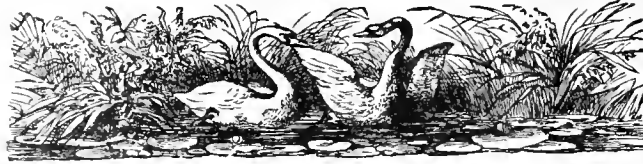


IN MINNESOTA.

round many times over, and then put in canvas bags, and the water squeezed out by hydraulic pressure till it is a thick, tough, dough-like mass, when it is forced into an iron cylinder giving a plate in the bottom with holes the size and shape of the leads required. These are gathered up, straightened out, cut in three pencil lengths and dried in an oven.

They are then ready for the wood, an equally intricate process, and before they are ready for the seller and user some very interesting auto-

ticle of luxury, and is exported in a pickled state. It is also eaten as a relish and nutritious article of food in Austria, Spain, Italy and in some sections of the United States. The Ashantees and other African tribes smoke them and eat them as daily food all the year round. In Algeria in the markets large heaps of snails are sold by the bushel and the hundred as an article of food. Vendors hawk them in the streets of Cairo. In modern Rome fresh gathered snails are hawked by women from door to door.

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NATURE
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STUDY.
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TWO ODD FISHES.

THE clear, limpid waters that surround Bermuda and the West Indies lie above coral reefs covered with plants and animals, many of which are brilliant in color as a rainbow. They look like glimpses of fairyland, and as your eye wanders from one wonder to another you catch yourself striving to peek just around some corner into a strange nook, half hoping to see a bevy of mermen and mermaids sporting and playing within the crannies. Here is a patch of pale green sea lettuce, there is a group of great purple sea fans, yonder some golden corals standing out like a shelf or branching like a tree, while among them all swim lovely fishes that take the place of the fairies that should dwell in this magic land and fascinate you by their gorgeous colors and their graceful, wavy motions.

There is a green "parrot fish," as brilliant in color as his namesake, the bird, showing himself boldly and swimming along slowly, secure from any assault. His scales are green as the fresh grass of springtime, and each one is bordered by a pale blown line. His fins are pink, and the end of the tail is banded with nearly every color of the rainbow. He is showy, but this showiness serves him a good purpose. His flesh is bitter and poisonous to man and probably so to other fishes as well, and they let him well alone, for they can recognize him afar off, thanks to his gaudy dress.

Underneath the parrot, lying on the bottom, is a "pink hind." You notice him, and as the parrot passes over him he suddenly changes to bright scarlet and as quickly resumes his former faint color. Had the parrot been looking for his dinner and thought the hind would make a good first course this sudden change of color might have scared him off, just as the sudden bristling of a cat makes a dog change his mind. When the hind is disturbed at night, he gives out flashes of light to startle the intruder and send him away in a fright.—*Professor C. L. Bristol in St. Nicholas.*

THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS.

FROM an unidentified source we learn that the Columbia River Indians have a legend handed down from the old men of the tribe that there was once a natural bridge across the Columbia River at the cascades. According to the legend an Indian trail passed over the bridge which was covered with pine trees. They named it Tomanowas, which in English means the Bridge of the Gods.

If this legend is correct this natural bridge over the Columbia must have been one of the greatest wonders of the world. It is certainly true that something happened in a geological way at some remote period which must have been a great catastrophe to the section in question. It is probable that there were volcanic eruptions accompanied or followed by earthquakes and that something happened which has come down to us through these Indian leaders. If there was a bridge there and it was thrown down and destroyed it would account for a good many geological puzzles incident to the region.

It is not possible to fix any time when such a catastrophe may have happened, but an impression may have been made upon the minds of the savage at that time and this handed down from generation to generation is all that we would have of its history. It is altogether probable that the occasion, whatever it was, happened at a very remote period, as the tendency of the Indians is to fix a date closer to the time of their recital instead of putting it off to an old period.

ANIMAL BLUFF.

EVERY Nooker has seen a cat arch her back and swell up her tail twice as thick as usual at the sight of a dog of which she is thoroughly afraid. And the same dog, when near enough another of which he is afraid, will stand on his toes, and bristle up. Neither of them can

especially for a fight, but once they get at it all pretense of bluffing is forgotten.

What is said of the dog and cat is true of a large number of animals. The turkey gobbler will swell, strut, grow red in the face and gobble as though he intended to scare everything in sight. Yet make a motion toward him and he goes all to pieces at once. There is perhaps no animal that does not have recourse to bluffing when in the presence of real or imaginary danger. Often such a thing as a worm which is perfectly harmless and never able to inflict any danger will when disturbed rear its head, sway it from one side to another in a way that is well calculated to scare those who are disposed to evil toward it. A canary bird will open its mouth, spread its wings for a fight, while the old hen on the nest ruffles up her feathers, makes a noise calculated to scare any thing that comes near.

It seems to be an instinct among animals to resort to every effort to scare away intruders and very few of them are without more or less of it. That it is all put on as a scare is shown by the fact that once the fight is on everything of the kind is forgotten, and they get right down to business without any pretense whatever.

THE HABITS OF SOME FISH AT SPAWNING TIME.

BY WM. D. NEHER.

FISH in the Central States from north to south, with a very few exceptions, bite the best just before and at spawning time. The white, black and speckled perch do not bite while spawning, which takes place early in April. They bite best from July until December.

As soon as the ice begins to break up by high waters in the spring the fish begin to travel up stream, not only to spawn but on a pleasure trip to look up a new location, for many kinds of fish do not spawn until August when there is but little high water, and when the water suits them better to spawn than later in the season.

The several large kinds of catfish go up stream early in the spring, scattering their spawn, and when going back home they bite scarcely at all in August and September, but in all other months

of the year. Sun perch of any kind go far up in spring and when the water falls will scatter out in small deep places and spawn later in the summer. They will bite well except in the four cold months. Trout and bass take a pleasure trip in the spring, generally going back home spawning in the summer months. Either will bite except in December, January and February. Buffalo spawn in the summer months and will bite a dough bait any month in the year, as will also the chuckle head catfish.

Many spawn several times in one summer. So all fish, to my knowledge, in our inland creeks and rivers bite while spawning, except the perch named, but do not go up stream to spawn but most of them spawn at home.

Chenoa, Ill.

ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

THE effect of music on animals was recently tested by a violinist in a Berlin menagerie. The influence of the volin was greatest on the puma, which became much excited when quicksteps were played, but was soothed by slower measures. Wolves showed an apparent interest, lions and hyenas were terrified, leopards were unconcerned, and monkeys stared in wonder at the performer.

THE largest gold nugget in the world was found in New South Wales. It was worth \$148,000. It was four feet nine inches long, three feet three inches wide and four inches in thickness throughout. This great "find" was unearthed at a small mining camp called Hill End. Two men, Byer and Haltman, were the discoverers. Strange to say, they had lost all their money seeking for gold, and at the time of their discovery were without a penny, deeply in debt and almost on the verge of despair.

GRANITE is the lowest rock in the earth's crust. It is the bed rock of the world and shows no evidence of animal or vegetable life. It is the parent rock, from which all the rocks have either directly or indirectly been derived.

AN eel has two separate hearts. One beats sixty and the other 160 times a minute.

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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WISDOM.

Four things a man must learn to do

If he would make his record true:

To think without confusion clearly;

To love his fellowmen sincerely;

To act from honest motives purely;

To trust in God and heaven securely.

—Henry Van Dyke.

THE MISTAKEN.

THE people who make mistakes of judgment and in action are not always to be wholly condemned. The chances are that no great movement in any field of human endeavor, that finally did any great good, originated in any other way than through the mistakes and experiments of those who were virile and energetic enough to go ahead and try, while others sat back and criticised.

The fact that a man fails in his undertaking is no sign of either the error of his project or his inefficiency. A cause may seem lost, and revive later, and finally triumph, even though the one or ones who were most active in its furtherance never live to see it an accomplished thing. Darius Green failed to make his flying machine, but the chances are that the Green family will yet see

people sailing through the air. And there are other things that seem equally impossible now.

The mistake a man makes is literally a mistake, a wrong taking, and the fault of the wrong taking hold may not be his. The fact that he takes hold at all, even through failure results, is better, and puts him on a higher plane, than the one who sits by and has neither the inventive genius nor the ability to take hold, either rightly or wrongly.

A KODAK.

HELLO, little girl! Let the Nook take your picture. You are twelve years old, not very big for your years, your sleeves are rolled up there is a braid of hair down your back, you have an apron tied around you, and you are standing on a box so as to be high enough to reach the pile of dishes your mother has washed in order that you may be able to dry them. Your eyes are blue, your cheeks are pink, your lips red and curved, and you are just on the borderland where the brook and river meet. When you have finished your work, I will give you a red, red rose to pin in your shining hair.

THE WESTERN MOVEMENT.

THERE is a steady trend of immigration westward. Whether there is any deep-seated reason for this westward movement of population, or whether it is accidental, we do not intend to discuss. The fact remains that there is a continuous movement toward the far west, and very little, comparatively, toward the far North or the South. This overflow, will, in time, be the means of settling the great inland plains country, and if the problems of irrigation are satisfactorily solved, there will be an empire out of the prairies, the like of which the world has never known in all its previous history.

SHIPPING LIVE STOCK.

FROM a communication by the State Humanitarian Officer of Illinois we learn that much trouble will be avoided by the shippers of stock to the Chicago

stock yards, and, of course, to any other point, by having the stock well cooled off before loading. It is also well to not overload a car, but to be particular about the cleanliness and proper bedding. It is not only a question of being humane, but it is an advantage to the shippers in saving the lives of stock sent to market. The first extremely hot weather of the season always affects stock disastrously. This spring in Chicago as high as twenty-five dead hogs have been taken out of a single car. It is not only prudent to look at these matters from a financial point of view, but it is also merciful to animals.

* * *

FOR THE LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN.

THE NOOK has been requested to set aside a page for the smaller folk, the little men and women Nookers, who have not yet mastered the mystery of reading print. Consider now that Aunt Barbara, magazine in hand, is reading and talking aloud to Marcus and Bernice, by her side. If you think you can entertain them, and not be too much strung out, send out your articles, and do not imagine that literary quality is unnecessary. Do not think that because Marcus and Bernice are small they do not appreciate lofty manhood and pure womanhood, for they do, and do it unconsciously. Set your models level to their angle of view, but make them as perfect in setting of words and morals as possible. It is not easy, but it can be done. And let it be understood that Aunt Barbara, Marcus and Bernice, are three very real people.

* * *

WE take pleasure in announcing to our numerous and ever-growing NOOK family that beginning with week after next the INGLENOOK will be somewhat enlarged and will come to its readers with more space for a greater variety of intellectual feast than has heretofore been possible. The increase in size of the INGLENOOK will make its production easier here as far as adaptability to the machines is concerned, and it will also give us more space than we thereto had. This is something we very often stand in need of. At all events there is every reason for us to congratulate ourselves upon the success which justifies such a movement.

AND IT'S THIS WAY.

A mother's love is incurably blind.

*

It is pathetic to see a child eighty years old.

*

A very weak person can readily break a strong promise.

*

The easier a thing comes, the shorter its visit as a rule.

*

If you are hunting for trouble you do not need a lantern.

*

It is the tone of voice that counts more than what is said.

*

There are different walks in life, but every candidate runs.

*

For a good alert listener take a girl on the edge of receiving a proposal.

*

If some men kissed their wives their women would be surprised out of their senses.

*

When she wants to let you down easy she tells you she will be a sister to you, and then you might as well quit.

*

A good deal of the milk of human kindness is like some milk-men's product—acquainted with the pump.

*

When a girl has her first beau her mother never has any trouble getting a lot of work out of her.

*

A Virginia Nooker writes that Washington threw a silver dollar over the Natural Bridge, but a dollar went farther in those days, anyhow.

*

We call our child a little angel, but the neighbors sometimes pronounce it a great pest. It just shows a different way of looking at the same thing.

*

When a man is wonderfully affectionate without apparent cause the woman can make up her mind he has been doing something bad and is going to tell it.

FANNY'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY CYRUS WALLICK.

I AM a young thing yet. About three weeks ago, six of us little round downy balls opened our eyes on this big wonderful world. Our mother had made a nice little home for us in an old stable. Some said she "stole her nest," but I don't see where there was any stealing.

In the same country where we live were some giants. They belonged to the class of beings that call themselves the lords of creation. One of them claimed to own our mother and us too. He came to take us away. Mother fought, and we ran and screamed, but the giant was too much for us. He caught us all and packed us off. It did seem too bad. Mother had waited so long and patiently for us and then was just starting to make us a living and take us around to see something of the world.

As mother was something of a gad-about, and as we were rather a small family the giant thought best to give us to a steady old step-mother who had a little family of her own, about a dozen, and just about our age. Well, she took us all in, just the same as her own children—all but me. Somehow she had a pick at me, and I couldn't live with her. So the giant took me into his own home.

They were all good to me, the two big giants and three little ones. They call them little, but they are—oh, lots bigger than I am! The longer I stayed there the better they seemed to like me. At first I felt lost, and didn't know what to do. I would call for my mother. I didn't know that she had been put in prison. But I soon learned to feel somewhat at home. Then I wanted the giants to be where I could see them all the time, so I wouldn't be lonesome. After a while, though, I learned that great lesson that older and bigger creatures sometimes find hard to learn, to be content with my lot.

They fed me well, and I learned to entertain myself a good part of the time. I was having a good time. In the daytime I lived with the giants. They all, especially the little giants, thought me quite interesting. At night I was put to bed with my step-mother. I had to run away from her in the morning, though, for she never got over having a pick at me.

This continued for some time until I got lame. I can't tell you how I became lame. My writing would look like hen tracks—'fraid the Nookman couldn't read it—so the giant is writing this for me, and he is one of those dumb animals that wouldn't understand me if I were to tell him. But the little giants handled me a good deal—they thought I was cute—and sometimes they would let me fall and hurt me. Then I became so confiding and careless that I would get in the way where I was liable to be stepped on without being noticed. Mrs. Big Giant bound up my broken leg. For several days I couldn't walk. They didn't dare trust me to sleep with my step-mother any more, so they made me a bed of an old stocking leg and put me in a basket. I am able to limp around now, and am enjoying myself pretty well. My mother and I are strangers. I don't bother my step-mother any more. When I get ready to go to bed, they put me in my basket, wrap me up, and then I chirp a little lullaby to myself and go to sleep.

It was the giant's little girl that named me "Fanny." They may have to change my name to "Bob," "Tom," or something of the kind. That will depend upon how I look and act when I grow up.

Small as I am, only a little chick, I am filling a place in this big world. And the giant says he thinks I am filling it better than some larger and more knowing creatures fill theirs.

Wolcott, Ind.

* * *

TELEPHONES ARE INDISPENSABLE

THE growth of the telephone business has been enormous in recent years. The statement has been made that there are now in use in the country upward of 3,400,000 telephone instruments and that a great majority of these have been put in place during the past ten years. More than 200,000 telephones have been placed in farmhouses within a few years. The increase in farm telephones is proportionately greater than any other branch of the business.

* * *

GOOD PAY FOR JUDGES.

NEW YORK pays her supreme court judges \$17,500 per annum, which is a higher salary than any other State gives.

FRUIT CULTURE IN THE WEST.

THE settlement of the West, especially the Northwest, has brought out the fact that fruit

In certain parts of the Northwest peaches do well, and some of the specimens surpass in size those of the famous peach regions of the East, while the quality is unsurpassed. In the moun-



FOUR-YEAR-OLD APPLE TREE, FLATHEAD VALLEY, MONTANA.

will grow to perfection in certain sections. It has been discovered that apples will grow in perfection in places, and the variety that will do well promises to take in all the well-known kinds.

In certain sections the apple does well. Whether the trees will have the staying quality of those of the orchards in the East remains to be seen. The illustration on this page shows a tree in Montana.

THE BEST CURE FOR NERVOUSNESS,
STUPIDITY, LISTLESSNESS, USE-
LESSNESS, HEADACHE, HYS-
TERIA AND INSANITY.

BY NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

THERE is a saying like this: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." So the very best remedy for the above ailments is *prevention*. It is a well-known fact that *loss of sleep* leads to all the above diseases, and finally results in premature death. Therefore, the natural remedy or preventive is *sleep*.

Nature requires that a person sleep from seven to twelve hours out of every twenty-four. Infants need even more, and little children, young mothers and the aged need much.

God is the author of nature, hence to rob a person of the natural amount of sleep is to rob him of health, sound nerves, mind and body, and to fight against God. It also robs him of life, because nervous people who sleep little do not live so long as the quiet, healthy, sound sleeper. The latter may live to be eighty or even ninety years of age. The former, if he manages to escape insanity, may live to be sixty.

Many Christian men and women, who would be shocked at the intimation of dishonesty, are, nevertheless, robbers, and that of life, because they take away that which they can never restore and which does them no good. Perhaps wives and children cannot be robbed of money, because they have none, but God in nature tells them when and how long they may sleep, and we have no more right to hinder them than we have to steal the food from our children's mouths.

Teach the children that when they first awaken, naturally, in the morning, it is God's voice in nature, calling them to arise. And they should not go to sleep until the voice of nature lulls them, after they have dressed and gone out. So they will learn to arise at God's call, and will naturally turn to the author of beautiful nature in adoration. Teach them to say, "Good Morning" to God, first of all, and then to every human being they meet, including the inmates of their own homes. So they will grow strong physically, mentally and spiritually. But never compel a child to awaken before the voice of nature calls it. Do not require children to

arise early for breakfast. Such a breakfast is injurious rather than useful to the tired one. It would be far better to do without breakfast and eat a plain lunch at nine or ten o'clock.

Some people cannot sleep in the early part of the night, but crave rest in the early morning. If the author of nature made them so, have we any right to compel them to conform to our ways? When they are obliged to arise earlier than nature dictates, they either become listless, stupid, unable to accomplish anything in work or study, or they grow nervous, irritable, cross, restless and disagreeable. In either case failure is their portion, and if the robbery is persisted in, insanity and early death will result. An hour's sleep has often saved a life.

"It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so *He giveth His beloved sleep.*" Psalms 127: 2.

Collbran, Colo.

CANNING SALMON.

THERE is no article of food that spoils so readily when once it is exposed to the air as fish or any other sea food; so it has come about that there has been a great demand for canned fish. Prior to 1843 there were few fish canned in the United States. A firm engaged in this business at this time built an establishment on the Columbia River, 1866. From that time on the business has developed rapidly. Practically the interest may be said to date from 1864.

Salmon canneries are usually located at the water's edge and the building projects over the water. When the fish are caught they are taken by Chinese, who practically do all the work in salmon cannery. The fish are first treated to an ice-cold water bath, and then are taken to a dressing table where the heads, fins, and tails are removed, while another operator removes the viscera and thoroughly cleans the fish inside and out. After being washed a mechanical device is used to cut the fish across in the exact length for the cans to be filled. These are then placed in the can, either by hand or by machinery, and the top soldered on. After this the cans are taken to the bath room, as it is called, for cooking. They are cooked by steam. Not only the fish but the bones are cooked so they will crumble. Any Nooker who has eaten canned fish know

this and may wonder why it is. It is because of the cooking.

After this the cans are perforated to allow the escape of steam. Then these holes are closed and they are placed in another retort for a second cooking, after which they are put into a bath of lye to remove the grease and dirt from the cans. Fresh water is used to cleanse the cans. They are then lacquered, labelled and cased.

After salmon comes the sardine industry, next in importance. Sardines in this country is a term applied to various small fishes. The process is too complicated to mention here. The imported sardine from France is fried in oil, placed in the can, and covered with a solution of oil. The oil used in French sardines is olive or peanut. The oil used in this country is mainly cottonseed oil.

Not only are salmon and sardines canned but eels, herring, menhaden, smelt, halibut, Spanish mackerel, and other varieties of fish are also tinned.

* * *

THE DANGER FROM LIGHTNING.

THE United States weather bureau has published the results of statistics which it has gathered during the past decade relative to the deaths by lightning in the United States, and while the figures are of doubtful practical utility, they are certainly of considerable interest. The old question used to be how to protect buildings against lightning—lightning rods or none, solid rods or hollow rods, and on the latter point men like Faraday and Sir William Snow Harris took opposite sides and waxed wroth, each telling the other he knew nothing about the subject. Today little or no attention is given to this matter, and it is generally realized that as regards where lightning will strike we must all take our chances, which, according to the statistics referred to, are about one in 100,000 of being struck. The old idea that lightning will never strike twice in the same place has been pretty well exploded by the actual facts, and there is reason to assume that if lightning strikes a given point once it may be expected to strike there again, rather than at some other contagious place. The theory of lightning is now fairly well established. It is supposed to be due to the rapid condensation of the minute drops of moisture in the air, each

of which, under certain conditions, contains a small electric charge. As these minute drops coalesce, the electric potential is increased, due to the fact that the total superficial area of the coalesced drops is less than twice that when they existed singly, and, as the electric capacity is proportional to this area, the electric charge of the two drops is now confined within an area of less capacity than before, with the result that the electric pressure is increased. In this way, long before the drops have attained a size to be precipitated as rain, an electromotive force amounting to millions of volts is developed. While there is no certain immunity from lightning when it prevails, attention is called to the great desirability of persevering in efforts to resuscitate those who have been rendered insensible by lightning strokes, as recoveries have repeatedly been made of persons supposed to be dead, after more than an hour's efforts. The statistics also show that there is no immunity from lightning in a feather bed, in a house, or in a closet, and that knives and the like do not attract lightning. For those who are inherently dreadful of lightning the only comforting suggestion that can be offered is to remember that if one lives to see the flash he is safe for that time!—*Cassier's Magazine for June.*

* * *

THE COST OF LIVING IN CHINA.

IN Central China it is said that one quarter of a cent, gold, will procure enough food for a meal, and that \$6 00 a year is a high estimate of the cost of food. This shows in a remarkable manner how, in an old country like China, the problems of existence have been narrowed down to the lowest limits.

* * *

ENCOURAGING THRIFT AND SOBRIETY.

TAVERNS in Sweden are closed on Saturday, which is pay day, while the savings banks are kept open until midnight. This plan induces the workmen to invest their money where it will pay them interest, instead of in alcoholic stimulants.

* * *

"A MERRY heart maketh a cheerful countenance: but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken."

WON'T EAT THEIR FRIENDS.

M ZUMOTO, editor of "The Japan Times," Tokio, who is now visiting this country, said: "Barley is the staple of food for fully sixty per cent of the population of Japan—that is, the peasantry. Second in importance are vegetables, and fish comes third.

"There is a general impression in this country that the Japanese live on rice, but that is not the case. The peasant or small farmer raises rice, barley and wheat, but sells the rice to the cities.

"Barley is far more nutritious than rice, and the country people are a sturdy, long-lived class, among whom persons ninety years of age are frequently found, while seventy and eighty years are usual. Most of the soldiers who have been doing such good service in China and Manchuria are from this class, and it would be difficult to find a more hardy and enduring people.

"In the merchant and official class and the nobility the diet differs in the substitution of rice for barley, the use of more fish and the addition of meat to a certain extent. The peasants eat no meat, because they regard cattle with great affection as their friends and helpers. They would no more think of eating the flesh of a cow or ox, without which their farming would be almost impossible, than your people would eat a pet animal. This feeling may be the result, in a measure, of their Buddhistic religion, whose teachings are most humane.

"Some idea of the small proportion that flesh food bears to the entire diet may be gained from the fact that in 1899 the number of cattle killed was forty-seven thousand head. This quantity was used by about sixteen millions of people, the remainder of the entire population of about forty-five millions belonging to the peasant class.

"The peasants work in the fields from sunrise to sunset, but they never seem to be exhausted by the long day."

"The city workers at trades, the journeymen and apprentices, work from six o'clock in the morning to nine or ten o'clock at night. They work in a more leisurely manner than in this country, however, stopping every hour or two to lie down for a smoke. Their pipes are so small that they hold only three or four whiffs

of tobacco, but that is sufficient to rest them, and the few minutes of cheerful chat refreshes them. They are not as rugged as the country people, partly because of city conditions, and partly because they eat more rice than barley.

"The work of the factory hands is regulated by the government. Their day is from eight to ten hours, including time for meals. They eat black bean soup for nearly every meal, with fish, eggs and barley, as they wish. Wheat is seldom eaten by the poorer class in the city. Sometimes they have it, but never oftener than once a week. The runners eat about the same diet, perhaps with a larger proportion of barley.

"That the average diet is well adapted to nourishing the whole body seems certain, from the fact that strong teeth and abundant hair are characteristic of all classes. Baldness is a rarity, and the people retain their teeth to old age."

* * *

SLEEP.

OUR recent comment on allowing children, and, in fact, all persons, to have all the sleep they want has awakened a chorus of approval from all over the country. All the writers agree that every person is entitled to all the sleep he wants. Some people are so constituted that they require less sleep than others do, and these are very apt to try to enforce their personal ideas of nature's restorative on others. It is precisely like this:

Some persons drink more water than others, and it is a well-established fact that here and there at rare intervals may be found people who do not drink at all. Such cases are on record where men and women have never taken a spoonful of any liquid whatever, and yet they were perfectly healthy. Now, shall either of these say to the other, "You ought to do my way." Of course, everybody will answer that nature should be allowed to direct her own wants and get what she calls for. It is precisely the case with sleep, and especially is it true of old people and children.

For some unexplained reason young children do not like to go to bed. They will keep up the fight against sleep until they drop over, and the first thing they will do when awakened is to deny that they have been sleeping at all, and it is cruelty to awaken them early in the

morning when they are sleeping soundly, in order to get them out for work or anything else. Our proposition, as stated before, is to allow children all the sleep they want, and it can be regulated to a nicety by compelling them to go to bed early, when they will wake the next day at a reasonable time. One of the characteristics of advancing age is in the fact that people become lighter sleepers as they grow older. Nature calls for increased periods of sleep, and old people do a good deal of napping, and thousands and thousands of middle-aged and older people have trouble in going to sleep when once they do go to bed. Along toward the wee small hours of the morning they fall into a troubled sleep, which deepens toward the later hours, and to rout them out when the younger members of the family get up is simply cruelty that is irreparable in its results. The Nookman knows that this is the reverse of all the commonly received ideas on the subject. Most people believe that everybody, old and young, ought to be hauled out of bed before daylight in order that the work may be put forward. This might do if the work were more important than life and health. There is nothing that so "knits up the raveled sleeve of care" as a sound sleep.

Nature ought to be the judge of what is best for us, and never ought to be interfered with. As a rule the man or woman who gets the most sleep and who sleeps the soundest is the healthiest. The writer well remembers a hotel along the Susquehanna River which was frequented by lumbermen during the rafting season. These men were magnificent specimens of health and strength. Their work was hard and in the open air. When they tied up for the night and went to the hotel, sometimes filling it from the first floor to the garret, and fell asleep, the whole place in the middle of the night seemed to be a menagerie of snores and sleeping noises that advertised their location for many yards in every direction. These men slept as though they were dead. In the morning when they awoke and got their breakfasts, they would take their places on the rafts, with the strength of giants who had literally never known a day's sickness, but when age and infirmity overtake such people, the condition will be changed and their sleep will be light and ought never to be interfered with. So our sleepy little boy and girl who can-

not be routed out in the morning, have the Nook's permission to sleep it out, with the proviso that they begin early enough the evening before in their trips to dreamland.

* * *

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

EVERY NOOK family has occasion from time to time to use old newspapers, and sometimes they are at a premium when they are wanted for under the carpet, over applebutter crocks and the like. It may not be generally known that the business of buying and selling old newspapers is a very extensive one in some places. Every publication has more or less of what are called "overruns" and "returns." That is to say, they print more than their business requires for the day or week and when those sent out for selling to the various newsdealers remaining unsold are returned. It is impossible to get along without more or less of these in every publishing house and so a business has sprung up of buying and selling these old papers.

One of the largest places in the country is in Indianapolis, where a man by the name of Budd buys the "overruns" and "returns" of the newspapers in Indianapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis. He makes his money out of them by selling them for wrapping paper to the furniture works, the glass manufactures, and the paper makers. The first two named use them for the purpose of packing their wares while the paper makers use them for making the interiors of bristol board.

A great many millions of newspapers accumulate in every office from time to time and they are glad to get rid of them, and this man makes it his business to buy and resell them for commercial purposes.

Old papers are considered the legitimate prey of every junk dealer in the country, but the man herein named is the only one who has made a specialty of the business and he has a monopoly of it.

* * *

KING EDWARD'S WINE COOLER.

THE biggest wine cooler is at Windsor and belongs to the king. It was made for George IV and two men could sit in it with ease.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

A GOOD many young people, wanting work, read the "Wanted" columns of the daily papers and no end of them write in answer to the calls, only to be disappointed in the end. In answer to these advertisements thousands of letters are written, and they are never answered by the recipients. There is no real need, and the vast majority are tossed aside as soon as the recipients see the character of the communication.

Let us consider the matter a little. Everybody knows, or ought to know, that in any legitimate business, where a vacancy occurs, there is no end of people ready to step in and take the place. Then why the advertisement? Well, there are many reasons, one of the commonest being cheap help, places where the incumbents are expected to live on promises and the smallest sum of money with which it is possible to temporarily placate them. Writing wrappers for catalogues, or addressing and mailing envelopes containing advertisements, is not very hard work, and if the parties to the scheme can find a stranger willing to do the work for little money and big promises, there is a way, through an advertisement, to bring hundreds to the door. Even in legitimate business matters there seem to be no end of people wanting work. The writer knows a grocer in a city who advertised for a clerk. He had over six hundred replies, mostly from people who would not have succeeded under any circumstances.

While the Nook sympathizes with the unemployed it also warns the Nooker, seeking a job through the papers, not to expect anything. Blessed are those who expect nothing, for they are not likely to be disappointed. A lot of good home endorsements, and correspondence with people likely to need help is much likelier to bring the desired results.

* * *

WHY?

BY H. L. SHANK.

WHY is there a general outcry against farmers' sons leaving the farm and seeking other vocations in life? From the time that the boy starts to public school until he graduates from the high school or college it is dinned into

his ears that to be "*somebody*" he must take up some profession or trade and leave farming to the more slovenly.

There could be no wider misapprehension of the truth. The prosperous farmer of to-day is not hedged in as was the farmer of a century ago who manufactured almost everything he used, sold very little and bought less, but he can sell nearly everything he raises, buy nearly everything he uses, educate his children, read the newspapers, discuss political questions like a statesman, dress like a gentleman, take a day off occasionally, and is progressive in every way, mentally, morally, physically and spiritually. Thus the "man behind the plow" is one of the noblest works of his Creator.

A boy's life is influenced largely by what he reads, and it behooves parents and public school teachers to place before children the correct kind of reading. "A Bible, a newspaper, and a dictionary in every home, a good school in every district,—all studied and appreciated as they merit,—are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty." The boy who reads will in after life develop the character of some individual read about. The land is scattered broadcast with the biographies of men who were noble, just and true. Such books, with many you may think of, ought to help our boys to get rid of the notion of finding something better in our cities and towns and lessen the chances of their leaving the farm for good and all.

The "business activity" which has sprung up since the Spanish-American war demands young men, while the chances of being promoted and reaching a high place tempts young men, but not one out of a hundred reaches anything like success. The others simply go along with the "dinner bucket army" whose oft-repeated regret is that they did not remain on the farm.

The young farmer may say to the city mechanic: "Yes, Mr. Mechanic, I hear about you city people wanting to get out next to Nature's heart, to enjoy the songs of the birds, the sweet smell of the clover, and the cool still nights where you can sleep like babies, and get up in the morning with poetry in your hearts, etc. You don't know what you are talking about. You have no cares outside of drawing your wages every week. You can go here and there on the street cars, you can attend the theaters,

or you can take a spin on an automobile. You fellows don't know what's the matter with you."

The city mechanic answers thus: "Mr. Farmer, there are several things that we don't know. We don't know how you can envy our position when you are the very people we have to depend on. We get your flour and meat in their purity, it is true, but how about sweet fresh eggs, vegetables, and real, pure, clean milk, with a little cream mixed in? How about your stock, grain, and grass, growing while you sleep, your pigs and chickens that know you and come at your call? We city fellows are even glad to have the old brindle cat to rub up against us. It would be a paradise to have the friendship of horses, cattle, sheep, pigs and chickens that you have and would enjoy if you knew yourself as well as you think you do.

"The street cars, theaters, automobiles and the like, are not equal to even your most insignificant enjoyments. The whole list is not equal to hitching up your trusty team, and loading in the little folks to go picknicking and fishing, while on your return your dumb friends meet you at the farmyard gate with neigh, bellow, squeal and cackle, all welcoming you home. Who welcomes me home? The old brindle cat, perhaps, if the neighbor across the way has not killed her. We may not know much, but we know well that if we could have the freedom, the good of Nature, the things that you have and do not notice, we would be a happy lot indeed."

Holsoffe, Pa.

SOMETHING ABOUT SKYSCRAPERS.

MEMBERS of the NOOK family who visited our larger cities cannot have failed to have noticed the enormous office buildings from ten to twenty, and even more, stories high. Few people, however, know how these big buildings are managed. Some of them have a population greater than a good-sized country town.

A syndicate of wealthy men get together and decide that it would be a profitable thing to put up a big building somewhere and so they put in a million or two dollars in making one of these fifty structures. After the building is once completed the owners elect a board of directors to take charge of it. They, in turn, employ a man-

ager upon whom it depends whether or not their building is going to pay. The care of such a large building housing over thousands of people is a great deal more of a charge than many people might imagine. A considerable number of subordinates must be employed by the manager, and upon their zeal and fidelity depends largely the success of the venture. It is a very difficult thing to find the right kind of a man for these subordinate places. This is not because they do not offer themselves, but because few have the requirements, the tact and courtesy necessary to fill the place.

The man who is competent to manage a building and make it pay is sure of a permanent and profitable business. They are always in demand and when one comes to think about it the management of a property like this in which several million dollars is involved requires as much intelligence and good management as it requires in a city bank with like capital. The manager must keep his building full of paying tenants, and everything must move along without jar.

This management is a side that the public never gets to see, but it is not only a necessary adjunct to the business but good management, which means a good manager, is the life of the financial success of the venture.

MUSIC AND NOISE.

A TRAVELLER visiting Amsterdam many, many years ago went up into the tower of St. Nicholas Church to note the playing of the marvellous chimes. He found a man away below the bells, with a sort of wooden gloves on his hands pounding away on a key-board. The nearness of the bells, the clanging of the keys when struck by the wooden gloves, the clatter of the wires made it impossible to hear the music. But in the distance many men paused in their work to listen to the chiming. It may be that in your watch-towers, when you are wearily pouring the music out of your life into the empty lives of the lowly, that the rattling of the keys and the heavy hammers, the twanging of the wires, the very nearness of the work, may all be caused to prevent your knowledge of the work you are doing. What may seem discordant to us at the time, may really be heaven-ordained music to those who hear.

The Q. & A. Department.

Have not the Ten Commandments given to Moses on Sinai been abolished? Is not the law of Christ different from what the law of God was?

The Ten Commandments as such were "done away" with the rest of the law of Moses. But we find them again in the law of Christ, and so they are as binding on the Christian now as they were upon the Jew before the time of Christ; not because they were given by Moses, but because they were re-affirmed by Christ. The only one of the Ten Commandments not given us in word or spirit is the one regarding the keeping of the seventh-day Sabbath. After the resurrection we find the apostles and others meeting for worship on the first day of the week, instead of the seventh. This practice has been continued by Christian people all through the ages since. We gather from the action of the apostles and their successors that the first day of the week is to be kept by Christians as a holy day.

Yes, the law of Christ is different from the law given by Moses. Our law is more spiritual. Read Christ's comments, in his Sermon on the Mount, on the old law of killing, swearing and adultery. They make the difference quite evident. And then of course we have commands to obey now which were never given to the Jews. The law of Moses was a schoolmaster to lead the people up to a point where they would be ready for a more spiritual law, and this law we find in the New Testament.—*G. Mahan, Elgin, Illinois.*

❖

Why does air heat under compression?

TAKE a cubic foot of air and compress it to half its space, the heat contained in that cubic foot of air is also compressed. Now when this half cubic foot of air cools down to the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere and is then let loose it expands to its original cubic foot contents, and the temperature is lowered to just one half of the surrounding temperature. Of course it presently cools down or heats up in accordance with the surrounding air temperature. In the case of cooling off a large building by cold air,

the air is first compressed from without by mechanical means, and then let loose through registers or openings in the sides or floor of the building; when it expands to its normal size, but without the heat of the outside it will slowly take on the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. Where the process is continually kept up, the temperature of the room is naturally lowered and indeed there is no limit to the low temperature that may be thus secured, as it is all dependent upon the extent of the original compression.—*H. B. Willey, Engineer, Elgin, Ill.*

❖

Can a person acquire a working knowledge of shorthand from a book, studying it without an instructor?

No one can take a book and acquire such a knowledge of shorthand that will enable him to enter an office and take a letter from dictation. It is comparatively easy to master the science alone up to a certain point, after which it is very difficult and requires assistance to overcome the obstacles in the way. The value of a shorthand writer lies in rapidity and accuracy. Rapidity comes only through practice, and accuracy through matters that cannot be told in a book and which require the aid of a person who is himself practically skilled in the work.—*Mattie B. Shick, Stenographer, Elgin, Ill.*

❖

What process is used to bleach celery so that it can be used in the warmer months?

Identically the same processes are used in bleaching for summer as later in the season. This may be done by tying pasteboard or paper around the plants, or by hilling up the earth about the stalks. The whole process is based upon the fact that light is required for the production of coloring matter, and so by earthing up, or tying up the plants to exclude the light the bleaching or blanching process is brought about. Care should be taken to not earth the plants when they are wet with dew or rain as it causes the discoloration known as rust.

What small fruits of the north will grow under irrigation near Glendale?

Strawberries and blackberries and some few varieties of grapes. Atmosphere too hot and dry in summer.—*Peter Forney, Glendale, Ariz.*

✱

What can I get that will clean the mica or isinglass used in hard coal stoves?

Vinegar will clean it pretty well, but you cannot keep it clean if you burn soft coal. Care in starting the first fire will greatly lessen the trouble.—*Mrs. B. M. Culley, Elgin, Ill.*

✱

Is eating pork unscriptural?

For the Jew, yes, and as to the Christian it all depends on his view of the hog as an animal fit or unfit to eat. The Nook does not pretend to settle matters of food, or food preferences.

✱

What is the supposed origin of the wild sunflower of Kansas?

It is said that pioneer emigrants to the far west sowed sunflower seeds to mark their trail. Though the wild sunflowers are numberless now, his may have been their origin—*Rachel Dyck, Moundridge, Kans.*

✱

Can the Nook tell us anything about the joint-nake in Missouri?

If reference is had to the story of a snake that naps itself off in joints it belongs to the same class with the hoop-snake with a horn on its head that rolls down hill, and striking its horn into a white oak kills the tree at once. Nearly everybody has heard of them, but nobody ever really saw one.

✱

Will the Nook man tell what the Bayeux tapestry is?

It is a piece of tapestry over two hundred feet long, and twenty inches wide. It is in the cathedral at Baveux, Normandy, where it can be seen. Tradition says that it was made by the wife of William the Conqueror, and it is divided into seventy-two parts, each with an inscription in Latin telling what the scene represents. Outside of its historic worth as a relic it is valuable as a record of the Norman customs and manners.

How fast does the wheat harvest move to the north?

From fifteen to twenty miles a day.

✱

Is the mockingbird found in California?

There was one in a lemon tree on our lot four doors west of the Brethren church.—*Lizzie Trout, Covina, Calif.*

✱

In practice is the fig tree grown from seeds or cuttings?

From cuttings.—*H. E. Yegang, Pasadena, Calif.*

✱

Where can I get a book on human nature?

Try the Bible. It has more in it on human nature than any other the Nook knows about.

✱

What are the advantages of the Mongolian pheasant over and above our other domesticated fowls?

They are kept partly for pleasure, partly for the excellent quality of their flesh and, being comparatively rare, are more profitable than domestic fowls.—*P. S. Myers 2801 E. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.*

✱

AN enterprising Nooker desires to know the address of a manufacturer of a liquid used in place of sugar. The Nook does not know anything about the substitute. Will some of our baker friends take the matter up and tell us about it?

✱

In reference to the query, about a red huckleberry out in Oregon, Ruth Dunlap, of Damascus, Ore., writes that there are red huckleberries in Oregon, though not to the same extent as there are blue ones. Thanks, Ruth!

✱

A NOOKER asks a question: Why is a clinker burned brick so much heavier than a light burned one? In other words why is it that a hard burned brick is heavier than one that is lightly burned? Can any Nooker answer him?

✱

WILL any of our readers who know that there are Brethren in Snohomish County, Washington, advise the INGLENOOK on a postal card of the fact? This for the benefit of an inquiring Nooker.



The Home







Department



THE INGLENOOK DOCTOR BOOK.

EVERY reader of the NOOK, knowing of a medicine, or a process intended to relieve pain, is requested, in the name of suffering humanity, to send it in to the Inglenook at once. Below are a few that have been received, and they are printed here that people may see what is wanted, and note the character of the contributions that are acceptable.

*

IVY POISONING.

Keep the parts thoroughly anointed with castor oil.—*Ida M. Ellenberger, Polo, Mo.*

*

FOR CHAPPED LIPS AND HANDS.

Melt beeswax and add enough olive oil to make it quite soft. When cool scent with a drop or two of essence of wintergreen.—*Rachel C. Merchant, Laporte, Ind.*

*

COLIC.

A simple remedy for colic is catnip tea. By gathering the catnip just before it blossoms and drying it in the shade one can have it on hand when needed.—*Mary Rowland, Astoria, Ill.*

*

STICKING SALVE. FOR BRUISES, CUTS AND SORES.

Take resin the size of an egg or larger, camphor gum the size of a hazelnut, the same amount of tallow—sheep's tallow is best—beeswax the size of a hickory nut, melt all together. Stir well and pour in cold water to cool. When cool pull like taffy and make into a roll ready for use. If too soft melt and add more resin, if too hard add more tallow.—*Sister Mary Hilderbrand, Walkerton, Ind.*

FOR SCALDS OR BURNS.

TAKE equal parts of tar and lard. Heat together and strain through a thin cloth. Dip old linen cloths into it, wring loosely and bind on the burn. Repeat once or twice each day. If too severe use a little less tar.—*Sister Sallie C. Cline, Castleton, Kansas.*

*

FOR BURNS.

KEEP the surface wet with equal parts of turpentine and linseed oil, and unless the burn is very deep no scar will remain.

Or, cover thickly with the white of egg and cover this with cotton. Apply either of these remedies as long as any raw surface remains.—*Sara Reese Eby, West Elkton, Ohio.*

*

DIARRHOEA, OR DYSENTERY.

BOIL one dozen corn cobs in a gallon of water for one-half hour, remove the cobs, add handful of blackberry leaves and boil the tea down to one quart. Remove from the fire, strain through a cloth, add a little sugar if desired and set in a cool place. Let the patient drink of it quite frequently.—*Emma C. Newcomer, Lanark, Ill.*

*

BROWN SALVE.

For boils, old sores, or wounds caused by running nail in the foot. Also good for corns, bunions. Take two gills of sweet oil, one ounce of castile soap, one ounce of camphor gum, four ounces of beeswax, two ounces of red lead. Put all in a new earthen vessel except the camphor. Boil slowly, stirring all the time. When it looks gray remove from the fire, add the camphor and stir till cold. For cuts, bathe first with turpentine and then add a plaster of salve.—*Sister Bernice Ashmore, Mansfield, Ill.*

THE INGLENOOK

"HOW ABOUT YOUR BIBLE." By

James M. Neff. This volume comes to claim our notice, bringing with it both help and encouragement in thorough Bible study. The introduction was written by the late C. E. Arnold, who very strongly indorsed the work. This is a book that will lead you to think. After reading it without doubt you will be led to see more beauty, more love, more power, and therefore more personal help, in your Bible than you did before. It awakens a real live interest in Bible reading that is hard to satisfy except by regular daily reading. It can be had of the Brethren Publishing House, or through the author.

* * *

HERE'S FROM SOME OF THE BOYS.

Mount Morris, Ill., July 23, 1902.

Here comes Grandpa Zellers, at the request of my granddaughter, with a few lines to the Nook. I am now eighty-four years and four months old. I have been driving the harvester all day. My health is pretty good for an old man. I have twenty-five grandchildren. I live in Mt. Morris, but am now with my son-in-law, F. W. Stine, of course doing some work. Now let the Nook travel to the four winds of the earth, for it is worthy.

Your Brother and Well-Wisher,

Daniel Zellers.

And the following, of even date, from the same place:

My little granddaughter wants me to write what I think of the Nook. I am eighty years old, and have lost my hearing thirty years ago. I appreciate the Nook very much. It is a sensible paper.

Greatgrandfather Fredrick Stine.

God bless you, boys! Age doesn't consist in advancing years, but in the shrivelling of the spirits and drying up of the milk of human kindness. As long as you feel all right toward people you will never be old. Years may come along, and the machine wear out, and pain may follow the years, but nothing can put out the light of love, which laughs at even death.

The Nook would like to hear from some of the Nook family with added years and young hearts. Everybody under seventy need write in this connection. Tell us how old you are, how young you feel, and even venture on a story of your earlier years. No giddy youth of sixty or sixty-five need write for this department. Seventy's the youngest.

WHAT THEY SAY.

"THE INGLENOOK is the very thing I have been looking for all these years."—*J. M. Jarvis, North Carolina.*

✦

"I HAVE enjoyed the INGLENOOK very much the first year and would miss it if it stopped coming."—*Mary A. Bill, Illinois.*

✦

"A NICELY illustrated magazine like our NOOK is worthy of being in every home in the Union."—*Ida S. Bennett, Virginia.*

✦

"I LOOK upon the INGLENOOK as an ideal publication that should be in every home where good literature is found."—*Howard H. Helman, Ohio.*

✦

"WE are happy to say that we have been pleased with the improved INGLENOOK. We wish it all success."—*Emma A. Lehman, Washington.*

✦

"WE like the illustrated INGLENOOK much better than before. We certainly have an ideal young people's paper."—*David Neher, Indiana.*

✦

"WHAT we want is something clean and of interest to the whole NOOK family, and we are getting it now."—*Thos. Hecker, North Dakota.*

✦

"BECAUSE of its intense interest and educational qualities I have time to read the Nook and have very little time for the daily paper."—*D. C. Bosserman, St. Louis.*

✦

"I THINK the NOOK both handsome and instructive, and it should be appreciated by the Brotherhood, and I feel sure that it is by those who read it."—*J. H. Peck, Texas.*

* * *

POSITION ON FARM WANTED.

A FARMER, twenty-three years of age, living in Maryland, wants work as a farm hand in the Central or Western States. Has experience and understands the business. Address, M. S. G., care of the INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

READ OUR OFFER; IT IS TO EVERYBODY **FREE!**

MAT-I-CO Tonic, the world's greatest restorative and blood purifier, strictly a vegetable compound of roots, barks, and leaves in tablet form, the principal ingredient of which is the extracts from the leaves of a noted South American plant, which has been used for more than a hundred years by the natives as a great "Balm of Gilead" in all chronic ailments, especially where there was general depression and languor or a lack of vital force. By many years of experimenting with this plant, we have perfected a medicine the like of which has never been known to the world. The remedy is pleasant to the taste and absolutely harmless; can be taken by the most delicate child and is a positive cure for all chronic ailments in men or women. It is especially useful in the treatment of Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Nervous Debility, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Headaches, Female Weakness, General Debility, and all Blood Diseases. This MAT-I-CO Tonic when used in connection with our Specific VAG-IN-OID is truly a wonderful treatment, curing as it does all Female Diseases and the Piles. They are nature's own remedies and will not only relieve, but will positively, thoroughly, and permanently cure the ailments peculiar to women, such as Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhœa (Whites), Misplacements, Ulcerations, Painful or Irregular Periods, Delayed or Scanty Menstruations. They cure promptly, privately, and permanently without the repugnant methods in general use by physicians. You can escape embarrassing examination, and avoid humiliating exposures by using the medicines yourself. The treatment is so simple, mild, and effectual that it will not interfere with your daily work or occupation. Thousands and thousands have been cured by these remedies. **WHAT THEY HAVE DONE FOR OTHERS THEY WILL DO FOR YOU.**

To introduce these two great medicines to everybody I will for a short time send absolutely free of charge a 50 cent box of the MAT-I-CO Tonic and a trial treatment of the Specific VAG IN-OID to any one who will send 10 cents to pay for mailing. Be sure to write to-day as this free offer may be withdrawn at any time. Address all orders to

MAT-I-CO MEDICINE COMPANY, TIPTON, INDIANA.

2914 Mention the INGLENOOK when writing.

The Inglenook


Has determined to add to its work a Bureau of Information for travelers. If any members of the INGLENOOK family contemplate a trip, such may hear something to their advantage by addressing a letter of inquiry to the INGLENOOK.

The Inglenook has no Tickets to Sell, no Passes to Give, and no Money Arrangements whatever with the Railroads.

There are ways and ways of getting from one end of a journey to the other. If you write us **when** you are going, **where** you are going, and **how many there will be** of you, we will take the matter up without cost to you and may be able to tell you something to your advantage. It may save you money and add a vast deal to the pleasure and comfort of your journey.

Simply say **when, where and how many** and we will tell you which way and how much it is going to cost you. Enclose a stamp. Address,

The Inglenook, Elgin, Illinois.



FREE SAMPLE

Send letter or postal for free **SAMPLE HINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE**

We cure you of chewing and smoking for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Mitford Drug Co., Milford, Indiana. We answer all letters.

25113 Mention the INGLENOOK when writing.

A Shovel Factory

Will be opened in Greenville, Ohio, about Oct. 1st. A good hands could get employment. Members of the church preferred. No experience needed but good recommendations required. We have a fine, healthy place to live, with good schools and a Brethren church. Write for further information to

The Hollinger Fence Co.

30-14 Mention the INGLENOOK when writing. **Greenville, Ohio.**

A GREAT HIT!

Our rebate plan enables agents in any line to offer-purchase fund of all his money. **THE THING** for agents or employer agents. Write us and we will tell you more; or, better, send \$1 for full explanation and 50 contract blanks with which you can right to work.

**GOOD LITERATURE PUB. CO.,
Morristown, Ten**

29-1f

Mention the INGLENOOK when writing.

THE INGLENOOK

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AUGUST 16, 1902.

No. 33.

BETTER TO CLIMB AND FALL.

Give me a man with an aim,
Whatever that aim may be,
Whether it's wealth, or whether it's fame,
It matters not to me.
Let him walk in the path of right,
And keep his aim in sight,
And work and pray in faith alway,
With his eye on the glittering height.

Give me a man who says,
"I will do something well,
And make the fleeting days
A story of labor tell."
Though the aim he has be small,
It is better than none at all;
With something to do the whole year through
He will not stumble or fall.

But Satan weaves a snare
For the feet of those who stray
With never a thought or care
Where the path may lead away.
The man who has no aim,
Not only leaves no name
When this life is done, but ten to one
He leaves a record of shame.

Give me a man whose heart
Is filled with ambitious fire;
Who sets his mark in the start
And keeps moving it higher and higher.
Better to die in the strife,
The hands with labor rife,
Than to glide with the stream in an idle dream.
And lead a purposeless life.

Better to strive and climb
And never to reach the goal,
Than to drift along with time,
An aimless, worthless soul.
Ay, better to climb and fall,
Or sow, though the yield be small,
Than to throw away day after day,
And never to strive at all.

AGGRESSIVENESS AND SUCCESS.

IT is the aggressive soul that wins. A man who strikes out boldly and fairly will hit the mark. He who does not wait for men or tide, or for an opportunity he cannot find, will not be behind. He who opens closed doors, who goes through, not over or around obstacles, cannot be daunted. A fearless leader and independent thinker does not lack followers. A man who does not wait to see what others say, think, or do, wins respect for his own opinions. A self-reliant, self-centered man needs no backing.

A man who carries victory in his very gait, who walks with heroic certainty,—a man who does not waver or doubt, who does not turn to the left or to the right of his aim, though a paradise tempt him,—is the man who accomplishes things. Leaders, not followers; original thinkers, not imitators; men with strong individuality, are in demand everywhere as never before in the history of the world

* * *

THE TRIUMPH OF MEDIOCRITY.

UNUSUAL achievements in art or literature are reserved for genius, while most of the world's workers are mediocre in ability and possibilities. But, we must remember, the greatest work of the world has not been done by genius, nor by ten-talent men, but by one-talent men of grit, purpose and force.

It is as unfortunate for a boy to be convinced that he is a genius, as to have the consciousness of being a millionaire's son: for, from the moment he becomes possessed of the idea that he can do great things without great effort, his future success will be crippled. One of the greatest drawbacks to a youth's success is the absence of all incentive to struggle and strive, to exert himself to the utmost to get on and up in the world.

THE YORKER DOCTRINE.

BY KATHLEEN.

ORIGINALLY there was little to distinguish the faith of the Yorker denomination from that of the Brethren. In fact there was but one important doctrinal point about which they differed. The distinction between them has been considerably augmented of late, however, owing to the more progressive spirit manifested by the Brethren in church work and along educational lines. Nevertheless, a striking similarity to each other still exists in the interpretation of the Scriptures.

Both churches accept the teachings of the New Testament Scriptures for their guide and criterion upon all religious questions, and both believe in and literally obey many Scriptural commands and ordinances that are generally either ignored or deemed nonessential by a great many churches to-day. The Yorker mode of baptism is like that of the Brethren, as also is the rite of feet-washing. The holding of love feasts, the plain dress, the prayer covering and the salutation, are all evidences of the mutual view taken by both churches concerning these matters. Likewise they are united in their disapproval of secret societies and carnal warfare, and also in regard to abstaining from law and politics.

The one important distinguishing feature before referred to, is the different view taken in connection with the observance of the communion and the Lord's Supper. The Brethren believe them to be two separate and distinct institutions, and observe them as such at their love feasts or communion meetings. The Yorkers, however, claim that the supper Christ ate with the disciples on the night of his betrayal was the Jewish Passover, and consequently, do not recognize it as a church ordinance nor include it in their communion services.

The Yorkers have not yet adopted any of the modern methods and styles of church work, and they would consider it sacrilege to depart one iota from the original and long-established rules of their church. Consequently they take no interest in either Sunday schools, foreign missions, or higher education. To their rigidly conservative ideas the introduction of such things into the church is but the prelude to utter apostasy

and worldliness. In support of this theory they refer not only to the demoralized spiritual condition existing in many of the popular churches, but also to the growing tendency of some in the Brethren church to discard many of the time-honored and distinguishing features of that church. While the foreign missionary policy of the Yorkers will find comparatively few supporters outside their own church, yet it must be admitted that their individual home mission work is superior to that of many foreign missionary enthusiasts. The family altar is one of the established institutions of the church and the children are brought up under strong religious influences. In living simple and exemplary lives in neighborly kindnesses, and in hospitality the Yorker lets his light shine, and thus exerts an influence for good in his locality hard to compute perhaps. Though the Yorkers do not have prayer meetings or Bible classes as the Brethren have, yet it is their custom to set a time apart before preaching begins, for the members to give short talks upon their religious experience. The talks are interspersed with singing and sometimes this meeting proves quite inspiring and no little affecting.

The strong point of the Yorkers is in the nonconformity principles. They have a uniform order of dress in their church and all members must conform to it before they are baptized. There is no deviation from this rule in order to indulge the younger members or those not fully converted. The Yorkers believe that if they are not willing to obey and conform to the whole doctrine and rules of the church from the start there is little prospect of their doing so later on. In the struggle to keep the besetting sin of pride and worldliness out of the church the policy of the Yorkers is but an exposition of the old saying that, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Or in other words that it is wiser and easier to keep pride from entering the church in the first place, than to get it out again after it once gets in.

In pursuance of this policy the children of Yorkers are dressed simply and plainly as far as possible, the little girls going down to Uncle John's or up to Bro. Henry's meeting, wear neat little bonnets of blue or pink gingham. There usually comes a period, however, when parental judgment and authority on dress are

regarded, and the daughter dons a hat and other turbelows. This condition exists for a while but generally early teaching, along with the environment are too much to withstand. Sooner or later this same daughter, of her own volition, lays aside her fashionable attire and adopts the plain garb of the church, including the prayer covering, which is worn by the sisters all the time, at home and at meeting.

* * *

HOW YOUR STEEL PEN IS MADE.

THE pen is a very simple thing, and while every Nooker knows what it is few know that the process of making it is a very complicated one, and still fewer could tell the processes through which it goes from the raw material to the finished product.

The real inventor of the steel pen is not known. The first pens made in the United States by mechanical appliances were manufactured in New York in 1858. At present there are three establishments in the United States where steel pens are made. Material for all kinds of steel pens is imported from England or Sweden. The very best variety of steel is made from Swedish iron, and the manufacture of the particular kind of steel necessary for pens has not successfully been brought about in this country.

The first thing that is done is to take these sheets of steel as they are received from the manufacturers, varying in length and thickness, and cut them into strips of convenient size and pack them into an iron box together with a composition to exclude the air. These boxes are then placed in the furnace and heated to a dull red and cooled gradually in order to soften the steel. After this the steel is placed in a bath of sulphuric acid to loosen the scales on the plates. They are then put into wooden barrels containing broken pebbles. After being churned until the metal is clean it is then taken and passed through a rolling mill until it is of the required thickness, the average being one one-hundred sixtieth of an inch.

Women and girls now take these sheets of metal and a die punches out the blank that is to be made into a pen. The next step is for the operator to take these blanks and feed them under a stamp that impresses the name on the pen. So

skillful do they become that they can stamp from two hundred to two hundred and fifty gross of pens a day. The next process is a very delicate one and is called piercing, which produces the elasticity and causes the ink to attach itself to the pen. The pens are then annealed again by heating to a red color. After this the blanks are punched out with a die and then heated over again until they are a bright red, after which they are thrown into a tank of oil and receive their tempering. They come out of this bath as brittle as glass and in order to clean them of the adhering oil they are immersed in boiling soda water. They are then put into an iron cylinder which is kept revolving over a charcoal fire until they are softened, or the temper drawn, which process is known by the tint of the pens. They come out of this and they are then put into a bath of sulphuric acid. Then the pens are placed in iron barrels with a quantity of water and a material intended to scour them. These barrels are set into motion which is continued for a period of from five to eight hours. After this they go into other barrels for about the same length of time, and then are passed into still other barrels with a quantity of dry sawdust.

There are still other processes. Up to this point there is no slit in the pen. Then they are taken to the cutters which have a razor edge, and the operator makes the upper cutter descend to meet the lower one; this makes the slit in the pens. At this stage the outside edges of the cut are smooth while the inside edges are rough. To remedy this they are put into iron barrels with a scouring material, and then kept revolving for five or six hours. After this they go into another receptacle and are polished with sawdust. Coming out of this they are colored by being placed into another cylinder revolving over a fire until the requisite tint is attained. If your pen is glossy the shine has been put on by immersing a lot of them in a solution of shellac and alcohol, which is afterward dried off. And in order that the pens may not stick together they are placed in an iron cylinder to dry. They are then very carefully inspected, boxed, and put on sale.

Thus it will be seen that the manufacture of a steel pen, common and all as it is, is a most intricate process in which it passes through many hands before you buy it for a cent over the counter.

THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH.

THE above named church is sometimes known where it flourishes as the New Amish and in places it is also known as the Dunkard church. It has no connection whatever with the Brethren church, and seems to have taken its origin from emigrants who came from Germany, France, and Switzerland. The fact that it is known as the Amish leads one to believe that it is one of the original Mennonite families, though this is a matter of conjecture, as there are no written records and only traditions of the elders and such historical matter as has been handed down from time to time.

The strongest part of the church is in the State of Illinois. It is also found in the surrounding States in varying degrees numerically.

The applicant for membership in the Apostolic church makes his wants known to some member of the fraternity, and then, in open council, he is allowed to make his statement of his wishes in the matter.—his change of heart and his desire to become a member. A vote is then taken upon his eligibility and if there are no objections he is received. A single vote, however, will bar his entrance to the church. This objection is subject to reconsideration. The applicant is then baptized in either running water or in a pool. One baptism is used, not the trine immersion of the Brethren. Prior to his baptism he has the principles of the church explained to him and he gives his consent thereto. Nobody but adults are received into the fold of the church. After his baptism the applicant is received by the hand and kiss by the brethren and hand only by the sisters. He is now a full-fledged member of the fraternity, so far as his relations are concerned.

The members of the Apostolic church do not go to law. They are strictly non-combatant, affirm instead of swearing, and do not believe in secret societies or divorces. No particular form of dress is demanded of the members, though in practice they are not very far from the Brethren. Should any member go beyond what is thought to be right in the matter he is called up before the church and cautioned in his ways. This is done according to Matt. 18, and if the party fails to hear the church he is put in avoidance, as he is for any other offense for which he is expelled.

In the matter of holding a love feast the proceedings are very much like those of the Brethren church and the eighteenth chapter of Matthew is applied practically, and everybody must be at peace with others before the communion can be held. It does not appear that a supper is observed in connection with the communion simply the bread and wine are used. No difference is made as to the bread being unleavened. The ceremony of feet-washing is not observed at the communion as it is with the Brethren. Feet-washing is left optional with the brethren who meet at their several homes for the purpose of prayer and there they practice the rite among themselves.

The ministry seems to originate something after this order. A member who feels called upon to preach makes his wants known, or communicates his desire to preach to the Elder. It is then made a matter of church consultation and he is allowed to try in a small way. If he is then considered successful by the church no objection is made to his continuing in the office. There are no degrees in the ministry of the Apostolic church other than that of the Elder and their subordinate assistants. The Elder is required to be unanimously selected by the church, and is installed by adjoining Elders. He alone has the right to baptize and celebrate the communion, and he alone can perform the marriage ceremony. In isolated communities without a regular minister the Elder's authority can be delegated.

The preaching is nearly all in German although English is not forbidden. In fact in some parts of the United States, as in the State of New York where the German element is wanting English is used by the ministry.

They have no publications, no denominational schools, although they have Sunday schools. They do not practically believe in foreign missions and have no home missions.

Their literature is mainly German. They have church buildings, and in their services and their social line of denominational make-up they are not much unlike the Brethren. There is a large church at Elgin and in many respects they recall the Old Order Brethren. This is perhaps why they are sometimes called Dunkards, which body, as before said, they have no denominational relation, immediate or remote.

MISDIRECTED EFFORT.

DURING one of E. L. Hyde's evangelical trips through Pennsylvania he told a Scranton gathering that all infidels were fools, and that he would undertake to prove his argument in ten minutes if any professed infidel wished to give him the opportunity. A man in the audience arose and was politely asked by Hyde to speak, if he wished to speak.

"Mr. Hyde," was the reply, "I have been lis-

"Go on record," queried the man in surprise. "Why, I've been writing and preaching against religion this past twenty years!"

"And you say there's nothing in it?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Well, I said I'd prove you a fool within ten minutes," said Hyde, looking at his watch. "I still have seven minutes left. I will leave it to the gathering if that man is not a fool who devotes twenty years to preaching against something which he claims has nothing in it."



SCENE ON THE PEND D'OREILLE RIVER.

ning to you with interest this past half hour. I think your most recent statement was a challenge I cannot let pass. I am an infidel, but not a fool. I'm a man of education and culture; I've traveled, and I know more than the average person, believer or non-believer." "Do you really believe," asked Hyde, "that there is nothing in religion? Would you go on record as saying so much?"

CHARACTER GROWS.

ONE proof that the soul is eternal, and never dies, is that character continues to grow to the end of life, and many of our best qualities, such as meekness, mildness, gentleness, humility, forbearance and contentment are the fruits of weary and protracted years of discipline, through earthly life.

SOME FORMS OF SUNSTROKE.

It will interest all of our readers to read carefully the following article taken from the *New York Herald*, and to heed the suggestions made therein:

The deaths from sunstroke that usually occur at this season invest the study of their pathological causes with a melancholy interest. Even when the result of exposure to heat rays is not directly fatal, there are very frequently after effects which persist for years. The explanation for both conditions is duly apparent when we consider the varied organic changes which are induced by the different forms of seizure. There are different kinds as well as different degrees of attack, and, while all are more or less dangerous, the necessity of instituting the necessary preventive measures becomes proportionately emphasized.

The most severe form of sunstroke occurs suddenly and often without preliminary warning, and with a mortality of about forty-five or fifty per cent. The mode of the death is by direct shock, involving the respiratory and cardiac centers and giving rise to the usual symptoms of arrest of breathing and of heart power. The latter is supposed to be due to the rapid coagulation of the muscular elements of the circulatory organ by direct heat. The victim is, as a rule, attacked while working in the sun, when the temperature and humidity are extremely high, and quickly loses consciousness. All the phenomena of great vital depression are immediately manifest in the shape of cold skin, feeble pulse, shallow breathing and profound collapse. The majority of such persons die suddenly, without any attempt at rallying. If they partially recover they are apt to suffer subsequently from inflammatory changes in the brain or upper spinal column, which makes them invalids for life.

The ordinary heat exhaustion is a much milder manifestation of stroke, and partakes more of the character of a faint or syncope, and under appropriate treatment recovery is generally complete and reasonably prompt, although sometimes death occurs during the depressed stage from heart failure. The extreme nervous and muscular exhaustion in these cases suggests a prompt resort to judicious stimulation.

A very common and more insidious variety is that known as heat fever, in which the bodily

temperature may reach one hundred and eight degrees or one hundred and ten degrees Fahrenheit. This form of seizure is more gradual in its development, and may be occasioned as frequently by artificial as by solar heat. Thus it may show itself in the shade, within doors, and more especially at night, after a hard day's work and in the confined atmosphere of badly ventilated apartments. Premonitory symptoms generally show themselves for hours and sometimes days before the attack. The patient usually expresses his condition as that of one simply "overcome with the heat." He loses his appetite, becomes irritable, sleepless, oppressed in his breathing, may have giddiness or headache, becomes easily nauseated, suffers from thirst and is markedly weak and feverish. The face, head and neck are intensely congested, as the more distinct signals of an immediate attack of fainting and collapse.

Inasmuch as there is a longer time for the development and premonitory symptoms, as compared with the other forms of sunstroke, there are greater chances for permanent changes in the brain, especially in those instances in which recovery is slow or incomplete. Such lesions are distinctly structural, and are traced to inflammation of the cerebro-spinal membranes. The unfortunate is apt to suffer impairment of the memory and of sight and may ultimately develop epilepsy and insanity. He not infrequently also shows an extreme intolerance of heat in any form and is often utterly incapable of working in a high temperature or under direct solar rays.

It is well in considering these facts not to temper fate by undue or too long exposure to heat. While it must be admitted that the strong man who lives naturally and temperately is most likely to escape, it is also true that no one can be considered as absolutely protected, least of all the one who neglects the preliminary warnings and postpones precautions.

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CREDITING ARTICLES.

In making a paper or publication of any character it is often the case that it is advisable, even necessary, to extract from other publications. A certain class of readers think that credit should always be given. While this is true as a rule, there are also other considerations

ould render any publication ridiculous, should always undertake to carry out the idea. Clearly those who would have everything in print either signed or credited do not know what they are thinking about.

Now let us consider a case directly in point. Some man writes an article on, we will say, chocolate. It is written so as to show the history of chocolate as a food or drink, the natural history of the plant, the course of its manufacture, its chemical constitution, and its trade aspect. The writer of the article, not being either a botanist or a chemist must practically copy his descriptions. He gets his statistics from a number of sources, and there may be but one or two original statements in the whole article. Nevertheless it is a good thing and deservedly goes in print.

Now on its appearance whoever copies the article should credit it to the author and the publication in which it appears. This is clearly right, but let us follow the matter a little. Some food journal, struck with the dietetic part, copies that, adding or amending to suit its purpose. A scientific publication takes the botanical part of the article, and a trade journal the statistics. Then comes one of the people who prepare articles for the "patent insides," which will appear in twenty different papers. He has hashed the whole thing over, and has really made a better showing than the original article. An editor, seeing the article in one of the twenty papers, is struck by its adaptability to his own publication, and he rearranges according to his own notion of things, and presents it as a matter of news and interest to his readers. Would he not make a fool of himself, if he advertise his ignorance of his own business and were he to credit it to the county paper from which he had it? Assuredly so in the eyes of those who know. He has done the best he could for his constituency, and the over-smart country squire who has read substantially the same thing in his village weekly, and who thinks the editor of that sheet did it, proceeds to write the other editor "calling his attention," etc., and expresses his opinion of anyone who would steal stuff from the Slabtown Herald. The misery of it is that it can not be explained to William Henry, and he has to be smoothed down and placated. While it is clearly true that original articles taken from original sources should be credited to

the proper parties, yet it is also true that the intelligent selection, rewriting, and rearranging of the work of others, demands a much higher grade of skill and intelligence than the original writing of the article. It is as an artist of one picture and one color against the one who can copy or originate anything in many colors.

One very deplorable happening, none too common, but still happening often enough to make a lot of trouble, is where the contributor foists on a paper over his own name something he has stolen bodily from some other publication. The editor does not know it all and is deceived. Then there is room for some talk of an emphatic and vengeful character. But taking it all together the question of credit can not be arbitrarily settled, and requires much discretion lest the credit be worse than the omission.

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THE BEGINNING OF BEET SUGAR.

THE great sugar-beet industry of the world owes its existence to a discovery of Vilmorin. The original sugar beet grown in France did not contain enough sugar for commerce. The amount of sugar could be easily determined in the beet, but in making the test the reproductive qualities of the plant were always destroyed. Vilmorin learned how to extract the pulp without destroying the plant, and by selection and cross-breeding he grew a plant upon which the great industry is now founded. We owe also to Vilmorin the present carrot, a vegetable which has nothing more than a thin, dry, hard woody root, unfit for the stomach of a sheep or a cow. Year after year, he sowed in a bed and carefully examined every root. By selecting seed from only the best plants for the new sowing, he produced a carrot with more flesh and less wood. The horse-radish, the turnip, and, indeed, the potato vine, were once plants with thin, dry, woody roots, without the least suggestion that they would ever develop into food for man or beast.—*August Success.*

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HAPPY is he who is engaged in controversy with his own passions, and comes off superior; who makes it his endeavor that his follies and weaknesses may die before him, and who daily meditates on mortality and immortality.—*Fortin.*

A GREAT DRY SEA OF SALT.

THE great field of crystallized salt at Salton, Cal., in the middle of the Colorado Desert, is described in *The World's Work* by Arthur Inkersley. This great natural phenomenon, which is only a little to the north of the Mexican border line, is 264 feet below the level of the sea, and is more than a thousand acres in extent. Says Mr. Inkersley:

"Its surface is as white as snow, and, when the sun is shining, its brilliance is too dazzling for the eye. The field is constantly supplied by the many salt-springs in the adjacent foot-hills, the waters from which drain into the basin, and, rapidly evaporating, leave deposits of almost pure salt. The deposits, varying in thickness from ten to twenty inches, form a solid crust over the marsh.

"To secure the harvest the salt field is plowed with a salt-plow—a massive four-wheeled implement driven by steam and managed by two men. The heavy steel share makes a broad but shallow furrow, throwing up the crust in parallel ridges on either side, and bringing to view a seepage from the salt springs that underlie it. About seven hundred tons are plowed up in a day. Laborers then work the salt with hoes to and fro in the water to remove the earthy particles, and when this is done, they stack up the washed salt in conical mounds, to be taken later to the mill. The water in which the crystals are washed is already so saturated with salt that the crystals suffer scarcely any loss by the cleansing process, which is a necessary preliminary to refining. To furnish additional water for washing the salt, an artesian well has been sunk which, though it is 900 feet deep, is still strongly alkaline. At present only about ten acres of the great field are worked, as a new crust forms almost immediately after the plow has passed on.

"To the north of the salt-field is a little settlement named Salton, where the drying and milling works are. After the salt has been stacked in the field to drain, it is loaded on flat trucks and taken to the works, hoisted to the top, and thrown into a breaker. After being reduced to particles of uniform size it is passed through a mill and ground to powder. Then it is sifted and packed into sacks for the market. The salt prepared in this manner is of the best quality,

but much is sold for commercial purposes in its unrefined condition, under the name of 'hid salt.'"

White men can not work long in such extreme heat as that of the Colorado Desert, so that the laborers employed in the Salton district are Indians or Japanese. For weeks the thermometer averages 140 degrees, and the sun reflected from the dazzling white salt-fields produces a glare like that of an electrical furnace. Even the hardy Japanese only sew the sacks in which the salt is packed; the plowing and milling are done by Coahuila Indians. The atmosphere, laden with salt particles, causes a painful thirst, and the waters of the only well in the place are brackish and warm. The writer adds:

"Under certain atmospheric conditions appear above the salt-field mirages of broad, flowering fields and towering cities. Moonlight, too, often produces weird and singularly beautiful effects on the great white field of gleaming salt, and the weird effects of this appearance cannot fail to impress the beholder.

"The most peculiar experience this basin has had occurred in 1891, when a flood from the Colorado River turned the salt plain into a lake. But the rapid evaporation of the region soon brought the country back to its normal condition."

* * *

STRANDED IN THE DESERT.

THERE does not seem to be much use for a ship in the desert country of California which borders on the Colorado river, yet travelers in that region may see there a veritable "ship of the desert." Far from any body of water capable of floating even a mudscow may be found a big stern-wheel steamer, accustomed to ply up and down the river carrying passengers and freight. She has been lying there since last September stranded high and dry on the sands a mile and half from the stream's present course.

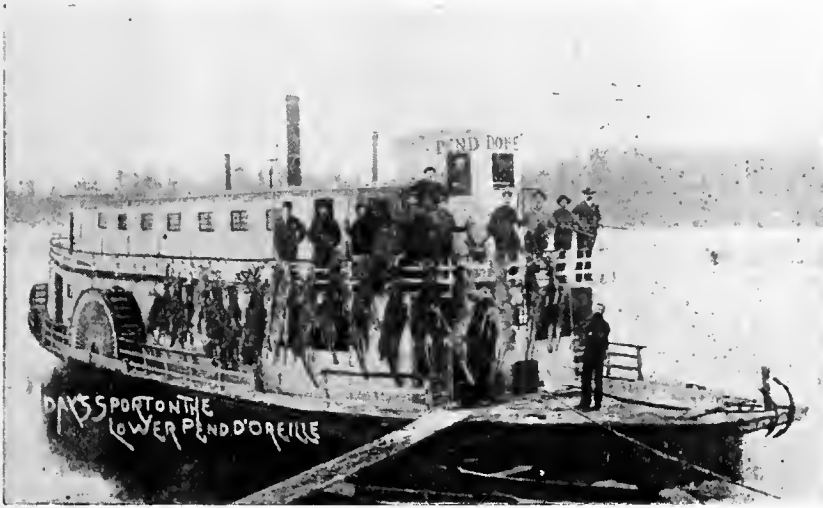
This strange condition of affairs has come about simply because the Colorado, a mighty stream, but one of the most treacherous of rivers, chose to cut a new channel for itself in the early fall without notice or warning.

One night last September the *Alviso*, Capt. J. W. Babson, tied up to the shore a couple

miles above Needles, awaiting telegraphic orders. She was loaded with passengers and supplies, and as travel is sometimes leisurely pursued on the Colorado all hands turned in for a good night's sleep. Between three and four o'clock Captain Babson was aroused by Indians, who warned him that for some reason the river was falling rapidly, and advised him to pull out into mid-stream as quickly as possible. This the captain tried to do, but the water had already gone down so low that his prow stuck fast in the mud

COST OF WHITE PAPER.

WHEN a newspaper has once attained the 300,000 circulation mark the value of advertising becomes a race between the receipts from that source and the cost of white paper. The advertising in one of the New York evening papers with a circulation which exceeds 300,000 is said to entail a cost of 21 cents per line for white paper, and it is sometimes the case that although an advertisement seems to cost a great deal of



ONE DAY'S SPORT ON THE LOWER PEND D'OREILLE.

when he got up steam and tried to turn his paddle wheels and move out into navigable water. And there he has stuck fast ever since, becoming resigned to the situation perforce and hopefully waiting the flood water that comes down at the time of the melting of the Colorado and Wyoming snows in June.

By this freak the Colorado river, which is always accomplishing some unusual feat, has annexed to California a strip of land from three-fourths of a mile to a mile wide and about four miles long. This kind of land annexation is going on all the time along the Colorado, which is the official dividing line between California and Arizona. Sometimes Arizona steals from California and sometimes the State steals from the territory, but this is the first time on record that a steamer has been held up as a pledge in the transaction.

money the outlay would not so much as buy the white paper on which it is printed.

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WORDS THAT COST.

CABLEGRAMS describing the destruction of St. Pierre, Martinique, is an instance of the cost of news to a metropolitan paper that wants to keep up with the times. These dispatches reached the American newspapers by way of Brazil, The Azores, and Great Britain, and cost the recipients two to four dollars per word, together with fees for precedence in using the cable.

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As a sequel to the recent earthquakes in Sardinia an enormous chasm has been opened in the earth, while the surface has bulged into a hill of considerable elevation

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THE OYSTER.

THE oyster has a mouth with a fringe hanging around it, and teeth, but it has no head and no feet. It is shut up in a shell, and one would naturally think that it would have no means of providing for the necessities of life. To say nothing of our being minus head and feet, if we were to be shut up in a shell all our days, we would find it inconvenient to make a living. However, Mother Nature attends alike to all her children's wants, and though we human beings think ourselves the most important part of creation, yet as great care has been bestowed by God in fashioning the mantle in which the oyster is wrapped as in constructing our wonderful human bodies.

The food which the oyster eats is, for the greater part, the microscopic plants and animals which swarm the seas. The gills or lungs of the oyster are shaped like four dainty leaves. They are joined to the body only at one end, and when you take a microscope and look carefully at these curious lungs, you see a quantity of hair or cilia. These cilia are always in motion, and the tiny currents which their movements make drive the food into the oyster's mouth. Now the fringe of the oyster's mouth belongs to the gills and helps to keep up the currents, and so the oyster is enabled to reject any particle of food that it does not like.

We all like to eat oysters. It is called the king of the molluscs. When you open the shell you see the white of its body.

The oyster leads a queer life. At first the young oysters keep near their mother, and hide at the least signal of danger. But by and by they lead an independent existence, that is they fix themselves to some solid body and begin to make their shells. This takes three years. The oyster lays 2,000,000 eggs in a season.

The oyster does not fare well in the rough, tempestuous sea. As far back as the time of the Romans the oysters of Kent were preferred to those of Italy.

MOSQUITO EXTERMINATION.

WHAT shall we do with the water-garden which appears so perfectly suited for raising mosquitoes? Shall we fill it up, drain it off, or pour oil upon its troubled waters? If his pond should prove as great a source of pleasure to the reader as mine has been to me, he will be loath to adopt any of these radical measures. Repeated and diligent search had failed to reveal the presence of any mosquito larvæ in my pond, and this seemed all the more strange when, in the quiet waters of the brook, not fifty feet away, I discovered thousands of active "wigglers." It seemed probable that the goldfish were holding the mosquitoes in check in the artificial pond; while in the brook the insects were breeding in comparative safety.

To test the correctness of this theory, I took from the pond a small goldfish and placed it in an aquarium where it could feed upon mosquito larvæ and under observation. The result was as anticipated. Whenever they were dropped into the water the "wigglers" disappeared in a short time.

When it is once understood that goldfish are useful, as well as ornamental and comparatively hardy, it is to be hoped that they will be introduced into many small bodies of water, such as lily-ponds and water gardens, where mosquitoes are likely to breed. In my experience these fish can easily be reared in any sheltered pond where the water is shoal and warm.

COWS IN THE ALPS.

THE cows in the Alps are generally very large and fine, of a dark mouse color, growing white at the muzzle, writes a correspondent of the *Chicago Journal*. Each one has a name, and a bell around her neck, and as the herder must be with them all day, they are so accustomed to being with humankind that they really seem to have human intelligence. Several mornings when staying in the homes of the mountaineers

have got up at daybreak to see them milk and care for their herds, and as I saw how gently they handled them, and the trustful way the cows would lay their heads against the keepers, as if trying in their dumb way to express their affection, it added to my regard for the sturdy fellows, who looked as if they might be as rough as bears.

One cow, who leads the herd, has a much larger bell than the others, and as she starts off the rest follow along the narrow path up the mountain side, the different bells tinkling like chimes in the early morning air and forming a very romantic pastoral scene.

* * *

SKUNKS THE FARMERS' FRIEND.

THE hop-growers of Otsego County have discovered what naturalists have long been trying to make farmers understand—that skunks, instead of being their enemies, as they formerly supposed, are among their most useful friends. As one hop-grower expressed it, "Nowadays we protect skunks as carefully as we do song-birds."

Hop-yards, it appears, are infested by a certain kind of grub which gnaws off the tender vines at the root, and this grub is the favorite food of the skunk.

As a general thing the skunks sally forth at nightfall, but now and then they are to be seen at work in broad daylight. The proceeding is an interesting one to watch.

The skunk begins his quest on the edge of the yard, where he cocks his head over a hill of hops and listens. If a grub is at work upon one of the four trailing vines, his quick ear is sure to hear it. At once he begins to paw up the earth, and presently he is seen to uncover the grub and swallow it with unmistakable relish.

Then he listens again, and if he hears nothing proceeds to the next hill. And so he goes on until he has had his fill.

* * *

THE KINGFISHER.

KOSKOMENOS, the kingfisher, still burrows in the earth like his reptile ancestors; therefore the other birds call him outcast and will have nothing to do with him. But he cares little for that, being a clattering, rattle-headed, self-satisfied fellow, who seems to do nothing all day long but dig and eat. As you follow him, however, you

note with amazement that he does some things marvelously well—better indeed than any other of the wood-folk. To locate a fish accurately in still water is difficult enough when one thinks of light-refraction; but when the fish is moving, and the sun glares down into the pool and the wind wrinkles its face into a thousand flashing, changing furrows and ridges,—then the bird that can point a bill straight to his fish and hit him fair just behind the gills must have more in his head than the usual chattering gossip that one hears from him on the trout streams.—*Country Life in America.*

* * *

THE MAN OF THE FUTURE.

PROFESSOR BRUNER makes a startling prediction as to human development. He sees in the future man a being in whom strange transformations shall have taken place: a being in whom brain is master, ruling a body much larger than that of the present man, a body which has lost its floating ribs, its vermiform appendix and its little toes, and in which many other changes have taken place. He believes the chest and upper and lower limbs will be larger and that the future man will be taller than his prototype of to-day.

* * *

ONE DEAD SPARROW.

BY W. H. SUMMERS.

NOR long ago my attention was called to a sparrow hanging by the neck in the loop of a horse-hair. The hired man and myself threw clubs into the tree and broke the limb off. We found that an English sparrow was hung by the neck in the loop of a horse-hair, which was fast to the limb. Now, did the sparrow hang himself for a lost love, or had he been executed by his fellows, or was it an accident?

North Liberty, Ind.

* * *

THE bamboo holds the record among plants for quick growth. It has been known to grow two feet in twenty-four hours.

* * *

PAPER coal is a form of lignite found near Bonn, in Germany. It splits naturally in films as thin as paper.

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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ANGELS.

'Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you; they sit all day
Beside you, and lie down at night by you,
Who care not for their presence,—muse or sleep,—
And all at once they leave you and you know them!
—Robert Browning.

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS.

THE man who succeeds pays for it in unseen ways. Probably no person ever won distinction without disturbing the balance of matters and stirring up to unwonted activity more or less of the littleness in people who had not in them the elements of winning out to the head of the class. Who wins pays. There is no avoiding the debt. It must be met.

If one writes a successful book, accumulates much money, or does other notable things, the surrounding rabble tear at him because of his success. They were satisfied with him as long as he was in their class, but when he rises out of the common level he must make up his mind that the jaundiced and the mediocre will have their fling at him. Of course not all souls are cast in such common clay, but there are enough to make it interesting for him who is at the fore. It is a duplication of the bantam rooster's trying to pull

out the tail feathers of his larger brother who can crow louder or fly farther. It is not a pleasant thing to think of as being in human nature but it is there good and strong.

Sometimes the man in front does not care, and it is a good thing for him if he does not. He will be a great deal happier if he can turn the shafts and stones of envy and detraction, but there is always enough that sticks to make it uncomfortable for the one who committed the crime of success.

KEEP COOL.

To suggest keeping cool as a means of keeping cool may seem humorous, but it is said in all earnestness. Those who do not allow themselves to get into a heat of passion or worry stand a much better chance of personal comfort in warm weather. To go about our affairs with all the deliberateness compatible with the work to be done is also a great help: Keep in the shade, and remember that the less water one drinks early in the day the stronger he will be at the day's close. To drink any alcoholic preparations is like putting out fire with fire. And this one fact keep before you. As long as the sweat is running there is no danger of a heat or sunstroke. When perspiration stops, and the skin becomes hot and dry, stop right there, and hunt the shadiest and coolest place, and still better, lie down. Keeping on at work when the hot and dry skin stage has been reached is like joking with death.

WEATHER CONDITIONS.

THE weather conditions all over the United States have been out of the ordinary, and there has been an unusual rainfall, taking the country far and near into consideration. The wheat is all right, and if nothing comes over the corn there will be a good crop generally.

This problem of rainfall is a peculiar one. As a rule about the same amount of water fall averaging one year with another, and what does not come at one time we get at another. It is all at one time there is little or none another. If this holds good, and the coming winter is a mild and snowless one, the people in the sub-arid regions can look for a short

age in the crops. The INGLENOOK does not know, and is simply suggesting a line of thought that will prove interesting in noting how it will actually turn out. History beats prophecy for accuracy in these matters.

* * *

RECIPES FOR DOCTOR BOOK.

INGLENOOKERS in possession of tried recipes are requested to send them to the INGLENOOK at once. A large number have come in, but not as many as are needed to round out the book into what we want it to be, and so we suggest the wisdom of at once supplying us with all the favorite domestic remedies that each reader knows to be good. Send them on in your own language, and we will put them in shape for you. It should be remembered that men, as well as women, are invited to contribute to the Doctor Book.

* * *

ONE unfailing sign of the mental and moral status of an individual is in the class and character of the books he reads. A home devoid of books and current literature is never a home of culture and refinement. One glance around the interior of the living room of a family tells the whole story. If there are books and magazines of a high grade, then high grade people meet there. And the converse of this is equally true.

* * *

THE Virginia issue of the INGLENOOK is nearing completion. Every Virginian, no matter where he is, ought to have this number of the book. It will be sent to those who ask, and we do not guarantee it otherwise. After the edition is printed it is soon exhausted, and then there are no copies for anybody.

* * *

REPEATED calls have been made for a resumé of the news of the day, and we recognize the want. If the time ever comes when matters are in shape for it we will gladly have it done.

* * *

NEXT week the enlarged and improved INGLENOOK. It will also be improved in contents as fast as opportunity allows.

* * *

THE INGLENOOK has learned of a Sauer Bible, '53, for sale. Does anybody want to buy it?

AFTER THIS MANNER.

Thinking of others' shortcomings remember your own.

*

Follow the few who are right rather than the vulgar many.

*

A cabbage head in the garden is better than one on your shoulders.

*

The more homes that are right the emptier the streets will be of boys.

*

The church closed for the hot season, but the devil stuck to his business.

*

Flattery if undeserved, as it often is, is more dangerous than adversity.

*

The applause of the wicked should not be a pleasant sound to anyone.

*

A million of dollars and contentment hardly ever live in the same house.

*

A very small woman can often lead around a big man with a square jaw.

*

Sometimes it takes more courage to keep out of danger than to go into it.

*

Yes, marriages are made in heaven, and they often get mixed in the delivery.

*

A wrong may be an accident but right is either premeditated or the result of habit.

*

Don't blab your failures jocosely. The hearer will give them an earnest hearing.

*

Some men talk much about their conscience when they only mean their wishes in the matter.

*

Some people's goodness is not only not skin deep, but it is often only a mistaken case of sunburn.

*

Many people waste more time bemoaning a failure than it would take to do it right a half dozen times.

THE LARD YOU BUY.

A GREAT many people buy their lard at the store and do not know much about the origin of it. We have before us a census report, issued by the government, in which the process of making it is described. It is not supposed that the description will contribute very much to the desire to buy and use it, but as a matter of information it is very interesting.

Lard is a very important product of the hog. The packer divides it into two kinds—leaf lard and steam lard. Leaf lard comes from the surplus fat that accumulates in the hog, incased in a skin somewhat similar to that inclosing the intestines, only of frailer fabric. From the hog this leaf is washed and then goes to the rendering kettle. The leaf is cut into strips about three inches wide, which are again cut into squares about three inches long. This cutting has to be done with much care, for mangling the leaf is detrimental to the production of good lard. The kettle is generally an open-jacketed one with a space for steam between the two parts of the kettle. A heavy shaft suspended through the kettle horizontally has arms attached which pass close to the bottom. This shaft in revolving keeps the mass in constant motion. This kettle holds about 10 tierces, and is kept constantly full, the steam being turned on in the jacketed space at a pressure of about 15 pounds and a temperature of about 222° F. The water taken on in washing the leaf first arises as vapor, and continues to vaporize as long as any water is left. After a time the surface begins to sink, showing that some of the leaf has melted, and the shaft and stirrers are started and the temperature is raised to about 250° F. Cut leaf is added from time to time to keep the kettle full, so that it is full of lard to the brim when the rendering is completed. After about five hours the cooking is finished, and the steam is turned off. A small amount of salt is thrown into the kettle, and after an hour of settling the lard is drawn off from the bottom through an opening over which there is a fine screen of wire cloth. From here the lard is run to an open tank where it cools to a temperature of 160° F., when it is drawn into tin pails of about 20 quarts each, and from these filled into packages of wood or tin, and placed in a room where a blast of air of a temperature

of about 40° to 45° is blown over it. The rapid cooling causes a shrinkage on the surface and gives a crinkled effect that was formerly believed to be an indication of its purity. The color of leaf lard is creamy. Nearly everything to-day enters into leaf lard from leaf to belly trimmings. Much leaf lard is made into neutral oil. This oil is free from animal smell and taste.

Stock for making steam lard comes from all sources and every grade of hog products, from the feet trimmings, or feet themselves, to the skull or head bones. The rendering is done in tight iron cylinders from 30 to 72 inches in diameter and from 6 to 16 feet deep, generally suspended through one floor with a discharge at the bottom of about 12 inches in diameter and an inlet opening on the top of about 16 inches in diameter. Both these openings are covered. The pressure of steam used varies. After the rendering is completed and the steam pressure removed, the tank is allowed to settle. The refuse, such as bones and flesh tissue, sinks to the bottom of the tank, and is used in making fertilizers; above appears a layer of water, and above this, in turn, is the lard. The lard is drawn off into large steam jacketed kettles holding 20 to 30 tierces each. These kettles are then heated to above the boiling point of water. This is the refining process, and is continued until the water in the lard ceases to rise as vapor from the kettle. As soon as the water is evaporated the lard settles and is pumped into a large cooler before it is prepared for shipment. The failure to remove all the water in this process of refining is the cause of rancid or spoiled lard.

* * *

SOMETHING ABOUT SAUSAGE.

THIS is the wrong time of year for sausage yet perhaps it will be interesting to the Nook Family to know something about the manufacture of sausage at the packing houses where it is made in immense quantities for the market. The following is from the United States Government report and ought to be authoritative:

The manufacture of sausage brings to the packer greater profit for the amount of meat used than any other part of the hog. Sausage is made of trimmings which are the remnants of everything. Material for sausage comes from the ham-trimming department, from the butch-

's bench at the market stall, from the killing room, and from the beef houses, particularly here the heads and hoofs are trimmed. The meat is chopped, mixed, and stuffed by machinery. The spices, such as sage, pepper, salt ginger, and mustard, are mixed with the meat prior to its passage through the chopping machine, in order that it may be more thoroughly mixed. The ginger and mustard are added to counteract the action of the fatty greases on the stomach. From the chopping table the meat goes to a mixing trough to be mixed with large quantities of water necessary to make the mass sufficiently pliable that the casings may be filled

with a cline of marvelous rapidity, and it does its work more thoroughly than is possible by hand. Stuffing is done by a machine composed of two large cylinders, one a steam cylinder, the other a sausage-stuffing cylinder, and a piston rod directly connected with the piston rod of the large cylinder. The steam cylinder is of such an area that with 80 pounds steam pressure we have 190 pounds of pressure to the square inch in the stuffing cylinder. This causes sufficient pressure to force the sausage from the small orifice at the bottom of the cylinder, to which is attached a tube over which the sausage casings are slipped, and the pressure when the cylinder is filled is suffi-



IN FLATHEAD VALLEY, MONTANA.

with little difficulty. Here potato flour is also added to give consistency to the material. At this point the constituent parts are 40 per cent meat and spice, 40 per cent potato flour, and 20 per cent water. The potato meal neutralizes the taste of the pork, and the spices keep the stomach right.

The intestines, from which the casings are made, are one of the most valuable products of the hog. The labor involved in preparing them for commercial use is much greater than that demanded in the preparation of any other part of the hog. In some packing houses the old plan of doing the work entirely by hand, cleaning the intestines by turning them inside out and wiping with knife blades, still obtains, but in the larger houses this work is done by a ma-

chine sufficient to fill the skins at a speed of a mile a minute. From this machine the sausages are delivered at a table at which stand several men who tie them in links. This process done, the sausage is ready for marketing.

* * *

Just as the unbelieving and godless Jews in the church under the old dispensation rejected Jesus, so do the unconverted and backslidden in the Christian church, under the new dispensation, reject the Holy Ghost. They are willing for him to have a place in creeds and confessions. He may even be alluded to in songs and sermons, but they would shut him out of the hearts of men. They object to his demonstrations and manifestations."—*Pentecostal Herald*.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

A GREAT many NOOK readers have doubtless noticed a news item credited to the Associated Press and do not know what is meant thereby. The Associated Press is practically a co-operative organization of newspaper proprietors for the purpose of securing the news of the world at a minimum cost. As now organized it has four divisions, the Eastern, Central, Southern and Western, with headquarters at New York, Chicago, Washington and San Francisco. Domestic news is collected from all parts of the four divisions and is exchanged between these several divisions, the items being enlarged or condensed according to the territory in which they are to be circulated. Thus, a murder here in Elgin might be given a column in a Chicago paper while a paragraph would suffice for the newspaper in San Antonio, Texas.

There are about seven hundred members of the Associated Press. The Association has its representatives and correspondents almost everywhere. Whatever is worth telling as an item of news is reported by the correspondents by wire to the nearest division and the sum total is telegraphed daily to the papers belonging to the Association, and these papers modify the news to suit the requirements of their constituency.

Besides these reports delivered to the metropolitan papers the Associated Press also distribute what are called "pony" reports, which are condensations of the full reports, and which are sold at a cheaper rate. It also sells news to an organization known as the American Press Association for distribution to the papers not members of the Associated Press. But this news is not to be printed until twelve hours after it has been sent over the wires to the newspapers receiving the regular service of the Associated Press.

* * *

RIDING ON THE LOCOMOTIVE OF THE FASTEST LONG-DISTANCE TRAIN IN THE WORLD.

ENGINEER FISH, wrench in hand, was going over his "machine" (which he called her) to make sure that all was fit for the run before him. Standing on the track beside his engine he was dwarfed to insignificance by the great machine he controlled; the driving wheels towered over his

head and the great cylinders could almost admit his whole body.

Of a sudden the hissing signal was given, the traveler climbed aboard and sat in the fireman's seat—before him sat the traveling engineer who was coaching the several engineers for this fast run. All was suddenly ready. The throttle was pulled out just a trifle and the reversing lever yanked over a half a foot or so.

Under signal towers whose semaphores raise as they swung by, past railroad men who wave good luck, past puffing engines and long Pullman cars undergoing a process of cleaning and grooming before a run, they went with steadily increasing speed.

The traveler found riding in the locomotive very different from the easy luxury of the Pullmans; the great machine was not so nicely swung on its springs and whenever it crossed over switch or rounded a curve there was a corresponding jar.

The passenger sat on the fireman's seat with the "traveling engineer" who had an experience of many years on this section of the road; the running engineer, knew every curve, every little inequality, each crossing—an expert in locomotive running and as familiar with the track as a man is with the halls of his own house. The running of a fast locomotive is a good deal like the handling of a fast horse, an expert is required to get the highest speed out of either. It requires not only skill but also nerve, and the duty of the "traveling engineer" is to sustain the running engineer in the nerve-trying swiftness and to advise him as to the handling of the engine until he has become accustomed to the swift schedule and can run it almost instinctively on time.—*The World's Work*

* * *

NEWSPAPER SYNDICATES.

THE reader of the magazine part of a Sunday newspaper is sometimes led to wonder how the Editor ever gets all the material for the issue. It is to the newspaper syndicate that he turns for help. It is a comparatively recent affair, the thing of syndicating reading material, as it dates from only about 1884. Originally the syndicate was a medium for the sale of stories, but it has since extended its field to all kinds of reading matter. The news-gathering associations

very largely, if not entirely, co-operative, but the syndicate is a proprietary affair. It buys articles from authors and sells them to newspapers. It will furnish almost any kind of material demanded.

As the syndicate sells to many customers its aggregate returns are of such a character as to enable it to buy the very best material in the literary market. The rule with the syndicate people is not to sell the same story or the same article to two papers in the same city. A very able article demanding special knowledge on the part of the author may appear in a dozen different papers throughout the United States from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and yet the readers do not know that the article has been especially prepared for the paper in which he sees it. The plan works so advantageously that nearly all of the large papers use syndicate material to a considerable extent

* * *

CRACKING NUTS FOR A LIVING.

NUT cracking is one of the many odd occupations pursued by industrious people in every large city. The tough old hickory nut furnishes one of the most flourishing branches of this peculiar trade, as the confectioners use so much of the product that the business in it is kept thriving all the year around. The capitalists in the business are the men who travel about the country locating hickory trees and buying the crop. There is a keen rivalry among them, and the farmer with a good crop of nuts can get a fair price by the bushel if he only knows how to give a bargain. The nuts are delivered in bags to the nut crackers, who are paid eight cents a pound for the meats. A bushel of nuts yields about five pounds of meat, and an industrious worker who does not observe the eight-hour law is said to be able to make about \$3 50 a week. "The most difficult part of the business," said one of the capitalists, "is to find persons who will crack the nuts properly. As an experiment I sent a quantity of nuts to various city missions, which always have a lot of idle persons hanging around. The scheme was a failure, for the meat came back full of shells and utterly unfit for use. The persons who did the work were not getting any direct pay for it, and they took care to do it so slovenly a manner that they would never

have any more such work set before them. The best workers I have are poor widows who have a houseful of children to help them"

* * *

CURING A BALKY HORSE.

AN expert states that the vice of balking in horses is almost invariably caused by improper breaking and handling of the animal while young. It is only high-strung and ill-tempered horses that balk, and these are handled with more success by humoring and patience than by severe measures, which generally make matters worse. It is almost impossible to follow rules in a case of this sort. What will succeed in one case is useless in another, so that a driver must exercise good judgment—"horse sense"—in handling a case. A very good treatment is to watch the animal closely in places where it would be likely to balk, and with the first sign of stopping the driver should say, "Whoa," then get off and loosen or pretend to change the harness in some way; also take up a foot and tap the shoe with a stone. Spend a few moments leisurely in this way and in nine cases out of ten the animal will forget its inclination to balk and will go on at the first bidding. It is also well to give a lump of sugar or a handful of oats or an apple. This will always produce better results than severe measures.

* * *

CANNED BEEF.

THE meat used in canning is generally cow beef, and of an inferior grade. It is cooked in huge kettles and is handled with pitchforks. As soon as cooked, it is pressed into cans, which are capped, soldered, sealed, and inspected by steaming to ascertain if any air holes remain. These holes are closed, and the cans are washed, painted, and labeled, when they are ready for shipment to any climate, since, being airtight, they are proof against climatic changes.

* * *

God's message to Moses, is his message to us, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the Mount."

* * *

"WHAT a great and awful responsibility to be in authority and stand in the way of people going over Jordan."

ODD POST OFFICES.

MANY are the peculiar places and ways of the Post Office Department. The *New York Herald* says:

The most curious post office in America is the one which stands in Beebe Plain, a town half in Vermont and half in the province of Quebec, Canada.

The old post office was built about seventy-five years ago exactly on the line between the United States and Canada, so that it stands in two countries and serves in the postal service of two nations.

The cellar of the building connects the two countries and some years ago, when the post office was a general store, whisky was known to be sold in one country and delivered in another without ever having gone out from under the roof of the old structure.

This combination post office is now being run by parent and child, the father being postmaster for Canadian Quebec and the daughter postmistress for Vermont.

Standing in front of this strange post office is a large post, which marks the boundary line, and it is said that one time a man who wanted to get a roadway to his premises moved this post, and many thousands of dollars and no little time were spent to establish the exact line again.

Until a short time ago a very peculiar post office was used in Argyllshire, England. It was situated in the lonely hills between Drimnin and Barr, three miles from any habitation, and consisted of a simple slit in a rock, closed up by a nicely-fitting stone.

When any letters arrived at Drimnin for the district of Barr they were conveyed to the rock by the first shepherd or crofter going so far. Having been dropped in and the slit reclosed, they were left until a shepherd or crofter from the other side happened to come along, when they were taken up and delivered at their destination. No letter was ever known to be lost at this primitive post office.

At Burra, Shetland, an old tin canister, made water-tight with newspapers and pitch, was once picked up on the shore. It contained ten letters, with the correct cash for postage.

With these was also a letter for the finder,

urgently requesting the posting of the accompanying missives, as they were important business communications. After the letters had been carefully dried they were at once posted to their destinations, which they reached without further adventure.

* * *

EPIDEMICS SPREAD BY FEAR.

ALL epidemics and pestilential maladies spread with fearfully increased malignancy and speed if fear is roused among the people. It is a commonplace in shipboard that scurvy diffuses itself far more rapidly when the sailors are afraid in the tempest or when some important officer falls victim and they fear for the safe guidance of the boat.

A woman was sitting in her home in a town where not a single case of cholera was known. She was strong and healthy, when suddenly the door opened and she was handed a letter from China, telling of the death of a friend there from cholera. She was keenly affected by the news, instantly fearing she might get the same disease, lost her appetite, and for eight days was subject to the most violent attacks of cholera symptoms, until her friends, like those of the young medical student, rallied round her and pointed out the fact that no such thing as cholera was known in the place where she was, and that she was the prey of her fear. She contrived to control herself and recovered.

Severe shocks of fright may produce the most disastrous consequences in the system. A woman received sudden bad news and was turned livid by the shock. She cried, "I am suffocating! I am suffocating!" and three-fourths of an hour later she died. The strange movement made by her hands and face, and the marked irregularity of her pulse to the last minute caused the physicians to diagnose her death as produced by "nervous perturbation of the heart," and not apoplexy.

When it is a question of mental affection the influence of fear is limitless. The first question which the physician puts to his patient seeks to learn whether the latter has had any great fright or vexation. A vivid impression or strong emotion can effect the same result as a blow on the head, causing a loss of sight, consciousness, and speech, producing sleeplessness, fever

loss of appetite, or even paralysis. A man saw two old men in epileptic fits for the first time in his life and was so shocked and terrorized with dread that he might become subject to them that he forthwith had a fit himself, although he had shown no signs of predisposition thereto.

METHODS OF OATH TAKING.

In a downtown magistrate's court the other day, says the *Philadelphia Record*, a Norseman, on taking the oath raised his thumb, his fore-

AN ODD CUSTOM.

At the court of assizes in Venice, when sentence of death is about to be passed, a man clothed in a long black robe enters the court and, advancing to the bench, bows profoundly to the judges, saying: "Remember the baker!" Then he bows again and retires. Here is the explanation of the custom: Three centuries ago a baker was executed at Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was fully proved the judges who condemned him



SWIFT CURRENT VALLEY, SHOWING GLACIER IN THE DISTANCE.

finger and middle finger in a peculiar manner. "We all take the oath like this at home," he explained. "We put up the thumbs and the two fingers thus as a symbol of the trinity." A spectator remarked with a smile that there certainly seemed to be a great many ways of swearing. "The Chinese kill a chicken and swear over its entrails," he said. "Turks swear over a thumb ring. A Siamese lights a perumed taper and takes the oath with his face bowed forward in the scented smoke. A New Zealander swears with his hands in water. A native African, an Umgulla man, once wanted me to bring in and slay before him a white dove. He said he would have to eat the bird's heart raw in order to take the oath properly."

invested a sum of money, the interest on which serves to keep a lamp perpetually lighted in the palace of the doges, this being called the "lamp of expiation." In addition their fatal mistake has for three hundred years been held up as a warning to their successors on the bench when they are about to inflict the extreme penalty of the law.

NOT A PROGRESSIVE COUNTRY.

COLOMBIA, with only 4,000,000 inhabitants, is twice the size of Germany. It has only 605 kilometers of railway and apart from the rivers all communications with the interior is carried on with mules.

WALNUT FOR FENCE RAILS.

THE best black walnut in the United States is found in Indiana. Forty years ago there could be found in this State a crop of black walnut unequaled in quantity and quality. To-day it is not to be found in such immense trees. Neither is the number of trees by any means so numerous. Years ago the largest and best trees were used for fence rails and such common purposes. At that time it had no particular commercial value. Before walnut came into general use the most of domestic furniture was in cherry. Walnut has now entirely superseded this and all other woods. Fence rails can be found to-day through Indiana that were split more than a half century ago, and they are as sound now as then, save the wear and tear. Of all hard woods the walnut is most durable, save red cedar, and possibly in the ground black locust would equal it.

Our walnut is comparatively gone. In isolated parts of the country where the timber grows there is yet some of inferior quality, but to a limited extent. But the general black walnut growing in the deep forest, in the rich lowlands, in its primitive nature, is a thing of the past. The general supply must now be gathered from the four quarters of the earth to supply a demand that requires a century for its culmination, and its culmination witnesses the astounding spectacle of the almost entire extinction of the valuable material.

Kentucky has quite a stock of black walnut and much that is very inferior on account of its gray color and tough, hard texture. Missouri also has some of rather an inferior quality. Western Ohio and West Virginia is poor in quality.

The whole stock of the State is not equal to a full demand for ten years to come. Furniture manufacturers do not now use it as lavishly as they did five years ago. Other woods are substituted when possible and 1,000 feet of walnut are made to go as far again as it did a few years ago.

Chicago uses annually in her different branches of manufacture, such as house, school and office furniture, also in furnishing material, doors, moldings, counters, etc., 14,500,000 feet. Probably about half of this is bought at the mills and does not go into the account of the dealers at all. Many of the largest manufacturers direct or have mills or an interest in mills in the walnut districts.

HIS AUTHORITY IS SMALL.

"THE statement in the Star, the other day, that the president meant to further discipline Lieutenant General Miles by reducing his power," remarked an old war veteran to a Star reporter last night, "would be amusing if it were not actually pathetic. Nominally and ostensibly in command of the army of the United States, General Miles has no voice whatever in the control or conduct of military affairs.

"Although it is true that all general orders to troops and all special orders to officers and men are issued by command of Lieutenant General Miles, it is also true that they are issued in conformity with the army regulations and entirely without regard to his wishes in the matter. His power in military matters is practically confined to the direction of the routine work performed by the members of his staff and the few clerks and messengers attached to 'headquarters of the army.' He has independent control of their movements and duties to a certain extent, but over no one else in the military establishment and is powerless to order a single soldier from one station to another without the approval of the war department, as presented by the secretary of war or the assistant secretary.

"Probably his most important function at this time is in connection with the board of ordinance and fortifications, of which he is president ex officio. The independent powers of that board are exceedingly limited. All its actions involving changes of policy or large expenditures of money are subject to the approval of the war department.

"Looking at the case from a purely military standpoint, the powers of General Miles can hardly be reduced without eliminating the few inconsequential powers he now possesses. All the same, I think most of the older officers of the service are gratified that the president has concluded to allow him to round out his service on the active list."—*Washington Star*.

* * *

JAPANESE AS SERVANTS.

A good many Chicago families have solved the servant girl question by doing away with girls altogether. They continue to keep servants, but they are males. In this connection oriental help has come to the fore and has served in a lim

ted way to supplant the independent maid in several households.

Japanese and Chinese cooks and housemen are employed in several private families. They have not attained a position of general popularity as yet, but where they have been thoroughly tried they have been found to be desirable help. Many of them are good cooks, and faithfulness is one of their predominating characteristics, yet their shortcomings are many, and the average family much prefers female help.

In Chicago alone there are about thirty young Japanese men who are working as servants with a view to obtaining an education. They come to this country for the purpose of entering a university and working their way through college. Not all of them are able to find suitable accommodations, and they turn to housework with a view to saving their money until they get enough to start them in school. The wages of a Japanese servant run from \$3 to \$7 a week, and out of this several of them are able every year to lay by a sufficient sum to start them on the way to an education. These are in the minority, however, for most of them struggle long for a year or two trying to save money, and finally give up the idea of an education and continue to work.

* * *

THE LOST RIVER.

ONE of the most singular features in the scenery of the territory of Idaho is the occurrence of dark, rocky chasms, into which creeks and large streams suddenly disappear and are never more seen. The fissures are old lava channels produced by the outside of the moss cooling and forming a tube, which, when the fiery stream was exhausted, has been left empty, while the roof of the lava duct, having at some point fallen in, presents there the opening into which the river plunges and is lost. At one place along the Snake one of these rivers appears gushing from a cleft high up in basaltic walls, where it drops a cataract into the torrent below. Where the stream has its origin or at what point it is allowed up is absolutely unknown, although it is believed that its sources are a long way up in the north country. Besides becoming the channels of streams the lava conduits are frequently found impacked with the ice masses which never tirely melt.

DOWN IN ARIZONA.

WE are in receipt of a letter from Lizzie Forney, a Nooker of Arizona, who, writing from Phoenix, says that the temperature there reaches 120 degrees in the shade, and the people literally live out doors, even moving their beds out. The nights, being always cool, and there being no bed-bugs nor mosquitoes there, sleeping is a luxury. Strange as it may seem there are never any prostrations from heat, and with ice cream, melons and fruit the people manage to feel fairly comfortable. She reports fruit a partial failure on account of scarcity of rain, there having been no rain since early spring. The crop of apricots and grapes was short, and without rain soon, the pears, peaches and other fruit will be stunted. When it does not rain for a long time the water supply runs short, and as it has to be divided among so many people the water company limits their allowance. The salt river is literally drained at present and the farmers get only stock water.

* * *

FAULT-FINDING HELPS NOBODY.

CONTUMELY helps nobody; least of all the one who administers it. Pessimistic remarks dampen the enthusiasm of others, discourage honest effort, and react on the grumbler. Chronic fault-finders command no favor with employers or fellow employees, and are not the ones selected for advancement. Talking failure makes failure easy. A gloomy, melancholy disposition is largely a matter of habit and materially retards one's advancement. It does not matter if one is unconscious of these habits, they all figure in the final result of life work, just the same. Watch your chance remarks. Make them count for hope and encouragement.

* * *

WHERE LANDLORDS GET TIPS.

IN Japan it is always the rule of politeness to pay a trifle more than the sum mentioned in your hotel bill. To settle the account net would be considered an insult, or at least a mark of great dissatisfaction. People who have traveled in Japan say that the Japanese always tip the waiters on entering an hotel.

* * *

GOD has much respect for the honest confession of sin, but none whatever for excuses for it.

The Q. & A. Department.

What is the present condition of William and Mary College—the one Washington attended?

William and Mary College has just closed its two hundred and ninth session with a total enrollment of one hundred and fifty-four students and thirty-one pupils, in all one hundred and eighty-five. A body of seven strong men—Masters or Professors, in connection with five instructors and assistants constitute the teaching force.

Two courses are offered: the Collegiate Course designed for a liberal education, and a Normal Course designed for the training of teachers for the public schools.

The degrees conferred are four: B. Lit., A. B., A. M., and L. I. Washington never attended this school as a student, neither any other college, but was connected with this one as having been examined by it, and appointed by the faculty County Surveyor. George Washington was also the Chanceilor of the institution from 1788 to 1799.—*Prof. James Z. Gilbert, Pres. Botetourt Normal College, Daleville, Va.*

✦

When and by whom was the church at Antioch founded?

The church was founded by laymembers who fled from Jerusalem just after the stoning of Stephen. See Acts 11: 19. These spake the words of Jesus "to none save only the Jews." A little later some followers of Jesus came from Cyprus and Cyrene and preached Christ to the Greeks. Great numbers believed as a result of this individual work. When it came to the ears of the apostles Barnabas was sent, "who when he was come, and had seen the grace of God, was glad." Acts 11: 23. No more is preserved in history of the humble workers who laid the foundation for the first great missionary congregation.—*Galen B. Royer, Elgin, Ill.*

✦

What would the Nook advise as a good wedding trip?

From your location the Nook knows nothing better than a trip to Washington city, and from there to the points of interest within easy reach.

Will the Nook kindly print the Lord's prayer in Dutch?

Here it is in German, followed by the same in Pennsylvania Dutch:

Unser Vater in dem Himmel. Dein Name werde geheiligt. Dein Reich komme. Dein Wille geschehe auf Erden, wie im Himmel. Unser täglich Brod gib uns heute. Und vergieb uns unsere Schulden, wie wir unsern Schuldigern vergeben. Und führe uns nicht in Versuchung, sondern erlöse uns von dem Uebel. Denn dein ist das Reich, und die Kraft, und die Herrlichkeit in Ewigkeit. Amen.

UNSER Fadder dar doo bisht im himmel, Gahtlicht si di nama. Di righ kumma Di willigashaa uf dar eard ols ve im himmel. Geb uns hite unser dagligh brote. Un forgeb uins unsri shulda ols ve mer unsri shuldigha forgeva. Fer uns in kini basi forsuhn aver hald uns fum evil. Far din is de righ un de groft, un de halighkite un de avighkite. Amen.

✦

Is it necessary to have a will recorded?

No, it is not necessary at all. It is done usually as a precaution against loss. In fact the parties in interest may get together and shape the whole matter as they wish, independent of what the will says, provided they agree and observe the legal forms.

✦

What is Platonic friendship?

Platonic friendship, or Platonic love, is supposed to be purely intellectual and not based on emotion or passion. It is a term for a condition that soon runs into everyday experience.

✦

What is an "Alcade?"

It is a Spanish word, derived from the Arabian, el cadi, the judge, and an alcalde is a magistrate, a justice of the peace in Spanish countries.

✦

Why can not the Inglenook print the weekly market reports?

Something of the kind is in contemplation and will appear at an early date.

Aunt Barbara's Page

FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

"Now then, Marcus, and Bernice, listen while I read you two stories from the INGLENOOK. One is about a party camping out, and the other about an intelligent dog. Every week there will be something on this page of especial interest to young people who like to hear stories read to them. People are invited to write for this page, and help make it interesting. Now for the story of the people who camped in the Siwash Indian cabin."

* * *

OUR FIRST GARDEN IN WASHINGTON.

BY IDA RASH.

THE people who live on ranches have their gardens near their houses, but as we live in town and have not ground enough for a good garden my brother got a piece of ground on a Siwash Indian ranch about three miles from town and one afternoon along the last of April we all drove out to the ranch to make our garden there. We took the necessary implements, and such garden seeds as potatoes, onions, peas, beets, rutabagas, carrots and parsnips, a few cooking utensils, some provisions, a box of bedding and a large stack of straw and camped in the old Siwash cabin that still stands on the ranch. The cabin had neither door nor window but there was an open doorway and a hole cut in the opposite wall for a window, and a huge old fireplace where we did our cooking. We children were a little afraid of wild animals when night came, especially as Papa had seen a wolf just at daylight when he was a little way off from the cabin. But after we had barricaded the doorway by hanging a quilt over it and pushing the box against it, and covered the window with a cloak to keep out the cold, and emptied the sack of straw on the floor to make a good foundation for our beds we were soon too sound asleep to even dream—except the little boy who lives with

us. He cried out in the night, and was perfectly sure he had seen a bear and that it had touched him. He could not believe that it was a dream bear, but said it had five claws and that it was red. Since that we call him our little red bear.

We got our garden all made and planted by noon the next day and the soil is so rich here that we expect a larger crop than we could raise in the East, but the best of it is the trips to the ranch and the camping in the Indian cabin.

Chesate, Wash.

* * *

MY FAITHFUL SHEPHERD DOG.

BY ELVA E. ROGERS.

ONCE when I was a "barefoot boy with cheek of tan" I was sent on an errand to the home of my uncle, a distance of five miles. This was delightful to me for I was allowed to make the trip on horseback. I was accompanied, of course, by Shep, my devoted shepherd dog who was my constant companion. We had a small stream to cross and on our return, having delivered our message, my pony, in crossing this stream, somehow got loose from me and pursued her way, leaving me in the dense shade of the tall trees with my dog. I at once sent him after the runaway and followed as fast as my sunburned legs could carry me. Reaching the top of a small hill, I found Shep lying by the saddle blanket which had dropped from beneath the saddle. I picked this up and Shep started on at full speed. He soon overtook the pony and when I came up there he was guarding her beside a pasture fence. When I was safely mounted he seemed as glad as I and frisked about in the most joyful, playful manner.

Cordell, Okla.

* * *

Ex junger Mann hier het g'sagt er dät wunnere wie fiel Kinner Eltere hen die eene kleene Gschicht ins Englische tibersetze könne. wenn selle im Pennsylvanisch Deutsch verzählt werd.


The Home





Department


SHERBET.

BY LYDIA A. BARNHART.

TAKE the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, three cups of white sugar and the juice of six lemons. Add enough water to make a gallon. Freeze as you would ice cream.

* * *

SALMON SALAD.

BY MRS. C. E. ECKERLE.

DRAW off the liquor and remove all the bones from a can of salmon. Boil three eggs twenty minutes. Chop the whites with the fish. Mash the yolks fine, add mustard, vinegar, melted butter and season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour over the fish and garnish with parsley and rings of hard-boiled eggs.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

GERMAN DILL PICKLES.

BY M. E. ROTHROCK.

TAKE nice sized cucumbers, soak over night, drain and put in clean cask or jars first a layer of cucumbers, then dill, then cucumbers, repeating until the vessel is full. Cover with fresh grape leaves if you can get them as they add a pleasant flavor. Take one pint of salt to nineteen pints of water, boil, skim, let cool. Put a cloth over the top of the package, pressing close down on the inside, pour cold brine over and weight down. When scum rises take cloth off, wash and return. Do this as often as the scum rises for two weeks, when pickles will be ready for use. These can be eaten by people who cannot use vinegar.

Hartland, Wash.

TURNIP SLAW.

BY MRS. GUY E. FORESMAN.

SLICE turnips on a slaw cutter and boil in salted water until very tender. Drain and serve with a dressing made of vinegar, sugar, soured cream and a little flour.

Lafayette, Ind.

* * *

SAVORY MEAT.

TAKE two pounds of lean beef chopped fine, two eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper. Mix all together, mould into a roll with the hands and bake. Baste often with water in which a few sprigs of sage have been dropped. Bake one hour. This is good to serve cold for Sunday dinner.

* * *

CUCUMBER PICKLES.

BY ANNA M. HAINES.

TAKE cucumbers out of brine, wash in cold water, place in an open jar, pour boiling water over them and let cool. When cold replace with boiling water, repeating until the brine is sufficiently soaked out. Then pour over the following: For one gallon of pickles take three quarts of cider vinegar, four cups or more of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of unground mustard, two tablespoonfuls of unground cinnamon bark, one tablespoonful of unground cloves, one tablespoonful of unground allspice, one tablespoonful of unground pepper, one teaspoonful of mace and one pint of grated horseradish root. Pour over the pickles boiling hot, repeat several times and they will not need sealing. Simply tie up with

Cushing, Iowa.

THE INGLENOOK

AMONG THE MAGAZINES.

The Cooking Club, Goshen Ind, for August, is an exceptionally good number of a good journal devoted to the art culinary.

✦

The Era for August is a sterling number. *The Era* grows on one and although given to light literature to a considerable extent, yet there is enough of the permanent and solid to make the magazine rather above the standard ten cent publication where pictures count for more than sense.

✦

Everybody's for August, one of the best ten cent magazines, is well printed, well illustrated, and well made. The articles and stories of this issue are well calculated to interest the country reader, and the article on sheep dogs is well worth the price, several times over, to those who admire our closest animal friend.

✦

Lippincott's for August has for its story of the month an interesting contribution by Dr. Weir Mitchell, a story of a man in a strange predicament, in which quick movement and general noble tread on each other's heels. It is a summer number and is well calculated for either the hammock or the cool and darkened library.

✦

The Arena, also a review of current doings viewed from the moral and metaphysical angle of observation. The Philippine policy is treated by Robert E. Bisbee, and the article on American polygamy is an interesting contribution to general information by Jos. Smith. The whole make-up is different from that of other reviews, and may be just what you want.

✦

The Review of Reviews, America's great eclectic, is, as usual, full of good things for those who want the gist of the world's literature in all compass. There is so entirely too much of specialization any article or articles of special report. The excellent feature is the resumé of contents of the world's leading magazines. *Review of Reviews* is specially recommended to those who want the whole in one.

GEOGRAPHY AND MORALS.

"MORAL obligation appears to be a geographical question," said Mr. Jacob Wright, an English engineer, who was in New York recently on his way to London from Brazil.

"It's true," he continued, "I have had lots of experience in the northern hemisphere of this world of ours, and I rely on promises being fulfilled under the power of moral obligation according to my latitude. When a business promise is made to me, I turn to my map and see what latitude I am in, for the markings on the map give me a moral thermometer that for general purposes can be relied on.

"At the equator we have zero, where I never found moral obligation to exist; and as we go northward from there we find a sense of moral obligation to increase degree by degree, until we reach the Arctic circle.

"This is no theory, for I am speaking from experience. Some of my first engineering work was done away up in Northern Norway, and I learned, to my gratification, what it was to deal with Scandinavians. Never once did I have a man among them violate his promise. When an agreement is made they appear to feel it is absolutely binding.

"As you come down the scale and approach zero at the equator you notice that present interest more and more takes place of moral obligation. Conditions are good in the British Islands, Canada and the northern United States, but every now and then you find a contract violated because the violator feels that it is to his interest to violate it. As you work on toward the South you find the heat is evaporating the moral element from obligations more and more and the proportion of absolute selfishness and concentrated indifference increases.

"When you are at the equator you have reached zero. There is no trace of obligation to be found. I have just come from there, and my last is fresh in my mind. My final contract was made with two natives of Villa Nova, at the mouth of the Amazon, for a boat that they were to put at my disposal the next morning, and it was made in good Portuguese, too. The next day, when the boat did not come, I hunted up the other parties to the contract and they coolly told me that they had a better offer for it."

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Mention the INGLENOOK when writing.

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 34.

BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIAR BUSH.

BY TOWNSEND ALLEN.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush
What tender memories cling,
Of simple-hearted Scottish folk
Whose names the tear-drops bring!
We hear the quaint, sweet Gaelic speech,
The sound of Auld Kirk bell,
And see the waving fields of rye
Adown the valley swell.
We smell the scent of gorse and pine,
We hear the Tochtly flow,
And wander on its flowery banks
To where the beeches grow.
On hills the purple heather blooms,
'Midst corn are poppies bright,
And upland fields are dotted o'er
With many a lambkin white.
From Marget's garden faintly sweet
Is blown the breath of flowers,
Recalling the sad, tender scene
Of Geordie's passing hours.
Again the peasant mother kneels
By scholar son, "asleep,"
While through the lattice window steals
The bleating of the sheep.
We see stern Lachlan's lonely cot
Upon the moors above,
As Flora saw it wand'ring back
Heartsick for home and love;
Within its window gleams the light
Which tells a father's heart
Is better than the cold, hard creeds
That erstwhile made them part.
On Sabbath in the Auld Kirk yard
We watch the elders meet;
Beneath the tall old elm they stand
And most discreetly greet.
Drumsheugh and Domsie, Burnbrae too,
And Jamie Soutar, bold
In caustic word and cynic speech,—
His heart will ne'er grow old.
Adown the glen on old white Jess,
MacLure, the doctor, hies;
While Donald Menzies, sorely tried,
Sees visions in the skies.

Then Bonnie Kate comes to the Hall,
The Carnegies' old place,
And steals Carmichael's heart away
With her bewitching grace,—

But gives her own, sweet winsome Kate,
With promise to atone,
For true love knows no creed or bar
And bravely claims its own.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush
When all the good folk stand,
There'll be no truer heart than hers
In that immortal band.

The curtain's down, the play is o'er.
'Twas passing sweet and pure;
Tender as love and faith and home.
Long will its charm endure,
When years have passed, again in mind
We'll hear the Tochtly flow,
And wander on its flowery banks
To where the beeches grow.

—The Criterion.

❖ ❖ ❖

SPEED OF OBJECTS AND VIBRATIONS.

BELOW will be found a list showing how far certain things, animate and inanimate, will travel in a second of time: The snail, one-half inch; a man walking, four feet; a fast runner, twenty-three feet; a fly, twenty-four feet; a fast skater, 38 feet; ocean waves, 70 feet; a carrier pigeon, 87 feet; swallows, 220 feet; the worst cyclone known, 380 feet; the Krakatoa wave (at the volcanic catastrophe of August 27, 1893, in the Sunday Islands), 940 feet; sound in the air, 1095 feet; the surface of the globe at sea level on the equator, 1,500 feet; the moon, 3,250 feet; the sun, five and one-half miles; the earth 18 miles; Halley's comet in the perhelion, 235 miles; electric current on telegraph wires, 7,000 miles; induction current, 11,040 miles; electric current in copper wire armatures, 21,000 miles; light, 180,000 miles; discharge of a Leyden bottle through copper wire of one-sixteenth inch in diameter, 278,100 miles. This last is the greatest rapidity so far measured.

There is no way of telling of the great speed of thought vibrations nor the tremendous distance traversed by thought.

AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

BY WILBUR STOVER.

VILLAGES differ of course, but in the village I am talking about there are perhaps a thousand inhabitants all told, simple, inoffensive country people. We take our stand under a large peepul tree and breathe in the fresh morning air, so invigorating and so pleasant. When this tree was planted, likely over a hundred years ago, it was planted with this prayer, "May I abide in heaven as many years as this tree continues growing on the earth."

On the one side of the road is a large talao,—the common name for an Indian tank or reservoir,—and the little town owes to that tank whatever cleanliness it has. It isn't deep, and it looks as if a little care would make it an inviting place.

It is the meeting place for all life. Men, women and children, and the cattle of the town all get their daily bath in it, and their drinking water from it. Those who carry water away from it, those women, first wash their clothes, then their hands and feet, then their mouths and the water vessels, and then stepping some two or three steps farther out into the water they get the supply for the household use. Long-legged birds of half a dozen kinds come here from the fields and stalk about amidst the green moss or the lotus leaves in search of little fish.

Just before us, under a large banyan tree, is the village temple and the village god. It is but a little temple, such as are everywhere to be seen. Scarcely is there room for one man in it. Hindoos bow to the god when they pass, and some lay a pice or two as an offering down before it. The Brahmin keeper of the temple gets these offerings and not the god. The door was locked for the night, and is shut yet, but we can peep through the iron bars. If it is Kali, —

"Kali, Kali, Calcutta Wali,"

it is but a little shapeless stone painted red, and with two eyes somewhere near the top.

It may be that Hannuman has the seat of honor here. If so he is a larger stone set on end, painted red and shining greasy, two large eyes near the top, and perhaps a string of small white flowers encircling the place where his neck ought to be. Fastened to the wall are colored pictures, imported from England, of Hannuman the monkey god, with tail, legs and all. Other pictures are there too, of Kali, of Luxam, of Ganesh, and others. It seems the more they have the better they like it in these idol houses.

It may be Mahadeo is there. If so he is not so much in evidence as his stone bull. Any little round long stone may represent Mahadeo, *literally* the great god. He, the little oblong stone, stands permanently on end, and the bull, a crude and sometimes al-

most unrecognizable stone image, is always his counterpart.

As the sun rises bright and clear the villagers begin to stir. Smoke finds its way through the roofs of the little low houses, for fires are kindled and the morning bread is baked over a little fire-place that has no chimney. With the splintered end of babul sticks the whole family clean their teeth before breakfast. Afterwards the face and feet are washed, and still sitting on the front door stone perhaps, they turn their faces to the rising sun and with clasped hands utter words of prayer in which "ram ram" often comes, and they are ready for the morning bread. More devout people will take the bath all over,—if there is no room inside, the middle of the street is a convenient place,—and many are they who take their morning bath in the street. After the bath, and the ram rams toward the sun, they eat their morning bread.

The meager breakfast done, a few dry leaves are rolled together in the shape of a cigarette, a little powdered leaf tobacco is poured in at the end, the leaves are pressed together so that the contents do not fall out, and lighting the thing with flint and tinder, or perhaps with a match made in Sweden, the villager goes puffing away. Such cigarettes cost one cent per packet of twenty-five ready made, but many make their own, as they are cheaper.

We are in the midst of the village. The one little store is recognized as the proprietor in opening up removes board after board from its place. There he has piles of green peppers, ginger, garlic, salt, matches, leaf-tobacco, bundles of dry leaves for making cigarettes, dried fish, and some spices. Ask him: "Bhai, why don't you keep flour, potatoes, and such things?"

"Because who would buy? The field laborers are paid in kind. Then with the rice they make their own flour on the hand mills."

"And those who have money?"

"They have grain in the casks, and in their own carts they go to town to buy anything else they need, thus saving the profit I ought to have."

"But you can't make a living selling pepper and salt?"

"No, but it is a little. I do other work, and she stays at the house to see after the store. He calls his wife "she." Usually no husband or wife in all Hindooism will speak the other's name.

There is a school of some fifty or sixty boys on the roll. The boys of the smaller villages around come here to school, and sitting in rows on the floor they learn their lessons by rote. The teacher is of higher caste than most country boys.

A shoemaker, a tailor, a Musselman barber, some potters and a liquor dealer are all to be found in

village of a thousand, but the latter of these usually has the most customers and does the most business. But most of the inhabitants are farmers, either active or retired, farming chiefly by servant labor. They live in good houses, fairly good, sometimes of brick and occasionally with a second story.

The servants of these, the poor fellows upon whom the burden of labor falls, live in little huts, grouped here and there on the edge of the village. Several of these huts of theirs are on the elevated edge of the rice fields.

On the opposite side of the tank live low caste people. They are a little village to themselves, and the caste people will not touch them. It is their children at the government school who sit on the outside and learn what little they can. Sudras are farmers and general laborers, generally poor, but not always, but these are lower than sudras. Sudras will not touch these, neither are they allowed to get water from any well where sudras or other Hindoos go. But they all get water from the common tank. These herd cattle, farm, or do servants' work. One not having seen can not at all imagine the utter contempt a high caste man has for these poor fellows.

Lower than these and separate from them as well as from all others are a few houses of "sweepers" or scavengers. They are paid by the town people a very low rate, must clean out all cesspools daily, and keep out of everybody's way. The other low caste people could not be induced to touch these poor fellows.

In the poise of the village, servants remain servants, and servants' children become the servants of the masters' children from generation to generation. In the village I am talking about no land or house has changed hands for a hundred years, except from father to son. No one wants to sell. He feels he wants to keep what God has given him, both of houses and land and religion, and he wants every one else to do the same. Especially so in religion. He don't care what religion those about him follow, but he is not going to change and they must not change either. He was born of Hindoo parents, perhaps, then, according to his way of thinking, God created him a Hindoo to be a Hindoo. He feels as the cold and the heat and the rains come and go, if he can pass on to the next generation his house and land and religion and *spirit*, which things he does not generally call his own, if he can pass these on as good as he got them and none the worse for his having had the use of them, then he has done his duty well.

It is the religion of stagnation and the doctrine of despair. But, now the problem is to introduce the holy and aggressive religion of Jesus into this little village. Every man and woman and child would be a thousandfold better for the change, but not one of them knows this fact.

SOMETHING ABOUT GLASSWARE.

THERE is a great deal of rivalry between the manufacturers of tableware glass. It is an indispensable product about the home, and vast quantities of it are made from year to year to supply the increased demand caused by the customary and unavoidable breakage. It is the practice of the establishment devoted to this sort of work to put new designs on the market each year. The probable life of a design, unless it is unusually popular, is limited to one season. A design for a dish or a tumbler that catches the popular fancy may prove extremely profitable to the manufacturer.

One of the most popular forms of glassware is what is known as pressed glassware. That is, it is made in imitation of cut glass. The real cut glass is always more or less of an expensive thing, and will always continue to be, because it requires hard labor, and great artistic skill. However, the glass makers are equaling some forms of cut glass in such close imitation that the beauty and variety of design is not surpassed by the real cut ware.

New designs are produced each year in great profusion and at a large cost.

In the real cut glass it used to be considered that the blanks out of which the article was made had to come from France. But of late years they have been made at home equal, if not superior, to the imported article.

Any member of the Nook family desiring to have her table sparkle with the crystal ware can get a handsome effect by getting a piece of the real article, such as a large bowl or the like, and then surrounding this with others of the glass makers' art in pressed ware. For some reason the combination is excellent, and it would require an expert to tell which is the real cut glass and which is the pressed. There is something about cut glass that, to a connoisseur, tells its own story at a glance. It is also true that the pressed ware will pretty nearly equal the cut ware and in some instances require an examination to determine the difference, while a combination of the two, the real and the pressed glassware, gives the entire layout the effect of the real article.

WHAT is that great Intelligence that shapes the earth, the stars, the bud, the flower, the blade of grass, the snow-flake, the diamond, the nugget of gold; that puts life in all things that creep, crawl, swim, fly and walk; that makes the dimple in the babe's cheek and the sweet, calm smile in the patriarch's face—I say, what is this wonderful power we see manifesting everywhere? You who say it is not a loving omniscient God, the eternal, loving Father of all, tell us what it is.—F. H.

HUNTING THE ALLIGATOR.

ALLIGATORS are becoming extinct in Florida. The constant and wholesale warfare that has been waged against them has thinned them out so completely that unless a halt is soon called their total extermination is only a matter of time.

While they were formerly numerous as far north as Georgia, they have gradually become extinct until now they are found in great numbers only along the coast line of the extreme southern States. In Florida they are practically extinct, with the exception of Manatee, Lee, De Soto, and Dade Counties. In the Everglades the species have probably been more numerous than in any other portion of the world, for the reason that it has been well nigh impossible to get to them.

Formerly, according to the stories of the first explorers and early pioneers, the alligator flourished in numbers almost exceeding belief. One of the first adventurers to invade the peninsula leaves an account of how he found them so thick at a point where the St. John's river is about half a mile wide that had they remained stationary under his weight he could easily have walked across the stream by stepping upon their backs.

The extermination of the saurian began first as a matter of recreation. Hunting parties would drift down the streams and shoot them by the hundreds, making no attempt to utilize any part of their carcasses unless it might be certain portions of them which were retained as souvenirs. Later, when the country began to attract a permanent class of settlers, they found it necessary to make war against the reptiles on account of their preying upon stock. As a rule alligators subsist principally upon fish, but when they become hungry they will travel inland and eat anything they can capture. Lambs, pigs, and even small calves and colts frequently fall victims to murderous blows from the alligator's powerful tail. In order to defend their property from the depredations of these reptiles, the settlers would form posses and hunt them for days at a time, devoting their energies solely to the destruction of the larger ones. The trail of these hunting parties would be marked by the carcasses of hundreds of dead alligators, left lying where they had been killed, no attempt being made to realize anything from the sale of their hides, which of late years have come to have such a high value in the leather market.

Among the few instances on record where persons have been attacked by alligators is one where a mother and three children were surrounded in their cabin by a large number of the reptiles. The entire family of four met a horrible death while trying to escape. A large posse was immediately formed, and it is

estimated that 10,000 alligators were butchered in the hunt following this tragedy.

It was not until the hide of the saurian became a factor in commerce, however, that its extermination began in earnest. In lieu of the hunter who killed only for recreation and the posse of settlers who made desultory raids against the larger specimens as a matter of protection, came the class of men who engaged in their slaughter as a matter of business. Their skins when tanned make excellent leather for the manufacture of such articles as trunks, traveling bags, purses, pocketbooks, and all kinds of leather novelties. Books are also bound with it, and it is even utilized for uphoistering chairs. Dade County, on the east coast of Florida, sends to market about fifty thousand skins annually, while the number from the Counties on the west coast reaches fully 125,000 each year. There is one firm in New Orleans that handles over 500,000 skins annually.

The matter of hunting the alligator is much the same in all sections. If the hunter goes forth at night, he wears a lantern strapped to his head. The light dazzles the quarry so that the hunter can approach within five or six feet of them. They are then shot in the eye or under the foreleg. The weapon used is either a sawed off shotgun, a short barreled rifle, or a heavy revolver. In extremely dry weather the reptiles make their way to the prairies or dry swamps in search of water holes, which they can scent from a long distance. Around these water holes they burrow caves, called 'alligator holes.' The hunter is equipped with a long pole, upon the end of which there is an iron hook. He thrusts this into the cave and drags the game to the surface.

The alligator is one of the largest known reptiles, and it is also one of the oldest. Its habits are peculiar in a great many respects. It moves swiftly in the water by means of deft strokes of its powerful tail, but on land it is cumbersome, having to drag its body slowly and awkwardly along over the ground. It cannot handle itself well out of the water, on account of its being stiff-necked. Despite the fact that they are not well adapted to land travel, they have been found as far as fifteen miles inland. They can live out of the water for an indefinite period, as long as they can get plenty of it to drink. While they move about during the day, and capture food at all hours, they are to a large extent nocturnal in their habits. Their loud harsh bellow is a familiar night sound in the district which they frequent. Their manner of capturing their prey is to stun it with their huge tail and eat it at their leisure. If their prey cannot be readily torn, they often bury it until it begins to rot.

They are extremely omnivorous. A pine knot can be found in the stomach of nearly every alligator that has attained an average growth. Their eggs are about

the size of goose eggs, but do not have thick shells. The eggs are laid on the shore in a hollow in the dirt or sand. There are generally about fifty in each nest, arranged in separate layers. They are covered with grass and sticks and hatched by the rays of the sun. The mother generally keeps a watchful eye on her nest by floating around in the water with her upper back and snout just visible above the surface, but despite her vigilance many of the eggs are destroyed. The saurian lives to a ripe old age, ranging from 100 to 150 years. They generally travel in groups.

SLOW AS A WINK.

We very often hear persons say "Quick as a wink," when they wish to express time that is very short. There is no wonder that we use the comparison, for a wink has been measured, and it has been carefully ascertained that the time consumed in the operation is four-tenths of a second in the average individual. That is, two twenty-fifths of a second are consumed in closing the eye, four twenty-fifths in resting and four twenty-fifths in opening it again.



A HOME IN THE COLVILLE VALLEY, WASHINGTON.

and the hunter who bags one looks around for others, and nearly always finds them. There are seldom less than three or four together, and sometimes as many as fifty.

Since the skins of the alligator have become such a valuable article of commerce, all countries where they thrive are being scoured for them. A New York firm recently sent a band of Seminole Indians to India to hunt them. The most of the skins used in the United States come from Mexico, while nearly all of the product of this country goes to Europe. Florida formerly produced more skins than any other portion of the United States, but now furnishes less than any other section where the reptiles are to be found at all.

Winks come close to us, for we make them and see them every day, and there is nothing with which we are really familiar that impresses us as consuming so little time, yet supposing we should talk to light and electricity about quick as a wink they would laugh at us; that is, if they could understand us, and knew how to laugh, for when we start our wink, if light should start to dart around the world it would make three circuits of the globe and be back in time to see the wink completed.

Electricity looks with yet greater scorn on the quickness of a wink, for while the eyelid is closing it can girdle the earth once, go around twice more while it is resting, and make the fifth circuit by the time it is open.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE MOOSE.

PROBABLY very few of the INGLENOOK family have ever seen a moose in its native wilds. To all such this article by a writer in the Bangor, Me., *Commercial*, will be of interest.

When the snow has left the ground entirely bare, late in April or early in May, the moose migrate from their winter haunts and approach the marshes, ponds and rivers, where they search for their summer food, consisting of the various plants which flourish there. Their favorite diet is the water lily, which they browse as soon as it makes its appearance on the surface of the water, always wading deep in the water and dragging up the plant by its roots, and frequently keeping the head for a minute or more under the water. When they cannot obtain the water lily they feed upon the rushes. As the season advances the moose frequent water more and more, often remaining in it for hours at a time in the heat of midsummer, not only to enjoy its cooling effect, but also to escape the plague of flies, from which they are great sufferers. There are huge insects that burrow deep into the flesh of the moose to lay their eggs.

A heavy thunderstorm seems to afford the acme of enjoyment to the moose. They swim back and forth during its continuance, apparently in a high state of delight.

The female, during her visit to the water, hides her young with great care to protect them from the ferocity of the old males, who are unnatural parents and would destroy them. The mother generally selects a very dense clump of large bushes, or a spruce thicket, which, from its density, prevents the male from reaching them.

The horns of the bull begin to sprout in April and grow very rapidly. Generally in September they have lost their mossy covering or, in other words, are out of velvet. At this period the males are very fat, and generally fierce and savage, ready to attack man or anything else that stands in their way. In the course of a few weeks they grow thin and poor, because of their continual roaming and their many combats, and the fact that at this time they also refuse food. At this period the loud bellow of the male is frequently heard and distinguished by the hunter at a distance of two or three miles in the stillness of the night. The bulls make another noise which, from the nature of its sound, the hunters call chopping. It is produced by forcibly bringing together and separating the jaws in a peculiar manner. This, as its name implies, resembles the sound of an axe used at a great distance.

The call of a cow, which the hunter imitates usually through a horn or trumpet made of birch bark, is a series of grunts or groans, winding up with a prolonged, dismal and rather unearthly roar, which, in calm weather, can be heard distinctly two or three

miles away. One peculiarity of the moose is that he can go straight to the point whence the call proceeds, even after a considerable time has elapsed and without a repetition of the sound to guide him.

From the middle of September to toward the end of October is the season for moose calling and the full of the moon is the best time, for the bulls seldom come up to the call before sunset, and if the night be dark the hunter often fails to see the game that has come to his call sufficiently well to be able to take aim. Most of the success in hunting moose by call is had in the half hour between sundown and dark. Later than that, even with good moonlight, one cannot make sure of his shot. A still, frosty evening is best, for then there is less opportunity for a good scent. Many a moose is lost by his crossing the tracks of a hunter in his approach. For this reason, whenever practicable it is best to call from a canoe, paddling up to and concealing in a little island or point on a lake or river. Sitting in a spot like this for the greater part of a night is sometimes a severe tax upon the patience of the hunter, who may repeat his calls at intervals of a quarter of an hour or so and get no response but the dismal echo of his dismal call, repeated here and there through the woods.

On the other hand, there is nothing more exciting than to hear a moose slowly approaching through the woods. One is sometimes kept on the tiptoe of expectation for half an hour, or even longer. The stillness after sunset is so profound that the slightest movement is distinctly audible.

Sometimes the moose answer to the call much more readily than at other times. A young bull has been brought up by the sound of tearing the birch bark off a tree to make a horn. He heard the noise and came up, doubtless taking it for the noise sometimes made by a moose in tearing the bark from a tree with his horns.

The most successful callers of moose are Indians, and it is an education to hear their low, half-suppressed call, which is sometimes needed to bring a very old bull within range. These low calls, uttered when the moose is pausing, uncertain whether to come or go close to the caller, yet not within shot, require the greatest skill: a false note and all is lost. Much has been written by sportsmen and others about the delicacy of a steak from a bull moose. Nothing can be more deceptive. Its flesh at this season is no more fit to eat than that of a domestic bull. The meat of the cow moose is really delicious in the fall of the year, and no beef is more juicy or tender than the meat of a dry cow moose at this season.

* * *

EMERSON spoke volumes when he said, in an essay on Greatness, that a certain man had a heart as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

OUR MORNING GLORIES.

BY WALTER SWIHART.

A GOOD neighbor gave us a few morning glory plants. We set them six or seven inches apart in a row around our porch. Soon they were rooted in their new place and began to grow, and throw out vines like tiny fingers reaching for a place to climb up. I then took small pine sticks, cut notches at the tops and sharpened the points below. In each notch I tied a cord, then to carpet tacks beneath the eaves I tied the other end of the strings. These strings I drew tight by driving the pegs into the ground. Upon these rungless ladders the vines seized and began to curl and climb.

Then a long-nosed mole rooted right around the porch where the plants were set, but when the ground was pressed down again and the roots watered, the plants grew on. One morning Mr. Mole was discovered taking a stroll on the grass. I ran out quickly and put my foot on his shining back, which act had a very salutary effect on the plants.

Again one of the plants had the top nipped out by a worm, but it only stood still for several days, and then Nature pushed out one of those axillary branches, due to rise later, and substituted the main branch.

How queer their green furry stems are! I examined them very frequently, and when a vine started astray I pulled it from its wayward course and turned it round one of the strings a few times, when it would go perfectly contented. I learned very early that they would have their own way, even when I helped them, or they would not climb a step up. To see how perverse they would be I twined a few of them around to the right, in the direction of the sun's course. Would they? No, they'd let loose and go on their own way.

One day I untwined one for about a foot, and turned it carefully around in the opposite direction. In a few hours I observed it again, and what? It had simply let itself loose, leaned over to another string and made several turns about it. They all go merrily on to the left, as if trying to play "Peek-a-boo" with the rising sun.

At present the vines are up to the eaves, and though no means were provided for scaling the roof, some of their slender heads are stretching up as if to explore the housetop.

They began very early to throw out flower stems and branches at the axils of the leaves and vine. First came the flower stem, and then in the axil of the leaf and flower stem appeared the new branch. The first flower stems had but one bud, but as the vine grew stronger the stems divided and had two buds. Later they divided into four or five branches, each bearing the green, hairy bud which was soon pressed asunder by a beautiful twisted blue point. These points pushed

out farther and farther all through the day. Just to-night I put the lamp in the window and went out to see whether the twisted points were opening. I found them closed tight. They will not open until the day begins to break and by the time the sun is up the beautiful, blue funnel-bells will be open.

The calyx is composed of five small sepals; the corolla of five scarlet points, united by as many purple, ribbed, wedge-shaped pieces like patches set in between the limbs of the perianth.

Inside the flowers are five pure white stamens with dusty anthers, and, rising in their midst, the pistil, which bears a three-parted crown or stigma, is seen. The pistil rests upon an ovary of three cells, each of which contains two seeds. When I look into these beautiful flowers in the morning I see dust particles scattered about. That dust is the pollen. When the anthers open and sift this dust out the particles fall upon the stigma, and the influence of contact fertilizes the seeds hid away down in the ovary and they begin to develop. This developing continues until the seeds are ripe, when the pericarp or boll bursts open and the seeds fall out upon the ground. Nature has provided them with such perfect covering that they may lie in the snow and cold of winter uninjured, but when the mellow days of spring come, water enters and the sleeping embryo wakes, rends the shell, and peeps out, a new Morning Glory plant.

Goshen, Ind.

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THE APPLES OF THE NORTHWEST.

AN account of how the great Northwest has been made to grow most of the winter apples for this country is valuable in connection with the increase in plant values. The early farmers of the vast prairies could find no apple tree hardy enough for the climate. They spent fortunes in nursery stock, and in planting trees without success. In 1855, Gideon M. Mitchell, of Minnesota, planted thirty varieties of apple trees and a bushel of seed. In nine years he planted, all told, nine thousand trees. At the end of the tenth year he had left, after the winter's cold, only one tree, a small seedling crab. From that, however, has come the fine apple known in the market as the "Wealthy," a fruit from which the Northwest now annually reaps millions of dollars. During these nine long years of planting and failure, Mr. Mitchell's friends told him that nowhere in all that region would an apple ever grow. His success was a triumph in which he must have experienced emotions similar to those of Columbus when, in 1492, he sighted the island of Guanahani.—*August Success.*

* * *

Wise men make their enemies their instructors; fools become enemies to their teachers.

DOWN ALONG THE GULF.

BY W. E. WHITCHER.

WHEN we get tired of work and need some rest we have a capital way here of spending a week.

A crowd of a dozen or more get ready and take a trip to the bay. We usually go to Galveston bay. We can drive there in a day and get camped before dark so as to go into the water that night.

Our camping place for dinner is on Magnolia Bayou, and we could easily spend more than the noon hour there. The magnolias grow wild on this bayou and we find trees two feet in diameter. The blossoms are as large as a common saucer and even larger, are shaped like a Jessamine flower and are very, very fragrant with creamy-white petals and pink center. When one touches the flower it will turn brown in a short time.

On our summer trips we have plenty of melons and fruits of which we do not have so much on the prairie.

We see the white sails and next the blue bay, or rather the green water which seems to reach to the sky. It is delightful when sundown comes and we can get into our bathing suits and strike the water. We tried going in at midday, but found we got very brown and blistered. One will tan by the wind till he is almost as brown as a mulatto. Our best times are from sundown till twelve o'clock. The water is very warm and salty. Even the grass which grows there is salty. We use cistern water to drink.

Sailboat riding is a fine sport. We go out eighteen miles across the bay to the edge of the Gulf of Mexico. The boat rides the waves and sprays us nicely, and not all, but some of us will begin to want our shoe soles tacked to the floor. This is amusing only to those not thus affected.

After a week of lounging around camp and bathing we are ready to come home, and, oh, then how good it feels to be indoors again.

We take one trip in summer for bathing and one in fall for oysters.

Manvel, Texas.

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A TEN-TWENTY BILL.

CHARLES A. POMEROYS, of 127 Duane Street, New York, has in his possession the strangest freak in the way of a bank note that is known to exist anywhere. It is a bill which would readily pass for ten or for twenty dollars according to which side of it is looked at. It is not a case of two bills of different denominations pasted together, but it is a single piece of Uncle Sam's paper on the face of which is the imprint of as good a \$10 bill as was ever printed, while across the back is an equally perfect \$20 note. How this hybrid ever passed under

the watchful eye of the treasury experts and went into circulation is a mystery no one can explain.

When the freak first made its appearance it was in company with three other bills similarly printed. Its three companions, however, were captured by the government and destroyed, but the fourth eluded every effort and finally fell into the hands of a wealthy man who treasured it as a curio. He was the late Charles S. Upton, of Rochester. At his death he willed the unique bank note to his nephew, Mr. Pomeroy, who has steadily refused to give up the note, realizing its value. At one time the government offered Mr. Pomeroy \$300 for the note, but he refused, and later he was offered \$1,500, but again refused.

It is over forty years since this curiosity first made its first appearance. It was issued in January, 1861, by the Second National Bank of Springfield, Massachusetts, and its genuineness is beyond question. At first it was declared that the bill was really two bank notes cleverly pasted together, but it was turned over to the authorities of another bank, by whom it was kept soaked in water for two days. It was then taken from the bath in a condition that absolutely set at rest the two-bill idea. With the consent of the officials of the Chemical National Bank of New York the bill was subjected to another test a short time ago. It was deposited with other money, no hint having previously been given to the employes. The result was such a tangle in the bank's affairs that it required over four hours to locate a supposed mistake of \$10 in the balance sheet. The cashier then showed them the \$10-20 bill and the clerks understood why they had made a mistake.

Appreciating the oddity of the bill, Mr. Pomeroy sought recently to have it photographed and wrote to the Treasury Department asking permission. The reply was a curt note of refusal. Only at long intervals do government printing presses make serious mistakes, and never has such an extraordinary error as this been made.

* * *

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The towering Washington monument, in Washington, D. C., solid as it is, cannot resist the heat of the sun of a midsummer day without a slight bending of the shaft. This deflection is rendered perceptible by means of a copper wire which hangs in the center of the structure, and to which is attached a plummet suspended in a vessel of water. About noonday in summer the apex of the monument, 55 feet above the ground, is shifted, by an expansion of the stone, a few hundredths of an inch toward the north. High winds cause visible motions of the plummet, and vibrations of the earth's crust are also registered by it.

PIECES OF AN OLD ENGINE.

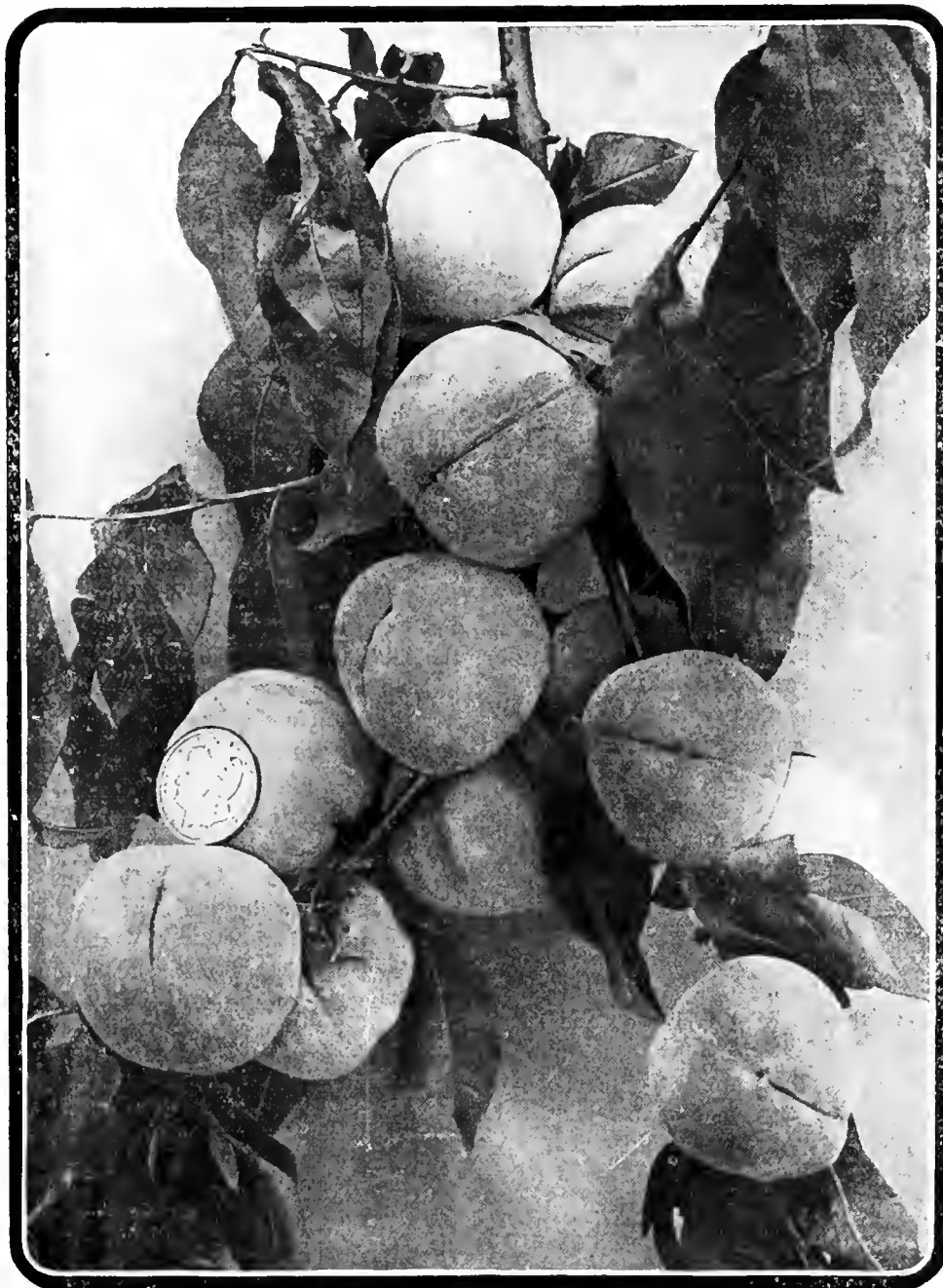
ONE of George Stephenson's locomotives, which was placed in commission in 1822 on a railway running from the Hellar colliery, Durban, to the wear, a distance of eight miles, is still in daily use. Very little of the original engine, of course, remains, worn

long connecting rods convey the power to the four wheels.

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MILK IN PAPER BOTTLES.

A MASSACHUSETTS concern has commenced the manufacture of paper milk bottles. It is said that



A WENATCHEE VALLEY PEACH TREE, A SILVER DOLLAR SHOWING THE SIZE OF THE FRUIT.

parts having always been replaced by duplicates. The two cylinders are placed vertically on the top of the boiler, one above the front pair. The piston rods point upward, and have cross arms from which four

they are air proof and water proof, and the great advantage is in their cheapness, which will permit them to be thrown away after they have been used once.

NATURE



STUDY.

HOW LAKES BECOME LAND.

THIS continent abounds in rich, agricultural fields and meadow lands that but a few years ago were broad expanses of limpid water. How these lakes have been transformed was recently explained by Professor Gregory of Yale. In the course of a talk to the students of his class he spoke of the way lakes are filled on one side and drained on the other by rivers and called attention to the rapidity with which these lakes are filled up by the bringing down of sediment of various sorts. Rivers running into lakes are quite dark, but those leading away are clear, showing that much has been left behind. The Mississippi carries yearly to the gulf over 13,000,000 tons of matter. It would take but a day's portion of this burden to convert any one of the many ordinary lakes into broad meadow lands.

Some idea of the rapidity with which lakes die under this process is shown in the fact that seventy-three out of 149 lakes in the Swiss region have disappeared since 1873. Lakes die by either being filled up or drained off. The draining off results when a river has worn a gorge back so deep that the water all runs out. The Niagara river is doing its best in this draining by cutting as fine a trench as could be made by an engineer. It is cutting back toward Lake Erie at the rate of over four feet a year and in time will kill the lake. Unfortunately, however, the lake is destined to be drained through Chicago. Lake Tahoe, a beautiful lake in the Sierra Nevada mountains, is also one of those destined in time to be killed as a result of the draining process.

Peat is one of the greatest fillers and works more rapidly than any other form of deposits. It is estimated that one-tenth of Ireland is peat and over one-fourth of the State of Indiana was once a peat bog. The speaker called attention to the Dismal swamp in Florida, which was once a vast lake, but is now a great area of bogs and swamp, with only a little lake in one part. So rank is the growth of this peat in that hot land that the surface of the lake is fourteen feet higher than the level of the surrounding bogs, showing that it has been literally forced up into the air.

Lakes, swamps, bogs and then garden lands represent the stages in the process of dying. Filling, draining and encroachments of vegetation represents the process that kills the lakes in warmer climes, while the forces of the air are agencies in the cooler portions of the country. Professor Gregory closed

his lecture with an interesting account of the way the lakes have disappeared in the regions in the western part of the United States, where only desert land is now found.

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HUNTING FROGS IN DAYLIGHT.

BY L. B. IHRIG.

THE INGLENOOK for August 2, 1902, says that frog hunting is done at night. Here in Benton and Hickory counties, Missouri, some men have made frog hunting in daylight a profitable business for several years. Two men take a small, light, pine boat, a cane fishing pole, fish hooks and a line about eighteen inches or two feet long, and a camping outfit, load them all in a wagon and start for the head of some stream. Arriving at the proper place they unload the boat, and one of the men takes the boat, and a pole and line, and starts down stream along the bank where the frogs are most likely to be found. When he sees a frog he rows his boat up close enough to reach him, quietly jerks the hook into him, puts him into a sack he has for the purpose, and is ready for the next one. The man in the wagon follows through the country, meeting the man in the boat, at some place agreed upon, at camping time. Sometimes they spend a whole week on one frog hunt.

Speaking of frog hunting the Nookman once saw a native, in a large Louisiana swamp, hunting for frogs. The water was of various depths, the heat frightful, and the mosquitoes in clouds. Water snakes and alligators were common. The man was wading, in his bare feet, and slapping insects, when he told the writer that it was "The easiest thing he ever found,—why it's just like finding money." Around his neck was a phosphate bag, part full of the squirming catch, and the fisherman seemed thoroughly at peace with himself and the world. All he wanted was a lot more frogs.

* * *

THE GOOD OF A PINEAPPLE.

THE partaking of a slice of pineapple after a meal is quite in accordance with physiological indications since, though it may not be generally known, fresh pineapple juice contains a remarkable active digestive principle similar to pepsin.

This principle has been termed "bromelin," and so powerful is its action upon the most nutritious kind

of foods that it will digest, the London Lancet asserts, as much as 1,000 times its weight within a few hours. Its digestive activity varies in accordance with the kinds of food to which it is subjected.

Fibrin disappears entirely after a time. With the coagulated albumen of eggs the digestive process is slow, while with the albumen of meat its action seems first to produce a pulpy gelatinous mass, which, however, completely dissolves after a short time.

When a slice of fresh pineapple is placed upon a raw beefsteak the surface of the steak becomes gradually gelatinous, owing to the digestive action of the enzyme of the juice. Of course, it is well known that digestive agents exist also in other fruits, but when it is considered that an average-sized pineapple will yield nearly two pints of juice, it will be seen that the digestive action of the whole fruit must be enormous.

The activity of this peculiar digestive agent is destroyed in the cooked pineapple, but unless the pineapple is preserved by heat there is no reason why the tinned fruit should not retain the digestive power. The active digestive principle may be obtained from the juice by dissolving a large quantity of common salt in it, when a precipitate is obtained possessing the remarkable digestive powers just described. Unlike pepsin, the digestive principle of the pineapple will operate in an acid, neutral, or even alkaline medium, according to the kind of food to which it is presented. Pineapple, it may be added, contains much indigestible matter of the nature of woody fibre, but it is quite possible that the decidedly digestive properties of the juice compensate for this fact.

ABOUT THE MUD WASP.

BY D. Z. ANGLE.

ONE day when my father and myself were working in the woods I saw a black mud-dauber wasp, hardly as large as a common wasp, pulling a brown spider backward toward the mud cell he had been building. The spider was dead, and larger than the wasp. I suppose that he found his mate, and they pulled the spider to pieces and carried the pieces to their mud house and placed them in the cells to serve as food for their young.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

COMMENT.

Our naturalist observer is correct about his mud wasp and spider, and we wish to add that the spider was in all probability not dead, but paralyzed by bite. The spiders are placed in the cells of the mud-dauber's nest and become food for the young wasps that are hatched out. It may be of interest to our Nook naturalists to open one of these mud-dauber's cells, and they will find the spider there, apparently dead, and packed very closely in the cell,

and moreover, they will find, in a majority of instances, that these spiders are all of one kind. This is something that any Nooker can verify for himself. It will be observed that the mason wasp, as the mud-dauber is sometimes called, naturally gets away with a good many spiders in a season, and is therefore to be encouraged.

A SPIDER'S WEB.

DURING the late summer and in the autumn, grasshoppers form a large part of the food of a large spider called the orange argiope. It is interesting to see how skillfully the spider manages her huge prey. The instant it becomes entangled she rushes to it and, spreading her spinnerets far apart, she fastens a broad sheet of silk to it; then by a few dexterous kicks she rolls it over two or three times and it is securely swaddled in a shroud; a quick bite with her poison fangs completes the destruction of the victim.

The male of the orange argiope is much smaller than the female, and it is very seldom observed except by the best trained eyes. He lives on a shabby little web, which he builds near the web of the female. In the autumn the female makes a globular egg-sac as large as a hickory nut. This is suspended among the branches of some shrub or in the top of some weed, and is fastened by many ropes of silk so that the storms of winter shall not tear it loose. Within this egg-sac the young spiders pass the winter.—*From Country Life in America.*

TIGERS.

It is in India that the ravages caused by wild beasts and reptiles are most marked. Not merely single towns or villages, but whole districts, have in times not far distant been converted into deserts by the sudden advent of unusual numbers of tigers or of snakes. The former is especially destructive, and the facts set forth in cold figures in government reports concerning his depredations sound absolutely incredible.

Even a single tiger which happens to be a confirmed man-eater will often suffice to scare away entire populations. One large male killed 108 people in three years and caused the eventual abandonment of a big cotton factory, together with the model village it supported. Another killed an average of about eighty persons per annum for several years, and during a period of famine so completely closed the roads leading to a certain place that four-fifths of the inhabitants perished of starvation. A third, so late as 1869, killed 127 people, and stopped a public road for many weeks, until the opportune arrival of an English sportsman, who at last shot him. A fourth caused thirteen villages to be abandoned and 250 square miles of land to be thrown out of cultivation.

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Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

—Dwight.

THE ILLITERATE MAN.

THE illiterate man, one wholly illiterate, is he who can not read or write. He is not very common, thank heaven and free schools, yet there are sections of the United States where twenty-eight per cent., on an average, can neither read or write. And even in the North, where schools abound, occasionally we find a man who has raised a family, and apparently got along all right, who does not know one letter from another. What he thinks and how he looks at things would make an interesting Nook article.

The unlettered man is usually very emphatic in his views. Sometimes he is intensely religious, and then he will argue on scriptural topics with a D. D., or the maker of a commentary. Somebody reads the Bible in his hearing, and he remembers a good deal of it, and is ready for all comers in discussion. It is the same way in politics and every department of human knowledge. Knowing nothing at all he knows it all.

If such a man could tell his mental processes, a thing he can't do, it would be intensely interesting, and would go a long way toward the solution of the problem of instinct. His dog can not talk the language of the people about him, nor does he understand things other than those that come to him by experience. His illiterate master can talk, and all his knowledge of matters and things he has acquired from the talk of others in his limited round of acquaintances. The rest of it, like the dog's way, comes from his personal experience. The wisdom of the world is a sealed book to the man, and he reasons out things from his inner consciousness, and is right or wrong as it may

happen. The means he takes to arrive at conclusions, and what he thinks of things he sees and does not understand, would make a most interesting story if it could be told as it actually is

DESECRATION OF THE SABBATH.

ONE of the things that strikes the rural dweller when he comes to visit the city is the indifference to the sanctity of the Sabbath day in most large cities. The saloons are all open, if not at the front door at the side doors and at the rear. The parks, picnics, and pleasure grounds are overflowing with people, while the railroads reap a harvest in carrying passengers to public places. In many places it is eminently a day when people go to a ball game, or picnics where plays and dancing are among the leading features. This is something to be deplored. Very frequently it is the result of arrangements made by the railroads themselves. Some road or trolley line arranges quietly, and in an underhanded way for a base ball game along its line, and then there are always plenty of people to do the playing and hundreds and thousands of others willing to go to see the sport. The railroads reap a harvest and old-fashioned people who believe in the sanctity of the Sabbath are appalled at the indifference manifested by the young of both sexes.

If any one has any idea that these Sunday doings are advisable for the poor classes of people who have to work week days he should be present at the landing of an excursion boat which comes into the dock at ten or eleven in the evening. What he will see in drunkenness and disreputable characters should appall the stoutest heart, and make everyone think of the value of the old way of staying at home and keeping the Sabbath day holy. The nearby resorts of a large city where there are beer drinking, games and all that sort of thing in full blast on a Sunday have been the starting point of many a boy and girl on a downward road to ruin.

AN EXPERIMENT, AND WHAT HAPPENED.

IN handling the Q and A page of the INGLENOOK it occurred to us that sending the queries out for answer would be a matter of mutual interest. And so would have been had the experiment worked. There are about a hundred and fifty queries out, and they are staying out. We have given up all hope of ever hearing from the majority of them.

There are many reasons for this, the most of which we do not know. Where answers have come in the accompanying letter told a story of hard work and small results. It seems to be out of line with the most people, in the main unaccustomed to writing, and

who desire to be so accurate and complete in what they say that they lose heart in the matter and say nothing. So, after this, the queries that come here will be handled at the office, and there will then be no delay. This is not to be construed as at all barring out the replies of those to whom queries have been sent for answer. Send them along. ❖ ❖ ❖

THE CROP OUTLOOK.

THE crop outlook at the present writing is confined in general terms to potatoes and corn. The wheat and similar cereals have been harvested with satisfactory results, taking the whole country in consideration. From the great corn growing sections comes the cheering information that the crop may be considered as made, and that it will be exceptionally good in yield. The potato outlook is favorable unless there should be a series of later rains to start a second growth, or to make them rot in the ground or soon after dug. Unless some unforeseen occurrence takes place it is likely that the year will develop into a very favorably one all things considered. In the course of a week or two we expect to send out for a detailed report. We will use a schedule especially adapted to the purpose and the season to find out the facts in detail. The indications now are all favorable.

❖ ❖ ❖

TAKE CARE OF YOUR INGLENOOK.

A GREAT many people file their INGLENOOKS after having read them and this is an excellent thing to do. The best way is to have them bound in a volume, but where this cannot be done they may be stitched together, or arranged in a home-made file, such as the ingenuity of the Nooker may suggest. In the absence of a way to keep them together the editor advises that they be kept in a bureau drawer away from the light and the dust. Nothing is so destructive to a book as strong light, a change of weather, and humidity. After having read your INGLENOOKS file them away in the dark, and they will be a veritable mine of information for others in after years. A complete file of the INGLENOOK is a very valuable thing, even at the present, there being few people who have every number.

❖ ❖ ❖

SUPPOSE you write us next week what you think of the enlarged INGLENOOK. Tell us wherein you think we can improve it. That is to say, what might be added to advantage, and what field of exploitation would tend to make it a greater success.

❖ ❖ ❖

OUR correspondents down at Jennings, Louisiana, speak in terms of wonderful praise of their country, and report that business is booming in the newly discovered oil regions.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Getting married has spoiled more than one friendship.

❖

A wise woman wanting money takes him just after dinner.

❖

The landlord can often raise the rent easier than the tenant can.

❖

The ugly girl always likes the man who tells her she isn't homely.

❖

Don't get up in the world so far that everyday people can't see you.

❖

Some people paddle their own canoe by appropriating some one else's paddles.

❖

A love match will burn all the brighter if there is some hard cash to strike on.

❖

It's lots easier to win a man's or woman's love than to keep it after it is won.

❖

He who waits for dead men's shoes is sometimes obliged to go barefoot all his life.

❖

Every man must be either a hammer or an anvil, but some people get between them.

❖

A great many people become near-sighted when they are looking for cases needing help.

❖

The way they carried on at the party to which you were not invited was simply "schrecklich."

❖

Tell a story often enough and people will come to finally believe it, even though it was a lie originally.

❖

The girl who wears a number six shoe generally allows her mother to do the purchasing thereof at the store.

❖

The wicked man let on to be crying over it and she forgave him entirely. That's her way, but still she didn't understand him.

❖

Probably the darkest night in the history of man is that in which he wends his way home after being told by his best girl that he needn't come back any more.

THE HOP FIELDS OF THE WEST.

THERE are about fifty-five thousand acres on which hops can be grown to commercial advantage in this country. And of this acreage seven thousand and five hundred are in California. The largest hop field in the world is at Pleasanton, California, where three hundred and sixty-eight acres are planted in hops. It is a pleasant sight, early in September, just before the picking season to walk through the hop field. Stretching away for a half mile in one direction and three-fourths of a mile in another may be seen accurately a line of what looks like telegraph poles. These are set forty-two feet apart each way, and are connected on top with heavy wires fastened at right angles. Across these wires are smaller ones six feet apart, so that the entire field is covered with a mammoth net with a mesh six feet square.

Early in the spring men in wagons resembling the repair wagons used by trolley lines, go through the field fastening strings at regular intervals of six feet along all the cross-wires overhead, leaving the earth end dangle over the little mound where the future hop vine is to be. This earth end is fastened to an iron peg by the hop hill

About the 10th of May the vines begin to come up so that they can be started on the string. It twines from the right to the left and keeps on growing until it gets a hold on the top wire. About the middle of July the vine begins to blossom. About every hundredth plant is a male hop vine, which scatters its pollen, or which subsequently becomes the hops of commerce.

Weeks before the picking season the planter engages his help, and when the time is right for gathering the hops, which is from the first to the middle of September, the picking force is turned in the field. Each picker pulls down a vine and plucks off the hundreds of blossoms, putting them into a large open basket. When this is filled it is weighed and emptied into a large sack. A skillful picker will pick about one hundred and twenty-five pounds a day, for which he is paid about eighty-five cents a hundred pounds, or averaging about a dollar and five cents a day. But it is often the case that a whole family will work together and pool their earnings making as much as eight or ten dollars a day right along.

After the hops are gathered they are taken to a kiln where they are distributed over a burlap sheet about twenty feet above a furnace, the heat of which rises to the hops and dries them. They are also bleached with sulphur. The whole process of bleaching and drying takes about twelve hours. It takes about three and a half pounds of green hops to make one pound of marketable hops. They are put into bales, weighing one hundred and ninety-six pounds apiece, and sell from thirty-five to forty dollars a bale.

During the hop-picking season the numerous men, women and children, gathering the hops is a sight once seen that is never forgotten. It occasionally happens that some person is so peculiarly sensitive that the contact with the fuzz on the hop plant causes them to develop a so-called hop-poisoning, a prickly heat, or rash on the body. The hands become stained with the blossoms but this is readily removed.

PEMMICAN.

FIFTY years ago pemmican was to the shifting and scant population of the Northwest what flour is in the present day to English-speaking peoples in most civilized portions of the globe—the staple and most common food of the country. Then it was always made from the buffalo, which covered the Western plains. The great fur corporation known as the Hudson Bay company bought hundreds of bags of the dark, nutritious compound annually from the Indian for use at its trading posts scattered over the vast wilderness stretching from the Red River and Hudson bay to the Rocky mountains, and from the two Saskatchewan to the Arctic sea, a region then designated Prince Rupert's Land

Pemmican (or, more properly, pimeekon) is a Cree word meaning a mixture, or something made with fat. It was composed of buffalo, fine, mixed with melted fat, and was sewn up in sacks made from the raw hide of the buffalo, with the hair outside. It did not look inviting, but was, in fact, wholesome, strong food, which would keep for years. If the buffalo was important to the fur trader, the ungainly animal was life itself to the red man, for it furnished him with everything his heart could desire, or with the means of procuring it. And as, owing to the migratory instincts of the herds, which took them first into the recognized territory of one tribe and next into that of an enemy fresh meat was not always obtainable, pemmican was the form in which the Indian preserved and laid away his store of provisions against the day of scarcity.

The chase might last as long as the horses' wind. When it was over the women came with the ponies and the trailing travoys, upon the field of slaughter. The carcasses were soon stripped of their hairy coats, the meat packed on the travoys, the bones broken and the marrow extracted, and, loaded with the red spoil, the whole party returned to camp. Here, in an incredibly short time, the meat was cut into wide, thin sheets and hung upon pole frames in the sun and wind to dry. After a day or two these sheets were removed and spread upon the clean prairie grass, where, if the weather continued fair, they soon became as hard as shingles. They were then placed upon a hide threshing floor, with the sides elevated on short pegs to form a sort of basin, and beaten with flails or between stones

until the meat was reduced almost to a powder. The strange thing was that, if properly handled, the flesh seldom, if ever, became at all tainted, though in any other than the dry, pure atmosphere such a method of preparing it would doubtless be impossible

and the whole mixed to the consistency of paste. That was the pemmican. It was shoveled into the sacks, pounded down, and after the tops had been sewn up and the bags jumped to make them flat, the cooled pemmican packages were solid and almost as hard as



EAST ENTRANCE INTO TURNWATER CANON.

Meanwhile the marrow and other choice fat had been rendered and bags, some $2 \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ feet of raw buffalo hide, doubled over at the bottom and sewn up at the sides with the sinew of the animal, made for the reception of the pemmican. The melted fat was next poured over the shredded meat in the threshing basin

so many boulders. When you desired to eat pemmican you chopped a piece off with an axe, sack and all. The meat was already cooked in a measure by sun, wind and hot fat, but if you preferred, after tearing off the adhering hide, you could fry it in a pan or boil it in a pot—*Canadian Magazine*.

SOMETHING ABOUT BUTTONS.

ABOUT one hundred and seventy-five tons of mussel-shells are used every week in the United States to make about ninety-eight thousand buttons. The process of making these buttons is a peculiarly fascinating one to the visitor who watches the operation. Every button is handled over a dozen times before it is put on the card in the shipping room. The following order is observed:

Of course the first step is the digging of the rough mussel-shells by the fishermen who ply their trade where the sluggish clam is found along the Mississippi. After the mussel has been caught he and his fellows are dumped into a tank located along the shore where they are boiled fifteen or twenty minutes in order to kill them and permit the extraction of the fleshy part. After this is picked out the shells are loaded into sacks and sent to the button factory. The fishermen make no use of the meat that is taken out of these shells but in some places it is eagerly sought by farmers who feed it to their hogs and poultry. From a ton of mussels taken from the water over three hundred pounds of meat will be taken. And as one hundred thousand pounds are taken annually it will be noticed that what might be valuable food is nearly all loss.

After the shells are taken to the factory they are assorted over by boys. The first step in making the button is cutting, or sawing the rough blanks out of the shells. The saws are flat, steel strips about two inches wide and of various lengths corresponding to the size of the button. These flat, steel strips of saws, after being bent into symmetrical form, are fitted into heavy iron holders. These are adjusted to a lathe where they revolve horizontally. As the blanks are cut out they pass through the saw and the holder and drop into a box beneath. Larger buttons are cut out of the shells and then in the margin of the shell that is left by cutting the larger ones still smaller ones are cut until not a particle of available material is wasted.

The next step is the grinding of the back of the blank to remove the skin and to make an even surface. This is done on a rapidly-revolving emery wheel. The next thing in order is the facing, or turning which gives the button its form including the central impression. After this the holes are drilled for the thread. Up to this point they do not have the polish they require and they are placed into large wooden kegs, surrounded by a chemical fluid, where they are churned until they become lustrous.

A good shell digger can dig from two to three and a half tons of shells a week, for which he will receive from six dollars and fifty cents to fourteen dollars per ton. He has no trouble whatever in disposing of his commodity, as boats are passing up and down the river nearly all the time, and he can readily sell them.

Occasionally very fine pearls are found in these mussel-shells. They are of all sizes, some of them perfectly spherical and others of various sizes and shapes. Some of them are worth hundreds of dollars. Mississippi River pearls are regarded as the most precious on the market to-day, and are in constant demand. It should be remembered that boiling the shells when they are used for buttons destroys the value of the pearl that may be therein. Usually the pearl hunter, pure and simple, opens these shells as he catches them and searches for the pearl, which he may or may not find, in the fleshy part of the animal.

* * *

ODD USES FOR COLD STORAGE.

THE articles subject to storage are many and various. In the largest storage house of Indianapolis the manufacturer of bicycle tires has a room reserved to store the tires while awaiting sale and shipment. This is probably the only instance in the United States where such a thing is done, because the idea is practically new and original with the local tire concern, whose manager says that the evenness of temperature keeps the fabrics from rotting and the rubber from drying out.

Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, Governor Durbin and a number of other well-known persons have some of their rugs and carpets in cold storage for the summer. In the corner of one of the large rooms of this establishment, where the bicycle tires are stored, is a large pile of rugs and carpets which represents about \$10,000. It has become well known that cold storage is one of the surest preventatives of moths. This discovery was made in a singular manner. An eastern microscopist was experimenting one day with moths to ascertain at what degree of temperature they would pass into a dormant state. The principal end and aim in the life of a moth is to eat, and when he has plenty of time and lots to eat he attends strictly to business. The man with the microscope, having a healthy and hungry moth, placed him in confinement under a glass where the temperature could be reduced to any desired point, then supplied him with a piece of woolen cloth to appease his appetite. The moth began operation and chewed on the cloth with great relish, but as he ate the temperature was lowered and his jaws moved slower and slower until at 40 degrees they stood still. He had got too cold to eat. Warm air was turned on when instantly he awoke and finished the bite he was beginning when the cold wave struck him. When however, the temperature was lowered to 32 degree and again raised the moth did not revive. Thus did science sacrifice a life to gain its end.

The most difficult thing for the cold storage men to contend with is odors. If there is the slightest opening between two of the storage rooms the goods packed in them will contract the odor of each other. Len

ons are difficult to contend with in this regard. If a lemon is put in a cold storage room full of eggs in less than a week every egg will be saturated with the odors. The gas from this fruit before it is taken away by the fan, which reduces the odor of all things stored, is so strong, if a lighted lantern is carried in a storage room filled with lemons it will be put out unless held above the head.

A GOOD STORY OF JAY GOULD.

IN 1888 Jay Gould made a trip to Colorado with the hope of securing a right of way into Denver for the Missouri Pacific, and probably but for one little incident his road would to-day be running into Denver, and the idea of the Denver, Northwestern & Pacific might never have been conceived. Mr. Gould had heard of the Colorado and Eastern, and determined to buy it. One morning he notified the officials that he would take a trip over it.

The engineer got a tip. He knew his rolling stock was light and that the rails weighed but eighteen pounds. There was only one thing to do if he wanted to avoid a wreck and give Gould a good impression of the road, and that was to run his engine not faster than a horse car.

The officials of the road and the then great railroad king got aboard. But a few miles had been covered when Mr. Gould, who stood on the flat car not far from the engine, asked the engineer to run faster, but there was no change in the rate of speed. Two or three times Mr. Gould asked that the train be run faster, but the engineer, knowing what the result would be, kept the even tenor of his way.

"Pull the throttle wide open and let her go!" demanded Gould, and the engineer obeyed. The engine shot along the track at a fearful rate. Sometimes the flat car was a foot from the rails, and then again it was high up in the air.

From that day until the day he died he never said another word about buying the Colorado & Eastern.

CALFSKINS MUST BE GOOD.

CALFSKINS are used almost exclusively in the manufacture of drumheads and banjo heads, and the utmost skill and care are required in their preparation for these uses to produce a smooth, even, unbroken skin. The drum and banjo heads are all made from skins. Calfskin is the best material, but sheepskin is good.

The hides come by rail to the factory in great bundles. They are exactly as when taken from the carcass, except that they have been pickled in salt. On receipt at the factory the hides are thrown into a small pond beside the building and left there to soak in running water till all the salt is washed out. This takes

a long time. After being freshened the hides are thrown over frames and "broken." The bits of flesh remaining on the hides are removed and the skin is then soft and pliable.

The hide is next put in a vat with lime and left there for about two weeks. This loosens the hair, which is scraped off. Then the skin is stretched tight on a frame and shaved on both sides. Another bath in a vat gives the skin a transparent effect and puts it in apple-pie order. Once more the skin is stretched out on the frames, and if any finishing touches are needed they are given. After being cut in shape it is ready for the market.

The army drumheads are nineteen to twenty inches in diameter. Other sizes vary from the tiny ones used for toy drums to the great big bass drums, some of which are sixty inches in diameter. Banjo heads are of more uniform size.

USEFUL IN CANDY STORES.

THERE is one field in which the pretty working girl easily distances those of plainer appearance. This is the candy store, where a pretty face is prized as a costly gem is rated by the jeweler. A sweet face and sweet candy are considered inseparable companions, and the one is not supposed to look well without the other.

"We like pretty girls," said Burnell Gunther of C. F. Gunther & Co. "The prettier they are the better we like them, for if there is any place on earth where a pretty face looks well it is in a candy store. The public demands it. It may not make any difference in a dry goods or department store whether the girl behind the counter is a beauty or just the reverse, but when people buy candy they enjoy being confronted by a pretty saleswoman. This fact is illustrated every day. A man will come into the candy store, survey the interior at one sweeping glance, and then make for the prettiest girl he is able to discover behind the counter. This is not an exceptional truth, but a regular condition, and for this reason pretty girls are the most desirable clerks in candy stores."

GREAT souls go through life "not despising the day of small things." Oftentimes the seeming smallest acts of our lives are the greatest acts. We often do much when we think we do little. The Master was great in the simplicity of his life while on earth.

ALWAYS set your face firmly toward health. Say that you are better when people inquire; the very declaration will assist in making you feel so. Persistent good cheer and hopefulness are remedial agents very hard to defeat in the conflict between illness and health.

ABOUT ELK TEETH.

THE *Philadelphia Record*, under the caption of "A Fortune in American Ivory," thus tells an interesting story of the elk teeth.

Within the last few years the commercial value of elk teeth has greatly increased.

The reasons are, first, the increasing scarcity of the teeth themselves; second, the lately recognized facts that this "only American ivory" does not chip beneath the chisel or knife, and that it takes both finer polish and engraving than the material of the choicest elephant tusks; third, the loud call of the Elk lodges for the teeth as an order emblem, and last, but by no means least, the rapidly growing demand of American society women for the lovely ivory tooth as a personal ornament.

John D. Losekamp, of Billings, Montana, has not only the largest of individual elk teeth collections, but owns more elk teeth than is elsewhere comprised in the entire world. Mr. Losekamp's vast accumulation has been acquired through an active and tireless trading touch with the Northwest Indian tribes for the past twenty years, and he now estimates his elk ivory holdings at 80,000 teeth. "Although," carelessly remarks Mr. Losekamp, "there are probably 15,000 or 20,000 in excess of that number, as I have not taken an elk tooth census for ten years."

Three years ago Mr. Losekamp sold teeth to Eastern dealers for seventy-five cents, the same quality of goods now commanding from two to two and one-half dollars per tooth.

Three years ago, when he had really more than he has now, \$25,000 would have been a fair market price for Mr. Losekamp's American ivory, while now the collection could be sold at the lump figure of \$100,000 spot cash—an actual market value which will treble itself within the next three years.

Tiffany, of New York City, has long had a yet unfilled order with Mr. Losekamp for 1,000 teeth, to be sent C. O. D., at Mr. Losekamp's own figures, while several lesser orders of the same character from Eastern jewelers are on Mr. Losekamp's unfilled order files.

Mr. Losekamp has tens of thousands of \$5 teeth; thousands of ten and fifteen dollar teeth, and hundreds upon hundreds of special elk ivories which are worth \$50 per pair. In this latter glittering collection was a small box containing twenty teeth, with "Five Hundred Dollars" marked on the box lid.

Sewing elk teeth on the buckskin dresses for purposes of personal ornamentation is an old-time Indian custom, and Mr. Losekamp has purchased scores of these dresses—a single dress being sometimes weighted with several hundred elk teeth.

Elk teeth, or tusks, as they really are, are found only in the male species, each male having but two

of the ivory growths. The tooth does not develop into ornamental character or commercial size until the male is three or four years old, the teeth rapidly increasing in quality and value with the age of the animal. The tusks of a three-year-old male are worth now two or three dollars, while those of a patriarch of the herd are valued at from twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars.

The male elk, however, on account of the persistent war made on him for his teeth and antlers, is rapidly approaching extinction, an extinction which, of course, will carry with it the final passing of the entire elk family in its wild state.

Elk teeth color, on being exposed to the air, to a soft and lovely tinge of brown, the larger teeth taking the deepest and most delicate coloring.

It has been a traditional Indian custom to bury the dead brave in company with his personal effects, and from these graves of generations past are obtained elk teeth of bright and almost translucent green, varied sometimes by a beautiful purple hue, or, again, by parti-colored green and purple. Two explanations of the peculiar hues of these long-buried teeth are given by experts, one of them being that the foreign coloring comes from exhalations from the decomposing bodies of the Indians, while the other is that the coloring is caused by the absorption of the ivory of the more or less gaudy hues of the blanket burial shrouds.

One of the finest of these green teeth yet known is owned by W. Ridgeway of Sheridan, Wyoming, who wears it in the form of a watchcharm.

With the development of the great commercial value of the elk tooth, the thrifty Crow Indian has not only ceased to bury the teeth with the dead Indian, but also has acquired the still more thrifty habit of digging up the teeth already so buried. For this reason, the green and purple, or "graveyard" elk teeth, as they are called, are becoming more plentiful—a fact, however, which does not in the least detract from their high market value.

The cunning Crow has, in addition to his legitimate elk tooth sale, evolved an active fake industry in the manufacture of the "teeth" from bones, developing such an artistic and unhallowed skill in this direction as to frequently victimize experienced elk teeth dealers, or connoisseurs. An instance in point of a successful Crow sale of bone elk "teeth" occurred lately in Billings. An Indian brought into the city a buckskin dress ornamented with five hundred purported teeth, which he sold to a dealer who has been purchasing elk teeth for the last eighteen years, for \$500, or \$1 all around for the teeth, the chagrined dealer later finding that but twenty-five of the teeth were genuine, the rest being bone. An infallible elk tooth test is in the polishing—the bone refusing to polish.

TWO OLD FISHERMEN.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

PETER and Paul, the closest of friends, had quarreled, and for a trifle. Day after day they had sat together on a broken mast on the rocky Nova Scotian shore, smoking, and spinning their yarns as they looked out over the blue Atlantic. Old Peter was minus an arm, except its stump. A wooden leg helped out its living mate, and both losses were mementoes of his last terrible winter trip to the Grand Bank.

Paul, if feeble, was a whole man. He had followed the in-shore fisheries only. Hence it was, that when in hot passion Paul called Peter a "battered hulk," Peter, sore with the memory of dangers he might never brave again, responded with the epithet of "land-lubber." They parted in bitterness, and Peter learned next morning at their trysting-place, that Paul had gone in his rickety catboat to fish for catlin off Cherry Island.

He knew the place. On calm days they two had sometimes gone out together. Cherry Island, at high tide, was a dozen feet under water, but at noon they always landed there to cook their dinner.

Peter felt the slight keenly, but he sat down to smoke in apparent indifference. It was a long and lonely forenoon, however. He kept wondering if by this time Paul were not beginning to see himself in the wrong.

One o'clock found himself back in his old perch. Some time later he spied a brown speck, far out, riding steadily toward him. A sudden heart-beat set his hand shaking. Might it be Paul coming back thus early, heartily sick, like himself, of the quarrel and separation? He rose, in his excitement, and hobbled down to the beach, watching the bobbing craft as it drew nearer. All at once his heart rose to his mouth. Paul's boat it certainly was,—but empty! A slow terror crept over old Peter, chilling him, for all the June sunshine, from head to foot. His friend was lost!

Suddenly a ray of hope stole into him. It pictured Paul, his dinner on Cherry Island eaten, nodding with his pipe in the shade of the rocks, till the tide, turning, rept up to the carelessly moored boat and floated it away. How like Paul! He caught at the thought childishly, and, as childishly too, formed a plan to rescue his friend unaided, as an advance toward reconciliation.

So, quietly, for he knew half the little port would be at his heels if he spread the alarm, he climbed into the skiff that rocked at the water's edge.

"There aint a minute to lose," he mumbled to himself, excitedly, thinking of the treacherous waves at that moment creeping around Cherry Island. He took

up the paddle, balancing it under the stump of a left arm. Slowly and laboriously he got the skiff under way. Then the swing and hardihood of his old days on the beloved sea got into his muscles again till he could have shouted with eagerness.

Half the distance past, however, Peter's fictitious strength flagged. His back ached. Mists floated before his eyes. But, weak and trembling, he stuck to his post. Whitecaps passed mockingly, gulls screamed; but he noticed neither. Fighting faintness and giddiness, he pulled grimly on.

An hour later, Paul, waving his old blouse from the few remaining sands of Cherry Island, in vain hope of attracting some passing vessel, caught sight of the skiff heading uncertainly toward him. When he recognized its occupant he plunged trembling down through the water, and drew the skiff ashore.

"You! Peter! How d'ye know I'd run aground?" he cried, in amazed thankfulness.

Peter lurched sideways with exhaustion, but caught himself, holding out his shaking hand.

"The catboat come ashore. I—I—couldn't stand it 'thouten land-lubbers, Paul," he quavered, between a laugh and a sob.

Paul grasped the hand, gulping with sudden emotion. "I reckon 'twant wuth riskin' a battered hulk like you fer 'em, though, Peter," he answered, laughing too.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BUFFALO.

A SPECIAL correspondent of a Chicago paper from Topeka, Kansas, writes interestingly of "Buffalo" Jones.

No hunter in the world has ever killed more buffalo than "Buffalo" Jones. He got his name on account of being the greatest buffalo hunter of America. He used to kill them by the hundred for their hides for robes. He made thousands of dollars out of it. But when the buffalo began to disappear he repented and now he is that animal's best friend. He realized that unless they were protected by someone it would be only matter of a few years until the buffalo would be extinct. So he established a buffalo ranch at Garden City, Kans., and corralled as many buffalo as possible and domesticated them. A few years ago that ranch proved too small and he went in with Charles Goodnight and established the famous Goodnight ranch in Texas. The buffalo herd was moved down there, where it still remains. In the meantime the wild buffalo had disappeared. Only one or two now roam at large. They are at Lost Park, Colo.

"Buffalo" Jones realized that by inbreeding the few remaining buffalo on his ranch he would in the course of a few years destroy the last of the kind and he decided to do some experimenting. He crossed

the buffalo with the black native cattle. The new race resulting from the cross is known as the catalo. On the Goodnight ranch there are more than one hundred head of catalo. Jones exhibited a catalo robe at the meeting of the Kansas board of agriculture and the delegates were amazed. The fur is long and as soft as beaver. Instead of the coarse hair on the shaggy neck and shoulders of the bison the catalo robe has hair the same length all over.

Unlike many other hybrids, a catalo cow is as fertile as its ancestors. One of them has raised eight calves in the past seven years. These animals have been bred back until the latest progeny are fifteen-sixteenths buffalo. The three-quarter bloods furnish the best robes, while the quarter bloods are the most promising from the standpoint of beef production. These animals, no matter how little buffalo blood runs through their veins, take all the habits of the buffalo. A catalo, on an average, weighs about three hundred pounds more than the native steer. It carries more than 100 pounds of meat in its hump, which is equal to the best porterhouse steak. The hams are light unless the cattle strain predominates. These animals live and keep fat on pasture on which native cattle would starve. They never gulp down any poisonous weeds and are always in perfect health.

* * *

RUBBER BANDS MUCH USED.

YEAR by year the elastic rubber bands are superseding twine in the fastening of small packages of all sorts of goods and the sale of these conveniences has been growing steadily for the past few years, and this season's sale is expected to break all records. The price has been lowered on account of increased facility of production, and now, for fastening small packages, the bands save money as well as time.

A local dealer said yesterday: "We expect to sell at least twice as many bands this year as we did last year. From this store alone go tons of them. I have figures that will startle you. Take the No. 8 band, the one used by druggists and jewelers for small packages. We sold fully 3,000 pounds of those last year. There are 9,000 of them to the pound, therefore we sent out 27,000,000 of this size last season. Suppose they were opened out and tied together. Allowing half an inch for tying, we would have 27,000,000 inches, or more than 409 miles of rubber, for the bands are an inch and a half long when opened out.

"A band will stretch five times its length easily, so that our string could be made to cover 2,045 miles. Or, in other words, you could stretch the line along a perfectly straight railroad track and starting at one end ride for a day and a half at sixty miles an hour before you would reach the other. Double

that estimate for 1902 and, remember, those figures are for one size only, and for but one store in the city, then you may be able to get an idea of the elastic rings used in Philadelphia and vicinity.

"They come in all sizes, from the tiny 'election ring,' so called from its use around bunches of ballots, to the heavy bands running twelve to the pound. They are used in various ways. Large stores send in orders for from 500 to 1,000 pounds. And women come in for half an ounce for hair curlers. In the latter case a simple device of rubber and hairpins takes the place of a patent curler, is just as effective and costs one-hundredth as much."

* * *

HOW THE WHITEFISH WAS CAUGHT.

WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT, whose stories of outdoor life are inspiring and interesting, tells of the life of a whitefish in the August *Success*. This is his description of how the little fellow was caught:

He was swimming along at a depth of perhaps thirty or forty feet. The sun was shining brightly, the water was clear, and a soft green light came down to greet his big, unwinking eyes. By that light he suddenly saw before him, stretching right across his path, a great net that reached up to the surface and down to the bottom, and away on either hand as far as he could see. The meshes were large,—so large that, if he had tried, he could easily have slipped through any of them and gone on his way. But he didn't try. He was of a cautious disposition, and had no intention of running his nose into anything that he knew nothing at all about. At the same time he hadn't quite enough caution to make him turn square about and go back the way he had come, which would have been the really wise and prudent thing to do. Turning square about wasn't his habit. If he couldn't go straight ahead he would try to find a way around the obstacle. So he followed along the wall of netting, looking for its end, and, before he knew what had happened he was inside a huge bag, and the opening by which he had entered seemed to have vanished utterly. He had found the "pot" of a pound-net, from which when a fish has once entered it, he seldom escapes. Two days and nights he searched for the way out but without success. Once, indeed, he passed along a narrow, tunnel-like passage into what was apparently an outer chamber, but there he lost his way, grew bewildered, and presently found himself back again in the bag. To squeeze through the mesh was no longer possible, for they were much smaller than those that he had first seen. There seemed to be nothing to do but stay there till he should starve.

The pot was about thirty feet square, and so deep that its bottom rested on the floor of the lake, where

its edges were held two feet out of water by a group of tall, slender poles that stood around it, with their feet driven into the mud. The whitefish had not been long in the net before a heron—a "crane," the fishermen would have called him,—came and perched on the tip of one of these poles. With his eyes fixed on the water, he stood there as silent and motionless as a statue till an unwary herring came a little too near. Then there was a lightning-like dart of his long neck, and a moment later his big wings flapped heavily and he rose in the air and flew away toward the land, bearing a pretty, silvery creature that would never again chase whitefish babies or eat fresh eggs on the spawning grounds.

wife by reasons of state. He would not dare to walk the streets of his capital unattended. Nicholas cannot live in peace of mind either at home or abroad. He is harassed continually by politics, both foreign and domestic, by nihilists, spies, servants, by Cossack revolts and peasant rebellions. He must study his every act lest he do something impolitic. In short, he is the slave of his own greatness.

Take the case of a monarch with limited powers, such as Edward of England. He, too, is a prisoner within that wall of majesty which doth hedge about a king. His high eminence curtails his freedom. He has many masters—the people, parliament, the



SCENE ON PEND D'OREILLE, NINE MILES BELOW NEWPORT, WASHINGTON.

He was back again before long, and I shouldn't dare to say how many trips he made to the pot that day and the next, or how many fish he carried off.

EVERY MAN HAS HIS MASTER.

No man is completely free. Every man has his master. The supremest despot is a thrall, for there is somebody whom he fears and must court. If he does not dread the plebs he dreads the patricians. If he is not afraid of the people he is afraid of the army with which he crows the people. If there is danger in neither the rabble nor the pretorian guard here is a minister, a major-domo, a foreign nation, a jester, a satirist, a dynamiter or a woman who worries and frightens him and in a measure controls his actions.

Is the Czar of all the Russias an absolutely free man? He has not much more liberty than a boy has at boarding school. He cannot even marry whom he pleases, but must be guided in picking a

prime minister, the press, the London tradesmen, who clamor if he buys a hat in France.

So, too, in humbler stations every man has his master. There is no boss so powerful that he has not to do reverence to another boss. The errand man in a bank takes orders from the junior clerks, the junior clerks from the seniors, the seniors from the cashier, the cashier from the president, the president from the directors, the directors from the stockholders and from the magnates of finance. The magnates of one million dollars take orders from the magnates of ten millions, the magnates of ten millions from those of one hundred millions, and the latter are slaves of their valets or their vices or of some titled person through whom their wives hope to be introduced to smart society abroad.

Put two human beings together and each will acquire mastery in some respect over the other. The human race is a social body. Men are interdependent. Absolute freedom and splendid isolation are alike impossible. Every one must obey orders or suffer.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The Q. & A. Department.

Why is not tan bark prepared in a liquid form and so used by tanners?

It is so prepared and is a wonderfully growing industry. The active property of the tanning extract put up in liquid form and sold to tanners is the tannin it contains. It is made from different plants, the palmetto root being one of them. The palmetto root gives ten per cent tannin. These extracts are also made from chestnut oak bark, chestnut wood, hemlock bark, sumac and possibly other plants.

❖

What is synthetic indigo?

Synthetic indigo, like synthetic perfumes, or other synthetic preparations means that a chemical combination is made which has every quality of the original thing. A synthetic indigo would be a chemical indigo in which no part of the indigo is present, but which has every quality of the real thing. The number and extent of synthetic preparations are continually on the increase. An excellent quality of vanilla extract is made from pine wood.

❖

What birds are found in an irrigable but unirrigated country?

Birds that drink do not live in deserts where they can get no water. All birds select their habitat with reference to food, water, and conditions for breeding. Crows, turtle- doves, and even sea-gulls wander far into desert countries but do not stay there.—*Prof. S. Z. Sharp, Fruita, Colo.*

❖

How are peppermint plants propagated where they manufacture peppermint oil?

The roots, or runners, are set out in the spring, and the plant is cut when full grown. The average yield of oil from these plants is about six and two-thirds pounds from each two thousand pounds.

❖

A and B are first cousins. What relation are A's and B's children? Also what relation are B's children to A or A's children to B?

The children are second cousins, but what relation the children are to the other's parent we refer to the Nook Family.

❖

Will the Nook inform us whether President Roosevelt was married twice?

Yes, his first wife was Miss Alice Lee, of Boston, to whom he was married in 1880. She died three years later. He then married his present wife in 1886.

To what extent may a young girl proceed toward marriage without consulting with anyone?

It depends largely upon circumstances. In this country a girl is supposed to know how to proceed without consulting with anyone. A young girl would do well to consult with older ones, especially her parents, if she will then heed the advice.—*Amanda Witmore, McPherson, Kans.*

❖

I have a fine big bell deadened by a short crack. Is there any way to remedy it?

None whatever. The crack is fatal to the tone of the bell. It will have to be replaced by a new one, or recast, to get a pure tone.

❖

What is the native plant, or plants, in an irrigable but unirrigated country?

The sagebrush, greasewood, saltbush, rabbit brush, and occasionally buffalo grass.—*S. Z. Sharp, Grand Junction, Colo.*

❖

What is menthol?

Menthol is a peppermint camphor made of the Japanese oil of peppermint which comes in a crystalline mass, saturated with the oil at an ordinary temperature.

❖

What is citric acid?

Citric acid occurs in limes, lemons, sour oranges, etc. It is usually made from good lemons, which yield about five and one-fourth of the crystallized acid.

❖

What is wood alcohol?

Alcohol distilled from wood, and subsequently more or less purified. It is used mainly for mechanical purposes.

❖

What weed springs up after the gramma grass sod is broken on the western plains?

Tickle grass is said to come in its place, the seed being carried by the wind or other natural agencies.

❖

When will the Doctor Book be ready?

It is in the course of preparation now, and will be an excellent thing of its kind.

❖

What is nitro-glycerine?

It is a clear, colorless, sweet-tasting, oily liquid heavier than water.

Aunt Barbara's Page

THE MOTHER'S LULLABY.

The winds kiss the tree tops and murmur "Good night."
 Sleep, little one; sleep.
 The sun bathes the mountain in warm, mellow light.
 Sleep, little one; sleep.
 The birds hush their songs, the lambs cease their play;
 The darkness of night steals the fast-fading day.
 And fairy lamps twinkle in skies far away.
 Sleep, little one; sleep.

The tired eyes close with their lashes so long.
 Sleep, little one; sleep.
 While mother sits rocking and crooning her song.
 Sleep, little one; sleep.
 The little hand loosens its hold from the toy,
 And now for the land of sweet slumber and joy,
 Where angels keep watch o'er my bright, bonny boy.
 Sleep, little one; sleep.
 —Woman's Home Companion.

* * *

Come, children, let us sit on the grass under the big elm tree while we listen to the story of how insects make their music, or what is clearly music to them. Nearly all insects make noises of some kind, but many are so small that we cannot hear them. Here is what a writer has to say about some of the winged musicians.

* * *

THE INSECTS' MUSIC.

BY F. F. P.

WHEN you hear the grasshoppers fiddle, or the crickets chirp, or the cicadas—"locusts," most people call them—sing, do you ever wonder how they make those sounds? Perhaps you think they use their throats and mouths and air passages, as we do. But of all the insects only the cicada uses his breathing tubes, which do not open into his mouth. No, indeed! One runs along either side of his body and ends opposite a thin, transparent skin—called a membrane—that is placed underneath each wing near where it joins the body. When the cicada wants to play his roll-call he pulls tight certain muscles that press against his breathing tubes, thus forcing the air to rush rapidly through them and out at the ends opposite the membranes. Now, right across that end of each breathing tube which is near the membrane are two tiny folds of skin that make the air pass through in a thin stream, which vibrates against the membrane and makes a noise exactly the same way drum-sticks do on a drum. And a loud noise it is, too, for it can be heard over the water more than a mile away.

But most insects sing by briskly rubbing their wing covers together, or by drawing a leg across the edge or surface of a wing cover. These wing covers are hard outside wings that keep the soft gauzy ones underneath from being destroyed, and very many insects have these two sets of wings.

Some time, when you are in the meadow, lie down in the deep grass and keep very quiet. Perhaps one of those big green meadow grasshoppers will come quite near you, and then you can watch him fiddle. Yes, he really fiddles! You will see him rub his leg, which is his bow, against the edge of his wing, which is his fiddle. On his leg are eighty or ninety teeth-shaped points of skin; but these you can see only through a microscope. They are what make his notes so shrill, just as the big veins in a cricket's wing cover make his song so very loud when he rubs across them.

What a summer orchestra the insects make for us! I wonder if the little grasshoppers ever pout because they have to practice on their fiddles?—*Mind*.

* * *

THE COW AND THE CALF.

A FARMER residing on the Bay road in Easton, a few days ago swapped a cow with a farmer in Canton, eight miles away. The Easton cow had a calf two or three weeks old, which was left behind when she was taken to her new home. Last Wednesday the mother broke away from her fastenings in Canton and traveled with all speed to her former home in Easton, nearing which she paused a moment at the well to which she had been accustomed to go, and hastily took a drink of cool water to quench her thirst. Then she rushed for the stable, where she met her offspring. And what a happy meeting it was! The poor mother was frantic with joy. She caressed and fondled it and talked to it in her own soothing, endearing, affectionate manner, and no doubt felt well repaid for the long and weary run she had made over the dusty road. But her joy was not to last. She had been there but a short time before her new owner, who had missed her from her stall and had traced her to her old place of abode, came driving up, and the heartbroken mother was taken and led back, moaning piteously. As they pulled her away from her dear one she reached back and kissed it, and kept her eyes on it as long as she could. Who will say that a dumb animal has no heart?

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The Home

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WHITE CAKE.

BY MRS. GUY E. FORESMAN.

TAKE two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, the whites of eight eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flavor to taste.

Lafayette, Ind.

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CORN OYSTERS.

BY SISTER EFFIE D. KING.

GRATE nine large roasting ears into a vessel, then add three-fourths of a pint of sweet milk, three table-spoonfuls of flour, three eggs and salt and pepper to taste. Fry in butter by spoonfuls.

Terra Alta, W. Va.

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SAGO PUDDING.

BY SISTER ALICE LEWIS.

TAKE one quart of milk, six tablespoonfuls of sago, four eggs, one cup of sugar, and flavoring. Soak the sago over night, then beat the yolks of the eggs, sugar and sago together and add to the hot milk. Let cool a few minutes and then add flavoring. Use the whites of the eggs for frosting.

Mabel, Oregon.

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ICE CREAM.

BY SISTER ANNA L. STOVER.

TAKE six eggs, two coffee cups of sugar, one cup of cream, and one tablespoonful of flour. Heat the cream to a boiling point, add the flour, stir smooth with a little milk, boil a few minutes, strain and cool. Beat the eggs and sugar to a cream, add enough milk to fill a gallon freezer. Flavor to suit the taste.

Kingsley, Iowa.

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ORANGE PUDDING.

BY MRS. KATE HOWARD.

PAPE six oranges and cut them fine. Strew over them one cup of sugar, beat the yolks of six eggs with

four spoonfuls of corn starch, strain into one quart of boiling milk, put the starch over the oranges when hot. Beat the whites of the eggs with two spoonfuls of sugar, and pour them over the starch. Brown in the oven. To be eaten cold.

Cambridge City, Ind.

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JUNEBERRY PRESERVES.

BY SISTER AMANDA NICHOLSON.

WASH ripe Juneberries, take one pint of sugar to one and one-half pints of Juneberries and put in a suitable vessel one layer of Juneberries and one layer of sugar until all are used. Let stand over night, and in the morning heat the syrup to the boiling point and skim. Repeat for two mornings and the third morning boil all together. Seal in glass jars.

Hillsdale, Pa.

❖ ❖ ❖

SPICE CAKE.

BY SISTER AMANDA NICHOLSON.

TAKE five cups of flour, one cup of lard and butter mixed, and rub together with the hands till thoroughly mixed. Add two cups of sugar, one pound of currants, one-half pound of seedless raisins, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one half nutmeg, one and one half teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, two cups of buttermilk. Stir all together to a smooth batter, then add two teaspoonfuls of soda. Bake in a loaf one hour.

Hillsdale, Pa.

❖ ❖ ❖

PICKLED CABBAGE.

BY NANNIE JOHNSON.

TAKE one-half peck of green tomatoes, six large onions, two large heads of cabbage, two dozen cucumbers. Cut all together, and salt down for twenty-four hours, then squeeze out and put in a kettle with vinegar enough to cover, add three tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish, one-half cup of white mustard, three tablespoonfuls of cloves, three tablespoonfuls of spice, one-half cup of ground pepper, one-half cup of cinnamon and two pounds of brown sugar. Boil all together one hour.

Nezperce, Idaho.

THE INGLENOOK

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VALUABLE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS.

SELECTED BY MARGIE ESTELLE JOHN.

Sweet is the smile of home;
The mutual look
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook.
The haunts of all affections pure.

—J. Kerble.

✧

Let this truth be present to thee, in the excitement of anger,—that to be moved by passion is not manly, but that mildness and gentleness, as they are more agreeable to human nature, so also are they more manly. For in the same degree in which a man's mind is nearer to freedom from all passion, in the same degree also is it nearer to strength.—*Marcus Antonius.*

✧

Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones.—*F. W. Faber.*

✧

Prune thou thy words; thy thoughts control
That o'er the swell and throng;
They will condemn within thy soul
And change to purpose strong.

—J. H. Newman.

✧

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others. If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?—*Thomas a Kempis.*

✧

The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way,
Or we may make them stepping-stones to be
Of grace, O Lord to Thee.

—Hamilton.

✧

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.—*Charles Buxton.*
McDonalds Mill, Va.

VIRGINIA.

VIRGINIA, the mother of presidents, has a total area of 40,125 square miles, or 25,680,000 acres, and of this seventy-seven and one-half per cent are included in farms. And so you see that one of the oldest of States is practically more than three-fourths occupied. The surface of the State is level in the southeast and mountainous in the northwest and west, where it is traversed by the Blue Ridge and other ranges of the Appalachian Mountains. From the Atlantic Ocean westward the State is divided into six physical divisions known as Tidewater, Midland, Piedmont, Blue Ridge, the Great Valley, and the Appalachian. In Tidewater and Midland Virginia truck farming is the rule. Tobacco is raised in the south central part of the State and in the Piedmont and Shenandoah Valley section fruits and cereals. Stock raising is the important growing industry in the northwestern and western parts of the State. The Potomac, the Rappahannock, York, and James rivers with their tributaries afford excellent drainage for the State. During the Civil War one-third of Old Virginia was incorporated into the new State of West Virginia. The territory thus withdrawn has 10,896,379 acres.

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Of the principal farming crops in Virginia in 1899 there were \$346,600 worth of cotton grown. Of tobacco 7,210,195 pounds. Of peanuts \$2,661,148 worth. The census just completed shows that 44,872 farmers were engaged in growing tobacco and cultivated 184,334 acres, each producing a yield of about 122,884,900 pounds. Eighty-eight Counties grow tobacco. The leading one being Pittsylvania, which has an area of 29,806 acres. In the matter of cotton only twenty-four counties grow cotton. In the matter of vegetables, 97,000,285 acres were cultivated. There are 10,105 acres of cabbage and 9,815 acres of tomatoes. The most of the peanuts are grown in South Hampton County and adjacent Counties. There were 11,572 farmers who grow peanuts on 116,914 acres, which produced 3,713,247 bushels with an average of a little over thirty-one bushels to the acre. This seems peanuts enough to go around the whole Nook Family.

SOCIAL LIFE IN VIRGINIA.

BY OTTIE F. SHOWALTER.

THE people of Virginia are largely farmers. Those east of the Blue Ridge differ in many respects from those of the valley.

Eastern Virginia was once the home of the "blue-blood aristocracy." The stately old mansions, almost always in a grove of trees, with some of the huts of the former slaves still standing,—the whole still surrounded by an air of loftiness,—is about all that remains of the aristocracy now. It is true that their descendants still hold themselves somewhat aloof from people of "common blood," but the day is not far distant when they will not be distinguished at all.

In the Valley, which was settled largely by Germans, there are no class distinctions among white people of good moral standing. Not wealth nor honor, but honesty and uprightness of character are the standards of good society.

All Virginians like amusements, but here again is a difference between the people of the Valley and those east of the Ridge. The "easterners" live for the enjoyment of social life, and work when they must, while the Valley people are hard workers, and turn to amusements as a diversion from their labors. During the summer there are lawn parties, picnics, excursions of all kinds for sightseeing and pleasure, and every other form of amusement that young minds can devise and willing hands carry out. In July and August, many go to the Springs in the mountains where summer cottages are owned. Besides the medicinal value of these springs, and the cool mountain breeze, there are bowling alleys and dancing halls here. During the winter there are sociables, parties and sleigh rides.

The people throughout Virginia are interested in education, and are making progress in all educational lines. The public schools are well attended. As far as the public schools take them the girls are up with the boys and often ahead of them, but more boys are found taking the longer courses in the colleges. This is due, no doubt, to the fact that some people still think that a girl's chief aim in life is to get married and keep house, which thing, however, a Virginia girl seldom does until she has found her ideal, and girls' ideal in these days require something more than a red necktie and a poke of candy. There is no need, however, of carrying a lantern to find a man, for Virginia has men of whom she is not ashamed, and none recognize this fact better than those whom they call mothers, wives, sisters and sweet-hearts.

The people as a rule are inclined to be religious. The leading denominations are Baptists, Disciples and Methodists. In the Lower Valley, the Brethren out-

number all others. The various churches have their Sunday School Conventions, Missionary Meetings, Prayer Meetings and Aid Societies, and are active in all church work.

The thing for which the people are most noted, and which they take most delight in, is their hospitality. Always has this been true, and now as much as ever. As early as 1724, an historian writes, "If New England be called a receptacle of dissenters and an Amsterdam of religions, Pennsylvania a nursery of Quakers, Maryland the retirement of Roman Catholics, and North Carolina the refuge of run-aways, Virginia may be justly esteemed the happy



CLIMBING THE HILL.

retreat of true Anglo-Saxons and true churchmen, neither soaring too high or dropping too low, and merit our esteem. No people can entertain so well."

Scottsford, Va.

* * *

BULL RUN BATTLEFIELD.

BY ALICE C. BLOUGH.

BULL Run battlefield lies about six miles north of Manassas, and thirty miles west of Washington. There were two battles fought on these battle grounds. The first was fought July 21, 1861, the second August 29, 30, 31, 1862. In both battles the South was victorious. After the first battle of Bull Run, which was such a disastrous defeat to the North, the South began to feel secure. They thought the war would now be over, and not until that battle did the North realize that they had a brave people to conquer.

The Alexandria and Warrenton pike passes through the field from east to west. The pike would scarcely now be recognized as a pike. People drive aside as much as possible. There are deep ruts worn in the pike which are said to have been made by the heavy artillery passing over.

There are no longer many relics to be found on the

field. Sometimes a bullet, minnieball, grape shot, bombshell, bayonet, etc., may be found. It is very interesting to roam around the old battle ground, thinking of what happened there. It makes one feel sad too, to think of the many brave lives lost, with not a stone to mark their resting place.

The stone house which was there before the war is still standing. During one of the battles a cannon

honor of the soldiers who fell there. In the top of one of them a hole was drilled, and such relics as could be gathered were put in and on top of them all an old soldier laid a silver quarter. One of the monuments is twenty feet high, and is surmounted by a hundred pound parrot shell. Cannon balls picked from the field are imbedded at the base. The other monument is fifteen feet high, surmounted by a pyramid of shot



“STEADY! STEADY!!”

SHOOTING ALONG THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

ball was shot through it. The place can still be seen. This house was used for a hospital by the southern army. Most of the fighting was done on what is called the “Henry Farm” very near the house. Mrs. Henry was killed, and one girl hid for two nights and one day in one of the chimneys while the battle was raging.

I used to imagine before I saw the fields that they could be recognized as such, but they cannot. You might drive across, up and down the pike, and never think you were on the “Bull Run Battlefield.” It is rather barren and rough looking.

An interesting place to visit is the old stone bridge across Bull Run, over which the Union soldiers rushed in their retreat to Washington. This bridge was built many years before the war.

There are two monuments built on the battlefield in

and shell gathered from the field. Each monument has a white shield bearing an inscription in memory of the patriots who fell there. They were built and dedicated in 1865

A bill has been introduced in Congress for the purchase of the grounds on which the monuments stand, and as much around them as is deemed necessary.

Manasses, Va.

* * *

NEARLY every native Virginian is a good shot. Had he lived before the white man came he could have killed buffalo, elk and other now extinct game. In fact the Indians, at the time of the first white men in Virginia, had the buffalo all around them. Think of the countless thousands of buffalo once roaming the country, practically all gone now, and through the willful murder by man!

THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

BY HATTIE YODER GILBERT.

IN Bedford County, about twelve miles from Bedford City, are two mountain peaks of special interest. The one called Apple Orchard, although one hundred and twenty-six feet higher than its mate, is not visited by sightseers for the reason that the dense forests of undergrowth cut off the view. The other peak, named from the Otter on the banks of Otter River near by, is four thousand feet above the sea level. It is this particular mountain of which we wish to tell our readers.

Let us imagine a party of "Nookers," including, of course, our worthy Nookman, making a visit to these peaks and give a description of what they would see.

We start from Roanoke about 4 A. M. for a drive of about thirty miles. These cool mornings are fine for sleeping, but we must be out promptly at the call of the alarm, else four o'clock will not find us on hand at the appointed place of meeting. Fortunately, everybody is ready and we start for a genuine outing.

The drive is delightful. The valley along Goose River presents a very pretty scene and keeps one unaccustomed to the place wondering what will be next. As we follow the winding road, going higher and higher, we look back upon the mountains below us. On one side of our road the great hills and rocks rise high above, while a look at the opposite side makes us shudder at the steep descent. Yet we move onward and upward, becoming more anxious the nearer we come to our destination.

In the afternoon we arrive at the hotel near the foot of the Peaks. Here we stop and those who prefer to spend the night on the mountain top prepare for the climb. After traveling a distance of one-half mile we reach a barn where those who have ridden station their horses. Then begins the steep ascent of eight hundred and ten yards. Many times we stop to rest, and our strength is so completely utilized that our party may not be judged as the best of conversationalists—working too hard to talk.

By and by we find ourselves on the very top, standing on rocks, for where else could we stand? In attempting to tell of their size we can only use the little boy's idea of immensity when, with eyes wide open and hands in the air, he said "*great large big ones.*" Nestled among these awful boulders is the hotel. The entrance fee is fifty cents, as is also supper, bed and breakfast each. But we have provided sufficient luncheon, so selecting a fine flat rock, we eat our supper here, or, if we prefer, we

accept the kind invitation of the hotel cook to occupy the dining room.

This hotel is not fashioned after the modern boarding houses of lower altitudes, but when we consider the great amount of labor required to fit it up in the most meager manner it is surprising that it is as complete as we find it.

Supper over, we take a general view of our surroundings, watch the golden sunset, and then, following our guide, down, down we go, a distance of three hundred feet, winding about in the narrow pass until we reach the "Needle's Eye." Here, with rocks above, around, beneath, we stoop low, then lower and then in single file each "Nooker" passes through the opening which looks as if a layer of rocks had been omitted during the uneven piling of the others.

Just before entering this place our guide calls our attention to a cross made by small vegetable growth in a large rock near by. Stepping carefully out on an immense boulder, one looks down one hundred and twenty-five feet,—a fearful precipice called "Lover's Leap." The name is itself suggestive, but so far as we are able to learn no one has ever attempted to end his troubles by making use of the abyss.

This peak, we are told, was used by the Union General Hunter for a signal station. The top rock was blown off by dynamite some years ago and its present whereabouts would be a good subject for an interesting article.

From June until September visitors go to this place at almost any hour of day or night. The trip is somewhat tiresome, but once made it can never be forgotten. It has been said that from this peak more territory can be seen than from any other point in the world. I wish I had words to picture its grandeur, but those who have seen it will understand my meaning when I say there is no language for description.

With the sun rising as if out of the sea, or, equally beautiful, peering above a great embankment, while below the white clouds chase one another as if at play, as our party step from rock to rock, the exclamations of delight may be expressed in the poetical words of another:

"The Peaks of Otter—O how grand!
In awful majesty they stand.
No poet's pen has ever told
Of scenes so grand or rocks so bold."

Daleville, Va.

THE war of rebellion resulted, in Virginia, in destroying three hundred million dollars worth of property, an absolute loss.

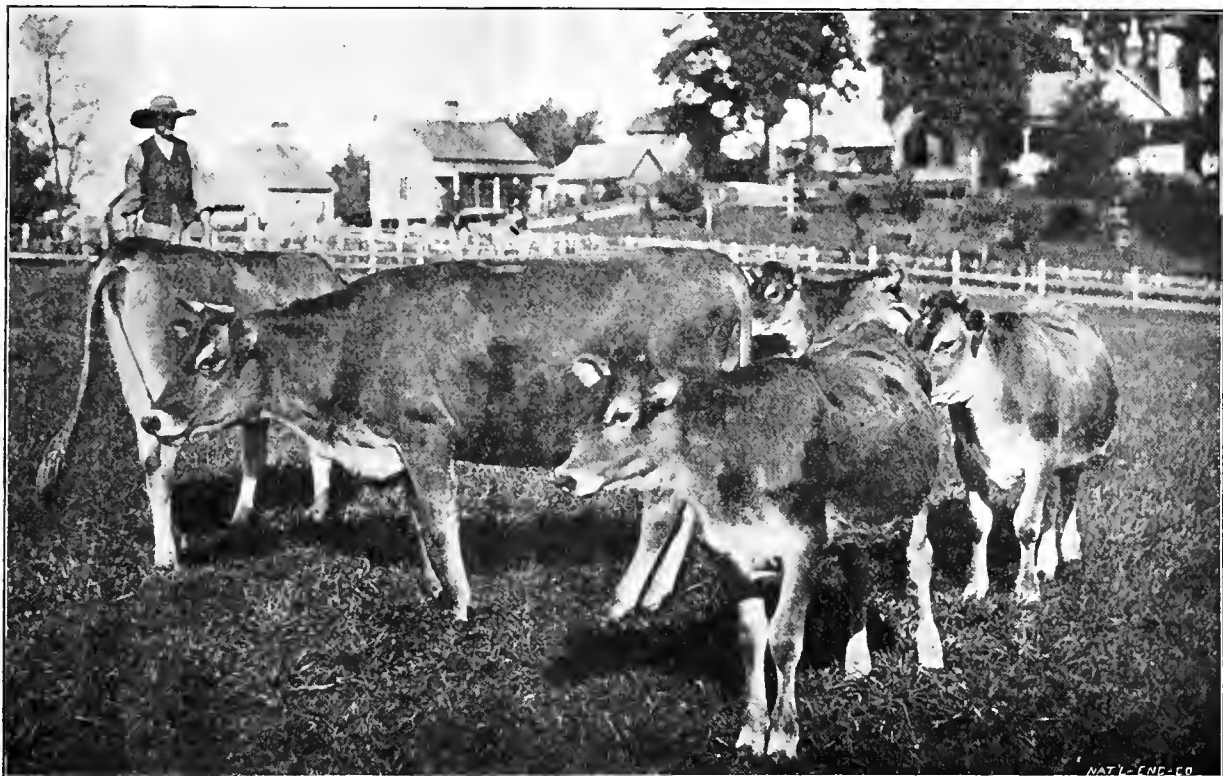
ABOUT SOME VIRGINIA BOOMS.

BY A. C. MILLER.

BOOMS are a thing of the past to us Virginians, but it is not a difficult matter for me to recall some of their effects. To the best of my memory one of them started in 1888 and the rest of them running to their highest limit in 1891 when a small lot of

in other respects and a good many of our own people got caught in the transaction.

It was thought by some of our best people that had the great desire for accumulation and the accompanying deception as for results continued a few years longer they would have almost ruined our country financially and morally. As it was it resulted in lawsuits after lawsuits and many unkind feelings toward one another. We have had all the



WITH HEADS LIKE DEER.

land one hundred and fifty by fifty feet in open fields with fences taken away sold for as high as fifteen hundred dollars, while others, near some towns where there were two or three railroads, brought still more fictitious prices.

To give an idea of the frenzy of the thing a man who started with about eight hundred dollars at the end of three years supposed himself to be worth fifty thousand. He said to a friend of his: "We do not count money any more by ones but by fives, tens, and twenties." Yet in a few years when this man's business was settled up he was not able to meet his liabilities. Quite a few made money out of the fictitious values but many more lost in greater amounts of money than gainers gained. One of the lucky ones said to me that he felt deep down in his heart that it was not just. The ones who got left were of all classes. Some were good business men

booms we want and hope never to pass through another as the result is evil both to the country and the people concerned.

Milnesville, Va.

* * *

WHEN the Confederacy collapsed, or was about to go under, the Richmond officials loaded a canal boat with archives and documents that it was not desired to fall into the Union hands, and the boat was taken up the canal along the James river, and there blown up and burned to pieces. What stories for the historian went up in smoke at that time.

* * *

THE sons of the Old Dominion are scattered the wide world over. There is hardly a section where the Virginia man and woman may not be found. There is always a warm spot in their hearts for the old State

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

BY SUE SHAWER.

ROCKBRIDGE County, Virginia, rugged and rocky, is well named. Here is located one of Virginia's wonderful curiosities, the Natural Bridge. This is a magnificent formation, 1,500 feet above sea level, in a region of cascades and caverns and deep pine woods. It is two hundred and fifteen feet high, and one hundred feet wide, with a span of ninety feet. A little brook called Cedar Creek runs lazily under the arch which is forty feet thick.

The Bridge is of solid limestone rock, and was formed by the operations of Nature herself, though

The little birds passing to and fro from under the bridge build their nests and rear their young here. They build so high that no robbers nor stones can reach them, seeming to know that there they are safe.

Like many other famous resorts, the Natural Bridge can boast of a "Lover's Leap." Though not acquainted with its story I suppose it is the same old tale of disappointed love. It is said that many years ago a person tried to climb from the bottom to the top of the bridge, but fell when fifteen feet of the summit and was killed. In imagination one can see the name of Washington carved high on one side of the solid rock, just as he put it there many years ago. It is said that he



"TOBACCO IS AN INDIAN WEED."

exactly how it was done is not easy to say. There is not much earth deposited at the base, so if the arch was scooped out by water the material has been carried completely away.

People journey a long way to see the Natural Bridge. It has visitors, annually, from all parts of the United States and from the old countries.

It is about one-half mile from the hotel to the base of the bridge, and the pathway leading to it is a most beautiful one, lying along the side of a little stream which flows into Cedar Creek below the bridge. On either side of the path are trees of cedar, pine and arbor vitæ, making a shady and pleasant walk. The arbor vitæ trees are said to be over a hundred years old. We descend one flight of steps after another until we finally find ourselves under the wonderful Bridge. Standing and gazing on this natural wonder makes one know and feel the power of an omnipotent Creator.

threw a silver dollar to the top, but no one has ever been able to do so since.

Looking down from the top of the bridge, grown people below look like little children. From pulpit rock, which projects thirty feet from the base, you can see, through the arch, the valley below, but persons driving across would not realize that they were on the bridge were it not for the sign boards. There are trees and shrubbery on either side so that one does not notice the valley. But for the Bridge this little valley with nearly perpendicular walls could not be crossed.

Troutville, Va.

WHY is it that Virginia with all her natural wonders and the facilities for hunting and fishing, and summer resorts, and all that, is not as well patronized as other sections of the country with fewer attractions?

THE POTATO HILLS OF THE CATAWBA VALLEY.

BY MARGIE ESTELLE JOHN.

THESE interesting little knobs are in the Catawba Valley extending along the base of Paris mountain for fourteen miles, a successive row of so-called potato hills, a name most appropriately given them on account of their resemblance to potato hills in shape and position. They might also be termed

shows, kept by God's own protecting hand. In such a nook can "Thanatopsis" be doubly appreciated. Nor is a winter scene any less effective.

The snow-crowned summits, given a fairy-like look by the sunbeams, the hills echoing the sounds of the hunter's gun, the shepherd busily engaged in watching his flock "lest one should go astray," all give to the "potato hills" an appearance that is ever cherished by those living among them, and make an impression, everlasting, on those unaccustomed to



SELLING TOBACCO IN A WAREHOUSE.

mountains of small stature. To us Virginians especially do they seem small, but to those unaccustomed to hills they seem like huge mountains.

In number there are between eighty and ninety. In size they vary. At each end of the range they are small, but gradually grow larger as you approach the center until you come to the one known as "The Big Knob," or better known as "Patterson's Knob," so-called after the first settler of the valley, whose abode was at the foot of this particular knob.

To a lover of nature these "potato hills" are beautiful. Come with me, Brother or Sister Nooker, whose mind knows mountains only in imagination. See this picture. A babbling brook flowing between two immense "potato hills" whose summits are crowned with trees of the most luxuriant foliage, keeping out the sun's scorching rays, and upon whose sides are the most beautiful flower

the daily sight of "The Potato Hills of the Catawba Valley."

McDonalds Mill, Va.

* * *

HERE is a little matter of Virginia history. A Virginia lawyer, very talented, was unfortunate enough to allow drink to get the better of him. In one of his periodicals he lay sprawled out with the hot sun shining down in his face, when a Virginia girl came along, recognized him, and spread her handkerchief over his face. Upon recovering his senses he recognized the initials worked in the corner of the handkerchief, reformed, married the girl, and subsequently became one of the most eminent officials the United States ever had. We give this story as we heard it. Who was he?

* * *

WHAT became of the town of Jamestown?

ROBERT E. LEE.

BY I. S. LONG.

R. E. LEE, the son of "Light Horse Harry Lee," was descended from a long line of ancestors who figured in English history. His name has even been traced back to Robert, the Bruce of Scotland. But Lee needs no ancestral glory to add lustre to his name, for he possessed the qualities of mind and heart, that perfect form, and that superb bearing that ever makes a man a king among men.

Lee was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia January 19, 1807. (In this same county were born other illustrious Americans, among whom are Geo. Washington and James Monroe.) As a child, Robert was diligent in school and so obedient and attentive to his invalid mother that his father wrote of him, "Robert was always good;" and his mother, as he left for West Point, exclaimed, "How can I do without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me." He was admirably prepared by private training for the West Point School, where he graduated, without receiving a single demerit, second in a large and brilliant class.

He was married in 1832 to Miss Mary Custis, daughter and heiress of George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of Geo. Washington. In this way Lee became proprietor of Arlington on the Potomac, near Washington City. Nothing more fitting or appropriate can be said of Mrs. Lee than that she formed a fitting link between the great names of Washington and Lee, and was worthy of gracing the home, sharing the fortunes, and rearing the children of R. E. Lee.

Lee's military genius is too well known to every student of history. Even as Colonel or Captain he was highly respected by his commander and by his men. Often was he consulted by General Winfield Scott during the Mexican war. Scott says of him, "I am compelled to make special mention of Captain R. E. Lee, a man as distinguished for felicitous execution as for science and daring, etc." Also, when Scott recommended the appointment of W. H. F. Lee to the lieutenantancy, he said, "I make this application mainly on the extraordinary merits of his father, *the very best soldier I ever saw in the field*. No doubt, because of the fact that Lee was the leader of troops in a lost cause, he has not received his due from all parties either as a man or as a general. But when party feeling dies away the muse of history will accord him a place alongside the mightiest warriors. Who was it, though ever outnumbered, and toward the last of the war, three, four, or even five to one, that outgeneralled in every instance his wily opponent in the terrible conflict at the Seven Pines? Who was it that met

and brilliantly repulsed "Fighting Joe Hooker" with the "finest army on the planet?" See those 75,000 badly armed, wretchedly equipped, miserably clad, and poorly fed soldiers in the Wilderness! No wonder that critics count this one of the most splendid campaigns in the annals of history.

The tide of his success, however, was stemmed at Antietam; and the men he lost on the fatal and famous Gettysburg field he never could replace. Finally, at Appanattox, Lee with 7,800 half-clad, starved heroes furled forever the blackened and tattered battle-flag of the Confederacy and gave his sword to his great opponent, Grant.

As a man, Lee was a noble specimen of physical manhood. In character he was social, modestly simple and gentle, devoted to what he believed was duty, firm in carrying out a purpose, and self-sacrificing for others' good. Lee was ever an ardent "Union" man and hoped against hope for a compromise. Said he with emphasis: "If the four million slaves were mine, I would free them with one stroke of the pen to avert this war." And when presented with the greatest offer of his life, doubtless, the chief command of the United States Armies, he refused, saying, "With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty as an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my home, my relatives, and my native State."

Lack of space forbids our telling of Lee's classic and beautiful farewell address to his soldiers, of Grant's generous terms of surrender, or of the chivalric regard for the conquered, shown by the victors. But as may be expected of one so manly in defeat, as the great soldier passed through his own broken and unarmed ranks every head was uncovered, and each man with bursting heart and overflowing tears was bidding a silent adieu; for he was loved with that deep and reverent affection that no disaster could dampen or defeat destroy.

After Appomattox he was at once called to the Presidency of Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia; and so well were his duties performed in this new capacity that he won the distinction of being one of the greatest College Presidents America ever produced.

On an autumn day, while bowing his head in blessing at tea in his own home, he was stricken speechless and never recovered. On the 12th of October, 1870, he died. He lived only sixty-three years, but he crowded into that period of blameless life a humble piety, a devotion to duty, and brilliant public services which have written his name among "the few, the immortal names, that were not born to die."

Goods Mills, Va.

NO DEATH.

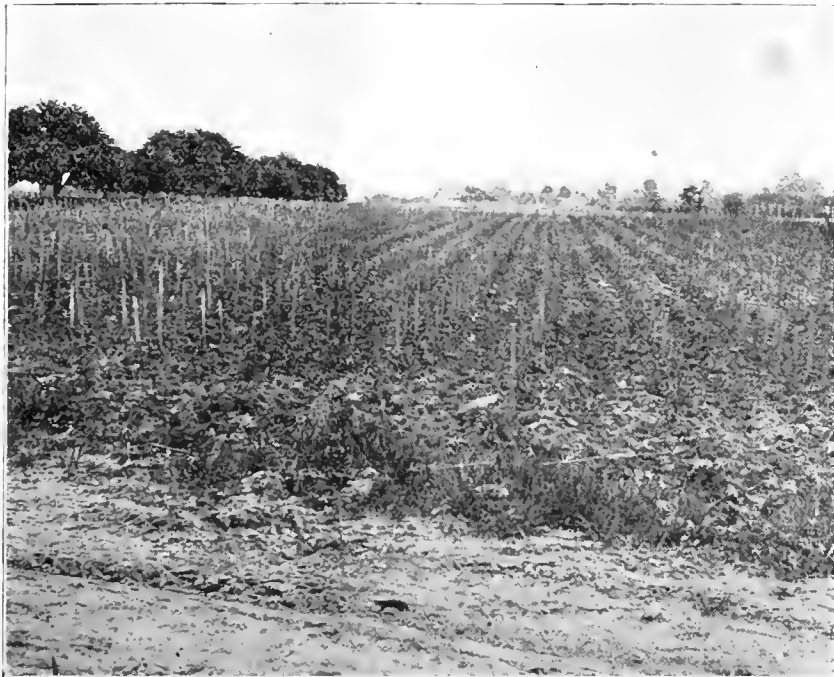
BY REBECCA BOWMAN.

FIVE years,—yes, it has been five years to-day since the coffin lid was shut and your dear face was hid from my sight for all time.

But Papa, you sometimes are near and understand your child, even from out that vast vagueness for me, yet distinct reality to you. I feel a gentle presence of loving solicitude in my work, in my meditation, wherever I go. There have many things been

Well, the North man has push, the other has less. The man from the land where the frost comes earlier does not care much for the history of his State. The Virginian, the real Virginian, is full of it. He has ancestors who fought in the Revolution, and all of his gray-headed friends were with Lee.

The man of the South reveres woman and he lifts his hat to his wife and his neighbors' womankind. The northland man does so too, sometimes. The canker of infidelity has never eaten into the faith of the South. And there are other and still other differences.



GROWING TOMATOES FOR THE CANNERY.

granted to me since your translation. God has been gracious and kind unto me through these years and brought me gently along the way.

And always the things that you loved, that you most desired to follow after, are the thoughts of my heart now, and I strive daily to bring to pass in my life that which may be acceptable in the presence of God.

This was your desire, and this your undying influence in the world to-day. There is no death!

Harrisonburg, Va.

* * *

THE DIFFERENCE.

WHAT'S the difference between the Virginia man and one from the far North? Wherein does the woman of the James River region differ from her northern sister?

The southern woman, the born and bred woman of the South, is as different as can be from her sister far north of the Potomac. That there is a difference, everybody who knows both sections will freely admit, but just what it is the writer never heard satisfactorily described. Her northern sister would say she was lazy, for one thing. Well, perhaps. But she has something in speech and manner, while utterly undefinable, is as attractive and catching as the carol of the mockingbird in the magnolia on a midsummer night along the upper James. The wild red rose of the North is fair and fragrant. The rose of the South is sweet and must have an old garden and a sheltered place. And which is better? Not I, it is, who can tell. Some love best the northern rose, others love the magnolia bloom that browns and colors at a rude touch.

THE DEATH OF ELDER JOHN KLINE.

BY W. T. MYERS.

THE place and the manner of Elder John Kline's death are matters of familiar knowledge in the community where he had his home, and the story of his martyrdom is told to the children as a memorable event in the great war that weighed so cruelly upon the Valley. Almost all the citizens thereabout who were old enough to remember the war can also recall the kindly face and frequent visits of the good man; many yet live who had personal acquaintance with him; some tell of having seen his body after the murder, and one at least is living who was among those who found his body on the fatal spot where he fell.

To those making inquiry this very spot is yet pointed out. About four miles westward from his home, it is on the summit of a ridge that separates a mountain glen from the valley in which Elder Kline's home stood. A cedar tree, grown up in recent years in the midst of other trees and shrubbery, marks the place where his head lay after death. The road over which he was passing, and by the side of which this tree grows, has now for a score of years been disused, but its course is yet plainly traced over the ridge and by the fatal spot. A small dwelling house has been built near by, and the surroundings have been somewhat cleared by the axe, but in that day the ridge was wild and desolate; the road had been cut through a dense growth of pine and was screened from the sight of any house in the glen below.

On June 14, Elder Kline, whose varied knowledge was called into use by every one, visited this mountain glen for the purpose of examining a disorderly clock. It is believed that on this day a plot had been formed to kill him, but was frustrated by the fact that a friend of the minister, suspecting danger, was keeping him company.

On the following day Elder Kline visited those parts for the same purpose as on the preceding day. On this morning he also had his riding horse shod at a blacksmith shop in the neighborhood. As he began his ride homeward he was entreated to be on his guard and not to follow the lonely ridge road, which was indeed not a public road but used as such, being a more direct route to and from the mountain; but to go by a more roundabout and safer way. He did not heed the warning, and if he had the result might have been the same. The threats against his life were too well known to be avoided by a circuit of a mile or two. As it was, the venerable minister passed up the shadowy road out of sight from the houses below. In a few minutes, by those who al-

most had been listening for something of the kind, two gunshots were heard from the summit of the ridge. Men came up and found the good man's body lying lifeless on the ground, pierced by two balls, and his horse gone.

As they bore his body homeward, they were met by some who had seen his horse running loose without her rider, and suspecting the terrible truth, were coming in search of him.

The first shot that struck Elder Kline, as he rode along, passed through his body a little above the saddle, and was fired either from the front or from the rear. The other was fired into his breast over the heart, and so close was the muzzle of the gun that the skin was blackened with powder smoke. Doubtless he fell from his horse at the first wound, and, as he lay by the roadside, the assassin advanced, fired the second shot with certain aim, and then fled.

Broadway, Va.

VIRGINIA BLACKJACK.

BY J. A. SEESE.

BLACKJACK is the name applied to a peculiar variety of soil found in parts of northeastern Virginia. There is a strip of it in this section of the State, extending north and south for many miles, known as the Blackjack Ridge.

This ridge seems to be a natural boundary between the Midland and the Piedmont sections of the State, having a slight elevation above the surrounding country. A large part of it is covered with timber, the best of which is being rapidly taken off, and in many places the ground is rugged and rocky and admits of no cultivation, but the greater part can be successfully cultivated.

The pure blackjack does not cover the entire ridge but comes to the surface in patches, varying in size from a few square feet to many acres. However the whole ridge is underlaid with it, while under the blackjack is a kind of sand that seems to possess some fertilizing properties.

Barytes, from which white lead is made, is found in different parts of the ridge.

The blackjack appears to be a variety of mineral soil of a dark brown color and gritty nature when dry, but when wet, as in the spring of the year, it is very adhesive, so that one can scarcely walk through it, and a horse and buggy has sometime actually stuck fast in it. It is almost impossible to cultivate, and then is not productive. It must be cultivated when wet, for after it becomes dry it has much the consistency of India rubber, so that the cultivator will not sink to a depth of more than

about an inch. When dry and packed in the road it is almost as solid as asphaltum, and never becomes dusty.

If you get the mud on your shoes it is there to stay—almost—as the housekeepers in this section have long since learned. But in order to fully appreciate its adhesive qualities you should, perhaps,

streams have a great many dams across them, I think it would be impossible for the young eels to get back from the salt water and keep up the supply, for there are thousands caught out of the Middle river every year. I am of the opinion that they breed in our waters.

Mt. Sidney, Va.



MUST BELIEVE IN CROUT.

do as the writer has done: teach school where the playground consists of blackjack soil.

Aden, Va.

AS TO EELS.

BY LEVI GARBER.

I READ in the query department of the Nook of June 14, a question about eels. Your answer is they live in fresh water, but must have salt water to breed in. Now I have been born and raised in the Valley of Virginia, and have lived here all my life, and eels abound plentifully in our waters here, and they certainly have no salt water in reach of them. I have seen eels from the size of a common wheat straw to the size of eight pounds. I have known good-sized eels to be caught in the mountain streams of the Blue Ridge mountains. Now as our

THE CALIFORNIA ISSUE.

IN the early Autumn there will be an issue of the Nook devoted entirely to California. Its reading matter will be twice the amount of the present magazine, will be superbly illustrated, and the message to the Coast is that there is not going to be any Frank and Kathleen spook business about this, for the Nookman is going overland himself for the material. He can only stay about a week, and wants to see a good deal in that time. He will be where the Nookers do abound, and they are advised that he will have his appetite along with him, and further, that he would like to see every one of them. It will be furnished all comers for two months for ten cents. That is to say we will send any name the California Nook and seven other copies thereafter on the receipt of ten cents for the trial subscription.

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THE VIRGINIA INGLENOOK.

THE State issue of Virginia is before our readers. It can not fail to be an educator in the highest sense. People who read it will know more about Old Dominion than they ever did before. Even residents of the State who have lived there all their lives will doubtless find something new in this number.

Originally it was intended that every line of this number should be written by Virginia people, but the editor reckoned without his people. There have been a number of splendid articles sent in, but there has been the common characteristic of humanity shown in the average man and woman, when requested to contribute to this paper, in the fact that when the call was made it was pronounced a good thing and passed along to somebody else to do. It is perhaps asking too much to expect a constituency unfamiliar with practical newspaper writing to act with that promptness and exactness characteristic of those in the profession where the idea and its execution are practically coincident. Therefore we will have to add to the Virginia Inglenook enough matter to round it out in something like symmetrical proportions, but the Old Dominion is dominant on every page, and the State will get a boost that will be remembered for many a day to come.

ONE RESULT OF THE WAR.

ONE of the results of the war was in making the State of Virginia the battle ground in the east. Decidedly the State got the worst of it in being marched over, fought over and generally tramped on in the fight. What was left of the fences, the stock, and the movables generally after both armies had a chance at them was not hard to count up.

THE CITY OF WINCHESTER IN OLDEN TIMES.

BY N. D. COOL.

IN the twenty-first year of the reign of Charles II of England, he made a princely gift of all the lands in America, bounded within the heads of the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, to seven courtly gentlemen of his kingdom. In a very short time this grant came into the possession of Thomas Lord Fairfax and has borne the name of the Fairfax grant to this present day. In the western part of the Fairfax grant, in the lower Shenandoah Valley, thirty-two miles south of Harper's Ferry, on the Valley branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, the old historic city of Winchester is situated.

The present site of Winchester was once occupied by the Shawnee Indians. The tribe had settled in another section before the white man came to Virginia. However, a few Indian names still survive. In the northeastern part of the present city of Winchester are found the "Shawnee Springs." At this place the Indian chiefs of the tribe had their headquarters, or court.

About the year 1738 two German families erected several small log cabins near the town run. These settlers were soon followed by others, and in 1752 the legislature passed an act establishing the town of Winchester,—the oldest town in the Shenandoah Valley.

Early in her history she took a deep interest in educational matters and has always been foremost in her immediate section. Prior to 1876 there were two or three strictly private schools for the lower branches and two fine classics and academic institutions were opened. The price of tuition in the classic schools was four guineas per annum.

In the early days of Winchester she presented the appearance of one of our New England colonial towns. The Court House square was enclosed with a post and rail fence, and in the center of the yard stood "Black Betty"—the whipping post; also the pillory and stocks. "Black Betty" was looked upon with horror by the law-breaking citizens, and especially by the negro slave.

History tells us that the first slaves landed in America were brought to the section now known as Virginia. This traffic was carried on in Virginia down to the close of the civil war. It was carried on like the stock dealer carries on his business in the present day.

Winchester has a stock yard where the dealer collects his stock until he gets a carload. In the antebellum days she had a negro post which corresponded to the stock yard. This trading post consisted of a large stone house and yard surrounded by a high fence. In the building were cells, similar to those found in our county jails, where the men were put for safety, while the women and children were allowed to

use of the yard during the day, but securely fastened in their rooms at night. Although they were kept in close confinement yet they were well fed.

Very often the slave traders would hold auctions to dispose of their slaves. I have been told that the price of a good negro man ranged from \$900 to \$1500. However, statistics tell us that the average price of the Southern slave, including women and children, was about \$600. Various things figured in the value of the slave. His health, size, preservation of his teeth, and color largely estimated his real worth. I hear some of our young readers saying, "All negroes are black." Yes, so they are, but some are much darker than others. The darker the complexion the better the price.

In the sale of slaves, family circles were entirely ignored. It was a very common affair to see families completely broken up. In many cases father, mother and children were separated for life.

When quite a number of slaves were to be moved, a long chain was stretched full length, and each negro man had one of his hands securely fastened to the chain, leaving just enough space between each other to give room to walk. The women and children were allowed to follow. Thus they would march in line for days and weeks at a time.

Winchester, Va.

* * *

GOING TO THE SPRINGS IN OLD VIRGINIA.

BY N. A. SPITLER.

VIRGINIA is noted for its mineral waters which abound among its mountains, so there is no jollier time in all the year than the season for Spring going.

The corn has been laid by, the wheat put in granary or mow, the hay in the stack or barn, and the busy work done, when Father comes in, tired and worn out, and says: "Mother, can't you get ready to go to the Springs next week? The weather is so warm and we have worked so hard, we need the rest and the mountain air and water so conducive to good health."

Of course Mother does not refuse, so the work of getting ready begins. Arrangements are made for the work at home, and an ample supply of provisions is prepared to take along, for appetites grow quite vigorous at the Springs.

The children are very anxious to go on this vacation, and eager to know which shall go first, as the larger ones must take turns staying at home and caring for the things left there.

When the time comes, the team and wagon are brought up to the door and loaded with the necessary household goods, as Virginia people own or rent a cabin at the Springs, you know. Then there

is the coop of nice young chickens, boxes and baskets of hams, eggs, preserves, cakes, pies, bread, butter, potatoes, apples, tomatoes, and various other good things, until the wagon is loaded down when it starts towards the mountains. Next, the surrey drives up, and Father, Mother, the small children and one or two of the larger ones get in and off they go for a good time of four to six weeks, of which any one knows who has lived in old Virginia, and of which those who have not can guess by thinking of scores of families together at these mountain resorts, all for a rest and a generally good time.

Spring Creek, Va.

* * *

THE BOTETOURT NORMAL COLLEGE.

BY D. P. HYLTON.

THE above-named school is situated on the bank of Tinker Creek in the little village of Daleville, about ten miles north of Roanoke. It had its beginning twelve years ago, as a "Select School" in a private family. It was under the control of Prof. I. N. H. Beahm.

This select school, with Prof. Beahm as teacher became so popular that more room was necessary, and the building now used as the Young Men's Dormitory was put up and used as the Main College Building.

The Legislature of Virginia, in the fall of 1891, granted this institution a liberal charter and empowered it to confer the usual degrees. In the same fall the Victorian Literary Society was organized which has always been doing good work.

Among the prominent teachers who have taught in this school during the past, is Prof. C. E. Arnold who has made a record wherever he has been.

The school continued to grow and on July 1, 1898, the new brick building now used as the Main Building was dedicated. The enrollment last session numbered one hundred and four.

Trinity, Va.

* * *

HERE is a story the Nookman heard in Washington, a good while ago. It seems that for a considerable time just before the war Gen. Lee was in doubt as to the proper thing for him to do, to go with the South or to remain with the United States. Some of his warm personal friends, discussing this, resolved that one of their number with whom the soldier was especially intimate, should go and see him and endeavor to talk him into staying with the Union. They thought that it could be done. The man agreed, but was delayed half a day, then went to Arlington, to find that Lee had left for the South a few hours before. Who knows what might have happened?

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

BY J. W. WAYLAND.

THE University of Virginia is located at Charlottesville, the county seat of Albemarle county, in the Piedmont section of the State. Piedmont is the long, narrow strip of country lying along the base of the Blue Ridge mountains, and extending through the State from southwest to northeast. Charlottesville may be reached by either of the great trunk lines of railway that intersect there: the Chesapeake and Ohio, running east and west, or the Southern, running north and south. The University is thus within easy reach of Washington, Richmond, Norfolk, Cincinnati, Louisville, Charleston and Atlanta.

The University is situated on the crest of a long, irregular slope that faces the sunrise. At the foot of the slope, and on its sides, extending to the University, lies the town; and three miles farther east, overlooking the town, the University, and all the surrounding country, is a wooded hill or mountain, about equal in height and somewhat similar in outline to the Mount of Olives at Jerusalem, called Monticello, upon whose summit is the house in which Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the University lived, and on whose western slope is the grave in which he is buried. Thus it seems strangely appropriate that Jefferson's tomb should face the sunset, while the University which he founded should face the rising sun, the emblem of dawning light and truth and life. The deep interest that Jefferson had in the University may be rightly judged by from the epitaph which he wrote for his tomb. He might have mentioned that he was eight years President of the United States, or that during this period he had added a veritable empire to his country's domain; but he did neither; he wrote his title to the memory of his countrymen in these simple yet eloquent words: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of Independence and of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." Verily the University is Jefferson's youngest child, and the offspring of his heart.

The University campus is of broad extent and great natural beauty. A stiff sod of native grass invites to walks and rambles among the groves of beech, locust, spruce, sycamore, ash, oak, maple and poplar. The central building is the Rotunda, the library building, which is an exact copy in form and proportions, but not in size, of the Roman Pantheon. It may be well to remark here that all the buildings conform to classic models. The Rotunda is entered from the southwest and northeast. One thousand feet from the Rotunda, and facing its

southwest front, is the Academic Building, the largest on the grounds. On the west flank of the Academic Building, forming a right angle with it, is the Mechanical Laboratory; on the east flank of the Academic Building, forming another right angle, and facing the Mechanical Laboratory, is the Rouss Physical Laboratory. These three buildings enclose the southwest end of a rectangular grass plot one thousand feet long and about one-fifth as wide, known as the Lawn. A row of one-story students' dormitories, with two-story pavilions for Professors' residences at regular intervals, hides its white colonnade behind a double row of maples, and completes the enclosure of the Lawn on the west, facing a similar row of dormitories and pavilions, with their solid front of white columns, on the east. Parallel to West Lawn, as the first row is called, and at a distance of about sixty yards to the west, is a third row of dormitories known as West Range. Parallel to East Lawn, and at a distance of sixty yards to the east, is a fourth row of dormitories known as East Range. East of East Range is the hospital; near the northeast end is the Brooks' Museum; a hundred and fifty yards farther around to the north is the Gymnasium; at the northeast end of West Range is the chapel; west of West Range are the Chemical Laboratory and Medical Halls; a mile to the west is the Observatory, with the astronomer's residence, on the summit of Mt. Jefferson. We might speak of the Randall Building, of the literary society halls, of Carr's Hill, Monroe's Hill, and of Dawson's Row, or of other places of interest; but let this suffice.

Some of the alumni that have made their Alma Mater famous, and have thus in part discharged their debt to her, are Edgar Allen Poe, John R. Thompson and William L. Wilson. Others that must be mentioned are Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University; Thomas Nelson Page, the author; Elisha Kent Kane, the arctic explorer; Hillary A. Herbert, Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy; Charles W. Dabney, president of the University of Tennessee; Harrison Randolph, president of the University of Arkansas; R. H. Jesse, president of the University of Missouri; Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern Railway; Joseph Bryan, owner of the *Richmond Times*; Judge Lambert Tree, of Chicago. Hundreds of others might be named. Dr. Saunders, of St. Louis, Dr. George Ben Johnson, of Virginia, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, and Dr. Riley, Surgeon General of the Navy, are all alumni of the University of Virginia. Medical graduates of the University comprise nineteen per cent of the United States Army Medical Corps, twenty per cent of the Navy Corps, and twenty-

six per cent. of the United States Marine Hospital Service.

The University's outlook for the future is full of promise. The yearly enrollment of students is steadily growing. The special charge that she urges upon her sons, is that of being men. The spirit of her teaching may be apprehended from the words that are engraved in Greek capitals above the en-

MR. RICHARDS.

OUR acknowledgments are due to Mr. M. V. Richards, the Immigration Agent of the Southern Railroad, which runs through some of the best parts of Virginia. Mr. Richards assisted materially in the making of this issue of the Inglebrook. As there are people interested in the Old Dominion, which is not dead,



WE ARE LOOKING DOWN THE VALLEY.

trance to the Academic Building: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

" Firm among thy hills and mountains,
In thy glory stand;
And with truth from springing fountains
Liberate the land."

Bridgewater, Va.

* * *

SPRINGS IN ROCKINGHAM COUNTY.

BY ISAAC C. MYERS.

BESIDES the many excellent mineral springs for which Virginia is justly noted, numerous other springs abound. There are in Rockingham county, eight springs that have the capacity to run the works of common mills. Here, at the foot of Greenmount hill, from beneath a cliff of rocks, gushes a fine spring. One-fourth of a mile below stands the Bowman Mills, a stone structure with the date 1810 chiseled in the stone wall. The reservoir stretches out from the spring to the mill, looking like a river. This pond was famous for eels, years ago, but they have about disappeared. Some other places in this county where there are large springs are Dayton, Paul's Mills, Spring Creek, Lacey, North Mountain and Stoner's Mill.

Greenmount, Va.

by long ways, such can hear of the material resources of the State by addressing him. His address is Washington, D. C., Southern Ry.

* * *

THE following articles will appear in subsequent issues of the NOOK. They were omitted for various reasons, received too late, articles could not be made to fit, etc., but in no instance on account of lack of merit or literary quality. Wedding Suppers Thirty Years Ago, Mary C. Crumpacker, Bonsacks; Giggling in Virginia Waters, C. M. Driver, Barren Ridge; Court Days in Virginia, W. K. Connor; Apple Culture, E. D. Kindig; The Peaks of Otter, J. C. Beahm, Brentsville; Farm Life in Virginia, W. H. Sanger; About a Virginia Court House, Mrs. M. H. Bowen, Brentsville; Liberty Springs, Fannie Wampler, Dayton, Virginia; Arlington, Beautiful and Silent, W. S. Flory, Bridgewater; Then and Now, D. Hays, Broadway; the Norfolk Navy Yard, Martin H. Miller, Portsmouth, and others that may yet come in.

* * *

IT is a wonder that nobody touched on the persimmon. A 'simmon, properly ripened by the frost, is not a bad thing, while 'simmon beer, properly made, is not hard to take.

THE BUFFALO.

BY C. D. HYLTON.

PERHAPS it is not generally known that old Virginia has always had and always will have a buffalo. It is not the cloven-footed quadruped with shaggy head and stubby horns, neither is it a two-legged animal named from a political position, yet in Floyd County, at an altitude of 3,000 feet above the sea level, is a buffalo.

The buffaloes of the west may soon become extinct, but Virginia's buffalo has come to stay until the wrath of the Almighty is poured out on this world and the eternal hills crumble into dust. The scathing lightnings have played upon him and the thunders have rolled down over his craggy head, yet he stands as a monument of the handiwork of God, lifting his head 1,375 feet above the adjacent country.

The Almighty Architect used hornblende slate in the construction of this magnificent mountain peak. Around its base are many gurgling fountains and rippling brooks in which the speckled mountain trout find a congenial home. Further up, the panther and deer lived next-door neighbors, but now they are rare visitors, and their places are occupied by the wild turkey, wildcat and their lesser kinsmen.

As we climb still higher we come to what we call the "kettles," which are cavities in the solid rock one above another. Visitors often climb into the lower one and engrave their names in the solid rock. The upper two are very seldom visited save by the ravens which build their nests and hatch their brood there.

Standing upon the summit of the Buffalo, we can look north for eighty miles and see the Bald Knob, near the Mountain Lake in Giles County. Casting our eyes eastward one hundred miles we see the Peaks of Otter, in Bedford County. Westward fifty miles, the White Top lifts her towering head, in Grayson County. Then we turn our faces southward and look into old North Carolina, and among much beautiful scenery we behold the Pilot Knob.

A visit to Virginia's Buffalo makes one glad that the Old Dominion still has one buffalo.

Trinity, Va.

* * *

CHINQUAPINS.

BY F. C. WAMPLER.

THE word chinquapin-butt thrills our hearts with pleasure, for in childhood days it was one of our

chief delights to gather what we thought the greatest of delicacies as well as ornaments when strung and worn as beads.

I wonder how many of the Nook readers have ever seen a chinquapin tree. No doubt many have seen chinquapin bushes, but real giant chinquapin trees are by no means common. In our limited researches we find the *castanea pumile* described as a shrub, but it is not always a shrub or bush.

Near my home, between the town of Harrisonburg and the famous Rawley Springs, there stands alone by the roadside a chinquapin tree which measures eleven feet in circumference. It is not very tall, but has long, spreading branches. This tree is thought to be the largest of its kind in the world, having been advertised in Europe, and its equal never yet reported. A gentleman desiring to exhibit it at the Columbian Exposition at Chicago offered the owner a handsome sum for it, which he refused, wishing to keep it as a curiosity and give it a chance to grow still larger, or it is in a healthy growing condition. Here by the roadside it is seen and admired by thousands of travelers on their way to the various mineral water resorts situated in the North Mountain, or going for a bear and deer hunt amid the Alleghanies. Lucky is the traveler who passes at the right season, for this tree bears profusely and scatters its toothsome little nuts in the road for all.

Dayton, Va.

* * *

FROM THE MOUNTAIN TO THE SEA.

BY D. HAYS.

VIRGINIA extends from the mountains to the sea and includes much of both. It is a part of the southland, and is the home of poetry and music. Nestled among the hills of Rockingham County is Singers Glen, once Mountain Valley, where Joseph Funk and Sons published the once famous *Harmonia Sacra* and other music books.

One of the later publishers who modestly signed his name "Aldine," wrote some excellent music and many pieces of poetry, beautiful and rhythmical, but in it all a vein of sadness, yet the sentiment is elevating, with glimpses of light and love from over the sea and the unseen shore. I make a few quotations:

"I love my mountain home,
Where wild winds love to roam!
Where the cypress vine,
And the whispering pine,
Adorn each granite dome.
Where the sky is blue,
And the heart is true;
I love my mountain home.

"Sing not with pride to me
Of prairie broad and free;
Nor of orange groves,
Where the white swan roves;
Nor cottage by the sea.
I love my mountain home!
Where the skies are blue
And the heart is true;
I love my mountain home.

"For here the wild flowers sweet,
Spring up around my feet;
And the laurel bloom
'Mid the cypress gloom

Gleameth a mansion filled with delight,
Sweet, happy home so bright."

The transition from "My Mountain Home" to the "Falling of Twilight" by the seashore is as the streams that flow from the mountains into the sea.

Each of the above the author has set to music. A volume of his poems has been published.

Broadway, Va.

❖ ❖ ❖

ONE never hears much about the extreme south-



THE SHEPHERD IN THE PINES.

"The Forest Walks Witness the Love I Bear to Thee."

Of many a sweet retreat,
I love my mountain home!
Where the skies are blue,
And the heart is true;
I love my mountain home!"

west of the State of Virginia, but there is a wonderfully productive and desirable part of the country right there.

❖ ❖ ❖

ONE of the sights for a northern man, when the weather is clear and cool, is to see the oyster houses at Norfolk, where there are hundreds and hundreds of people engaged in opening and packing the bivalve that cheers when the months have an r in them.

❖ ❖ ❖

We don't know a more typical Virginian than Col. Carter of Cartersville. Understand?

Next I give an extract from "Twilight is Falling":

"Twilight is stealing over the sea,
Shadows are falling dark on the lea;
Borne on the night winds voices of yore
Come from the far off shore.
Far away, beyond the starlit skies,
Where the love-light never, never dies,

THE VIRGINIA GIRL.

BY SALLIE GARBER.

THE Virginia girl is not a true type of the southern girl, but a sort of combination of both northern and southern. Being on the borderland she imbibes the characteristics of both sections, from the negro brogue to the Yankee shrewdness. Though she doesn't say "you'uns" or "had ought'o" she does say "done gone" and "you all."

She possesses, to a great extent, the hospitable, social nature and care-free disposition of the South, yet she does not lack in the more sterling qualities.



AN ASPARAGUS FIELD.

for when thrown on her own resources, she seldom fails in providing for herself.

The Virginia girl of to-day does not spin and weave, from early morn till dewy eve, as her mother did twenty-five years ago, yet a number are still familiar with the art, but the majority of the home-spun and flax wheels of their mothers are preserved as valuable heirlooms.

A great deal of her time is spent in sewing and other needlework, but this does not hinder her from becoming a good housekeeper and cook, for our large houses and the hospitality of the South demand that she do both, and, as a rule, she can not only set a table for hungry men but she can prepare the delicacies for company as well.

On the whole, she is rather domestic. She has not absorbed the active, restless spirit of the North and does not aspire to public life, for, as a class, Virginia girls are rather reserved and enjoy home

life more. About the extent of their public service is schoolmaring, clerking, and telephone operating. A few have gotten beyond the pales of the State, some are in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Montana, and actually as far west as California.

There are several reasons for this home staying. One is the timid, home-loving nature. Another, perhaps, is the lack of gallantry on the part of the men of the North. They are too busy to be polite to the ladies up there, and since the Virginia girl is accustomed to all those many little courtesies shown by the southern men from the cradle up, she can not easily become reconciled to dispensing with them.

Either as a matter of choice or case of necessity, a great many of these girls are old maids,—not to the Nookman, though, only to other people. Higher wages and better opportunities induce the boys to go away, and the girls are too timid to follow them up and try to impress upon them the value of their charms and personal worth. However, a matrimonial wave occasionally sweeps over Virginia and strikes the few boys that are left, but must necessarily miss most of the girls.

The South is the land of song, so much that nearly all the Virginia girls can sing, some like larks, some like nightingales, others like mockingbirds, and still others like whip-poor-wills, while the best are incomparable. They not only sing, but perform on musical instruments as well, some being very accomplished musicians.

Do not think that the Virginia girl is a serious-minded, unromantic, matter-of-fact sort of creature.

the beauty and grandeur of her surroundings. She makes her imaginative and thoughtful. And in her busy life she also finds time to learn to row, skate, and ride horseback, and makes excursions to our summer resorts, "The Springs," where she can climb the mountains with the men and gather the beautiful ferns and flowers growing there.

On the whole, now, don't you think her a pretty good sort of girl?

Timberville, Va.

* * *

GENERAL LEE'S FAMILY.

We addressed a letter to Joseph Wetsel, one of

THE FLOWING SPRING.

BY PRICE HYLTON.

SITUATED in Botetourt County, Virginia, about two miles from Painter's Chapel on the land owned by Bro. Clark is one of the most peculiar things in this part of the "Old Dominion." It is known as the Flowing Spring.

This spring is located in a sandy spot at the base of a mountain and at intervals beautiful sparkling water gushes forth. In a very dry season the spring does not flow so often. It has been known to go as long as three months without flowing at all, then again in a very wet time it has thrown out water



WELL TO DO, BUT TOO NEW AND UNFORMED YET.

the Nook family in Green County, Virginia, making inquiry as to the family of Gen. Robert E. Lee. From a letter written by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee in answer to the question we extract the following:

Gen. R. E. Lee married a Miss Custis, a daughter of George Washington Parks Custis, an adopted son of Washington, and former owner of Arlington. He had six children, General Custis Lee, General H. F. Lee and Captain Robert E. Lee, and three daughters, Mary, Mildred and Agnes. These children are all living except W. H. F. Lee and Miss Agnes. The two girls are now in Europe. General Custis Lee, the eldest son, is living about twelve miles from Alexandria, Virginia, at a place called Ravensworth. Captain R. E. Lee resides on his estate in King William county, Virginia."

continuously for three days. When the ground is neither too wet nor too dry it flows sometimes every five minutes, sometimes every half hour, and sometimes only three or four times a day.

The amount of water discharged is enormous for the size of the spring. Enough water is discharged at one flowing of the spring to run a good-sized mill.

The water does not come up and flow off regularly but it comes up and goes down somewhat like an old-fashioned sash saw.

The cause of this intermittent spring is not very obvious. Some claim that it works on the plan of the siphon. Other reasons are offered, but the most predominant one is atmospheric influence.

Trinity, Va.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE GOOBER IN EASTERN VIRGINIA.

BY A. K. GRAYBILL.

GOOBER: the Peanut (*Archie hypogaea*) known also as the earthnut, groundnut, pinda, pindar, pindel, pinder, and monkeynut, is the principal crop in several counties in eastern Virginia, Norfolk being the main market. It is cultivated very much like corn. After coming up each plant forms several branches, having a foliage very similar to clover, and a number of single yellow blooms. Each bloom forms a pod, which is buried and grows into the fruit as we know it. The plants are taken up with a forked stick, and after curing a couple of

The Virginia goober is considered by the market in general to be the best in the world
Brughs Mill, Va.

THE Pennsylvania-German element that filtered into Virginia from the Brethren church has been in the State so long that the descendants do not speak the language of their forebears to any great extent, but on the contrary have adopted the speech and mannerisms of their surroundings. It is always that this is the case where a minority move into a new country. In the end they are assimilated into their surroundings.

NOBODY who has been much over the State of Virginia has failed to note the difference between



HOW SWEET THE NEW MOWN HAY.

days, some put them up in shocks as high as a man, and others store them away in a shed. When the time comes for marketing, the pods are removed and carefully washed, and sent to market. Though the yield in good seasons is quite abundant, yet they are not a very valuable crop to the farmer, as the shelled nuts sell here for six and one-half cents a pound after passing through the hands of several middlemen.

We learn from Appleton's Cyclopaedia that they yield twenty per cent oil by grinding, heating and pressing. This is used for a lubricant, as a soap stock and in woolen factories. It is also a fine lamp oil, but cannot be used in winter because it thickens when cold. When deodorized it is used to adulterate olive oil.

The health food people and vegetarians make a very palatable butter out of the goober which they claim is more nourishing and more digestible than either meat or ordinary butter.

people of the sections. The old Virginians along the sea and its indentations, were a different lot of people, in almost every way, from the men of the mountains, and both of them were of an entirely different stamp from the men of the mountains of what is now West Virginia. Under the conditions it could hardly be otherwise.

A GREAT many Nookers have been at Mt. Vernon and a pleasant place it is. If any reader is ever in Washington do not fail to take the boat and go down the river to see the place. The whole trip is made in a day, and it is fully worth while. There is the tomb, the old garden, the queer old icehouse, and it may be news that the only thing in absolutely the same condition now as in the time of Washington is the old smokehouse. This is intact

THE Old Dominion is, from the east to the west 476 miles, and from the north to the south 192 miles.

MONTICELLO.

BY JOHN C. MYERS.

THERE are few homes in the Old Dominion, or even in America, that afford as much interest as Monticello, once the home of Thomas Jefferson. It is interesting both because of its distinguished owner and because of its novel situation.

Monticello (meaning in Italian, Little Mountain), situated about three miles east of the city of Charlottesville in Albemarle county. The visitor approaching from the west finds a well-graded road leading up the mountain to the residence. In preparing to build on this mountain, Jefferson had the apex leveled down, thus making a flat area about three hundred feet long and one hundred yards wide, elliptical in form. This work was begun in 1760 while Jefferson was a student at William and Mary College, but the house was not finished until many years later.

The house, which stands at the eastern end of the lawn, is one of more than ordinary interest, being like any other in the country. The following description from the pen of a distinguished visitor in 1782 gives a clear idea of the general appearance of the mansion. "The house, of which Jefferson was the architect and often one of the workmen, is rather elegant, and in the Italian taste, though not without fault. It consists of one large square pavillion, the entrance of which is by two porticoes, ornamented with pillars. . . . Two small wings, with only a ground floor and attic story, are joined to this pavillion and communicate with the kitchen, offices, etc., which will form a kind of basement story over which runs a terrace." The roof of the main part of the house is dome-shaped.

The view from Monticello is magnificent. The next mountain of the range which rises some three hundred feet higher, obstructs the view to the northwest; but from the southwest to the northeast the horizon is almost unbroken. To the north and west the view reaches to the Blue Ridge. Charlottesville and the University of Virginia are in plain view.

As one stands on this lofty eminence—about a hundred feet above the surrounding country—gazing first at the old mansion and the trees that surround it, and then out over the beautiful landscape below, his thoughts naturally turn to the great man who once lived here. Jefferson was no ordinary man. He was one of the most learned men of his day, being an ardent student all his life. He was at once a mathematician, geologist and botanist, and was a finished Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and Italian scholar. But he is

remembered for his services to his country. In his mountain home he imbibed the spirit of freedom which characterized his whole life and made him a leader in founding the institutions of this free country.

About three hundred yards from the house, and close beside the road leading up to it, in a little graveyard surrounded by a high iron fence, Jefferson lies buried. Over his grave stands a plain shaft on which is carved an epitaph in these words which he himself wrote:

Here Lies Buried

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Author of the Declaration of Independence,
Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Liberty
And Father of the University of Virginia.

He requested that nothing more be added, and this is characteristic of the man. He did not care to be remembered as Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President and President of the United States, but he counted his stroke for political freedom in the Declaration of Independence, for religious freedom in the Statute which he wrote, and for intellectual freedom in the establishment of a great university, as worthy to be remembered by his countrymen.

It is a regret of Virginians that this once proud estate has fallen into the hands of strangers. Although once a rich man, Jefferson became poor in the service of his country, and at his death his property was scarcely sufficient to pay his debts. But as long as freedom and good government shall remain to our country, Americans will not cease to make pilgrimages to historic Monticello.

Broadway, Va.

THE first emigrants to Virginia were mainly of English, Scottish and Huguenot French extraction in the middle and eastern parts of the State, and some Scotch-Irish, German and English in other portions of the Dominion. In portions of Virginia where the most stirring events happened in our history the English elements predominated.

DID any Virginia Nooker ever shoot quail from horseback? You can ride right into them, but the horse ought to understand all about it, or there may be an interesting performance the moment after the crack of the gun.

THE first permanent English settlement in America was made at Jamestown, May 13, 1607, by 100 settlers brought from England by Sir Thomas Gates and company.

THE MURDER HOLE.

BY D. N. ELLER.

THE Murder Hole, in Botetourt County, Virginia, is fourteen miles north of Salem and twelve miles northwest of Daleville, in a cavernous limestone ridge, a spur of the Alleghanics, and here and there about it are to be found great depressions, in the bottom of which the water sinks from sight or stands in small pools.

It is simply a great cavern with a part of the roof fallen in. This is clearly seen by the character of



MOVED TO VIRGINIA FROM PENNSYLVANIA AND BUILT A BIG RED BARN.

the walls and the debris at the bottom. It is called Murder Hole because it is said that many years ago a man was driving some cattle near here, and the man, horse and cattle all fell into this hole and were killed.

The hole is about forty yards in diameter. Looking directly upward, the walls are nearly precipitous and in the east side a great cavern extends back for forty or fifty yards. This cavern is about one hundred feet deep immediately below the mouth, and under the roof of the cavern the depth is fully one hundred and twenty feet.

The walls are covered with ferns, and lichens and vines of great variety hang from the walls. The roof is hung with beautiful stalactites, while from the floor there stand a number of stalagmites. The temperature of this cavern is quite low, being very cool even in the hottest weather.

Daleville, Va.

WEYER'S CAVE.

BY EFFIE V. SHOWALTER.

WEYER'S CAVE, seventeen miles northeast of Staunton, in Augusta County, Virginia, is one mile from Grottoes Station on the Norfolk and Western Railroad and four miles from Cave Station on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

It was discovered by Bernard Weyer, in 1804, while hunting. It is said that a fox, pursued by hounds, ran into an opening in the side of the hill and Mr. Weyer crawled in too, when suddenly he found hi-

self in a large opening which proved to be the entrance to this cave. Just inside, he cut his name and the date on a rock, which can be plainly seen.

Outside, it is a large hill, covered with trees. There is a short walk up the side of the hill to a small house near the entrance. In the house is a black bomb shell imbedded in the heart. It was fired into a tree at the Fort Republic battle. There is almost solid rock about the cave entrance.

It is very cool inside the cave, and with the thermometer at one hundred degrees in the shade, one would take a chill after entering unless extra wraps were used.

On entering, you descend several flights of steps, and then go from room to room and through long hallways. The largest opening is Washington Hall, two hundred and fifty feet long, fifty feet wide, and sixty feet high. There are about fifteen

rooms, the highest of which is ninety feet. The length of the cave, by the most direct course, is sixteen hundred yards.

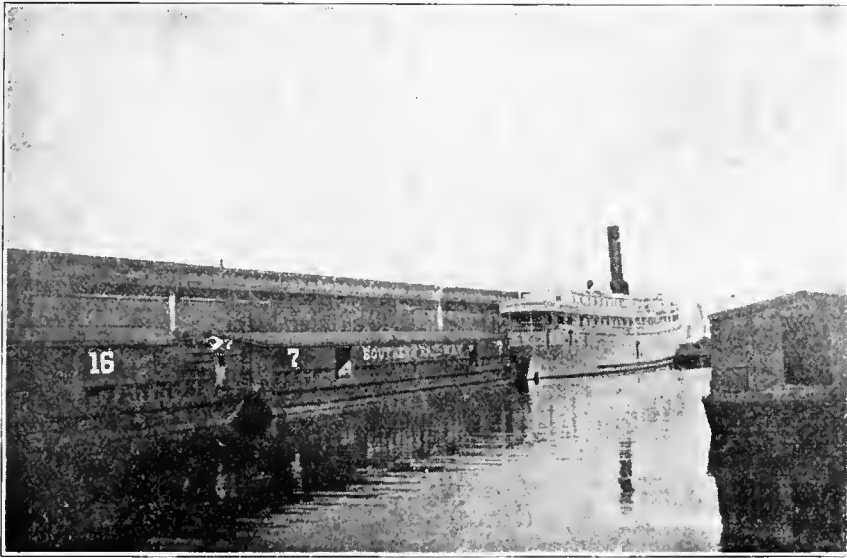
It was once lit with electric lights, but candles were dotted all through, and flash lights are used. There is a spring of ice-cold water. Some of the rooms are covered overhead and along the sides with stalactites of all shapes and of various colors, ranging from pure white to dark brown, blue and gray. They sparkle and glisten when the light is thrown on and you think surely you are in enchanted regions.

These stalactites when rapped on give a musical

THE premises at Mt. Vernon are owned by an association of American women. It may not be generally known, but it is stated that there was a good deal of bargain between the original owners and a company that intended turning it into a resort, a beer garden in fact. The thought of the proposed desecration gives one a creepy feeling.

* * *

THE life of Captain John Smith is stranger than a romance, in fact it is one of the most interesting things in history to read about, and any youthful Nooker in search of reading that has stirring adventure



LOADING AT NORFOLK FROM THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

and, no two exactly alike. You could almost find the scale, I think. One sounds like a large brass drum. Some suspended from above resemble large snow-white chandeliers. There is one dark formation resembling a shield with a sword piercing

Then there are large, clear blanket-like formations in which the stripes of the border are perfect. But words cannot describe it. Curiosity, surprise, admiration and delight, by turns, possess you. The wonderful, the beautiful, the grand, the sublime, so fill you with awe that you can scarcely speak, sometimes, while beholding Nature's work. I cannot describe it and you cannot imagine it, so come and see for yourself.

An admission fee of one dollar is charged, but in crowds of twenty-five or more, the fee is only fifty cents, guides included.

Scottsford, Va.

in it is referred to the tale of his life. Every school history recounts the story of Pocahontas.

* * *

ONE does not get a very characteristic view of Virginia from the railroads running north and south in the State. A better idea of the section is obtained from an east to west run. From the sea to the mountains is an object lesson in the resources and variety of the State.

* * *

WHERE is the person who does not take kindly to freshly-roasted peanuts, taken while they are yet warm? There is something wrong with the youth who declines peanuts. And the use of them is growing, and there are many varieties of the goober. Peanuts make a good flour, and out of this may be made the most nutritious cakes. A good deal of the so-called olive oil comes from the pindar or goober, as you elect to call it.

THE VIRGINIA NOOK.

TAKE it all around, the Virginia INGLENOOK is exceptionally good. Virginia is all right. It is a State with a history, a State of people past, present, and with a future. In the preparation of the material for the State issue several things essentially human and provincial have come to the surface. The human side of it is in the quick hand with which an assignment is passed from A to B, from B to C and so on through the alphabet down to Izzard. The provincial side is the deliberation, the to-morrowness of the offerings. They come all right enough, but they come in the family carriage and by stage. Would it not have been the same with any other State? Not if the Editor knows a State like Kansas. Given a chance to exploit the Sunflower State, the Sunflowers would have jumped the nearest pony and rode on a gallop, "Hurrah for Kansas!"

One thing about these special issues is that so much is learned from them. Nobody can read this issue of the Nook, not even the Virginians themselves, without learning something. Although it is easier to get out ten regular issues of the magazine than one special number, in the interest of the Nook family we will repeat the experiment some time soon on the other side of the United States. Wait!

* * *

SOME THINGS UNSAID.

THE Editor thinks some things might have been said about Virginia which were not said. So the Nookman will say a few for the State.

The real old Virginia gentleman, the "befo' th wah" man, white-haired, courtly and the soul of hospitality! Why was he left out?

The grand dame with the manners of the French court, some old diamond heirlooms and reminiscent of the old times when Berkeley Springs and a colored maid figured in the summer season! Where is she?

The Virginia young man, slender, English ancestry, worshiping his mother and sisters! Are there none of him?

And the really and truly Virginia girl, soft, languorous, with a delightful bur-r-r in her speech, French slippers and a gardenia blossom in her hair! Is she gone too?

And the old Mammy, black as jet, fat, and proud that she longed to the Cou'trightses! Is she dead?

How about Gawge Washington, the whitehaired old coachman who "druv Mars and Mistis to their weddin'" and who will drive them to the cemetery, --where is he?

And the pert Liza Jane, light colored and tricked

out in her mistress' cast-off clothes, brushing out Mis' Vangeline's long black hair! Is she only history?

And the old-time "cruel slavery days" which were not all cruel, when kind masters and faithful servants lived high or starved together, when the men were off with Unele Robert trying to kill somebody around Petersburg! Or is it a case of *Alien panniens: vendages sont faites?*

* * *

GOOD THINGS TO COME.

WE take pleasure in making the announcement of articles written for the INGLENOOK, intended for the Virginia issue, and which being either received too late, or barred by length, will go over to the next or later numbers. There is a splendid article on apple culture, which every farmer in the Valley ought to read. For those who are interested in the sport of spearing fish there is a contribution from one who knows all about it. The older readers of the Nook will read about wedding suppers in the Old Dominion as they were conducted before the war. The Norfolk Navy Yard is treated by a writer who works there, and of course he knows what he is talking about. Court day in the old State is described in a very telling way. The romantic Peaks of Otter are touched up from a man's point of view. Farm life in Virginia is well written up. The scenes about a courthouse is a pathetic story. Arlington, beautiful and silent, is a splendid contribution on the home of the Lees. And there are others and others still, all which are well done, and will be heard from in the future. Sometimes the best wine comes at the close of the feast.

* * *

JUST A SUGGESTION.

IT would make an interesting story to tell about the John Brown business at Harper's Ferry. Before the old man's soul started on its march he gave Virginia the scare of a lifetime. One of these days there will be a monument at the Ferry, and on it will be a man looking over the river into Virginia. He was an enthusiast, and wrong and mistaken, but the principles he died for arrived later through blood.

* * *

THE INGLENOOK is for peace first and last, and all its readers, or most of them, are of the same stamp, but speaking of Virginia how many readers north remember the time when they stood facing the mountains of the south when "cra-s-h," came the opening volley. There is no blue and no gray now, but there was once upon a time, and there was no running, either.

* * *

WHAT do youall think of the Nook, anyhow?

THE INGLENOOK

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DON'T GET RICH, PAPA.

[A man of wealth, whose children had been attended by servants, lost his fortune, and, for the first time, the little ones knew the direct care of their parents. In time, the man again became engrossed in money-getting, and it was then that one of the smallest children pleaded with him, saying: "Papa, don't get rich again. You did not come into the nursery when you were rich, but now we can come around you, and get on your knee and kiss you. Don't get rich again, papa."—Success, December, 1901.]

A baby in a palace

Went pattering here and there,
And the nurse was paid to heed her
And to keep her in her care,
But she was not paid,—'t were folly—
To love the baby, too,
So the baby in the palace
Missed—what she hardly knew.

A baby in a cottage,

A tiny blossom, grew.
The warmth of mother-kisses,
A father's love, she knew.
The sunshine of affection
Was o'er her in her play;
So the baby in the cottage
Was happy all the day.

For the baby in the cottage

Wealth set a snare one day,
Saying softly: "Here's a palace.
In it you may live and play."
But the baby missed the kisses
And the old-time, loving way;
So she gravely urged her father:
"Please don't oo get rich, I say."

Oh, babies in the palaces,

With all, save love, to bless;
Oh, babies in the cottages,
Who smile to love's caress,
I wonder, oh, I wonder,
If you could speak to-day,
Would you not teach us higher lore;
And "Don't get rich," would say?
—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in August "Success."

* * *

ARLINGTON, BEAUTIFUL AND SILENT.

BY W. S. FLORY.

Just across the Potomac from Washington on the Virginia hills, overlooking the city, is Arlington, once

the home of General Robert E. Lee, but for the last forty years used by the government as a burying place for its soldier dead. While used as a residence for nearly sixty years, it was one of those fine old country places so frequently seen in Virginia, during colonial days, and in the early part of the national period up to the time of the Civil War. It was an ideal location for a home. The immediate surroundings were those of the country. The city was far enough away to leave a sense of entire freedom, while sufficiently near to give all its benefits. Here were found most of the advantages of both city and country, with few of the disadvantages of either. The estate comprised eleven hundred acres.

George Washington Parke Custis, who erected the mansion and bestowed upon the place the name of Arlington, was the son of John Parke Custis, whose mother, Mrs. Martha Custis, became at her second marriage the wife of General George Washington. John Parke Custis was with Washington at the siege of Yorktown, and died there in 1781. After his father's death young Custis lived with Washington as a member of his family at Mt. Vernon. Martha Washington died in 1802. Her grandson soon afterward removed to Arlington where he lived the rest of his life. In Accomac County, Virginia, on the eastern shore between Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean was an old estate called Arlington, on which the Custis ancestors lived many years ago. When the new home on the Potomac was established, the name was transferred from the old to the new.

The mansion with its wide-spreading wings and deep portico with roof supported by huge Doric columns, stands upon the brow of a hill two hundred feet above the river. The structure is substantially built of brick. The walls are covered with a coating of stucco, painted a light buff. The roof is slate. The great portico with its tiled floor of hexagonal shaped stones is of classic design, being modeled after that of the temple of Theseus at Athens. Inside, the main hallway is not obstructed by a stair-case, the stairs being placed in a side hall at the rear. In the drawing room where the register for visitors is kept, are two old-fashioned fire places, over each of which is a marble mantelpiece. Back of the house

is the old well with its large wooden bucket holding five or six gallons. A heavy iron chain attaches it to the windlass. Near the well are the servants' quarters, occupied by the negroes in slavery days. The house was begun in 1802 but was not finished till 1815 after the close of the second war with Great Britain.

The view from Arlington porch has long been celebrated as one of the prettiest in America. It is a rare combination of the beauties of art and nature. From the front of the house the lawn slopes away to the east half a mile to the river's edge. The waters of the Potomac, clear and fresh from the mountain side, roll by in lordly grandeur on their way to the Eastern Ocean. On the further side is Washington, the Nation's capital. From the mall is seen the Washington monument, plain and white, looming against the sky at a height of five hundred and fifty-five feet. From a noble hill the Capitol lifts its majestic dome above the halls of Congress, bearing upon its crest the Statue of Freedom, three hundred and seven feet above the pavement. Near by the Congressional Library wears upon its modest dome a crown of pure gold. Beyond, the hills of Maryland roll back to the line where earth and sky appear to meet. On the river just above the city is Georgetown with its ancient university, while on the extreme left is the Soldiers' Home with its white Norman tower rising above the tree tops. To the right is the old long bridge, built of wood and carrying across the river on its single track nearly one hundred and fifty trains every day. Seven miles below, nestled close by the river on the Virginia side, lies quaint old Alexandria. When General La Fayette was entertained at Arlington on his second visit to the United States, he pronounced the prospect from its portico one of the most beautiful he had ever looked upon. It is still considered one of the rarest to be found in any land.

In 1857 Custis, the builder and master of Arlington, died. His will directed that, during her lifetime, the estate should go to his only living child, Mrs. Mary Custis Lee, wife of General Robert E. Lee. At her death, it was to pass to her oldest son, George Washington Custis Lee.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, General Lee cast his lot with the Confederacy, and on April 22, 1861, he and his family left Arlington for Richmond. Soon after their departure, the Federal troops, finding the place unoccupied, took possession and established a military camp on the grounds, and army headquarters in the house. The war went on. Many battles were fought on near-by fields between Washington and Richmond. A hospital for the wounded was needed. One was established here. All available cemetery grounds were soon filled. It was then that General M. C. Meigs ordered that the plateau in

the rear of the mansion be used as a burial place for the soldiers. There seems to have been no design on the part of anyone to convert the home of the Confederate General into a cemetery for the Union dead. It was due entirely to the exigency of the times. The war brought a pressing need for larger burying grounds. The level plateaus and gentle slopes about the hospital answered the purpose well. And so it came about that Arlington was changed from a home of the living to a resting place for the dead.

Entering the grounds at the Fort Myer gate on the hill, the driveway leads in a southerly direction through the field of the dead toward the house. Here is the most impressive sight at Arlington. On the right the granite headstones of the private soldiers are set in straight lines running obliquely back from the road as far as the eye can reach. Each simple slab bears the name of the soldier whose grave it marks, the State from which he enlisted, and the number by which his name is entered in the register of the War Department. There are sixteen thousand graves on this side. To the left is a section set apart for the officers' graves. These are generally marked by memorials more imposing than those on the right. Down near the house another portion is reserved for the graves of officers. Here the most elaborate monuments of the cemetery are to be seen. Below this reservation, at the foot of the hill by the Ord and Wietzel gate, another field contains five thousand graves.

A short distance from the house and near the road is the grave of the unknown dead. Here the remains of two thousand one hundred and eleven soldiers are buried in one grave. Their identity could not be fixed. Their bones were gathered after the war from the many battlefields between the Federal and Confederate capitals. A suitable monument has been erected over their common grave.

The government's title to the place is perfect. In 1864 it was sold for delinquent taxes and bought by the United States for \$26,000. Mrs. Lee having died in 1873, her son who was heir under the Custis will soon began proceedings in the United States Circuit Court at Richmond, and in 1877 succeeded in establishing his legal right to the property. Being no longer desirable as a place of residence, the payment of \$150,000 to Lee by the government satisfied his claim and left the title entirely clear.

Bridgewater, Va.

SIX THOUSAND ROSES ON ONE TREE.

Six thousand is the record number of roses produced by one tree at a time. This was in Holland, on Mme Regviev's land. A Marechal Neil at Whitby had 3,500 blooms on at the same time.

A QUAIN REBUTTAL.

BY WALTER SWIHART.

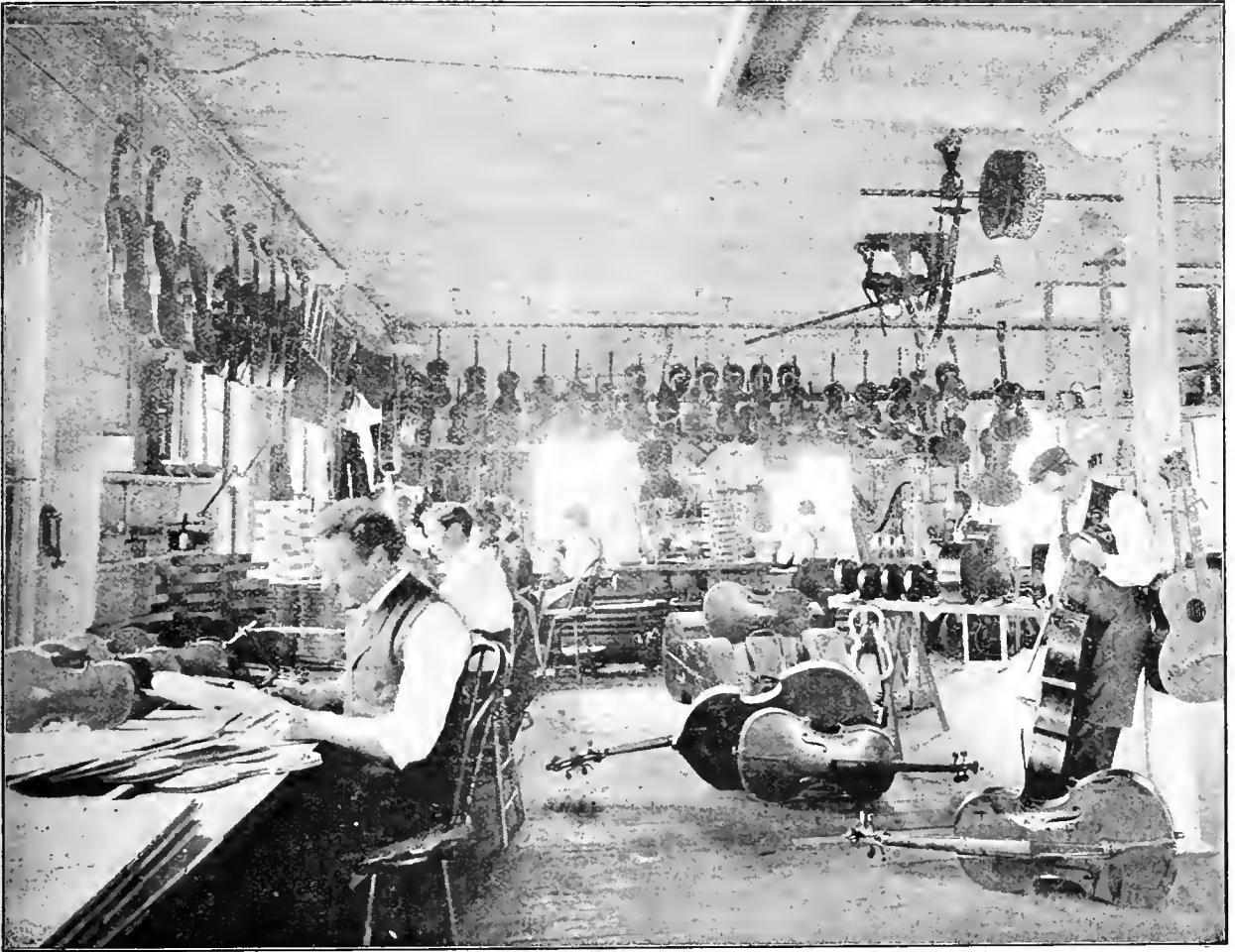
IN Chicago a learned atheist was once giving a lecture on the Philosophy of Astronomical Phenomena, and demonstrating his theory of the existence and motions of the heavenly bodies by a mechanical contrivance which he had.

The sun occupied the center, and the planets on

After ridiculing the Christian's conception of these facts, and thinking he had proven all to their discomfort, he said, "Now if there is anyone here who wishes to ask a question, he has the privilege."

There happened to be in the city an old Dunkard elder who, learning of the lecture, attended, and who, at the atheist's challenge, arose and said, "You say you have in that machine all that is necessary to explain the forces and motions of the heavenly frame?"

"Yes, sir."



A VIEW OF A ROOM IN C. G. CONN'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENT FACTORY, ELKHART, INDIANA.

extended arms performed their respective revolutions, rotating at the same time on their own axes. The whole was a clever device, and the lecturer, being a gifted talker, carried his auditors right along with him. He explained the theory of gravitation, inertia and other forces, with their counter-relations, claiming that there was not one motion seen nor one fact known about the celestial universe that he could not explain and reproduce by means of his machine; and, logically, as these material forces were sufficient to explain everything, how could there be any room for believing that an infinite God-power enters into the celestial economy?

"You claim that the suns, the planets and their satellites conform wholly to the laws and forces that govern those bodies there moving about your imaginary helium?"

"Yes, and by proper manipulation and free play of philosophical imagination you can plainly see every law, force and fact of the great universe, and can well reason that there is no God-power necessary to produce the *celestial* phenomena."

"If *you*, then, by turning that machine, generate the forces necessary to reproduce the universe in miniature, will you please tell this dear people *who* turns the machinery of the universe in magnitude?"

Goshen, Ind.

CARRIAGE DOCTORS.

SPEAKING of the traveling doctors a Chicago paper says this is the time of year when if there is any sickness out in the country the great regiment of Chicago's carriage doctors cannot be blamed. For it is the season when the carriage doctors are leaving Chicago to spread over the countryside in Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Iowa a carpet of pills, ointments and specifics equaled in number only by the number of gold watches and ten dollar bills these doctors are prepared to give away.

It is an industry of which the country knows more than does Chicago. True, some of the doctors whose offices are in their open carriages do preach and sell their medicines in Chicago, but the competition here is too great to support many of the tribe in their effort to live during the summer in the city.

Here the free dispensaries, the free clinics, the thousands of regular, licensed physicians and the great number of hospitals and charitable organizations combine to make medical attention almost as easy to get as a glass of water. The demand for the peripatetic physician therefore does not exist. People go to the doctors they know or who advertise, while the unknown with nothing to recommend him except his voice, his eloquence and his lighted carriages prefers out-of-town pastures to the hard grazing here.

There is no way in which the number of these folk who are now leaving for the rural districts to reap their harvest can be estimated with any degree of accuracy. They have no medical association of their own, and they do not belong to either the Chicago medical society or any of the physicians' clubs. If they bought their supplies from the wholesale druggists, the druggists would be able to tell, but the druggists say that these perambulating doctors make their own medicines or buy them in quantities from two houses in Wisconsin which make a specialty of manufacturing nostrums for the traveling trade.

One thing is certain—that the number of these doctors is large, and another thing is sure, ninety per cent of them or more make money.

Their system is known in many of the small towns through the surrounding States.

In each of these towns there is the circus lot, the common, or some unoccupied piece of ground upon which itinerant wagon shows give their entertainments, and it is to this plot of ground that the Chicago doctor takes his way as soon as he drives into the small town.

Many of the doctors travel from town to town in a covered wagon in which they sleep and eat, and in which their medicine is stored. Most of them prefer the railways, and fortunately they make enough money to gratify their propensity for good transportation. Some of them carry their carriages with them,

and the others rent either the whitest or the blackest team and the best open carriage in town and proceed to the town lot.

They work at night. On each side of the carriage they have a flaming torch, and on the seats they pile the boxes of the pills and the bottles of the medicine. Temptingly displayed they have the prizes.

"It's funny," said one of them last week as he was preparing to take to the road. "There are some men who are sick but who can't be persuaded to buy medicine unless they think they have a chance to draw a prize."

The best attraction that these carriage doctors take from Chicago is the bar of soap. That is in a figurative sense. Literally they carry out gross after gross of bars.

When the doctor begins his oration he wraps a \$10 bill around one of these bars and the customer who pays twenty-five cents for the soap has a chance of getting the money. Although in some instances the transaction is entirely honest, it is regretted that in many cases an assistant in the crowd always secures the soap with the money wrapped around it.

Cures for rheumatism are always good sellers, according to some members of the Chicago contingent, and a bottle of medicine warranted to cure everything except a cold sells faster than hot cakes.

"It is wise," say the doctors, "to make an exception of some one ailment—any one will do—when summing up the diseases any medicine will cure. If you claim that your stuff will cure everything people won't believe you. If you say it will cure everything except indigestion, or a cold, or toothache, you'll sell more than you can handle."

It might be thought that when a large number of these men leave Chicago to cover a practically limited territory, they would cross one another's trail, and so injure business. This is not so. They meet on the road and exchange information. There is little professional jealousy among them, as they know that the vineyard is big and that workers cannot be too many.

Along in the latter part of September or the first week in October they will begin to drop into Chicago, and the season will be closed. Most of them will have money. The profits are much heavier than they are in the regular drug business, and the expenses of living are made many times over.

Whether the medicine that they sell is good for anything is a question each person must settle for himself. Some of the carriage doctors show great confidence in their stock in trade by taking some of it themselves to show that it contains no injurious ingredients. Others forbear, asserting that they need no medicine of any description, and that for them t

take even the costliest drug would be to run in danger of impairing their constitutions.

Most of them depend upon their address and their speech to make people buy their product. Other doctors carry a couple of comedians with them and while the show is going on they get out in the audience and dispose of the medicines. But this arrangement is more like the old-fashioned medicine show than it is like the carriage doctor's scheme.

The carriage doctor relies in addition to his discourse principally upon a colored map of the human figure, with which manikin he shows the beneficial results of the use of his preparations.

This manikin, the cost of which ranges from \$20 to \$75, is the most expensive item in the list of expenditures the carriage doctor must make. The cost of medicines is comparatively slight.

* * *

A TOWN GONE MAD.

ELGIN passed through a carnival with the usual results. A good many of the Nook family do not know what a carnival is, and it may not be amiss to say something of the madness that overtakes a city gone wild over a week of roystering.

The Elks arranged the matter, after a good deal of opposition on the part of the churches, and the public generally. It appears that there are several companies in the United States that make a business of furnishing shows for such occasions. The local management and these companies or some one of the companies, come to an understanding about privileges, profits, etc., etc., and so the shows come, and set up their tents squarely in the streets and at nights the alleged fun goes on.

A stranger in Elgin, arriving on the train, knowing nothing of the facts, would be justified in thinking that the State Hospital for the Insane had broken loose and the inmates were celebrating, each according to his kind of madness.

There are a score or more of shows in tents, set up on the side of the streets. The Streets of Cairo, the fat man, the midget, the theater, the athletes, the big snake and a lot of minor catch-penny devices make up the "attractions." Here in front of a tent a man is bellowing the merits of his show through a megaphone, opposite, in another show, is heard barbaric music, while the peanut man and the seller of balloons, popcorn and candy do a big business with the crowd.

It is the people who are interested, literally the hoi polloi, and the streets are full of young people mainly, with here and there a sprinkling of older ones who find amusement and interest in the mob weaving and swarming through each other by the thousands, engaged in all sorts of horseplay and pranks that would not be tolerated a moment at another time with-

out being resented. The streets are full of young men and as many or more young women and every now and then some of them are cathauling one another about in a way that would provoke a fight and arrest in a week of peace and sense.

There will be a week of bedlam let loose and then the "aggregation" will put out for new pastures, taking with it all the available change of the town, which will settle down and proceed to retrench by buying fewer groceries, less meat, and taking it out on necessities generally. But there was a "good time," a very good time more honored in the breach than in the observance.

* * *

TURKEY TALK.

BY W. B. HOPKINS.

It was in the fall of 1850, I think, that my brother, Warren, killed the big wild turkey gobbler. A small flock had been foraging on father's corn for some time, and father had wasted considerable powder in unsuccessful efforts to kill one, when it occurred to me to try my luck and use a little stratagem.

Father had husked part of the corn, and I took some bundles of stalks and set up a round ring large enough to conceal two persons within. Then, commencing at the fence where the turkeys usually entered the field, I scattered shelled corn thinly along to within eighty or a hundred feet of my intended ambush, where I poured about a quart in one little heap.

Shortly before we thought the turkeys would come into the field my brother and I crept into our ambush, Warren carrying a rifle and I an old army musket with a flint lock. I was to count one, two, three, and then both were to fire.

We had not long to wait for the turkeys. Only two came, and when I looked through a small opening they were eating from the pile of corn. My heart went pit-a-pat, but I counted off deliberately, one, two, three, and we both pulled the triggers. Warren's gun discharged, but mine missed fire.

Both turkeys ran to the fence, about ten rods, when one of them tumbled over, dead. When we reached the dead turkey, Warren asked who had killed it. I said, "I don't know, but my gun hasn't gone off."

Crystal, Mich. * * *

ARE you living in idle dreams? Are you drifting? Are you indifferent to what life here on earth means? If so, wake up! Rouse your soul! Be up and doing! Shake off the spell that carries you nowhere and live in the now, here. You are here for action and doing. Idle dreams and idle hours mean misery. Your health, your prosperity, your happiness and your eternal peace depend on action—on doing.

SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR GOLD PEN.

NEARLY everybody has seen a gold pen, but few know how it is made. From a special bulletin from the United States Census Department we learn that the gold pen has been brought to its present degree of perfection by the American manufacturer, and the industry from its inception has been characterized by the use of American methods. For the production of the gold pen a high degree of skill is necessary, and only experts are employed in the different plants.

The gold used in the making of the pens is obtained from the United States Assay Office. It is then melted and alloyed to about 16 carats fine, and rolled into a long narrow ribbon from which pen blanks or flat plates in the shape of a pen, but considerably thicker than the finished pen, are cut by means of a lever press or die and punch. The blunt nib of the blank is notched or recessed at the end to receive the iridium that forms the exceedingly hard point which all good gold pens possess. The iridium is coated with a cream of borax ground in water, and laid in the notch formed in the end of the blank. It is then secured by a process of sweating, which is nothing more or less than melting the gold of which the pen is formed so that it unites solidly with the iridium. The blank is then passed between rollers of peculiar form to give a gradually diminishing thickness from the point backward. The rolls have a small cavity in which the extreme end of the iridium-pointed nib is placed, to prevent injury to the iridium. After rolling, the nib of every pen is stiffened and rendered spongy by hammering. This is the most important process in the manufacture of the pen, as the elasticity of the nib depends entirely upon this operation. The pen is then trimmed by a press similar to that which is used for cutting out the blanks or by automatic machinery. When the blank has been trimmed, the name of the manufacturer and the number of the pen are stamped on it by means of a screw press. The pen is given its convex surface also by means of a screw press, the blank being pressed between a concave die beneath and a convex one above. Quite a little force is necessary to bring the pen to the required convexity, and when this operation is completed, two jaws approach the blank and press it up on the opposite edges, thus giving the pen its final shape. The next step is to cut the iridium into two points by holding it on the edge of a very thin copper disk, which is charged with fine emery and oil and revolves at a high speed. The nib is then slit by a machine and the slit cleared by means of a fine circular saw. After slitting, the nibs are brought together by hammering, and the pen burnished on the inside in a concave form and on the outside in a convex form. This is necessary in order to give the pen a uniform surface and greater elasticity. These nibs are then set by the fingers alone,

after which operation the pen is ground by a lathe with a thin steel disk and a copper cylinder, both charged with fine emery and oil. The slit is then ground by a thin disk and the sides of the ribs and the point are ground upon the cylinder. After the grinding is done the pen is polished upon buff wheels, which completes the process of manufacture. Before the pen is placed upon the market, however, it is given a thorough inspection to see that it possesses the proper elasticity, fineness and weight, then passed to an inspector who tests it and weighs it.

* * *

WHAT OUR SAILORS EAT.

IN the navy the rations of the jackies are prescribed by law, and no deviation therefrom is permitted. Defects in the ration fixed by law in July, 1861, were brought to the attention of Rear Admiral Kenny some months ago and he obtained the appointment of a board to consider the food of the enlisted men with a view to improvement.

It was found that individual members of messes on board ship, in order to make their meals palatable, were compelled to raise funds for buying fresh vegetables and fruits and various delicacies whenever the ship was in port. This measure, purely voluntary on the part of the men, was encouraged by the officers of cruising ships as affording a much needed relief from the inelastic diet fixed by the law. The new ration will, Rear Admiral Kenny is confident, do away with any expenditure by the men of their own money. This is what the enlisted men will hereafter eat:

"The navy shall consist of the following daily allowance of provisions to each person: One pound and a quarter of salt or smoked meat, with three ounces of dried or six ounces of canned fruit, and twelve ounces of rice or eight ounces of canned vegetables, or four ounces of desiccated vegetables; together with one pound of biscuit, two ounces of butter, four ounces of sugar, two ounces of coffee or cocoa, or one-half ounce of tea, and one ounce of condensed milk or evaporated cream; and a weekly allowance of one-half pound of macaroni, four ounces of cheese, four ounces of tomatoes, one-half pint of vinegar, one-half pint of pickles, one-half pint of molasses, four ounces of salt, one-quarter ounce of pepper and one-half ounce of dry mustard. Five pounds of lard or a suitable substitute will be allowed for every one hundred pounds of flour issued as bread, and such quantities of yeast as may be necessary.

"Whenever the senior officer present may deem necessary the following substitution for the components of the ration may be made:

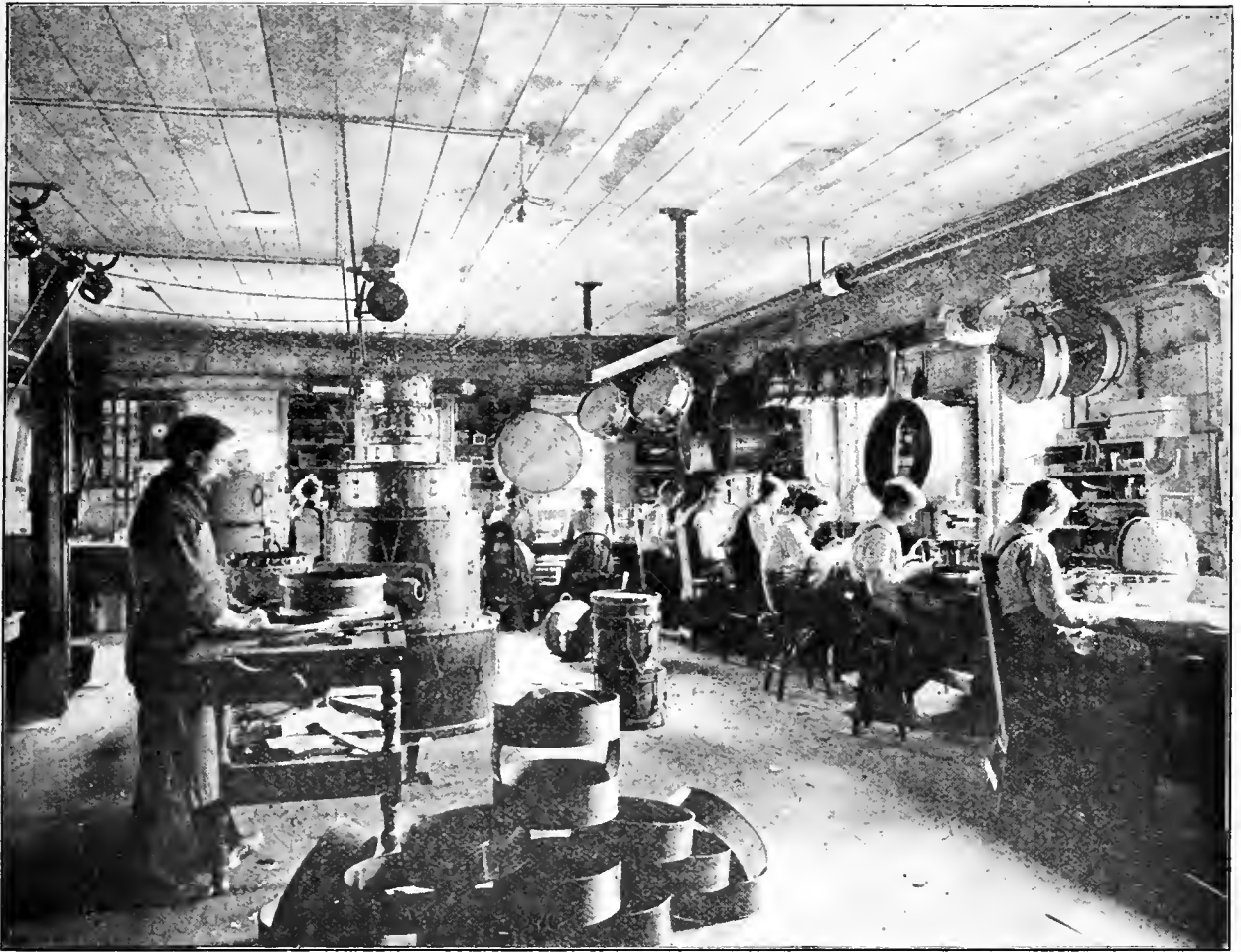
"For one and a quarter pounds of salt or smoked meat or one pound of preserved meat, one and three-fourths pounds of fresh meat: in lieu of the articles usually issued for salt, smoked or preserved meat,

fresh vegetables of equal value; for one pound of biscuit, one and a quarter pounds of soft bread or eighteen ounces of flour; for three gills of peas, or beans, twelve ounces of flour or rice or eight ounces of canned vegetables, and for twelve ounces of flour or rice or eight pounds of canned vegetables, three gills of beans or peas."

This allowance will cost the government about thir-

SOMETHING NEW IN WATCHES.

AN invention which is likely to revolutionize the watch making industry, has been perfected by a Swiss watchmaker named David Perrett, of Marin, near Neufchatel. It is a watch which goes by electricity. It was severely tested by experts, and it was found that it gained only seven-tenths of a second in five weeks. The watch resembles an ordinary timepiece



DRUM MAKING AT CONN'S FACTORY, ELKHART, INDIANA.

ty cents per man per diem and contain everything necessary to support the health and well being of the men in every climate.

SECOND TIME OF TAKING.

A DIGNIFIED gentleman in Liverpool, Rev. Mr. Radley, while at a religious meeting met with a slight accident. As he was about to sit down he missed his chair and fell with a thud on the platform. When at last it came to his turn to speak the chairman introduced him in these words: "Rev. Mr. Radley will again take the floor!"

and goes for fifteen years without being rewound.

SPLENDID TABLE SERVICE.

NOT even the White House can display such a splendor of tableware as the British embassy in Washington. The silver service provided for the ambassador's use is in itself worth £10,000. It contains 1,000 pounds' weight of silver and the regal arms of England are worked upon it with exquisite skill, with flowers, birds and vines surrounding them.

A SOFT answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger.—*Solomon.*

HAVE AN OLIVE?

How many of the NOOK family like olives? Perhaps not the majority. Yet everybody likes them after a fair trial, and the Nookman will gladly get away with the share of those who still refuse them. Moreover he likes them best when they are a dead ripe black, which is not a common taste, at least not in this country. As the Nook stands for information let us have a talk about the olive, mainly gleaned from a recent article on the subject.

The true North American olive belt includes a portion of Mexico proper, all of lower California and much of the State of California, exclusive of the mountain tops. The olive will grow, but cannot be said to thrive in Arizona, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina and parts of Utah and Nevada. The region particularly adapted to it and the only region in which it can ever be made profitable is the Pacific slope, but this constitutes one of the largest and finest olive areas in the world.

The olive belt included within California is from 600 to 700 miles long and varies in width from thirty to one hundred and twenty-five miles. If it were cut down to a uniform width of twenty miles and to a length of five hundred miles it would represent an area of 6,400,000 acres, or more than twice the area of the land now set to olives in Spain, which is the most extensive olive growing country in the world. In the State of California alone this area embraces southern California and the region west of the Sierra Nevadas as far north as the upper portion of the Sacramento valley, and along the coast valleys and coast ranges to some distance north of San Francisco. The varieties of the cultivated tree exceed in numbers those of the vine. In France and Italy alone at least thirty are enumerated. In the matter of cultivation Italy has held the pre-eminence for ages.

A volume might be filled with a description of the great ranches of California, the greatest of which, perhaps, is Windermere ranch, at La Mirada, owned and operated by Andrew McNally of Chicago. This ranch contains 2,000 acres of land and 80,000 olive, grape-fruit and lemon trees, and is devoted to the manufacture of olive oil and of kitro, a proprietary medicine and beverage manufactured from the grape-fruit.

The cultivated olive tree rarely exceeds thirty feet in height and is usually confined to much more limited dimensions by pruning. Even when it is not pruned it is of slow growth, but when unchecked for ages its trunk sometimes attains a considerable diameter, and is gnarled and twisted in a grotesque manner. One writer describes an olive tree twenty-three feet in girth. The tree is also unique in its longevity. Some of the Italian olives are credited with an an-

tiquity reaching back to the first days of the empire, or even to the days of republican Rome. The olives in the garden of Gethsemane at Jerusalem are estimated to be 1,300 years old. The wood of the olive is of a yellow or light greenish hue, veined with a darker tint. It is a hard and closely grained wood, greatly prized by the cabinetmaker and ornamental turner.

The olive is an evergreen, symmetrical in growth and densely foliaged. The leaves resemble those of the willow in shape, and in color are gray-green above and white on the under side. When stirred to motion by the wind the foliage, either in sunlight or moonlight, glistens as if frosted with silver. The fruit, when ripe, commonly assumes a dark purple tint. An odorous gum exudes from the older branches, which was used in ancient times as a medicine and is still valued as a perfume.

The most remarkable thing about the olive tree is that its fruit is the only oil-producing fruit in the world. The seeds of many fruits yield oil, but oil can be pressed from the pulp of no fruit but the olive. The olive seed also yields oil, but it is of inferior flavor, and would spoil the oil of the pulp if allowed to mix with it. This oil-producing quality is indicated by the name of the tree and the fruit, which is derived from the Greek *elaia*, through the *olea* and *oliva* of the Latin, the *ulivo* of the modern Italian and the *olivo* of the Spanish.

The ripe olive fruit is not unlike an oval damson plum in form and size. In color it ranges from various shades of purple to almost black. It has a sour and persistent bitter flavor. A meal of bread and ripe olives is not only palatable, but nutritious and sustaining, and the amount eaten is to be limited only by the same consideration as that of any other good, wholesome food. In southern Europe and other regions the ripe olive is used as a staple article of diet, and there is apparently no reason why it should not prove a useful food in this country also, as it is conceded to be palatable.

Olives are almost never eaten perfectly ripe in this country, but whether wanted for oil or for pickling are picked when just beginning to ripen, at which time they have a bitter and acrid taste. They are an exceedingly delicate fruit to handle; and to shake them off the tree to the ground would ruin them. When wanted for oil they must be picked one at a time by hand, and even when they are to be pickled they must be dropped on a sort of awning or into a vessel filled with water. The slightest bruise causes them to decay instantly, and this decay spoils the fine flavor of the oil. The picking is generally done in October.

When olives are to be pickled they are first subjected to a soaking process, by which the bitter principle is extracted from them. They are first soaked in a weak solution of lye, and afterward in pure, fresh

water, changed two or three times a day. They are then ready for salting, but the brine is made weak at first and gradually strengthened until it will bear an egg. This process is said to prevent shrinking and toughening. If they are then put into boiled brine it is said that they will keep for years. The pickled olive is eaten only as a relish, with a special reference to wine, the taste for which it is said to sharpen and refine.

The first step in the extraction of oil from olives is the crushing process. At one time it was customary to crush the fruit and the pits together, but that method was found to injure both the flavor of the oil and its keeping property and was discarded. The present method always stops short of crushing the pits. The fruit is placed in clean linen bags, and several of these are placed one over the other in a steel basket and then subjected to pressure in a screw press.

The pressure used at first is not extreme and the oil that runs out is of the best quality and is called "virgin oil." The pulp is then taken out, mixed with water, replaced in the bags and pressed again, producing an inferior quality of oil. In foreign countries this process is repeated again, producing a still more inferior oil. Of course, the watery juice of the fruit is at first mixed with the oil, but in a short time the oil rises to the surface and can be drawn off. It is then allowed to stand until all the particles of pulp that it contains have settled, and then it is run through a filter for final purification. All of these steps, however, are subjected to various alterations by different manufacturers. Good authorities say that the filtering of olive oil, while it makes the color lighter, removes its characteristic material and reduces its flavor to that of cottonseed oil.

Olive oil as a food is mainly a dressing for salad and a preservative for sardines and other small fish. But in the kitchen it is the superior of lard and butter. It has a particular affinity for fish and it is said that a person who has once eaten fish fried in olive oil can never again endure fish that have been fried in lard or butter. The other uses of olive oil are in the manufacture of soap and in the preparation of medicines. Virgin olive oil, or at least the oleine derived from it, is the only lubricant which can be applied to the works of a watch without becoming gummy.

* * *

LIBERTY SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

BY FANNIE WAMPLER.

ON the southern side of the Appalachian range in the State of Virginia, is a somewhat small mountain, relatively considered, known as North Mountain,

on which is a spring of medicinal waters, around which a number of cottages have been built. The cottages are picturesquely arranged along the mountain. Some of them are so arranged with reference to the mountain side that while one edge rests upon the mountain, the other has to be supported by pillars ten to fifteen feet high. These cottages are almost always unpainted and built for temporary use.

These cottages are occupied by farmers and their families who take to the mountain for a period of recreation after the harvest is over. The furnishing of the interior of these cottages is of the rudest and most necessary character. Only absolute necessities are taken along in the line of bedding and furniture. Enough of the more staple provisions are taken along when the parties first move into their cottages. Perishable articles, such as butter and eggs, fruit, etc., are supplied from week to week from outside sources.

The jolly part of the whole proceeding consists in renewing old friendships and the social side of the gathering of friends in their respective cottages on the mountain. As each family brings but enough provision along to supply their own wants, the visitors from the neighboring cottages seldom stay for meals, and this feature of not keeping a summer hotel is so well understood by their friends in the valley that when visits are made from the home people to the mountain people the valley dwellers usually bring a basket of provisions along. The men pick huckleberries, discuss politics and loaf about generally. One advantage that they have is that they are not absolutely separated from the world below, for the telephone line is available from the mountain to the valley below.

A better insight into the character of the people who gather here is had in view of the fact that on Sundays, if a minister is present in their midst, they gather and have a sermon, the preacher speaking from one of the porches, while the people are gathered about in front on all sorts of improvised seats. If there should be no minister present and no regular services held, they have a Sunday school and sacred songs instead. These hymns resound from mountain side, up and down the ravines, and sometimes are even heard in the valley below when the atmospheric conditions are favorable.

The altitude of the place is such that the atmospheric pressure requires a longer period of cooking, an egg taking about two minutes longer to boil hard than is required in the homes in the valley. And there are no flies to disturb one's afternoon siesta. When they all go home, one after the other, they feel renewed in body and mind for their trip to Liberty Springs on North Mountain.

Dayton, Va.

NATURE



STUDY.

THE RED HUCKLEBERRY.

BY RUTH E. DUNLAP.

THE red huckleberries in Oregon do not grow quite so large as the blue ones. They are about the size of currants and somewhat like them in shape, but not so deep in color. They grow on bushes from six to eight feet high, and ripen about the middle to the last of July, while the blue ones ripen about the last of August.

They grow very scatteringly on the bushes and the bushes are scattered on the ground. I do not know anyone who picks them to sell or can. Perhaps if we could hear from other parts of the State we might find that they are more plentiful under more favorable conditions.

Damascus, Oregon.

THE OLD-FASHIONED POTATO BUG.

BY J. Z. GILBERT.

WHERE do the old-fashioned, long, black potato bugs breed their young, as they come into the potato patch like a shower, full-grown, and leave as suddenly, though seldom without doing considerable damage?

The bug referred to is known as the old-fashioned potato bug (*epicau vittata*). I know of no literature extant upon this special species, but the life history of this bug is quite similar to that of the blister beetle (*Macrobasis unicolor*), which is as follows:

The life history of this group is remarkable in that it contains so many more stages than that of other coleoptera. The metamorphosis is quite complex. The eggs are laid upon plants off or on the ground. From each egg hatches a long-legged larva called a *triungulin*. This is very active. It runs about seeking a grasshopper egg-pod which it enters and feeds upon. After a while it casts its skin and assumes the carabidoid larval stage. When the larva has finished its quota of locusts' eggs, it undergoes a third molt, and forms within its own skin the coarctate larval stage, or pseudopupa, and in this condition passes the winter. In the fourth and last, larval molt occurs with which it enters the true pupal stage from which it transforms into a beetle, full-grown. It is now ready to join its fellows, to ravage the fields and gardens.

They are gregarious in habit, hence, when some move all follow the example in order to stay together, and thus they come in multitudes and go in the same way. They are ravenous for nearly a month.

As for the remedy, they may be driven out, when they scamper away—to return, however, at the first opportunity. Paris green mixed with fifteen or twenty parts of flour, plaster or air-slacked lime, may be applied dry or in the form of spray, also mixed with lime or Bordeaux mixture at the rate of a quarter of a pound of poison to forty gallons of the diluent.

Daleville, Va.

THE JOINT SNAKE.

BY PAUL MOHLER.

IN a late issue of the INGLENOOK some one asks about the joint-snake. I have not seen one for several years, but I have seen and broken several of these interesting creatures. They are small and whitish, entirely inoffensive, but their peculiarity is the brittleness of their bodies. Strike one and it will break as clean as glass, strike him again and he will break again and so on until he is all "broke up." The boys used to say that, if left alone, the pieces would unite; but that, I think, is like the hoopsnake story.

Plattsburg, Mo.

THAT "JOINT-SNAKE."

BY H. W. STRICKLER.

IN NOOK No. 32, Volume 4, August 9, some comrade Nooker asks if the Nookman can tell anything about the joint-snake of Missouri. The Nookman in his reply, seems somewhat skeptical, and would lead the enquirer to think that he was playing with fables referring to the "hoop-snake with its deadly horn."

Now, that the enquirer may know that his question is a legitimate one, and that it is not without foundation, I will, with the Nookman's consent, tell a little of what I know of the joint-snake, not of Missouri, but of the Nookman's own State, the State of Illinois.

Coming from the State of Pennsylvania, I landed in Adams County, Ill., on March 15, 1854, where I made my home with my brother who was just opening up new farm near the edge of the timber bordering on the

much-famed Mendon Prairie. On this land there was some small timber and some hazel brush, interspersed with small patches of prairie covered thickly with prairie grass which often grew to a height of ten feet.

Around and on these prairies were untold numbers of snakes averaging all the way from ten to thirty-six inches in length, which were then universally known as the "joint-snake."

Very beautiful indeed is this snake to look upon. In color it is a brilliant, glossy green with seven distinct changeable stripes, varying from a very dark green to light, and from different points of view the lighter changes to the darker and vice versa. It is also very attractive in form. Its head is pointed and graceful, tapering from the tip of the nose to the back of the head, decorated with a white snip in its face, and having two large green eyes. No neck appears, but the body starts immediately with a slight curve, continues to enlarge for a very few inches when it assumes a nearly straight line down the body for a few more inches until the body proper is complete, then diminishing almost imperceptibly and continuing in regular line for about three times the length of the body proper. In other words, a well-developed snake thirty-six inches long would be about nine inches head and body and about twenty-seven inches tail.

Now, for a sight of this beautiful snake, is always supposed to be entirely harmless! Having cleared off some four or five acres of the above described land, we start around it with our plow drawn by three or four yoke of oxen. Soon these little prisoners find themselves completely surrounded and they begin to break ranks and cross and recross the plowed ground.

Now for a chase! I think that the Nookman, though somewhat skeptical, would drop his pen and indulge, for at least a few minutes. With a switch in his hand about the size that I suppose he would wield—if he used one at all—in displaying his authority in the schoolroom, he would take his stand by the side of the furrow, and, if he could keep his eyes long enough off the great team with their massive horns, he would, with flashing eye, and calling up his courage, brace himself for a deadly combat. Here is his foe! If he is an expert with his whip he will perhaps deal a deadly blow which will take effect somewhere within the first eight inches and will likely impede the victim's flight for life, but if, in his intense excitement, and fear between the escaping victim and the great brass-mounted horns, he is a little slow, his blow fails on the next eight inches, he will never see the snake and in his fierce antagonism on that part of his snakeship already captured he will discover to his amazement that the first ten inches of the snake with its head has hidden away in the grass while he has wreaked his vengeance on its tail.

His fit of excitement over, he discovers that every time he struck the snake it broke into two or more pieces. His fervor cooled, he calmly views the scene of battle and finds that he has only knocked off the tail of a snake, and spent his forces on it, while the snake has made its escape. If otherwise uninjured, it will soon be healed and in its place with other snakes, minus a tail.

The fact is that the snake is one part head and body and three parts tail, which is composed of a plurality of joints, in form like the joints of the backbone of a small fish and are about three-sixteenths of an inch in length and when enough of them are together to make a quick vibration they whip apart and are detached from each other.

Fifty years ago these snakes were very numerous here. I have killed dozens of them with an ordinary switch, often with a single stroke, breaking them into four pieces, sometimes into three pieces but oftener into only two. But I have never seen the snake return and gather up the fragments as some have alleged that they do. However, to this much I give credit: that they have been seen frequently in their frantic haste to make their escape, to lose a part of the tail. These snakes are becoming very scarce here from the lack of congenial harbors. I have seen but one in the past four or five years, which was twenty-seven inches long.

In conclusion let me say to the Nookman that I too have heard of the hoop snake with its horn in its tail and its tail in its mouth, making a hoop of itself and rolling on toward its victim, spiking trees and even rocks, but have never seen one. I suppose that they are to be found in that famous fabled country, yet farther down east, where "melons grow on white-oak trees," etc.

Lorraine, Ill.

A CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

I AM sure that some of our large family must suffer from sleeplessness and I want to give them my cure for that most annoying trouble. When one awakes in the night, with eyes wide open and it seems quite impossible to sleep, take the following exercise: Standing with heels together, raise the arms above the head and rise on tiptoe at least thirty times, evenly and at the same time reach upward with the hands as if trying to grasp something hanging a trifle too high to be reached.

This process takes the blood quickly from the head and on returning to bed I know, from many experiences, that sweet sleep will reward this endeavor.—*S. P., New York.*

A FOOL despiseth his father's instructions: but he that regardeth reproof is prudent.—*Solomon.*

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"Who puts back into place a fallen bar,
Or flings a rock out of a traveled road,
His feet are moving toward the central star,
His name is whispered in the gods' abode."

* * *

WOMAN'S WORK.

WOMEN have steadily advanced their sphere of business operation until nearly every field has been successfully invaded, except those where the physical strength demanded rules them out. There are none of the so-called learned professions, and none of those running parallel thereto, which have not been occupied by women who have won abiding and assured success. And the army of invasion is increasing annually.

What will be the outcome? Nobody can intelligently foretell what it will be, but, of course, there is a limit. In the years to come there will be a reaction. One reason for this, as it appears to the Nook, lies in the fact that most women get married sooner or later, and if they have been working women they soon miss the independence of their former lives. The stenographer who got fifteen dollars every Saturday night, and who paid five dollars for her board, had the remaining ten dollars to do as she pleased with. When she marries the man who gets seventy-five dollars a month, she is not going to get any ten dollars weekly to spend on herself. The income of her husband does not justify it. Whether or not she remains content under the deprivation depends on the woman. The known facts are that where there are many working women, there is often much discontent and not a few separations after marriage. What the other causes are we do not know.

When this condition becomes generally recognized because it becomes common, there will be a revolution. The INGLENOOK gives double honor to the women who work, but it also presents the idea of one

man and one woman, the man to do the working and the woman to make the home.

* * *

THE HOME-COMING.

PEOPLE, or at least too many of them, look on death as a monster of hideous mien, a guide to a land of gloom and doubt. A better, and in all probability a truer way, is to regard death as a distinct act of God's service to us, and the door that opens upon a land of home-coming. Not all the philosophy of the ages has ever made death anything but death, but the spirit of Christ sheds a light on an otherwise dark pathway that leads from a land of calm and storms to the abode of perfect peace.

Death is, therefore, but a home-coming, a meeting of the one coming with those who have gone before. Its near presence and its absolute certainty with all should be a matter of congratulation, for it can come but once and is but the gap in the fence that divides those who have gone from those who stay.

* * *

THE AUTOMOBILE.

No end of Nookers have never seen an automobile for the reason that the invention has not yet reached the stage when its use is general in all parts of the country. The price is prohibitive. In time this condition will be changed and autos will be as common as bicycles.

At the present there is no little trouble with the fast running machines in the cities. People are run down and crippled or killed, in many instances. A pedestrian might as well be struck by an express train as by an automobile running sixty miles an hour, and this is not an unusual speed for some of the racing autos. A conveyance coming down the road at the rate of a mile a minute is dangerous in the extreme. The Nook predicts that special roads will be built in the future for what the press calls the "Devil Wagons."

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MAKING A SPECIAL ISSUE.

MAKING a special Nook issue is like having a suit of clothes made piecemeal for a boy that the parties contributing have never seen. If, when the parts come, they fit together in any fashion, it would be a wonder. The articles come all right enough, but the shaping and the figuring to get them in position so as to make a presentable whole, entails more trouble than half a dozen regular issues.

The special numbers are of such interest that they will be continued, but in the case of the California number the Nookman is not going to lose any sleep over long range editing. As Sandy would say, he "wull juist gang himsel'" and get it. And he is going to California for that very purpose.

WHERE TO GO.

THE INGLENOOK is in continual receipt of letters of inquiry from people who want to move to new sections of country. They ask advice that no person is qualified to give. Too much depends for one to advise people he has never seen about a new home. One man prefers the sunlit plains of Kansas, another the wheat fields of North Dakota, and yet another is never at home unless in sight of the mountains, and so on. It is a case of the old copy, "Many men of many minds."

No man should leave a sure thing for an uncertainty. In the choice of a new home, on which so much depends, it is better to first go and view the country in consideration. The representations of the land agents who are personally interested, and even the recommendations of parties on the grounds may often be taken with several grains of salt. The better way is to go personally, seek out all sides and view all phases of the country, and then decide on what one sees and hears for himself. It is the best, in fact the only correct way.

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AN IDEAL STUDENT.

A NOOKER asks for a definition of an ideal student. He says that he is a high-school boy of eighteen, and he asks the question presumably in his own interest. It is one of those generalized questions that admit of no answer in detail. If we were pressed for a reply we should say that an ideal student is one who is diligent, cleanly, respectful and who tries to get all his lessons thoroughly. Also he should understand that his training is mainly disciplinary, and he should not shirk his work. He should keep out of mischief, and without being a fool imitate those whose lives are good and whose experience is large. He should cultivate the acquaintance of his superiors and keep his eyes open and his mouth mainly shut.

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MISS GEORGIANA HOKE, of the INGLENOOK staff, will have charge of the Editorial Department of the magazine during the absence of the Nookman in California. He will be absent several weeks securing material for a special number of the INGLENOOK devoted to the Pacific Coast interests. During his stay Miss Hoke has complete charge. Her experience along the line of getting out the INGLENOOK has been so extensive in the past as to justify the belief that neither the literary nor moral side of the publication will suffer at her hands. Personal letters that have been addressed here will not receive attention until the return of the Editor from California.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

A bird in the pot is better than two in the hand.

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Who suspects everybody is not himself honest.

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Consciously or unconsciously all of us imitate some other person.

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Have no different degrees of politeness for different stations in life.

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If you want to make the world less dreary air fewer of your troubles.

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Educate a man and you simply tone down his share of universal ignorance.

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Whoever has more than he needs has a part of what belongs to somebody else.

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More people are fooled by their suspicious nature than are duped by credulity.

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If parents furnished more books fewer children would be in the police courts.

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You can trust a woman as long as you stick to her, But if you break with her—well!

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A woman doesn't reason about some things. She jumps and generally lands on her feet.

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Opportunity may have called on all of us, but a good many of us didn't hear her knock.

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The baby's face at the window is a better picture than any ever executed by the old masters.

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There is work enough for the willing left over by those who try to get out of their share of it.

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If you want to turn one woman away from another give each unstinted praise of the other.

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They say one can't eat his cake and have it, too, but if you eat too many you may have it real bad.

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The old-fashioned woman never feels just right in the house unless she has her apron on. God bless her.

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The world jeers at a woman sharpening a pencil, but how many men do you know who can properly wring a dishtowel?

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Judging from the fact that everybody's baby is a prodigy of smartness, it is a puzzle where all the common and ordinary people come from.

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It is better for a woman to be sweet than to be beautiful but best for her to be both. A good deal of beauty can be bought at the drug store, but sweetness is not marketable.

WHEN EVERYTHING GOES.

SAV that a general storm is central over north-western Nebraska on a day in June. Sure as fate, on that day the southeastern corner of the State, with southwestern Iowa, western Missouri and eastern Kansas, will be suffering from great heat and humidity; there will be slow, hot, southern winds, and a sky full of huge, cottony cumulus clouds; the weather bureau's prediction will be for local storms over that area. The parent storm is moving along in a northeasterly direction, and the winds, four or five hundred miles away, are finding their way in a more or less direct path toward its heat. The upper air currents, discharged skyward through the big funnel, are returning southward, greatly cooled and robbed of much of their humidity.

There is the first condition favorable to trouble—a top-heavy atmosphere. Something is bound to happen sooner or later. As the day wears on past noon these conditions are continually augmented, clouds are piling up in vast masses on the plane where the two currents meet, and down below the sultriness grows almost palpable. Any one of those cloud masses may be turned at any moment into a brisk thunderstorm. The sooner the better. The danger is that they will not start soon enough, but will hang there through long hours, sullenly accumulating fury as they wait, while adding continually to their top-heavy load. The bigger the load and the higher it is piled, the greater will be the commotion when it tips over at last.

If a tornado is really forming, off to the west and southwest are mighty cloud banks, which by mid-afternoon have grown ominous in their aspect—lurid green, with livid mottlings here and there through their mass, and vaster black splotches for awesome contrast. There is no motion in the piles as yet; they are merely hanging there, growing big, and waiting for the initial impulse that is to send them on their terrible errand. Through these hours there is in the air an indescribable, heavy foreboding, a crushing of the spirits—effects due, of course, to purely physical causes. As the climax approaches there is long, stifling calm. The barometer is falling rapidly; the dense air is thick with sounds carrying from afar. The full breadth of the sky is overcast now, save perhaps a low line of vivid silvery blue showing at the southwestern horizon. It is only four o'clock, yet dark as at nine. The cloudmasses in the west and southwest are slowly drawing together overhead; below they are separated by an open space of green, so baleful that the eyes turn from it in dread.

Suddenly there is a fury of motion as the two masses meet. Forked lightnings blaze in the forefront of the hideous pile and there falls upon listening ears a dull, distant roar. The clouds break up visibly into jagged

confusion; torn fragments are thrown from below, rocketwise, far into the upper altitudes; other fragments fly hither and thither in wildest consternation, running counter to one another, crossing and recrossing, uniting, separating, uniting again. The great heap, unable longer to sustain its unstable, upside-down position, has tipped over—not in an instantaneous swapping of ends, a visible rotation of a solid body on a fixed axis, but a strong upward rush of the superheated and overcharged lower stratum through the heart of the pile and a compensating downrush of the upper part. The air currents are thrown into vast confusion and the storm gathers winds of its own. Here is motion, initial impulse. The roar grows deafening; the lurid bulk is shot through and through with blinding fires—blue, purple and red—a gorgeous spectacle. From the low earth there rises high in air a dense veil of yellow dust drawn across the ghastly face of evil. In the center of the mass appears a vast vortex, inky black—a pendulous, writhing trunk of cloud stooping earthward, lashing about in demoniac fury, lengthening out to take a passionate grip upon the palpitating bosom of the world and rend it. With a deep, booming crash, as though the very firmament were riven into tatters, the monster strikes into a terrible forward movement. Now it is time to go to the cellar!

The pendent trunk of the tornado has a threefold motion and power. It is running forward, always in in one general direction, from southwest to northeast, parallel to the course of the far-off central storm, and at a rate of speed twice as great, sometimes attaining a velocity of seventy or eighty miles an hour; it is also rotating from right to left, in a direction contrary to the movement of a clock's hands; and at its center is an upward current like the draught of a gigantic flue. The diameter of the funnel at its trailing lower end is only a few rods, but it leaves a path of ruin many times wider. Directly within the cloud the destruction is most complete; there the earth may be wiped clean of every shred of life and left blackened and desolate. Outside this narrow line on either side is a lateral line, not of utter devastation, but of tangled chaos. These side tracks have been wrought by the tremendous indraughts created by the upward suction, while the narrower central path has suffered from the rotary velocity of the cloud itself. The extreme limit of this velocity may never be known, but now and again observations are made that have great value. In one case a massive stone monument was moved bodily from its base; and from the known weight of the stone it was determinable with mathematical precision that this effect could not have resulted with a wind velocity of less than 260 miles an hour. In another case oak planks were driven into the side of a hill with a velocity (as demonstrated by later experiments) of 680 miles an hour. Some writers have

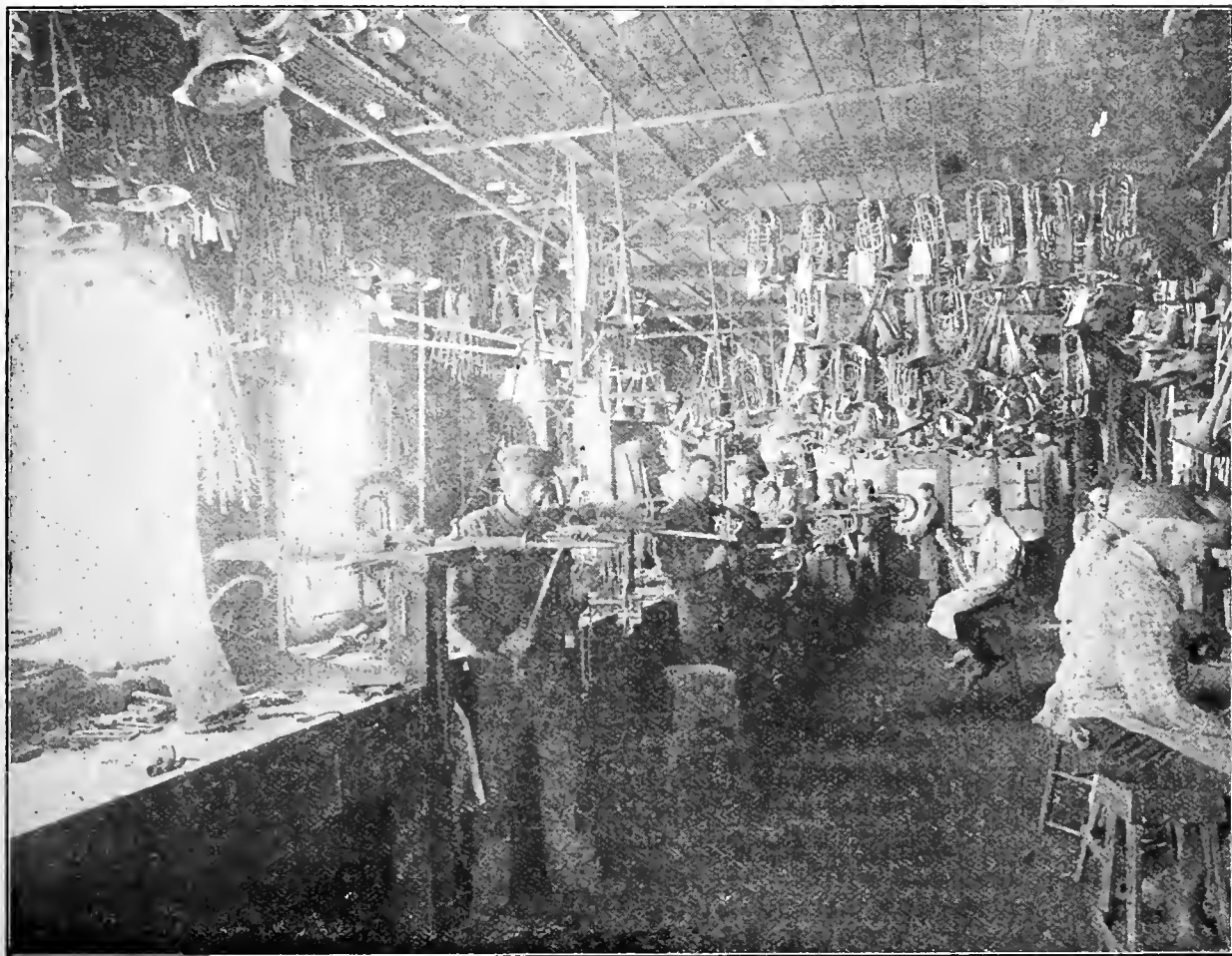
concluded that the most furious of these storms revolve at a maximum rate of probably 1,000 miles an hour. Luckily this intense manifestation is not long sustained. The average tornado requires only about forty-five seconds in passing a given point and the average path is but fifteen miles in length.

Some of the performances of the cyclone are nothing short of freakish. Feathers have been found with

THAT DOCTOR BOOK.

IN a letter to the INGLENOOK, Sister Amanda Witmore, of McPherson, Kansas, says:

"It will depend largely on us, the INGLENOOK readers, to make it valuable by sending in our good home-ried remedies for which our kind editor has asked so many times. Let us not allow an opportunity to



IN C. G. CONN'S FACTORY, ELKHART, INDIANA.

their quills driven unbroken into the trunks of living trees; heavy articles of furniture have been lifted and hurled for great distances, while much lighter and more fragile articles standing side by side with them have been left unmoved, and there is a well-authenticated case of a cradle holding a sleeping child having been torn from the heaped wreck of a house, carried several hundred feet and set down right side up so gently that the babe was not awakened. In the historic Grinnell storm in Iowa a massive Baldwin locomotive was picked up from the track, turned end for end and set down again with its wheels squarely on the rails

pass by that will come to us perhaps once in a lifetime.

"This will be mutually helping one another by giving remedies that we could not give in any other way, which we find have been very helpful to us in our families and to others. To you who would like to lend a hand to your neighbor, avail yourself of the golden opportunity and send in your simple *home-ried* remedies so that none of these valuable recipes will miss being in our Nook Doctor Book."

THE lips of the wise disperse knowledge: but the heart of the foolish doeth not so.—*Solomon.*

THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

BY J. C. BEAHL.

THESE beautiful twin peaks are located ten miles northwest of Bedford City, Bedford County, Virginia. They comprise the richest natural scenery in the country, and among the most picturesque in the State.

Viewing them from the surrounding country they appear as huge, smooth, blue cones rising far above their fellows in the Blue Ridge chain. Locally they are known as "Flat Top" and "The Peak." Though "Flat Top" is slightly higher, "The Peak" is by far the better for viewing, and is of easier access; however, it can be ascended only from the western slope as the east side is almost perpendicular.

The tourist, on leaving the plain, one thousand feet above the sea level, has three thousand vertical feet yet to travel. Journeying from the east, he must pass between the peaks and wind to the left in order to reach the western slope. Here between these mountains he finds "The Big Spring," which is two thousand five hundred feet above the sea level. Its water is clear as crystal and almost ice cold. The Spring is very cold, and is the source of the water supply for Bedford City. After leaving the spring, the road, though fairly good becomes more difficult to travel. Soon the almost level-lying ground is reached, which is the terminus of the driveway up the Peak. This gives the sightseer six hundred yards to walk ere he places his feet upon the summit.

The great granite boulders, piled one upon another, make the top of the mountain, for a distance of at least one hundred feet, a great pile of huge stones which testify, from their geological formation, that they were lifted from the first strata of this old earth. Overcoats and cloaks are now in order, even on the warmest days.

If you should stand upon the summit early in a clear morning you could behold the most impressive sunrise of your life. Should you witness a thunderstorm while upon this lofty height, you could see the play of lightning far below, while the sun is shining bright above you. And should rain occur and pass into the east when the sun is low in the west, we are told that a beautiful rainbow, forming the entire circle, may be seen. A chorus rendered here is sublime. It echoes and re-echoes long after the singers have hushed their singing.

Look! Towns and cities rise up before you, and many objects of interest in four great States greet your eyes. Hotel Mons, a building of two stories is within fifteen feet of what is now the top rock. "The Table Rock" weighs fifty tons or more, and has a

surface of twelve to twenty feet. "The Balance Rock" is so poised that one person can give it a rocking motion, though it weighs seventy thousand pounds. A narrow passway thirty feet long between great stones is called "The Needle's Eye."

On the Fourth of July, 1820, a party of young men rolled off what was then the top rock and it cleared its way as it thundered down the mountain. The awful crash and jar caused great consternation among the people of the vicinity. This boulder was broken to pieces and, in 1852, a section of it was hauled to Liberty, now Bedford City, and shipped to our National Capital, to be used as Virginia's stone in the Washington Monument.

Brentsville, Va.

HOW MANY WORDS.

A *New Orleans Times-Democrat* man has been trying to figure out the number of words used by the average man. He says:

"I have been trying to figure out how many words the average man utters in every twenty-four hours," said a gentleman who has a penchant for peculiar things, "but I have been unable to reach any satisfactory conclusion on account of the different rates of speed at which different persons talk. Of course, I have no reference to the different kinds of words which may be found in the daily vocabulary of the average man, but I am talking about the total number of words uttered, counting repetitions and all, during every twenty-four hours. There is the quiet, melancholy gentleman, who will not speak on an average of five hundred words a day, and there are many who for one reason and another would not utter anything like this number. On the other hand there is the conversational Gatling gun, not always a woman either, who will roll off words at a fearful rate of speed, and whose aggregate for one day would run up to dizzy heights. Then there is the normal talker, who will strike a good, decent average—the man who will neither bore you with his indifferent silence nor tire you with his meaningless verbosity.

But suppose we figure that the average person will utter an average of forty words every minute, or about 57,600 words for every twenty-four hours. Of course, no person will talk this much, as the windiest of men and women would probably break down before they had talked as much as fifty-seven columns in the average daily newspaper. The only question is as to how much time each person puts in talking during each day. Some men and women are situated so that they cannot talk during the day, except a meal time, on account of the character of the work they have to do. There are others, such as traveling men for instance, who depend upon talk for their living. I have figured that the high man, probably the tra-

eling man, will talk five hours out of every twenty-four, which would give him a total of 12,000 words every day. I have figured that most any sort of a man will talk as much as ten minutes out of every twenty-four hours, and this would give him a total of six hundred words for the day.

"These are the two extremes. I am satisfied that the normal man—the man who strikes a decent average between indifferent silence and disgusting verbosity—will talk probably one hour, all told, each day, which would allow him 2,400 words. And this, by the way, is considerable talk, for it will fill two columns in a newspaper and a whole lot of wisdom can be crowded into two columns."

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FARM LIFE IN VIRGINIA.

BY W. H. SANGER.

It is rather difficult to describe farm life in Virginia, because of its varied phases, resulting from a difference of climate and of the people who live in the several sections. Parts of the State, notably the Valley of Virginia,—called The Valley for the sake of brevity,—have been settled and developed by people from other States, who are different from the native Virginians in their ways of farming and their manner of living.

Among the descendants of the old plantation owners is preserved more or less of the old aristocratic element, which encouraged large farms,—containing more than one thousand acres in some cases,—negro help, little work on the part of land owners, and, in fact, little interest in the improvement of the farms. In the communities where the Ingleook finds its truest welcome, the conditions are reversed. There industrious, intelligent, hardworking farmers have built beautiful and comfortable homes and have encouraged enterprise of all kinds. In the Valley the farms possibly average one hundred acres or more, many being smaller and many larger. Frequently, however, one farmer owns several farms. The typical farm is composed of five or six fields, allowing one for corn, two for wheat, one or two for hay and one for pasture. The principal crops that go on the market are wheat and hay. The corn, where much is raised, is usually fed to cattle which are grazed in the Blue Ridge Allegheny mountains in the summer. In the production of these crops the Valley has won the name of the "Garden Spot" of the State.

In the summer we have considerable hot weather, and in the winter some very cold spells, but usually of very long duration. The time of corn planting is from April 20 to May 10; harvest from June to July 5. Hay is made in July, corn is cut in September, and seeding of wheat comes in the last

half of October. After seeding, the corn is husked in the field by hand, and soon afterward, if the weather permits, plowing for the next corn crop is begun. Thus, the farmer finds something to do from the beginning to the close of the year, with a heart that rejoices in the thought,

"A busy, wholesome life I lead, and many a joy I find."

The real life of the farmer is the enjoyment of his living, and it must be remembered that not the least among his enjoyments is the work necessary to his happiness. But, while the work is pleasant, rest is also appreciated, and the endearments of pleasant homes, and associations with kind-hearted neighbors pronounce sweet benedictions upon the weeks of earnest, fruitful labor. The people generally believe in the enjoyment of life, but not such enjoyment as squanders time and money. The beautiful homes, the tables abundantly spread with Nature's bounties, the happy sons and daughters, and the pleasant faces of the fathers and mothers bespeak for the farm life of Virginia not only its eminent usefulness but also its health and happiness.

From the salutary influences of such a life comes the strong support of our country. Her educators, her business men, her professional men who have become eminent, were largely from the farm. So, then, while we count as the agricultural wealth of the Old Dominion her annual crop of wheat, hay and corn, let us add the farm's production of true men and women, which count more in the glory of a country than the dollars and cents that estimate its wealth.

Oakton, Va.

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ENGLISH CROWDING OUT FRENCH.

ENGLISH is more and more taking the place of French as the language of Russian court circles. The czarina speaks English constantly, and the czar, too, likes to express himself in the same tongue.

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WHAT "SUB ROSA" MEANS.

THE rose is the emblem of secrecy in Greece, and was formerly hung over the table where guests were entertained in token that nothing heard there was to be repeated. Hence "sub rosa" (under the rose).

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CROSS WITH THE SIGNATURE.

IN ancient days the addition of a cross to the signature did not always indicate that the signer could not write, but was added as an attestation of good faith.

GIGGING IN VIRGINIA WATERS.

BY C. M. DRIVER.

WELL do I remember a fishing trip that I took in this my favorite way of fishing one night in late November.

Our outfit consisted of two boats, six sacks of pine, six spears and six men. Our boat was sixteen feet long and three feet wide.

In spearing fish it is best to allow the boat to float down stream sidewise, with a man standing at each end and another standing in the middle of the front side to superintend the torch, in addition to his efforts with the spear.

We had everything in readiness to float at eight o'clock on that cool, dark, breezy November evening, a most favorable time for fishing. We set fire to our torch and, as the blaze began to flash higher and higher until we could see on either bank the bright light glittering here and there among the sycamore branches, we started down stream with our eyes fixed steadily upon the bottom of the stream. We had gone only a few feet when I heard my partner say, "More boat! Here's a whopper!" Placing my spear on the bottom of the stream, I gently shoved the boat his way, only to hear the deadly "chug" of his spear, and to feel the quiver of the boat which told the story. He landed a two-pound sucker in the bottom of our boat. This was repeated twice, three times, only to make me feel more nervous for I had not yet seen a minnow.

We now passed under some low bending branches and passed around a short curve in the stream where the bottom was very rough. I heard one of the men in the other boat cry out, "Look out for black bass." I had not more than heard the sound when, looking far out to my left, I saw a fine one lying by the side of a large rock. Then I began to call out, "More boat! More boat!" On receiving more boat I tried my luck, but alas! The result was failure. I struck him square in the side and the fun began. The boat began to quiver and I began to hollo. At last he proved too much for me. After making many surges he was released from my spear without my consent. The last glimpse I got of that fish was just as he lost himself from view in the darkness about fifty yards up stream. He had not more than passed out of sight when I spied another not nearly so large. This one was captured easily.

This was repeated time after time by each of us, and ceased only at our fireman's cry of "Fire! Fire! Ouch!" Splash! Splash! We heard something in the water, and there was our middle man on the side of the boat, minus a coat tail and a part

of his trousers. He said, "I will never burn up while floating on the water."

After a hearty laugh we were again straightened out and while floating steadily down stream we saw hundreds of fish but captured comparatively few of them. On reaching our landing at three o'clock in the morning we had fish enough to pay us well for our trouble, to say nothing of the fun. Among our lot of fish we had bass, white and spotted suckers, perch, chubs and carp.

Barren Ridge, Va.

THE COLVILLE INDIAN RESERVATION OF WASHINGTON.

BY B. E. BRESHEARS.

HAVING bidden farewell to friends and kindred in Missouri, the writer left his home last March en route for what is termed the Great Northwest. After a ride of five days, during which time we traveled some two thousand or more miles over the Burlington Northern Pacific, and Great Northern railroads, we stopped at a place some four miles from the northern boundary of Washington, which is also the southern limit of British Columbia.

This country is what is known as the Colville Reservation, half of which was opened for settlement October 10, 1900. It extends south seventy miles from the Canadian line, and lies between the Columbia River on the east and the Okanagan River on the west. It is for the most part a mountainous country, with an elevation of from nine hundred to four thousand five hundred feet above sea level. Mount Bonaparte reaches a height of about six thousand feet. We are in plain view of this mountain, and some snow is seen on its top at this writing, June 29. The Cascade Range is about seventy-five miles west of here. When the sun shines upon their snow-crowned peaks, they are a beautiful sight to behold.

The country has numerous small streams of clear cold water which course through narrow valleys and reach the lower levels through deep canyons. They have their source in the mountains, or are formed by the many springs which abound on the higher lands.

Noticeable features are the many lakes with which the country is dotted. I have seen them from only a few feet to a mile or more in extent. A portion of the country is a rolling, or broken prairie, covered with a heavy growth of bunch grass. This grass is noted for its nutritious qualities, and stock will feed upon it the year around.

The soil is deep and rich, and produces large crops of small grain and nearly all of the vegetables. Fruit has not been fully tested, except on the British side where fruit trees are said to bear very young. Small fruits especially do well.

Everyone has heard of the timber of Washington. I have not seen the large trees which grow on the coast, but there is some fine timber here, consisting principally of pine, fir, tamarack, spruce, and some cedar. All of these are evergreen, except the tamarack which grows to a great height. I have seen a small log fifty feet long, and one could scarcely distinguish the top from the lower end. This timber is scattered over the country and is found in groves of from only a few acres to forests of several miles in extent. Lumbering here is destined to become quite an industry.

Perhaps no State in Uncle Sam's domain has a more diversified climate than Washington. We can go some fifteen miles west to the Okanagan valley where irrigation is carried on, and the grain fields are "white already to harvest," while here very little has formed heads, and most of it is scarcely six inches high. Harvest comes here in August and September. This shows the difference of temperature on the higher and lower elevations. The winters here are not severe, the thermometer seldom reaching twenty degrees below zero, while freezing is scarcely ever known in the Okanagan valley. This is owing to the protection of the mountains and the warm air produced by the Japan current which strikes the coast of Washington. Notwithstanding the mild winters, the spring, fall, and even summer months are cool, often too cool to be enjoyed by one not accustomed to such a climate. We must have a fire mornings and evenings, and warm blankets are a comfort at night, even in midsummer.

Kipling, Wash.

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SOMETHING ABOUT MUSIC PRINTING.

BY MARGUERITE BIXLER.

OUR earliest knowledge of music printing begins when it was printed from engraved wooden blocks, and the characters consequently appeared rough and distinct. But early in the fifteenth century Petrucci obtained a patent from Leo the Tenth for the invention of movable metal type for printing music. This invention was hailed with delight, because it enabled printers to do better work.

A page of music type consists of many small parts fitably worked together. At first all notes were printed separately, but in 1660 an Englishman invented what he called the tied note, which was much neater and more easily read.

There are two processes of printing music. One is the engraved process and the other the type process. Usually the latter is preferred, as it can be done more quickly, and the plates can be used any time on a steam press and printed the same as book work. Music types are set up to form the desired page, and they are electrotyped or stereotyped. The music and

words which are to appear on the printed page show up on the plate as a raised surface, and music is printed therefrom as any other printing from type is done. Every now and then comes a request to know how to proceed to have a piece of sheet music published. In the first place have a good reason to know that your production is worthy of publication. An honest criticism from a publisher or composer would always be a good step. If you desire to have it printed, see that your manuscript is exactly as you want it to appear. Some publishers charge extra for every alteration after the type is once set. By having the manuscript complete, the publishers can tell you just how many pages there will be, the cost of the plates, the printing, etc. If you have a preference as to design and colors, etc., for the title page, you are to state what you want.

As to the edition, a thousand copies do not cost much more than five hundred. Most houses demand payment in advance. The exact cost of publishing a piece of music is largely determined by the number of pages, the style of title, etc. But you can get a neat, well-printed piece of music, something like my "Beautiful Days of Yore," with two pages, a neat design for title page, at a cost of about thirty dollars a thousand. You can get music printed cheaper than this, as well as more expensive work.

Music printing to-day is indeed a flourishing business. The writing of music is attempted by thousands. A soulful, artistic production in music is indeed enjoyed by all, but it is only when edition after edition is called for that a happy smile creeps over the face of the lucky person who holds the copyright.

East Akron, Ohio.

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HOME OF BAY RUM.

WHENEVER you go ashore in one of the Danish possessions you gather your small change and hunt for the man who makes bay rum. Sugar grows in many sorts of places and so do coffee and cocoa—though they say that St. Thomas is not high enough for coffee nor shady enough for cocoa, nor wet enough for either—and you can have pineapples and mangoes at any island, but rum with bay leaves steeped in it, and labeled double distilled bay rum, is sometimes peculiar to these parts. It is like cologne in the city of Cologne; every man is the inventor and only maker. You can buy it at any shop at twenty-five cents a quart. We pay fifty cents a pint, or some such matter. And so you buy six or eight quarts and pay duty on it in New York, if the inspector does not have his suspicions allayed. St. John used to furnish the bay leaves for this delicate mixture, but they tell me the crop is playing out and that bay leaves are now supplied from the States.

A CUP OF GOOD COFFEE.

THERE is nothing that goes to the spot, of a morning, so well as a cup of good coffee, and when the NOOK uses the adjective "good" it means just what it says. Good coffee is such a rarity that many people who drink alleged coffee have never really had a taste of the genuine thing as it ought to be. Most people will tell you that the best coffee is a mixture of Java and Mocha, yet of these two there is not a grain of Mocha imported into the United States, and not an eighth of the Java coffee sold is the real thing. True Mocha coffee comes from the southwest corner of Arabia, bordering on the Red Sea, and is grown in the hilly country of the province. Its superiority is partly due to the seed and partly to the soil, and that the climate admits of leaving the berry on the tree until it falls off without picking. There is really no drink in the world to compare with the genuine Mocha coffee, but it is said that there has not been a grain of this coffee in the United States for twenty years, and even at the best, the perfect grades are all consumed where they are grown.

Java coffee is produced on the islands of Java, Sumatra, and Celebes in the East Dutch Indies. The Dutch government has the coffee business of the East Indies in charge, and the crop is stored in government warehouses, and this gives it the name of old government Java. There are at least one hundred and twenty-five different kinds of coffee, and a coffee expert is as familiar with these different kinds as he is with his own children, if he should happen to have any. There is perhaps no business in which there is so much deception, manipulation and substitution as in the coffee business. Even Java coffee is a jumble of frauds and tricks. The different grades of coffee are mixed together and sold at the price of the highest grade. Coffee adulteration in this country is not as bad now as it was some years ago.

It is almost a lost art—this thing of roasting coffee, and nothing but ample experience will insure good results. When coffee is properly roasted, it gains fifty per cent in volume, and loses fourteen per cent in weight. To make good coffee, it should not be ground till it is to be used, and experts say that it never should be ground in a mill that has been used for grinding anything else. It is said that if pepper is ground in a coffee mill, it can never be cleaned so that it will not destroy the best flavor of coffee.

Different people in different parts of the world prepare their coffee in different methods. The Arabs, to whom the world is indebted for coffee, prepared it in a porous earthen pitcher, which is first set in hot ashes until all moisture is evaporated and the vessel is well heated. Then the freshly roasted and pounded coffee is put in and a little salt added, both having been thoroughly heated. Boiling water is then poured in,

and the vessel covered and allowed to rest in the hot ashes until it settles before serving.

In Turkey the coffee is ground exceedingly fine, almost as fine as flour, put in a pot over which cold water is poured, and then the pot is placed on the fire until it heats almost to the boiling point, when the coffee is ready to serve.

In Egypt the coffee is first ground, an equal amount of sugar is added to it, then boiling water is poured in the vessel, which is placed over the fire until it is thoroughly boiled. This coffee becomes black and rather thick when it is prepared in this way.

The Dutch settlers in South Africa use two kettles. In one is boiling water, and the other contains the coffee. It is poured from one kettle to the other several times, after which a little cold water is added to settle the grounds, when it is served.

Down in Mexico the coffee is roasted, pounded fine in a bag of coarse cloth and immediately transferred to the pot, after which boiling water and milk are put on it, when it is allowed to simmer slowly about three minutes. This Mexico coffee is so strong that some times in order to make it drinkable, it is served in one third of a cup at a time, the balance in hot milk, being the correct proportion.

It is not at all likely that any reader of the INGLENOOK will be able to prepare a really good cup of coffee from the coffee he buys at the store, and the genuine thing properly prepared in a coffee country where they understand it, is a revelation to the stranger.

LAKE CHELAN, WASHINGTON.

BY MR. AND MRS. H. A. SWAB.

LAKE CHELAN is reached by the Great Northern railroad to Wenatchee, and by stage or steamer from Wenatchee up the Columbia river. It is nearly four hundred feet higher than the Columbia river. Its outlet is the Chelan river, three miles long, which flows into the Columbia. Its mines, fruit farms, water power and towns offer unparalleled inducements to capital. The mountains are more or less timbered. It is the ideal summer resort for all kinds of people in search of rest, recreation, pleasure or health. Its trout fishing is superb. It is sixty-five miles long and averages one and one-half miles in width. Its depth is at least fifteen hundred feet deep, its bottom being three hundred to four hundred feet below sea level. Its source is in the main divide of the Cascades, and it extends in a southeasterly direction to within three miles of the Columbia river. It has three towns, Chelan, Lakeside, and Chelan Falls, the two former at the foot of the lake, and the latter on the Columbia at the mouth of the Chelan river, about five miles from the lake and two other post offices, viz: Moore and Stehekin. Five steamers ply on the

lake and five on the Columbia river. All kinds of fruit and garden stuff are raised here.

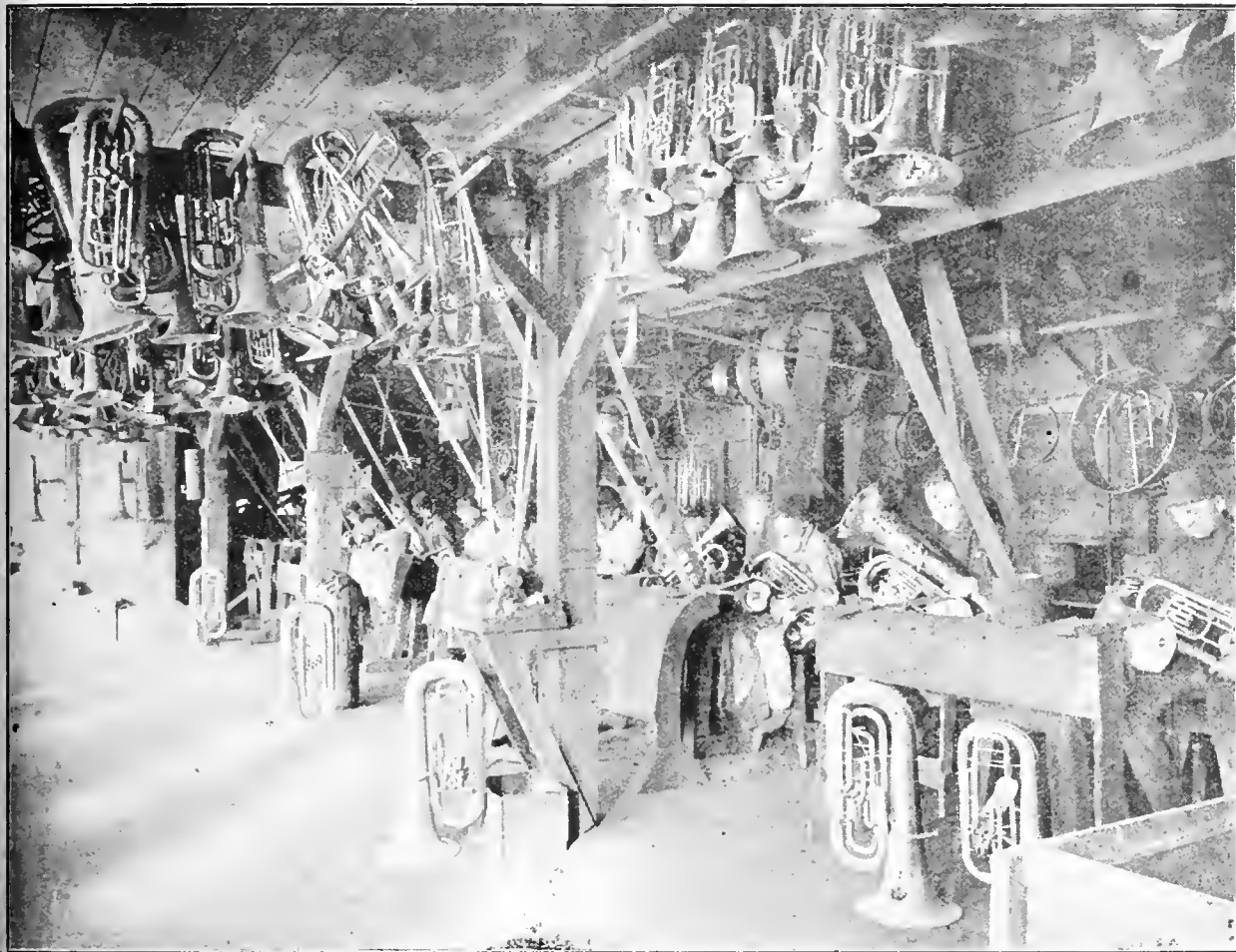
Chelan, Wash.

* * *

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THERE are musical instruments manufactured all over the world, and they are as common almost as

The course taken in the manufacture of each instrument is, of course, different from that involved in making the others, and there is too much of it entirely to even generalize in one issue of the INGLENOOK. The object of the presentation of the illustrations is to give the Nookers some idea of the extent and magnitude of the business. Mr. Conn's is one of the largest factories in the country, and



THE POLISHING ROOM AT CONN'S FACTORY.

the watchmaker's and jeweler's repair shop. But there are only a few places where musical instruments are really manufactured. One of these is at Elkhart, Indiana, owned by C. G. Conn, and is known in his catalogue, at least, as the "Wonder Factories." At Mr. Conn's factory a great many musical instruments are made and the course that is taken to produce, say a horn used in the band, is a tedious and most interesting one. It is too long a process to allow a description in the INGLENOOK.

As a great many of the NOOK family have never been in the interior of a music instrument factory we present them in this issue four illustrations showing the interior of certain rooms, or departments, at the Elkhart factory.

the instruments made there make music around the world.

* * *

THE PHYSICIAN AT FAULT.

A PARIS physician reports the case of a patient suffering from tuberculosis whom he sent to Switzerland with injunctions to take care not to expose himself. The patient climbed a mountain, was caught in a severe storm altogether unprotected, lost in the snow, lived for three days and nights in the open and was at last found and sent back to France, since which time he has continued to improve and is now pronounced cured.

The Q. & A. Department.

ANSWERS TO SOME QUESTIONS.

GEORGE BOWSER, bricklayer, Astoria, Illinois, says it is not a fact that a hard burned brick weighs more than a soft burned one. He also says that horses do not try a given number of times to roll over, but they often keep it up till they do go over

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Ruth Shayer writes that the inquiry about the substitute for sugar can be satisfactorily answered by addressing J. T. Young Company, Yokum, Virginia. The name of the article is sugarine.

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SNAKES AND HUCKLEBERRIES.

JONAS LEEDY, of Wabash, Indiana, writes the INGLENOOK that he has killed many joint snakes during the time he lived in Kansas, some of them having all of the joints and others only a part of them, considering the entire snake.

In regard to the red huckleberries he says that he has gathered red, white and blue ones in Jasper County, Indiana. The Editor of the INGLENOOK has no doubt whatever but that in the hands of a skillful botanist a striped huckleberry might be produced which might be of value commercially.

We thank our correspondent for calling our attention to the fact of the red, white and blue huckleberries being found in Indiana.

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MORE ABOUT THE JOINT SNAKE.

A NOOKER from Cando, North Dakota, A. M. Sharp, has the following to say about the joint snake:

"You seem to doubt the idea of such a snake in existence. I killed two of them about twenty years ago in Bond County, Illinois. They broke in pieces about two inches long, but I don't think they ever picked themselves up and got together again. When I was a small boy I was helping a neighbor to burn brush, and we killed what we called a chicken snake. It was perhaps about two feet long. The neighbor sharpened a stick and stuck it through the snake's head and held its belly to the fire, and there appeared four feet, about the size of a mouse's feet. This statement may sound a little 'fishy,' but it's a fact all the same."

COMMENT.

The feet of the snake are well understood and are rudimentary legs. But how about the cruelty of roasting the snake?—ED.

THAT BRICK.

BY B. F. GOSHORN.

IN the INGLENOOK of August 9 a Nooker asks why a hard-burned brick is heavier than one that is light-burned.

It is not. Brick manufactured from the same clay, molded in the same mold and burned the same are the same weight. But burn one very hard and the other but slightly or medium and the hard-burned brick will become much smaller than the other and weigh proportionately less. The idea probably obtained from weighing bricks of the same size after burning.

Clay City, Ind.

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THAT BELL.

A QUESTION was recently asked in the Nook as to what should be done with a cracked bell with a cracked tone. The Nookman said that nothing could be done. Engineer Willey, of Elgin, says that a hack-saw should be taken and a piece, v-shaped sawed out just so that the edges of the break do not touch. The Nookman suggests, if the crack is a straight one, sawing right through the crack to the very end. The bell will never again give the same tone but what it does produce will be pure.

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Thunder and lightning scare me badly. Is there any way to overcome it?

Thunder is only a noise and never hurt anybody. Considering that you will never see the flash that kills you, the flashes you do see are evidences that you are safe. Some people are so constituted that a storm disturbs them badly. Such might try covering up their heads so they could not see at all and could hear but little.

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Are willows planted for basket makers, etc.?

Yes, and it is a very profitable business. The dried willows cost five cents per pound. Growing willow is a business not yet overdone in this country.

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Is the ostrich raising venture a success?

They say it is. About three-fourths of a million is invested and the annual output of feathers is perhaps \$100,000.

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Does lightning ever strike from a clear sky?

Yes, it sometimes does.

Aunt Barbara's Page

A FAITHFUL DOG.

You know, children, how faithful our dog is, and how he plays with you and how glad he always is to meet any of us when we have been absent and come home, and here is a good story of a dog and his dead master:

As a rule railroad men are about as hard-hearted as the average, says the *Los Angeles Times*, and it takes something out of the ordinary run to bring tears to their eyes, but a whole crew on one of the Southern Pacific's local trains shed tears early the other morning, and a little black dog without a friend in the world caused it.

The Colton local had just passed a little station called Nahant, when the engineer saw a man lying at full length on the track only a few hundred yards in front of his engine.

The usual danger signal was given, but the man did not move, and the train was brought to a standstill a few feet from him.

A glance at the body from close range showed the engineer that the poor fellow was stone dead. In a few minutes the conductor, engineer, and trainmen were standing around the body.

Up to this time they had not observed the presence of a little black dog, but as soon as they approached his master he made a dash for the nearest man, and for a few seconds fought with all his puny strength to keep the men away.

They were there for the purpose of examining the body, however, to see what could be done, and the little dog was rudely kicked one side. He did not howl with pain as a dog generally does when kicked. He simply gathered himself up and quietly made his way between the men's legs until he reached his lead master's head, when he placed his little face by the side of his master's, and after looking at the intruders a few seconds began to whine, and big tears were noticed running down his nose.

"I have often heard," said one of the witnesses, "that dogs have been known to shed tears, but I never believed it until then, and I have lots more respect for the dog family than I ever before had. When I looked around at my companions there was not a dry eye."

"The old man, who was probably a section hand, was removed from the track with more care than is usually displayed in such cases. His blankets were carefully spread, and his remains were handled as

gently as a mother would have done, and all on account of the tears in that little dog's eyes. As soon as the dog discovered that our roughness had disappeared he became friendly, and seemed to appreciate what we were doing for his master, but we could not induce him to leave his dead friend, and when the train pulled out he was still sitting at the old man's head."

The old man was probably walking down the track during the night when a train came along and ran over him. Its whole length must have passed over his body but, strange as it may seem, there were only a few bruises about the head. He had been dead several hours when found.

* * *

OUR CAT'S CAVE.

ONE afternoon it happened that our Tabby cat was between the rails of the trolley car track that runs in front of our house, watching for a mouse, when the car came along. The motorman rang the bell loudly but she did not notice it at all and he could not stop the car in time, so he had to run right on. He stopped as quickly as he could, and came back, expecting to find the mangled remains of Mildred's pet, but there she was, unhurt, and everybody was glad. Mrs. Tabby was thoroughly frightened, however, as she proved a few days later when her kitten wandered out on the same dangerous ground. He was playing on the track when she spied him, and quickly as she could, she grabbed him by the back of the neck and carried him to the house. Ever since that day, when she sees a trolley car coming, she runs up a tree and stays until it has passed by and she knows she is out of danger.

* * *

THEY were three little maids from school riding out on a suburban car, and as they swung their schoolbags they discussed the relative accomplishments of their respective parents.

"My mamma has been abroad three times and can speak French just the same as American," boasted one, flipping back her curls.

"My mother can play everything on the piano—marches and all," said the second.

The third looked dreamily across the fields. "I don't know that my mother can do anything," she said slowly, "but, O, she is such an awfully good mother to me."

SUMMARY OF THE CROP REPORTS FROM THE
INGLENOOK CO-EDITORS.

In this report the average has been taken of the prices of products, and each reader can see whether or not he has been receiving above or below average prices.

In Pennsylvania wheat is reported below average. The average price is $75\frac{3}{4}$ cents per bushel. Corn outlook mainly good. Average price per bushel is 50 cents. Oats crop good. Price, $38\frac{3}{4}$ cents. Good potato crop. Average $43\frac{3}{4}$ cents. Butter $19\frac{3}{4}$. Farm hands \$10 to \$16 per month. Fair demand.

Maryland.—Weather conditions favorable. Wheat only ordinary, 75 cents. Corn outlook good, 47 cents. Oats crop generally good, 50 cents. Potato crop good, 50 cents. Butter 20 cents. Eggs $18\frac{3}{5}$. Farm hands from \$9 to \$25. Good demand.

Virginia.—Wet. Wheat below average, 73 cents. Corn outlook poor to good, average price 49 cents. Oats poor to average, 38 cents. Potato crop good to fair, 56 cents. Butter 16 cents. Farm hands \$8 to \$15. No demand.

Tennessee.—Wheat poor, 82. Corn fair to poor, 50 cents. Oats poor, average 42 cents. Potatoes, poor to good, 42 cents. Butter 14. Eggs 11. Farm hands \$8 to \$15. No demand.

Ohio.—Wheat above the average, 64. Corn crop good, 40 cents. Oats good, 27. Potato crop good, 40 cents. Butter 19. Eggs 16. Farm hands \$14 to \$22. In demand.

Indiana.—Wheat crop good, 63 cents. Corn outlook good, 54. Oats good, 38. Potatoes good, 35 cents. Farm hands from \$10 to \$20. In demand.

Illinois.—Wheat good, 60 cents. Corn very good, new corn not in yet. Oats very good, 27 cents. Potatoes good, 30 cents. Butter 16. Eggs 13. Farm hands \$15 to \$25. Fair demand.

Iowa.—Wheat ordinary, 70 cents. Corn very good, 56 to 60 cents. Oats good, 22 to 30 cents. Potatoes good, 25 cents. Butter 13 to 24. Eggs 15 to 18. Farm hands \$16 to \$30. Good demand.

Nebraska.—Wheat ordinary, 45 cents. Corn ordinary to good, 40 to 56 cents. Oats poor to good, 18 to 25 cents. Potatoes good, 40 cents. Butter 15. Eggs 12. Farm hands \$16 to \$25. No demand.

Kansas.—Wheat below average, 50 to 60 cents. Corn outlook good, 40 to 50 cents. Oats good, 25 to 30 cents. Potatoes good, 25 to 50 cents. Butter 14 to 18. Eggs 11 to 14. Farm hands \$15 to \$20. Good demand.

Oklahoma.—Wheat average, 53. Corn fair, 25 cents. Oats good, 25 to 35. Potatoes only fair, 60 cents. Butter 10 to 20 cents. Eggs 8 to 15. Farm hands \$15 to \$20. Ordinary demand.

Texas.—Wheat below average. Oats poor to good. Potatoes 75 cents to \$1. Butter 20 to 25. Eggs 10 to 20. Hay \$8 per ton. No demand for farm hands.

Arkansas.—Outlook for cotton and hay very good. Butter 16 to 18. Eggs 12 cents. Farm hands \$12 to \$15. No demand.

Alabama.—Cotton good. Potatoes \$1. Butter 30 cents. Eggs 20. Farm hands \$15 to \$20. In good demand.

Missouri.—Wheat big crop, 50 to 60 cents. Every farm crop good in Missouri. Everything above the average. Butter 15 to 20. Eggs 10 to 12. Farm hands \$15 to \$18. Considerable demand. Missouri in good form this year. Nook's congratulations.

Michigan.—Wheat good, 67 cents. Corn good, 50 cents. Potatoes good, 40 cents. Butter 15 to 20. Eggs 12 to 16. Farm hands \$18 to \$30. Good demand.

Louisiana.—No wheat. Poor corn. Good rice. Poor potatoes, \$1.25. Butter 30. Eggs 15. Farm hands \$20. Good demand.

Minnesota.—Corn fair, 45 cents. Oats good, 2 cents. Potatoes good, 30 cents. Butter 16. Eggs 14. Farm hands \$20 to \$25. Fair demand. Reports vary about Minnesota.

North Dakota.—Weather favorable. Wheat above average. No corn grown. Oats average, 22 to 4. Potatoes good, 60 cents to \$1. Butter 12 to 18. Eggs 15. Farm hands \$25 to \$35. Great demand.

GRASS HOUSES.

AMONG the most interesting features of southern Oklahoma are the remains of the grass houses formerly built by the Wichita Indians, who to a certain extent keep up their novel mode of architecture to the present day. The grass is gathered early in the spring, when it is yet fresh. The sod cutting usually takes place immediately after a rain, the sod being removed to a thickness of about eight inches. Buffalo grass sod is the only kind that will answer the purpose of the builder. He commences to lay the foundation as does the stonemason, digging away the earth to a depth of about a foot.

The grass portion of the hunks of sod is laid on the outside and the house is built to a height of twelve to fifteen feet in the form of a pointed dome. There is no hole in the top for smoke to pass out, the latter being carried away through a pipe outside of the hut. The door is usually in the south and there are no windows. Through each tuft of sod is run a yellow reed string and these strings are bound around the structure. The grass remains green and will grow if there is plenty of rain. It is not at all uncommon to see the sides of these grass huts turn green as spring approaches.

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HARMONY.

He who, with bold and skillful hand, sweeps o'er
The organ keys of some cathedral pile,
Flooding with music vault and nave and aisle,
While on his ear falls but a thunderous roar—
In the composer's lofty motive free,
Knows well that all that temple vast and dim,
Thrills to its base with anthem, psalm or hymn,
True to the changeless laws of harmony.
So he, who on these changing chords of life,
Plays the great Master's score,
Of Truth and Love and Duty, evermore;
Knows, too, that far beyond this roar and strife,
Though he may never hear, in the true time
These notes must all accord in symphonies sublime.

* * *

SUNDAY IN SCOTLAND.

IN Scotland everybody keeps the Sabbath, writes Valter Williams. It was a thief and murderer who emptied a Scotch lassie to elope with him. She knew all his evil deeds of blood and dishonesty, but yet forgave. Leaving her father's house with him early one Sunday morning she heard him send for a bottle of whisky. "What was that?" she asked. He told her. "I wina marry a man who breaks the Sabbath!" was her response. And she didn't. No trains run in Scotland on Sunday, save here and there a through rail train. The shops are closed. There are more stores open on Sunday in a Missouri town of 5,000 people than in Glasgow where there are over a million souls. Saloons close "tight." Even restaurants are open but two or three hours in the middle of the day. Omnibuses and street cars stop running, or at least run only at long intervals.

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THEN AND NOW.

BY D. HAYS.

TWENTY years ago, twice told, a slaveholder's son was brought up in the Family School, and later he attended some University, spent his time in sports and games, or traveled abroad with some members of the family. Now, he takes up some profession, enters a place of business as a clerk, hoping to catch on as part-

ner later on, and some of the luckless ones spend their time in the neighboring towns and about the stores.

Years ago the name had a stronger hold on the young than now. Too many live aimless lives and drift into idleness. There are some honorable exceptions; sons who labor on the farm or in the shop, and who attend the best institutions of learning at their command, and then use the knowledge thus acquired in more profitable and skillful agricultural or mechanical pursuits, or step up and forward in the field of education.

Broadway, Va.

* * *

NURSES' LIVES UNROMANTIC.

IT is generally supposed that there is a good deal of romance about the life of a professional nurse, and that large hospitals are matrimonial bureaus where men and women fall in love with incessant regularity. Exactly the opposite is true. Nurses, as a rule, do not marry men whom they have nursed as patients, nor do they select for husbands the physicians with whom they come in contact in a professional way.

In the last year and a half but one engagement among the nurses at the Chicago hospital has been announced, and the incident was so unusual that it created no end of comment.

"This proves that nurses do not lead the romantic lives that they are credited with by the outside world," said a physician. "I have frequently heard it said that men who have been seriously ill often married the trained nurses who had taken care of them. This is nonsense. I have employed hundreds of these women nurses in the course of my practice, and have yet to hear of a match resulting from one of them. As a general thing the patient takes an aversion to the nurse who has cared for him, and the better she has looked after him and the more strictly she has enforced the doctor's instructions the less he has cared for her.

"Physicians sometimes fall in love with the nurses they meet in their practice, but such affairs, instead of being common, are rare. If any girl enters the profession with the idea of capturing a husband she is apt to find herself sadly sold."

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

BY KATHLEEN.

IF, for instance, a farmer should go to town and proceed to help himself freely to the wares of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, or should enter the gardens of the citizens and carry off fruit and vegetables, the probabilities are that he would soon find himself in the hands of justice. The citizens would regard such behavior as being at variance with the laws of the land, and a violent infringement upon their personal and private property. Nevertheless, there seemingly exists an impression among town residents, that neither the eighth commandment, nor the laws regarding private property, are applicable when it comes to dealing with the old farmer out in the rural districts. In accordance with this theory they go singly and in force, and without leave or license, pick the farmer's berries, chestnuts, walnuts and hickory nuts.

The picture of the irate farmer chasing such trespassers off his grounds is usually regarded as highly amusing. Where the humor of the situation comes in is rather hard to determine, however. That it is necessary to resort to such action at all, denotes that there must be a screw loose somewhere in the moral make-up of the trespasser. For, if it is wrong to steal one kind of produce, it must be wrong to steal any kind, and why an exception is made when it comes to berries or chestnuts, is quite inexplicable.

The intruder ingenuously argues that all such natural crops as blackberries and hickory nuts come from the hand of the Lord, without any effort or labor on the part of the farmer, and therefore, they should be free to all. To be sure they come from the hand of the Lord, but so do corn and potatoes, and these latter are generally more profitable to the farmer than either berries or nuts. And it is entirely at his own volition whether he raises corn or blackberries on his land. If he chooses to cumber up his farm with briars, and refrains from cutting down his hickory trees, he does so, presumably, for his own benefit and not for that of the public in general. It should also be taken into consideration that the farmer has the taxes to pay in bad years as well as in good, and when there happens to be a crop of chestnuts or blackberries we would adjudge him to have the best right to them.

Another class of improvidents are certain farmers who cut down every available stick of timber that can be converted into cold cash, not even leaving a shade tree in the pasture for the cows to stand under on a sultry day. Not a briar is allowed to show itself in their fence-corners. And with great self-complacency they mentally compare their trim looking fields with those of our briar-patch friend. But

when the berry or the chestnut season draws around these same individuals will cast aside their scruples and drive for miles to get a share of the spoil, if they can do so without attracting the attention of the owner.

Once in a while, however, one comes along who has the courtesy to ask permission from the farmer before entering his fields and appropriating his property. And such generally fare better in the end than does the freebooter. For the average farmer is by no means miserly, if there is a surplus, and if he is approached in the right way. But he does most emphatically object to the disposal of his farm produce by those who presume to do it on the strength of a self-invitation.

* * *

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

IF there is any one thing that might be named as bringing more ruin upon a man than another, rum is probably that one thing, and by rum we mean all sorts of alcoholic drinks. Really and truly he who "is deceived thereby is not wise," as the Book says. Let us consider a little what whisky is made of and how it is made. Whisky can be made, and is made out of rye, barley, corn, buckwheat, beets, potatoes, turnips, in fact everything that contains starch, but not sugar. While whiskey is made of starch, it is not the starch that makes whiskey.

Remarkable as it may seem, the chemistry of whiskey making is not very well understood; and the reason of it is that the elements that make it what it is, that is, that make whiskey what it is, are so elusive as to defy analysis. According to the chemists there are enough compounds to be found in a glass of whiskey to satisfy the craving of most any mortal for chemicals. According to authorities, there are five of these "higher alcohols," and ten of these "volatile acids." The full list of ingredients in a glass of whiskey is as follows: Ethylic alcohol, methylic alcohol, propylic alcohol, butylic alcohol, amylic alcohol, hexylic alcohol, formic acid, acetic acid, propionic acid, butyric acid, valerianic acid, caproic acid, cennathylic acid, caprylic acid, pelargonic acid and rucic acid.

The troublesome thing about whiskey is fusel oil which varies with the grain out of which it is made. But it may not be generally known that it is fusel oil, in small quantity, that makes the whiskey flavor and whiskey taste so dear to the old toppers.

The manufacture of whiskey involves three processes. The conversion of starch into sugar, the conversion of sugar into alcohol, and the conversion of alcohol into whiskey. Starch is only one form of sugar and a little heat is all that is necessary to change the starch of the plant or grain into sugar. Therefore the distiller, after turning the starch of

the grain into sugar, grinds the grain coarsely and mixes it with warm water. This mixture he calls the "mash," and the liquid part, after being mixed, is called the "wort." Each country, and indeed each section of the same country, has its own proportions of grain to make whiskey. Each may be made altogether out of one grain or they may mix it. After the conversion of sugar into alcohol, fermentation is resorted to to get rid of the carbonic acid that is in the alcohol. This fermentation is started by the addition of sour beer and when this is put in the mash, it is called sour mash, though the mash is never sour, it being the beer that is sour.

The third process is the distillation of the alcohol from the mash. There used to be employed, and in some places it is yet used, a copper still with its sloping neck, and a long worm surrounded by cold water.

able as a drink, while rectified whiskey can be used the day it is made. What goes on in the whiskey, changing it as it does from the harsh unpalatable liquid into the bland one, is not well understood chemically. But it comes on in a sealed bottle in the dark as well as in the light. Any man in deluding himself into believing that he is drinking pure whiskey when at the bar at which he is fool enough to be a customer is always mistaken.

There are some queer things in regard to this whiskey business, and one of them is that no matter what it costs, the sales do not fall off. It only costs about thirty-seven cents a gallon to make whiskey. The tax on it is \$1.10, but it does not appear that a drink less is being taken on account of this added cost, nor does it appear that an additional \$1.10 tax would make any difference. Another peculiarity of the whiskey busi-



OFTEN A BUSY PLACE.

In modern distilleries the mash is placed in a cylinder, an iron tank, about six feet in diameter and twenty feet high, and evaporation is effected by steam. As the first passes over it is of such a character that the human stomach, even that of the drunkard, cannot stand it, so a second distillation is resorted to in which a large part of the fusel oil is eliminated and the result may be called whiskey.

Right here is something of interest for the man who thinks he is drinking pure whiskey. More than one-half of the distillers in the country which have carried the work up to the stage described above are engaged in turning whiskey into what is called "Cologne spirits." This process consists of forcing the whiskey through an iron cylinder packed with powdered charcoal.

The fusel oil is thus nearly all taken out and the other chemicals that go to produce the whiskey flavor, are removed. This cologne spirit is sold to the rectifier, and seven-tenths of all the whiskey made in the country is known as rectified whiskey. That is, the rectifier takes the cologne spirits and mixes the diverse and sundry other poisons with it, and immediately the drink is made, it is ready to swallow. The difference between rectified whiskey and the whiskey made in distilleries, is that distilled whiskey is said to take eight years of ripening after being distilled to make it avail-

ness is that there are no distilleries in Chicago or anywhere near it, and everybody who knows what Chicago is, will not attribute it to piety. The facts are that a distillery is not profitable without keeping hogs and cattle to which to feed the slop, and as these cannot be kept in a large city, we have the reason for the absence of the distillery.

Another peculiarity of the making of whiskey is that the people who make it rarely ever drink it. They know too much about it, and the less a man is acquainted with it, the better off in every way he is. The man who takes a drink of whiskey without absolute necessity for it, to save his life, is a fool traveling on the broad highway to ruin.

* * *

BLINDNESS IS DECREASING.

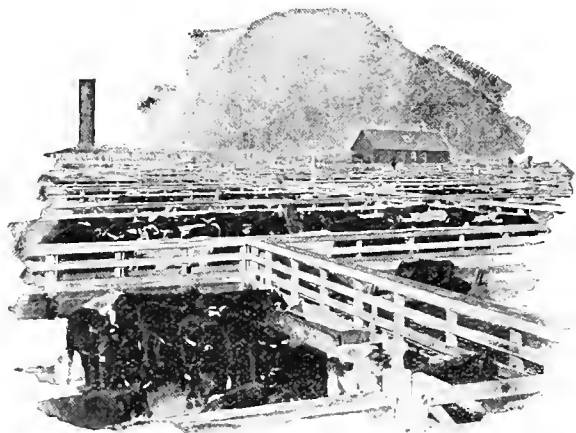
THE proportion of sightless to seeing persons has been watched with especial interest in Great Britain and the latest statistics indicate that it has fallen in a half century from about 1,020 in the million to some 870, or more than 14 per cent. This decline has been so timed as to show pretty conclusively that it is the result of better conditions of living, improved surgery and doubtless a decrease in the ratio of perilous to nonperilous employments for the masses of the people.

SCENES ABOUT A VIRGINIA COURT HOUSE.

BY MRS. M. H. BOWEN.

I SHALL never forget my first attendance at court. There were scenes and impressions made upon my mind and heart that time will never obliterate. I can say of these as Queen Mary of England said, They will be found written upon my heart when I am dead.

In the northeastern part of our old commonwealth there is no other even of so much importance as "Court Day." For weeks previous all work is executed with a view of being able to attend court. It is then that the politician expects to "lectioneer," the physician to collect his bills, horse traders to make their best bargains,



SOUTH OMAHA STOCK YARDS.

gossips to discuss the news of the neighborhood, and belligerents to adjust their difficulties.

The occasion of my first attendance was one of unusual interest. In fact, one of the cases to be tried had resolved itself into factions. Families that had long been friends were at "outs" because of the methods used in the prosecution of the case. The prejudice of the presiding judge against the prisoner was well known, and so plainly had he shown his animus that counsel for the defense had requested him not to sit on the case. The prisoner had been a wealthy and influential member of society, but was now widowed and had lost all through the profligacy of a wayward son, recently sentenced to the penitentiary by this same judge.

The morning of the day the case was to be called, crowds packed the court house and the beautiful lawn surrounding it. Everywhere could be seen groups discussing the case. Many faces were pent and anxious, others wore the indifference born of ignorance and familiarity with vice. Every specimen of humanity was represented,—the negro boy in rags, selling fruit stolen the night previous, the

farmers with their produce, the horse traders with their gangs of mules and broken-down steeds,—anxiously watching to catch the unwary and credulous—the physician with his "saddle-bags" and puzzled brow, and the politician, sleek, smooth and oily. The traveling medicine man, with big wagon, seemed, for awhile, the observed of all observers. He had succeeded in procuring the most conspicuous position in the middle of the road, just in front of the court house. In tones of thunder he promised to cure every ill to which human flesh is heir, and, most important of all, to pull teeth without pain. He was soon surrounded by a motley, gaping crowd of anxious questioning faces, the blacks predominating. As I gazed, one tremendous black fellow, almost double with the toothache, mounted the impromptu dental chair—which was the front seat of the wagon—and teeth were soon scattered around like leaves in autumn. The creature seemed so infatuated with the man's art that he would soon have become toothless had he not been called to an appreciation of the situation by an old bent negro who, looking on in wonder and amazement, cried out: "For Gawd's sake, man, stop, lessen he wont hab one toof lef to swar by!" At this juncture, "Come into court, come into court," floated out on the air, and to court I hurried.

Seated in the chair was the judge, whose character none would envy. He was noted for his love of scandal, and his prejudices. In fact, he could

"Convey a scandal with a frown.
And with a reputation down."

Such was this impersonation of law and justice. After the usual formalities, an old negro woman whose case had been tried the previous day was brought in. She was then asked in the formal manner if she knew any reason why sentence should not be pronounced against her. Arising with trembling limbs and faltering voice, she replied: "I knows none, Jedge, an' dough you aint dun me jestic, I reckons you's dun de bess you could."

Suddenly the smothered laughter which followed this response was hushed into painful silence, for the sheriff was leading to the criminal's box a trembling, feeble, old woman, down whose furrowed cheeks flowed scalding tears. The jury was empanelled, and while her poor bent frame shook with emotion, the clerk, gray-headed and austere read out in cold, formal tones, the charge. She had lied to shield her son.

I sat the trial through. I watched the fixed immobile faces of the jurors, I heard the suborned lying witnesses, I saw the vicious prejudice of the anti-christ of law in his rulings against the helpless prisoner at his bar, and I felt that truth had fled the scene and justice veiled her face. My

heart swelled with hope when the counsel for the defense arose. Never have I heard a more pathetic powerful, and eloquent appeal. Sobs were heard throughout the room, but, as Bacon has said, with a conniving clerk and a prejudiced judge, the jury go but one way. I blushed for decency and manhood, when the commonwealth's attorney, a man high in social and religious position, proved himself but the puppet of the presiding judge, for in scathing and unstinted language, he persecuted rather than prosecuted the helpless old creature before him. The jury slowly left the room. I saw them file in again, one by one, and heard the cold, steely voice of the foreman,—“Guilty as indicted.” The sheriff bore the poor, fainting old creature in his arms, to her cell and I thanked God that her cause would be plead before a Judge on whose justice she could rely.

Brentsville, Va.

APPLE CULTURE.

BY E. D. KINDIG.

APPLE culture as an industry in Virginia, is in its infancy. It is perhaps forty or fifty years old, but is long-lived and has come to stay.

The writer has made apple culture a specialty for twenty-five years, and in view of the scope and magnitude of the work, considers himself only a novice. There is, in our judgment, no department of industry in sight that greets us with as much hope and promise, and better adapted by nature to our soil and climate, than the production of choice winter apples. Thousands of trees have been planted annually for the last ten years, with steady increase each year.

Many large productive orchards are to be found in the famous old Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, which is well protected by mountains on either side.

The country surrounding the cities of Staunton and Winchester, is being devoted to apple culture, while many excellent orchards are located between those points. A long stretch of excellent fruit soil is found lying along the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge mountains extending through several counties. This section is the home of the popular and delicious, world-renowned Albemarle or New Town Pippin. This valuable apple is without a peer in either home or European markets. Here it grows to perfection as it will rarely do anywhere else. Here also the beautiful and well-known Winesap, which like the Pippin prefers to choose its own soil, grows to be very fine.

The city of Roanoke is surrounded with excellent fruit-growing lands. Many large and valuable orchards are to be found in that locality, Bent mountain being a notable point.

There are, at various points throughout the State,

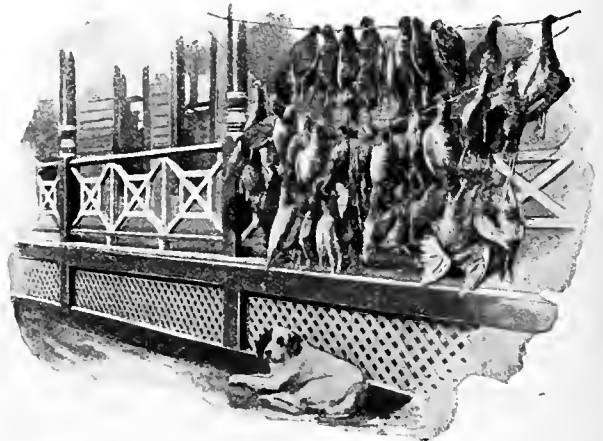
thousands of acres of land, well located and naturally adapted to apple culture, which has not yet been utilized.

After selecting a *suitable* location to plant an orchard the next most important thing to know is what to plant.

We can't emphasize this point too strongly, for upon this all else being equal, *success depends*.

There are now in Virginia thousands of small orchards that are comparatively worthless simply because forty or fifty years ago people did not know what to plant. Now, that problem is solved, at least for a generation or two, if not longer. He who plants now can do so, with intelligence and assurance of success, which the pioneer planter did not enjoy.

York Imperial or Johnson's Fine Winter is the most popular as well as the most profitable red apple that



A MORNING'S SHOOTING.

can be grown in Virginia. The tree is of symmetrical growth, a prolific bearer, the wood being unusually tough and strong, holding its fruit with great tenacity until thoroughly matured. The apple is large and beautiful, possessing rare commercial value.

While penning these lines the writer is seated under a vigorous and thrifty York Imperial apple tree, which was planted by his father just forty years ago. Among leading winter apples, Wine sap and Ben Davis are next in the list. The varieties we have mentioned are in active demand, and are desired and sought for, in large quantities, by eager buyers, from all points, especially for northern and European markets. Let it be remembered that a commercial orchard should consist of but *few varieties*.

There are summer and fall varieties of excellent quality, which succeed equally as well and are useful in their places, but are of little commercial value. These apples are often sold two or three months before they are ready for gathering, packing and shipping. Sometimes they are estimated and sold by the orchard and at other times by the barrel, the buyer

furnishing the barrels and packing the fruit. The average selling price is about one dollar and a half per barrel.

Stuarts Draft, Virginia.

* * *

WHERE GEMS CAME FROM.

THE natives of India, up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, referred to rock crystal as "an unripe diamond." At that time India was thought to be the only land which produced that precious stone. It was not, therefore, until the discovery of India that the diamond was known to us. Yet as far back as 500 B. C. a "didactic history" of precious stones was written, and in Pliny's time the supply must have been plentiful, as he wrote, "We drink



"Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow."

out of a mass of gems, and our drinking vessels are formed of emeralds." We are also told that Nero aided his weak sight by spectacles made of emeralds.

But it is very difficult to determine whence all the gems came, as discoverers took care to leave no record. The nations who traded in them were afraid of their whereabouts being known, and even the most ancient merchants would not disclose any definite locale. All sorts of myths have accordingly sprung up concerning the origin of gems. "Diamond" was the name given to a youth who was turned into the hardest and most brilliant of substances to preserve him from "the ills that flesh is heir to." Amethyst was a beautiful nymph beloved by Bacchus, but saved from him by Diana, who changed Amethyst into a gem, whereupon Bacchus turned the gem into wine color and endowed the wearer with the gift of preservation from intoxication.

The pearl was thought to be a dewdrop the shell had opened to receive. Amber was said to be honey

melted by the sun, dropped into the sea and congealed. According to the Talmud, Noah had no light in the ark but that which came from precious stones

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FARMERS LIVE IN STYLE.

TALES of sudden wealth are quite common in the famous Kansas and Oklahoma wheat belt; fine houses modern in every appointment, are the rule; rubber-tired buggies and automobiles are nothing to attract attention. In certain communities even the farmer has grown metropolitan to the extent of building an opera-house on a school lot and securing some of the best attractions in the theatrical line. It was not until the present winter that Wichita could afford a guarantee for certain notable singers. Among those occupying front seats were well-known wheat growers. Farmers' daughters and farmers' sons form a goodly part of the Kansas society element, while piano salesmen look to them for their quick deals. It is nothing uncommon for a farmer to come to town and buy two or three rubber-tired buggies, or even place an order for an automobile. D. W. Blaine, a rich farmer of Pratt County, superintends all his harvesting in an automobile. Many others are equally plutocratic.

One of the richest farmers in the Kansas wheat belt is John T. Stewart, who came to the State five years ago. He borrowed \$50 from a friend, rented a quarter section of land in Sumner County and began work. To-day he is worth \$2,000,000, and his income from wheat in 1901 was \$64,000. He is known as the wheat king of Kansas. There are twenty-three millionaires in Kansas, fifteen of whom are farmers living on farms and running them as an investment. Perhaps they have not all of their fortune invested in land, but a goodly portion of it is. Solomon Besley of Wellington, placed \$31,000 in wheat land last year and realized 30 per cent on his investment, or ten times as much as he receives for money loaned in Illinois.—*Ainslee's*.

* * *

OSTRICH PLUMES.

BLACK and white ostrich plumes come from the male bird, the gray from the female. The feathers are not plucked out, as one might imagine, but are clipped off with a sharp knife, leaving the end of the quill in the flesh, where it remains for two or three months, until it "dies," when it is pulled out with forceps.

* * *

DAIRYING IN RUSSIA.

THE dairy schools of Russia have brought that country to the front as one of the foremost producers of butter, cheese and milk in the world.

CLEANING HOUSE WITH WIND.

THE *Indianapolis Journal* writes thus entertainingly on cleaning house:

"You know men sometimes clean house when their wives are away for the summer by opening all the doors and windows and letting the wind blow through the rooms," said a man at the Big Four shops at Brightwood. "Well, that is the way we clean house here, except that we have the wind from a hose, and it is known as compressed air. We have it piped about the yards and shops and use it for as many different purposes as water. For instance, in cleaning passenger coaches, we start in at one end of the car with the hose and nozzle and blow all the dust from the ceiling, walls, cracks and crevices of the woodwork, seats and floors right out of the other end of the car without its being touched by broom, brush or feather duster. We use it about the shops for conveying the sawdust away from the wood working machines, in the blacksmith shop for blowing the fire in the forges, in the foundry for a blast in the metal smelting cupolas, and for throwing cool breezes on men who work in particularly hot positions.

"To give you a still better idea of the diversity of its uses, we have been having a little housecleaning and whitewashing bee in some of the buildings and when we got into the blacksmith shop we found the interior covered with a generation or two of soot from the smoke of the forges. We took our compressed air hose, put it on a long pole and cleaned off the walls, ceiling and rafters. After that we used the same compressed air to spray on the whitewash. We did this by mixing the wash in barrels placed about the floor and conveying it to the sprayer by means of a hose. To the sprayer we also attached the compressed air tube, which acted doubly as a suction and projector for the whitewash on exactly the same principle as one of these little perfume atomizers. Of course, we mix it in large quantities out here, but I will try to tell you in the proportions for household use. Slake the lime in a bucket of water the usual way, then take about a third of a bar of kitchen soap and thoroughly dissolve it in water by boiling. Pour this into the whitewash with a pint tin cup full of boiled linseed oil. The alkali in the soap causes the water and oil to unite, and you will have whitewash that will stay on."

FIFTEENTH CENTURY MEDICINE.

DURING the middle ages the apothecary's store of medicine was rather limited. Sugar was much prized for throat affections, for until the beginning of the sixteenth century honey only was used for sweetening food.

One of the most efficacious medicines was bitumen, a gummy substance which exudes from the earth near coal fields. The supply for the European pharmacists was obtained from the coal fields near Baku, Russia, but in the middle of the fifteenth century the Turks overran eastern Europe and stopped this trade, for the Turks were greater fanatics than the Saracens, and would have no dealings with Christians. But the Christians still had their illnesses, and the healing bitumen could not be given up.

Commercial relations with Egypt were still open. In Egypt bodies were embalmed according to three or four different methods. The cheapest way was to throw the body into a vat of "momie" or bitu-



WHERE THEY IRRIGATE.

men, and it became thoroughly soaked with this coal tar product. It is, by the way, mummies of this class that were used as fuel on the modern railways along the Nile. The European traders were enterprising. They ground to powder the bitumen or "momie" soaked bodies and sent them to Europe, and the healing qualities of the mummies were just as great as those of the bitumen from Russia.

GENESIS OF A WORD.

BUG originally meant a goblin. The Welsh word bug means a ghost. The Hebrew word which, in Psalms 90: 5, is represented by "terror," was in the early translations rendered bug, the verse being, "Thou shalt not need to be afraid of any bugs by night."

THE KNOT.

THE "knot" is the most terrible castigator ever invented by man, and to be sentenced to it, as administered by Russian "justice," is practically the equivalent to death. In fact, the average sentence, namely 101 strikes, is regarded by the Russian legal mind as a capital sentence.

"Knouts" differ in form just as do "cats" and birches in England, but the one generally in use is a heavy leather thing, about eight feet in length, attached to a handle two feet long. The lash is about the breadth of a broad tape, and is curved so as to give two sharp edges along its entire length. It is sometimes bound with wire thread, with a little hook at the end. At each blow the sharp edges of the lash fall on the victim's back, and cut him like a flexible double-edged sword.

Peter the Great fixed the maximum number of strokes permissible to be given a prisoner at 101, the human body being unable to support more. The prisoner is stretched on an inclined frame, and his hands and feet are extended at full length, and firmly bound to iron rings at the extremities of the frame. In many cases the custom is to fasten the head of the sufferer so that he is unable to cry out, which adds greatly to the pain.

"Knouting" is regarded as a profession—even an art—requiring life-long study and practice, and executioners have to serve an apprenticeship before being regarded as qualified to administer it. In the old days, the chief knouter was always a criminal himself condemned to receive the punishment, but reprieved on condition that he undertook the duties, at which he would be employed within the prison walls for a period of twelve years, after which he would be released. While in prison he had to give instruction in the art to pupils, whom he taught to practice by means of a lay figure, on which they would operate until they acquired the necessary proficiency.

Different prisoners were knouted in different ways, according to the nature of their offenses. In some cases the knout could, by slight alternation in the method of applying it, be transferred into an instrument of death, while in others it merely administered castigation. Immediate death would be caused by making the victim dislocate his own neck against the fastenings as a result of the agony from the blows.

Death would be insured but deferred for a day or two by making the lash wind round the body of the victim, whereby it would cut into the interior of the chest and cause mortal injury. A skilled operator of the "knout" could smash a brickbat into dust at a single blow were he so disposed, so it will be seen what power is placed in the hands of these executioners.

A CHANGE IN SEA LEVEL.

WE are accustomed to the term "above and below sea level," but do we realize that instead of its being an unmovable mark as we suppose, the level of the sea is changing? This is aside from the tides, the local heaping up of the water by the wind, the washing away of the coast, and the filling up by deposits. It has been found by direct observation in different parts of the world that the sea has risen during periods of many years and has also subsided. Quays and bridges that were built originally at a certain height above the water are found to be higher or lower than they were many years ago. The most numerous instances are in the Mediterranean, the temple of Jupiter Serapis at Puzzuoli, near Naples, constructed about 200 A. D., is 20 or 30 feet above the sea. Its marble columns, to a height of ten feet from the ground, are honeycombed by a species of mollusc that still lives in the bay, showing that the water surrounded the temple for a long period. Rocks, which at some time were scarred by the action of the surf, are found high and dry out of reach of the water, indicating a subsidence at some period.

At the North Cape a rise of about five feet per century has been determined. In 1749 a Swedish naturalist marked the position of a stone on the coast, and, after an interval of eighty-seven years, the water was found to be one hundred feet distant from its position at that time. Here are some proofs in our own country near Washington. Many years ago, the Potomac river, as far up as Bladensburg and Dumfries, was navigable to ocean-going ships. Now these places are above tidewater, although the bottom of the river shows no deposit of silt. Buried forests in the delta of the Mississippi prove that the sea has risen at that point. The bed of the Hudson has been traced on the ocean bottom for almost a hundred miles outside of Sandy Hook.

We do not advise you on reading this article to take a hurried trip to the sea to be sure that your summer cottage is not under water, for it is calculated that the change on the coast of New Jersey is only two feet per hundred years. But although we are not seriously affected by this change in sea level it is interesting to know that the body that has been used as the measure of altitudes is in some places higher or lower than it was years ago.

NEW TABLE PADS.

A NEW material for table pads has recently been placed upon the market. It is made of asbestos cloth woven so soft that it cannot injure the most highly polished table; it is absolutely heatproof.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS.

FOR a long series of years Mr. Lacy, the famous English hunter, has made such a close study of the footprints of the denizens of the forest in many lands that he can tell those of twenty-five species of lions, of the same number of different members of the antelope family, of panthers, hyenas, crocodiles, baboons and many other animals.

The spoor of the fore feet of the female elephant is practically a perfect circle, while that of the male is slightly oval, the hind feet of both sexes leaving oval marks. The fore feet show four toe marks, the hind feet only three, and the outline of the hind feet is more strongly marked and the pad behind the toes leaves a deeper imprint. A large spoor measures about fifteen inches in diameter.

These peculiarities you can only discover by examining the footprints of the animals at rest. When the elephant moves in a leisurely manner his four feet leave a track of the width of a single foot only. The elephant in moving swings one foot across the other, beating a path the width of the front foot, the hind feet following in the same way. Thus he makes a continuous track, not a succession of footprints.

The rhinoceros is more difficult to follow. In spite of his weight the untrained eye will lose his trail at once on stony ground. His spoor is not unlike that of the elephant, though of course much smaller. There is the same kind of pad with the toe marks in front, but there are only three marks, and the spoor of the hind feet, like the elephant's, is elongated.

When the lion discovers that a hunter is on his trail he sometimes leads round in a circle, and reaching his own track again continues following it up until he sees his hunter in front, when he promptly makes away.

The leopard follows his hunter in the same manner—sometimes even tracking the hunter to his camp, in the hope of finding sheep or goats. His spoor and that of the panther are similar to a lion's, but much smaller and more elongated.

Among carnivora the hyena is remarkable, having four toes on all its feet. The hind feet are narrow and turn more outward than the fore feet, and the claws show, for being a dog, he cannot draw them in as the lion does. The hunting dog and the jackal may easily be distinguished from the hyena, each having five toes on its front feet.

The bear leaves a track like the marks of a man walking in his socks. The track of a full-grown grizzly measures as much as eighteen inches in length. The trail of the American musquaw bear is easily seen by the practiced eye, as he continually treads in the same path, beating out defined roads for himself.

KEEP CLOSE.

THE late Dr. Andrew Bonar once remarked, in his own quaint fashion, that it was always easy to trace the footprints of a person if we walked close behind him, but if we were some distance back we might fail to find them; and accordingly, if we followed close after the Master we would easily see the way, but if we tried to follow afar off we would



ENTRANCE TO U. P. STATION AT OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

find it difficult to know the path of his will.—*D. L. Moody.*

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TELLING THE AGE OF A HORSE.

"THE popular idea that the age of a horse can always be told by looking at his teeth," says a veterinary surgeon, "is not entirely correct. After the eighth year the horse has no more new teeth, so that the tooth method is useless for telling the age of a horse which is more than eight years old. As soon as the set of teeth is complete, however, a wrinkle begins to appear on the upper edge of the lower eyelid and a new wrinkle is added each year, so that to get at the age of a horse more than eight years old you must figure the teeth plus the wrinkles."

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THE tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright: but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness.—*Solomon.*

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 NATURE

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 STUDY.

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THE GRAND COULEE.

BY A. L. CRAIG.

THIS freak of nature is a treeless canyon extending from the Columbia river at the north side of the Big Bend, and extending in a southerly direction by west to the Columbia at a point a few miles above the Priest Rapids, a distance of over one hundred miles. It is supposed to have once been the channel of the Columbia river, which at some time was choked up by a convulsion of nature, and at the same time another great crevice opened up in the round-about course now followed by that mighty river.

From Coulee City, where the canyon is quite shallow, the Coulee deepens in either direction, continuing to deepen to the northward until it forms the junction with the Columbia. It deepens to the southward also for some distance, so that at one point at least the canyon is almost totally obliterated. Along a considerable distance between Coulee City and the river on the north, the canyon is hundreds of feet deep, with perpendicular walls, and a possible entry down lateral canyons by teams at only about two places in a distance of thirty or forty miles. Throughout several miles it is from one to three miles wide, and at some points there are large lakes.

Years ago men settled in there for the purpose of raising stock at which they have accumulated small fortunes, besides which, while seeking to provide feed for their cattle they have gradually demonstrated that the soil which was considered worthless will produce good crops of grains. At many places springs pour an abundance of water from the steep walls, and under irrigation from them settlers have established very profitable fruit farms. Recently newcomers have entered numerous homesteads in the Coulee and it may be that all available government land has been taken up.

The most picturesque spots are the Park, five miles southwest of Coulee City, and Steamboat Rock, twenty miles north. This is a small mountain of rock standing in the midst of the canyon, the top being level with the land on both sides of the canyon. Other similar hills only smaller rise in the same locality, and on top of one is a small lake, fed from springs which must flow straight upward to a height of 200 or 300 feet from the bottom of the Coulee.

Portland, Oregon.

PEACH STONES FOR FUEL.

THE great strike and the increased cost of coal incident thereto has directed much attention to other materials for fuel, and a Baltimore man says a good substitute for the black diamond is dried peach stones. The only objection to their use is their scarcity, which depends entirely on the size of the peach crop. Frank Hall, the Baltimorean referred to, says his family had used peach stones as fuel for years, until about three or four years ago, since which time the supply has appeared to have decreased.

"We used to get the dried peach stones from a Mr. Noel, who got them from the different packing-houses and dried them on his place," said Mr. Hall yesterday. "I think we paid \$2.50 a load for them, the load containing about forty-five bushels. The fuel was used in the kitchen and gave good results. The stones will make a quick, hot fire and one that will last. One and a half or two buckets of the peach stones will last as long as a bucket of coal. One has to be careful not to fill the stove too full or there will likely be an explosion similar to a gasoline explosion. The proper way to keep the fire going is to put in a shovelful at a time.

"Peach stones thrown into a damp cellar," said Mr. Hall, "are said to have a peculiar effect on a person. After the stones are in the cellar for some time gases arise, and the fumes will go to one's head and give the same effect as if the distilled product of the peach had been imbibed."

DO PLANTS THINK?

THE tiny roots of vegetables, in their work of piercing a path through the soil to the surface and the light, act in a manner which tends to show that they are capable of thinking. If a stone lie in their upward path, they turn aside without touching it, and make a path parallel with the obstacle, and if there is a worm burrow near by they will turn aside and make use of the excavation which is to make their task the more easy. If they do not think, how do they discover the unseen obstacle and the equally invisible aid? There must be certain indications of the presence of both, and these indications act upon some strange form of mental organism.

There are vegetables whose roots move from one place to another, and plants which do the same above

ground. Place some poisonous substance directly in their way, and they will take a different direction to avoid it, but if something nourishing is set on one side, they will go round after that.

There are plants that eat meat. Place some flesh on the leaves and the latter gradually fold round it and assimilate it—in plain words, eat it. An experiment tried with the droseras was to tie a fly near the stalk of one of these plants, about an inch away from the juncture of the leaf to the stalk. In a short time the leaf began to bend toward the fly, and in an hour it was curling round its prey.

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OLD INSECTS.

THE ancient order of life is always an interesting study. It is astonishing to find not only crickets and beetles existing at periods enormously earlier than the appearance of birds or fish, but that they are conformed in type to the families in which they are classed to-day.

Though they become fewer and fewer as they are tracked back up the river of time, there are not found in the earliest fossil-bearing rocks any connecting links or earlier and simpler forms of insect life, or a clew to the common ancestor of insects, spiders and shrinps, which naturalists would dearly like to discover. There is a baffling completeness about these creatures. The first insect known to have existed, a creature of such vast antiquity that it deserves all the respect which the parvenu man can summon and offer to it, was—a cockroach. This, the father of all black beetles, probably walked the earth in solitary magnificence when not only kitchens, but even kitchen-maidens were undreamt of, possibly millions of years before Neolithic man had even a back cave to offer with the remains of last night's supper for the cockroach of the period to enjoy.

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A QUEER REPTILE.

IN the reptile house at the London zoo, says the *Paris Messenger*, some specimens of a very peculiar serpent have just been placed. Their chief claim to distinction is their ability to crawl backward as well as forward. They are known as Brazilian amphibænas, and are harmless, as they are without fangs. They live chiefly on ants and other small insects. The eyes, which are extremely small, are almost entirely concealed by a membranous skin. The great similarity between the head and the tail, added to the eccentricity of locomotion, has led the credulous to believe that the animal is two-headed and that it is impossible to destroy it by chopping it in halves, as the heads seek one another and the halves reunite.

DISLIKE YELLOW.

MOSQUITOES have their prejudices and one of these is a repugnance to yellow. For this reason residents in mosquito-infested parts are strongly recommended to wear as much yellow and to have as much yellow about them as possible. This advice comes from a French scientist who has been investigating the psychology of the little pest. One of his tests was as follows: He took a certain number of boxes and lined their interiors with cloth of different colors and different shades of the same color. Then he liberated in the room a large number of mosquitoes, believing that the colors in the box would attract them.

At the end of a certain time he closed his boxes and then began to count. He found that the insects had a decided liking for dark colors in preference to white and that the most were found in the box which had been lined with dark blue. Not a single one was found in the box which contained yellow. This test may not be conclusive, but it seems to prove that there is something in the tradition that dark stockings attract more mosquitoes to the ankles than do light ones

* * *

SOME RUNNERS.

GREYHOUNDS are the swiftest dogs known and scientists say that they are swiftest of all four-footed animals. Trained hounds can travel at the rate of eighteen to twenty-three yards a second, which is about the speed attained by a carrier pigeon. These dogs are bred for speed alone. Every other consideration is lost sight of and only the machinery that makes for motion and endurance is cultivated. Foxhounds are also very fast travelers, going at the rate of nearly eighteen yards a second. M. Dusolier, the noted French scientist, has pointed out in his statistics on the speed of animals that little fox terriers trotting along with their masters who are driving or riding a bicycle cover mile after mile without a touch of fatigue or distress. Many animals akin to dogs show even greater endurance. A wolf can travel fifty or sixty miles in a night and be ready for a similar journey the following night.

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A SUBSTITUTE FOR PAPER.

IT is stated that experiments with aluminum as a substitute for paper are now under way in France. It is now possible to roll aluminum into sheets four one-thousandths of an inch in thickness, in which form it weighs less than paper. By the adoption of suitable machinery these sheets can be made even thinner, and can be used for book and writing paper. The metal will not oxidize, is practically fire and water proof and is indestructible by worms.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

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UPON HIS GRAY HAIRS.

Fly me not, though I be gray.
 Lady, this I know you'll say:
 Better look the roses red
 When with white commingled.
 Black your hairs are, mine are white;
 This begets the more delight,
 When things meet most opposite;
 As in pictures we descry
 Venus standing Vulcan by.

—Robert Herrick.

* * *

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION.

IT is a settled fact that practically nobody is an equally good all around man or woman. A person may have the gift of song, another can not sing, but is an expert arithmetician, while a third can sing and figure, but has not the gift of expression, and could not write an article for the Nook under any circumstances. It is this way with perhaps all humanity. It is called the law of compensation, and for every denied gift each has a talent proportionately developed. What the practical workings of this law are nobody knows for sure and in detail.

One instance that is easily verified is in the case of the ready writer. This man usually detests figures. The mathematician is not a literary man. It shows itself early in school. The boy to whom grammar comes pat is not the ready boy in figures, and conversely. It is hardly ever the case that the two are equally well handled by the same person. And so it is in every other accomplishment. Everybody has some speciality in which he develops rapidly, and in which he may excel if he has continuity. It is an excellent thing to know and develop our talent, whatever it may be.

CHRISTIANITY IN POLITICS.

THE whole matter of Christianity in politics as a practical fact might be truthfully disposed of by saying there is no such thing. It is much like the history of Ireland written by an Irishman, who headed one of his chapters, "The Snakes of Ireland," and followed it with the sentence, "There are no snakes in Ireland." This disposed of the whole business. So speaking of Christianity in politics, there is no such thing. The Nook very much fears that people hold their political creed in greater esteem than they do their religious tenets. In looking over a community and averaging its classes, we find that the majority of them are professing church-goers and professing Christians. One would naturally suppose that people would vote as they pray, but at an election where there is a moral issue it generally gets the worst of it. A man running independent of any party has not a ghost of a chance for success. It appears that if in caucus the party managers—too frequently themselves disreputable—nominate one of their own kind for office—a man without regard for the proprieties of life, outspoken against Sabbath keeping, and favorable to the saloon element—the alleged Christians in the community cast their votes for him and rejoice in their success.

If church-going people took an active part in local and general politics and voted for the man on his fitness for the place sought, independent of his political affiliations, the result would be a purification of politics and a betterment of social conditions everywhere. Under such circumstances the rough and dangerous element of society would not risk defeat by putting up a man that they were sure the church people would vote against. But the millennium seems likelier to come than the time when men will carry their religion into politics.

* * *

NOW WHICH?

A MAN died and left behind him a large sum of money. All his life he raked and scraped and accumulated property. He ground the poor, took the last cent, and had the fear of many, the disrespect of all, and the love of none. But he died rich.

The other man, being generous, gave away much and so saved little. He was kind to all, good to the poor, and helped others. He had the regard of all, the love of many, and when he passed there was a funeral procession a mile long. But he died poor.

Now, which would you be? It is entirely in your own hands.

* * *

IN the house of the righteous is much treasure but in the revenues of the wicked is trouble.—Solomon.

READY FOR THE FUTURE.

THE vast areas of land in the middle and so-called sub-arid west have been run over by cattle and sheep until the native pasturage has been pretty well damaged. The railroads, in far-seeing economy, have united in an attempt to make the plains once more what they used to be in this way.

The first thing they expect to do is to find a grass suitable to the region and then plant it experimentally to ascertain whether its adaptability will justify a continuance of the experiment. It is in contemplation to set aside nearly four thousand acres, which will be fenced and divided into thirty plots, and then different grasses under different conditions will be faithfully tried. If it should prove a success, as no doubt it will be in the end, it will be easy to invoke the aid of the State and Federal Government for the extension of the trial.

* * *

ASK.

THE NOOK belongs to the NOOK family, so far as its contents are concerned. If you want to know, and don't yourself know, ask. The Editor isn't the whole of it. He has behind him, or in front of him, as you please, some thousands of people who do know the knowable. And as a rule, being the most intelligent of their class, they are willing to tell, and do tell what is wanted, if they know.

Don't think that the Editor knows it all, and don't think he can't find out. He has chased all around the world by mail to find the man who knows, and then told the result in a single sentence. And he has sought the advice of eminent legal talent and told in a few words what was wanted. Very little indeed has escaped unanswered, if it is deemed worthy of notice.

The Editor holds one Nooker as good as another, and the child and the grownup, the young and the old, are alike welcome to all that there is in the house. Come in and sit down with us.

* * *

THE Nookman is in California seeking material for a special issue of the INGLENOOK. As many letters needing his personal attention will arrive in his absence these must go over till he returns. Owing to rapid travel nothing can be forwarded to him with any reasonable expectation of his receiving it. All personal matters will receive attention on his return.

* * *

ONE thing that will interest many people, readers of the NOOK, is the pay of farm hands in different parts of the country. The variation is wonderful. Low pay means a community where there is less doing than in the higher-priced neighborhoods.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Every good woman is beautiful.

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Real beauty is a gift of the gods.

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Luck is only a far-off relative of success.

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Drug store beauty is not even skin deep.

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Those who borrow trouble pay a big interest.

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Good manners make more friends than good clothes.

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"It can never, never be, but I'll be a sister to you." Ever hear it?

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Widows may be as young as they feel, but not always as they count.

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The weakest of individuals generally has strength enough to break a promise.

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Money, like charity, covers a multitude of sins in the opinion of some people.

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We cannot always judge a man by the way he treats his wife before company.

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Strange that some of the smallest minds require the longest time to be made up.

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Strange that when there is a choice of two evils we take the one we have not tried yet.

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It requires a well-balanced mind to be able to sympathize with the upper dog in a fight.

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Perhaps the reason some people are as good as they are is because they have never been tempted.

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Always look on the bright side. If you have rheumatism, be thankful that it is not the gout.

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It is as important to be a good listener at times as to be a good talker—no! at a keyhole, however.

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The Nook has been studying widows. One thing learned is that they are "so unfamiliar with business."

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Facts are said to be stubborn things, but apparently some people have little difficulty in reducing them to perfect submission.

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Flattery is a poor tool to depend upon: if you flatter all the company, you please none; if you flatter one or two, you affront the others.

HORSES AS MODELS.

IN the New York *Times* is an interesting story of two horses that have nothing to do but to pose as models for a sculptor. The article says:

In clover figuratively, and living luxuriously on at about the same capital as that possessed by the pretty milkmaid of song, whose face was her fortune, two horses in the stable of George Ferguson and Son, in West Fifty-second street, are enjoying all the good things that might be supposed to belong to the paradise of good horses, and that, too, without having to undergo the inconvenience or discomfort of passage to the next world. This sole work of the happy pair in question is to be natural, which is not at all a difficult thing for a well-constituted horse, and a task which the two accomplish with dignity and ease in equal proportions.

In this age of specialists, the twain, one a gigantic black and the other a powerful chestnut horse, have a profession of their own and accept oats and attention in recompense for posing as models for the sculptor, J. Q. A. Ward, whose equestrian and other statues have made him famous. Good horse models are few and hard to find, so that the ease and comfort of existence that has come to Messrs. Black and Chestnut are only fair rewards for individual merit, though, aside from that question, they may be regarded as uncommonly lucky in having been discovered as worthy subjects, for life was not always so for them.

Black won his advancement in life from the heavy harness and equally heavy toil of a brewery wagon. Chestnut came from the combination of work in the shafts and under saddle to his present position of ease and comfort, with the promise of immortality in bronze when his term of life shall have ended.

In both cases, however, the models are the survivors of many that had been tried and found wanting. The failures all have returned to the work from which the luckier pair were emancipated, for certain things are required even from horse models, and it took long search to find the animals just suited to the needs of Mr. Ward for two works he is engaged on.

The black is the newer comer in his unusual profession, and has been living in the lap of luxury for but a trifle more than two years. Prior to his elevation to his present place, he toiled, as is the common lot of horses, and his massive shoulders even now bear flecks of gray hair marking scars where the collar galled in the old days when he slaved in harness. They are the only white marks about him, however, and in his new life the old cicatrices have healed, so that but for the color he might appear to be without a blemish.

The black still was performing his daily task in the employ of the brewer who formerly owned him

several years after Mr. Ward began his hunt for a special type of horse for a great work he had on hand, and failures galore had posed before the sculptor. Then the black was discovered, and the hunt for a horse who might have carried General Winfield Scott Hancock through any of the battles of the civil war was ended.

The requirements were severe, but the black filled them all and there came such a change in his circumstances and condition in life as would have turned the head of any ordinary man, but which absolutely failed to make any change in the giant animal, except in the small matter of his appearance, which is sleeker and more comfortable to a marked degree than when he tugged at the traces before a huge wagon piled high with beer kegs.

From the rough-and-ready life of the brewer's stable, where horses were kept only for the work they could do and where they were fed simply to keep up their strength, the change to his new quarters was as the change for a man might be from a railway laborer's barracks to apartments in a fashionable uptown hotel.

It is doubtful if another such horse as the Brobdignagian black could be found in a long search. He combines qualities that rarely are found in one animal, and with the size to carry out the part that he has been cast for, that of looking able to carry on his back the biggest general in the United States army through the Civil war, he also looks like a war horse or cavalry charger. The big creature stands just seventeen hands high to the tiniest fraction of an inch, weighs about 1,600 pounds, and in bulk probably is one of the biggest horses in the country. His size suggests at once the idea that his ancestry might have an infusion of Clydesdale blood, but he is clean limbed, with hard and healthy hoofs, and nothing in his underpinning to bear out the suspicion that he comes of the heavy draught horse stock of the Old World though his legs are quite in proportion to the bulk that they have to support.

With the purchase of the black from the brewer's barn the sculptor had to put the horse through a short course of training to fit him for his new duties, but that was an easy task so far as the ex-brewer's horse was concerned, for in addition to a disposition naturally receptive of instruction, the black had the advantage of being thrown at once into good company, and had as example his present chestnut companion, who preceded him in the sculptor's employ by several years, and already had full knowledge of the light demands made on a horse model.

The chestnut, also a big horse, but all of half a hand less in height than the black and about three hundred pounds less in weight, had a misfortune before he came into the possession of Mr. Ward, in

that some person subjected him to the indignity of docking, and left him bob-tailed, but nevertheless he is a fine, big horse, who is said to have French coach horse blood in his pedigree.

The chestnut is a very different type from the black, and for that very reason was selected as the model for the war horse of a general of a character differing from that of General Hancock, the chestnut, in fact, posing to be perpetuated as the charger in an equestrian statue of General Phil Sheridan. The chestnut has been trained carefully to the character he impersonates in the sculptor's room, and now he is as perfect a horse model as could be found anywhere.

suggestive of action, with left forefoot outstretched in a pawing attitude and one hind foot just in advance of the other, with haunches half crouching, a position that might become tiresome if he were not accustomed to it and did not know that he was working for a lenient master, ready to permit a rest at any time.

The statue for which the black horse poses is to be of heroic size. It is intended for Philadelphia, and shows General Hancock sitting upright in the saddle, his horse standing with uplifted head, under him. The chestnut horse is giving his best assistance to a statue of General Sheridan intended for Washington,



SEEKING HIS FORTUNE.

As the ideal charger for General Sheridan, the man of action, the chestnut had to stand in more difficult poses than the black had been called on to master, but both horses know their business so well that when taken to the studio they almost pose themselves. Habit had helped them so far that they do their work, if it can be called such, with a willingness that might mean that they have not yet forgot the hard times and long days of labor that fell to them before they became artist's models. Life to them both now, however, is one long playtime, and with each an attendant to care for him, all the comfort in the stable that a horse could require, and all the attention necessary to keep them in good health, they may be regarded as the luckiest horses that ever worked in New York.

The only difference between the routine for the two models is in the fact that the black has a passive job to perform as many days a week as Mr. Ward desires to work, and having found his place in the studio, with each hoof planted on a chalk-marked spot, stands at attention with head uplifted until he grows weary of the one attitude, when he takes a rest in a new position, while the chestnut must hold a pose

this showing the soldier mounted on a horse whose attitude suggests restlessness and nervous energy.

TROUBLES OF MAP-MAKING.

THE geological survey of the United States has just issued a report showing that although twenty years have been devoted to mapping out the country, the larger part of it is still unsurveyed. In some of the western sections the work is attended with the greatest difficulties and dangers. Recently a party sent to map northern Montana was obliged by the severity of the weather to climb Calf mountain no fewer than eight times—the last 1,300 feet on foot—before an opportunity was presented to get a photograph of the surrounding country. The photographic method is employed in all such wild regions. When the negatives were finally secured it was after waiting all day in a driving snowstorm. Then there was a lull of a few seconds, during which six snapshots were made. During the other seven days the snow was unremitting.

NORFOLK NAVY YARD.

BY MARTIN H. MILLER.

ON the west side of the Southern Branch of Elizabeth river in Norfolk County, Virginia, adjoining the city of Portsmouth, opposite Norfolk, is located the United States Navy Yard, formerly known as the Gosport. This navy yard is one of the oldest, and best located geographically in the United States. It is near enough to the Virginia capes to be easily accessible. The benign effects of the Gulf Stream prevent ice blockades, which have only occurred twice in two centuries. The mildness of the climate allows all sorts of work to be carried on at all seasons of the year without interruption. It is without exception the best location on the Atlantic coast for a great naval station. It is also in a position to be readily defended from attacks. Fortress Monroe and Fort Wool are the grim barriers which guard it from foreign foes.

This navy yard was founded by the British before the Revolution, and afterwards used by the Virginia navy. The government bought it in 1801 for \$12,000. At that time it comprised sixteen acres, which has been added to from time to time until at present it contains eighty-seven and seven-tenths acres within the walls, and one hundred and one and five-tenths acres on the opposite bank of the river, known as St. Helena and Cedar Grove.

The retreating Federal garrison, in April, 1861, set fire to the yard and nine warships. As at Harper's Ferry, they were in too great haste to make their work of destruction complete. The Confederates took possession the next day, and held it until May, 1862, when it was recaptured by the National forces.

When the Federals evacuated, they sunk the "Virginia" in the harbor, badly burned. The Confederates raised her and fitted out in this yard the iron-clad Confederate gun boat "Virginia," better known as the "Merrimac." This curious looking monster, the Confederates' blighted hope, engaged in that famous battle with the "Monitor" in Hampton Roads, March 9, 1862.

The yard is enclosed, except along the water front, by a strong brick wall about ten feet high. The main entrance is by an arched way through a large brick building, which extends from the river to the yard of the Admiral's residence. On the right of the entrance is the Marine Guard room, on the left the Labor Board quarters and watchman's room.

The buildings in the yard are large brick structures, substantially built, and comprise the officers' residences, marine barracks, dispensary, store-houses, offices and shops. The yard is provided with water, sewerage, telephone, electric lighting, and electric and compressed air power systems, and also a fire department.

The work of the yard is divided among different departments, known as Construction and Repair, Steam Engineering, Ordnance, Equipment, Supplies and Accounts, and Yards and Docks. Each department is in charge of an officer recognized as the head of that particular department. The Commandant, or Admiral, has charge of the yard with all its departments. These departments are necessary because of the different classes of work to be done. The departments are subdivided; for instance, the Construction and Repair department is subdivided into Shipwrights, Shipjoiners, Shipsmiths, Shipfitters, Machinists, Plumbers, Electricians, Boatbuilders, Painters, etc. Each of these departments, or shops, is in charge of a master mechanic, supposed to be an expert in his particular line of work. These shops are equipped with the best and latest improved machinery. The material and workmanship are first class.

There are two dry docks in the yard, and preparations are being made for a third and much larger one. Extensive and valuable improvements are being made in buildings, streets, docks, etc. It is very probable that the yard will be considerably enlarged in the near future.

The receiving ship Franklin, and the Richmond lying in the river are objects of peculiar interest, especially to strangers. From the Franklin salutes are fired, and the Richmond is a recruiting ship. This is to be the chief recruiting and torpedo boat station.

Here were built the St. Lawrence, Powhatan, Colorado, Roanoke, Richmond, Raleigh and Texas.

The relics in the Ordnance department, and the yard park near the main entrance are of more than ordinary interest. Old guns which did service in the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Civil War, together with Spanish guns and mines, Chinese guns, etc., are especially interesting. Here visitors may rest under the shade of the trees, surrounded by these souvenirs of our country's growth and independence, while floating o'er them the flag we love gracefully waves in the breezes which fan their cheeks and whisper among the leaves restful accompaniments to the sweet music furnished by the Marine Band.

Portsmouth, Va.

* * *

LOCUSTS, WAR AND COMETS.

"THE year before the civil war," said the traveler, "the locust pests came to my section of the country in northwest Missouri in myriads. They weighted the branches of the trees until the branches broke down. They lined the fences, crawled up to the doors of the houses, and covered the roofs. They were of the singing species. I don't know whether there is another species or not, but the ones we had produced the most peculiar noise I ever heard. It was something like that made by the katydid. There

was this difference, the katydid occasionally takes an hour or two off to tune itself, but the seventeen-year locusts, like the harp of David, were always in tune.

"They begin to sing at sunup. It was a sort of low hum at first, like the rustle of the leaves of a forest when they are stirred by the first whirl of a hurricane. As the day advanced the locusts got more courage and swelled the sound until it seemed as if it filled all creation. When the locusts once struck the keynote they never varied. That was what drove some people crazy—the monotony of that sound something like 'siz-z-z-ee; iz-zee; iz-zee,' with never a variation, until at sunset it would begin to die. And in its dying it seemed to fill the earth with a sense of desolation. As darkness crept over the country there came to the inhabitants the sensation that these winged songsters were still abroad, and that they were only turning over the music so as to begin again the next day on the first sheets.

"And as surely as the sun came up the next morning the tuning in the trees and the housetops was revived, and as the sun mounted skyward the insect chorus increased. The music was the same, only the volume grew greater day by day, for the locusts multiplied by night.

"One could easily believe the description of these insects as given by an Arab from Bagdad in olden times to be correct. He said the head of the locust was like that of a horse; its breast like that of a lion; its feet like those of a camel; its body like that of a serpent; its tail like that of a scorpion. The prophet, Joel, probably did not overstate it when he said of the locusts of his time that they darkened the sun. The locusts of the time of which I speak did likewise.

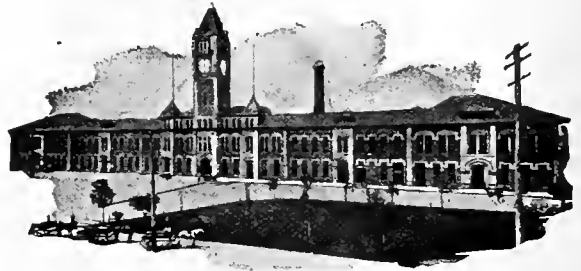
"We had a large negro population in our part of the State. Like all negroes, they were superstitious and their superstition culminated in weird religious zeal. The appearance of these locusts increased the camp meetings in the country, and the negroes went through their incantations in a way that made the midway contortions of the World's Columbian exposition seem tame.

"Right in the midst of the visitations of the pest came the comet. Night after night for several weeks the heavenly visitor glowed like a hurricane of flame, and cast upon the earth a peculiar, yellowish light that was indescribable. The coming of this comet almost made the population frantic, for no sooner did the chorus of the locusts dwindle in the night than the lamentations and prayers of the negroes in their cabins filled the air.

"As the comet grew less luminous night by night, and finally disappeared, the locusts began to disappear. But they did not take their flight until they had stripped

the forests of their foliage, eaten into the roots of the grass, and killed every vestige of vegetation.

"Nobody ever followed the winged army in its flight to see where it went, but the next year the civil war burst upon the country, and then the more superstitious asserted that it was presaged by the locusts and the comet. But by that time many of the negroes who had been impelled to what they called religion, backslid, and the chicken roosts suffered as of old. The idea of freedom was disseminated among them, and they forgot all about the locust plague and the comet. But the white folks never forgot either, and there was a prevalent opinion that if the ancients



UNION DEPOT, DENVER, COLO.

ever fed upon locusts, all other crops must have failed, or else the ancients had appetites that were easily satisfied."

* * *

THE VALUE OF AGE.

EXPERIENCE comes with age. A young lawyer has a hard time in his early years, because the public is loth to employ a man without experience, and yet the young lawyer may have a much more acute mind than older men who have had years of practice.

A physician but a few years out of medical school will possibly have more advanced ideas, and will be better acquainted with the latest scientific discoveries than the old practitioner of much repute, but he has not behind him the years of experience which count for so much in the practice of medicine. We have heard of a surgeon of barely thirty years delivering lectures on modern methods to prominent physicians twenty or more years his senior, but this young man will doubtless work for a long time before his judgment will equal that of the older men.

A man who is old in the business world, who has passed through financial panics, and has seen successes and disasters, is a safe one to have at the helm of a large business enterprise, but he may lack the enthusiasm and the daring of the younger one and be loth to accept innovations.

* * *

THE sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord: but the prayer of the upright is his delight.—*Solomon*.

IT'S HOT IN PHOENIX, ARIZ.

THE journey by rail from Los Angeles, Cal., to Phoenix, Arizona, during mid-summer days is without doubt the hottest anywhere in the country. From the moment the traveler crosses the Sierras at Banning, Cal., and drops down the eastern slope of the mountains, he finds a temperature that is seldom below 105 degrees in the shade and often nearer 115 degrees.

Several times recently the temperature in the cars, while crossing the Colorado and Maricopa deserts, has been even 121 degrees. From June 23 to July 4 the average daily temperature at stations on the desert along the railroad was 116 degrees, and the old-timers said that the sun had not yet begun to get down to active business.

In all this region Yuma is acknowledged to be the banner hot town of America. The writer observed the mercury in the thermometers at Yuma with interest.

At 2 p. m. the mercury stood at 117 degrees in the shade of a wide porch. At 3 o'clock it registered 119 degrees, and at 3:40 o'clock it was at 120 degrees. That was the highest notch for the day.

At 4:30 o'clock the mercury was back at 118, and at 6 o'clock it was down to 116, and from that hour until 2 a. m. it fell every hour until it stopped at 109. Then the Yuma people went to bed on cots in the dooryards and on piazzas to take advantage of the cool of the night for slumber.

This is a fair sample of the weather in Yuma and southern Arizona towns from the middle of June until every October. Occasionally the temperature will rise to 124 and even to 127 degrees, and there have been a few seasons when for sixteen and eighteen days at a stretch the temperature in Yuma has ranged from 114 to 126.

Experience has taught people living in this region to give heed to their diet. Only the simplest foods may be eaten with impunity. Melons, corn, fruits and cereals comprise the foods of the wise ones. All manner of Mexican dishes and soups are popular.

No one who has never experienced it can have an adequate idea of what such heat means. Many a soldier of the regular army is now drawing a pension for total blindness caused by facing the frightful glare of the sun and the awful heat from the desert while serving in an Arizona garrison.

The walls of the buildings are as warm as if they were about ovens. The railroad men handle coupling links and pins only with leathern mittens. Pressing one's hand against a window pane is like touching a hot plate.

No one does a bit more work than is necessary in these blazing desert mining towns in midsummer. Stores open here at 4 a. m., wagons for the mines are

loaded, housewives do their cooking for the day and Mexicans go from house to house delivering barrels of lukewarm water.

At 6 o'clock the bulk of the day's duties is done. At 8 o'clock the sun is far up and blazing hotter. Everyone who can is under cover. The heavy board window blinds are drawn, stores and saloons are shut, and all out-of-doors is abandoned.

At 6 o'clock at night stores and houses are reopened. The temperature may have cooled to 109 or 112 degrees. When the sun has gone down people go out again.

* * *

WEDDING SUPPERS THIRTY YEARS AGO.

BY MARY C. CRUMPACKER.

LET me describe a wedding supper of thirty years ago. One November evening, while the sun was silently slipping behind the western hills, a jolly crowd assembled, but not many in number.

After the ceremony we were invited out to a supper that consisted of meats, pastries, boiled custard and cakes. The meats were prepared to perfection. Turkey was thought to be one of the necessities of the occasion, as it is to-day. There was also chicken and ham served as they are now. Oysters were not used then. Cakes were plentiful and in great variety, but not the kinds that we serve to-day. The fruit cake, now considered the best, was not then in use. The principal cakes were the white, yellow and layer cakes. The old-time pound cake was always present on these important occasions. They had tea cakes, and some of the dough was baked in strips an inch wide and nicely iced, then built in a square or three-cornered pan and a glass of jelly or some candies were placed in the center. This made a pretty ornament for the table. Boiled custard was one of the essentials, no ice cream being then used.

The table was beautifully arranged, and seldom was anything removed from it, as the guests were served from a reserved supply. Thus the table was not broken and the guests at the second and third tables saw it in its original beauty. Flowers were not used to decorate the table as they now are.

In those days they had a great deal of trouble in preparing the sugar for the cakes. It was bought in five or ten pound blocks, or rather cones. This was difficult to get fine enough for cakes. It had to be broken in small pieces and then rolled with a rolling pin. Later it was bought in blocks, just large enough to be used in tea or coffee. This was called loaf sugar and was thought quite a help. We may think our way is perfect, but remember that in thirty years people will call our ways the old-time ways.

Bonsacks, Va.

ESKIMOS AS SCHOLARS.

MRS. MARY BERNARDI recently closed a several months' term of school as teacher of the Cape Prince of Wales natives. She taught at the village of Kingegan, having an enrolled attendance of one hundred and forty-seven. In spite of the many difficulties encountered, she says she rather enjoyed the novel experience of teaching the young Eskimo idea how to shoot.

The most distinctive feature in the Eskimo character, Mrs. Bernardi says, is a superabundant curiosity.

The natives, especially those who have arrived at the age of "discretion," are of a prying, not to say enterprising, cast of mind, and what they cannot understand—and that would fill many volumes—they are inclined to look upon with suspicion and disdain. However, Mrs. Bernardi says that the younger people are anxious to learn; they are patient to a degree, and as a rule are bright and quick to learn. The hardest task of the teacher, perhaps, is to teach them discipline; that is, that they must be subject to certain rules of government. The younger can with patience be brought to see the necessity of this, but practically to try to subject the older pupils to any form of discipline is well-nigh impossible.

Mrs. Bernardi, who is well known in Seattle, as well as Alaska, went to Cape Prince of Wales last October in the capacity of a teacher. Of the one hundred and forty-seven pupils, one-third were over twenty-one years of age, and it was not at all times a primrose path which she found while trying to enlighten their benighted minds.

The younger children made steady progress. They learned to read and cipher with a degree of rapidity and appreciated what was being done for them. They were taught many things unknown to Eskimo domestic economy, and were grateful.

In winter the school was conducted in a large igloo, roughly equipped as a school-room, but with many schoolroom accessories wanting. When the spring days came and the sun began to be felt, the work was conducted on the sea beach, where the sand made a floor and the blue canopy of heaven a covering.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

POLICE AND STOMACH ALIKE.

A FRENCH writer traveling in Russia sends home a clever mot of a Russian official. The writer was complaining of a remarkable and suspicious delay in his mail. A letter sent by him had taken five days to reach Paris. The official said: "The delay is deplorable. It is with the police as with the stomach—when one is aware of it it is working badly."

THE eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.—*Solomon*.

LIGHTNING PHOTOGRAPHS.

VERY wide interest has been taken in the spectrum of lightning, photographs of which have been obtained at the Harvard College observatory. These were made by pointing a telescope, provided with an objective prism, toward a portion of the sky where lightning was particularly bright. The spectrum is not always the same. Many of the lines appear to be due to hydrogen. The first line is a broad, bright band extending from wave length 3,830 to 3,930, and may be identical with the nebular line 3,875. The spectrum of lightning is curiously like that of the new star in Pesseus and other new stars. Now that the method of obtaining such photographs has been shown,



TRANSFORMED IN A LIFETIME.

it would seem possible to obtain a large number of them taken under different conditions for a more complete study of the subject.

A PALATIAL LOG CABIN.

ON Warren's Island, off the coast of Maine, is being erected what is properly described as "a palatial log cabin." It is composed of spruce logs and cost the tidy little sum of \$75,000. The entire island on which this summer palace is erected was purchased by the late William H. Folwell, of Philadelphia. Mr. Folwell died before the completion of the house. The work is now superintended by his son, William H. Folwell, Jr. Some idea of the size of the "cabin" may be gained from consideration of the fact that there are twenty-two sleeping rooms on the second floor.

A LITTLE knowledge of English is, indeed, a dangerous thing. At Bombay a native baker has had the words "European loafer" painted over his door.—*Tit-Bits*.

THE TREATY LANGUAGES.

The use of the English language in drawing up international agreements is something unprecedented. French has had the distinction of being the diplomatic language, but the State Department officials now think that the drafting of the Mexican-Chinese treaty marks the beginning of the end of the general use of the French in this particular.

For the past two hundred years in a large majority of negotiations looking toward the formation of international agreements, the language of the French people has been widely used by diplomats in official correspondence and in the actual drawing of the treaty itself.

This rule, while general, has not been universal, but the few exceptions have only gone to prove the rule. French has been the great social language. Nearly all men of education have been taught it and in the social intercourse of Europe it has been generally spoken. From the fact that the diplomats of the world have been familiar with it, it has crept into diplomatic intercourse to the almost total exclusion of other languages. It has also obtained its prominence in this respect because of the finer and more definite shades of meaning which it will express.

The treaty of peace between the United States and Spain was written in French, as have also been the majority of international documents during the past two centuries. Its use is still general, but it is thought that English will ultimately take its place.

Within recent years a rule has been made in diplomacy by which a diplomatic representative in official correspondence may employ the language of his own country, or that of any other if he chooses. Notwithstanding this rule the French has been retained in perhaps a majority of instances.

The German Ambassador now uses German in his correspondence with the State Department, and England's representative the English.

The Swedish, Norwegian, Russian, Belgian, Turkish, Italian and Greek diplomatic representatives all employ the French, while those of China and Japan use English.

In a large measure English is supplanting the French both as a social and commercial language. The statistics of the International Postal Union give the number of letters addressed in English from all parts of the world as being about 75 per cent.

In foreign universities the tongue of the Anglo-Saxon race is taking the place of the French, and it is fast becoming the social medium of intercourse. From the general prevalence of the language it is thought that it will before a quarter of a century have expired be the diplomatic language.—*Spare Time Study.*

HOW TO INDORSE A CHECK.

THERE are several ways of indorsing a check for deposit. Some simply write their names across the back without specifying that the proceeds are to be paid to anybody in particular. This is the least desirable of all ways, for a check so indorsed passes from hand to hand like a bank note, and if it be lost in the mail, or stolen, it may be cashed by the bank upon which it was drawn as if the check had been originally drawn to bearer. Moreover, when a check is once indorsed in blank, that is by the payee simply writing his name across the back, the payment cannot be restricted by any subsequent indorsement. For example: It would be useless for the bank where the check is deposited to indorse "pay to the order of such and such a bank," naming its out-of-town correspondent. Such an attempt to restrict the payment of the check would not amount to anything after the first payee had indorsed in blank. A favorite way to indorse a check is "for deposit only to the credit of." This is good enough as far as it goes. The trouble is that such an indorsement transfers the title to the check to the bank where it is deposited, and if it be followed up by similar indorsements as it passes from bank to bank on the way to its final destination, the title is transferred at every stage. Now, the check having reached the bank on which it is drawn, it is paid up and the money starts on the return trip. If at any point on the way back a bank should fail with the money in its possession, that money would go into the general fund to be distributed pro rata among the creditors. But if the original holder of the check were to indorse in this way, "collect for account of" or "collect for my account," then these words would operate as a notice to all concerned that the original holder had not parted with his title to the check, and that all subsequent holders were agents for the purpose of collecting only. If after the check had been cashed and the proceeds on the way back, any bank should fail with the proceeds in its possession, the original holder can follow the proceeds of his check and compel the receiver to pay over the amount to him in full. It is worth while noting that checks should be cashed promptly. This is a case in which it may truly be said that delays are dangerous and sometimes fatal. The bank may fail or the drawer may fail, or his funds may be attached in some legal proceeding, or the drawer may die. Massachusetts is probably the only State in the Union which provides by act of legislature, that a bank may pay checks for a certain time after the death of the drawer.—*F. H. Blacklock in Home Study.*



A WHOLESOME tongue is a tree of life: but per-
verseness therein is a breach in the spirit.—*Solomon*

 The Home



 Department

 CHOCOLATE CAKE.

 BY MRS. GUY E. FORESMAN.

TAKE one-third cup of Baker's chocolate, grated, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one-half cup of boiling water. Put the soda in the chocolate, pour the boiling water over and stir well. Let cool. Cream two cups of brown sugar with one-half cup of sour milk. Then stir in the chocolate as prepared above when it is nearly cool. Stir in flour to mix well, and one teaspoonful of baking powder added at the last. Bake in two layers.

FOR FILLING.

Take two cups of pulverized sugar and three tablespoons of melted butter, creamed together and stir in enough cream to make it spread well. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Icing over top.

Lafayette, Ind.

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 GINGER CAKE.

 BY SISTER J. E. PRICE.

STIR one teaspoonful of soda into one cup of molasses, and one teaspoonful of soda into one cup of sour cream or buttermilk. Take one-half cup of lard and butter mixed, one egg, one tablespoonful of ginger, and flour enough to make a moderately stiff batter. Mix all together and bake in a moderate oven.

Dallas Center, Iowa.

* * *

 MARBLE CAKE.

 BY SADIE HECKER.

THIS is made in separate batters, a dark and a light one. For the dark part take one-half cup of butter, one cup of brown sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, the yolks of four eggs, one-half cup of milk, one teaspoonful of extract of cinnamon, cloves and allspice. For the light part take one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, the whites of four eggs, one-half cup of milk and one teaspoonful of extract

of lemon. For either batter, rub the sugar and butter to a cream, add the eggs and beat a few minutes, then add the flour sifted with the baking powder, the extracts and the milk. Mix into smooth batter, rather firm. Have a paper-lined tin, dip batters alternately into it with a spoon, and bake in a rather quick oven fifty minutes.

Carrington, N. Dak.

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 MOLASSES COOKIES.

 BY SISTER FRANEY CLANIN.

TAKE two pints of molasses, one pint of sugar, one pint of milk, one pint of lard, one tablespoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of salt. Mix with enough flour to handle. Cut in any shapes desired. Before baking, baste with egg, white and yolk beaten well together. These may be kept a good while in cool weather.

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 ONE EGG CAKE.

 BY MARY E. MAYFIELD.

TAKE one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one egg well-beaten, one and two-thirds cups of flour, one and one-half level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, then the egg. Sift the flour and the baking powder together thoroughly, and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Bake in a sheet thirty minutes.

Warrensburg, Mo.

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 OATMEAL WAFERS.

 BY SISTER J. P. HOLSINGER.

TAKE three cups of oatmeal (or one-half graham flour if preferred), one and one-half cups of brown sugar, one-half cup of water, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of shortening, and flour enough to roll. Cut in any shape desired. These are splendid and can be kept for months.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

The Q. & A. Department.

Can one become a successful editor without learning the printer's trade? What kind of education would be most beneficial for the prospective editor?

Being a printer is not necessary to being an editor, but it is a great help. The education needed might be all that there is going in that line. The people who think they could make the INGLENOOK off hand, and do it a great deal better, do not seem burdened with any education to speak of. The only really good way is to get into an editor's office and begin with the drudge part of the work. Nobody can learn to be an editor. It is born in one. More judgment than literary ability is needed. It comes easy to one with the gift, and is very hard, or entirely absent, in the case of the would-be without the knack thrown in.

Why are certain hymns found in the collections of all denominations?

Because they are of the class that will never die. They reach a common chord in every heart. "Rock of Ages" is an instance.

Can a skiff be made by riveting together light sheets of metal?

They can be and are so made. Unless specially provided against when upset in the water they go to the bottom.

Can the magnolia be successfully grown in Illinois?

No. The magnolia grandiflora will grow in a very sheltered place, but not satisfactorily. Its roots are too near the surface to survive the winters.

What is a trust?

A combination of manufacturers which buys out or undersells competitors, and when the field is clear puts up the price to the limit.

What is the motive power of automobiles?

Up to date there are but three motive powers, electricity, steam and gasoline.

Do cyclones happen out at sea?

Indeed they do, and tear things up as they do on land.

From what is starch made?

Commercial starch is mainly made from potatoes and corn.

Where are the newspapers of the Yorkers and the Apostolic church published?

Neither denomination has any papers.

Is it true that in the oyster regions they are only eaten in the months with an "r" in?

Generally speaking it is true, though some few are eaten, principally by those who own oyster beds. From April to September is spawning season, and to gather them during this season is destructive to the spawn, and, as a rule, the oyster is not so palatable. *Martin H. Miller, Corner Elm Avenue and Henry Streets, Portsmouth, Va.*

Who owns Mt. Vernon, and how is the property managed?

The Washington estate at Mt. Vernon, Virginia, is under the care and direction of the Ladies' Association of the Union. The founder was Miss Ann Parmela Cunningham. The present regent is Mrs. Justine Van Rensselaer. The admission fee of twenty-five cents goes to the payment of current expenses.—*John Wampler, Dayton, Va.*

Do cyclones come in Illinois, and can they be seen coming?

Yes, to both questions. They can be seen for miles, and once seen they cannot be looked upon thereafter with composure. The people who are not afraid of wind live out of the cyclone region.

Please settle a dispute. What is putty made of, and can anybody make it?

Linseed oil and whiting, which is nothing but pulverized chalk, mixed and pounded together till it becomes putty. Anybody with the oil and chalk can do it, but it is better made and cheaper if you buy it.

How are hydrangeas grown?

From cuttings just like a grape vine. They are very easily grown.

Is a sponge a plant or an animal?

An animal. What we know as the sponge is really the skeleton of the animal.

What does the word pianoforte mean?

The words *piano e forte* are Italian for soft and loud.

When was the piano invented?

It has been traced back to 1598.

A Nooker does a recipe for making good rye bread, and will some of the family please answer?

Aunt Barbara's Page

DOROTHY'S MISTAKE.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

I studied my table over and over, and backward and forward, too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine, and I didn't know what to do.
Till sister told me to play with my doll, and not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you'll learn it by heart," she said.
So I took my favorite, Mary Ann, (though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name);
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four" a hundred times, till I knew
The answer to six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.
Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always looks so proud,
Said "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said: "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can,"
For I thought of my doll, and—O dear me!—I answered "Mary Ann!"

* * *

SHEP AND THE SQUIRREL.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

SHEP lived in a little house at the end of Grandpa's corn crib. He was chained, for he liked to run away. Near by was a fence, which extended down to the pasture woods where lived a father and mother squirrel and their babies.

The winter was long and cold, so it happened that one morning there were no nuts or acorns left in the house in the hollow tree. Then the little father chattered something to the little mother and down he campered and across the snow to the fence. He ran lightly along it till he came to Shep's house, then he stopped.

Shep got up. "Go back!" he barked. "Bow-wow! you must not come here!"

The squirrel looked very hard at him. He was afraid, but he thought of the hungry babies and ran head several feet.

"I tell you—go back!" barked Shep, again, tugging fiercely at his chain. "You've no business here, say!"

The squirrel sat still, his tiny heart beating. Then, like a flash, he ran up the Lombardy poplar by the

fence, and, with a long, flying leap over Shep's head, landed on the corn-crib roof. Clinging to the edge, he stuck his little paw in through the crack beneath, and began filling his cheeks with yellow kernels.

"Bow-wow-wow!" shouted Shep, shaking all over. "Oh! if I could get at you, wouldn't I teach you! Bow-wow!" But the squirrel answered not a word.

"Shep!" called Grandpa, from the porch where he had seen everything, "Go and lie down. Shame on you, sir, to treat a little fellow so!" Then Shep, grown suddenly meek, went into his house, the picture of disgrace.

The next morning Grandpa took his saw to the crib, and high in the end he cut a little door for the squirrel, so he could get some corn every day, for his babies. "There's enough for us all," Grandpa said.

Shep never seemed to like the plan, but he stopped barking at last. He always kept an eye on the intruder, as if to say, "Oh, yes! I'm good. I can't help it. But if I had a fair chance I'd give you a race, I tell you!"

Elgin, Ill.

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SOME TURTLES.

LITTLE Della Cassel, of Ashland, Ohio, says that her papa put a turtle in the swill barrel and, what do you think? It laid an egg, which hatched into a baby turtle and now there are two turtles in the barrel.

Turtles are put in swill barrels to fatten for soup as there they get the scraps of food that come from the table.

A little Missouri Nooker found a young "snapper" last summer and the Nookman told him to put it in a large glass jar with plenty of clear water and feed it on meat,—frogs and little fishes—and it would thrive, while he could observe its ways, but to keep out of its way for when a snapping turtle lays hold of your finger he stays with you till the sun goes down. That is, he does not let go at all till a piece of the finger or his own head comes off.

In a pond where there are frogs, fish and turtles, the turtles have the best time of the three, for frogs and fishes are the turtle's favorite delicacy.

* * *

There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
 And nothing so royal as truth.

—Alice Carey.

LITERARY.

Success for September comes laden with its usual freight to delight the souls of its thousands and thousands of readers. There is so much of it that it is impossible to go over it all, or do even a part of it justice. The leading article is entitled "The Beef Trust and the Public," by John Gilmer Speed, in which contribution is told the story of the packing houses and the combination among the great packing houses to raise the price. *Success* is a most excellent publication and one that we recommend to our readers everywhere. It can be had at any news stand for ten cents.

The Arena. The September *Arena* maintains its high standard of excellence among the reviews that deal with advanced thought and the unusual in the philosophical and sociological world. Of course different articles would strike different people different ways, but it seems to the INGLENOOK that the one entitled "Humanity's Part in the Labor Problem" is an excellent contribution and one that would well justify the cost of the magazine. There are others of equal interest, and if one runs to that sort of thing, the *Arena* furnishes a feast for the scholarly and the thoughtful. The *Arena* is not a "popular magazine" in the sense of being cheap and full of pictures, but it is widely read by the men in leather chairs in comfortable libraries. Any news stand. Twenty-five cents.

Lippincott's for September contains a complete story entitled "A Bit of Human Nature," by Ellen Olney Kirk. Eben E. Rexford has an interesting article entitled "Fall Work in the Garden." There are the usual shorter tales, all of them interesting to the people who take to that sort of thing, but though there be fiction in *Lippincott's*, there is always the sober character of articles to make it an interesting magazine to have lying about at home. It costs twenty-five cents and is worth it.

Everybody's Magazine, published by John Wanamaker. The September number presents to the reader an unequalled bill of fare. *Everybody's* is better printed than the average ten-cent magazine while the character of the literary make-up is beyond all question of the very highest order. "The Woman that Toils" is one of the leading articles of the month, and is the story of the experience of a literary woman as a working girl. The woman, for the purpose of investigation, worked by the side of the usual factory operator, and the account is what she saw and what she did. This makes excellent reading. It is something that would interest the NOOK family. There are a number of other articles of equal, or

even greater, merit along the many sides of exploitation characteristic of the modern popular magazine. Any news stand. Ten cents.

Mind for September is here and contains many fine articles for those interested in metaphysical literature. "The Unseen Universe," by W. J. Colville, "The Practical use of the Occult," by Carrie, "Evolution of Religion," by A. L. Cady, and "The Man With a Theory," by Alwyn M. Thurber, are among the leading articles. "Is Buddhism to Blame?" by Myra E. Withee, is an able article that throws much light on Buddhism, and makes a valiant defence of the moral side of the doctrines of the Hindu prophet. This number completes the fifth year of this magazine, and is a visible proof of its growth. Sold at any news stand for twenty cents.

WHAT THEY SAY.

"I THINK the INGLENOOK is all right. It has been a regular weekly visitor for over a year. I don't think I shall do without it"—*Fianna Hackman, Le-moyne, Ohio*.

"I THINK the INGLENOOK gets better every number."—*Sarah Stouffer, Maryland*.

THE NOOK is always read with profit and delight.—*Sarah A. Sell, Newry, Pa.*

WE appreciate the NOOK very much.—*Mamie C. Sink, Lenox, Iowa*.

"I AM highly pleased with the NOOK."—*Lilian Domer, Ohio*.

"THE NOOK's a good magazine."—*Mrs. I. N. Taylor, Missouri*.

"WE appreciate the NOOK."—*Libbie Hollopeter, Pennsylvania*.

Want Advertisements.

Wanted.—A single man with experience in farming and handling stock to work by the year in Iowa. Address: N. K., care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

Wanted.—A good man with a small family to work by the year in Iowa. Farm work, good wages, close church. Address: W. D., care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

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IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped,
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chilled me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften, in the old familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh hearts estranged, forgive I plead.
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.
—Belle Eugenia Smith.

DISHONESTY.

ROBERT C. OGDEN, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, writing about dishonesty in young men, says: "Great pressing necessity has not often driven men to dishonesty. Extravagance is the most common motive behind the story of every absconding bank official; the feverish desire to live at the rate of ten thousand dollars a year on an income of one-fifth that amount makes nearly every defalcation the twin brother of overwhelming debt. One of the noblest men I ever knew was an embezzler. He fell from grace not because he desired an extravagant and luxurious life

which his income would not permit, but because he appropriated money in his keeping to aid and support those who were dependent upon him for the necessities of life. Most of the stolen money went to the education of younger relatives and the maintenance of those whom he could not have supported with his comparatively meager salary. It was my privilege to assist this man when the inevitable crash came. He is a man whom I shall always respect, though the motive behind his act in no way nullified the enormity of his sin. But such cases as this are rare exceptions.

"Let a young man model his career upon a basis of absolute, undeviating honesty and he will not have to seek long for a place of trust. Let him always be in a position to shake hands with himself, for self-respect is as good as the respect of others. The men who today control great business enterprises are looking for youths in whom they may place limitless confidence. The world stands ready to wait hand and foot upon those who have proved themselves beyond the seduction of any tempter. Diogenes looking for an honest man has not yet ceased his searching, for though there are many men who are honest in matters of money, there are many more who lack honesty in matters affecting the perfect performance of duty. There is a dishonesty which does not stoop to steal, but which pretends to a faithful service while actually shirking work waiting to be done. That is the commoner transgression of commercial ethics and one to be avoided by the man who seeks to mould himself for higher things as he would avoid the touch of a leper."

AS SHE UNDERSTOOD IT.

SOME girls were asked by one of our inspectors of schools, at a school examination, whether they knew what was the meaning of the word scandal. One little girl stepped vigorously forward, and, throwing her hand up in that semaphore fashion by which children indicate the possession of knowledge, attracted the notice of the inspector. He desired her to answer the question; upon which she uttered these memorable words: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling of it everywhere."—*Sir Arthur Helps*.

CAMPMEETING.

BY REBECCA C. FOUTZ.

DIFFERENT Nookers have written about going out camping, but I wonder how many ever attended a campmeeting or know what one is like. They are numerous in this part of southern Pennsylvania and over the line in Maryland. They are held by the Liberal and Radical United Brethren and the colored denominations. In plain English the campmeeting is a summer revival, and, as it is too hot to hold them in town in the church they are held out in the woods or groves.

The camp I am going to tell about is held by the Radical United Brethren, in a grove about ten miles from here. The other camps are like it in the main, varying only in minor details.

There are some sixty-odd tents in the camp. They are just boards nailed up at the sides and rear end, with a roof over the top, but the front is all open. They are built in a circle, one against the other, with the fronts all facing toward the center, which is a large open space where the services are held. There are four entrances, where the tents are built apart so that the people from the outside can come into the services. The tents are rented to people, mostly members of the denomination holding the meeting, and they go there and live for a week, which is as long as the camp is kept up.

The large open space enclosed by the tents is filled with rows of wooden seats without backs, and has a pulpit erected at one end with the indispensable mourners' bench in front. All this has the sky for a roof. This is very pleasant as long as the weather is fine, and if it rains the congregation goes to the different tents where the services are continued. If there is a hard protracted rain it comes through these, and everything gets wet.

The tents are two stories high, with two rooms below and one above, although some people make two apartments upstairs by hanging curtains across the center of the room. Over the front of the tent, which is open, they fasten large sheets of fine white muslin, giving a neat, clean appearance to the circle. The tents are fitted up with only the most necessary articles of household furniture, though some people make them quite cozy by bringing little luxuries.

The stove is generally outside the back door, as the kitchen is only large enough to eat in. The other room, which faces the open center, has a few rugs on the floor, a stand and lamp, a few chairs, and sometimes pictures on the walls. As it is too expensive to take beds there, the people take empty chaff-ticks and fill them with leaves from the woods. Several of these on the floor, and a trunk or two, is about all there is upstairs.

There is one tent called the boarding tent, which is given free for the use of visiting ministers. All the buildings are left standing from year to year, and if the church does not own the ground they lease it for a number of years at a time.

The following is the daily program, except for the first day, when the services are not held until evening, and the last day, when they are kept up all night: 6 A. M., sunrise prayer meeting; breakfast; 10 A. M., preaching service; dinner; 1 P. M., children's meeting; 2 P. M., preaching service; supper; 7 P. M., preaching service. The evening service very often keeps up till near midnight. Camp opens on Wednesday and closes on Wednesday, the beginning of August. This year it is from the 13th to the 20th inclusive, but Sunday is the big day. That is when hundreds of people for miles around go to the meeting.

As to the good these meetings do, some members said recently that they are declining and getting too worldly. The older members tell of the wonderful revivals they used to have, but that day seems to have passed, as conversions are not so numerous now.

Waynesboro, Pa.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW.

THERE are some very common things concerning which we know next to nothing. For illustration, all storms are more or less of a puzzle, and as to rain, what is rain? The real cause of rain is an unsolved problem, and snow and hail are other mysteries. We do not know what makes the drops of rain overhead, and if we did know, we do not know how they become hail. How does air flow over houses, mountains, through bridges, etc? When it comes to a mountain, it flows up the slope, but what does it do when it gets to the top? Does it continue to ascend, or where does it go? There is such a vast number of things we do not know about the atmosphere.

Nobody knows anything about the electricity of the upper altitudes, how much moisture there is there, or how fast or in which direction the wind currents travel. Take such a thing as a cloud burst, which everybody knows about and which nobody understands fully. The feathery clouds that are overhead, sometimes called mare's tails, which float at an altitude of five or six miles, are not understood. They are the loftiest of all clouds, and nobody knows whether they are composed of needles of ice or globules of water. Even the bubbles, the minute globules of water that go to make up a cloud, are not well understood. Nothing is commoner than a cold wave, but whether they are formed on land or water, or drawn from the higher regions of the atmosphere where the temperature is one hundred degrees below

zero, we cannot say. And even a blizzard and its causes are yet unfathomed by science. The blizzard is peculiar to North America, and is unknown in Europe. The peculiarity of a blizzard is that a person who is caught in one seems to think that the wind blows directly in his face no matter which way he turns. Out in the Northwest where the chinook comes, a warm dry wind cuts down several feet of snow in a few hours, without apparently melting it, and it is an occurrence not understood.

Take the balls of fire that are sometimes seen in a thunder and lightning storm. Sometimes at sea they are as big as a barrel, rolling over the waves. What are they? Nobody knows. Not very often, but occasionally in winter, ice forms on the bottom of a rapid stream while the water flows over it. The writer has seen the stones of a mountain stream covered a half inch over with ice, while the water above was clear and unfrozen. Nobody can tell why this is the case.

In the case of a cyclone tearing over the country at a speed of from forty to eighty miles an hour, the funnel-shaped cloud is black as night. It will clean a chicken of its feathers, drive a board through a tree, strip a woman naked, and carry a baby across the fields and deposit it unhurt. What does these things? What are the bottom facts in regard to them? The real truth about the matter is nobody knows, and it is only a case of guess-work first and last. Possibly some time we may know, but at present writing we do not.

THE KANSAS FLOWER.

SUNFLOWER culture is engaging the attention of the Department of Agriculture, which believes that there is much money in the industry, if farmers in this country can be persuaded to take it up. Abroad, more especially in Russia, the plant is of great economic importance, its seeds being eaten in immense quantities, raw or roasted, as peanuts are in America, while the oil, obtained by pressing the seeds, is widely used as an article of diet. Besides, the stalks and oil cake make excellent fodder, the leaves are employed as a substitute for tobacco and the fibre of the stalks has a high value.

The sunflower might well be chosen as our national floral emblem, inasmuch as it originated in this country, in the region of the great plains. Specimens of it were taken to Europe by the early Spanish explorers, and it was first cultivated in the Old World in the gardens of Madrid. The plant was utilized by American Indians long before the days of Columbus, and Champlain, when he visited Georgian Bay in 1615, found the aborigines there growing it and using on their hair the oil expressed from the seeds. It

was raised chiefly, however, for the sake of the food which its seeds supplied. To so high a point had it been developed by the natives on this continent that during the three and a half centuries which have elapsed since its adoption by the white man it has not been improved to any extent, merely retaining the abnormal size that distinguishes it from its wild original.

In Russia, where the frequent religious fasts restricting the use of meat lead to a large consumption of vegetable oils, the oil of the sunflower is widely employed. Between 1830 and 1840 the manufacture of this oil on a commercial scale began in the south-



ONE OF NATURE'S WONDERS.

ern provinces, and since that time the industry has attained great importance, leading naturally to the development of the more prolific seed producing varieties. There are three principal varieties now cultivated in the empire of the Czar—one with large, white seeds, which are said to yield the most oil; one with smaller black seeds, which are sweeter and regarded as best for eating, and an intermediate form, with striped seeds, used both for eating and for the production of oil.

The sunflower, indeed, has assumed a greater economic importance in Russia than in any other country. Even by the upper classes the seeds are much eaten, the larger and finer ones being quite equal to most nuts in respect to both palatability and wholesomeness. While the poorer and less perfect seeds furnish an oil that is somewhat turbid and bitter, the better ones yield a superior quality that is said to compare favorably with olive oil for table purposes. The stalks and straw of the sunflower are highly prized for fuel, being in some parts of the empire almost the only available substitute for wood to burn.

Sunflower oil appears to have more of the general properties of olive oil than any other known vegetable oil. About one bushel of seeds are required to make a gallon of the oil, and fifty bushels of seeds

are produced on one acre of land. Selling at one dollar per gallon, the profit on the oil is large. Of late years purified, sunflower oil has been used quite extensively to adulterate olive oil; it is of a pale, yellowish color and decidedly palatable. In a crude state it is used by painters to some extent, being mixed with cheap paints and with prepared stains, but it does not equal linseed oil for varnish. The cake left after the extraction of the oil, by pressure, is extremely rich, being equal in this respect to maize cake or linseed cake. Branches and stalks of the plants furnish an excellent fodder, being highly nutritious.

The production of sunflower seeds in Russia is about 228,000,000 pounds annually, the area devoted to the culture of the plant being 216,000 acres. The oil has to be purified for table use, and much of it is utilized for burning in lamps and for making candles and soap.

In the poorer districts of Europe a fair kind of bread is made from sunflower seeds, and is used as a regular article of diet. Many cheap cigars, it is said, are made from the leaves of the plant. When properly cured the large leaves make pretty fair wrappers for cigars, and for this purpose they are employed to a greater extent than is generally imagined.

It is found that the plant grows best for commercial purposes in Kansas, Missouri and the Ohio Valley, but many other regions are well suited to it. As a rule, the soil best adapted for Indian corn produces the best crops of sunflowers. They should be planted by a drill, in rows three feet apart, the seeds being placed deep enough to secure abundant moisture to make them germinate. The planting should be done as early as possible in spring, and the heads should be harvested before the seeds are quite ripe, so as to avoid scattering and loss. After drying the seeds may be threshed out and stored in bags. The threshing may be done with a flail, but if the sunflower is to be grown in this country over large areas for market special threshing machines will have to be devised for the separation of the seeds.

* * *

FIRE WALKERS.

HONOLULU has been treated to an exhibition of the mystic rite of fire walking. The wonder worker who has enthralled the superstitious faith of many of the Hawaiians and rearoused belief in the old Polynesian superstitions is a Tahitian known as Papa Ita. Papa Ita is a rather fine specimen of the Polynesian, tall, erect, dignified, though the expression of his face is rather commonplace.

The first exhibition given was at night. A pit was dug about twenty feet square and about six feet deep. Into this several cords of firewood were thrown, and on top of the wood enough of the common lava stones

of the volcanic formation of the island to fill the pit a little above the level of the surrounding ground.

About eight hours before the ceremony of walking over the heated stones was to take place the cordwood at the bottom of the pit was fired in several places and soon became a mass of burning fuel, heating many of the stones or rocks to a white heat, almost melting some of them.

By eight o'clock at night, when the ceremony was to begin, the bottom of the pit was a deep bed of glowing coals beneath the fire-cely heated lava boulders. The lower strata of these boulders were white hot, glowing in the darkness and even the uppermost of the lava boulders were white hot on their under side.

When the ceremony was about to begin a number of assistants with long poles turned the rocks which were the uppermost of the pyre over, bringing their heated side up and it was upon these that the fire walker proposed to pass over in his bare feet. This process of turning these stones over stirred the fire beneath them so that an intense heat, with some flame, rose from the pit.

This process completed, Papa Ita appeared within the inclosed arena. He was clad in flowing robes which reached just below the knees. From the hem downward Papa Ita's legs and feet were bare. Around his waist he wore a sort of skirt or law-lawam of green ti leaves, and around his head a chaplet of the same material. Under his arm he carried a bundle of ti leaves, closely tied up with cocoanut fibre.

He seated himself for a few minutes in an attitude of silence. Then, rising suddenly and uttering a few words in Tahitian, as of invocation, he strode carefully across the loosely piled glowing rocks. He repeated the journey four times.

Following each of his four journeys, Papa Ita's feet were examined by physicians who were present. There was no indication found of searing or burning.

This ended the show as far as the official program was concerned, but there was more to follow, acts not less thrilling because unrehearsed.

Corp. Murray, of the sixth artillery entered unobserved in his stockinged feet, and before the manager was aware of the fact was pirouetting on a big block of lava in the very center of the pit. Getting tired of standing so long in one position, he strolled leisurely to the end of the pavement. There he was met by manager Lewis, who remonstrated with him on his unseemly conduct and told him to go home.

"Not much," replied Murray, as he balanced himself skillfully on a hot one.

"We'll see about that!" exclaimed the exasperated Lewis, reaching over to pull the amateur salamander back.

"If you want me, catch me!" shouted the corporal. "You'll have to follow in my footsteps," and so saying he blew a kiss at the disgruntled master of ceremonies and started over the course.

The manager did not hesitate a single moment to reflect on the awful risk he was running, no indeed! Looking neither to right hand or to the left, and paying no attention to the shouts which warned him of his fearful peril, he started hot foot after the soldier. Two yards from home he looked to have him beaten, but Murray developed surprising speed when the pinch came and won handily.

Then the two made a few passes, and the police force brought the performance to a conclusion.

In explanation of the fact it is said that the lava of these islands is an extremely porous rock, heating readily to a white heat at a temperature not much different from that which will bring iron to the same state. It cools very rapidly on the surface, the porous quality rendering it a poor conductor of heat, so that when a piece of it is heated to a white heat the surface cools much more rapidly by radiation than the heat comes to the surface from the interior.

The very rocks upon which he placed his bare feet, though they might be white hot on the other side, were not so hot on the upper side but that they might be touched with the naked hand on top.

At the same time it must be remembered that the heat was constantly rising from the burning wood below, so that the temperature of the air immediately above the rocks and through which the performer must walk was probably two or three hundred degrees. But the flowing robes and above all the girdle of green ti leaves worn and the big bundle of ti leaves carried would form such a cushion of air about the person as would keep the heated air from reaching the skin, while the time occupied in crossing would not be longer than a person could hold his breath.

* * *

WOLF WORE SHEEP'S BELL.

A FARMER residing on the upper Mattwa river, in the province of Quebec, made a captive of a wolf last winter, and having read that ships were sometimes cleared of rats by fastening a bell around the neck of one of them the bright idea occurred to him that in a similar manner he might clear the adjacent woods of wolves. He fastened a bell on his wolf's neck and released him.

After the snow had melted he allowed his flock of sheep to exercise their lambs in the fields near the house. His children were with their father looking at the gambols of the lambs, when the sheep were noticed to prick up their ears as if intently listening. Then, with much bleating, the whole flock raced to the woods.

Wondering at the vagaries of the animals the farmer went about his work. About an hour later the children came up to him with the news that the sheep had returned, but had left one of the lambs behind them.

The next day the same thing occurred again, and another lamb disappeared. The children tried to keep the sheep in the fields, but, failing, followed them into the bush. They reported that they had distinctly heard a bell tinkling in the distance.

Then it began to dawn on the farmer that the bell which had been fastened to the neck of his gray wolf visitor was the same which was borne by the father of the flock in the previous summer. The quick-eared



WHERE WOOL GROWS.

sheep had recognized the sound of the bell and, true to their instinct, had hastened to join their last year's companion.

That they found not exactly a wolf in sheep's clothing, but a wolf attached to a sheep's bell and ready to take advantage of his condition to dine on spring lamb was no fault of theirs, though certainly their misfortune. The settler does not appear to think very much of the bell plan of disposing of wolves.

* * *

GOOD COUNTRY FOR SAUERKRAUT.

IN Cuba cabbages frequently weigh as much as twenty pounds. All vegetables do well. Radishes may be eaten from fourteen to eighteen days after sowing, lettuce in five weeks after sowing, while corn produces three crops per year. Sweet potatoes are perpetual. The natives dig up the tubers, cut them off and plant the old vines, which produce a new crop in three months. All sorts of fruits, horticultural and green house plants and bulbous stock are also grown.

COURT DAY IN VIRGINIA.

BY W. K. CONNAR.

PERHAPS you think Court Day in Virginia is Sunday as well as in any other State. Yes, Sunday is a great court day, but in cases that are nearly ripe it is not confined to Sunday.

Come, Nookers, and sit with me on the pinnacle of a Virginia temple of justice and I'll show you a typical Monday scene in many counties of Virginia. The summer sun may beat on us pretty hot, but look and listen and you'll forget all discomfort.

Here, look down this street. See them coming. See that family in a "big" wagon drawn by a mule and a horse. Three kinds of wheels on the wagon, while the harness is made up of strings, withes, chains, etc., and some leather. Do you notice that the occupants of the wagon blend quite harmoniously with the rest of the outfit? "Look! look! two cows hitched up!" No, Johnnie, not cows, but oxen. He's got a load of sumach.

There, there, all eyes to the right! See those bays? Sixteen handers, sleek as a peeled onion, silver and nickel flashing and sparkling like the flashes and sparkles on a valley mountain stream. How gracefully they come stepping up and go spinning around the court house green and dash out of our sight and into the shade of the main street maples!

Well, what are you laughing at now? That couple walking up the street with hands locked? They're making the best of a court day trust or combine. You thought they were behind the times. O, no! Thus we can see them coming on every street, from every direction, in every manner, with almost every purpose, and all aiming for the court house green.

Now, would you enjoy some shade and a seat on the lawn? Here we go. Ah, you look as comfortable now as a farmer under a shady tree, with his sleeves rolled up, drinking lemonade. If we were on the eve of an election we might listen to a stump speech or two. "There's one going off now." No, that's a patent medicine man announcing that if you buy "two boxes for a quarter" of his "Keen Edge" he will give you one bottle of his "Boon to Humanity," worth fifty cents and guaranteed to cure anything from a sore toe to dandruff. Watch how he rakes in the quarters.

See that old gentleman coming this way? He's quite talkative. Hey, Mr. Hupp, how many courts have you attended? "How many courts? Well sir, I began in '38 and mighty few have I missed." So there was a court day, too, when you were a boy? "Yes, and long before my boyhood. It began before the Revolution, and has been well used

as a holiday, business day, loafing day, drinking day, etc. I think the crowds are greater now than when I was a boy. More women attend. Business men offer greater inducements. Duties are put off for court day, committees meet, agents, solicitors, etc., are active. Machinery of all kinds is introduced, many horses exchange hands and things in general are pretty lively." Thank you, Mr. Hupp, won't you go with us to the Presbyterian church and get a lunch? I understand the ladies of that church have prepared tables. Here we are. Now help yourselves. I'll foot the bill, bid you adieu, and get my money back by getting Nookers.

Bridgewater, Va.

TELEGRAPHING THE TIME.

IT is three minutes to nine o'clock at night. The official in charge of a great observatory, the Goodsell Observatory, Northfield, Minnesota, is preparing to send out the time to the people living in his section of America. For sixty seconds he rattles away on a telegraph instrument at his desk, spelling out the word "time, time, time;" then he waits an instant. Then he turns to his telegraph key again. Eleven thousand miles of wire are open to him; he is ruler of them all. Every telegraph instrument in all the vast territory of which the Goodsell Observatory is the center is silent; every operator has taken his hand from his key; throughout the whole length of these thousands of miles there is a strange silence.

The seconds are slowly ticking away. Above the head of the observer there is a great observatory clock. At precisely two minutes to nine, after the telegraphers all along the miles of wire have been notified and have withdrawn their hands from the keys, the wires are switched into a connection with the very clock itself, and all along the eleven thousand miles there is no sound but the tick, tick, tick of the observatory clock. Every beat of the great arteries of commerce is stopped; every throb of the news of all lands going out night by night over these wires from the great heart of the world ceases; even the sad messages of death and suffering, as well as the gay ones that tell of little babies born and young folks married and reunions of friends promised—all these must wait while the great clock on the wall makes itself understood in the language of time and eternity over these many thousands of miles.

Something strangely solemn is in one's thoughts as he stands beside the observer amid the silent seconds while the clock ticks on. Whoever is listening at the wire along its course, waiting to set his watch, whether he be a railroad employee or some man in a large jeweler's establishment where the people go to get their timepieces regulated, knows the system,

and knows that there is a sudden pause just before the exact stroke of nine o'clock—a broken beat in the ticking. Then all carefully note their timepieces as the clock in the observatory ticks the nine-o'clock second. Thus they can tell to the second whether their watches are fast or slow or precisely right.

Attached to the clock is a simple device—a wheel with teeth in it—located behind the second-hand, which breaks the current at each even second. Thus the clock is ticking the time over the whole stretch of wire covering the thousands of miles of territory in the field of this particular observatory.—*St. Nicholas*.



GETTING YOUR LETTER BACK.

A FEW days ago a young woman hurried into the office of Postmaster Van Cott and asked to have a letter withdrawn from the mails. She had posted it an hour previously, she said, and since then had learned something about Mr. Blank that incensed her; therefore she did not want to keep the appointment she had consented to in the letter. Could she reclaim the missive before it reached the addressee? she inquired.

The postmaster referred her to the superintendent of mails, and within half an hour the letter was picked out from among thousands of its mates and restored to the claimant, who tore it into bits and walked out of the post office.

The authorities of the post office have made every provision for absent and fickle-minded patrons of the mails. Among the most interesting and valuable is the process by which a letter may be reclaimed after it has been posted.

Comparatively few people know that this can be done, and fewer care to take the trouble of going through the forms which have been prescribed—forms which are to a degree cumbersome and time-consuming, but which, nevertheless, are necessary to prevent deception and fraud.

Occasions arise when the writer of an important letter desires to withdraw it before it reaches its destination. Oftentimes additional knowledge of a proposed transaction is acquired after a letter has been sent to the post office, making it highly desirable that the facts related in the letter do not reach the person for whom they were originally intended. In case, too, where knowledge of the failure of a mercantile firm or a banking house reaches a person who has mailed a check or draft to that concern, it is sometimes wise to withdraw the letter before it is delivered.

The postal authorities have a system by which such letter may be reclaimed if application is made for it before it is delivered. Application must be made in person. The government provides a blank upon which the applicant writes the address that is given on the letter. If that letter has not left the post office the

superintendent of mails finds it and compares the address on the envelope with the address on the applicant's slip. If the addresses are identical the letter is returned to the claimant and the authorities keep the slip as a receipt.

To reclaim a letter sent out of the office the writer must fill out the prescribed blank and deposit one dollar for telegrams. The superintendent of mails then telegraphs the post office to which the letter has been sent and asks him to return it. When it reaches him he compares the addresses, and if they are alike he returns the letter to the applicant. The expense of telegraphing is deducted from the deposit and the balance is returned.

This involves a study of handwriting. If there is a noticeable difference in the little things which are characteristic—the manner of crossing the "t's" or the dotting of the "i's" or the peculiar little flourishes which are made after a name—the letter is not delivered to the claimant. In cases where letters are addressed by typewriter it is impossible to identify the applicant in this way.

When the claimant is a well-known business man, however, personally known to the postal authorities, letters are sometimes returned upon his mere request, a receipt, however, being asked.

At the New York post office, according to First Assistant Postmaster Martin, the average number of letters withdrawn each week is ten. Most of these are from the domestic mails. Few are from the city mails, because the letters are collected so frequently and delivered so quickly that there is little chance of "catching" a letter in the office.

Occasionally letters which have been addressed to foreign countries are asked to be returned. In such a case a deposit of twenty-five dollars is required to cover the expense of telegraph and cable tolls. Letters addressed to points in almost every country on the face of the earth may be reclaimed in this way if application is made before the missive is delivered to the addressee.

Great Britain, however, takes the stand that a letter when once dropped in a mail box becomes the property of the addressee, but makes exception in the cases of the Cape and the Australian colonies. Why this exception the local postal authorities do not know.—*New York Times*.



NOT ALL THE HAPPY FAMILY DURABLE.

THE proprietor of a German menagerie keeps caged together a lion, a tiger, a wolf and a lamb, which he labels "The Happy Family." When asked confidentially how long these animals had lived together, he answered: "Ten months, but the lamb has to be renewed occasionally."—*Philadelphia Times*.

GERMANY'S GARDEN SCHOOLS.

THE introduction of gardening into the course of instruction in elementary schools is no new movement in Germany. In 1814 instructions were issued in Schleswig-Holstein to the effect that "in view of the future occupations of children in country schools, most of whom will be engaged in agricultural pursuits, they should in addition to their ordinary work receive some instruction in the culture of fruit and vegetables." In 1817, in Nassau, instructions were issued to the effect that a garden should be provided for every village school besides a playground, in which the children should receive practical instruction in fruit culture. The district school inspectors have paid attention to this subject more or less ever since, and in 1885 special organizers of school gardens were appointed to inspect and advise the work in the school garden. The Wiesbaden Agricultural society encourages school gardens by offering prizes for the successful cultivation of fruit. Care is taken that the work in the school gardens does not enter into competition with local fruit growers, the number of trees being limited to the quantity which is needed for instruction.

School gardens are, however, by no means universal. Among the most successful are those at Langenhain, near Eppstein, Eschhorn, Hilchert, Alsbach and Kaden, near Westerburg. In 1819 in Prussia instructions were issued that the course of studies in village school should include some instruction bearing on agricultural subjects. The instruction has not been universally carried out, but it has been attended to in various places, according to the interest which the school authorities and their school inspectors have taken in the subject. At Koslin no teacher is appointed to a head mastership unless he has a sufficient practical knowledge of fruit culture. At Oppeln the regulations dated 1867 provide for instruction in fruit culture, and also those for Lauenburg, dated 1868. In the regulations for elementary schools in East and West Prussia, dated 1845, and still valid, provision is made for supplying the teacher with a fruit garden. In Königsberg the size of the garden is prescribed to be forty-five square rods, and the school inspector is entrusted with the duty of seeing that it is properly cultivated. The instruction is to be in growing fruit, and not vegetables.

In Mecklenburg-Schwerin regulations in respect of fruit gardens were made first in 1827. All village schools were to be provided with them. In 1832 the size was fixed by regulation to be fifty square rods. In 1846 the provision of this instruction was left to the discretion of the teacher. At present the school garden is the exception and not the rule. In Bavaria school gardens do not form a part of the obligatory

programme, but the government encourages them, and the school inspectors are instructed to report upon their progress. In the Upper Palatinate at the present time the regulations provide that each country school shall be provided with a fruit garden of at least fifty square rods. The local chamber of agriculture supervises the school gardens through members of its committees, and assists the teachers. A special scheme of instruction is drawn up and preserved for the use of the district inspector, who reports upon the results.—*St. James' Budget.*

* * *

THE CREW OF A CABLE SHIP.

So that we may properly appreciate the subject, let us imagine ourselves on board of a typical cable-ship engaged in actual work.

We find a first-class vessel in all respects, with uniformed officers and crew, strict discipline maintained, and every other feature of expert navigation. In addition to all this, we can quickly note the unique attributes specially suited for her distinctive field of effort. To begin at the very mainspring of the whole, we find the cable coiled away in big iron tanks, situated in what would be the hold of a cargo ship. These tanks are from thirty to forty feet in diameter, and are connected with one another by "ways," or "troughs," through which transfers can readily be made when occasion requires. The numerous machines upon deck are necessary for the proper handling of the heavy cargo, and their power can be better appreciated later. The big, funnel-like objects lining the bulwarks in places are buoys, useful in marking locations. We soon discover that the ship has really three crews or departments, each with its separate chiefs and officers. Nevertheless, they must all work in harmony, one with another, or things will go wrong. There is the steamship crew,—captain, engineers, mates, quartermasters, stokers, deck-hands, cooks, and stewards,—but even these men must be experienced in the special difficulties of navigation and labor with which they have to contend. Then there is a certain corps who have to do with the actual cable laying, picking up, buoying, etc., although, quite naturally, they are aided by the rest as occasion demands. Last of all on our list (but certainly not in importance) are the electricians, charged with the testing and calculating, which must go on continuously while the ship is at work in order to prevent costly mistakes.—*Percie W. Hart.*

* * *

NEVER come under the power of a man if you can help it, whom you perceive to have an especial aversion to admit exceptions to any theory or any rule he has once laid down. That man will be a very hard man to deal with.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

GREAT MEN'S OPINIONS OF WOMEN.

Earth has nothing more tender than a pious woman's heart.—*Luther*.

REMEMBER, woman is most perfect when most womanly.—*Gladstone*.

All I am or can be I owe to my angel mother.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman rules us still.—*Moore*.

Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill woman's fond affection glows.—*Sand*.

He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife.—*Ben Jonson*.

A woman's strength is most potent when robed in gentleness.—*Lamartine*.

Lovely woman, that caused our cares, can every care beguile.—*Beresford*.

Oil and water—woman and a secret—are hostile properties.—*Bulwer Lytton*.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love.—*Shakespeare*.

Women need not look at those dear to them to know their moods.—*Howells*.

Raptured man quits each dozing sage, O woman, for thy lovelier page.—*Moore*.

Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there.—*Andrew Jackson*.

WHAT SOME WOMEN OF NOTE SAY PRO AND CON ABOUT THE SEX.

The best shelter for a man is a woman's love.—*Sophie Gay*.

Woman's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rest.—*Madame Necker*.

Woman is born for love, lives for love and by love; and dies of love.—*Margaret Ossoli*.

It is through the lips of woman that the breath of divinity passes.—*Mlle De La Fayette*.

I love men, not because they are men, but because they are not women.—*Queen Christiana*.

In a woman's face we love we can see all sorts of answers to our own yearnings.—*George Eliot*.

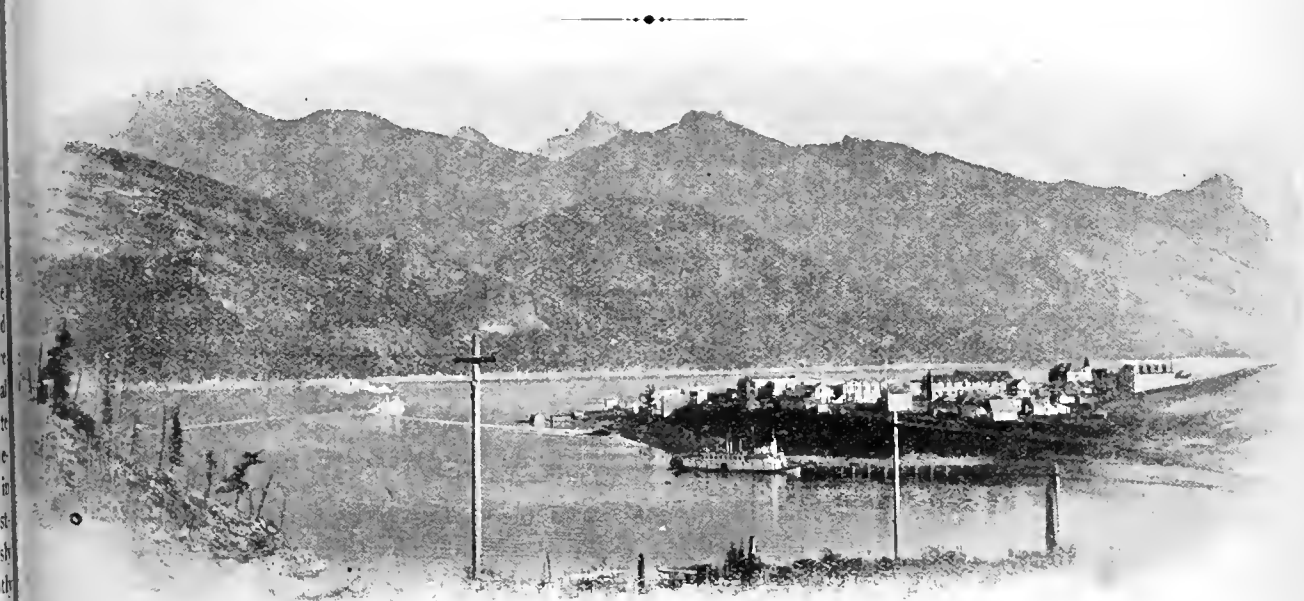
Women use their hearts as men do their brains—as the directing power of their lives.—*Madame Guizot*.

Compared to perverse woman the worst roué is but a schoolboy in the science of evil.—*Madame De Genlis*.

The religion of women consists in serving God without offending the devil too much.—*Duchess of Orleans*.

A woman belongs by right to the man who loves her and whom she loves more than her life.—*Madame Geoffrin*.

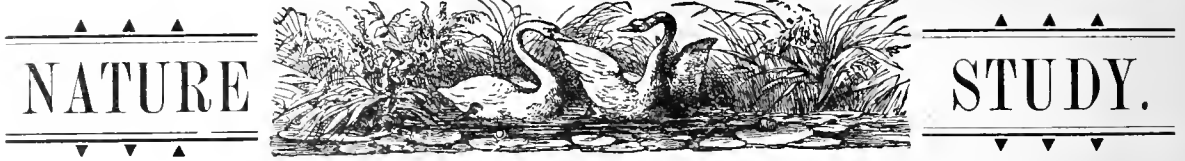
I AM glad that I am not a man, because I shall never run the risk of marrying a woman.—*Madame De Stael*.



A CITY BY THE WATER'S SIDE GUARDED BY MOUNTAINS.

THE good right arm of the breadwinner is strengthened more by an unexpected caress or an encouraging word from loved ones than by all the roast beef in Christendom.—*Buell Hampton*.

A RELIGION that is not good in business is not good in anything else, and a business that cannot be helped by God and the angels is poorly managed, to say the least.



HOMING PIGEONS.

FLYING a distance of over five hundred miles at a rate of speed which may be roughly estimated at thirty-two and one-half miles an hour was the record made in the recent match of British homing pigeons. This match is an annual contest, in which the birds from all the best lofts in England compete. The starting place is Bordeaux, in France, about five hundred miles from London. In a straight line the birds going from Bordeaux to London would cross the English channel from the French coast at a point a little to the north of Cape Barfleur, where the channel is almost one hundred miles wide. It is possible, however, that the birds follow the French coast to the north and cross the channel at its narrowest point, for we believe that, as a rule, homing pigeons avoid flying over wide stretches of water when there is a chance to go round. This would increase the distance actually covered by the contestants. In all, 1,784 birds were liberated, and of this number thirteen made a record of speed better than seven hundred and twenty yards a minute. Seven hundred and twenty yards a minute means twelve yards, or thirty-six feet, every second. At that rate the birds would cover a mile in about two minutes and twenty-six seconds, marvelous speed for a five-hundred-mile race. The winning bird averaged nine hundred and fifty-three yards per minute, which, as we have said, works out roughly at more than half a mile a minute, or thirty-two and one-half miles an hour for a distance in excess of five hundred miles.

The timing was very carefully done, so that there was little chance for mistake. The distance from Bordeaux to each loft was closely calculated, and the velocity was easily made up from these two figures of time and distance. While this record made by the winning bird of nine hundred and fifty-three yards a minute was a wonderful performance, it is only the second best time that has been made in these yearly races from Bordeaux. The best mark was established in 1900, when the winning bird covered the distance at the rate of 1,297 yards per minute. The direction of the wind and the condition of the atmosphere doubtless have much to do with the speed made, but, looked at from any light, the performance of these homing pigeons was almost miraculous. Were it not for the fact that birds will fly only to their homes, there would be much greater use for them commercially than is now possible.—*Boston Herald.*

ABOUT THE FACE OF THE MOON.

CHILDREN, and grown folks, too, like to think of the disc the moon presents to the earth as the smiling face of an old man. A little study and a little drawing up on the imagination easily turns the full moon into such a face, more or less closely resembling the picture of the moon as shown in children's picture books. It requires a more careful observation to discern the "man in the moon" with his bundle of sticks on his back, as he is seen by the children of Germany, who are taught to regard him with fear and awe.

Before Galileo's invention of the telescope it was not known what caused the mottled appearance of the moon's surface. We now know that the surface of the moon is diversified with hills and valleys and mountains and plains, just as the earth is; and that it is the shadows cast by the elevated portions of the surface that cause some parts to appear darker than others.

The lunar mountains are vastly higher in proportion than those of the earth. Though the moon is only about one-fiftieth the size of the earth, its mountains are nearly as high, one at least being about four or a half miles in altitude. Another peculiarity of the mountains is that so many of them have the form of volcanic craters, which no doubt they really are. So far as can be seen all are extinct, however. Near the center of the level floor of these craters often thousands of feet below the top of the rim, occurs a curious peak resembling a little mountain within a mountain. Herodotus, one of the largest of these ring mountains, has a diameter of more than twenty-three miles and its crater is 4,000 feet deep. Besides the great Plato, however, Herodotus is a mere pigmy; for the former is more than three times as far across and deeper.

The moon is a dead world, a fossil among the heavenly bodies. There is apparently no vegetation, no atmosphere, no life of any kind. Could we stand on its surface everything would, in consequence, appear strange and odd. Even at midday the sky would be studded with stars; but the sky itself would be black. There would be no dawn nor twilight, for the sun would rise and set suddenly and sharply, its ten weeks' intolerable glare giving way to another ten weeks' colorless, silent; there would be only sharp outlines of light and shade, softened by no gradations such as make the earth pleasant and beautiful.



A LION in a jungle will jump twenty-five or thirty feet from a standing start.

THE RISE OF THE DOG.

It is said that the dog, in his original form, was a wolf, and that he was picked up somewhere or brought from his native den by a human creature not many removes from a wolf himself. Strange stories are told of a mysterious tendency of dogs long domesticated, to revert to the original type in disposition, and for a night at least, to run and howl and prey with wolves. However the partnership between the dog and the man came about, the contract was faithfully kept as a rule by one of the parties—namely, the dog. The dog, even if he was once a wolf, consented to tend the flock on which it was his original nature to prey. If he was once free, he gave up his liberty to follow at his master's heels, to lie by the hour in one place and watch his master's property, to guard his owner while he slept, and often to keep up his vigil beside the grave whence every other friend had gone, or perchance no other friend had ever come.

The other party to the agreement does not seem to have been so mindful of the obligation. Very early records make mention of dogs keeping watch over flocks, but there is no reference to gratitude displayed for that service. Dog early became a term of opprobrium. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" "Spurned like a cur," is the extreme of injury and insult.

It would be a curious, but probably a vain search, to find when the change for the better in the reputation of the dog began. It must have been when the ancient maxim, "Love me, love my dog," was invented, and it was the great Mr. Alexander Pope who recognized the belief of "Lo the poor Indian" that in another and better world than this "his faithful dog shall bear him company." As the world came to know itself better, as people discovered that "beyond the mountains there are men also," it was found that there were dogs likewise. From the mysterious, white north word came of a region where dogs are the only work animals. History began to fill up with stories of famous dogs, the Hound of Gelert, the Dog of Montargis. The famous dogs of St. Bernard went forth on their errands of mercy and their story went over all the world. With the spread of civilization and enlightenment, the lot of the dog improved, and his importance in society was increased. The savage is cruel to his wife and his dog; the civilized man cherishes both.

* * *

HOW THE FLOWERS SLEEP.

FLOWER growers have discovered how to produce lilies in autumn, and in the coming fall will put these pretty blossoms on the market in considerable quantities. It is quite a wonderful achievement, considering

how peculiarly they are associated with the springtime, and the way in which it is accomplished is most curious and interesting.

In a state of nature, the lilac plant requires a period of rest before producing its flowers. That period is the winter, when the cold enforces repose. But it is found that the plant can be cheated into blossoming in autumn by exposing it to the fumes of ether, which put it to sleep for a little while, after which it proceeds to blossom luxuriantly.

Florists grow the plants in pots, and in the fall place them, pots and all, in a large box which contains an uncorked bottle of ether. In this manner they are exposed to the ether vapor for forty-eight hours, the box being air-tight; and sometimes the operation is repeated a few days later. When they come out they are ready to start right in at blossoming, and the glass gardener obtains a fine crop of lilacs for the early winter trade.

The process sometimes weakens the colors of the flowers, but this does not matter in the case of lilacs, because the kind preferred by florists is the white.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

* * *

FRAGRANT FLOWERS ARE NOT WANDERERS.

JOHN BURROUGHS, the naturalist, says that no fragrant flowers in the shape of weeds have come to us from the Old World, and this leads me to remark that plants with sweet-scented flowers are, for the most part, more intensely local, more fastidious than those without perfume. Our native thistle—the pasture thistle—has a marked fragrance, and it is much more shy and limited in its range than the common Old World thistle that grows everywhere. How fastidious and exclusive is the cypripedium. You will find it in one locality in the woods, and will look in vain for it elsewhere. It does not grow in herds like the commoner plants, but affects privacy and solitude. Genius is a specialty; it does not grow in every soil; it skips the many and touches the few; and the gift of perfume to a flower is a special grace like genius or like beauty, and never becomes common or cheap.

* * *

WHERE GOLD MAY ABOUND.

MYSTERIOUS forests surround the unmapped headwaters of the Amazon river where hidden gold mines are thought to be, guarded by a large tribe of Indians known as the Napos, who still cling to the ancient rites of the children of the sun. These Napo Indians have brought out sufficient evidence of the richness of the placer mines. In Quito gold dust is the standard currency, which they bring in hollow bamboo joints heavy with grains, and dust of the precious metal, which is washed out by the most primitive methods.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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"To be a flower were joy enough,
If summer lasted all the year;
But autumn comes and winds are rough—
Roses and lilies disappear:

'Tis lovers who outlive the year
And triumph over winter's snow;
If love be true they need not fear,
Though mocking seasons come and go."

THE UNEMPLOYED.

A GREAT many young people, especially young women, who live in the country, often look with longing eyes to the city where they think plenty of work lies and where they can evade the humdrum experience of the rural regions. The writer will not say that all such are mistaken, for there are instances in which the young woman coming from the country to the town succeeds in bettering herself, but in the majority of instances the opposite is true. Still there are thousands of openings for women in the cities, yet they are of such a character as to be pitiable in the extreme in many cases, and sometimes they pass the verge of the pitiable into the pathetic and the dreadful.

While a good-looking young woman, well-dressed, will not find much trouble in securing work at what appears to her a very remunerative occupation, the facts are that she will find her six or seven dollars a week will disappear immediately after pay-day to an amazing degree. The Nookman does not think any situation is so grave and so beset with danger as that of a young girl of eighteen or twenty alone in a great city, occupying some little eight by ten room in a boarding house of the poorer class, without friends and with little money. If she pulls through unharmed it is not the usual ending.

A question might be asked, how do the young women who occupy these places live? In the majority of cases

they have homes and parents, and some two or three or more of the young folks of the family work out, and pooling their earnings into a common fund they succeed in having a presentable home and a fairly pleasant life. But if the girl who gets eight dollars a week pays out five for her boarding and with the three dollars left, deducting laundry and carfare, she will find herself at a disadvantage, which she cannot understand while she is in the country, and if she will take our advice she will do well to avoid it. Over and over again the Nook has recommended girls going into service in a good family. There they can receive from four to six dollars a week clear, be well treated, perfectly safe-guarded, and have the good respect of every right-thinking man and woman. There are hundreds of such places waiting for country young women, and it is thoroughly unwise to imagine that such a place carries with it anything of dishonor and discredit. For all that it appears that there is a feeling of dread at the thought of domestic service which is wholly unwarranted by actual facts. Some of the best women we have ever known were those who wrought for others in a domestic way. In all things it is the same. It does not depend on what we do, but upon how well we do what we are at, and how well we behave ourselves while doing it.

BUDDY.

ON the evening of September 5, 1902, just as the shadows crept in over the prairies, the Angel of Death hovered over a home in Elgin waiting to bear the soul of little "Buddy" (Gaggle Goo's brother), gently back to him who lent it. The boy had never been robust but had endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, and when the dread disease, cholera infantum, overtook him, all that science and care could do did not avail to keep him, and now a mother's arms are empty and a happy home is broken.

On August 28 the Nookman, Buddy's grandfather left for California, and as he bade the idol of his heart Good-bye there was no hint of the coming event in the home he left. What will be the feeling of bereavement with which he hears the sad news of the death of his namesake, Howard M. Von Pless the Nook family will likely never know. However those of us at Elgin feel that while words are of no avail the INGLENOOK family shares the deep and tender sympathy we entertain for the family and the Nookman.

A YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER.

THE oldest inhabitant has never seen a year like the present. September is now here and the weather has all along been cool and damp. The hot weather of the average summer is a minus quantity. The

summer resort people have found business unprofitable, and in Chicago the "resort" gardens have been driven out of business, in instances. Vegetation has suffered. The condition is practically true the world over. If there is to be a summer it will come in the months with an r in them

What's the reason for all this? Nobody seems to really know. The weather people admit their total ignorance of the causes. If the law of compensation holds good there will be an unusual winter. What it will be the Nook does not venture to predict.

* * *

STUDY BREVITY.

ONE of the troubles the NOOK has is in boiling down stories as they come to the desk. By stories is meant anything sent for printing. Most writers think that when they endeavor to tell a thing they must begin at the creation. *The Chicago News* has the following about a similar instance:

"A beginner in newspaper work in a Southern town, who occasionally sent 'stuff' to one of the New York dailies, picked up last summer what seemed to be a 'big story.' Hurrying to the telegraph office, he 'queried' the telegraph editor: 'Column story on so and so. Shall I send it?' The reply was brief and prompt, but, to the enthusiast, unsatisfactory. 'Send 600 words,' was all it said. 'Can't be told in less than 1,200,' he wired back. Before long the reply came: 'Story of creation of world told in 600. Try it.'"

* * *

THE NOOK has no desire to disturb the relations now existing between the employer and the employed, but it desires to help all its readers. A good many of the NOOK family are farm workers, and if they will consult the general crop report published in the NOOK, recently, they will see where hands are wanted and what is paid them. There may be a chance for many a man to better himself after consulting that report.

* * *

THE Doctor Book is gradually assuming shape. Hundreds of recipes are in and other hundreds are wanted. About every home there are usually tried domestic remedies that are relied on because of their known value, and these are what we are getting, and it is this class that we still further want. Let it be remembered that men are invited to contribute as well as women. Let there be a shower of remedies. All may prove a help to others in time of need.

* * *

DON'T fall out with people. A cracked vase may be skillfully patched up, but it will always be a cracked vase. So a broken friendship will ever be unlike that which is unbroken.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Now will you be good?

✦

Beauty is only a bait, the soul's the hook.

✦

The Golden Rule never wears out in use.

✦

God's justice may be slow but it is sure.

✦

Only the positively bad are positively ugly.

✦

Beauty and brains do not always travel together.

✦

Nearly all of us are lazy, but few will 'fess up to it.

✦

Every ugly looking woman is beautiful to some man.

✦

Whether slander hits or not it is sure to soil somebody.

✦

Drugstore beauty deceives nobody who is worth while.

✦

The soul of a woman is the source of her real beauty.

✦

A good heart is more beautifying than puff box and rouge.

✦

Every hand that soothes the fevered brow is soft and white.

✦

Work in the field, pray at home, and you will have plenty.

✦

Better to be admiring self than living in the dark of our failures.

✦

Don't go at too fast a gait, unless you want to become unhinged.

✦

Lungs have a great deal to do with the strength of some arguments.

✦

If a man marries you for your looks, what will you be after the smallpox?

✦

A woman's biscuits count for more with the average man than her looks.

✦

Courage, ugly duckling, you can be good, and that will make you handsome.

✦

If you are not beautiful to start with, you can be good, and then beauty will follow you.

HOW STRAWBOARD IS MADE.

BY LEWIS J. KEOPFF.

IN Carthage, Indiana, is located one of the largest of the United States Board and Paper Company's mills. It is a large structure, built entirely of wood and brick, and here strawboard and cardboard are made.

The straw is hauled to the mill and unloaded on a chute where it is conveyed to the second story of the mill. Here it is put into large, cylindrical kettles located on the ground floor. In them it is cooked in limewater for twenty-four hours, during which process the kettles revolve at the rate of once a minute.

After the straw is thoroughly cooked, it is put through a series of revolving tubs which contain heavy

cylinder. A workman takes the sheets thus cut, and ties them in bundles, and they are ready for shipment to the cardboard manufacturer.

In passing through the factory one sees all the stages of the strawboard from the straw to the finished product ready for shipment.

Beatrice, Nebraska.

BLIZZARDS OF THE OCEAN.

THE blizzard is always bad enough on land, but at



SCENES ON LITTLE PEND O'REILLE, WASHINGTON.



octagonal beaters with which to beat the straw. Emerging from the last beater it looks very much like mush. It is mixed with water until it resembles a brown liquid, and it is now carried over a cylinder around which a fine wire screen revolves. The water passes through the screen and is carried away, but the fine particles of straw are carried onto a blanket and over a cylinder where several more thin layers join this one and it proceeds as one thick layer.

The strawboard is now strong enough to travel on the cylinders without the aid of the blanket. It is very wet and in order to dry it, it passes over a dozen or more cylinders heated by steam, and at last emerges firm and dry from the last roller. It is then cut into the required lengths by passing over a knife set in a

sea it is tenfold worse, far more destructive to life and property, and so awful and threatening in its unknown and unmeasured possibilities that the stoutest heart quails before it. Railroads may be snowed under on land by the fierce storms, towns and villages be actually buried alive for days and weeks, and traffic of all kinds suspended indefinitely, but on the ocean the helpless bark scuds toward the havenless port to certain destruction, and the tramp steamer labors heavily in the seas, the voyagers hoping for the best.

There is one class of ships that cannot run before the blizzard nor skulk in strange harbors to escape it. The express steamers must run on schedule time, and it may be that they must go forth to meet the monster, fully conscious of the impending conflict. Occasionally the sailing of a modern ocean greyhound may be postponed twenty-four hours in order to let the worst of a storm blow over, but usually they run forth heedless of the weather warnings. Confident in their powers, they grapple with the blizzard and toil triumphantly through the mighty conflict. In their regular navigation of the ocean some of the big liners are sure to meet every blizzard. It is always a speculation with the captains as to which boat of the line will capture the worst storm of the season.

When a blizzard is reported raging in mid-Atlantic or on the opposite coast the captain of the steamer which leaves port carries with him the good wishes and hopes of his fraternity. He knows the gravity of the situation and he conserves his strength and energy by resting well before the blizzard is met. Then he knows that he must pit his skill and knowledge and the power of his boat against the most gigantic elemental forces that ever combined for the destruction of human life.

The modern ocean greyhound burns all the way from two hundred to eight hundred tons of coal per day and the cost of fighting a blizzard at sea is not an inconsiderable factor to reckon with. The company fully instructs its captains to make speed in spite of the storm and only to reduce the normal speed when the limit of safety demands it.

In the case of such steamers as the *Deutschland* her twenty-three-odd knots are only maintained at an extreme expenditure of money for coal. Most of the steamers carry 3,000, 4,000 or 5,000 tons of coal for the trip, and when they limp into port after a rough journey they rarely have more than one-fifth or one-sixth of the reserve coal left in their bunkers. Delay is thus costly on account of the coal consumed and sometimes it might prove absolutely dangerous.

The delay of a day of such steamers as the *Deutschland*, *Oceanic* or any of the similar large steamers would cost in coal between \$1,500 and \$2,500. Under reduced speed the steamers would consume less coal, but on the theory that it costs less to hurry through with the trip the navigators hurl their tons of iron and steel through the turbulent sea at a speed that seems almost incredible. The heaviest seas are like the shock of an earthquake as they strike against the big steamers, but except for a momentary hesitation the vessel continues to worm its way through the mountain of water, forced ever onward by the powerful revolutions of the screws that never cease in their work.

The coal expense of the *Deutschland* for a single trip across the ocean is roughly estimated at \$15,000 when

the journey is made in six days. The hard driving to which she is subjected causes heavy depreciation in value, or about ten per cent on the first cost of \$3,500,000.

In times of severe blizzards this strain is much greater and the depreciation may easily run as high as fifteen and twenty per cent, even when she reduces her speed to fifteen knots. If to these two formidable items the wages of the crew, cost of provisions, insurance and food for the passengers be added the cost of the trip runs up to \$40,000 for the six days, or nearly \$7,000 per day. This is approximately what a blizzard would cost the owners of the *Deutschland*, *Oceanic* or *Kaiser Wilhelm*.

In the winter time these great trans-Atlantic liners never have paid, and when the ocean is disturbed by an unusual number of blizzards the loss for the season has sometimes been considerable. A crack racer like the *Deutschland* may earn unusually high rate of interest on her investment during the few years she may hold the record, but after that period she becomes less popular and consequently less profitable. In one trip last summer the passenger fares of this steamer amounted to \$143,000 and on the return trip \$57,000. In that memorable trip she made a huge profit for her owners, and a dozen more journeys were almost equally as profitable. But in the winter season the profits will be nothing, and in many cases heavy losses must be met.

There is scarcely a blizzard on the ocean which does not cause delays of accidents of some kind to a few of the trans-Atlantic steamers, and this loss equals in the aggregate hundreds of thousands of dollars for some storms. The old losses of wrecked ships were always made good by the marine insurance companies, but the modern losses for delays are rarely paid for by an outside agent. They fall heavily upon the ship companies who operate the craft.

In the great blizzard of 1888 a dozen steamers were delayed from one to five days, and these losses ran all the way up from \$1,000 for the ordinary tramp steamers to \$3,000 and \$5,000 for the *Etruria* and *Paris*.

It is a pretty serious matter for a modern steamer to get lost in a blizzard or to break any part of the machinery. The number of actual wrecks of ocean steamers in blizzards is really few and confined chiefly to coasters of rather ancient build and pattern, but the losses through delays and slight accidents are so serious that steamship companies and marine architects are making every effort to eliminate the evil.

The blizzard is still a formidable enemy to reckon with, and even though the passengers are perfectly safe and free from danger, the storm is bound to inflict financial losses which have come to take the place of those caused by the wrecking of ships on the rocks and reefs of our coast.

WHO WAS SHE?

"ENDURIN' the Wah" the rebels invaded Pennsylvania, and came dangerously near Harrisburg. Troops were thrown down the Cumberland valley, and one evening as the Federal soldiers marched into Carlisle, and were lined up in the streets, a body of rebels appeared at the far end of the street and an artillery duel began between them and a Union battery near what the Nookman remembers as a market place. The troops moved to the sidewalk to give the artillery a chance, and subsequently, on orders, broke into the houses that it might be made uncomfortable for any rebels who ventured into the streets.

The enemy shelled the town all night, burnt the barracks, and cleared out by morning, and were off for good.

But what we want to get at is this. There was a good deal of confusion, and plainly to be seen at the far end of the street was the rebel battery getting ready for action. Just then a young woman came bounding and waltzing down the street crying out in a shrill falsetto voice, "There they are! Give it to them! Give it to them!" From the upper end of the street came a heavy "boom, s-c-r-e-a-m, smash," and a rebel shell tore down the middle of the street, and "crash, rip, smash," an answering shell sped back, and all the while this girl, swinging a sunbonnet by the strings, was jumping up and down yelling, "Kill them," "Give it to them," her eyes flashing fire, and then we broke into the houses and prepared to receive the expected cavalry. The girl was lost sight of, and if she is living now, she is probably a quiet old woman, but the writer often wondered who she was that so readily fell into the excitement of battle, and who wasn't scared one little bit.

* * *

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE PENNIES?

PENNIES—or cents—after they are minted, and put into circulation, disappear like pins; of all the 10,600,000,000 cents that the United States government has coined, where are the "reserves"? What part of that ten billions still remain in circulation?

Let us talk a bit with the local post office authorities in Washington, the nation's capital.

"You would think that a large post office would take in through its stamp window more pennies than it pays out, but the contrary is the case," said a clerk in the Washington City office, the other day.

"I often have to exchange silver for pennies in the afternoon with the news boys on the front step of the post office department building, and we are always ready to accommodate the boys when they offer their nickels and dimes. In this way the pennies that the

people pay are at once thrown into the mighty stream of circulation, as I often pay out over three hundred pennies in a day more than I take in. In fact, we at all times keep a reserve stock of the handy little copper coins. Yes, I know that many people suppose that we receive pennies largely in excess of what we pay out, because those who hand in pennies for stamps may suppose that a majority of the sales are thus paid for. I have sold a single penny postage stamp, a two-cent stamp, a penny newspaper wrapper or a single postal card and received a twenty-dollar bill to change. In short the stamp window of a post office is really a place of changing bills of all denominations, and silver coins, especially on the department pay days, when the large bills drop in here like the dry leaves in the fall."

A treasury official says that there is a big demand for pennies from all over the country, but there is no scarcity of coin.

"During the last calendar year we have put into circulation about 70,500,000 pennies, and the average yearly output is about 65,000,000. Beginning with August, the mint in Philadelphia, which is the only mint where pennies are coined, began to turn them out by the millions to meet the demand for the fall and holiday trade. We have greatly increased our facilities for coining pennies, and we now have ten presses for that purpose, as we do not use the presses with which we coin gold and silver pieces for copper coins. We buy the copper in strips by the avoirdupois pound, and one press can strike off one hundred a minute, or we can turn out in a day of seven and a half hours about 750,000 pennies.

"Pennies disappear like pins—no one knows where they go, as may be judged when it is remembered that we have coined in all 10,600,000,000 pennies. The old white eagle pennies, which few of the present growth of small boys have seen, are redeemed when turned in, and made into nickel pieces, which, by the way, are alloy of seventy-five per cent copper, and twenty-five per cent nickel. Around the holidays, and before the coming of the circus into town, the pennies are hoarded by the small boy all over the land by the millions, one Washington boy of my acquaintance having dropped into his little home bank six dollars in pennies to go into the savings bank. The railroad companies and other corporations and firms who receive pennies in quantities turn them in to the treasury in bags, subject to count, and they are redeemed in currency. There are untold numbers of pennies all over the country in the banks of children, which are withdrawn temporarily from circulation. People do not like to receive pennies in change yet because they do not like to carry them in the pocket often have to go out of their way and to much trouble to secure them when needed.

INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.

POPULAR as well as scientific interest has been generally and naturally aroused by the recent volcanic outbreaks in the Lesser Antilles and a brief statement of the current and accepted explanations of them will prove a matter of interest. All these manifestations of heat are derived from the great stores which exist in the interior of the earth.

The consideration of them and of the known increase of temperature with depth led earlier geologists to believe that the earth possessed a heated molten core and a cold, relatively thin, exterior shell. But as further investigation developed correct conceptions of the rigidity of the globe in resisting strains produced by its rotation and the attraction of other heavenly bodies for its mass, and as the elevating effect upon the fusing points of rocks of an increase of pressure was realized, it was seen that the earth is practically solid clear through, and that local reservoirs of molten rocks beneath volcanic districts are alone admissible.

That local reservoirs exist seems quite well established, and that the rock is sufficiently fluid to enable complex parent magmas to break up into various differential products is the latest result of the investigation of eruptive areas. Volcanoes are, moreover, arranged along great lines of geological disturbance and fracture.

The fractures are naturally the conduits through which the great tension of the internal molten masses is eased by eruptions. The immediate propulsive force which drives the lava to the surface is the next topic of importance which challenges attention. Some geologists believe that the contraction of the globe and the sinking of one side of the great fractures above referred to force out the lava as juice might be squeezed through a rent in an orange.

Others, however, attribute the propulsion to the vapors which are held dissolved or occluded in the lava, and which are so much in evidence at times of eruption. The frightful explosions and the vast exhibitions of power which they present give much force to his conception. Imagine, then, a rising tide of lava. As it forces its way through the conduit it spreads earthquake shocks abroad.

Reaching the surface, its dissolved vapors explode with greater and greater violence and scatter tuffs and reccias over the neighboring country. They may end the crater and set loose floods of lava. As the energy expends itself the violence declines and disappears. The volcano then yields only hot springs and aseous emissions called fumaroles, until it is stone old.

* * *

CORRECTION is grievous unto him that forsaketh the way: and he that hateth reproof shall die.—*Solomon*.

LINCOLN'S HAY CROP.

A STORY of Abraham Lincoln would have to be older than the one below to lose its characteristic savor.

In the summer of 1857 Mr. Lincoln was sitting in his office, when he was visited by one of his neighbors, an excellent farmer, but one inclined to increase the size of his crops even after harvesting. He had given, on this particular morning, a skillfully padded account of the hay he had put in.

"I've been cutting hay, too," remarked Mr. Lincoln.

"Why, Abe, are you farming?"

"Yes."

"What you raise?"

"Just hay."

"Good crop this year?"

"Excellent."

"How many tons?"

"Well, I don't know just how many tons, Simpson, but my men stacked all they could outdoors, and then stored the rest in the barn."—*Philadelphia Times*.

* * *

CHINESE HONESTY.

As for the honesty of these people, I appeal to every English merchant or banker from Peking to Hongkong to answer if he ever heard of a dishonest Chinese merchant or banker. So far from that, not only has every English bank two Chinamen to receive and hand out money, but every bank in Japan has the same. The English will tell you, half in jest, that the Japanese is an oriental Yankee and does not trust his own people, and they will tell you, half in earnest, that the English bankers employ Chinese to handle their money because they never make mistakes.

These people of China have never had anything like a bankrupt law. If a man cannot pay his debts or some one does not secretly come forward and pay them at the end of each year, he has "lost his face," and so he dies by his own hand. Yet, with all their piteous poverty, they have no such words as "hard times," for everything must be settled up at the end of the year. There can be no extension of time. Confucius forbade it.—*Joaquin Miller in North American Review*.

* * *

HER MAMMA WOULD PAY.

A LITTLE girl entered a shoe store a few days ago and called for a pair of shoe strings. The strings were given her and she asked the clerk the price. Thinking to have a little fun with her the clerk replied that it would be a kiss. The little one hesitated a moment and then replied: "Mamma will pay you next time she comes down."

RECLAIMING THE DESERT.

BY GUY E. MITCHELL.

ANY project where men successfully undertake to duplicate Nature is interesting. This is what the irrigation engineers are doing in the West. By throwing great dams across canyons they can form lakes which in a few years will look as natural as though their waters were impounded by the hand of Nature herself. And the waters of the artificial lakes are in general by far more useful than those of natural lakes, because during the growing season they can be let down into the thirsty plains below to make

appropriation of the amount realized by the government from the sale of public lands in the West, which will be between two and three million dollars a year, and it is proposed that the first few works constructed under the national irrigation law shall be successful in every respect.

The geological survey has put out a dozen different engineers recently to examine as many projects in nearly as many States and in each case the local newspapers have jumped somewhat hastily at the conclusion that their particular locality stood the best chance of selection for the first government construction work.

The government is not, however, ignorant on the



AS THEY IRRIGATE.

green and golden fields, laden orchards and to support thrifty villages.

An enormous impetus has been given to the storage reservoir propositions by the recent act of Congress by which some six million dollars is made available for expenditure by the Secretary of the Interior, and the chief hydrographer of his department has his men over all parts of the West making surveys and investigations of supposed eligible and economical sites. While every State and territory which has a good storage reservoir proposition is of course putting forward its especial claim and is anxious to secure the initial work, it is known that the government will proceed very carefully, slowly and with judgment. The question has been in no sense a partisan one and the expenditure of this appropriation is entirely out of the pale of politics. Not only has six million dollars been made immediately available for the work, but the act of Congress carries with it an annual ap-

subject. The geological survey has been investigating the water supply and some of the storage possibilities of the West for the last fifteen years and now feels thoroughly at home on its more extended work. The friends of the irrigation movement have claimed that this is one of the greatest internal questions of the country—President Roosevelt states as much in his message—and they realize that no mistake must be made in these first works which are to serve as object lessons to the people of the East who only know what irrigation will do in a very general way—object lessons not only in the more successful watering of desert land, but in the broader sociologic question of creating new homes for American citizens.

If the first works constructed will, as their friends insist, reclaim from worthless desert large tracts of land which can be sold to settlers, eager to go upon them, thus reimbursing the government for all the money expended, the national irrigation will have

been demonstrated to be a magnificent thing for the country. It will create homes out of nothing and add vastly to the national walth, while at the same time settling up that portion of the country now so sparsely inhabited, and thus more evenly balance the East and the West.—*Kansas City Star*.

* * *

TROUSER'S CENTENARY.

THIS year is the centenary of the adoption of the long leg covering known first as pantaloons and then as trousers.

Like the name of the man who designed the Pyramids, the name of the man who designed the first pantaloons is forgotten; but the monumental achievement of his brain has impressed itself on the world from the Czar of Russia to the meanest digger in the meanest ditch in the United States.

As with many other inventors, he found it impossible to push his great device, and perhaps his genius never would have been appreciated by the world if the son of George III. had not bent his mind to the task. He was the admired of all England as the Prince of Wales. He was Beau Brummels "Friend George" and mighty proud of the honor, except on occasions when he happened to be peevish. He had achieved the brilliant invention of a new shoe buckle and he had been chased over a garden wall by a husband who did not appreciate his royal presence. So his glory was effulgent enough, without his seeking more laurels still. But his was an indefatigable mind and needed large subjects to fill it. The long pantaloons did it.

In 1802 the pantaloons were without honor. The exquisite laughed at it and the common man despised it. If any impious person had dared to suggest to any of the My Lords of that day that they exchange their knee breeches and silken stockings for this hideous garment—but nobody dared to suggest it. George, however, was hard pressed. His serene conviction that he was the leading beau of the age was clouded at times by sarcastic remarks about him by the other beaux, who never could be brought to consider George seriously as a "real swell dresser." With the exception of the magnificent effort in the shoe buckle line, George had not succeeded in originating any new mode, but had been forced to content himself with wearing what some other beau had first made fashionable.

Historians who have studied the weighty subject of his reign add that George and many of his courtiers were afflicted sadly with gout, which is not unreasonable when one considers some of the quiet and elegant dinner parties that he loved, like the one of which Thackeray tells, when George, then prince regent, his brothers and other equally refined and kindly

gentlemen, conspired successfully to make the gray-haired Duke of Norfolk blind drunk.

This gout caused unseemly swelling and protruberances on the noble legs, making them unpleasant objects when incased in tight and thin silk stockings. And George was a Royal Simon Tappertit so far as his pride in his legs was concerned. Therefore, by becoming the patron of the pantaloons, George at one blow could satisfy both his ethical pride as a beau and his manly vanity as the most beautiful male human object in his realm.

The pantaloons could have found no more powerful supporter.

Although the pantaloons had won adherents throughout France, it was palpably worn less as a matter of fashion than of politics. Being strikingly, completely and hopelessly ugly, it did not make any way at all outside of France worth mentioning. Jefferson brought the pantaloons back from France after his terms as minister there and wore them as being in strict keeping with his notions of Democratic simplicity. Naturally they had some vogue in the United States after that. But the majority of those who wore them in both America and England wore them not as articles of fashion, but rather as protests against the artifices of fashion.

The noble George changed all that. His beaux helped him loyally. Before George had been on the throne long a duke, in ordering a pair of the garments, told his tailor, "If I can get into 'em, I won't have 'em." Probably he did not intend to be taken too literally. But certainly the pantaloons had grown to be an object of solicitude in the kingdom, and bucks vied with each other to see who could wear the most beautifully molded ones.

Still the beaux did not conquer easily or soon. The Duke of Wellington, who, in his dual capacity of beau and lover of royalty, had become one of the first of the pantaloons wearers, was turned away from Almack's as late as 1814 because he insisted on appearing in pantaloons.

Another time the Lady Patronesses of the Assemblies at Almack's were much exercised. They had planned an elaborate reception and ball and were determined that it should not be desecrated by the presence of bucks in pantaloons. Yet they knew full well that the Duke of Wellington would insist on wearing the beloved garments. They could not dare offend him, for although Wellington had not then become the object of popular worship that he was later, after defeating Napoleon at Waterloo, yet he was the hero of Seringapatam and of the Peninsula and a mighty leader of fashion to boot.

So the Lady Patronesses were in despair; they could not and would not yield on the subject of pantaloons, yet they could not afford to risk offending the duke.

In this juncture a bright wit suggested that the invitation contain the following clause:

"Gentlemen are expected to wear small clothes and silk stockings, but any gentleman who is conscious that his figure is not adapted to that costume may wear pantaloons."

With the exception of Wellington and two other daring beaux, all the gentlemen who attended the reception wore small clothes.

Gilray and other cartoonists of the period made savage fun of the new mode. They showed beaux with inordinarily long and thin legs and beaux with inordinately short and fat legs. They depicted men with limbs like trees and with limbs like compass dividers. In every respect the pantaloons were depicted as unæsthetic, vulgar and uncomfortable. Artists refused to paint their patrons in them. Women ridiculed the wearers of them. Yet the net results of all the warfare was that by 1820 pantaloons were worn by almost everybody, except the delightful old-fashioned persons who stalk so pleasantly through the pages of Dickens and Thackeray in their knee breeches and bag wigs.

In 1827 pantaloons were so generally worn in the United States that a scientific method of draughting patterns for them was introduced. It was originated and printed by Otis Madison and a second edition was published in 1829. Its title was, "A New System of Delineating, Founded on True Principles, and Containing Lithographic Charts of all Different Garments."

The patterns of the pantaloons in this work look most utterly unlike anything that possibly could be worn by any creature in the shape of man.

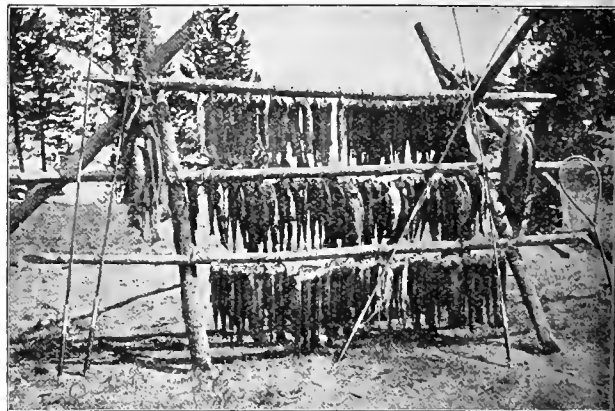
J. O. Madison, son of Otis Madison, says that the American tailors of that time were not merely mechanics, but had an acute sense of art. Their leading principle as expressed in the book was that to be fashionable a garment must be so made that it cannot be excelled for neatness of style, beauty or workmanship in any part of the world.

"Trousers and pantaloons," said Mr. Madison, in the *American Tailor and Cutter*, some time ago, "are comparatively modern garments, as are knee breeches, though they preceded the former by many years. Before the advent of knee breeches—that is, breeches that extended from the waist to the knees and were secured there by buttons, buckles, or ribbons—a very short garment, slashed and puffed, was worn by royalty, the aristocracy, the rich, the nobility and patricians, that merely covered the lower part of the trunk, leaving the whole thigh to be covered with very long stockings."

Although the "pantaloons" is older than the present "trousers," yet the word "trousers" was used

for all sorts of leg-coverings centuries ago. The name appears in wardrobe accounts of the reign of King Henry VIII., making that monarch noteworthy for no other matter besides a taste for collecting wives.

It is a remarkable fact that although France has controlled the fashions for women of the civilized world for many hundreds of years, male fashions almost always have emanated from England, or, at least, male styles did not become really fashionable until they had been accepted in England. Thus, although the French costumes under Louis XVI. were probably the most beautiful of modern times, yet the French beaux all went to London even then for the



YELLOWSTONE TROUT.

coats. No coat was considered worth wearing until it was London made.—*Kansas City Star*.

* * *

DYING DO NOT SHED TEARS.

"I HAVE stood by the bedside of hundreds of dying people," said an old physician at Topeka yesterday, "and I have yet to see a dying person shed a tear. No matter what the grief of the bystanders may be, the stricken person will show no signs of overpowering emotion. I have seen a circle of agonized children around a dying mother—a mother who in health would have been touched to the quick by signs of grief in a child—yet she reposed as calm and unemotional as though she had been made of stone. There is some strange and inexplicable psychological change which accompanies the act of dissolution. It is well known to all physicians that pain disappears as the end approaches. And nature seems to have arranged it so that mental peace shall also attend our last lingering moments."

* * *

A PLANT in the room on washday is worth more than a bunch of flowers on Sunday.—*Nature's Traits*.

Aunt Barbara's Page

MY MISSION.

To carry joy to every one
 Is what I have to do;
 To bear a heart, from sun to sun,
 So glad, and brave, and true,
 That all I meet upon their way,
 As I go out on mine,
 Will feel it as a happy day
 And full of Love Divine.

—Helen Chauncey.

A LITTLE ERRAND GIRL.

BY LIZZIE FORNEY.

As I was one of the younger of seven small children, did not know what it was to be sent on an errand. After my mother's death I went to live with her brother and then it was different, for there were no other children.

My aunt was not one of the borrowing kind, but when people live in the country they sometimes get out of things, and then good neighbors are a necessity. So it happened one day that I was sent to a neighbor to get some soda. On my way I met some big dogs, and one old fellow seemed inclined to fight. Instead of taking a stick and routing him, I found a safe place on top of a rail fence and waited and waited for them to go away. After about an hour they went and then as I was getting down from the fence I found, to my consternation, that I had forgotten what I had been told to get. I spent about another hour trying to think it up, but for the life of me I couldn't and I had to return to ask my aunt what had been sent for. They laughed very heartily at me, but she had managed to make bread without soda, and dinner was ready and I was glad.

Another time she gave me a quart can and sent me to get some salt. I went and got the salt all right and was returning through the long lane when I met a lot of cows. One old cow smelled the salt, threw up her head and came toward me. This frightened me very much so I thought I would give her a little salt. Just the thing! How glad I was that I had something with which to please her! So I set down a little pile before her. Then the fun began. They all wanted salt and that pile would not hold out, so they took after me for more and I kept setting down little piles till my quart of salt was all gone and I had to go home with an empty can. Where

my aunt got any more salt I do not know, but I shall never forget how she and my uncle laughed at me when I told my experience.

Phoenix, Ariz.

ABOUT SOME TORPEDOES.

BY MAUDE E. SPITZER.

DURING the late civil war, my father and his brothers, who were then boys, gathered about a dozen torpedoes from the camp grounds about eleven miles north of Harrisonburg, Virginia.

Torpedoes were used to kill men and horses during battles. These were about two inches in diameter and each one had a strip of lead around the outside. They looked like old tin boxes and, as we did not understand the danger in them, they were handled much.

One afternoon when I was about seven years old, my little sister, two little brothers and myself were playing with them when the strip of lead around the outside of one came loose and we took it into an old building to fix it.

As I was the oldest, I got a hammer and tried to pound it fast, but it exploded. It contained small pieces of lead, glass and sand that flew with great force in every direction. A piece of lead struck my forehead, just above my left eye, and one pierced an artery in my foot. My little sister and brothers were uninjured except that a small piece of lead pierced my brother's foot.

The physician who was called took one torpedo with him and my father had the others destroyed.

Mauzy, Va.

FREDDY'S FAITH.

He stepped in a basket of eggs,
 Our rollicking three-year-old,
 With the chubby, wavering legs
 And the innocent arts untold.

For a moment he gazed in alarm;
 Then said with his face aglow;
 "I didn't do any harm,
 For grandma can patch 'em, you know."

—Judge.

SWEET mercy is nobility's true badge.—*William Shakespeare.*

The Q. & A. Department.

Is the straw used in the better grades of hats the same as our wheat straw?

Yes and no. The Tuscan straw, the finest and best, is of wheat sowed very thickly on an arid hillside, where it grows long and spindling. It is cut when the grains are about half developed, and the upper part used for the finest grades, the other coarser part for rougher work.

What is glucose made out of?

Usually it is made of starch. In Germany potato starch is used, while in the United States Indian corn starch is employed. It is very largely used by brewers, confectioners, and for making fruit and other syrups. In a pure state it is not unhealthful.

What is spermaceti?

A solid white body found in cavities in the sperm whale's head. It is not much used in commerce now. It was formerly used mainly for candles, but paraffine takes its place now.

How is sugar cane propagated or grown?

In the southern States it is done from cuttings that are laid flat in the furrow and then covered up. The plant will not seed properly in this country.

Where do squills grow?

The medicinal squill is a native of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. It is chiefly used in colds and coughs.

How did the early Romans heat their houses?

They used a brazier, or sort of basket in which charcoal was burned, and also had a rough heater under the floors of the living rooms.

Who invented the locomotive?

George Stephenson perfected it. As it is an adaptation of the stationary engine, he cannot be said to have invented it.

Of what country is sugar cane a native?

It is not accurately known, but is believed to have been first cultivated in China.

How large a country is Switzerland?

It is said to contain 15,964 square miles, making it a very small country.

What is a stock exchange?

A place where public securities of all kinds are bought and sold.

When was ready-made clothing first manufactured?

George Opdyke, of New York, was one of the first to engage in it. He began to manufacture clothing in New York City about 1831, but it was not until 1850 that the invention of the sewing machine gave it the impetus it has now.

What is there at the North Pole that causes so many expeditions to seek it?

Probably nothing at all. The exact pole would be useful in geographical and scientific knowledge, but there is nothing material to mark the spot as far as known.

I am a young man, of twenty-two, alone in the world, and would like to be settled down. I have no taste for books and study. What would you advise?

Why not learn a trade, or go west and homestead? Or why not do both things? It is entirely possible.

What causes a cold wave?

It is believed that air from the upper regions strikes down for some reason, generally in the northwest, carrying with it the intense cold of the upper regions.

Is the strawberry a native of the United States?

It is found throughout Europe and the greater part of North America wild. The present varieties have been the result of accidental or intentional crossing.

How much gasoline does an automobile use?

At a recent race, in which twenty-nine machines participated, the average consumption of gasoline was six gallons.

What would happen if water could be heated infinitely hot?

It would break out of its confines and vaporize. At Martinique it blew off the top of the mountain.

What happens when moisture condenses into rain? How is it brought about?

It is not understood how it is done. Simple as it seems the how in detail is not known.

Is there an absolute zero of cold, when it is so cold that it can be no colder?

Probably yes, but it has never been found.

Do wild people have secret societies?

Nearly all wild people have such societies.

 The Home



 Department

 SOME FAMOUS SECRET RECIPES.

It is often the case that some inventor hits upon something that proves a happy success the world round, and then, if he is fortunate enough to possess the secret and can keep it, he and his successors have a rare thing of it. A few such instances are related below, taken from *Tid-Bits*:

The secret recipe of the true Eau de Cologne has been a veritable Golconda to the Farina family. There are hundreds of imitations, but the famous "1311 Eau de Cologne" is unique. Rival perfumers have spent thousands in attempting to solve or acquire the secret, but the exact method of mixing the ingredients is known only to certain of the Farinas.

Many a chef would pay handsomely for the recipe of the "loving cup" which is so integral a part of London civic banquets. Claret is the basis, but the blending with other liquors and flavoring with spices is a secret only the Mansion house butler knows. There is no written recipe, but the mystery has been passed from generation to generation through the centuries. The mixing of the hock-cup which figures at court balls and concerts is a secret unknown outside Buckingham palace.

Many a culinary recipe scrawled on a sheet of paper is more to be preferred than landed acres. The recipe for Worcestershire sauce had lain for centuries in the still room archives of a county family before a peddler sold it for a handsome sum, to the sharpening of the whole world's appetite. Ten thousand pounds was paid by a bacon firm some years ago for an Elizabethan recipe for curing Bradenham hams, which secret is most jealously guarded.

* * *

 FANCY MIXED PICKLES.

 BY MRS. JOHN D. BONSAK.

TAKE one large head of cauliflower, two quarts of small cucumbers or larger ones cut into small pieces, one or two quarts of nice, tender yellow-pod beans. Pick the cauliflower into small pieces and soak in salt water over night. The onions, cucumbers and beans should also be soaked in salt water over night,

and then drained. Cauliflower, beans and onions should be boiled till just tender but firm. Drain through the colander, then mix all together. Take vinegar enough to cover all, and bring to a boil. Add one pound of sugar and one ounce of mixed spices. Pour over the pickles and they will soon be ready for use.

Rock Lake, N. Dak.

* * *

 FRIED TOMATOES.

 BY SARAH F. MILLER.

PEEL and slice half-ripe or green tomatoes one-half inch thick. Have a frying pan over the fire with hot butter or meat fryings. Roll the tomatoes in flour and put them in the pan, sprinkle with salt, pepper and sugar. When brown turn and sprinkle again with salt, pepper and sugar. When done take up and serve immediately.

Bridgewater, Va.

* * *

 PEACH MANGOES.

 BY MRS. GUY E. FORESMAN.

WASH nice, firm, ripe peaches, and cut into halves, removing the seed. Make a mixture of grated horseradish and mustard seed. Fill one half of the peach, put the two halves together and fasten by sticking a toothpick through, or by tying. Prepare the vinegar as for any spiced fruit.

Lafayette, Ind.

* * *

 PICKLE BEANS.

 BY SARAH C. GATES.

COOK fresh green beans in salted water until tender, drain through a colander and put in cans. Put on the stove enough vinegar to fill the cans. Add one cup of sugar to one quart of vinegar, and cloves and spices to taste. Boil this together, fill the cans and seal.

Beattie, Kans.

FROM ONE OF THE GIRLS.

NOOKER Margaret Brown, of Maryland, writes us a letter herself, saying that she is eighty-nine years old, and that she likes to read the INGLENOOK every week. She speaks very kindly of the matron of Montevue Hospital.

Nooker Margaret we hope will live to round out the one hundred years of existence, and have no pains and neither trouble nor worry.

Who is the next of the older boys and girls to speak out in meeting? Margaret is the oldest thus far, being eighty-nine years of age. People who live to be over eighty years of age have reasons to congratulate themselves on two things. First, that they have had a good run while here, and second, that it is not long before the home coming.

* * *

ONE OF THE BOYS.

ANNA MOHLER RUPERT writes in behalf of one of the boys, to-wit, her father-in-law, who is eighty-two years old. He says that he is eighty-two and feels "quite well in his mind." He has good eyesight, reads without glasses, makes post fence, milks two cows twice a day, attends to two gardens, goes to market every week and can sing a tune as good as ever. He has been a deacon in the Brethren church for thirty-five years and never missed a visit before the love feast. His wife is in her eightieth year, attends to the butter making of two cows, does all her housework and never had a doctor.

COMMENT.—The above is what we ask for, and we would be glad to hear from more of the eighty-year-old class. It would be interesting to get the opinion of some of these people as to why they have had such good health. The NOOK is open for more of them to be heard from.—*The Nookman*.

* * *

TINY ROBERTS, Myrtlepoint, Oregon, writes the INGLENOOK that red huckleberries are very common in Coos County, and sometimes grow larger than the black huckleberries. It would be an interesting matter for some intelligent and progressive Nooker in the eastern part of the United States to send west and get a few plants of the red huckleberries and plant them in several different places,—some in the garden, some in the open fence corners, and some on the mountain side under the shade of the trees. Mark them carefully by tying a strip of red flannel about them and see whether or not they will be as productive in the East as in the West. Red huckleberries in the East would be a novelty and would bring high prices to those who had them to sell. Suppose somebody tries to establish the INGLENOOK Red Huckleberry on the Atlantic seaboard.

LITERARY.

THE *Review of Reviews* for September gives a large proportion of space to the farmer and his interests. In addition to an editorial summary of the crop situation, Cy Warman contributes an account of the recent migration of American farmers to the wheat lands of Northwest Canada; Clarence H. Maston has an article on "Improved Conditions in the American Farmer's Life," with especial reference to Kansas "The Farmer's Balance Sheet for 1902," and "Diffusion of Agricultural Prosperity," are other interesting articles for the farmer. There is also an illustrated account of the great automobile harvest at work in California grain fields. Other branches of industry are given worthy mention. The world's history is presented in a pleasing manner. News is given in a brief manner which pleases all within the reach of the busy man. The *Review of Reviews* is a valuable, up-to-date magazine, well worth its price of twenty-five cents. Sold at news stands.

*

THE *Era* for September is on our desk laden as usual with bright and attractive literature. Charles McIlvaine, who is authority on the subject, presents the interesting and reliable article, "Some Autumnal Toadstools." Besides the regular serials, there are a number of complete stories which are very entertaining. "'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in Kentucky," and "Newport Present and Past" are articles of a deeper nature that are worthy of careful reading. Taking it all in all, its fine poetry included, the *Era* for September is of especial value. Sold at news stands. Price, ten cents per copy.

* * *

"No better paper published for the advancement of the young than the INGLENOOK, and the old love it."—*Lucinda R. Stutzman, Virginia, Nebr.*

* * *

"I LIKE the NOOK very much. Would hardly know how to do without it."—*Annie M. Highbarger, Lydi Md.*

* * *

"God bless the NOOK and its workers."—*Gertrude Rowland, Reid, Md.*

Want Advertisements.

Wanted.—A single man with experience in farming and handling stock to work by the year in Iowa. Address: N. K., care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

Wanted.—A good man with a small family to work by the year in Iowa. Farm work, good wages, close church. Address: W. D., care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 39.

THE RIGHT HAND OF POWER.

BY NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL.

The right hand of love is the right hand of power;
It quickens and strengthens, in sorrow's dark hour:
Withhold not thy kindness from God's needy child—
Speak to the erring one, in tones soft and mild;
Bind thy neighbor's friendship, with love's deathless band;
Extend to the stranger, a warm, loving hand.

Christ, ever was ready to stretch forth His hand—
No wonder men heeded His loving command
When He said "Rise and walk—Take courage and live"—
That power is in you, sister, brother, to give:
Then scorn not to touch e'en the hard or soiled hand
Of the humblest mortal, of any earth-land.

The right hand of love, we may give or withhold:
The power is from God—shall it perish from cold?
There is life in the gift of a handful of love—
The dying soul needs it—"Tis life from above;
Oh, then why withhold it! Why so stingy be,
When God gives us mercy and love, full and free!

The touch of the leper, Christ did not abhor;
He gave them His blessing, hope—life evermore:
He thought not within him, what shall I receive;
His hand was extended to give, help, relieve:
Shall we represent Him—let His light shine?
Then give without grudging, the love that's divine.

A GOOD IDEA.

A NEW phase of philanthropic work in which boys and girls play the most important part has been inaugurated under the direction of the Home department of the Evanston Woman's Club.

The little folks have been taught to cut out pictures of every sort that will please and morally interest children, and place them in large envelopes, properly labeled, to be sent about wherever there are sick boys and girls to be entertained.

A great variety of subjects is treated in these bulky envelopes. For instance, one child will cut out several pictures of bicycle riders and some pretty scenery. These are placed in the envelope, on the outside of which is pasted a gay picture, under which is written the message: "Let's take a bicycle ride and visit these lovely places. With love." The name follows.

Another is filled with a folded piece of plain wall-paper, representing a room, with a piano, bookcase, and pictures pasted on the supposed walls. Then furniture is cut out and small strips of paper attached to make them stand, thus forming a neat little play-house.

Over five hundred of these envelopes will this year go into homes and hospitals for the use of sick children. They are placed in the hands of visiting nurses and women in charge of the work.

"The effort is only begun, but it will no doubt find great favor," says one of the women connected with the work. "It gives useful and instructive bench work to first and second grade pupils. Only material which would otherwise be wasted is used. Pictures are taken from torn magazines, old picture-cards, calendars, advertisements, and newspapers. Such work naturally educates the boys and girls in philanthropic usefulness and one must look beyond the apparent simplicity of the occupation to see the most promising results. In addition to all this the children are given an opportunity to observe the pictures while cutting them out, and they see more of the picture than would be possible even if they were to look at it steadily for hours. And, best of all, the personal little message will have a wonderful impression upon the little sick one to whom the envelope is sent. The giver's name is attached, so that when the boy or girl recovers and goes out into the world, the name will always be familiar to him, and if the two chance to meet they will be brought close together."

The energetic young workers are called the Scissors guild, and they are fully as enthusiastic over the possibilities of their cutting and pasting as those under whose auspices the unique philanthropy is being carried on. One envelope arranged by a little girl and sent to the Chicago Charity Hospital, was filled with pictures of angels and women in beautiful evening gowns playing on an instrument, while nine boys are pictured in the act of singing. The message on the outside reads: "Perhaps these lovely people will sing to you to-night and the angels will watch over you if you want them to. Lovingly, Agnes Dill."—*Er*

THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA.

BY JOSEPH A. STEFFY.

THE middle section of the great State of Virginia, commonly called the Valley of Virginia, is a high tableland fifteen feet above the level of the sea and extending from Harper's Ferry on the north, to the line of North Carolina on the south, and from the summit of the Blue Ridge mountains on the east to the eastermost ridge of the Alleghany range on the west. It is nearly all of limestone formation, and is to-day not only the richest and best cultivated part of this State, but I believe it compares favorably with any other portion of our country of equal extent. Its pure air and water alone rank it as one of the most healthy spots anywhere to be found.

No thriftier or more successful set of farmers are to be met with in all the broad limits of the United States. The morals of the people generally, even in this degenerate and corrupt age of the world, have been preserved in a remarkable degree. It is a broad assertion, but I believe it to be true, that no happier homes exist under the sun than we find to-day on this elevated tableland.

Our mineral resources, especially of coal, here and near by, are rapidly forging to the front, while our mountain sides are covered with an inexhaustible supply of wood for fuel. Our caves and caverns, revealing subterranean wonders, and our other natural curiosities already discovered and being discovered are exciting the admiration and eliciting the interest of both the curious and the scientific.

Our mineral springs, unsurpassed for variety, celebrity and hygienic virtues, must ever bring to the resorts multitudes of the innumerable host of invalids which ever has, does now, and ever will exist.

This valley must have been, before the arrival of the white people, the paradise of the red man. What a forestry must have overspread this fertile vale! What a shelter for the wild denizens of the woods! What a glorious hunting ground for the happy Indian who roamed unconcerned and unmolested throughout all its borders!

The title to our place here, within two miles of Staunton, was traced back to its first purchase from the aboriginal owners. The names of the six Indian chiefs then in authority are preserved to this day, in our courthouse records, as signatures to the sale of the body of land known as Beverly Manor Magisterial District in Augusta County, including the city of Staunton, embracing about twelve miles square of territory. For this, to them, insignificant domain, they received from the hands of the white purchasers, a few pieces of calico, some beads and a few grains of corn.

It is remarkable that while the northern half of this valley was settled principally by people from Pennsyl-

vania, mainly of German descent, the southern half was settled by the Scotch-Irish from Europe. Both peoples brought their sturdy manhood and sterling integrity of character with them and to-day it is hard to say which is the more prosperous half of this part of Virginia. These same people, so diverse in nationality, in religion, in custom and thought, here meet and mingle in one harmonious whole of good citizenship, the vital essential for prosperity in every community and State. If happiness and home are inseparable, if religion and contentment go hand in hand, if peace and prosperity mean the same, then there is no spot more sacred and no people more blessed than the Valley of Virginia and those who dwell within its borders.

Staunton, Va.

* * *

WONDERS OF HUMAN ENDURANCE.

ON March 24 last M. Garnier began his attempt to beat the piano playing record at the Café Martini in Paris. He undertook to play the piano continuously for twenty-seven hours, except for brief intervals amounting in all to ninety minutes.

He began at nine o'clock in the evening and played without rest till two o'clock in the morning. He took brief intervals for food about every four hours after that, but about five the next evening cramp seized his fingers. However, massage relieved him, and he kept on. His hands swelled dreadfully, and his face became congested. His arms had to be propped with cushions. However, he stuck to it till midnight, winning his wager of £40, with fourteen minutes in hand. Then he collapsed, prostrated with a severe nervous attack.

Even more startling was the feat of Bancia, who at Venice, succeeded in playing for fifty hours with only three brief rests. He, however, played slow and easy music compared with the pieces performed by the plucky Frenchman.

No other creature on earth can undergo such tremendous fatigue over long periods of time as can man. In speed over short distances there are, of course, dozens of animals—such as the horse, dog and hare—with which man cannot compete. But in long distance races man well trained can wear down the best of them.

A really amazing pedestrian feat was accomplished by that famous walker, J. Hibberd, of London. In 1899 he walked from Shoreditch church to Yarmouth—a distance of one hundred and twenty-four and one-half miles—in twenty-seven hours and forty-six minutes. He was fifty years old at the time, but would without doubt have done the distance in an hour had he had not missed his way, and covered several unnecessary miles.

Every day the average man generates a force of 3,400 foot-tons—enough, that is, to raise 3,400 tons a height of one foot. Only ten per cent of this force is available for other work than that of keeping the body warm. But how much the residue may be exceeded by a strong man in good training is proved by the fact that McKenzie, winner of the race last year to the top of Ben Nevis, was working at the rate of 11,000 foot-pounds per minute during the sixty-eight minutes that the race lasted.

Speaking of mountain climbing, Sir Martin Conway's Alpine record of the year 1894 is another startling proof of what man is physically capable of doing and enduring. Sir Martin's tour lasted eighty-six days. During that time he covered 1,000 miles on foot, ascending twenty-one peaks of an average

Even in the matter of fasting there are few warm-blooded creatures who can emulate such a performance as the forty days' fast of Tanner.

Man's memory is one of his most wonderful attributes. What is possible in this direction was proved a year ago at Naples, when a professor of rhetoric—Arlini by name—repeated from memory 15,350 lines of Dante. He began to recite at eight o'clock in the evening, and went on till 2:15 the next afternoon. He was thus at work for 1,095 minutes, his rate being 830 lines an hour. He only stopped for a minute or two at long intervals to sip a little brandy and water. Almost equally startling was the speech made by Court Lechter in the Austrian Parliament two years ago. Beginning at nine o'clock in the evening he spoke until nine the next morning. During these



IN THE MOUNTAINOUS NORTHWEST.

height of 11,500 feet, and crossed thirty-nine lofty passes. It has been calculated that a man who climbs a 7,000 foot peak in five hours exerts enough energy to raise five fully-loaded locomotive engines one foot from the ground.

Long distance cycling gives a further proof of the enormous endurance of man. In the six days, international cycle race of 1899, the winners—Miller and Valler—covered 2,733 miles between the Monday morning and Saturday night. Brown, the vegetarian cyclist, recently rode on open roads, often in great heat, and again under pouring rain, 1,800 miles in 19 hours.

Although man is not well fitted by nature to be a swimmer, and is one of the few land creatures who cannot swim without being taught, yet in long distance swimming he can give points to any other land animal. Montague Holebin, in September, 1899, swam forty-six miles in twelve hours.

twelve hours he never sat down, never repeated himself, and never failed to hold the attention of his audience.

Man can eat more, lift more, carry more, and bear more pain than almost any other creature. Leysseus, the Belgian glutton, who died last year, once ate sixty-nine hard-boiled eggs at a meal. A man named Nightingale recently carried a sack of sand, weighing one hundredweight, four miles in fifty-nine minutes. A night watchman over sixty was recently run over by an engine at Queen's road, Battersea. He had thirteen ribs broken, and his right foot crushed, but he walked some distance along the line, descended sixteen steps of a ladder, and walked another twenty-five yards to his hut. He was still alive when found four hours later.—*Robert Lloyd.*

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A SCORNER loveth not one that reproveth him: neither will he go unto the wise.—*Solomon.*

STICKY STAMPS.

A WRITER to *Boston Herald* discusses thus interestingly about a very common cause of trouble.

The hot weather makes a lot of trouble for Uncle Sam. It spoils millions of postage stamps, all of which have to be destroyed and redeemed, and one bureau at the post office department devotes its attention exclusively to such business. All of the stamps thus ruined have to be carefully counted before burning them, and most of them have to be soaked in water for quite a length of time, in order to get them apart.

From forty to eighty packages of stamps arrive at the Post Office Department each day from postmasters all over the country and commonly they contain from twenty thousand to two hundred thousand each. The sheets of "ones" and "twos" usually are glued together so solidly that the mass of them, when the wrapper has been removed is like a board in weight and hardness. There is nothing to be done but to consign the bunch to water, where the sheets will separate themselves after a while.

One clerk, who is an expert trained in the work, does nothing but soak the stamps. He has two large porcelain-lined sinks specially constructed for the purpose, and these are supplemented by galvanized iron pans divided into compartments. Each batch of stamps being soaked in a compartment by itself, it is not possible for a consignment from one postmaster to get mixed up with another's. With the aid of this apparatus several hundred thousand stamps may be treated at the same time, being transferred from the water, when they have come apart, to sheets of blotting paper placed in stacks.

When they are dry the stamps are carefully counted, and later reckoned over again by a committee of three men appointed by the third assistant postmaster general from other divisions of the department. If the counts agree, the damaged stamps are taken by the committee to a furnace in the basement of the building, and there are burned. In this manner nearly six million were destroyed during the last fiscal year.

Private citizens cannot get their money back for postage stamps which may happen to have become damaged while in their possession. A rule of the department forbids the redemption of such stamps by postmasters, the reason for the prohibition being that to allow such a privilege would encourage fraud. Office boys, for example, would steal stamps from their employers, damage them purposely, and sell them at the post office. Thieves who break into post offices, too, would sell Uncle Sam's stamps back to him.

Many of the stamps supplied to postmasters are sure to be spoiled, particularly in summer, and provision has to be made for their redemption. Sometimes a post office catches fire and the stock of stamps is partly burned. They are soaked by water thrown

upon them, perhaps, and then are baked by the heat to which they are exposed. Cases of this sort are the worst of all, a baked mass of postage stamps sometimes requiring as many as three days for soaking apart.

Many post offices are broken into in the course of a year, and the stamps are sometimes blown to pieces by the thieves in opening the safes with gunpowder or dynamite, making it difficult to identify them. Occasionally parcels of them are hidden in the woods or buried in the fields, turning up later in a half-rotten condition. In any case the department allows the postmaster a sum of money equivalent to the loss, though sometimes he has to send in an affidavit covering stamps that have been destroyed entirely.

Hitherto postmasters have not been permitted to redeem damaged postal cards, but a new regulation has just been issued on this subject, and henceforth citizens will be able to recover at the post office seventy-five per cent of the value of such cards. These are expected to run up to some millions per annum, representing quite a little profit to the government, and all of them will be burned in the furnace, like the stamps. It is a fact worth mentioning that the first counterfeit postal cards ever seen in this country have made their appearance recently. The ingenious persons who make them have been selling them for fifty cents a hundred to business men, who did not care whether they were bogus or not, so long as they went through the mails all right.

About fourteen million stamped envelopes were redeemed during the last fiscal year at their postal value, that is to say, two cents for an envelope bearing a stamp of that denomination, one cent for a penny envelope, and so on. It often happens that such envelopes are spoiled in directing them, or are damaged in other ways, and the money they represent is returned to citizens on application to the postmaster. It is required that they shall be forwarded to the department by the postmaster in neat bundles, with the stamped corners all turned one way, for convenience in counting and destroying them.

After being counted in the redemption division, the envelopes are taken down to the basement and put in a package by package, into a machine, which cuts a triangular piece off the stamped corners. Many years ago this work was done in a very crude fashion with a broadax and chopping block. For this method was substituted a colored person armed with a tobacco cutter, which chopped pieces out of the stamp. But the work was not done fast enough, and now a machine is employed which cuts forty thousand envelopes per day and drops them into bags, the power being furnished by an electric motor of three-horse power. The bags of envelopes go to a dealer in waste paper.

The chief of the redemption division is a veteran

of the civil war, and his name is George D. Scott. Ten clerks work under him, and are kept fully occupied all the time in the business of soaking, counting and identifying the stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards which are turned back upon Uncle Sam as spoiled and worthless.

* * *

OH ONIONS.

FORTY acres of onions, yielding an average of four hundred bushels to the acre, and bringing an average price of \$1.25, indicates the scale on which the crop is raised in the neighborhood of Lawrence, Kansas.

Onions are raised to this extent for the Kansas seed house of Barteldes & Company. The industry has grown from trial patches of a few acres until the forty-acre field is now regarded with as little anxiety as were the smaller areas when the cultivation of the crop was first commenced. The work of handling a forty-acre field of onions, is, however, no small task, for it means the direction of a small army of boys and girls from the time the seed is sowed until the onions are hauled away to market.

In the harvesting of the onions between eighty and one hundred boys and girls are employed. The onions are sorted, according to size, placed on big open crates to dry, and are then hauled to the dry houses where they are thoroughly cured before being hauled to market. As a preliminary to the picking of the onions the "sets" are plowed out of the rows in which they were sowed, and then follows the army of boys and girls, who make their vacation money in the onion patch. The boys and girls are paid by the amount of work they do.

There is hardly any vegetable that is more tender than the onion, and the greatest care is required for its successful growth. The soil necessary for the raising of a successful crop is of sandy, loamy character and must be kept absolutely free from weeds. The seed is sowed in March on ground that has been plowed the fall previous and from the time the seed is in the ground the labor begins. The seed is drilled in rows by a special seeder, and the first cultivation in rows can also be done by machinery drawn by horses, but the weeding of the rows has to be done by hand, and carefully done. It is at the weeding time that the first chance for employment for the boys and girls about the town is given. Usually about one hundred hands are employed on the forty-acre field, for a period of several weeks, beginning from the time when it is first possible to see the onions in rows, and continuing until harvest time. This work cannot be assisted by any tool yet devised and every shade of vegetable growth has to be carefully picked out with the fingers—and burned necks and aching

backs and shoulders are the results of the first day's labors.

Following the weeding comes the harvest, and as about as many hands are employed for one job as the other the entire season from the middle of April or to first of May to the middle of August is a busy one on the onion farm. The onions grown from the seed are not allowed to grow larger than the "set" size, and after harvesting, picking, curing and storing in well-ventilated warehouses the crop is ready for market.

On the Barteldes farm the red, yellow and white onion are all raised and with equal success. The same land is used over and over again for the crop without any apparent exhaustion, and the sandy loam of the Kaw bottoms near Lawrence seems especially adapted to the crop. While four hundred bushels to the acre is an average yield from a successful crop, the harvesting of six hundred bushels from one acre has been recorded, and while this is a remarkable production, it is getting to be more and more frequent as the raisers become more familiar with the raising of the crop.

For each acre is required about eighty pounds of seed, and the seed costs one dollar a bushel, so that the price of seed and amount to be paid for labor, as well as the necessity of holding the crop for several months in order that it may be thoroughly cured, all these combine to shut out the man with limited capital, and place the industry on the basis of one making necessary a comparatively heavy investment.

The crop is a tolerably sure one, as there never has been a failure in the dozen or more years that onions have been raised on a large scale here. The success that has attended the work here for the last few years has caused other growers to put in "patches" of onions, and no doubt in time the smaller areas will acquire the dignity of fields.

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ELECTRIC WATCH.

AN invention which is likely to revolutionize the watchmaking industry has been perfected by a Swiss watchmaker named David Perret, of Marin, near Neuchatel. It is a watch which goes by electricity. It was severely tested by experts, and it was found that it gained only seven-tenths of a second in five weeks. The expert at the observatory at Neuchatel declares the watch to be equal in precision to an expensive chronometer. The watch resembles an ordinary gentleman's lever and goes for fifteen years without being rewound.

* * *

HOPE for the best, get ready for the worst, and take what God sends.

WONDERFUL BROECK.

FAR up in northern Holland among the dikes and canals of the little kingdom lies Broeck, the original Spotless Town. The palings of the fences of Broeck are sky blue. The streets are paved with shining bricks of many colors. The houses are rose colored, black, gray, purple, light blue or pale green. The doors are painted and gilded. For hours you may not see a soul in the streets or at the windows. The streets and houses, bridges, windows and barns show a neatness and a brilliancy that are absolutely painful. At every step a new effect is disclosed, a new scene is beheld, as if painted upon the drop curtain of a stage. Everything is minute, compact, painted, spotless and clean. In the houses of Broeck for cleaning purposes you will find big brooms, little brooms, tooth-



PRICKLY PEAR CANYON, MONTANA.

brushes, aqua fortis, whiting for the window panes, rouge for the forks and spoons, coal dust for the copper, emery for the iron utensils, brick powder for the floors and even small splinters of wood with which to pick out the tiny bits of straw in the cracks between the bricks. Here are some of the rules of this wonderful town:

Citizens must leave their shoes at the door when entering a house.

Before or after sunset no one is allowed to smoke excepting with a pipe having a cover, so that the ashes will not be scattered upon the street.

Anyone crossing the village on horseback must get out of the saddle and lead the horse.

A cuspidor shall be kept by the front door of each house, where it may be accessible from the window.

It is forbidden to cross the village in a carriage or to drive animals through the streets.

In addition to these established rules it is the custom for every citizen who sees a leaf or a bit of

straw blown before his house by the wind to pick up and throw it into the canal. The people go five hundred paces out of the village to dust their shoes. Dozens of boys are paid to blow the dust from between the bricks in the streets four times an hour. In certain houses the guests are carried over the threshold so as not to soil the pavements. At one time the mania for cleaning in Broeck reached such a point that the housewives of the village neglected even their religious duties for scrubbing and washing. The village pastor, after trying every sort of persuasion, preached a long sermon, in which he declared that every Dutchwoman who had faithfully fulfilled her duties toward God in this world would find in the next house packed full of furniture and stored with the most various and precious articles of use and ornament which, not being distracted by other occupations, she would be able to brush, wash and polish for all eternity. The promise of this sublime recompense and the thought of this extreme happiness filled the women with such fervor and piety that for months thereafter the pastor had no cause for complaint.

Around every house in Broeck are buckets, benches, rakes, hoes and stakes, all colored red, blue, white or yellow. The brilliancy and variety of colors and the cleanliness, brightness and miniature pomp of the place are wonderful. At the windows there are embroidered curtains, with rose colored ribbons. The blades, bands and nails of the gayly painted windmills shine like silver. The houses are brightly varnished and surrounded with red and white railings and fences. The panes of glass in the windows are bordered by many lines of different hues. The trunks of all the trees are painted gray from root to branch. Across the streams are many little wooden bridges, each painted as white as snow. The gutters are ornamented with a sort of wooden festoon, perforated like lace. The pointed facades are surmounted with a small weathercock, a little lance or something resembling a bunch of flowers. Nearly every house has two doors, one in front and one behind, the last for everyday entrance and exit and the former opened only on great occasions, such as births, deaths and marriages.

The gardens are as peculiar as the houses. The paths are hardly wide enough to walk in. One could not put his arm around the flowerbeds. The dainty arbors would barely hold two persons sitting close together. The little myrtle hedges would scarcely reach to the knees of a four-year-old child. Between the arbors and the flower beds run little canals which seem made to float paper boats. They are crossed by miniature wooden bridges, with colored pillars and parapets. There are ponds the size of a bath, which are almost concealed by lilliputian boats tied with red cords to blue stakes, tiny staircases and miniature kitchen gardens. Everything could be measured with

the hand, crossed at a leap, demolished by a blow. Moreover, there are trees cut in the shape of fans, lumes and disks, with their trunks colored white and blue. At every step one discovers a new effect, a fresh combination of hues, a novel caprice, some new absurdity.

The rooms are very tiny and resemble so many bazaars. There are porcelain figures on the cupboard, Chinese cups and sugar bowls on and under the tables, plates fastened on the walls, clocks, ostrich eggs, shells, vases, plates, glasses, placed in every corner and concealed in every nook, cupboards full of hundreds of trifles and ornaments without name, a crowding disorder and utter confusion of colors.—*Public Opinion.*

* * *

BIRDS ON CITY ROOFS.

It may not be generally known that the night hawk, which in the country lays its two lone eggs upon the bare ground, in Chicago lays them upon the roofs of the skyscrapers. To the night hawk the streets of the city are but long, deep holes—trenches which for all it knows may be useful to some kinds of creatures, but are not so to it. When "near to nature's heart" the night hawk seeks the meadow or pasture land and without nest or tree or stick to mark the place hollows out a spot and lays its eggs, hatches them and rears its young.

The city drives away most of our native birds. The wren, the martin, the bobolink, the bluebird fly "far from the madding crowd." Even the jaybird gives up the noisemaking contest to the elevated street car or iron-loaded wagon on the granite pavement and goes at least to the park. The robin comes back each springtime for a day or two to see if the old joy of life has not returned; but when it finds, instead, greater and greater encroachments of mortar and brick it gives the place to foreign sparrows and to noise. Not so the night hawk. It does not care how many million dollars men have spent to raise its nesting places twenty stories in the air; it takes things as it finds them and settles there; neither knowing nor caring about what there may be of sorrow, sin or love and joy in the myriads of rooms that are occupied in the buildings beneath it. To it they are not buildings; the roofs are its high ground.

Once or twice in my life I have seen the two eggs of the night hawk laid upon the top of an ant hill that had died over; in one case I know the eggs were hatched and the young reared, the birds oblivious of the seething mass of insect life beneath them. The night hawk can be as oblivious of insects as of men—or vice versa; it is all the same. The caldron's bubble is neither toil nor trouble. The rush and jam at the corner State and Madison streets are beneath the night hawk in every sense—its nest is on the flat, graveled roof.

It circles over the city and lake in search of food, darts through the air with a whirl unconscious of our antiscorching ordinances. No fear lest her lord will be contaminated by those that "prowl by night" haunts the breast of the wifely night hawk. We have debauched the honey bee and to-day it makes a tasteless honey from an open barrel of glucose placed near its hive and with it fills an artificial comb made of paraffin wax. As it enters into partnership with food-adulteration and civilization, man and fraud, it ceases to be the "busy bee" and it gets so lazy it will not fly ten rods even to be honest and not sip the buckwheat bloom. So far men have not discovered any money in the night hawks and have not tried to debauch them. Let us hope the landlords will not begin to charge them rent on their nests and evict them for non-payment. Let them alone; they are about all that is left to us of nature here.

The night hawk, which is not, as many suppose, the whip-poor-will, seems to be the only philosopher among American birds. It sees the face of the earth changing to foundations for sky-scrappers and calmly adopts their flat roofs as its habitat.—*Etherbert Stewart.*

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CHINESE PERVERSITY.

THE Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of yours.

He keeps out of step when walking with you.

He puts his hat on in salutation.

He whitens his boots instead of blacking them.

He rides with his heels in the stirrups instead of his toes.

His compass points south.

His women folks are often seen in trousers, accompanied by men in gowns.

Often he throws away the fruit of the melon and eats the seeds.

He laughs on receiving bad news. (This is to deceive evil spirits.)

At his left hand is the place of honor.

He thinks it polite to ask you your age and income.

He says westnorth instead of northwest, and sixths-four instead of four-sixths.

His favorite present to a parent is a coffin.

* * *

CUBA NOT ALL EXPLORED.

AFTER MORE than four hundred years it appears that Cuba has not yet been entirely discovered. Much of it and many of its treasures are yet unknown, according to the recent report made by Governor General Wood. He says that after the centuries of Spanish occupancy there are large portions of the island that have never even been prospected and practically remain undiscovered so far as knowledge of what they contain goes.

ABOUT RAILROAD SIGNS.

IN a very interesting article from the *New York Tribune*, we find that there was a time in the history of the railroads of the United States when they were content to be known by their names alone, and did not bother with striking trademarks. Then they were not striving strenuously for publicity, and were content to carry the business which came their way. Press agents were unknown and the general passenger agents did not keep scrap books. The trademark came in with the building of competing lines, and now most of the roads have some design which is used on all printed matter. In the West and South nearly all of the small roads possess trade-marks, and, generally, the shorter the road the more complicated is the design. Some roads even have the trade-marks printed on their cars and their trainmen wear them on their caps. Some of the designs were selected in a haphazard fashion, and have no particular significance. Other roads offered prizes for the best design for their particular use and there were many competitors. Ingenious geometric devices satisfy some roads, while interesting stories are hidden in the origin and meaning of others.

Railroad men do not agree as to which road was the first to take up the trade-mark idea. The Pennsylvania railroad was one of the first, with a modest keystone design. That it was also the emblem of the great State from which the railroad takes its names did not lessen its value as a trade-mark.

Many have wondered at the peculiar design that has been used by the Northern Pacific railroad for the last eight years. It was adopted by the company because it was striking, and it was not until after it had been used for some time that its possible, original and ancient meaning was learned. The original symbol, from which the idea is taken, is Chinese in invention, although the officials of the road thought that they were getting a Corean design because they had first seen it upon a Corean flag at the World's fair. It seems that the Coreans had done a little adopting on their own account. The diagram was evolved in the eleventh century, A. D., by a young Chinese named Chow Lieu Ki. According to the story which comes from China this Chow was a romantic youth, and, perhaps, poetic, for he loved to wander through the country. One day he stumbled across a wonderful cave which tunneled through a hill, having entrances on each side. The cave was round inside, but the entrances were crescent shaped. This gave him the idea of a diagram, which is known as the Great Monad, and he used it to illustrate a system of philosophy established by Fuh Hi some four thousand years before Chow found the wonderful cave. The monad has long exercised a wide influence among Oriental peo-

ples. Light and darkness, force and matter, motion and rest, fire and water, are some of the things which they read in this mysterious figure. The Northern Pacific people say with point that all of these things are closely related to the workings of a great transportation company. Freight and passenger trains, through the agency of fire and water, are now in rapid motion, and again at rest, throughout both day and night.

The Canadian Pacific railroad has a striking emblem in the Canadian beaver lying on top of a shield, which bears the railroad's name. He is a pretty little animal, this beaver, with bead-like eyes and a tail fash-



RUSTIC AND BEAUTIFUL.

ioned like a paddle. He is typical of Canada, and has proved a good mascot for the most northern trans continental line.

It is fitting that the Southern Pacific should use the setting sun as its official emblem, for the greatest part of its mileage is in States which have more than their share of sunshine. The design most used has a railroad track running into a dazzling sun, which has almost gone down. The Union Pacific makes good use of a red, white and blue shield. The Santa Fe railway uses a development of the cross, which is popular among the Southern Indians and Mexicans. It fits into a circle perfectly and bears the word "Santa Fe" on the crosspiece. The Houston & Texas Central has adopted the five-pointed star that was long ago taken as the emblem of the Lone Star State. The Colorado Midland places a pyramid within a circle.

cle and allows a reproduction of Pike's Peak to rear its snow-clad head in the center of the pyramid.

The Lehigh Valley railroad has a black diamond trade-mark which is appropriate, considering the heavy coal traffic which the road carries. It is usually seen in the center of a flag. The Chicago Great Western had a great deal of trouble getting a satisfactory design for its "three-legged road." A spirited competition was held, and the maple leaf adopted. The olis—find convenient corners on the leaf. The Baltimore and Ohio features the dome of the capitol building at Washington in its trade-mark. The fierce dragons at each side of the design have no particular significance. The Maine Central railroad prints its name on a pine cone. The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern takes more pride in its fast mail trains than anything else, and impresses that fact upon the public by using a mail bag as its trade-mark. Just why the Philadelphia and Reading should call itself the "royal route" is not evident, yet its crest is always surmounted by a jeweled crown.

Some roads do not have a fancy tradè-mark, but use a square, a circle or some other figure with the name of the road. The Erie, the Lackawanna and the Great Northern follow this fashion. The Delaware and Hudson has an artistic linking of "D. & H." as its insignia. Some roads do not have any trade-mark, but always have the name printed in type of a certain style. The New York Central and Hudson River railroad is an example.

* * *

THINK THE SPRING SACRED.

IN the San Madre mountains of Mexico there is an intermittent spring of limpid water to which the Indians attribute supernatural qualities. It is at a spot formerly a favorite camping ground of these people. It happens that the periods when the spring flows and stops correspond with the changes of day and night. The days and nights are of more equal length in that region, so that the changes of the season do not affect them materially. To the Indians, who are a superstitious people, the flowing of the water in the daytime and its cessation on the approach of night has always been a mystery that could not be explained by any but supernatural causes. They imagined that the spring was the home of a spirit and, consequently, had the greatest reverence for the spot. It was impossible to tempt the Indians in the old days to venture near the springs after night, and even to this day the tradition of the spring and the spirit that is supposed to abide there has been so well preserved among them that the Indians now living there refuse to abandon the old idea, although the theory of intermittent springs has been explained to them thousands of times.

The Indian tradition is that the spring is the home of the spirit which travels about the country caring for the Indians during the daytime and by its magic power causes water to flow from the door of its house to keep out intruders while it is away. At night when the spirit returns to its house to sleep the water is cut off by the same magic influence. In the minds of the Indians the spirit needs its twelve hours' rest so that it can continue its work of kindness on the following day. If anyone should disturb its slumbers then the spirit would be unable to move out of its house the next day and they would lose the benefits of its protection. The spirit if awakened, too, might resent the interference with its rest by inflicting dire punishments.

A visitor tried to induce one of the younger and more intelligent Indians to visit the spring with him one moonlight night, but nothing would make him do so. He was sure he would never return alive if he violated the sanctity of the spirit's home and prophesied all sorts of evil for the white man if that gentleman were daring enough to make the trip. He watched the visitor set off toward the spring in silence, thinking he would never see the man again. When the adventurer returned in safety, bringing some flowers which the Indian knew grew by the side of the spring to prove that the paleface had been there it did not disturb his faith in the tradition in the least and he will continue to believe that the spring is the home of a spirit to his dying day.

* * *

GARMENTS THEY REMOVED.

A PROMINENT Sunday-school worker of Indianapolis, J. M. Dungan, was conducting a review of the Sunday school lessons of the quarter at his old home church in the country north of Franklin last Sunday and discussing customs of biblical times.

"Now, in those days, children, what did they do when they entered a house?" he asked.

"Took off their shoes," came a chorus of response.

"Ah, that's right, children. But nowadays what do you take off when you enter a house?" he asked, expecting to hear them say, "Your hat."

But there was silence for a time and much thinking; then one little fellow held up his hand.

"Well, what is it?"

"Your overshoes," said the little fellow confidently.

The teacher at this point announced a song.

* * *

RENOUNCE not the purpose of embarking in active life: make haste to employ with alacrity the years that are granted you.—*Goethe*.

* * *

THE ear that heareth the reproof of life abideth among the wise.—*Solomon*.

NATURE



STUDY.

SOME BIRDS OF ARGENTINA.

BY DIANTHA CHURCHMAN.

AMONG Argentine's greatest treasures are the birds and flowers, especially the birds, which abound there in great number and variety. One peculiarity of the birds is their gaudy plumage,—brightest scarlet, orange, blue, yellow, pink and green—painted perhaps by the southern sun. In color they are beautiful and in songs wonderful.

Let us go to the woods bordering the river and see how many we can find. Yonder bird is called the "arm of fire" on account of his bright color. He appears to take great pride in showing himself. There is the cardinal with the scarlet crest, white breast and dove-colored back, also the yellow cardinal with yellow body and black crest. It is so named because its crest resembles the cardinal's cap.

That beautiful pink line that you see in the distant sky is a flock of pink flamingo. They are nearing us. Now they alight upon the sand strip on the margin of the river. How pretty they are! Listen to that exquisite song. That is Mr. Bugero, a large black bird with white beak.

From the grassy marsh comes the discordant cry of the heron, and the green parrots are chattering in the trees over our heads. They think their scolding will frighten us away. See that lovely golden wren creeping up the tree, hunting spiders. He does not seem to be a particle afraid of us. Hear that sweet voiced robin. They are much finer singers than the robins of our country. Their clear voices can be heard a great distance. Here we find Mrs. Dove's lazy nest,—two white eggs lying on the ground. This dove is very small, not much larger than a canary. That modest little gray bird is the bul bul, or nightingale, who keeps his sweet song for the night.

There is a tree that appears to be covered with balls of cotton, but instead of cotton a flock of magpies have settled on it and are sunning themselves. They drop their wings and fluff out their back feathers until they resemble balls of cotton. They are very singular birds. One will catch a frog and run around before the others, apparently to tantalize them. When they bathe they jump into a pool of water, then out and roll in the dust, then into the water again. They impose on each other by several laying in the same nest. Their eggs are very pretty, being green and white mingled.

Here comes a scissors tail, another peculiar bird. Ah, the beautiful birds! We hear their glad songs as they flit from tree to tree, seemingly without a sorrow, but they have their sorrows too. Perhaps they will go to seek food for their little ones and come back to find them devoured by snakes. Or perhaps an ichneumon a species of wasp, has come and laid its eggs in the tiny tender wings of the little birds. But probably their greatest enemy is woman, for, for her adornment, hundreds of thousands of them are destroyed annually, especially the white heron, an elegant bird whose female has two dainty hair-like feathers, or aigrettes, which are greatly sought after for the trimming of women's hats.

Ashland, Oregon.

* * *

BEEES DISLIKE BLACK.

BEEES are opposed to black as a color. Whether that is because they dislike a symbol of mourning, thin black typifies a cloud, or consider it the emblem of death, is not known, but the fact remains that bees do not hesitate to display their hatred for things black, upon the slightest provocation. I. L. Richards, proprietor of the Achme apiaries at Littleton, can testify to this with regret.

Richards is a chicken fancier as well as a bee expert. He has some of the finest chickens in Colorado, and not long ago made up his mind to have more. He bought some imported chickens from Hong Kong, and paid a fancy price for them. One great beruffled cock cost him \$85, and was as black as a piece of coal save for one red mark on its back. Richards proudly took the big foreigner from its box and showed it to his friends with exultation. Then he set it free in the chicken yard. The bee hives occupy a corner of this yard and have never caused any trouble. But with the advent of the black rooster the living emblems of industry rebelled. Richards went back to see his new pet, half an hour later, and was amazed to see the yard in a terrible commotion. The great chicken, which had stalked so proudly about his new home a few moments before, to the wonder of the old chickens, was now in pitiful distress. It rushed frantically about the inclosure, squawking strangely and flapping its wings in desperation. Around it swarmed a thousand bees. Viciously they darted at the unfortunate fowl. They struck it, half a hundred at a time.

Richards was about to rush to the rescue of his favorite when he realized the folly of such an undertaking. He stood helplessly by while the angry little honey-makers stung the black China cock to death. The bewildered stranger from across the seas, dashed vainly about for a few minutes, to the alarm of the other chickens. It struck out with its wings and feet. Turn as it would it could not escape the infuriated bees. At last it fell and the relentless winged torturers settled upon it until its body was nearly covered. Richards waited until the bees went back to their hives. Then he carefully wrapped the dead cock in a sack and carried it away for burial. Since then he has never tried black chickens in his yard.—*Denver Times*.

* * *

DUEL OF BIRD AND FISH.

"I WAS fishing in White Deer pond back of Lackawanna once," said Warren K. Ridgway, ex-sheriff, ex-treasurer and ex-county clerk of Pike County, Pennsylvania. "While I was waiting for a bite a kingfisher dropped down on a branch of a dead tree that stood on the edge of the pond, not more than five rods from where I was sitting in my boat.

"I knew the bird had come there to watch for a chance to get its dinner. I quit fishing and kept my eyes on the kingfisher, anxious to see it dive for its fish when the time came.

"I didn't have to wait long before a fish came within the line of the bird's vision. The bird dropped into the water like a stone and disappeared beneath the surface.

"It reappeared almost immediately, with a fish in its long, spear-like bill. The kingfisher's body had scarcely come to the surface, though, when it disappeared again with a suddenness that left no doubt in my mind that it had been jerked back by something that had grabbed it.

"The bird did not come up again. I rowed to the spot where it had gone down to find an explanation of its extraordinary disappearance.

"A dead pickerel, about eight inches long, was floating on the surface. A hole through its body showed plainly enough that this pickerel was the one the kingfisher had speared.

"I drifted about the spot some time and then something came to the surface, near the shore. It was a big pickerel, and with it the kingfisher, both dead.

"One of the bird's legs was between the great jaws of the pickerel. The pickerel's long teeth were set through and through the leg. The kingfisher's spear-like bill ran clear through the pickerel's body, from side to side, a few inches below the gills.

"The situation explained itself to my satisfaction, but my amazement was none the less. The pickerel

had seized the kingfisher by the leg as the bird was rising from the water with a small fish, and pulled it back into the water, expecting, of course, to dine upon the kingfisher.

"The bird had instinctively turned and jabbed its sharp beak through the pickerel, inflicting a mortal wound. The pickerel, with the bulldog tenacity of its kind, had kept its hold on the bird's leg and the two had died together."

* * *

THE KNOWING LITTLE ANT.

A REMARKABLE instance of the intelligence of ants is described by Dr. Schroeder, in the *Zeitschrift für Entomologie*. Last summer a country house was so overrun by ants that the owner, after destroying a large ant-hill near the house and collecting the numerous pupae for poultry feed, laid sticky fly-paper before the door of the house in such a manner that the ants could not enter without crossing it. In the morning he found his poultry feed gone and the fly-paper covered with sand, dry grass, and pine needles over which the ants had passed "dry-shod." The ant-hill had also been rebuilt during the night. This case is well-authenticated and a piece of the fly-paper is shown in evidence.—*The Literary Digest*.

* * *

AN OLD TORTOISE.

ARTEMAS ROSENBERGER, a Nooker of Telford, Pennsylvania, writes that two tortoises were found on his farm, one bearing the initials and date F. H., 1858, and the other S. H., 1881. The former stood for Frances Hunberger who was hired on the farm that year and who had a liking for cutting his initials anywhere and everywhere. The latter was Sylvester Hedrick, also well known to this Nooker.

* * *

HEAT FROM COLD WATER.

HEAT from cold water seems fabulous, but it is an established fact. The water is decomposed by electricity into its constituent gases, hydrogen and oxygen. When these gases are reunited the act of combination causes the evolution of intense heat. The well-known theatrical limelight is an example of this.

* * *

TREE IN A COAL MINE.

IN a coal mine in Derbyshire, England, has been found the trunk of a tree in a vertical position. This is an extremely rare discovery. The tree is 1,500 feet below the surface of the earth. On one side of the trunk, which is 2 feet 7 inches in diameter, is clearly shown the impression of a climbing vine.

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Each hath his lonely peak, and on each heart
 Envy or scorn, or hatred, tears life-long
 With vulture beak; yet the high soul is left;
 And faith, which is but hope grown wise; and love
 And patience, which at last shall overcome.

* * *

GETTING AWAY.

A BRIGHT NOOK girl writes a letter asking whether there is any way of getting away from the humdrum life she is living. She says it is one ceaseless round of the same thing over and over, and she would like to get out of herself,—what has the NOOK to say?

This question is as old as the hills. It has driven some people mad, killed others, made some commit all sorts of foolish deeds, makes men and women get drunk, and generally makes mischief. The disposition to get away from one's self is well nigh universal. Can it be done? No, nobody can get away from himself. Can it be helped? Yes, it can.

A little thinking goes a long way in the case. We are here, and here to stay, and the best thing to do is to make the best of it wherein it cannot be helped. To do this answers the question. If our girl will look about her she will see scores of people worse off than she is. She will see people in poor health, poorer in money affairs, and many times farther away from the bright side. This, it is true, is a negative sort of satisfaction, but it is also one to consider. If our complainant were to go to any other place on earth the same daily grind would follow. It is everywhere, it must be. And if she could kick out of the web of circumstances into a place where somebody else cooked the meals, washed the dishes and patched the clothes, of all women she would be the most miserable if she had nothing to do. In fact the girl lacks knowledge of her own capacity.

Why can't this girl cut pictures out of papers, frame them and brighten her room? Why can't she have

a rose blooming in her window, and a vine running over the door? What's to prevent her having a cozy corner where she can sit, book in hand, and keep company with knights, lords and ladies, in the realms of the imagination? And do not the maples color, and the birds sing, and the brooks purl where she lives?

Or can she not be a ministering angel to those who are denied what she has? Are there no poor or sick in her neighborhood where complaint seems to grow on the trees?

The fact is, further, that where there is a home, a few well-cared-for flowers, a few well-chosen books, comparative plenty and peace, there contentment and happiness are just without the door waiting to be asked in. Let our girl put a red rose in her hair, or a flash of geranium, and sit down of an afternoon with Kate Carnegie. Carmichael will come along some day. Be ready for him.

* * *

ANENT THE DOCTOR BOOK.

SOMEBODY said about man that he was fearfully and wonderfully made, and the same is somewhat true of the Doctor Book. Every recipe in it will be a tried one, and if some of them are constructed along the lines of a gatling gun let it be remembered that they are no experiment and they have been of use somewhere and are likely to be again. That you have never heard of such a combination is nothing. The woman who has raised a dozen braw men and women on the compound has something to show for her faith.

The Nookman once boarded in a family where the woman of the house deemed it her duty to all her many children to brew a mess in the spring, in a crock on the back of the stove, and when it was done, and pronounced fit, the whole of the younger members were lined up mornings and evenings and made take their dose, and no nonsense about it. It was kept up till it got in its work, beyond a question. As it had a liberal amount of mayapple root in it about the second dose there were results. At the same time it was exceedingly good medical practice in the spring of the year.

* * *

OUR TROUBLES.

SOME of the old readers used in school a long time ago had a story of a lot of people who had troubles of their own that they thought greater than they could bear, and so they brought them all together and threw them in a pile and then selected what seemed to them to be lighter troubles that belonged to other people. In a very brief period there was the greatest clamor ever heard because no one was satisfied and each thought he had a worse time of it than before he had exchanged. There is a moral in this story that is appli-

cable to all of those who have troubles. All of us have trouble at which we very frequently repine. The difficulty lies in the fact that we are not able to see the real man or woman through their clothes. They pass and repass us on the street and seem comfortably happy, and yet if we knew the very facts in the case we would be very loth to exchange places with them.

A story is told of two Aztec chiefs being tortured to make them reveal the secrets of their people. One of them, being slowly roasted alive, after listening to the complaints of the other turned to him and asked, "Do you think that I am on a bed of roses?" And so it is with all of us. Our troubles are many and how carefully we guard them from the eyes and ears of others. And others keep the doors of their closets shut that we may not see their skeleton, and the world has grown old without learning the lesson that happiness lies in helping others, and that in seeking out the troubles of others and trying to lighten their burdens we lessen and lighten our own.

* * *

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE.

EVER see, on a morning, the fog, thin, grey or blue, rising over the wet grass? Now do you keep out of that all you can, and if you must go in it do so after you have eaten a warm breakfast. As the sun comes up this haze rises overhead beyond your reach of breathing. The NOOK doesn't know just what's in the fog, but with a slight predisposition to it a good dose of malaria will come out of it.

Sleep warm, eat well, and go out little in the chill and damp of the nights and mornings and you will fend off the capsules of bitter that otherwise you may have to take to kill the microbes in your system.

* * *

OUR RETURN.

ON our return from California we found everything at the INGLENOOK office in the very best shape. The several issues of the magazine made under the direction of Georgiana Hoke were admirably cared for and will be a credit to the temporary editor. It is no easy thing to take hold of a publication of this character without having previous experience, but the results have justified the confidence reposed in Miss Hoke.

* * *

THERE is a grim humor about some things, as for instance when the father goes to the circus agreeable to a promise "to let the children see the animals."

* * *

HONEY catches more flies than vinegar. It is a mistake to fail to make friends, for they do not grow everywhere, and the time is sure to come when we will need them.

LEAKS.

- Just think of St. Paul smoking a pipe!*
*
Lay deep foundations if you would build high.
*
Do you think that love laughs at the goldsmith?
*
Instead of preparing for death let us prepare to live.
*
Every good deed is a rung in the ladder to heaven.
*
Everybody pays tuition at the school of experience.
*
Imitation beauty comes in bottles at the drug store.
*
There is no real difference in the morality of the sexes.
*
Not all sermons are preached in pulpits and from churches.
*
A heavenly voice is a different thing from an un-earthly one.
*
Sometimes the longest way home is the shortest cut to a row there.
*
That a man is not openly bad is no sign that he is a good man.
*
Where the happiest children are there is the nearest Heaven on earth.
*
You can win greater battles with your heart than you can with your arms.
*
One can tell a good deal about a man by the interest he takes in things.
*
A pure heart, a low voice, eyes teary and a smiling mouth. What more would you, man?
*
The greater the difficulties surrounding a Christian the better for him if he overcomes them.
*
The boy did not intend to eat the whole cake when he began to nibble. Moral: Don't taste.
*
It is a very good thing for all of us that we are judged by our intentions, and not by what we actually do.
*
Strange but true, that the advice most appreciated is that which you pay for—lawyers and doctors, for instance.

EASTERN OYSTERS IN WESTERN WATERS.

FROM a communication by Dora Quiett Whitaker, of Tacoma, Washington, we glean the following which will be appreciated by the Nookers who were especially interested in the article on Puget Sound Oyster Fisheries, which appeared in a recent number of the INGLENOOK.

The Puget Sound oyster is much smaller than the eastern oyster and the planting of small oysters from eastern beds has been practiced extensively for some time and with marked success, carloads of eastern oysters being planted at Grays Harbor, Shoalwater Bay and many other points by oyster firms on the Pacific coast. Many firms have tried the experiment of propagating the eastern oysters in the Pacific coast beds but without satisfactory results. Professor Doane, at Dogfish Bay, has been experimenting along this line for many years, but has never secured the results so diligently sought.

A few days ago, however, a discovery was reported at the fish commissioner's office at Tacoma that promises to be of great importance to the Pacific coast oyster men as well as to those who are fond of the oysters themselves. Two years ago an eastern firm presented the firm of McDonald and O'Neil, of Shelton, Washington, with a barrel of eastern oysters which the firm planted in their fields. A few days ago a few spots of eastern oysters were picked up and brought to the fish commissioner's office and were on display there, showing that for the first time eastern oysters were really known to propagate in western waters. This is the first authentic case of the kind. The spots on exhibition had already attained a much larger size than the Puget Sound oysters, which are very small. If the eastern oysters can be successfully propagated on the Pacific coast it may lead to the founding of a great industry.

* * *

OUR MONEY-LENDING UNCLE SAM.

UNCLE SAM is the greatest money-lender in the country. If it were not for his enormous loans through bank depositaries the business men of the United States would find it impossible to get hold of enough money to carry on their affairs.

The government has on deposit with the various banks to-day the snug sum of one hundred and twenty-eight million dollars. This is virtually money lent to the business interests of the country. It is money which the government has collected in the way of taxes, but, having no immediate need for it, is willing to leave it in the hands of the people for use. As long as the government has surplus and can leave funds in the banks it will do so. Treasury officials, as well as business men, are dreading the possibility

that the government revenues will soon fall below expenditures, leading inevitably to a contraction of the currency.

During the last five years there has been a wonderful increase in the amount of government money in national bank depositaries. In 1897 only sixty-five banks were designated as such depositaries, and the amount of money placed with them was only sixteen million dollars. Now there are five hundred bank depositaries, and they have an aggregate of one hundred and twenty-eight million dollars of government



IN THE NORTHWESTERN FRUIT REGION.

money in their possession. These depositaries are in every State and Territory except Alaska.

There is great rivalry among banks throughout the country for the privilege of handling government deposits. Political influence of all sorts is brought to bear to secure the much-coveted "designation."

The sum which Uncle Sam now has on deposit with the five hundred designated banks is the greatest in the history of the country, excepting that in 1879, during the refunding operations, when Secretary Sherman had two hundred and seventy-nine million dollar of government money in the hands of the banks which were aiding him in carrying out his measures.

Although there are signs of a "tight" money market in New York—low reserves, big loans and demands for currency from the interior—the Treasury department has not as yet received any calls for help. It stands ready to go to the aid of the situation at any moment, and its help can be rendered in one or all of three ways:

1. It can increase its deposits in national banks. The sum of twenty-eight million dollars is at hand for this purpose, without encroachment upon the fifth

million dollars "available cash" which the treasury must theoretically maintain as a working balance.

2. It can buy bonds, and thus put more money into circulation.

3. It can authorize an increase of national bank notes up to and inclusive of the premium value of the bonds deposited to secure circulation.

As there has been no occasion for resort to any of these expedients, treasury officials are now hopeful that the little flurry of demand for crop and speculation money may be easily weathered.

Notwithstanding the fears of the treasury officials that on account of the repeal of the war taxes and the heavy appropriations by Congress they might soon be confronted with a deficit, no such thing is in sight now. Although the expenditures so far this year have exceeded the receipts by nearly ten million dollars, the outlook now is favorable that by the end of the fiscal year all this will have been regained. The receipts from customs duties during the six weeks of the current fiscal year have exceeded those of the corresponding six weeks of last year by more than eight million dollars. Last year they were thirty-three million dollars, this year thirty-nine million dollars. This increase is altogether unexpected. The officials of the treasury cannot account for it, nor can they do more than guess how long it will continue. All calculations have been upset. The figures showing a big deficit for the year have been laid aside.

Those charged with the duty of reckoning how the balance sheet will stand have given up in despair. Customs receipts is not the only thing that worries them. They are not sure yet whether the forty million dollar Panama canal money will have to be spent, or the money for the Danish West Indies. There is no official opinion whether there will be a surplus or deficit next June. The loss by repeal of war taxes will amount to sixty-five million dollars. If the customs receipts continue at the present rate this will be recouped, and instead of a deficit there may be another surplus.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

* * *

TWO CURIOUS NEEDLES.

THE king of Prussia once visited a needle manufactory in his kingdom, in order to see what machinery, combined with the human hand, could produce. He was shown a number of superfine needles, thousands of which together did not weigh half an ounce, and marveled how such minute objects could be pierced with an eye. But he was to see that in this respect even something still finer and more perfect could be created. The borer—that is, the workman whose business it was to bore the eye in those needles—asked for a hair from the monarch's head. It was readily given, and, with a smile, he placed it at

once under the boring machine, made a hole in it with the greatest care, furnished it with a thread, and then handed the singular needle to the astonished king.

The second curious needle was in the possession of Queen Victoria. It was made at the celebrated needle manufactory at Redditch, and represents the column of Trajan, in miniature. This well-known Roman column is adorned with numerous scenes in sculpture, which immortalize Trajan's actions in war.

On this diminutive needle scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are represented in relief, but so finely cut and so small that it requires a magnifying glass to see them. The Victoria needle can, moreover, be opened; it contains a number of needles of smaller size, which are equally adorned with scenes in relief.

* * *

INSANITY AMONG NEGROES.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago insanity was rare among the colored people of the south and suicide almost unknown. Since then there has been a distinct change for the worse. Dr. Babcock, superintendent of the South Carolina asylum for the insane, reports an alarming increase of mental diseases among the negroes and other physicians bear him out in this statement. Dr. Babcock says there are more insane blacks among the inmates of the asylum than ever before and the number is increasing at a greater ratio than the population. The prevalence of brain disease is attributed to the common use of drugs and bad whiskey. The great majority of the patients come from the towns and cities and most of them are victims of cocaine, morphine or alcohol.

* * *

SUBMARINE photography is leading us into unknown regions. Mr. Louis Boutan, who began by investigating the animal life of the waters, has become an enthusiastic sea-bottom camerist. He uses a hand camera, which is enclosed in a tight copper box having a plate glass window, and mounted on a cast-iron tripod. Suitable mechanism is provided to expose and change the plates. Light fades rapidly in sinking below the surface, daylight exposures being impracticable at a depth of twenty-five feet. Magnesium powder is burned in oxygen in a suitable glass globe, and instantaneous exposures are made with interesting results.

* * *

IN County Mayo, Ireland, a wooden boat, believed to be nearly two thousand years old, was recently dug up by some laborers. The boat, beautifully carved from the trunk of a tree, is of oak, forty-six feet long, and in a perfect state of preservation. So hard is the wood that the hatchets of the men scarcely left an impression.

WHY WOMEN GET SMALL PAY.

BECAUSE women are not conscious of their powers is given as the main reason why they are paid less than men for doing equal work, why they are willing to take less and why they are satisfied with less. They are willing to start at the bottom of the ladder as we all are with anything untried, and even when they find out their true worth congenial work often takes the place of higher pay.

Their work means more to them than it does to men and the emolument means less. Women are softer

Then, too, although women are often more patient and more accurate than men, they have not the same staying qualities. It is physically impossible for a woman to be evenly continuous in her work for any length of time. For example: Take a man and a woman and start them evenly upon a day's work. By eleven or twelve o'clock the woman will have outstripped the man, but the last half of the day she will lag sadly behind, while the man will be evenly good throughout the entire eight hours.

Women are more nervous, more given to brilliant spurts than to steady work.



OMAHA BRIDGE.

than men. The difference between them is like that between linen and silk. Linen has the strength of masculinity, silk has the delicacy, the grace, the fineness of femininity.

Women are better economists than men; they can live on less and are used to little sacrifices that would simply be impossible with men. And often in large families, where two or three women support the entire number, the family is cared for on far less than if their brothers or father or husbands were providers.

Women are oftentimes less satisfactory than men because they cannot sink self, cannot lose sight of their own personality, and remember that they are simply so many pairs of hands or so many heads.

Formerly a girl's training was invariably in one of two lines—either for marriage or for a proposition as a school-teacher. The sons of the family were prepared for a career. They were to have a place in the body politic. But the daughters were their fathers' pets, and beyond that they dared not go.

For my part I consider that woman stupid, indeed who cannot be a housekeeper and have some outside interests as well.

From their recently acquired emancipation women are gaining in dignity, strength of purpose and capacity for using their minds. The more a woman knows the better wife and mother she will make. Marriages of to-day are happier than those of yester-

day because of the emancipation. All along the line woman is growing in all that makes toward perfection, but a woman receives a smaller wage than a man simply because she is a woman, and as she becomes conscious of her powers she will demand and command equal recognition with her brother man.

* * *

DISTILLED BITTERNESS.

WITH the disposal of the product for the year, Leander S. Drew, of Lodi, Wisconsin, closes the work of one-half a century as a producer of the oil of wormwood. From the plants grown upon one hundred acres of rich valley land the oil is distilled, and this queer husbandman bears the unique distinction of being the greatest producer and of having the most extensive wormwood works in the United States, if not in the world.

The wormwood plants are grown on the farm in about the same manner as corn, oats and other cereals. The plants grow from two to three feet high. They are light in color, and have the appearance of being covered with dew. As soon as the unattractive purple blossoms appear the cutting and distilling begin. By means of an ordinary mowing machine with a dropper attachment the plants are cut down and left in large bundles to wilt in the hot summer sun.

As soon as they become wilted and flaccid they are loaded on wagons and hauled to the distillery, where a big iron fork comes down into the load. By means of a rope and pulleys the fork with its burden is hauled upward to a little car on rails, where an automatic attachment is quickly made. In no time the car rolls to the opening over the large vat, where there is a jerk to the trip ropes and the bunch of wormwood shrubbery is dropped into the vat. This is repeated until the vat is filled to the top with the aromatic plant.

In the engine room adjoining there is a boiler. By twisting a valve the steam is turned into the vat so that every stem and leaf of the hoary plant is immersed in the steam and must yield the essential oil. From the vat the steam passes into the condensing pipes, laden with oil from the herb. The pipes are submerged in cold water basins made out of cement, and there the oil collects, drop by drop, to find its way through a small opening to a vessel prepared to receive it.

The oil, being of less specific gravity than water, collects at the top of the vessel provided for the purpose. The can into which the drops of oil and water fall is provided with a spout which almost reaches the top of the vessel, making it appear like a gardener's water pot. Out of this spout flows the floating oil. There comes a time in the process when the receiving vessel will hold no more of the oil, and this state is known by the bitter liquid escaping through the opening where the water is to flow away. The pro-

duce is then poured into the slipping flasks, to be sent away to the eastern markets.

As soon as all of the oil has been secured from the plants in the vat the iron fork is sent down into it and brings forth the steaming stems and leaves. Many people cannot work with the plant because of the odor.

There are about five hundred wormwood farms in the United States, two of which are owned by Mr. Drew. The demand for the oil is much greater than the supply. Much of it is imported from Europe. Great tracts of land in Europe are devoted to its production, and the discovery of absinthe by two old Swiss women has stimulated the trade.

In the past fifty years the price of oil of wormwood has advanced from one dollar to six dollars a pound. On account of the widespread use of absinthe it is not anticipated that the price will ever touch the dollar mark again. The oil is used in making liniments and other remedies. It has a penetrating property possessed by no other oil, and when applied "goes direct to the bone."—*Indianapolis News*.

* * *

OUR LITTLE FRIEND.

"I SAY, pa," began little Clarence Callipers, with the rising inflection of one who earnestly desires to acquire important information, "what—"

"Oh, I don't know," replied his long-suffering sire, wearily.

"You don't know what, pa?"

"I don't know the answer to the question you are about to ask."

"Why, you don't know what I am going to ask, do you, pa?"

"No, of course not!"

"Then, if you don't know the question, how do you know you don't know the answer to it, pa?"

"Because I know I don't know! I don't know why it is that the more a man gets the more he wants and the more he wants the less he usually gets, nor why so many men with big heads wear such small hats, nor why two-faced men are so common and two-headed girls so scarce. Understand?"

"Yes. But the question I wanted to ask isn't foolish, pa."

"H'm! If it isn't foolish, you may go ahead and ask it. But remember, just one question, and no more."

"Well, pa, there are two of 'em that I want to ask. One is, Which is the smartest: the man who knows enough to know that he don't know much, or the man who knows enough to look as if he knew everything? The other is: If the end of the world was to come and the earth be destroyed while a man was up in a balloon, where would he land when he came down? And, pa, I don't know which one of 'em to ask."

ANCIENT TIME-MARKERS.

IN the United States the oldest timepiece is the famous Endicott sundial, made in London in 1630, and it was brought to this country the same year by Governor Endicott at the time he brought the fleet of ships laden with immigrants to settle in and around Salem.

The dial stood for a great number of years in front of the Endicott mansion in Salem and was in the hands of the family until sixty or seventy years ago, when it was placed in the care of the East India Marine Society of Salem. The society held it in trust until 1869, when it came into the possession of the Essex Institute, where it now rests in a glass case in the museum.

Being unable to reclaim the original, members of the family have on different occasions had replicas made in bronze and placed near their residences.

The sundial of King Ahaz, who lived 742 years before Christ, is the first dial on record in the world. This dial was a graduated instrument, having degree marks of some kind which showed the daily course of the sun. The Old Testament tells us that it was known in Jerusalem as early as seven centuries before Christ, and the manner of its mention indicates that it was a novelty in that city at that time. The sundial took many forms. The art of dialling involved mathematical problems of considerable perplexity, and it is very likely that this contributed to the knowledge of mathematics which the world possessed at that early period.

Imperfect sundials were common in Rome about a century and a half before the Christian era, so common indeed, that, as new inventions nowadays afford material for the paragrapher, they were targets for the funny men of the period.

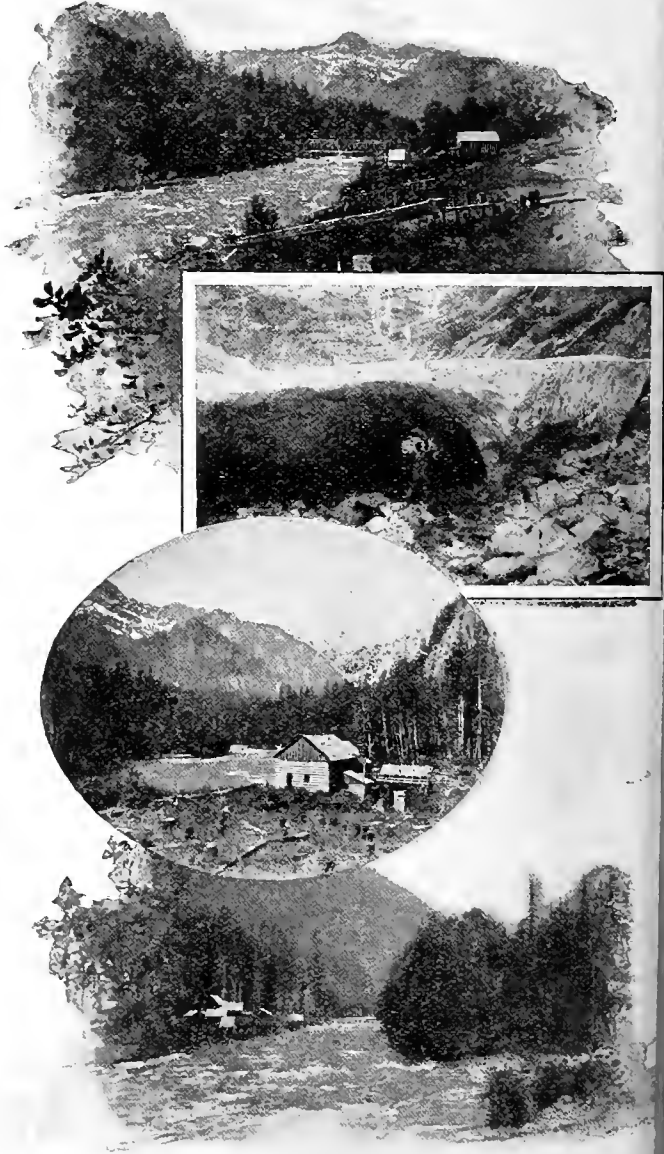
The Romans later perfected a sundial suitable for their latitude, which was much more accurate. The dial was later adopted and improved by European nations, and some very accurate ones were made by clockmakers throughout Europe.

A dial, or rather a series of dials of every conceivable description forming a structure was erected in Whitehall, London, in 1669, by order of King Charles II. It was the invention of Francis Hall, a Jesuit and professor of mathematics at Liege. Vertical dials, inclining dials and dials for showing time, as computed by various nations at different periods, were all included and ranged on platforms.

Of these bowls or brackets appear to have been the most attractive. One, on the first platform to show the hour by fire, consisted of a little glass bowl filled with clear water. This bowl was about three inches in diameter, and was placed in the middle of another sphere, about six inches in diameter, consist-

ing of several rings or circles, representing the hour circles in the heavens.

The hour was known by applying the hand to these circles when the sun shone, and that circle where the hand felt burned by the sunbeams passing through the bowl filled with water showed the true hour.



SCENES IN THE NORTHWEST.

King Alfred measured time by burning candles marked with circular lines to indicate the hours. Ingenious devices were adopted to prevent draughts from striking the flame, and thus, as it were, make "time speed on its flight" by melting the tallow of the candle before it was burned, but this was a very imperfect method of timekeeping.

The gnomon, the predecessor of the sundial, was probably one of the earliest devices for the reckon-

ing of time, and it may reasonably be concluded that the Egyptian pyramids, with their great altitude, formed part of a design for timekeeping by the shadow thrown on the desert sands. The obelisk, too, in all probability, served the purpose, for, as a matter of history, an obelisk at Rome was actually used for a sundial in the time of Emperor Augustus.

The rising and setting of the sun and the changes of the moon were undoubtedly the first records of time kept by man, the shepherd of the early ages reckoning time by full moons.

The lengthening of a tree's shadow gave warning that night was approaching when another day or period of time would be at an end.

If we could step on board of a Malay proa we should see floating in a bucket of water a coconut shell having a small hole in the bottom through which the water by slow degrees finds its way into the interior. The hole in the shell is so proportioned that the shell will fill and sink in an hour, when the man on watch calls the time and sets it afloat again.

The Chinese have a water clock in use at the present time, which invention they ascribe to Hwangti, who lived, according to their chronology, more than twenty-five centuries before Christ.

A water clock or time recording machine very similar to the Chinese instrument, and named the clepsýdra, was used by the ancient Greeks in determining the amount of time speakers in court should take to make their arguments. This machine was in the form of a spherical vessel with a minute opening at the bottom and a short neck at the top into which the water was poured.

The running out of the water could be stopped by closing the neck. The familiar association of this device with the courts of that time is shown in many ways. In important cases of great moment to the state each party was allowed ten amphoræ in about fifty gallons of water as the time in which to make their arguments.

Demosthenes showed the value he placed on the time allotted him to speak, for during an interruption in one of his speeches he turned to a court officer with a peremptory: "You there! Stop that water!"

The time system of early Rome was of the rudest character. The day and night each were divided into four watches, the periods of which were roughly determined by observations of the courses of the sun and stars.

The accensus watched for the moment when, from the Senate House, he first caught sight of the sun between the rostra and the Græcostasis, when he proclaimed publicly the hour of noon. From the same point he watched the declining sun and proclaimed its disappearance.

On the mantel in the trustees' room of the Boston

public library stands a clock which was bought in Paris and sent to this country in 1890 at a cost, it is said, of \$1,000, to be set up in the present building of the library which was at that time incomplete.

It is a reproduction in bronze by M. Planchon of a celebrated design of Jean Gossaert, an artist of the early part of the Sixteenth century, now in the museum at Brussels.

The whole structure of the clock has been chiseled by hand and no duplicate has ever been made from it. The bronze is richly gilded and the wings on either side of the face, which are in reality doors to protect the face of the clock, are colored.

It was exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1889, and the design was considered one of the finest works of art of its kind exhibited.—*Boston Globe*.

* * *

GLORY DIVINE.

THE *Boston Herald* tells a good story of a little girl going to the drug store:

"I want five cents' worth of glory divine!" said a flaxen-haired tot, looking intently at the clerk in a South Boston drug store last evening. Everybody within hearing of the infantile voice either laughed or smiled, while Mr. Grey, the drug man, looked serious and appeared to be thinking. "Are you sure it is glory divine you want?" he asked the little one.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"For what does mamma want it?" was the next question.

"To throw it around the room and in the back yard," said the little tot, innocently.

"Isn't it chloride of lime she wants?" asked the drug man.

The little girl nodded her assent, and soon she was on her way home to mother. "It's only one of the many enigmas which face the drug clerk every day in their lives," said the apothecary. "The little girls do not make mistakes very often, but the little boys and some of the heads of families are always guessing at what they want and letting us guess what they mean. But 'glory divine' is a new one."

* * *

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOM.

IN some parts of Brittany a curious marriage custom prevails. On certain fete days the marriageable girls appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders round them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band denotes one hundred francs per annum; each yellow band represents 1,000 francs a year.

* * *

A HORSEFLY will live for hours after its head has been pulled off. The head of the mosquito hawk will continue eating its victims when separated from the thorax.

CAUSE AND CURE OF COLDS.

CONSIDERING the amount of ink which has been used in discussing the subject of colds, discouraging small results have followed. A physician says regarding the matter: "The truth is that a cold is due to an almost infinite variety of causes, some local, some practically inevitable, and no one method will prove effective in all cases. Very few are the fortunate individuals who never have colds, and most of those living in our northern climate must be resigned to having one or two in the course of the winter, but one who takes cold readily and often is not in a healthy condition and should seek medical advice. The cause in such a case may be local, consisting in some malformation in the interior of the nose which keeps the mucous membrane in an irritable state. This fault in anatomical construction can usually be remedied by an operation which is seldom severe. But before resorting to this the general system should be questioned in order to determine whether or not the fault lies with that. Often this is the case, even when a nasal deformity also exists.

"One of the chief predisposing causes of a cold is a disordered digestion, especially intestinal digestion as a result of overeating or the use of alcohol. It has been said that an underfed man cannot catch cold, while an overfed one can scarcely avoid it. Whether this is strictly true or not, there is certainly some close relation between the digestive organs and the nose, and inaction of the bowels is a frequent forerunner of a cold.

"The adage that one 'must stuff a cold and starve a fever' is pernicious—a cold is a fever, and one of the surest means of cutting it short is to take a laxative, abstain almost entirely from food for twenty-four hours and drink two or three quarts of cool water. Another 'popular remedy,' which is really an aggravator, is a 'hot toddy' at bedtime. A hot drink, hot lemonade, for example, is good, and the subsequent is good, if the sleeper does not throw off the bedclothes the minute he drops off; but the alcoholic addition is not merely superfluous, but injurious. Alcohol in any form predisposes to a cold and retards the cure of one already present. Cool bathing, deep breathing, daily exercise in the open air, fresh air in the house at all times and especially in the bedroom at night, abstemious living and not letting waste materials accumulate in the body—these are the best means of removing one's 'tendency to catch cold.'"

* * *

ART IN GERMAN RAILWAY BUILDING.

IN the general plan, equipment and application of electric power to the working of the new electric underground and elevated railways in Berlin, little is presented which can be regarded as novel

or especially suggestive. The one respect in which the German constructors leave others far behind and offer an object lesson worth careful study, is in the artistic beauty, the architectural charm and sense of fitness, which they have imparted to the stations, the bridges and even the ordinary overhead viaduct sections of the new road. In Germany the requirements of public taste are never permitted to be neglected or forgotten. Where the new Berlin line passes through a public square, it is on solid and artistically designed masonry. The above-ground stations are of stone, steel and glass, no two alike, but each specially designed to fit, not only the requirements of traffic at that point, but the adjacent buildings as well—the architectural framework in which it is set.

The whole management of the enterprise, from start to finish, illustrates the wise, firm control which the municipality of Berlin maintains over corporations which ask for franchises at its hands. As one example among many others of the result of such control, the western branch of the new line, from the Nollendorfer Platz to Charlottenburg, passes through a series of broad, handsome boulevards in the new and choicest residence portion of the city. There was abundant room for a viaduct along the broad central esplanade between the driveways, and to have built it as such would have saved millions of marks. But the overhead construction, however artistically designed, and the roar and rush of trains would have defaced such a neighborhood. The company was, therefore, compelled to lower the grade from the Nollendorfer Platz westward, underrun the boulevard and keep out of sight and hearing thenceforward until reaching the ultimate terminus at Charlottenburg. In running this tunnel past the Memorial church, quicksands were encountered which could be mastered only by extensive and costly piling that involved months of unexpected delay, but the engineers and workmen persevered. That whole section of the line is now finished, the excavated channel is walled, roofed with earth resting on steel girders and arches of masonry, and surfaced with graveled walks, to be planted with shade trees as before the work began.—*Frank H. Mason, in Cassier's Magazine for September.*

* * *

THE INVENTOR OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

THE inventor of the gummed postage stamp was a Scotchman, Mr. James Chalmers, of Dundee, who, in 1834, suggested the adoption of the practical system of affixing adhesive squares of paper to envelopes. Mr. Chalmers was ridiculed, and, amongst others, medical men predicted that the constant licking of gum would be prejudicial to the health of the nation.

Aunt Barbara's Page

DISCONTENT.

Rain, rain, drop, drop
 Down on my papa's crop.
 "We need rain so
 To make things grow,"
 My papa said—
 He ought to know!

Do you know, rain, what I would do
 If I could rain at will like you?
 I'd do my work at night,
 And leave the days all bright
 For children to play in the sun—
 Oh, rain, please, rain, don't spoil our fun!

The sun sent down its burning rays;
 I've been out playing days and days.
 There's not a wee breeze anywhere—
 A little rain might clear the air,
 And there might be a rainbow, too,
 Of yellow, violet, green, and blue.
 So blaze away, sun—pour down, rain;
 I'll be a contented boy again!

—Elise Traut.

* * *

A QUEER VISITOR.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

THE afternoon sun was past its noon mark, when Frank leaned his rifle against a basswood stump, unslung his game-bag, and stretched himself under an oak tree. Behind him rose the limestone bluff, crowned with glowing maple. Before lay a fallow field, crossed by wavering ribbons of fresh plowing. Tradition had it, as Frank well knew, that, years before, that field had been the scene of one of Blackhawk's bloody battles. Every boy for miles around had his collection of spear and arrow heads, gathered from the region. Frank himself intended carrying home a pocketful with him to the city. Close at his feet he could have gathered a handful of flint-chips, where some long-dead brave had shaped his weapons of war or the chase, on this very spot.

Frank, who was a lover of history, breathed a long, contented sigh, as he opened his lunch. Truly he was on haunted ground. He wondered, as the buttered bread and liver sausage slowly disappeared, what the warlike old savage would say, if his spirit walked the familiar hills again.

"So much peace on earth would probably give him hysterics," laughed Frank to himself. "But it does seem a shame that he got no more for his hunting grounds."

His lunch finished, Frank lay back on the leaves, staring at the sky. Two chipmunks ran along the hillside, disappearing in the hazel bushes. A bit of thistle-down floated by, and, almost as softly, a step sounded close behind. He listened, and a suppressed "huh!" came to his ears. He sat up quickly, and looked in the direction of the sound. A tall, bare-chested figure, feather-decorated and moccasin-shod, stood by the basswood stump, examining his treasured rifle. Delight shone on the bronzed face of the intruder. He tried the piece softly, with a cluck of satisfaction.

Frank sat amazed. He knew the Stockbridges came down from the reservation, occasionally, with berries or baskets to sell, but this was no Stockbridge. The Indian slung the rifle across his shoulder and turned, proudly. Frank sprang up.

"Drop that!" he shouted.

The Indian paused, and an ugly, broad grin overspread his features. "Injun never get much for hunting grounds," he said. "Heap big shame. Take this gun to make even with white man."

Frank stopped, rooted in his tracks. Shivers began to creep along his back. His very thought! But how did the Indian know it, and what was there so queer about him? The savage started on once more, and the move brought Frank's wits back. Principle was all right, but that rifle, which represented months of hard work and self-denial—no, indeed! Two bounds, and he seized the brown arm roughly.

"Give back that rifle!" he shouted. Then he felt a stinging blow on his cheek, and something cold touched his neck. The landscape whirled around him.

A moment later he was sitting up on the dry leaves. The half-ploughed field stretched quietly before him, his beloved rifle still reposed in its place, and on hill or meadow no savage was to be seen. Frank rubbed his eyes sleepily, and then began to laugh, as he plucked from his shirt the acorn that had fallen on his face and wakened him; it was only a dream.

"Don't you think it might have been Blackhawk's ghost?" asked his little cousin Mary, as Frank told the story at the supper table. "More likely it was the liver sausage," laughed his aunt.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

YOU are not simply to be kind and helpful to others; but whatever you do, give honest, earnest purpose to it.—*J. T. Trowbridge.*

The Q. & A. Department.

Is the doctrine of the vegetarians on the wane or is it growing?

It seems to be making friends.

✦

In case of a man dying without making a will how is his property disposed of?

The law directs the succession, and as far as the Nook knows it is just.

✦

Where does quicksilver come from?

An ore called cinnabar is dug from the ground, and this is distilled, practically, the metal running off in vapor that condenses into metallic mercury.

✦

How much does wool lose in washing?

Good authorities say that unwashed wool will lose from one-third to one-half in washing, and sometimes more than this.

✦

Is tobacco grown in Tennessee?

The Census returns show that 27,960 farmers grow 71,849 acres with a product of 49,157,550 pounds. Tobacco is grown in every County in the State.

✦

I have a fine big bell, deadened by a short crack. Is there any remedy for it?

Drill a small hole at each end of the crack, then take a fine saw and saw the crack out, and the bell will be of good use yet.—*A. Weimer, Greenville, Ohio.*

✦

What is chicory used for?

Mainly as an adulterant of coffee. It appears that 21,490,870 pounds of it were grown, of which Michigan furnished 92.5 per cent. If it is wondered where all this chicory went the chances are that most of the Nook family got their share of it if they used ground coffee.

✦

In a recent number of the Inglenook you say in answer to a question that it is all right to read Ian McLaren's books if you can understand them. Why can they not be understood?

There is no reason why they may not be understood except that the sentiment escapes the reader. The Bonnie Brier Bush stories are beyond all doubt of the most interesting character to the student of human nature, and will bring tears to the eyes of many who have not yet read them. Some people do not understand such things and this was what was referred to in the answer.—*The Nookman.*

Is the automobile a passing fad or has it come to stay?

It has come to stay and when invention has put them within the financial limitations of the public they will be in common use.

✦

Is it likely that the gold-bearing sections of the earth are all known?

A gold miner told the writer that they were not really touched as yet.

✦

Is there a book on stuffing birds?

There are many works on taxidermy, and the querist can readily learn the theory of "stuffing" birds and animals. The word to use is mounting.

✦

My file of Nooks is being borrowed continually. I do not want to refuse, but they come back badly used. What do you advise?

It is hard to not appear little and mean about such a thing. What advice has some outspoken Nooker to give in this matter?

✦

Are there many people engaged in the cultivation of rice?

A reference to the Census Report shows that in 1899 over forty-eight thousand people cultivated 351,344 acres, which produced the enormous amount of 283,722,627 pounds. The wonder is where it all goes.

✦ ✦ ✦

In what States are the American lion and the bear found?

The so-called lion is found in the western mountainous sections, and the bear wherever there are mountains, and in other places where civilization has not yet reached.

✦

Is the fast running of a train more dangerous than the slow?

Yes, but if nothing gives way a fast train is more likely to keep the rails than a slower one. It is when something goes wrong that there is trouble with the express. The really fast trains are the rapid locals.

✦

At a recent party a couple went through the marriage ceremony, and afterwards it was suggested that it was valid. How is it?

It is valid enough if the parties are mutually agreed. It was a mock marriage by the look of it, but it might take a court to set it aside if either party saw fit to make a fight about it. Why people will make fools of themselves along such dangerous lines the Nook does not understand.

❖ ❖ ❖

The Home

❖ ❖ ❖



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Department

❖ ❖ ❖

VEGETABLE SOUP.

BY ELIZA SPITZER.

TAKE one-half gallon of beef broth, one pint of beans, one pint of cabbage cut fine, one and one-half pints of potatoes cut fine, one cup of rice, one pint of corn and one quart of tomatoes added last. Before taking up add one quart of broth and serve.
Goods Mill, Va.

❖ ❖ ❖

COOKED CABBAGE.

BY SARAH F. MILLER.

CUT one good-sized head of cabbage in pieces about one and one-half inches thick, wash and put on to cook with a large spoonful of lard, salt and pepper to taste, and one pint of water. Cook rapidly about one-half hour, stirring occasionally. Serve when tender.
Bridgewater, Va.

❖ ❖ ❖

GRAPE PUDDING.

BY MRS. JOHN D. BONSAK.

TAKE one quart of buttermilk, one cup of sour cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Grease a bread-pan and cover the bottom with batter, pick off nice ripe grapes to cover the batter, sprinkle with sugar, cover with the balance of the batter, and cover the top with grapes and sugar again. Bake in a quick oven. Serve from oven with good cream dip.
Rock Lake, N. Dak.

❖ ❖ ❖

PEPPER NUTS.

BY SISTER MYRTLE SPRENKLE.

TAKE one pound of brown sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, allspice, nutmeg, and any spices liked, one scant teaspoonful of soda sifted in one pint of flour. Then mix as much flour into the dough as can be worked in, as the dough must be made very stiff. Knead it well with the hands, roll with the hands into rolls an inch in

diameter and cut in inch pieces. Bake in a quick oven. These are excellent and are improved by age.
Baltic, Ohio.

❖ ❖ ❖

FROM THE INGLENOOK DOCTOR BOOK.

No. 754.—TO STOP INCESSANT VOMITING.

Give the well-beaten yolk of one raw egg with a pinch of salt added. Repeat if necessary.—*Ida E. Yoder, Munson, Ohio.*

❖

No. 638.—FOR BURNS.

Cover the burnt surface with wet soda. Keep it wet and as it wastes away put on more. This if carefully persevered in will prevent blistering.—*N. J. Roof, Warrensburg, Mo.*

❖

No. 81.—FOR OBSTINATE NOSE-BLEED.

SQUEEZE the juice of half a lemon into one-half cup of water, pour a small quantity of this at a time into the hollow of the hand and draw up, by sniffs, into the nostrils.—*Lydia E. Taylor, Trained Nurse, 1014 Randolph St., Waterloo, Iowa.*

❖

LINIMENT. FOR SPRAINS OR RHEUMATISM.

BREAK an egg in a bottle and shake well. Add one-half pint of good cider vinegar and one ounce of turpentine. Shake well together and shake before rubbing on.—*Sister Bernice Ashmore, Mansfield, Ill.*

❖

No. 95 $\frac{1}{3}$ —FOR WORMS IN CHILDREN.

DIVIDE one ounce of pine root into three equal parts, give one part in one-half cup of boiling water before going to bed at night. Give a little senna tea the next morning. Repeat three times.—*Mrs. Josiah Clapper, Loysburg, Pa.*

❖

No. 612.—FOR SNAKEBITE.

Cut fine two ounces of any plug tobacco and one onion about the size of a hen's egg. Mash up a couple of tablespoonfuls of common salt and mix all together. The juice of the onion makes a soft poultice of the tobacco and salt. Apply the poultice at once and let remain ten hours. Renew with a fresh poultice and this will cure the bite. No whiskey is used with this remedy.—*Eliza Gantz, Sabetha, Kans.*

THE CALIFORNIA INGLENOOK.

NEXT week's issue of the Inglenook will be devoted entirely to the State of California. It will have forty-eight pages and a large number of illustrations. The Editor of the INGLENOOK went to California to get certain facts—he wanted to get the local coloring and see for himself. It is mostly written by the Nookman, and told in his own way. The following are some of the contents of this number. The Sacramento Valley, The San Joaquin Valley, The Laguna De Tache Grant, California's Fruit Crop, Stanislaus County, California, California's Largest Rosebush, What it Costs to Plant and Care for Orchards and Vineyards, the Ostrich Farm, In a Canning Factory, The Big Trees, Wonders of an Acre, Santa Catalina, Seeing the Seals, How Cement is Made, The Old Missions in California, Around Fresno, Sweet Peas, Blossomtime in California, The Climate of California, Mt. Lowe Railroad, How Divided, Southern California's Future, Chinatown, and a great many other articles of more or less interest to everybody.

The illustrations in this number of the INGLENOOK will be remarkably fine, and it will be the largest and best illustrated INGLENOOK ever issued.

As this INGLENOOK will probably be in very great demand, arrangements have been effected whereby upon receipt of ten cents we will send the magazine to any address for eight weeks, which will include the California NOOK. This will be a grand opportunity for our California people to send the INGLENOOK to their friends in the east where it will be well received and appreciated. For ten cents we will send it eight weeks.

SURE OF REACHING THEM ALL.

A RURAL Virginia preacher took advantage of neighborhood hullabaloo over a robbed chicken coop in the following manner: "Dear Friends; I'se about to take up a c'lection for ta repair dis church, an' I ean' to say dat, if dar an any negro here to-night what had a han' in stealin' Farmer Jones' chickens I doan' wan' him to put nuffin' in de plate."

CHRISTIANITY that is not applied is not Christianity. The Gospel, properly understood and practically applied, is the divine specific for all the ills in human life. We do not want an un-Christian philanthropy; neither ought we to have an unphilanthropic Christianity. Reformers that are Christless are, in the end, powerless reformers. One great need of the world to-day—indeed, it is the world's greatest need—is the introduction of the spirit of Christ into all human relations.

WHAT THEY SAY.

"THE INGLENOOK is a hummer."—*E. P. L. Dow.*

*

"THE enlarged INGLENOOK is all right."—*Rebecca C. Fouts, Pa.*

*

"THE Virginia NOOK is very interesting."—*J. W. Wayland, Va.*

*

"WE think the enlarged INGLENOOK splendid."—*Ella Bussan, Iowa.*

*

"THE enlarged INGLENOOK is all right."—*Rebecca C. Fouts, Pennsylvania.*

*

"I READ every word of the INGLENOOK and like it too."—*Ella W. Reiff, Ind.*

*

"WE prize the NOOK very much. It is a household gem."—*Mary B. Peck, Texas.*

*

"I WOULD not be without it. The Virginia INGLENOOK is fine."—*Ida K. Mowen, Illinois.*

*

"WE like the INGLENOOK and think it has improved."—*Mrs. H. A. Swab, Washington.*

*

"HAVING received the paper for eight months I am very much pleased with it."—*Mamie Riddle, Pa.*

*

"WE like the NOOK. The Brethren ought to have had a paper like the NOOK long before it was published."—*Annie Mohler Rupert, Pa.*

*

"THE NOOK is as precious to me as any paper I know of. I can't praise it enough."—*Laura Smith, Iowa.*

*

"I AM highly pleased with the NOOK and can hardly wait till it comes. It is full of good thoughts."—*Katie Shidler, Ashland, Ohio.*

*

"LONG may the NOOK live and prosper. We think it just splendid. Would not do without it."—*Ann Shoemaker Weckman, Starfield, Mo.*

Want Advertisements.

Wanted.—A single man with experience in farming and handling stock to work by the year in Iowa. Address: N. K., care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

Wanted.—A good man with a small family to work by the year in Iowa. Farm work, good wages, close church. Address: W. D., care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER 4, 1902.

No. 40.

CALIFORNIA.

O LAND of the dreamy past, of brilliant sunshine and ever-blooming flowers, what mystery lies wrapped in your history! From the time when the subjects of the warrior shepherd kings of northern Asia either crossed the Behring straits, or were shipwrecked on its

the fair gods of their legends, who had come among them.

The fat priests had tramped from the far south and settled among them and told the story of the Cross to wondering listeners. And these people, the white man and the brown-black native, built the old missions, planted the grape and the olive, and sat down to rest



REDWOOD FOREST BETWEEN LA HONDA AND PESCADERA.

shore, and founded the tribes of the Coast, so different from the red Indians of the plains, and wandered down through the tropics to the home of the Incas, what a story is yours!

And the ages came and went, and the black Indians fished where the bright waves lapped the golden sands, and the mountain back kept watch over valleys that are now as fair as a garden of the Lord. The years came and the years passed, and then, told in strange speech, was the story of a new race, a people with white faces,

in the land where it was always two o'clock in the afternoon.

Then the war with Mexico, the whirl of events that put the missions under the stars and stripes, and the influx of men of all nations and all colors after the yellow gold that had ripened through the ages in sand and rock. The day of the land of the saints was over. The man with the white face, and blue eyes, the race that dominates the earth, cold, business-like, just, and facile with new environments, took the land and the

mission was history. Then the mad scramble for the yellow dust for which in all ages men, and women too, have sold their souls, and at last the settling down to the building of an empire.

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WITHOUT going into hysterics over the train that carries us onward let it be said that it represents all that science can suggest for safety, and combined with it is all that money can buy for comfort and luxury. The flight of the train over the levels of the west is something wonderful, the landscape flies by, the motion is a steady onward, and the sounds are the flip-flip-flip of the wheels over the joints. Here is a village that has huddled by the station. We see the store with its square front, petering out behind, till it looks like a square-headed tadpole done in wood, the other houses on the avenues that you will find on the original plot of the town, showing just where the public squares are to be, and the park on the edge of the town. The square is missing in fact, but the park is there back of the town, and it is one hundred and fifty miles long. Whiz! and the red station house is behind us. Then the mighty ranches of prairie land, broad-backed billows miles and miles from crest to crest! Here and there is a windwheel, over there a windwheel, and off against the sky the speck of a windwheel, each one showing where there is a home, a place where people grow up under the mighty influences of the plains.

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THERE will come a time, not unreasonably out of sight, when these treeless plains will be one vast garden. All that is needed is water and under every foot of the land that life-giver lies unseen, inexhaustible, and only waiting till inventive genius brings it to the surface where it will coax into growth every cereal, fruit and flower of the temperate zone in a profusion that bewilders computation. The Great American Desert will then be the Great American garden, and the world's provider. It is no stretch of imagination to picture one of the suburban homes surrounded by ample gardens, tree and vine, flowers and fruit, that may be seen in the vicinity of any large eastern city as extended in reproduction over a country five hundred miles wide, and thousand miles long, from north to south, a vast, bewildering garden of plenty with God's blue sky overhead, and sunshine over all in which gold comes through the yellow oranges, purple grapes and tropical fruits, surrounding the homes of those who have sought the sun-kissed land as a relief from the harsh conditions of the east and the middle west. It is of this country and of these people that this issue of the INGLENOOK will deal.

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THERE are ways and ways of getting here. We took the route from Omaha over the Union Pacific Railway, as far as it goes, and then the Southern Pacific. In

days that are not so remote but that readers of the NOOK can remember, the trip over the plains was a matter of months, of hardships and wild Indians. Now it is a luxury. Sitting in a Pullman, whirling westward with the deadly certainty of steam, one wonders how it was when the prairie schooners trailed across the plains with the hostile Indians hanging like a gadfly on the flank of the party. Whatever it may have been it is all right now. The comfort of the Pullman, and the cuisine of the diner make life worth living. Thrice the sun will look the headlight of the locomotive in the eye before we strike the city of San Francisco.

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THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

IN California there is a great basin, formed ages ago, having on the eastern and western borders two ranges of mountains, the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range.



PALM TREE.

They are parallel for about five hundred miles, being united at the northern and southern ends by transversal mountain ranges. In this great valley are two rivers—the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, giving the names to two great valleys. The river running south is the Sacramento, and, of course, drains the valley of that name. The area of that valley is six thousand square miles, and the land that can be tilled is about two thousand square miles.

The valley is surrounded by snow-clad mountains at the very feet of which the citrus family—the orange, lemon, etc., will grow, and in many places does grow. It is a difficult thing for the average man to separate his ideas of heat and cold from the north and south. What really makes climate is elevation. There are two

seasons and from October or November to April or May it rains, after which a rainfall would be most unusual. In winter it is a very cold season if the thermometer gets below thirty degrees at night. In the summer it sometimes gets hot, but not for long, but sunstroke is unknown and the absence of that heat-maker, humidity, does not render the days unpleasant, while there are never any hot nights.

All over the Sacramento Valley the citrus family thrive. It was formerly considered impossible, but a company was formed, and the venture proved a literal blooming success, and their property is now a most valuable one. It has been found that Sacramento Valley oranges ripen several weeks before those grown lower down in the State.

Naturally, where the orange and the lemon do well deciduous fruits thrive, and the grape and the olive run riot. In the valley are two vineyards of twenty-five hundred acres each, each claiming to be the largest vineyard in the world. There are about four thousand acres of olives under cultivation.

The perfection of the climate, and the certainty of good weather, makes it an ideal place for the production of dried fruits, and up on the mountain side apples will do well and an orchard is a gold mine.

Every vegetable will do well and forage crops galore abound where men turn their attention to agriculture.

* * *

HOW TO GET HERE.

WHAT is the best way to get from the east to California? Many Nookers will want to take the trip, and the route is a very important question. A good deal depends. The man living in New Orleans will not take the same route as he who starts from Chicago. And there are ways and ways. The journey is a long and tiresome one at best, and the saving of miles and time means added comfort.

Without discriminating against roads we have nev-

er been on, we are still able to say that of which we know. We, that is the well known and thoroughly informed George McDonough, and the INGLENOOK hired man, left Chicago on the Northwestern, connecting at Omaha with the Union Pacific and at Ogden with the Southern Pacific, and so we got across as the crow flies. The Union Pacific has always been specially friendly to the major portion of the NOOK family, and the Nookman believes in not only doing good to those who despitely use us, but in helping those who do well by us, so we confidently recommend, to those who may follow, the route we mention. There are others, we know, but this we are sure of and thereby hangs our reason for saying what we do.

* * *

THE early history of California is a romance. The first of it no man will ever know. The Spanish explorers are the first recorded historians and they were bent on conquest, adventure and the propagation of the faith. It was the war with Mexico and our subsequent robbery of land, together with the discovery of gold, that let the bad, bold, white man loose on the State to root it over for the yellow dust. In those days California, to the eastern man, was a sort of hallowed dream—too far off to realize, and too well established to deny. Now the State, thanks to rapid transportation, is only one of the back fields of the home place. And the State is just beginning to grow.

* * *

THINK of the pony express of a lifetime ago. Over a thousand miles of uninhabited country, full of murderous Indians, without settlers, a night as dark as dark could be, God's stars overhead, and, in the distance, a faint thud—thud—thud. Stand aside and wait! The pony express rider comes like a ghost, passes like a flash, heading straight into a pathless night! It surpasses all the old legends of knights and wonderful adventures.



THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

THIS is the complement of the Sacramento Valley and all that is said of one is true of the other. The country in the San Joaquin Valley is about the same as in the other and it is an ideal grape growing district. Here are produced hundreds of thousands of tons of the finest grapes grown. The "California grapes" that come to the eastern markets are good enough in their way, but they are parodies on the real thing plucked from the tree and vine where they grow.

One must not imagine that everybody is growing grapes and oranges. All the ordinary agricultural products are grown in profusion and some of them are extraordinary in class and character. In one place a native has eighty acres in alfalfa, and cuts and stacks three hundred tons of it. Cattle grow fat on it, hogs love it, poultry thrive on it. And with reference to poultry we call the Nook family's attention to our investigation of the poultry business. It often happens that when a community goes daft on some given fruit or product they neglect an apparently smaller but really a more profitable one, and that is true of poultry.

What pays the best in the San Joaquin Valley? No harder question can be put. It depends here, as all over the world, on the man. Some men would starve on a quarter section of Eden, others would get rich on a dozen acres of hillside. It all depends. The fruit business is a good one and is not likely to be overdone, as long as people eat bread and butter—which will be for a good while—dairy products will pay, and while the festive potpie is in demand the yellow-legged chicken will be sought out, to the profit of the one who has it to sell.

The one thing to do and the only thing to do, mark the Nookman's words, the one and only thing to do in the consideration of a California home is to come and see, each for himself, for the half is not to be told in INGLENOOK limits.

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IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

BY J. A. MYERS.

MUCH has been said and written about California from the City of Angels to the mining town of Calaveras and while the fruits and climate about the former as well as the minerals of the latter are of much interest there is an extensive section of country between the two that deserves the careful inspection of the agriculturist coming to California. While no more beautiful country can be found than lies around Los Angeles, with its delightful climate and extensive fruit industries, yet there was a question in my mind as to whether there were not lands and loca-

tions elsewhere from which good incomes might be derived with a smaller investment.

The San Joaquin Valley is a large valley lying north of the Mojave desert and is possibly seventy-five miles wide with numerous valleys or rivers running into it from the east. One of these, the Kings River basin, has received considerable attention from the government in ascertaining its water resources and the extent to which the arid lands can be reduced by irrigation. The Hydrographers' report has been so favorable and the water supply seems so abundant for all possibilities that considerable attention and interest centers there. But this is not strange when you remember that thousands of acres of California land lie as favorably and the soil is as fertile as one could wish and yet form an arid waste from lack of water, but with water anything can be grown.

In southern California where fruit culture has proven profitable, land values have risen to almost prohibitive prices as also has water stock in many places. In many places hay and stock are almost as profitable and often more so than fruit. Desirable lands for this purpose, with water, are worth from one hundred to two hundred dollars per acre, while land in the Kings River basin may be had from forty to sixty dollars per acre with a seeming abundance of water.

Why this difference? There must be some cause and possibly there are many. The Laguna de Tacla grant, on which and its surroundings I made my observations, has perhaps been more prominently presented to settlers recently than any other tract. This is an old Mexican grant which was recognized and made valid by our government when California was wrested from Mexico. These large tracts have in the main remained whole, passing from one owner to another and used as great wheat farms or cattle ranches, and only as smaller holdings are put under careful and more varied cultivation with irrigation do the possibilities of these lands become manifest. Not until recently have these ranches been divided into small tracts and thus put on the market.

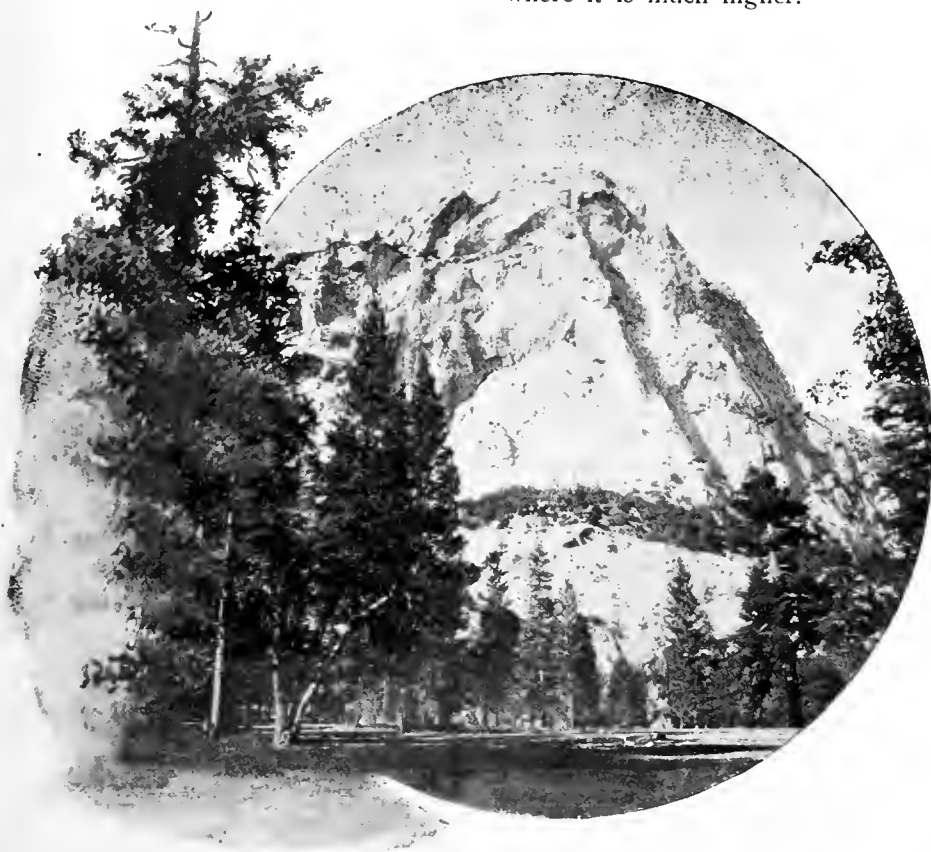
Bro. Kuckenbaker has been on his land less than two years and is growing fine crops of corn and hay, vegetables of all kinds, also hogs and cattle, and seems to be happy and prosperous. His home is west of Laton and is a part of this Spanish grant which comprises some sixty-eight thousand acres. About twelve thousand acres have been surveyed into twenty and forty acre tracts with irrigating canals constructed over it. Schoolhouses have been built and thus school facilities afforded. The farms recently settled show satisfactory returns. These lie north of Kings River and east of the Santa Fe railroad.

We also visited some lands lying south of Kings River that have been under cultivation for some years.

or fifteen years. Here are some of the finest vineyards and fruit orchards to be found in the State. One vineyard contains twelve hundred acres, the quantity of grapes on which, I judge, could hardly be guessed at. Every vine was loaded with raisin grapes, some bunches measuring as much as eighteen to twenty-four inches in length. I was told that some bunches weigh as much as twenty pounds. The quantity was enormous and the quality fine. These usually are gathered by Japanese, Chinese and Indians, many

this fruit as it is gathered, because it is too far from the large markets, but it is all dried and packed for later shipment.

There is a great demand for hay, hogs, cattle and dairy products and these seem to do well and will yield immediate returns, while fruit culture takes longer and is subject to more fluctuations. The poultry business ought to be profitable as the demand is always good, prices are high and more is used than produced in the State. The possibilities seem quite as good here, where land is cheap, as in many places where it is much higher.



IN THE KINGS RIVER CANYON.

of whom are now gathering in the valley from Fresno south, preparatory to the raisin harvest.

Going still further we passed through immense peach orchards, the fruit from which was just being gathered. I thought I had seen something of each culture in southern Pennsylvania, but here was a sight surpassing anything I had ever seen. They did not pretend to pick the fruit but would stretch heavy canvas under the trees and shake the fruit down upon it. The peaches were then gathered into boxes and taken to a shed at one end of the orchard where numerous cutters removed the seeds and spread the halved fruit on boards in the sun to dry. Many of these peaches would measure ten and twelve inches in circumference. No effort is made to ship

The general opinion exists that it is much hotter in summer than farther south because it lies farther inland from the sea and is shut off from the ocean breeze by a range of mountains. The matter of health and climate are things that ought to be carefully investigated by those seeking homes in a new country.

That good soil is there is evidenced on every hand by the growth of sunflowers and weeds. The lay of the land could not be better, and the amount of water in the rivers and canals at this the scarcest season of the year, together with the possibilities of storage reservoirs as contemplated by the government, cannot fail to give abundance of irrigation for all time.

Los Angeles, Cal.

LAGUNA DE TACHE GRANT.

CALIFORNIA is a country of much fruit, big trees, and no few lies. Considering the fact that it is over seven hundred miles in length and an average of three hundred across, it is utterly impossible to embody in the space at our disposal anything like a comprehensive showing of the State; but there are some portions of the country which our people of the Nook family are specially interested in. Talk California to a prospective emigrant and he thinks of oranges, grapes, blue plums and that sort of thing, and nearly everybody imagines that when he comes to the land of sunshine and flowers, he must grow fruit. While undoubtedly no end of fruit is grown here, still the fact remains that there are localities where the citrus fruits are not nearly of as much advantage to the eastern settler as the so-called deciduous fruits. The citrus family of fruits, the Nookers will remember, includes the orange, the lemon and that class. These are evergreen; while deciduous fruits are such as shed their leaves annually, and comprise the apple, peach, plum, and all the ordinary fruits found in the east. The eastern reader will perhaps be surprised to know that there are sections of the country here in California to which he may come and go right ahead with the kind and class of farming with which he is at present familiar.

The Nookman desires to say, as a foreword, that he is in no way, directly or indirectly, interested in the presentation made in this issue of the NOOK, and what he says is the result of observation made personally, and compiled from the conversations with the tillers of the soil, right out in the fields where they are at work.

The Laguna de Tache country takes its name from a tribe of Indians, the Tache Indians (Tesh), the chief of which was named Tache; while the word Laguna is of Spanish origin and means lake, so the combination Laguna de Tache means the Tache Lake. Originally it was an enormous grant from the Mexican government, comprising about sixty thousand acres. Within a few years back this has been broken up into small holdings and is now on the market in amounts to suit purchasers. As it has been extensively advertised in the INGLENOOK, the Nookman "took it in," and he must say that he has been greatly surprised at what he saw. In the first place Laguna de Tache is a section of country spread over many square miles, accessible by two railroads and representing about all the possibilities of agriculture, outside of the orange and lemon region, of which it is possible to conceive. The topography of the country is practically level, covered knee high with native grass, and interspersed, in close proximity, with enormous live oaks and water oaks. These live oaks are

a natural product and do not represent anything small in a tree way. One just without the room in which this article is being dictated, is as big around as a hogshead, and there are groves of the trees in places so close together that they would furnish ample shade for the biggest kind of a picnic. It is only within a



SHOWING ONE MONTH'S GROWTH.

year or so that this country has been opened up to settlers, because of its being held originally in one huge grant, devoted to cattle raising. Arriving at the little station known as Laton, we were at once in the little one-street village that has sprung up within the past year or two, and where there will be a very large town before many years. The count

makes the town, and if the future size of the town is dependent upon the agricultural facilities surrounding it, it is destined to become an important center.

Driving out from Laton into the country, it would be impossible to describe in detail what we saw. It is best illustrated by this fact: A short distance outside of the village is what is known as the Grant House, or the big house that was on the original grant. It is not much of a house in size, but about a dozen years ago the grounds were planted in fruit.

though those who live here can have all the bearing orange trees they want.

Driving out into the country along a road bordered with sunflowers that would delight the soul of a Kansan, we saw on either side of us the new houses put up by the people who have bought and who live here. Vegetation simply goes mad; the rich alluvial soil and the genial climate do not require that the earth be tickled with a hoe into the laugh of a harvest of native flowers and flaring, rampant weeds.



MATTHEW'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT SAN MATEO.

The house has now been allowed to lapse into a very serious condition of disrepair, but the plants are all here, and the trees and vines show just what the country will do. We stopped there and saw several varieties of grapes growing in rampant confusion, while we ate figs from a massive tree in the yard, and plums galore, of a kind never known beyond the confines of the State. Huge palms cast their shade, waving their graceful leaves in the breeze, while pomegranates, Japan persimmons, peaches, apples, and every variety of temperate zone fruit might be grown with a certainty of success. We mention this fact because in the making of a new home one naturally wants fruit, and here everything will grow that you can think of, with the exception of oranges and lemons. It must not be understood that these will not grow, for there is a very large orange tree in the front yard of the Grant House with the green globes hanging thereon, but it is not an orange country.

In the fields corn grows so high that a large percentage of the ears cannot be reached from the ground, and the corn, where it does well, requires that it be broken down to get at the higher ears. This condition is noted over a drive of some twelve or fifteen miles, and at one place, owned and worked by one of our own Brethren, he says his corn, growing on sod just turned over this year, will certainly yield him twenty-five bushels to the acre, and the ears are something unheard-of in size, compared with those of the east. No wheat is grown, though it could be very readily, and it is a country in which alfalfa, corn and its allied cereals and all manner and kinds of vegetables one can think of, simply go wild in their growth. I saw fields of pumpkins where it would be entirely possible to walk across the patch on the golden spheres that run from all sizes, from the ordinary pumpkin up to as big as a half barrel. If anyone had told the Nookman that such a country

would be found here, he would have set it down as the yarn of a land agent, entirely impossible, but it is the impossible that is common here.

One man, engaged in market gardening, has out a large field of onions that produced four hundred bushels to the acre of prizetakers, while the red Wethersfield yielded three hundred bushels, and everything else in the vegetable line does equally well. It is wonderful the extent and character of the vegetation that is seen anywhere and everywhere. Where there is no water there is a good crop, that is, what would be called a good crop in the east, while where water is the crop is simply an embarrassment in quantity and quality.

A man coming here need not change his farming, or his knowledge of it, as he would have to do if he went into an orange country. He can go right ahead and raise corn, feed it into black hogs, and find a ready market for everything he can raise, and he can have all the so-called California fruits, except oranges and lemons, that his taste may crave or his disposition lead him to plant. There is a tropical touch on account of the palms and the oleanders, a flaming mass of red ten to fifteen feet high, and the tropical vegetation will enable him to make a home here embodying all the conditions of other parts of the country with few of the disadvantages. The disadvantages referred to I noticed consist mainly in the dust, which, when stirred up, makes everybody, rich and poor, high and low, look alike. Overhead is God's blue sky, and under foot the dust.

Two crops can be raised in a year, and if there ever was a poor man's country, this is it. The writer predicts that within ten years to come, those who then buy land here, improve and plant it, will need a long purse. It is not alone in the material side of things that we are led to say this, but the school-houses out in the country would be a credit to any eastern city, as the architects have let themselves loose in producing public buildings that show to as good advantage as the fruit and flower products of the soil.

The Laguna de Tache is literally a fruit country in which all that you have dreamed about in the way of vegetable growth is a certainty, beyond a doubt.

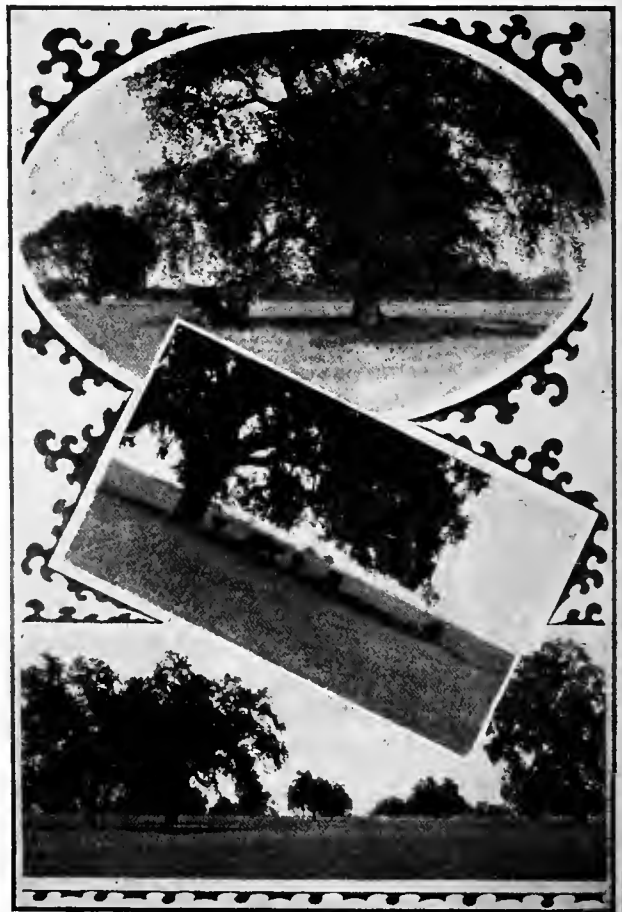
THE PRICES OF FRUIT.

ONE of the things that suggest themselves to the eastern Nooker is that where fruit grows galore it is cheap as dirt. This is an error, strange as it may seem, for one may not buy fruit at retail at much less, if any, than in the east. The reason for this lies in line with well-known economic principles. A dealer buys ten thousand boxes of oranges and buys them at a relatively low figure. He ships them east by the carload

and sells them at a profit. The local dealer, buying a few boxes for retail, pays a higher price, just about the difference of the freight the jobber for the east has to pay, and he sells at about the same figures as the eastern dealer and makes about the same profit.

Anomalous as it may appear, the price of a perishable article at retail is not governed so much by proximity to headquarters as by the amount of a thing one is willing to pay for at one time and pay the cash for.

Thus it comes that if one expects to get fruit at the stands or the stores for next to nothing he is surprised



ON THE LAGUNA DE TACHE.

to find he cannot do it. The fast freights, whole sale prices, etc., make the difference, and the condition is all the better for the grower. If everybody could grow oranges everywhere it would be different, but the restricted area of production makes the condition a perpetual one.

A BOX of oranges contains about sixty pounds of fruit, and taking the section all over about two boxes to the tree will be the average.

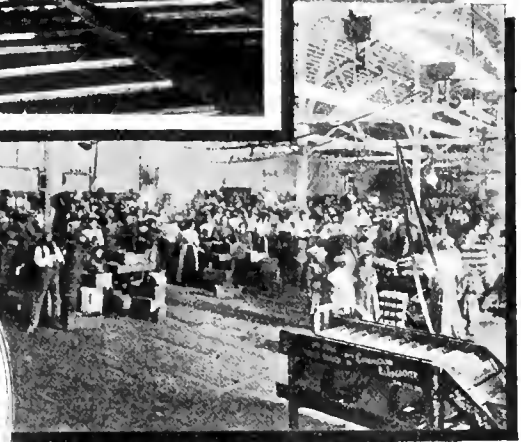
THE trees in an orange orchard are generally planted in straight rows—seventy-five to the acre.

CALIFORNIA'S FRUIT CROP.

CALIFORNIA'S output of fruit will be the largest in its history. The heaviest fruit crop will be peaches, with apricots closely following. Prunes are very "spotted," with a decided deficiency in the Santa Clara

in the San Joaquin valley, however, has been very disastrous, and as that district has a large acreage in pears that fruit will probably be in active demand.

Grapes now promise a very heavy crop, but they are by no means yet out of danger from coulure, so that



PREPARING FOR THE MARKET.

valley, where two-thirds of the crop is produced, with similar conditions in some other countries of large production, so that the crop is a moderate one in spite of an enormous yield in some sections, especially in the San Joaquin valley. There will be prunes enough, but the crop will not be unmanageable, and ought to be of very fine quality. The only fruit crop which seems to be at all deficient is pears, and they are reported as promising a full crop in many sections which have a large acreage. The blight

age, however, has been so greatly reduced that there can hardly be a yield which is not marketable at remunerative prices.

Oranges now promise a very large crop, although in

many districts they are only just out of bloom and the outlook cannot yet be regarded as settled. Lemons are not quite so good, and from some districts which produce largely there is complaint that the fruit which will mature during summer, when prices are best, will be less than usual. Olives are everywhere blooming abundantly, but no forecast can be made of the crop.

THEN AND NOW.

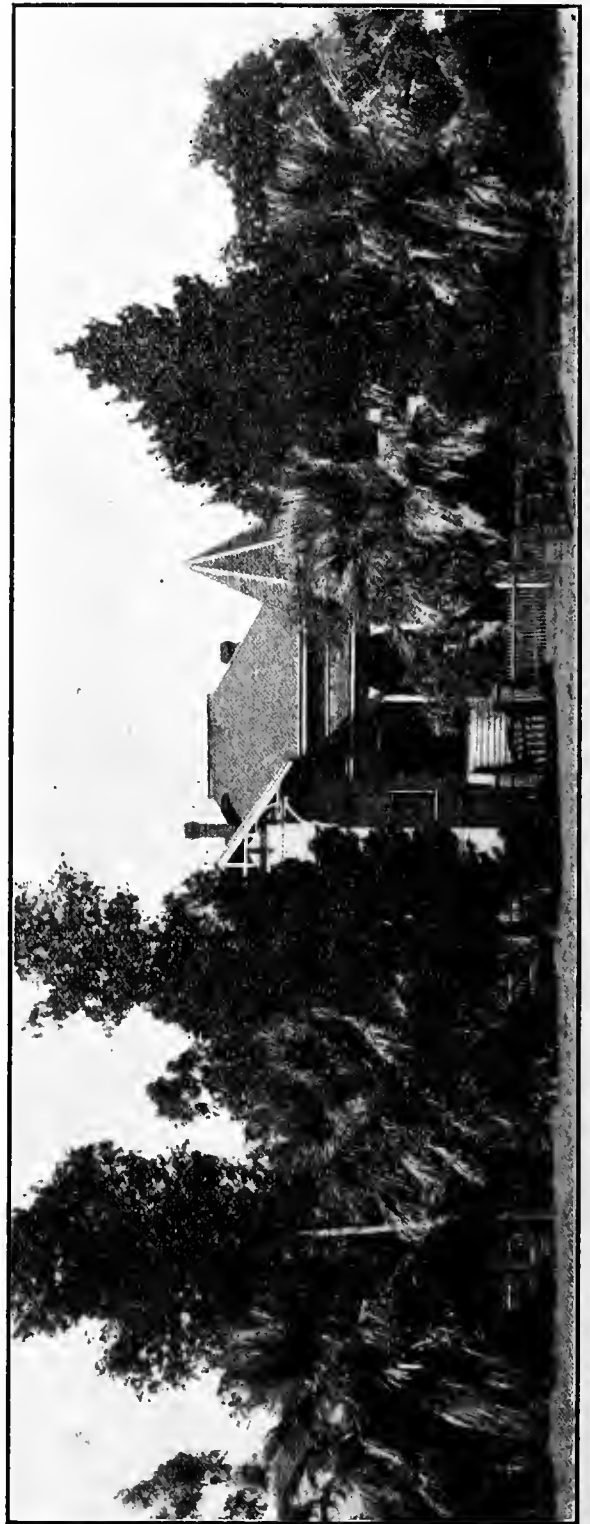
ONE thing forced on the mind of the traveler taking a transcontinental trip, and it comes every time the trip is taken, is the difference between the present methods of getting over the plains and those of a lifetime ago. Starting from Omaha or Kansas City, or wherever the train was made up, it was simply heroic, a lifetime ago, to undertake it.

Emigrants fitted out a wagon containing their earthly possessions, provisioned against the trip, and combined with a lot of others similarly bound, and under the leadership of one who knew, turned their faces toward the setting sun and the living snake wended its way westward over the desert, for desert it was.

The sun came up a ball of fire in the morning and they broke camp, and the creaking wheels proclaimed the march. On all sides was a sea of verdure, flower-gemmed in the season, and as far as the eye could reach the sea level was the same. The monotony must have been dreadful. The blazing Kansas sun looked down on the dragging train and from over the bluff the Indian watched them with hostile eyes. When the pioneers rounded up in camp at night, there was not the slightest assurance but that about morning there would be heard the yells of the savages, transfixing horse, man, woman and child with their arrows. Many and many a forgotten spot holds the bones of those who were killed, and at least one monument marks the grave of the maiden who died en route.

But now! It is a literal picnic excursion to do the trip in one of the overland fliers. Seated in the Pullman mile after mile is wheeled off, doing in half an hour what the emigrant train took a day to accomplish. Instead of warm water, bacon and saleratus bread, one has ice water, all the luxuries of a first-class hotel, and rests in a cushioned seat by day and sleeps in peace at night. Where the coyote yelped at night the fat cattle graze, where the Indians surprised the camp a lot of school children play about a schoolhouse, white painted and topped with a flag-staff, and the wind wheel and the haystack are always in sight near the house embowered in its grove.

Yes, what was once the deed of a hero is now the accomplishment of any who has a ticket for the overland flier.



TYPICAL HOME AT MODOISTO.

SOMETIMES a nectarine tree will grow a peach on the same twig that grows a nectarine. A good many Nookers have never seen a nectarine, which is best described as a peach with a smooth, plumlike, skin. The peach flavor is a little more pronounced than in the peach itself.

CALIFORNIA has an area of 158,360 square miles.

STANISLAUS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

THIS is a great country, great in many ways. One who knows a thing when he sees it can have an object lesson in empire building in many places, where the country is being settled up and developed. Different sections show different ways of getting at the same thing, and nowhere is it more wonderful than out on the Pacific coast, in irrigable regions. It is magic, this transformation from cactus and greasewood to oranges and palms, and it is water, nothing but water, and a little brains, that does the trick.

Out in Stanislaus County, California, there is a sample of the turn things take when water is on the land. Modesto, the County seat of Stanislaus County, is seventy-seven miles south of Sacramento. The County has about eight hundred thousand acres, about seven hundred thousand of which are arable. One gets there by either the Santa Fe, or the Southern Pacific railways. We came by the Southern Pacific.

The climate is typical of the land of sunshine and flowers. One wears about the same weight in clothes the year around. It is a country where frost rarely comes, and then in not sufficient extent to injure the tenderest vegetation. It never snows, and magnificent roses bloom the greater part of the year. It is a country where it never gets overwhelmingly hot in summer, and it is always cool enough at nights for a blanket. Primarily this is a California wheat country, and the crop runs a little over a hundred thousand tons, tons, mind you, and where water is on the land anything known to the temperate and sub-tropical country is grown successfully.

The soil is a sandy loam in places, the major portion of the country being of that character, and everybody knows what that will produce when sun and water go into partnership. Sun there always has been in Stanislaus, and water they have, and now name a good thing to eat that will not laugh into a harvest in such a country as this. And alfalfa! That is something that the eastern farmer, skinning a poor soil, where there are "two stones to one dirt," knows nothing about. Think of a sort of green forage crop, with roots reaching toward the center of the earth, a top growth that often admits of five cuttings in a season, and one that the cattle eat with eagerness, and you have alfalfa. Naturally this leads to dairying, and happy the farmer who has twenty acres out in alfalfa, for on it he can keep thirty cows and it is estimated that counting the butter, the milk and the calf, a cow is worth sixty-five dollars a year if there is good luck. In short there is a living in the twenty acres of alfalfa, managed rightly, and where good luck sits down with the farmer. Land in alfalfa is worth from eighty to one hundred dollars an acre. It rents from eight to ten dollars an acre. In the first start the land is re-

ported as costing from twenty-five to forty dollars per acre, and it costs from six to ten dollars more to get it into shape, and it is a practical certainty that with the development of the country there will be a raise of many hundred per cent in values in a short time.

* * *

CALIFORNIA'S LARGEST ROSE BUSH.

SAN LUIS OBISPO claims to have the largest rose vine in California, possibly in the world. This vine is known as the Double Cherokee and was planted May 12, 1883, by Mrs. G. B. Staniford.

Her object in planting this vine was to cover the old stage barns which adjoin her residence, and in this she has been well rewarded, for the vine now covers all the barns in the near vicinity of her home.



MIDSUMMER AMONG THE ORANGES.

It was planted when a mere slip and did not grow more than a foot a year until about ten years ago, when it took a second growth and has extended its branches on an average of twenty-five feet each year since then.

One reason that probably accounts for the extensive growth of this vine is that it is situated where the water racks for cleaning the stages formerly were. The entire length of this enormous vine is 116 feet, the width is thirty-seven feet and around the base of the trunk it measures four feet. About four feet from the ground it branches out, and some of the branches are a foot in circumference.

It is still sending out many new branches, which will in all probability cover the remaining barn by next year.

* * *

The hop crop of California for 1901 is over 45,000 bales.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY ...

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THE INGLENOOK is a publication devoted to interesting and entertaining literature. It contains nothing of a character to prevent its presence in any home.

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HOW ABOUT IT ALL?

AFTER reading this issue of the INGLENOOK, thousands of people will naturally wonder whether California is not a good place in which to live. Doubtless many people will be influenced to visit the State, and this is what might be expected. Before going they will probably ask what the advantages and disadvantages are. Unfortunately this is a question that cannot be determined for the individual. Men are differently constituted. Some never feel happy unless they are within sight and sound of the sea, others want to live where the towering mountain is over them, one prefers the level plains, another the rugged hills, and who shall say aught against their preferences in the matter? The facts are that associations make a home. Where one's friends are, where his childhood has been spent, and where his dead are buried, there is home, no matter whether the skies are bright or leaden.

But here in California there are certainly some advantages over the East. In the far East, in many a place, the cold, cruel, hard winter sets in and the snow flies and the creeks and rivers freeze over solid. Man and beast shiver in the cold until the Johnny-jump-ups come in the spring-time, and the roses put forth their shoots. Here in the land of flowers it is often the case that on a Christmas day one may wander at will outside, and the only snowfall is that of the white petals of the rose. For a certain class of people, those who are marked physically by idiosyncrasies that are out of tune and harmony with the climatic surroundings of the East, this California climate is a veritable garden of Eden. There are those who love the lofty mountain covered with maples to the top, where the pines grow, and to say that the roads of the East, strewn with the red and gold of the maple in the

Autumn when Indian summer is far away on the hills, have no charm, is to deny that poetry is in existence.

On the other hand, here the palm with its graceful foliage and tropical fruits and strange flowers riot the greater portion of the year. Shall we say that the palm shall take precedence over the maple, or that the magnificent marechal neil surpasses in beauty the delicacy of the wild rose of the eastern roadside, or that the yellow globes of the orange are better than the pencilled cheek of the red and yellow apple on the eastern hillside? The world has never decided which is better. One grows into his surroundings, but there remains this fact, that those who love the beautiful and æsthetic dreamy skies and lotus burdened nights might well come to this land of plenty, over which there is all the glamour of romance and sparkle of beauty everywhere. The time will come when this whole State will be filled from end to end with a compact population that will make it a veritable paradise, construing the word "paradise" in its original meaning, a grove of trees. The magic touch of water awakes to life every form of vegetation, that when kissed by the sun blooms into endless varieties of flower and fruit.

What the Nookman does recommend is that in the search for a home, the valleys and coasts of California be not forgotten, for here, where the sun shines and flowers bloom and stars shine at night overhead with unwonted brilliancy, may be the very place that will round out the ideal that every man and woman have within them as a typical home.

That there are disadvantages goes without a saying. The winds blow, and the dust rises and goes with it. The sun shines—not too hot, but so continuously long, and sometimes the writer thinks these people would long for the snow-covered hills and the evenings at home with a basket of apples on the table, while it was snapping cold without, where the snow bends down the limbs of the pine. Be it as it may, there is no land of abiding beauty and happiness here. We have, indeed, no continuing city, but as we journey along toward the end, it is our privilege to seek for ourselves a home that shall embody as nearly an ideal existence as possible, and it may be that here it is found. The motto of the State, Eureka, have found it, holds good in thousands of cases and is still open for thousands of others.

THE GROWL IN US.

TAKING a good start, three nights out puts the tourist into San Francisco from Chicago, and about half way across the complaining begins and deepens and thickens as the miles are wheeled off. The traveler sleeps in a comfortable bed, eats at a first-class

hotel, or what amounts to the same thing, and grumbles without let-up at the "delays."

A lifetime ago he would have crossed in a covered wagon, slept under the stars and eaten what he could get while the weeks rolled into months before he reached the end of his journey. To-day he goes in half an hour what previously took a day, but he complains endlessly. A lifetime to come, when he flies across in a day, he will keep it up all the same. Man wants a good deal for his money here below these days.

* * *

WHAT IT COSTS TO PLANT AND CARE FOR ORCHARDS AND VINEYARDS.

THE cost of planting orchards and vineyards varies greatly with the nature of the soil, the thoroughness of the work and the quality of the trees or vines selected. For this reason only a general idea can be given in each case, based upon the assumption that all the work is to be paid for. Where the owner does his own planting, the cash outlay is confined to the cost of the trees or vines.

Deciduous fruit trees, of approved varieties, cost from \$15 to \$25 per 100, and this is about the number usually planted to the acre. The best Washington navel orange trees now cost about seventy-five cents each, as there is a lively demand for these trees, or about \$81 per acre, as usually set out, twenty feet apart. The price of rooted grape cuttings ranges from \$15 to \$25 per 100, and from 432 to 600 are planted to the acre. If the vines be grafted on resistant roots the price may range from \$30 to \$40 per 1,000.

The cost of preparing the ground for an orange orchard and setting out the trees will range from ten dollars to twenty dollars or more per acre, according to the soil conditions, cost of clearing if any, and amount of care expended. It pays to have the work done in the most thorough manner. The cost of setting out a deciduous orchard is from five to ten dollars an acre, and a vineyard about twenty dollars.

The cost of care of citrus orchards is from \$15 to \$25 an acre a year, including irrigation; of deciduous orchards and vineyards from \$7.50 to \$15 per acre.

Orange trees begin to pay a profit above care and expenses in from four to five years; apricots and peaches in from three to five years, and prunes and pears in from five to six years. Almonds cost about the same as peach orchards in all respects, and are usually profitable. Vineyards of wine or table grapes pay a profit in three or four years, over cost of annual care and other expenses. On the basis of \$100 an acre for land and sixty cents each for trees, an experienced orange grower in the foot-hill region has estimated the cost of an orange orchard of ten acres,

the first year, at \$2,676 or \$267.60 per acre. This includes cost of water for irrigation (\$45 per inch), labor, planting trees in large holes at a cost of fifty cents each per tree, cost of fencing (\$100), "incidentals" (\$100), and the preparation of soil. For the second year he figures the cost of cultivation, irrigation, interest on investment at six per cent, and "incidentals" of \$100, at a total of \$515; the third year \$546, with estimated profits of \$500; the fourth year, \$576, with estimated profits of \$800, and the fifth year \$568, with estimated profits of \$1,100. At the end of the fifth year, according to his calculation, the total outlay, including interest at six per cent, would be \$4,883, with estimated returns of \$2,400. From the fifth year the orchard would be expected to pay from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a year.

Where the grower does the work of preparing the ground, planting, irrigating and cultivating the money output is comparatively small and the net returns correspondingly greater.

* * *

IN presenting the Nook family with this California issue we are actuated solely by the desire to diffuse accurate information in an entertaining way. We have absolutely no interest, immediate or remote, in anything pertaining to California beyond this issue, and as a good many people will want to know further in detail concerning the country, such will please inquire of Mr. George L. McDonough, Omaha, Nebraska, for information. A letter so addressed will reach him, and it is in line with his business, not ours, to answer letters of this character. Mr. McDonough is reliable. If you would like some individual address here in California Mr. McDonough will give it. He lives in Los Angeles, when at home. This is not meant to bar inquiry of the Nookman, for he is ever at the service of any Nooker, but to simplify and expedite matters.

* * *

CROSSING the continent, the first day out, most people are alive and awake. The second day when it is simply a rattle-rattle-rattle over the monotonous plains half the train is asleep and the other half sleepy. Coming to the mountains people wake up, and going down the other side everybody is alert.

* * *

DID we feel as strangers in a strange land? Hoot, mon! no. Where there's a Brethren church or a NOOK reader there is no such thing as feeling strange.

* * *

CALIFORNIA sends hundreds of carloads of Newtown pippins to Europe annually.

* * *

DID we see any orange groves? Oh, *did* we!

LORDSBURG COLLEGE.

LORDSBURG COLLEGE is in southern California on the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific railways. Both run into Lordsburg. This is a beautiful town, straggled, orange surrounded, full of good people, and ought to be a good place for a college, and is a good place.

Lordsburg is a boom town with the bottom dropped out, and a healthy aftergrowth. When the boom was

ant for the Nookman so he would like to see peace plenty, and prosperity perch on every roof-tree in Lordsburg.

* * *

THE MARKETS.

DOWN in California, in a little village, we made the rounds of the stores for prices. Here they are. Compare them with what you have at home.

At the butchers: round steak, $12\frac{1}{2}$; sirloin, $12\frac{1}{2}$



LORDSBURG COLLEGE.

on the Santa Fe people built a big hotel, all rotunda, walks, palms, rooms, and that sort of thing, and never opened it. Then by hook and crook it turned into a college, had a spell of moral sickness, and passed, finally, into the hands of Professor Hanawalt, who is going to resurrect it. The buildings are good, the country an excellent one, and if the people will stand up to it, as they will if the institution deserves it, there is no fence between success and the venture. Lordsburg is a pretty place, new, and all right, with orange trees up to the back door of some of the homes of its good people.

The whole town will gladly welcome strangers, and the Nook speaks a good word for the people on the principle that as they made it exceedingly pleas-

tenderloin, 15; liver, 5; roast beef, $12\frac{1}{2}$; boiling piec 10 cents.

In the stores: eggs, 22; butter, $37\frac{1}{2}$; potatoes, 1 cent per pound, eighty cents per hundred, or 40 cents per bushel; onions 1 cent per pound; grapes, peaches and fruit 1 cent per pound; cabbage 2 to 3 cents per pound. Granulated sugar $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound, Arbuckle's coffee 15 cents; flour 95 cents to \$1.00 per sack. It will be seen that prices are not high, other staples in proportion.

* * *

SOME dates are grown in California. The most northern date palm in the world is said to be in Willows, in the northern part of the Sacramento Valley.

THE OSTRICH FARM.

THE so-called ostrich farm in South Pasadena is not an ostrich farm at all, at least not one in the sense of being a farm, but for all that it is a very interesting place, and when you go to California and come to Los Angeles, of course you will want to see it and the Nook recommends it.

The cars land you at the very door. All around the entrance is a flash and glory of flowers, such as grow only in California, and you walk up a slight incline, on the porch, and into the store or sales-room where they sell the feather work. Now whatever notions you may have about the vanity of the thing, the Nook will fully agree with you, but for all that the products of the farm, as offered for sale, are beautiful. When the Nookman was there he wished for Sisters Hoke, Culley, Lentz, Shick, Hileman, Gibbel, and the rest of the Brethren Publishing House people that they might see the creations of the artists who put the feathers together.

They are beautiful beyond a question, and while the Nookman would rather see a plump little girl with a wild rose or a spray of golden rod pinned on her bosom, the fact remains that the ostrich feather is a queen of ornaments, an ornament of queens. The Nookman doesn't know much about queens, and will give you his share of them and take to his heart the little girl with the red rose in her shining hair, but still the plumes of the great bird are beautiful.

Going into the enclosure proper it can be best described as an exaggerated chicken yard. There are lower-bordered walks, fences of wire netting and the ostriches penned in them. Here is a pair of them with a fanciful name, and so on all around. An intelligent Englishman tells the story of the big birds we go around. Some of the birds are over three hundred pounds in weight, and overtop a six foot man. They can reach eight or ten feet overhead for an orange that they swallow whole, while you watch it working its way down into their interior. They will take anything from shingle nails to beets and be glad of the chance.

The Nookman and the Englishman "made up" and as a result the Nookers can have a picture of a basketful of peeps hatched out the day before the visit. They were dumped out, or rather the apparently heartless keeper took them by the neck and handed them out in the enclosure. They were about the size of a broiler chicken, fuzzy, helpless, ground-quirrel-striped like a little chick, and had an appealing "peep-peep-peep" like a young turkey. They were wet yet, and waddled off just as an exaggerated chicken pee-pee would do, and all the same seemed hungry all the time.

When they are grown they take on color. Up to year old they are one color, then Mrs. Ostrich turns

gray and Mr. Ostrich is black. When they are four years old they are mated and once married they stick



A HARVESTER IN A STANISLAUS WHEATFIELD.

to one another and divorce rarely occurs, never in fact, which is a lesson to some humans.

Most of the feathers sold in the United States come from Africa, but all the feathers from this farm are sold in the United States and are said to

be better than the imported article, which they doubtless are. The feathers are taken every nine months. The bird is backed into a corner, a bag pulled over his head to quiet him, and then the feathers are cut off. They grow out afterward. The difference in price is dependent on quality, etc., with which the good Nook family have nothing to do of course.

The ostriches lay their eggs in a hole scooped out in the sand and one a day to the limit of twenty or thirty are laid, when the female broods them in daytime while the male takes the nest at night. In forty days the chicks are hatched. If any Nooker would like an empty shell it will cost him one dollar and twenty-five cents, and a fertile egg something like twelve dollars. But the Nook doesn't recommend it. Suppose you hatched out an ostrich peep, what would you do with it? Suppose you raised it, by extraordinary care, how would you like a seven foot chicken in the living room in the winter, stalking around and plucking at everything he saw?

There are other places in the United States where the ostrich industry is being exploited, but this is the headquarters and it is worth while to see it when you are in this neighborhood.

There is a large demand for ostrich feathers in the United States, something like \$2,500,000 annually, and, as stated, the most of them come from Africa, via London. When they come to this country the duty is fifty per cent for dressed feathers and twenty-eight per cent for raw feathers.

The birds seem happy and comfortable and while they get along amicably they have occasional troubles of their own when they get to fighting and try to rip each other open with the kick and toenail of offense and defense.

It is a wonder why the government does not turn a lot of them loose and allow them to breed outside. The keeper at Pasadena knew no reason why it should not be a success, but doubtless the proprietors of the farm could give many reasons why it would fail.

* * *

CALIFORNIA was never a territory, but was admitted into the Union on September 9, 1850, as a full-fledged state. The first session of the Legislature was held in San Jose, at which time the State was divided into twenty-seven counties. What is now called Southern California consisted of but three counties—Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Diego.

* * *

OSTRICHES about a week old are worth fifty dollars a pair, and when they are four years old they command five hundred dollars a pair. This beats chicken raising.

* * *

IN the Sacramento valley asparagus peeps up in January.



STANISLAUS FRUIT FARM.

A CALIFORNIA vineyard without trellises looks not unlike a blackberry field to the newcomer the first time he looks at it.

* * *

GREAT big, long, solid bunches of grapes for two cents a pound! Would you like some?

IN A CANNING FACTORY.

FRESNO is in the very heart of the raisin district, and it is also the place where several large canneries are located. A visit to one of them is a matter of great interest to one so fortunate as to be in California at the proper season.

We saw the operation of canning peaches and grapes, and it would be of abiding interest to every Nooker, especially to the sisters. The fruit is grown in the vicinity, or within shipping distance, and arrives in perfect condition for the purpose.

When a lot of peaches arrives, and they are com-

cans, and each can and the contents must come up to a given weight. Right here it is well to observe that for cleanliness the factory will equal most private homes. Of course there is more or less of a muss, but not half of what might be expected. The finicky woman who dreads dirt as she does sin, can go ahead with her "boughten" can of peaches, and rest assured that they have not more than their foreordained share of dirt on them.

After being put in the cans they are soldered shut with a facility remarkable to the onlooker and born of long experience and practice on the part of the ones whose duty it is to attend to that end of the



J. C. FLOOD'S RESIDENCE NEAR MENLO.

ing in all the time in their season, as they must be to keep six hundred women and girls and one hundred and fifty men busy, the scene is one of orderly and well managed confusion.

The peaches are first sorted by machinery. A box of them is spread on a revolving table, constructed in such a way as to allow the peaches of a given size to drop through into the boxes below. The sorter takes one man to empty boxes of peaches into it, another to pick out defective fruit, two more to carry away and the endless capacity of the contrivance, in its never satisfied condition, never fails to impress the spectator.

After being sorted the peaches go to the parers and packers. These are women of varying ages and degrees of good looks who are very expert in their given work. These people place the pieces in the

work. The full cans are now loaded on a frame work of metal, immersed in a huge vat of boiling water, and there boiled, or cooked from five to twenty-five minutes, according to their condition, the whole batch moving automatically through the vat till they emerge at the other end, where they are placed under a spray of cold water and the cooking process is peremptorily stopped. Up to this stage all the cans have a private mark on the top which shows the contents and their class when the cooking is finished. The work is thoroughly done and very few of the cans spoil.

The best grade made is a three pound can known as "Fancy Extra Standards," and there are other grades down to where extensive users, bakers, hotel keepers, etc., order a lot at a time, when they are put up in gallon cans, unlabeled save on the box.

Right here is an interesting matter. Anybody who orders enough of the canned product can have his own or any label put on it, and John Jones of the cross roads store can fill his shelves with "Our Extra Selected Peaches, from Our Own Orchard in California," or anything else he sees fit to have printed. The packing company is accommodating in this respect, and no end of reputable firms have their personal pack of peaches so treated. All come out of the same pile and general lot, but many a woman is set on having her favorite brand or nothing.

The process all the way through is practically the same for all fruits put up in tins. The volume of

The tree has a bark about forty inches thick and on the trees it is furrowed up and down, giving the general appearance of a fluted column. They are disposed in groves and are best reached from points on the Southern Pacific Railway. They were first noted by white men when a hunter discovered them while in pursuit of a wounded bear. The story was incredulously received by the world, but subsequently the giants were received as a fact. The name Sequoia, is in honor of the Cherokee Indian who is said to have invented the Cherokee alphabet. The word gigantea explains itself. The climate in which these trees thrive



PEACH ORCHARD.

business done at the Fresno packing houses is wonderful and most interesting to visitors.

THE BIG TREES.

ANY account of California would be incomplete without reference to the Big Trees. They are beyond question one of the greatest curiosities of the vegetable world. The Big Trees are found in groves from Placer County on the north to Kern County on the south, and this is the only territory where they are to be found.

The scientific name of the tree is *Sequoia gigantea*, and it is reproduced from seeds that grow in cones. For a large tree it has a very small cone, not more than two or three inches in length. The seeds number about two hundred to the cone, and take three years to fully mature. They look very like parsnip seeds. The tallest tree known is four and five hundred feet high, and forty feet in diameter at the base. The largest tree is taken as the base of our figuring. Of course there are others not so large, though all of them are big enough.

is such that living outdoors under them is possible the year round.

NATIVE Californians who are unacquainted with the heat terms of the east can not understand why the temperature of ninety degrees should be a source of physical discomfort. All of the interior of the State has a higher temperature during the summer season but there is no distress. The explanation of the fact is due to the humidity which makes the eastern atmosphere so oppressive. The total absence of humidity from California atmosphere makes a perfect immunity from discomfort. There is no denying that it does get hot there, but the eastern reader would be surprised after hearing the height of the thermometer to learn that no discomfort or uneasiness follows.

A GREAT many people are pretty fond of olives, but few have ever eaten them in their perfection because the best of the olives according to the taste of the Nookman and many others, are the ripened ones which are black in color and have a peculiarly pleasant taste.

SIGHTS AND SCENES.

THERE are a great many places in California, in the sub-tropical part of it, that are given over wholly to show. This is especially true in Redlands in the southern part of the State, but it must not be inferred that only in these places are tropical fruits and flowers to be found. The very commonness with which palms abound, and other strange and unusual forms of vegetation, cause them to be overlooked by the ordinary rancher or farmer. In the raisin and grape district, where all these things will grow, occasionally one finds a man out in the country with his home surrounded by great palms, oleanders,

of the surroundings of your castles in Spain are all more or less facts around every rancher's cabin in this country.

WONDERS OF AN ACRE.

ACCORDING to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Samuel Cleek, of Oriand, has the most remarkable acre in California. It embraces a barn and corral, covering 75 by 75 feet; rabbit hutch, 25 by 25 feet; residence and porches 20 by 30 feet; two windmill towers, 16 by 16 feet each; garden, 40 by 94 feet; blackberries, 16 by 90 feet; strawberries, 65 by 90 feet; citrus nursery, 90 by 98 feet, with 2,300 trees budded; one row of dewberries 100 feet long; four apricot trees.



IN AN ORANGE GROVE NEAR OAKDALE.

and magnificent rose bushes. These he has planted without much reference to artistic effect, but the way they grow indicates, beyond a doubt, the possibilities of sub-tropical gardening in this vicinity.

A small palm, such as eastern people grow in pots, say two feet high, if set out here in the open gets to be as large around the base as a flour barrel, and attains a height of fifteen or eighteen feet; while roses, if trained up against the side of a house, overtop it completely. Oleanders grow to the size of young apple trees, while the olive, the orange and the lemon do very well, viewed from a horticultural standpoint, into which commercialism does not enter as a factor. To cut it short, a man with an artistic eye in him can build a home here which shall be a veritable Garden of Eden, as far as looks are concerned, and it will not require more money than simply to buy seeds or insert slips in the ground, for the climate does all the rest. It is impossible for the easterner to understand the possibilities. The team of the landscape gardener, and the pictures

two oak trees, three peach trees, six fig trees, ten locust trees, thirty assorted geraniums, twelve lemon trees, seven years old, one eighty-year-old lime tree, from which he sold 160 dozen limes last year; eight orange trees in bearing, four breadfruit trees, five pomegranate trees, a patch of bamboos, three calla lilies, four prune trees, three blue gum trees, six cypress trees, four grape vines, one English ivy, two honeysuckles, one seed bed, one violet bed, one sage bed, twelve tomato vines and thirteen stands of bees. After making a comfortable living for himself and wife off this single acre, Mr. Cleek adds \$400 a year to his bank account.

In far California we had the pleasure of meeting some members of the INGLENOOK family, and find they are just like our Eastern boys and girls, men and women. In fact this item is dictated to Miss Belle M. Blanchard, of the Spanish named town of Laguna de Tache. She sends her greetings to Eastern Nookers.

THE CATCH.

It sounds very like unto a fish story to say that here in California the fishermen, with nothing but a slender, supple rod, line and reel, will hook and land a fish weighing as much as three hundred and eighty-four pounds. Verily it is a fish story, but it is also true. And the fish was not a sick one, but a live, leaping, jumping, black sea bass. Let us add, however, that this is the world's record.

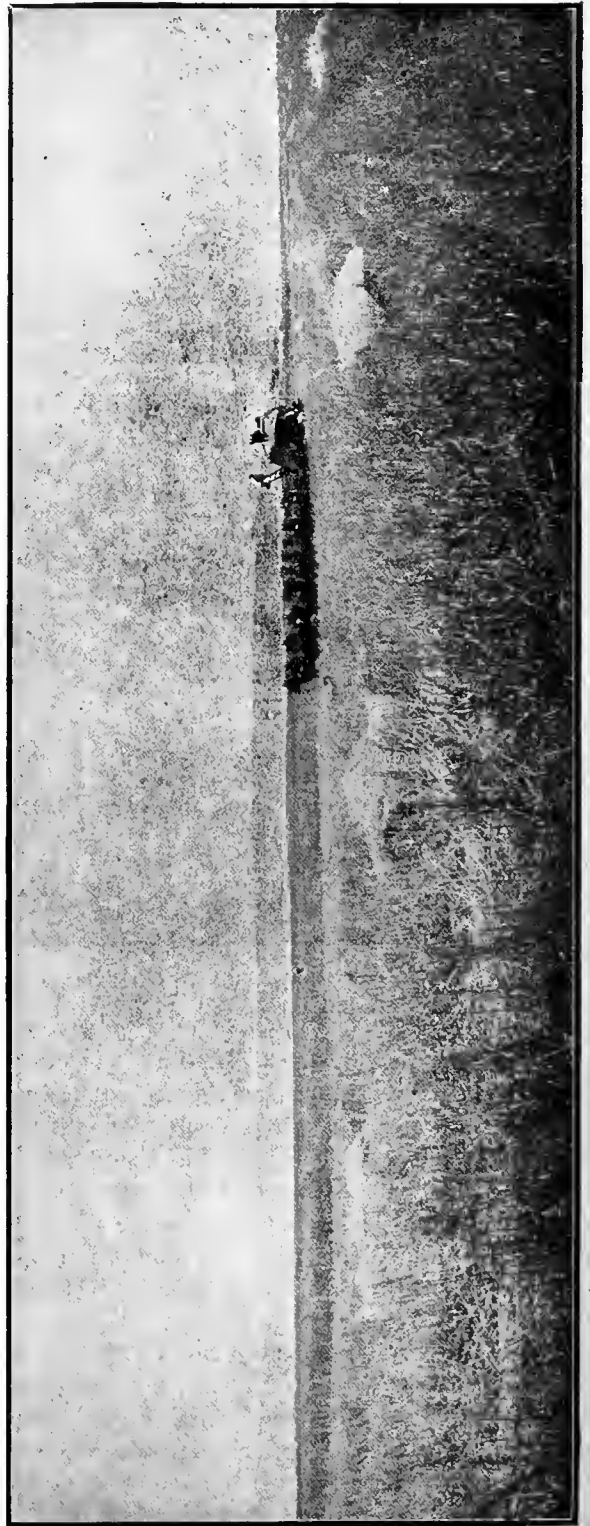
Let it not be understood that all the fish are hundreds of pounds in weight. There are others, and also others, but twenty-pound fish are as common as blackberries on a deserted hill farm in Pennsylvania. It is said that for rattling good sport the tuna is the one to tackle, the leaping tuna. Their weight goes into the hundreds, and they are the tigers of the California waters. It is an experience to catch one. Let us consider it.

Now the average Nooker east, when he gets a day off, takes a pole to which is tied a cord, and with a tomato can of worms, hies him to the creek, where he finds a hole as much as six feet deep. He hooks up a worm, spits on it for luck, and throws in and sits down to ruminate. Mayhap a bull-head will come along, and without disturbing anybody, will swallow bait, hook and several inches of the line, and then lie there till he is hauled out unexpectedly for both him and the fisherman, who didn't know he had anything. But the tuna man goes about it differently. Let's see!

Down at Avalon it is done, at other places, sure, but let us go to Avalon. You will want a rod about seven or eight feet long, about seven hundred feet of line, a few two or three pound flying-fish for bait, and above all a boat and a man to handle it, one who knows what he is doing. Out you go, over Avalon bay. When at the right place a flying fish is placed on the hook, and sixty or seventy feet of the line is paid out. Then you sit down and think of what you can do in the case you get a "bite." Presently a few flying fish come along as though the traditional enemy of mankind were after them. Then where your bait is a mass of foam is seen, a swirl, and you have him,—not yet.

Sometimes he will be on the surface, then he changes his mind, if a fish has a mind, and he heads out to sea, and he may take you ten miles out, or he may rush about as though he had business in a dozen different places in the bay at once. A good deal will depend on how you handle that supple switch of a rod, and perhaps a good deal more how well you mind what the fisherman managing the boat has to say. You may land your fish in half an hour, or it may take all day, and leave you worse tired out than a day after the old man with a cradle in heavy wheat. There is no telling what will happen, as no

two of them will behave alike, but there is no less excitement for all of that.



HARVESTING SCENE NEAR MODESTO.

After it is all over, and you sit around the country store at home and tell your story, the neighbors will wink at each other, and the people whose fish

record is a two-pound catty at the dam will think deep down in their hearts that your moral sense is giving away when you tell of the tuna you caught in California.

SANTA CATALINA, CALIFORNIA.

BY ANNA BOWMAN.

SANTA CATALINA is called "The Gem of the Pacific," and here we are at San Pedro wharf. There comes the steamer, "Warrior," and now the hurry and excitement of landing and boarding begin. The

But now, we are again on *terra firma* and are almost carried off by the porters and tent men who are all sure that they have just the place we desire for lodging. Escaping from them safely we are next surrounded by boatmen with "All aboard! Glass-bottom boats for submarine gardens, finest in the world." Indeed, we are inclined to believe the last statement not far wrong for what could be more beautiful than these scenes beneath the beautiful sea which, with bowed heads, we view as we slowly glide over the water. Varied and delightfully tinted sea-mosses, trailing vines and feathery clusters cover the sides of the canyons from ten to fifty feet deep, and twine about rocks which glit-



SAN MATEO BEACH.

gang plank is thrown out, and one by one we step aboard bound for Santa Catalina Island, the most delightful resort on the California coast.

A sail of two and one-half hours across a peaceful sea, with flying fish, the leaping tuna, and spouting whale to vary the monotony of *blue*, blue everywhere, even reflected upon the faces of the seasick ones, and we land at the picturesque island villa, Avalon, where hotel life and tenting abound for the thousands of tourists who frequent the island because of its delightful climate and the splendid opportunities it offers to the angler and the sportsman.

It is not really known when nor by whom the island was first discovered, but it is supposed to have been visited by Cabrillo, in 1542, and possibly by Coronado. Ruins of a prehistoric race of the stone age are found, and they seem to have been far superior to the Indians of the mainland.

ter like diamonds from the bright bits of shells, mosses, and sedimentary deposit. Sporting in these ideal abodes are beautiful fishes—red, blue, striped and purple, all in holiday attire. The sluggish sea cucumbers sliding over the rocks, the spiny urchin clinging to their sides and the lovely anemone hiding in crevices are all seen among the vines, mosses, lettuce and tomatoes of these evergreen vegetable gardens.

Indeed

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

So we think as we pass from the Pacific gardens and row among forests of sea kelp one hundred feet tall. Surely no artist's brush can picture these scenes of the blue sea and sunshine overhead and do it justice. Here, at least, the most skeptical must acknowledge Nature's Master.

And now Lizzie may tell you the rest

SEEING THE SEALS.

BY LIZZIE ARNOLD.

"TICKETS for the Sea! Rocks!" "Best launch in the bay!" Everywhere they were, everyone declaring in loud tones the virtues of his particular boat. It was a glass-bottom boat man that accosted us first. He offered the double inducement of seeing the Seal Rocks and four miles of marine gardens. We had seen the gardens. It was the seals we were after now. And would we really see seals? Yes, or we need not pay our money. But we did not get tickets. We picked out our boat and when it came to the landing we stepped aboard.

In the bay the sea was smooth and glassy, but as we rounded the end of the island we met a brisk breeze and the little launch went bounding over the waves in a most delightful way. We were eager to see the seals, and there they were, real fine ones at home on their rocks, and taking their morning nap in the warm sunshine. We came within ten feet of them but they paid no attention till the whistle sounded. Then on the rock nearest us ten heads were raised, and ten mouths barked an indignant protest at being thus disturbed.

After passing the rocks three times, and seeing at least fifty seals, we went farther on to get a better view of profile rock, "the old man of the sea," as we called it. There, high on a rock some distance from the coast, he stood with his head high in the air as though guarding the pretty sleek creatures on the rocks near by. We passed the seals again, and as the whistle sounded long and shrill, barking, skipping, and rolling they all went splashing down into the water.

We had seen the seals, paid our fifty cents, and were satisfied. And now, Lizzie has told you the rest.

* * *

BLIND FISH OUT OF AN OIL WELL.

BY M. M. ESHELMAN.

Just east of Los Angeles, and a short distance south of Covina, are the Puente Hills which are noted for their superior geological formations and tales of early Spanish happenings. About three years ago an oil company drilled for oil in Soquel Canon and, after reaching a depth of over eight hundred feet through solid rock, a stratum of sand was reached, carrying a great body of water. Through this the tools refused to pass. Unable to overcome the water's force the well was abandoned. Soon after it was abandoned water began to flow from it. The temperature of this water was eighty degrees. Soon after the Mt. Pelee eruption, in the West Indies, the water turned icy cold and the flow increased five fold. With this cold water came large numbers of

fish without eyes. The largest of these fish were about three inches long. They were so transparent that by placing one between two pieces of glass the entire internal structure was visible. Their mouths are large and their tails broad and strong.

The Peleean disaster may have opened some great underground stream which is connected with this abandoned well. Specimens of these fish have been sent to the Smithsonian Institute, Washington.

Tropico, Cal.

* * *

THE CHARMS OF THE SEASHORE.

ONE of the chief attractions of Southern California is the long stretch of beach, extending from Point Concepcion to the Mexican line, a distance of nearly 300 miles. While the seaside resorts of Southern California may be enjoyed every month in the year, and



A HOME ON THE LAGUNA.

while it is no uncommon thing to see bathers sporting in the surf at Christmas, yet it is in the summer months that these resorts put on their gala attire, and are thronged with thousands of visitors, who come, not only from Los Angeles and the interior sections of Southern California, but also from Arizona, New Mexico and yet more distant places.

Surf bathing at these seaside resorts is an exceedingly popular and most invigorating pastime. After the dip, the bather can take a sun bath for any length of time, without fear of disturbing climatic conditions. Indeed, the climate of the coast region of Southern California is the *creme de la creme* of atmospheric perfection. The coast of Southern California, at mid-summer, has the climate of an Eastern May, without the occasional atmospheric eccentricities that must occasionally be expected there, at any time of the year. The cool ocean breeze makes all kinds of outdoor exercises a delight. Invalids soon develop a wonderful appetite, and lulled by the beating of the surf, pass the cool nights in dreamless sleep, rapidly developing a healthy physique. At the same time, it should be understood that, for people who suffer from lung troubles, the dry air of the mountain regions is preferable to that of the coast. For nervous complaints of all kinds there is no better locality in the world than the coast region of Southern California.

HOW CEMENT IS MADE.

BY W. M. PLATT.

ABOUT a mile west of Colton, California, in the midst of a level plain, stands an almost solid rock called Slover mountain. On the north side near the top, are located the best beds of this marble-rock from which the cement is manufactured. Five men are employed here, who drill into the mountain side, place therein a stick of dynamite, light the fuse, and the thunder-like report that follows tells the story that many thousands of pounds of rock have been dislodged and broken to pieces. The largest pieces of rock are then broken into chunks about the size of a man's head, by the steady swinging of the sledge.

While this work is going on, other men are carefully gathering up what loose dirt they can find among the rock, and with wheelbarrows haul it away to the extreme edge of the hillside, where it is used for making new road-beds upon which a track is laid.

Over this track the rock is hauled in small cars, from the mine to a large chute just above the works. This chute is about three by five feet, and lays at an angle of forty-five degrees. From its mouth to its outlet is about one hundred and fifty yards. As the rock comes crashing down this great board-flume, it sounds like distant thunder and can be heard at quite a distance. There is a stop-gate at the lower end of this chute so the rocks can be let out only as needed. At this place a man is stationed who drops these chunks of rock, one by one, into the mouth of an immense crusher, which mashes them to about the fineness of sand, and it is then carried in a revolving elevator to the mixing room. Here the ground rock is mixed with two other ingredients.

One is a mineral which is shipped in from the lead mines of Arizona, and is called spar. The other is a light-colored clay which is hauled about four miles, from the hills just east of the works.

The clay is first spread out on a drying floor for two or three days; or, should the clay be too damp, as in cloudy and wet weather, it is run through a revolving furnace, and then spread out under a roof to cool. From here it is hoisted by an electric cable to the mixing room where it is mixed by exact weight in the following proportions: Rock, 1,000 pounds; clay, 400 pounds; spar, 36 pounds. When mixed it is fed into the hopper of another mill, where it is reground to the fineness of flour.

It then drops through an elevator into an immense revolving furnace, in the lower end of which is an opening from which the red-hot cement is allowed to drop into an iron wheelbarrow, and is then hauled over to what is called the clinker-floor, to cool. In this stage the cement has the appearance of balls of charcoal and cinders, from the size of a man's fist down to the size of a small marble.

After cooling for three or four days it is reground, and a certain amount of plaster of Paris is added. It is then what we call cement, which is so much in demand for making reservoirs, flumes, pipe lines, basements, foundations, curbs, sidewalks, etc. As it comes down the last elevator, it is sacked in one hundred pound bags, trucked to the warehouse, and from there is loaded into the cars for shipment.

From thirty-five to forty-five tons of this rock are crushed and ground each day. There are three shifts of men for the most arduous tasks, each shift working eight hours. The work goes on day and night, giving about eighty men employment. The factory is



SHEEP ON LAGUNA.

lighted, and most of the machinery run, by electricity.

Lime is manufactured here also, from the same kind of rock, ground and burned, but it is not mixed with any other ingredients, and is not ground so fine.

Inglewood, Cal.

* * *

COVINA is in the very center of the orange country, and from the well-built church every way you look are orange trees and more orange trees. We had a reception there and talked and enjoyed ourselves. The dinner that followed is something to remember, not luxurious, not out of the ordinary, but there was that touch of the born cook, and the welcome and all that made life worth living for a good while afterward.

* * *

OSTRICHES all look alike until they are a year old when the hens turn gray, and the other kind black.

* * *

THE story about an ostrich hiding its head in the sand is all bosh and school book.

* * *

THE largest ostriches weigh about three hundred and fifty pounds.

THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

BACK in the years gone by, about the time gray-headed people of to-day were little children, California belonged to Mexico, and Mexico was under Spanish dominion. The Spaniard has always been an unusually religious man, as far as external observances go. In the old days, say a hundred years ago, the Catholic church thought it the duty of that body to convert the world. While it has not exactly succeeded, it has left its impress over a good part of the so-called New World. The natives of California at that time

led them through the malarious jungles of the coast, up some of the loftiest mountains in the world, across a sandy and arid desert swept with wind and sand storms, before they reached the old City of Mexico. Here they found friends, for it is said that there were three hundred Catholic churches in Mexico City. Meantime word had come to the authorities in Old Mexico that there was a fertile field of operation at Monterey, and at numerous other points in California. It was a journey of over a thousand miles, but these people, the priests, took their lives in their hands and started over land across the mighty plateau of Mexi-



MEMORIAL CHAPEL OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY AS SEEN FROM THE QUAD.

were a simple minded, inoffensive lot of Indians—not the wild, whooping, fighting Indians of the plains, but the patient, docile, sleepy man of the coast. So the church, hearing of these people through explorers and adventurers, than which no country ever furnished a more energetic lot than Spain, it was decided to make an attempt to convert them. Our people to-day have a very poor idea of the undertaking, its magnitude and its difficulties. Let us consider some of the troubles incident to the founding of these missions.

In the first place, the priest came from Spain. He was a scholar, as scholars went in those days, and if there ever was a set of men in earnest about their undertakings, it was these self-same priests. After the priests had landed at Vera Cruz on the coast of Mexico, they usually tramped up to the city of Mexico, about three hundred miles away. Their route

co, which is for the most part an arid plain, and finally they reached their destination.

Here they had to make friends with the Indians, learn the language and settle down to spend the balance of their lives in teaching a simple people the elements of Christianity. Here they built their churches, and some of them are very fine specimens of architecture based on Spanish precedent of Moorish origin. Labor was cheap, as they simply pressed the native Indian into service, while time was nothing, and the fat priests who supervised the job were well versed in architecture and knew the plans perfectly well. It was probably a tedious job, for in some parts of the world where convents and missions prevail, over a thousand years have been used up in completing a building. After these missions had been completed, the priests planted olive trees and grapes around their

buildings. Every Nooker has heard of the mission grape, which means that it was originally planted at a mission.

These mission buildings are still in existence, though many of them are in bad shape, and it strikes the Nookman that there ought to be enough public spirit in California to have these restored in the interest of history. Nearly all these missions were named after some saint, and that accounts for the numerous Spanish names of the places. To this day many Spanish words have survived the wreck of time and fall dripping from the lips of those who do not know a word of Castilian.

* * *

AROUND FRESNO.

FRESNO is the very heart of the raisin country and where raisins are grown the vineyardists are praying for hot weather and their prayers are answered. The Nook would like to mention California heat, as, like pretty nearly everything else in this wonderful State, it is misunderstood east.

The farmers, or ranchers, a la California, say that this season has been exceptionally cool, but that for the past few days good old-fashioned seasonable weather was with them. The thermometer gets to one hundred and over and it is warm, hot if you will, but if it was one hundred in the shade in the east work would be practically suspended. Here everything goes on. The horses are ploughing in the field, the men, women and children are working in the fruit, the cattle are grazing and all goes on as usual. It is a dry heat, but not an oven heat; hot, yes, but not a sticky heat and people want it. There is no high wind and everybody ought to be glad there is not, on account of the dust, and the nights are cool.

There is a wonderful area of this San Joaquin and Sacramento Valley and the hot air of the day goes up in a steady volume, creating a partial vacuum. Then, when the sun goes down, the cool air begins to flow in in the form of a gentle breeze and it is pleasant. One goes to bed comfortable and before morning reaches for more cover, for it is always cool, a condition hard to realize. No matter what the thermometer says in day time it is the blanket that talks at night. Given wind to spread the dust, and nights as hot as the days, and the crows couldn't stay in this country. As it is, it is not objectionable on account of either heat or cold. If you are warmed up in the day time you are cool enough every night.

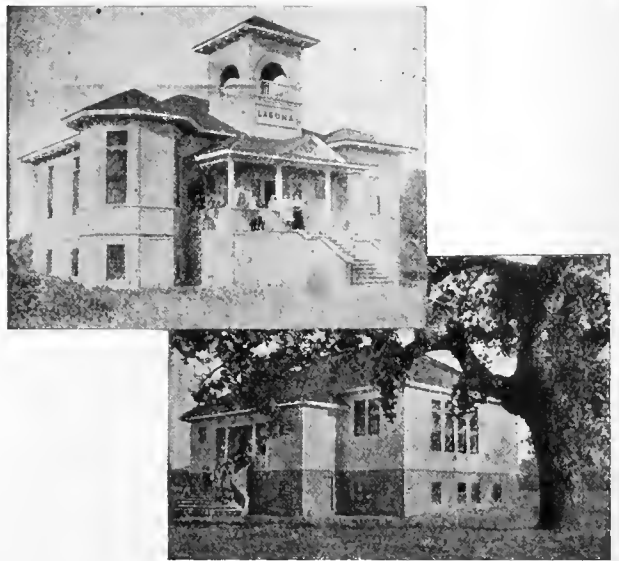
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SWEET PEAS.

WHERE'S the woman Nooker who doesn't go into ecstasies over sweet peas? And for that matter who doesn't like them? Here in California they are grown for seed. It appears that eastern seed refuses to re-

spond readily to germinating influences after the second year, and California seed is good for five years. And that's enough to waken the interest of the seedsman.

What would you think of a field of sixty acres, all in sweet peas? That's what they have at Oceano. The seed is sown from December to March, and the field is a sea of bloom about the first of June. There are about two hundred varieties, with others coming



NEW SCHOOL BUILDINGS ON THE LAGUNA.

in annually, and the progressive seedsman is always on the lookout for novelties.

Each variety is kept separate as far as possible, but sports and reversions to type are sure to occur, and during the blooming season men are busy going through the fields pulling the undesirable varieties, "roguing," it is called. In August the crop is ready, when it is cut and spread on large squares of canvas that require renewal every three years. This is an item, and it takes about twenty-five to thirty thousand yards to answer the purpose. The threshing is done by horses drawing a roller over them. From five hundred to eight hundred pounds per acre is a good yield. This shows that it is profitable, but it should also be remembered that much of the work must be done by hand.

* * *

THE first white settlement in what is now San Bernardino county, was made by Spanish priests who were sent from San Gabriel to establish the branch mission of San Bernardino in 1820. This mission was pastoral only, vast herds of cattle being grazed on the rich herbage of the valley. The old adobe buildings have melted into the original clay. The site was just west of the city of Redlands.

PULLMAN OR COLONIST.

EVERYBODY knows about the Pullman sleeping cars, few know much about a Tourist or Colonist car, as they do not run east of Chicago. What is the difference?

Well, in the Pullman proper there is a good deal of upholstering, blue coats, brass buttons, colored men and general stuffiness and owlsh propriety. In the Colonist car the fittings are rattan, and the general style of the car is the same. It has a porter and in all respects is as good as the other, being rather preferable in summer. The people who take the Colonist are just the same as any other, in fact they know a little more about some things. The fare from

BLOSSOM TIME IN CALIFORNIA.

THE blossoming of the deciduous fruit orchards in northern California in early spring is one of the things in which eastern visitors to this region take unbounded delight. The spectacle is one of great beauty, wonderful in its extent and variety. For nowhere else is so large an acreage of deciduous orchards to be found, presenting such astonishing diversity of the fruits of the Temperate and Semi-tropic zones.

It is true that in the east there are districts in which the apple is very extensively cultivated; in others the peach, and so with a few more fruits common to the Atlantic slope. But here every sort of fruit grown in the Eastern orchards is to be found,



IN THE PACKING HOUSE.

Chicago to San Francisco in the Pullman is fourteen dollars, and for precisely the same thing in the Colonist six dollars. There is rather more liberty and, it seems, a better and more sociable feeling in the Colonist. It is as clean as the Pullman and just as good. In fact the Pullman company owns both classes. If a rich aunt were going along and paying the bills, we would probably take the Pullman. If we were going alone, or with our family, we would take the Colonist sure. Verbum Sap.

* * *

OSTRICHES mate when they are four years of age.

and, in addition, numerous other kinds that do not flourish anywhere in the United States outside of California. Among the latter, and of those which blossom beautifully, are the almond, apricot, nectarine, Japanese persimmon and several varieties of the plum and the prune. And often in one orchard, especially if it be a large one, nearly all kinds of fruits grown in the State may be seen, flourishing side by side. Thus in a single orchard one may find such fruits as the cherry, apricot, peach, pear, plum, apple, orange, lemon and olive, all reaching perfection of size, color and flavor.

This remarkable diversity makes the blossoming season here unique in point of variety, as well as in the great extent of the orchards. On the east side of the Sacramento river, below the Capital, there is a stretch of about forty miles of nearly continuous orchards.

The almond orchards are the first to bloom in northern California. Their snowy blossoms appear as early as February, and an orchard of almonds at that time of the year presents as beautiful a sight as can be imagined. In March and April the blossoms of the apricot, cherry, plum, peach, pear and other fruits appear, each in its turn, according to variety, kind, exposure, location and other conditions, so that

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THE Laton, Cal., *Argus*, an ably edited weekly, has the following anent our visit to its section in that State:

One of the distinguishing characteristics of the German Baptist Brethren is that wherever a half dozen of them get together, with a minister, they always have preaching. So it was that on Tuesday night there was a service held at the Laton Union Church by Howard Miller, of Elgin, Illinois, one of the more noted ministers among the Brethren. Despite the short notice given quite an audience was present to listen to the



A REDWOOD HOUSE.

for fully two months the splendor of the blossoming season continues. And as the blossoms fall from the deciduous trees, those of the orange come forth to prolong the beauty of the springtime and add fresh perfume to the gentle zephyrs.

All this panorama of loveliness is unfolded before the orchards of the east have wakened from their winter's sleep. As early as April the first cherries from northern California are on their way to the markets of the east, and in May they go forward by carloads day after day.

Presently cherry plums, apricots, and early peaches join the procession, which continues unbroken until November ushers in the season of early oranges from this marvelous land of horticultural paradoxes.

plain, practical talk given by Mr. Miller and many approving comments were afterwards heard. It is a noticeable fact that the people of Laton turn out pretty well to these Dunker meetings and, as a rule, they have been entertained by a high order of preaching.

There is quite a prevalent impression among those who are not familiar with the facts, that the "Dunkers" are some sort of a queer religious sect with which the outsider cannot mingle, but the influx of settlers of this faith here, and the quiet, earnest and withal liberal manner in which their meetings are carried on is opening the eyes of the public to the fact that the "Dunker" religion is not so essentially different from some that are better known and that it is a pretty good thing to have in a community.

THEY say an orange is at its best about February or March.

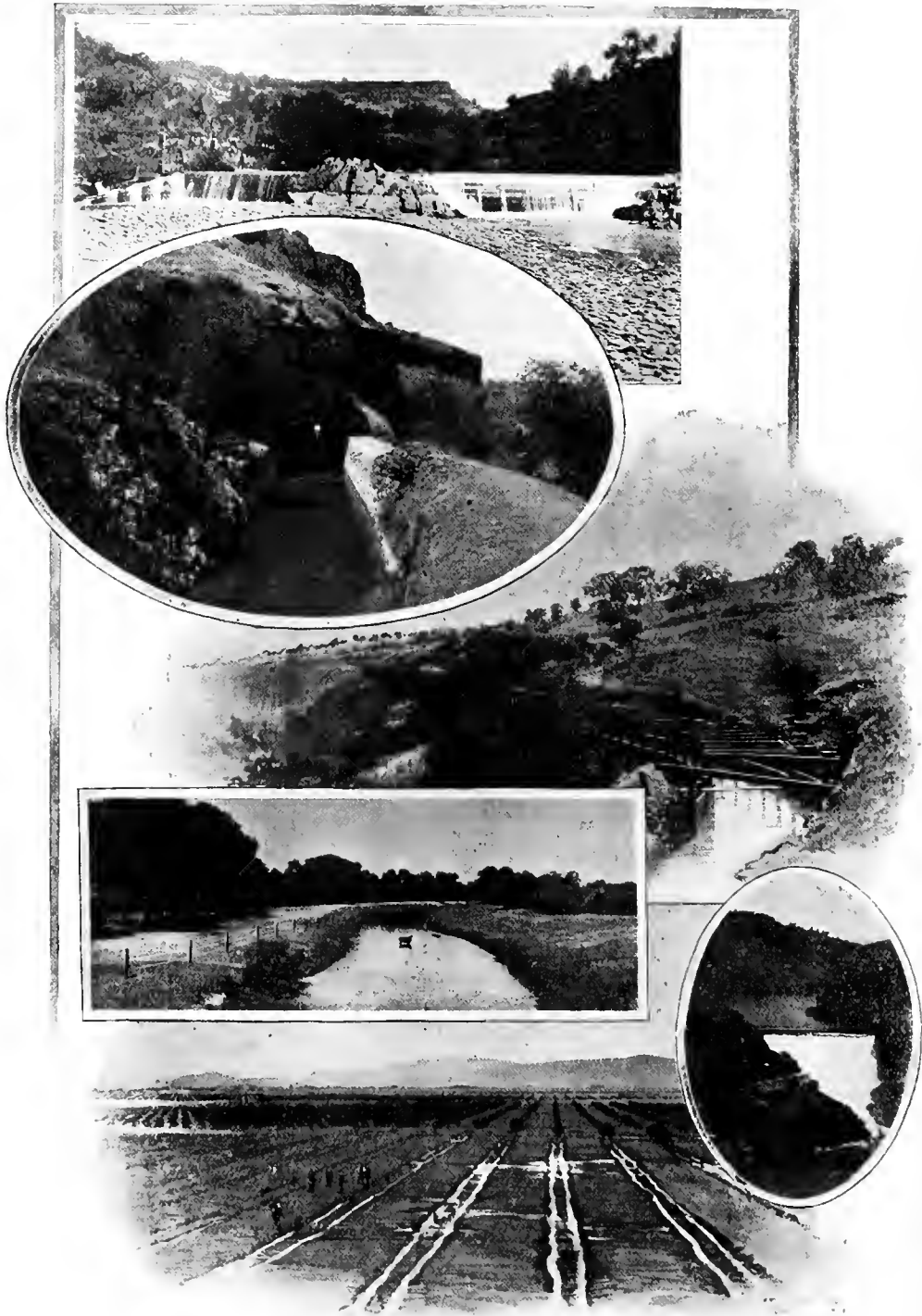
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YOUNG orange trees at the nursery cost from ten cents to one dollar, dependent on demand and supply.

ing, and the vaunted mountains of Pennsylvania wouldn't make more than a good wrinkle on the side of Blue Canyon.

* * *

THE Nookman will not forget the afternoon at Glen-



IRRIGATION FROM SNOWBANK TO ORCHARD.

TALK about the Horseshoe Bend in Pennsylvania! You could hang it over Cape Horn on the Southern Pacific Railway as a boy hangs a horseshoe on a pal-

dora, the big fruits, the pleasant friends, and the little girl who was photographed with a bunch of grapes in her hand.

THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA has more climatic moods than a woman in a tantrum. One can get almost anything he wants. Wherever there are wooded mountains it will always be cool on the top of them. Where the altitude is less it is warm, and in the southern valleys it is always more or less warm. Out on the islands the weather is perpetually pleasant, tempered, as it is, by the surrounding ocean. At all places it is relatively cool at nights.

The southern valleys of California were at one time the bed of the ocean. Then when the waters re-

The facts are the people prefer hot weather. It is a grape country, speaking of Fresno now, and the growers say that the hot sun "puts the sugar" in the grapes. Doubtless it does. It is a very common sight to see the grapes on trays drying in the hot sun. The sugary appearance on the outside of raisins is the natural exudation from the grapes themselves, and there is no processing of the fruit. A California raisin is simply a dried grape, no more, no less.

In the Fresno country peaches also are dried. There will be a big peach orchard, the trees loaded



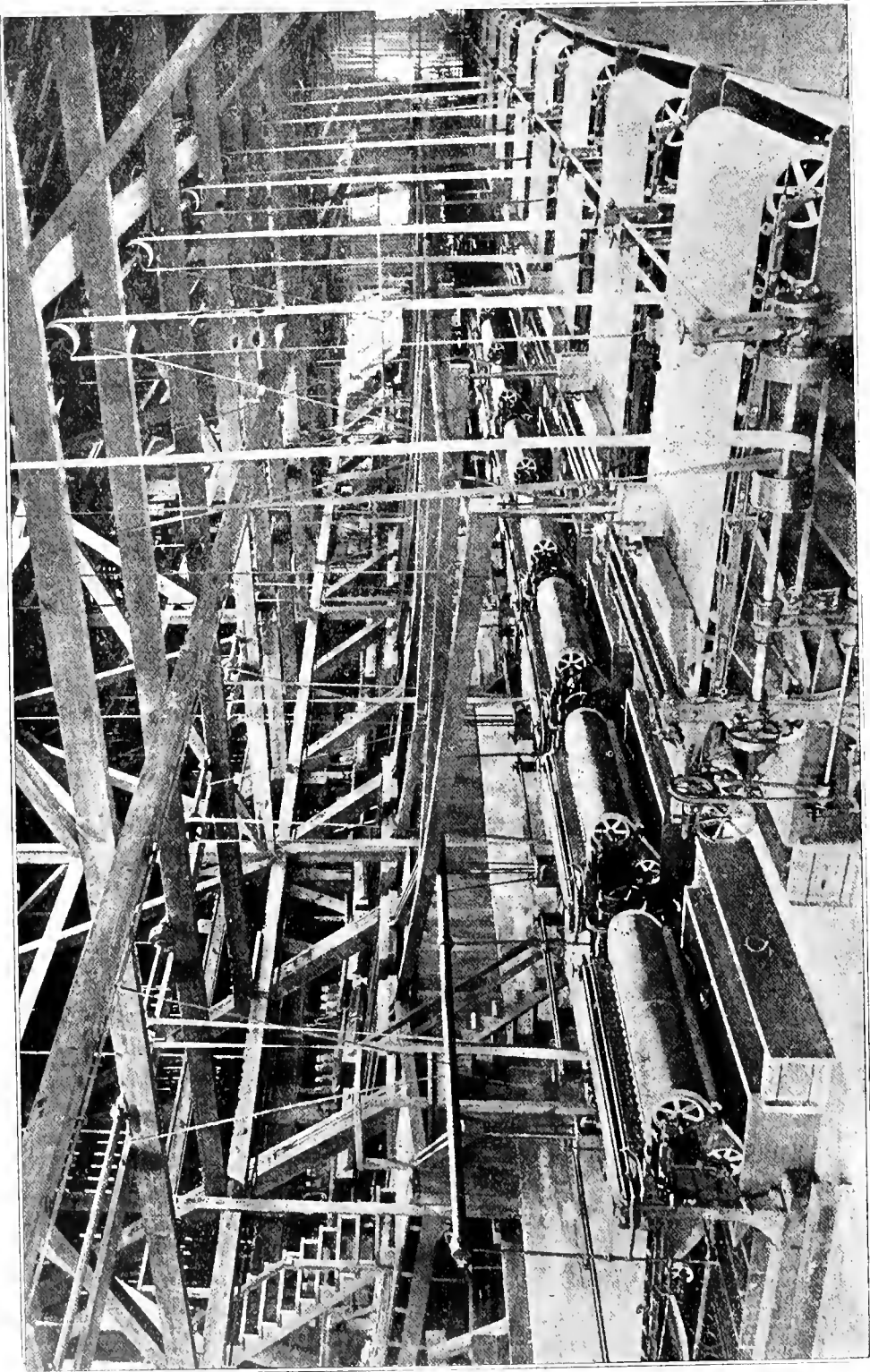
A TOBACCO FIELD IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

ceded there were left enormous valleys, mountain-hedged, flat as a floor for the most part, where the sub-tropic fruits grow in profusion and where no breeze, or rarely a breeze, comes to liven the long, warm, sunshiny days. Such a country it is around Fresno, the center of the raisin district, and where canning is done extensively.

The sun comes up bright and clear in the morning, and beats down steadily the livelong day. Toward evening it will be somewhat cooler and the nights are always cool. There is an absence of humidity, the sticky quality that makes a hot day in the east so unbearable, and people stand the heat very well. The best evidence that the climate has not got into their blood, making them incapable of knowing the truth, is in the fact that when the festive thermometer registers 100, man and team are out in the field, steadily ploughing. The horses couldn't be persuaded that it was not overpoweringly hot if it were really so.

down with the yellow and red fruit. Somewhere near the house, a lot of men, women, girls and boys will be halving the fruit and placing it on trays which, together with the fruit, are put in a large box and exposed to the fumes of sulphur as a microbe destroyer and bleacher. They are then put up in the sun, on the ground, and dried, then gathered up, sweated and boxed. That's all there is to a dried peach. Practically the operation is the same as in the east, with the exception that the fruit is larger and the climate better adapted all around.

ON the road out and in from California the Nooker who is wise will have a hamper of things to eat. On the through runs there is a diner and you order what you want, and pay for what you get, yes you do! A combination of methods may be best, part hamper and part dining car.



MODERN MINING MACHINERY.

MT. LOWE RAILROAD.

OUT from Pasadena a few miles there is a railroad that out-Herods Herod for general unusualness. In fact there is nothing like it anywhere. Nookers are advised to take it in. Once is enough, but once is recommended. Here is the situation. In the steepest, roughest and wildest section of the Sierras there is a railroad that goes up to Ye Alpine Tavern, five thousand feet in elevation. The tavern is a sort of road-house, built in Swiss style, and doesn't amount to much, but getting there from the bottom of the hill is the sensation of a lifetime, and once in a lifetime will do the average man.

The project originated with Prof. Lowe, who bankrupted himself in building it. It is only a trolley line.



RAISIN VINEYARD.

which makes it all the worse. The real start is at the bottom of an incline the upper end of which is 1,300 feet higher than the lower end. The grade is irregular, steeper than the roof of the average house. The car is built on the same slant, and the passengers get in, while the coop is hitched to an endless cable, one car going up and the other coming down. The incline is not regular. The whole business is a jumping-off place, but some of it is worse than others, as there are bumps and ridges in the incline itself. Up, up, up you go with a feeling that while you are not going to say anything, you do a lot of thinking. The top is reached and you are glad of it, but, like a little bear, your troubles are all ahead of you yet, up and above you.

You get into a regular street car with a trolley wire overhead and away you go over the crookedest, twistiest, corkscrewiest railroad imaginable. It skirts canyons two thousand feet deep, hugs around corners that hang over till you get the creeps, thinking about what might happen, skins along the mountain side and shows you a thousand feet up on the mountain

where you are going. Spider web bridges enliven the way and give you food for thought as to what would happen if you went over, and curves twist the "spine of your back" uncomfortably. The general feeling is that if you are forgiven for going up, and live to get down, you'll not be caught a second time.

Once the top is reached you can look down on Los Angeles and Pasadena and the country round about. They seem to be gardens and the scene is one of the rarest beauty on a fine day. The railroad does not go, as yet, clear to the top of the mountain, four hundred feet higher, but there are horses and trails, yea and burros for those who prefer them, and care to go up. The Nookman was satisfied with the general result, and spread himself under the mighty trees that grow on the summit and near thereto.

The car remains an hour and returns. The come down is worse than the go up. You see more of where you will have to go over the winding road and you wonder what sort of a story the papers will put up about you at home when the thing goes to smash. At the top of the incline you are photographed in the car and then you go down, down, down to the comparatively level ground, and you're glad of it. A drunken man or a fool might laugh over it, but the more a man knows about railroading the creepier he is over the possibilities. No accident has happened in eight years, but when the pitcher goes to the well once too often there will be a terrible accident, and if you go to California you want, for your own peace of mind, to do Mt. Lowe before the smash. Some people wouldn't miss it for \$100 and some of the same wouldn't repeat it for \$1,000. Once is enough, but do it that once, for it's the sensation of a lifetime.

* * *

SOME Nookers may not know that California is a great oil-producing State. In some sections the derricks are very close together, and one of the funny sights along the Coast Line is the number of derricks sunk in the ocean. A sort of pier is built out in the ocean a hundred feet or so, and the derrick is set up in the water and the well put down right in the bed of the set. Some of these piers are lined with derricks.

* * *

THE grapes and peaches that one sees on the fruit stands are just as good in size as anything produced in the State, on the principle that the grower sells all of the best that he has. The quality of the fruit is not as good as that ripened on the trees, and this is to be expected.

* * *

THE Washington navel orange is leading orange in Southern California. It grows uniform in size, has no seed, and has a flavor peculiarly its own.

* * *

A BOX of oranges, box and all, weighs a little over seventy pounds.

HOW DIVIDED.

We will divide California into three parts, like ancient Gaul, and we call them the northern, the central and the southern sections. In the north the conditions are very similar to those of Oregon and Washington. In the central sections the deciduous fruits grow to commercial advantage. Oranges and lemons will grow, but not to compete with the southern part of the country. If one wants to go into the orange business, or even fruit, he would perhaps do best in the southern part of the State.

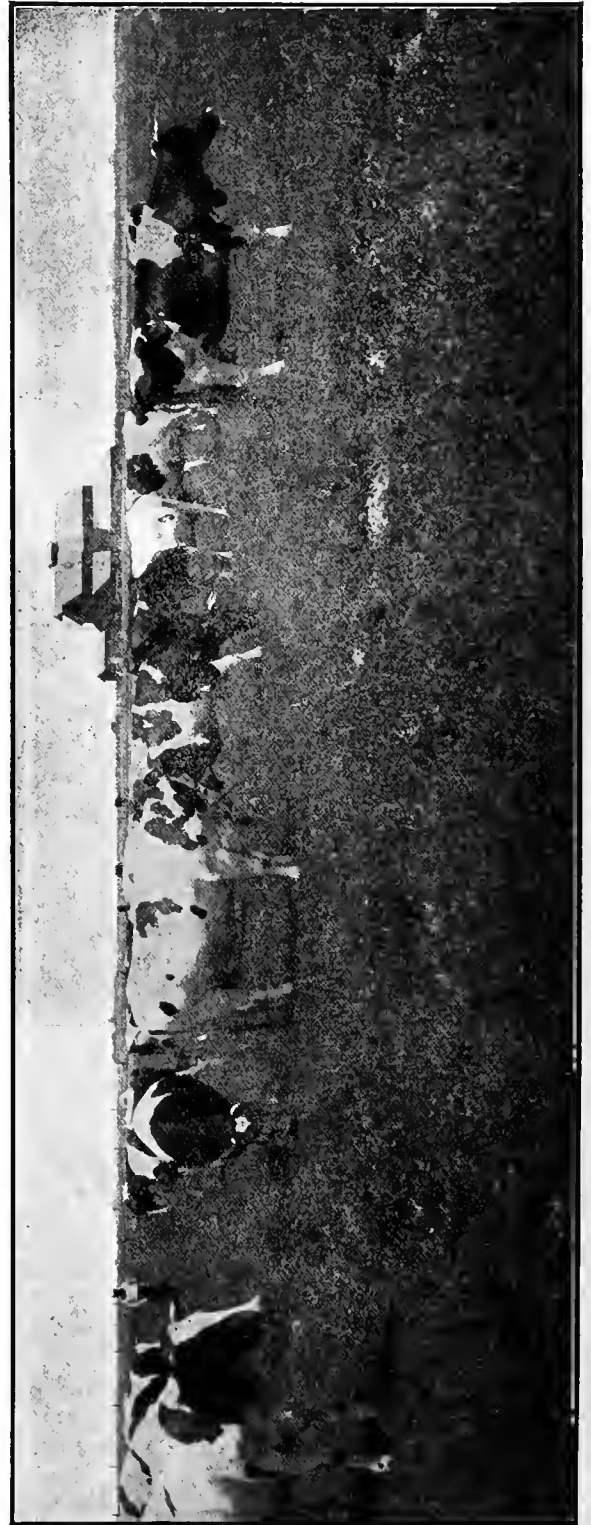
A word of caution is not out of place. The easterner is fresh fish to the California land man, and care is suggested. It is one of the easiest things in the world to get left in a deal for orange land. It should be remembered that the orange belt, the real thing, is a very restricted area, comparatively speaking. It is true that oranges *will* grow far north, that they will fruit, but not to any money advantage. To grow oranges successfully irrigation is a necessity in southern California where many wonderful things come to pass. He who buys a hillside beyond the reach of water, expecting to raise oranges, exemplifies the old saying about a fool and his money being readily divorced.

It is a fact, however, that good orange land in the rough is a very hard looking thing to start with, and does not look its possibilities. It may be covered with desert vegetation and the spiny cactus does not promise results. But this same land, cleared, cleaned, planted and cared for with intelligence is a veritable gold mine. Good orange land is worth from one hundred to three hundred dollars per acre, dependent on location, while a bearing grove will cause its purchaser to pay from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars per acre.

The man who simply wants to "go to California" will, in all probability, find the northern part of the State good enough for him. If he runs to peaches, grapes and the like, the central part of the State will answer the purpose. If oranges and lemons are the end sought Southern California is the place and no further words about it.

WHEN you go to Southern California be sure to include the Coast Line going or coming. For a long distance it runs so close to the ocean that a boy might toss an apple core or a peach pit from the car window into the Pacific. No storms ever mar the peace of the beach.

THE Valley of Sacramento is to California what the Valley of the Nile is to Egypt. An enormous population could be sustained in the Sacramento Valley, and in time will be.



HOLSTEIN HERD IN A STANISLAUS ALFALFA FIELD.

The wheat crop of California for 1901 is about 950,000 tons and is valued at \$19,000,000.

California is the most diversified agricultural State in the Union.

BEE CULTURE.

BEE culture is one of the most remunerative industries of Orange county for the amount of capital invested and labor expended. The approximate number of colonies in the county at present is five thousand.

The ordinary yield of a fair season is 150 pounds of extracted honey to the hive, and about three pounds of wax. This would make about 750,000 pounds of honey and 3,000 pounds of wax. The average price

and wild alfalfa. These are all perennials and bloom from April until August.

Emerson Bros., of Santa Ana, have over 1,000 colonies of bees, and there are several apiarists who have from 200 to 300 colonies.

It is one of the most healthful pursuits in which one can engage; it necessitates much outdoor labor, which, in Southern California, is a panacea for all ailments.

* * *

ALMONDS BY THE TON.

NINETEEN tons of almonds were gathered last season by P. D. Bane from his sixty-six acres of orchard near Orland, nine years old. The nuts brought eleven cents a pound, a total of \$4,400, of which \$3,500 was net, or over \$53 an acre.

* * *

IN California seeds of the date were planted at an early period by the Mission friars, who brought them from Mexico, and numerous old trees of their rearing are still flourishing. But none of these trees mature fruit, the climate of the coast being too cool and humid in the summer months. In the Sacramento Valley, however, there is sufficient warmth, and the dryness of the air is favorable for the ripening of the fruit.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSER, whose farm is on Stony Creek, about two miles west of Orland, finds turkey raising a profitable industry. He feeds the birds until they are old enough to shift for themselves, when he turns them out on the range. Last year he sold eight hundred turkeys at prices ranging from fourteen cents to twenty cents a pound, and their average weight was twelve pounds. He netted about \$1,500.

* * *

WHAT is a raisin? It is hard to make an eastern man understand that a raisin is nothing whatever but a sun-dried grape, no more, no less, no processing and no fixing. Raisins are grapes dried in the sun.

* * *

IN the Brethren church at Covina, any direction from the windows shows orange groves.

* * *

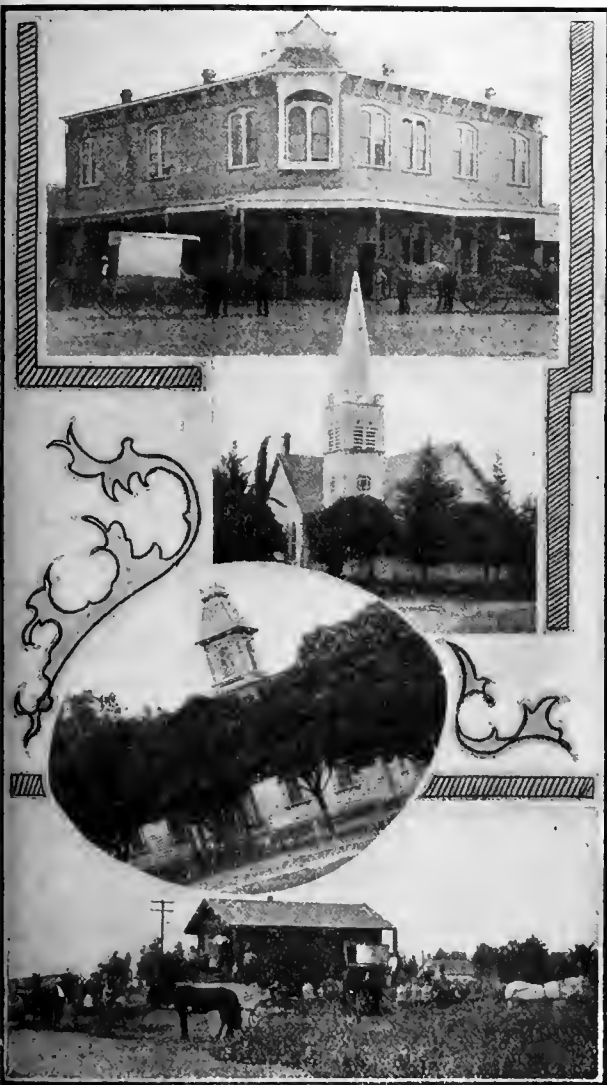
California is a large producer of honey, the crop of 1901 being 220 carloads.

* * *

In 1901 California harvested 500,000 tons of barley, valued at \$7,500,000.

* * *

The wine production of California for 1901 is about 18,000,000 gallons.



SCENES IN KINGSBURY.

of extracted honey is 5 cents per pound, and of beeswax 20 cents per pound. The income would therefore be about \$40,000. Added to this is the increase of the bees. Our honey is of the best quality, and always brings the highest market price. The territory adapted to bee culture is very sparsely settled at present. The best locality is in the foothills and mountains. The choice honey plants are the sages—black, white and silver—the sumach, wild coffee, wild buckwheat

THIS PICTURE AND THAT.

TAKE a Pennsylvania home in the country. There is a rambling old house added to for generations, the orchard is back of the house, the meadow is below with its cattle, with the brook running through it. There are old fences, worn out fields, a big, red barn, a spring or two on the place, and trees in the fields. With good luck and hard work a good living can be had. The corn field and the oats stubble can be seen now, and the winter is coming on. It is a common picture.

In the Laguna county, in Southern California, the

There are disadvantages. The dust and the prolonged warm days are some of them. But taking it all around the people who are here in California laugh at the idea of a change from what they have now back to where they came from.

* * *

IN the matter of raisins for family use, Miss Julia Stelter, of Elk Grove, California, tells the Nookman that when the shipment of grapes for market is made and it is desired to prepare raisins for home use, selected bunches are taken, clipped apart, dipped into boiling hot lye, rinsed and placed on trays in the sun



PEAR ORCHARD, SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

farmer can have all he has in Pennsylvania except his spring and the stream down in the meadow. He can have his apple orchard, and, additionally, plums as big as eggs, peaches that would choke in a tincup, nectarines that he never heard of, a dozen varieties of grapes, any one better than he has at home, east, figs without end, berries, all fruits and flowers and vegetables, two crops, such as he never dreamed of for size and quality.

His corn will be so high as to be a disadvantage when it comes to husking. He can walk over his pumpkin field, on the crop. He can have nearly all he has at home in the east, and, what is much more to the point, he need learn no new business in farming. He can go ahead with all that he has at home with added attractions he never can have east. He will have no long, hard, cruel winter to prepare for.

to dry. It takes a week of continuously hot weather to do the work, and if the weather is not favorable, several weeks. The result is generally more satisfactory, as all home products are.

* * *

EVERY sensible doctor will tell his patients that the most effectual remedy—nature's own remedy—for almost every disease is to spend as much time as possible in the open air. One reason for preferring Southern California over other health resorts is that this course is possible the year around

* * *

A FRUIT may be a success in one locality and a failure elsewhere, the same as in all countries.

* * *

CLIMATE means more than fruit. It means a lot of personal comfort or discomfort.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S FUTURE.

WHAT is the outlook for Southern California? The answer is that the limitations are only bounded by the space to be occupied. The orange business will always thrive, and every one grown will find a market, as long as people eat oranges. Moreover, the places where they can be grown are essentially limited in area. But other things will grow riotously, and there will always be climate and the blue sky to commend the country to seekers after genial surroundings.

Take the Los Angeles, Pasadena, Covina, Lordsburg, and other localities where Nookers abound, and some of the cities have grown together in the last ten or fifteen years and the INGLENOOK predicts that every acre of arable land will be fully occupied in a few years and that the whole Southern California country will be one vast garden of fruits and flowers. People are coming in, over fifteen thousand are now booked at the hotels and places where boarders are taken for the winter. These strangers will see the country, like it, buy and stay. That's the past history of the section and it will be repeated till the country is "full up." The facilities for getting work are good. The matter of women domestics, referred to elsewhere, is an instance. Employment agencies report calls for four thousand girls. Fruit growers want workers. Sick people, attracted by the climate, want help, and the outlook is very favorable.

The Los Angeles and Lordsburg country has had its boom and has recovered. The miserable financial debauch always characteristic of a boom often leaves a section permanently done up, and sometimes it recovers and does better than ever. This is the history of this section.

It should be remembered that all this teeming population has come in within the past brief lifetime, and in the future the same ratio of growth is likely to happen.

* * *

JUST A WORD.

WHEN you go to California remember that not all of the Brethren have big orange groves and are well-to-do. Some are poor in the start they are making, and while they will not begrudge entertainment as far as they can give it, there are good hotels everywhere. When the white man tried to persuade the old colored ferryman to take him over the river when he didn't have the three cents fare, he was informed that a man who didn't have three cents was as well off on one side of the river as on the other. So the man unable to feed and lodge himself is just as well off as though he didn't come to California at all.

* * *

GLENDORA is a gem of a place,—oranges, grapes, fruits, and all that, not forgetting the plump little Nooker who sat for her picture.



ALFALFA SCENE.

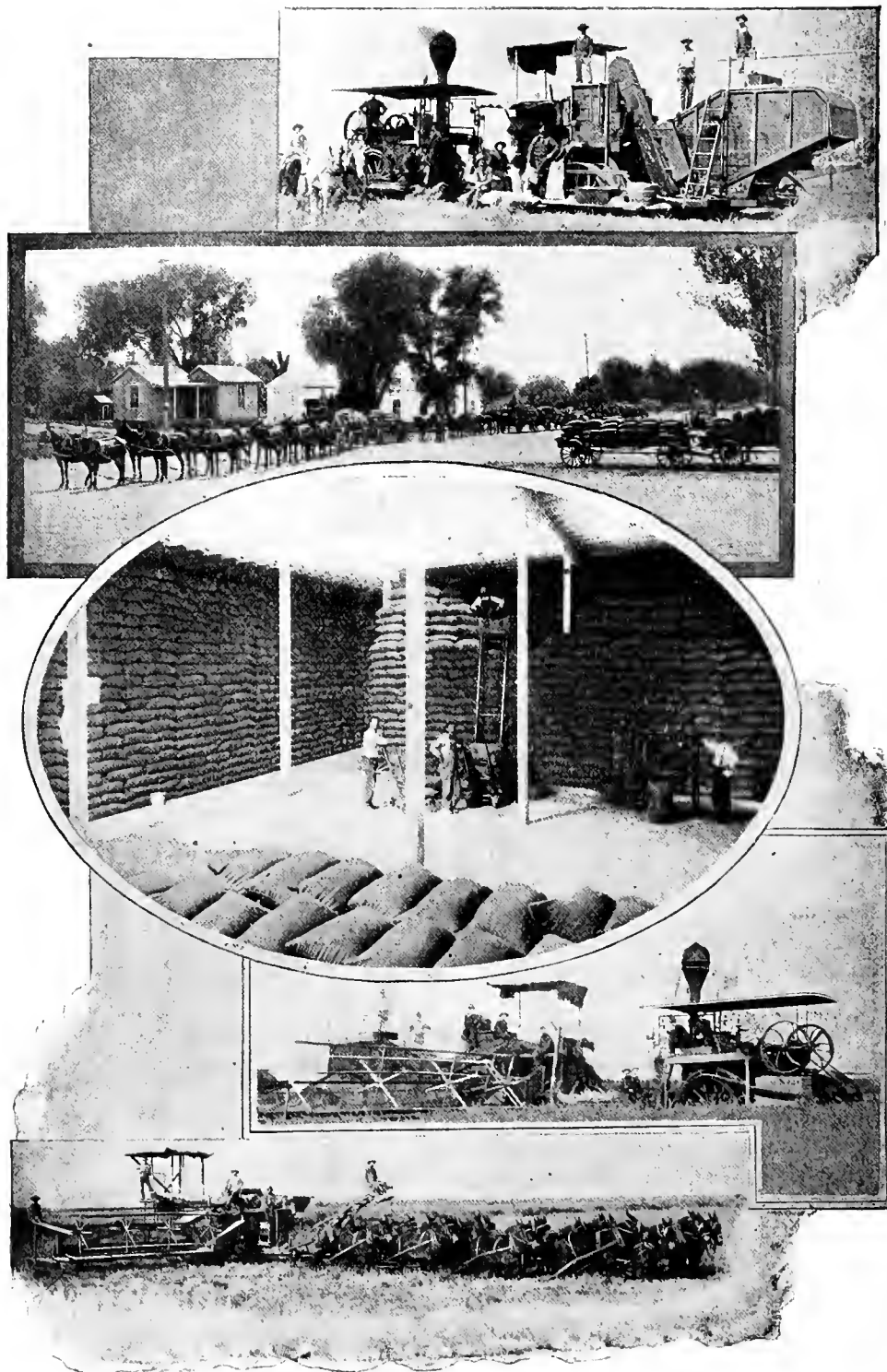
IT is estimated that three and one-half barrels of California petroleum are about equal in efficiency to one ton of coal.

* * *

DYSPEPTIC troubles yield readily to open air life in Southern California, and the variety of fresh fruits which may be obtained here at all seasons of the year.

LOS ANGELES is Spanish and means "City of the Angels." It has over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and is growing at that.

PASADENA.—the gem of the San Gabriel Valley, is a beautiful place and the best thing there, to the Nookman, are the friends he met.



HARVESTING SCENES IN SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

WHICH would you rather have,—a big, round, yellow orange, or a big, red, mellow Northern Spy apple? Take both? No, only one, and which one would you rather have? You can't have the earth.

CALIFORNIA is too new to have found herself out yet. When she is discovered fully, horticulturally, the world will be surprised. No fruit or flower fails to respond to cultivation.

DON'T BE A FOOL.

YOU'LL want to come to California. That's all right. Come. There's much to see and you can't well go wrong sightseeing. There's no end of sights and scenes.

Mayhap you would like to settle down in California. Good, again. If you want to buy anything then comes our text: Don't be a fool. Don't jump into anything in a land way without looking and examining personally into it. Sometimes things are not what they seem. Don't be talked into things by smooth natives. Don't be a fool. Take time to look around. See it all and get your information from people who have no interest in the matter. Go slow in the start. Better hang around a month than to try doing the country between trains. If you are homeseeking it's too important to jump or be led into matters by the unscrupulous. California is all right—in places—and do you be sure you fit the place and that the place fits you. Don't be a fool.

* * *

TRUCKING.

IN the vicinity of the larger cities the business of growing vegetables is largely in the hands of Chinamen. They are thoroughly expert at it and the sight of a Chinaman driving his own team, peddling his truck from door to door, is an unusual one to the eastern man. In San Francisco, in the Chinese quarter, one may see the native grown vegetables used by the yellow man. They are varieties entirely new to the white man and one does not know how they grow or how they are used. The Nookman saw white people buying them and it is a wonder that our progressive seedmen have not secured the seed if for nothing but curiosities. Some of the vegetables are away out of the ordinary.

* * *

THE prevalent opinion is that oranges, and that sort of thing, will only grow in the southern part of California. That is an error, for the citrus family certainly will perfect its fruit in other parts of the country. The reason why southern California is fixed in the minds of the public as the only fruit part of the State is due to the persistent advertising on the part of those who had the matter in hand originally. California is a good country for quality of fruit as well as in production. But the really real orange country is in the southern part of the State.

* * *

GOING over the Union Pacific to California, you will pass Dutch Flat where the most extensive placer mining in the world was once done. Millions were taken out and other millions are there yet, but the law forbids mining where the inevitable wash ruins land for farming purposes.

WILL the desert, the real thing, between the east and the west, ever come into practical use for agricultural purposes? There are millions of acres waiting only for the magic touch of water. Given water, and the old east can go out of business as a farming country.

* * *

GOING over the mountains in California, where the pines grow the tourist can not fail to notice the ex-



ORCHARDS.

quisite balsamic fragrance in the air. It has all the delicacy of an unknown but remarkably pleasant perfume.

* * *

TOMATOES laid side by side were seven to the yard, while it took only six big onions to measure a yard. This we saw ourselves. And onions and peaches are one price—two cents a pound. Take your choice.

* * *

CALIFORNIA petroleum differs from that found in the Eastern States in having an asphaltum instead of a paraffine base, so that it is more adapted for fuel than for illuminating purposes.

CHINATOWN.

CHINATOWN, the quarter inhabited by the Chinese in San Francisco, is well worth a visit. It embraces a considerable area, and is wholly given over to one solid, wriggling mass of Chinese. Practically it is a section of China transplanted to America. Every available spot is crowded from the cellars to the garrets, and there are burrows underground, many stories in depth, where these people live.

They have their stores, fruit and meat shops, and all the callings of their people and a good many followed by white men. There are Chinese tailors and shoemakers, cigar manufacturers, etc. At the stores one sees strange vegetables exposed for sale, the like of which he has never before seen, and imported things none but the yellow man knows the use of.

All classes swarm the streets, from the fair-faced youth to the old man wrinkled like an ape, down to the baby one would like to kiss. We saw several of the small-footed women hobbling along the streets. The general impression is one of intense activity, dirt and disagreeableness. It is advised to take a guide. These guides are licensed, wear a badge, and are reliable. To see the outside, the streets and the store part of Chinatown, no guide is necessary. To see the seamy side, the underground and the forbidden part, a guide should by all means be taken. Things inimicable and even unspeakable are seen; horrible!

Whatever one may think of the Chinaman as an abstract moral proposition, in the huddle he is decidedly objectionable. Every considerable town on the coast is infested with him and he always herds in some quarter set apart by common consent for his occupancy.

* * *

BROWN MEN AND YELLOW.

IN California, in the centers of population, the Chinese and the Japanese have settled in numbers. It is sometimes difficult for the tourist to tell them apart off hand, but the Jap and the Chinaman don't mix. They may live in the same neighborhood but they keep to themselves. Racially about the same, politically they are oil and water.

Every vineyard where they were picking grapes these foreigners were seen, but whether brown or yellow was not evident to the Nookman seeing the country at fifty miles an hour.

* * *

ALL over Chinatown in San Francisco we noticed the sign in the windows of their drinking places: "No liquor sold to white people." And we saw not one drunken Chinaman.

* * *

ONE doesn't read much in the papers about gold mining in California, but millions of the precious metals

are taken out annually. The State has turned its attention more to agriculture than to mining.

* * *

THE Nookman and the Nookers of Lordsburg had a reception at their church, and about a hundred or more people met, had some good singing, talking,



handshaking, and general congratulation. This isn't such a bad world after all, when one is in Lordsburg.

* * *

THE Nookman has been across the continent number of times, and it is nothing new to him. But every time, he draws a long breath and mutters "What a country ours is!"

* * *

THE California trip was an ovation.

THE CHURCH.

THE Brethren church in California seems prosperous. We visited the churches in Los Angeles, including the mission there, and the Lordsburg, Covina and Glendora people, finding a royal welcome. The Los Angeles church is presided over, in a service way, by Justus H. Cline, and is very prosperous. At Lordsburg we had a very pleasant evening. There



IRRIGATION SCENES.

a church at Tropico, and will be one near Laton in the Laguna region. The outlook for the Brethren is excellent.

* * *

It is a matter of common remark that California fruit is tasteless. Consider now! The peaches, say, must be picked so that they will stand the greater part of a week's journey overland, then they will lie round on a fruit stand until sold. Naturally they are not the peaches one gets going out into the orchard here. The great red and yellow spheroids, ready to fall at a touch, soft and luscious, tell a different story to the man who samples them.

* * *

Dust thou art and to dust thou returnest was not spoken of the soul nor of California dust. One doesn't return to dust here. It comes to him, of a certainty it does, fine, penetrating, and most of it sticks.

CATALINA.

WHEN the southern California man gets tired of his round of work he takes the cars to the coast and the boat to Catalina Island. It is about twenty-five miles off shore. The island is about thirty miles in length and has a first-class, up-to-date hotel. The whole island is under individual ownership and none but their own boats are allowed to land.

The water is remarkably clear and the bottom is covered with immense marine growths, visible at a depth of fifty feet. Glass-bottomed boats may be hired and through them this subterranean forest can be seen. It is of wondrous beauty and through its tops, instead of birds, beautiful and many-hued fish glide in and out among the branches. It is one of the world's sights that should not be missed.

There is good surfless bathing on the shore, goat hunting and stage riding inland, and many tenters who put up their own tents, fish and enjoy themselves in this Arcadia out at sea.

Thousands and thousands of annual visitors come to Santa Catalina. Fish of enormous size abound, and the tuna, the tiger of the sea, may be caught with a flying-fish for bait. Some of the larger fish weigh from three hundred to four hundred pounds. These require a boat, but a good Nooker told us that he catches all the fish he wants by simply standing in a favorable place and "throwing in." The big fish caught are a drug and are destroyed by cremation after the successful fisherman has had its photograph taken while he stands beside the monster.

* * *

HERE in California the dust flies and of a truth it sticks. Now what does the California man do but oil his roads! He uses crude oil, distributed on the roads from a water sprinkler wagon. Then there is no dust, the roads pack good and solid, and the result is very effective. There is, at first, a slight but not pronounced smell of oil, then none at all and no dust at all where the oil has touched. Two oilings a season settle the dust for the year. The use of the oil is becoming very general and thus far no evil results have followed.

* * *

GOATS abound on all the islands in the Santa Barbara channel, but they are very shy and, as the islands are very rocky and the brush very thick, it takes a good marksman to bring them down. The flesh is very much like venison—provided you get a young one. The old ones have a strong flavor, and their flesh would hardly satisfy the palate of an epicure. Wild goats' heads, mounted by a skillful taxidermist, are frequently exhibited as trophies of the chase.

* * *

DON'T fail to visit Catalina island when you make that trip.

LOS ANGELES AND PASADENA.

THESE two cities are practically the same thing, though under separate municipal governments. Both are in Los Angeles County, which has a population of over 200,000. The population of Los Angeles is over 120,000, Pasadena over 10,000, and both are largely increased in the winter months. Twenty years ago Pasadena was a sheep pasture, and at that time Los Angeles had 11,000, and the census of 1880 gave Los Angeles 11,311. Twelve years ago there was not a paved street in Los Angeles, but now there are over

ing of the rains. The rain descends and the flowers smile out on all sides, a parterre bounded only by the limits of the country. There is never enough frost to kill things. The oleander you take to the cellar for the winter grows as large as a peach tree here and remains out the winter through. Strange as it may seem, there are no thunderstorms in Los Angeles. If there came a rattling roaring thunderstorm, with flashing, blinding lightning, the Los Angeles native born would think the end of all things had come.

Things grow in Los Angeles county. The most important is the orange. But figs, prunes, apricots,



PIGEON POINT LIGHT ON SAN MATEO COAST.

two hundred miles of graded and graveled streets, over twenty miles of paved streets and three hundred and fifty miles of cement and asphalt sidewalks. There must be a dozen public parks.

Orange Grove Avenue, in Pasadena, is one of the most beautiful streets in the world. It is a boulevard, on each side of which are homes with all the environment that taste can suggest or money buy. Flowers and semi-tropic vegetation are everywhere. Each home is a picture. Geraniums grow out in the open. In fact Orange Grove Avenue is an architect's dream and a florist's delight. It changes its aspect with every home passed, each being apparently more beautiful than the last.

Los Angeles is pretty much the same thing as Pasadena. The glory of both blossoms out with the com-

peaches and walnuts also do well. Flowers are everywhere and vegetables grow to enormous dimension. Pineapples are grown near the city.

In Los Angeles there is a good Brethren church and a mission in one end of it. Both are doing well. Los Angeles and Pasadena are not all of Southern California but they are a very bright part of it.

THE way orange trees are produced is to sow the seed in small areas surrounded by lath, covered with branches of the trees for shade. In these nurseries the young plants grow. When they are a year old they are set out in a nursery row. There they grow for two years. They are then budded with the new orange. When these buds are a year old the trees are ready to set out permanently.

THE FRUIT BUSINESS.

As a business proposition the fruit growers have matters down fine. There are associations including large areas of country, subdivided for convenience sake, and these associations have a local head, and agents in the east who look after the selling. The orange man takes his product to the nearest center, has his fruit graded, and gets a certificate very like a certificate of deposit in a bank, showing that he has turned in a certain number of pounds of fruit of a certain grade. Those of the highest grade, say, are all put together and their identity lost. When sold the holder of the certificate gets his pro rata of the entire lot less expenses. The other fruit growers have similar associations with local heads and eastern representatives.

* * *

THE FLOWERS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

THE eastern man or woman with a soul in them cannot help but be interested in the flowers of Los Angeles, Pasadena, Redlands, Riverside, and a host of other places. Roses, superb, magnificent, grow everywhere, some as high as the roof. Geraniums make good hedges and their flaming flowers are everywhere in evidence. Heliotropes grow as large as an eastern lilac tree, while every other flower simply riots in a profusion of growth and bloom. The poppy, flaming yellow, is the State flower, and a field of them is a sight in their season of blooming. A team of horses taking the bend of a road and coming on a poppy field have been known to run off at the first glimpse of the yellow sea.

* * *

IN the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce is a photograph of a big pumpkin, a section cut out of its side, and within it a real calf. Perched on top of the pumpkin is a dog, and underneath the legend: "A dog-on, calf-lined pumpkin." It is a pretty big story but not impossible when we remember that pumpkins have been known to grow to weigh four hundred pounds.

* * *

MR. WM. LIVENGOOD, late of Somerset Co., Pa., now of the staff of *The Times*, did a great deal to help the Nookman to see Los Angeles' smoother side. He and his estimable wife and daughter know how to make it pleasant for the stranger in a strange land.

* * *

THERE are about one thousand ostriches of all kinds in the United States on the various experimental farms of the country, but California is the headquarters for the business.

* * *

AN ostrich egg weighs about three pounds.

THE COST OF IT.

ONE reason why the people have not flocked to California is the cost of getting there. It is at the ends of the earth, and, ordinarily, the expense is considerable. It would pay the railroads to fix a rate for homeseekers that would fill the State. The railroad people say that this would demoralize tourist rates, the aggregate of which is enormous, but the policy is a short-sighted one all the same.

Every man who goes to California and settles there becomes both a producer and a consumer, helping the roads which do the hauling. Excursions now



SATISFIED.

and then relieve the strain, but a permanent, good faith arrangement, would be beneficial all around, beyond the possibility of computation.

* * *

CALIFORNIA is to the United States what Italy is to Europe with this added fact. Italy has taken centuries to develop while California has come about in a lifetime and is a century ahead of Italy, even in her own domain of fruits, flowers, and the products of the vine.

* * *

THE largest fig tree in the world is said to be one of a group planted thirty-eight years ago. It has sixty-five main limbs and ten feet above the ground they are as big as the body of a man. The trunk of the tree itself is over eight feet in diameter.

* * *

A GOOD-SIZED ostrich will live as long as the ordinary man, say seventy-five years.

* * *

OSTRICHES are full grown at four years and while "little" grow a foot a month.

THE DESERT.

REFERRING to the desert, *The Los Angeles Times* has the following:

To many the name desert is forbidding, but the majority of those who live on it learn to like it. Not alone because man can learn to like anything that pays well, but because there is an attraction in the almost endless procession of clear, bright days, in the freedom from friction with ice, snow, slush, and mud that goes far toward compensating for the loneliness of even the most remote sections. It is a common remark that you cannot live on climate. But it is equally true that good climate goes a good way. It helps out amazingly. The desert at the beginning of the new century is quite a different article from that of fifty years ago, and especially in California. As soon as the conditions of successful settlement are in the right shape, the rest follows, and there is no old-time pioneering. Many actually prefer the desert, not only because there is no rain to interfere with their cultivation, but because it is also the most healthy of all climates. The extreme dryness of the air makes it the very best of all places for those troubled with any affection of the throat or lungs, and, while it will not finally cure catarrh, most forms of it are kept dormant by the freedom from cold and wet. Settlement comes so fast wherever the canal pours a free volume of water that there is no more monotony on the desert than in any other flat section. The whole is soon lost in a wealth of shrubbery. Until then the landscape, bounded by distant mountains, that, in the dry, warm air, play a thousand tricks of color every hour of the morning or evening, and sleep in golden haze at noon, with the mirage that toys with the fancy better than anything in the landscape of the rainy lands, all furnish novelties of scenery that you can scarcely believe you are in what from the car window seemed so worthless and repulsive.

* * *

GREAT FISHING.

CATCHING big fish with rod and line attracts sportsmen from all over the world to Catalina Island, where they have a club which offers prizes every season. The largest tuna ever taken there with rod and reel was by Col. C. P. Morehouse of Pasadena, in the season of 1899. It weighed 251 pounds. The next largest was taken last summer by Mrs. E. N. Dickerson, 216 pounds. The average of the tuna caught the past season was 119½ pounds, and sixty-one were caught during the season. The heaviest black sea bass taken there with rod and reel weighed 430 pounds. Two men handled the rod in its capture, and the Tuna Club would not recognize it. The next heaviest was that of Mrs. A. W. Barrett, 416 pounds. She broke her rod in its capture, and it would not be counted by

the Tuna Club, besides which, women are not eligible to membership in the Club. The record black sea bass of 1901, taken by A. Thompson, of Pomona, weighed exactly the same as last year's record fish—



A LAGUNA FIELD, SIXTY BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

384 pounds. There were 142 black sea bass taken last summer, and they made the extraordinary average of 225½ pounds.

* * *

You have heard it said that wheat is king, or that cotton is king. Where would these be without adequate rainfall? Nay, son, water and sunshine are king and queen.

* * *

A PROPERLY cultivated orange grove is as clean of weeds as an old maid's garden back east. The orange grower is finicky about the looks of his place.

* * *

PEACHES and onions are the same price along through central California. Each sells for two cents per pound.

* * *

A NECTARINE is a peach run to poetry.

SEE HERE, GIRLS.

A LARGE number of girls work out. It is to their credit that they do so, and if they have to do it they might as well get out of it what they can. In California any sort of a girl can readily get \$20 a month, and from that up to \$40 for just the same work that she does in the east in any ordinary family. The demand for girls is far and away ahead of the supply, the reason seeming to be in the fact, unfortunately true everywhere, that girls dislike to do housework where a woman bosses them, and the prevalence of the packing

Frank Wiggins, Sec. Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce,
 Geo. Lang, Gen. Agt. U. P., Los Angeles,
 Mrs. Anna Bowman, Yuma,
 Everybody at Lordsburg, Covina and Glendora,
 Mt. Lowe R. R. Management,
 The Southern Pacific Co.,
 and many others.

CITRUS fruits are grown at from a few feet, to several thousand feet above sea level, when soil and other conditions are favorable, and from within a few yards



A SOCIAL DRINK AT THE FORD.

houses where good wages are paid to girls. However, the point the Nook wants to bring out, is the ease with which a working girl can get a good, paying place. Nook girls work out in California and are respected alike in and out of the church of which they are members.

PERSONAL MENTION.

THE Nookman is indebted to many people for making his visit a pleasant one. Prominent among them are,

- Geo. McDonough, U. P. Colonization agent,
- J. W. Cline, Pastor Los Angeles church,
- Fanny Light, Trained Nurse, Pasadena,
- Wm. Livengood, Los Angeles Times staff,
- F. Cuckebaker, Farmer, Laton,
- J. F. Hixon, S. P. Dist. Pass. Agt., Fresno,
- N. C. Blanchard, Laton.

of the sea to the mountain ranges skirting the coast, and even the interior beyond such ranges, though the trees are more vigorous and the fruitage more abundant on the plains between the mountains and the coast line. Citrus trees delight in a marine atmosphere: the temperature is more equable; the air is not so hot and dry in summer, nor so cold in winter, as in the interior.

As a rule the orange tree blossoms in April. By July the little oranges are as large as walnuts. They color in October and are best to eat in March.

It costs from thirty-five to fifty cents per box to get the fruit from the tree into the car. This amount includes the cost of the box.

In a packing house oranges are washed by brushing in a tub of water.

NUTS.

THE English walnut is a commodity with which the world never seems to be surfeited, but a few of the southern counties are doing all they can to supply the demand. There is a steady increase in the area planted, the progress of the year being marked in the extension of this industry, where the soil is suitable for the cultivation of the nut. Last season the walnut crop of Southern California amounted to about 600 carloads, a fungus disease having reduced the yield to some extent in a few of the leading districts. Rivera, Downey, Santa Ana, Fullerton, Ventura county and a few points in San Diego and Santa Barbara, are the walnut-growing centers of the country, Rivera and other points in the Los Nietos Valley producing nearly half of all the nuts shipped from the southern territory.

Pecans grow well in many portions of the State. We may never look for a pecan-growing craze such as is now raging in Georgia and Alabama. However, it is a nut that should receive more attention. Experiments are being made in its cultivation in several localities.

Orange county is celebrated for the extent and quality of its peanut crop. This nut—which is not a true nut—grows to perfection, and rivals its southern competitors in yield and excellence. New territory is being devoted to this prolific and profitable plant, and its growth forms an important item in the products of the land where the conditions are favorable.

The area devoted to almond growing has decreased somewhat during the past year. This is chargeable to the tenderness of the bloom. The almond does not flourish where insect smuts and other fungi prevail, but the mountainous districts and uplands supply the conditions for producing the finest almonds grown. Portions of the Antelope Valley tablelands are peculiarly adapted to this fruit, last year's crop proving satisfactory wherever the frost did not prevail. In many of the coast localities the almond orchards are disappearing entirely—another evidence that horticultural progress is abroad and engaged in weeding out the unprofitable, and substituting kinds that will pay. There is a great future for the almond in the warm upland districts, and it has been very well established in regions suitable to its profitable cultivation. Black walnuts and filberts are grown, but are of very little commercial importance. There are a few acres of chestnuts, but this nut is not raised on a commercial scale.

* * *

Do you miss anything worthy of mention in California? Surely so. But how much can you get in to the Nook more than it will hold? These special issues are educators, but not text books.

* * *

KATHLEEN should have been on this trip.



TUOLUMNE RIVER.

IN an orange grove the trees are so placed that when they are full grown there is just room to drive wagon between the rows.

* * *

ORANGE growers now use about eight pounds of fertilizer to the tree once in three years.

HOW TO SEE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

WHAT IS PRODUCED.

If you want to do it in a couple of weeks—you can't possibly do it in less time, and two months would be none too much—you will of course have to do it hurriedly, and see the most of it from a car window, which is not in any country the best way. To really see a country like this, so as to get a fair understanding of it, one should do the most of his touring behind a pair of good horses. In that way, and that way alone, can one get an adequate idea of what it really is. Few will take time for this. Most will be satisfied with a hasty flight around the "Kite," a run to the beach, and go away with as little comprehension of the extent, character and resources of the country as though they had never been in it.

It is all right to go "around the Kite"—eminently right. It is a charming trip. One will see 150 miles of varied and beautiful landscape—highly cultivated ranches, pretty towns, nice orange groves, barren stretches of sage brush and cacti, miles and miles of orchard and grain and vineyard, and, always, in the distance, the uplifting foothills and mountains. But he should not be satisfied with hurtling by them in dumb ignorance of what they are. He should stop off at Pasadena, at Pomona, at Ontario, at Riverside, at Redlands, and see each, and make excursions into the suburbs of each. This in any one of the towns named, and in dozens of others that might be named, would be worth more to him than the whole 150 miles of sight-seeing from the car.

Making Los Angeles the point of departure, there are dozens of trips that ought to be made—to Santa Barbara, to San Diego, to Santa Monica, to Mount Lowe, to Catalina Island, and so on. Even the terminal points make a long list and are there not hundreds of places intermediate just as attractive, each in its own way?

The way to see Southern California is not to be in too big a hurry about it. To see it properly—that is, to see it in a way to be enjoyed thoroughly—a way to satisfy a reasonable man's natural desire for correct information—one must see it away from railroads and hotels. And until he does so see it, no man has a right to pretend that he knows what it is.—*Los Angeles Times.*

THE age of the Big Trees in California is estimated to be about eight thousand years for the largest and oldest. The Nook is willing to throw off a couple of thousands of years to accommodate any doubting Thomas, as it does not know the facts, but that they are old enough to vote is confidently asserted.

THE Chamber of Commerce at Los Angeles is a first class show place of what California does in the fruit and other lines. Take it in. It is worth while.

FOLLOWING is an estimate made of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce of the output of the principal products of Southern California for 1901:

Citrus Fruits,	\$10,000,000
Gold and Silver,	6,300,000
Petroleum—estimated,	5,600,000
Borax,	1,214,000
Hay,	3,000,000
Vegetables and Fruit Consumed,	2,000,000
Dried Fruits and Raisins,	2,000,000
Grain,	3,000,000
Canned Goods,	1,500,000
Sugar,	3,350,000
Fertilizers,	360,000



ALFALFA.

Nuts,	1,155,000
Cement, Clay and Brick,	350,000
Wine,	330,000
Eggs,	500,000
Butter,	675,000
Beans,	3,500,000
Asphaltum,	501,000
Eggs,	500,000
Celery,	225,000
Poultry,	300,000
Hides,	150,000
Fresh Fish,	275,000
Canned Fish,	105,000
Wool,	150,000
Vegetables—exported,	340,000
Cheese,	150,000
Olives and Olive Oil,	425,000
Salt, Mineral Water, and Lead,	457,000
Honey,	275,000
Lime,	102,000
Hogs, Cattle, etc.,	2,327,000
Miscellaneous Manufactured Products, ...	20,000,000

\$71,266,000

TROPICO.

BY M. M. ESHELMAN.

STAND on the hills in Elysian Park, Los Angeles, look northward and there, spread out like a fan, fifteen miles by thirty, lies the San Fernando Valley. Down at the lower end the Los Angeles river sweeps between the hills east and west which are two miles apart. Between these hills lies Tropico, less than three miles from the city limits on what once was the Rancho Eulalia. Just fifteen years ago settlement began. Now there are many beautiful homes, consisting mainly of one, two, three, five, and ten acres.



AN IRRIGATING CANAL.

Oranges, lemons, peaches, pears, prunes, plums are grown, and over one hundred acres are given to strawberry culture. From numerous wells water is pumped—the whole region is underlaid with sheet water in sand and gravel. The profits in strawberry culture are from \$400 to \$600 per acre. The berries come daily almost the year through.

The Pacific Art Tile Company is erecting works one hundred and twenty-five feet by three hundred and eighty-five feet in area with seven large ovens.

Two railways grace the valley. It is the only natural outlet northward and eastward. The scenic beauties are sublime. The royal purple Sierra Madres bend over the lovely valley from the north, to the west is Griffith Park, three thousand and fifteen acres, to be made the prettiest of the pretty.

The Brethren have a neat churchhouse built mainly by the late Brother Riley, whose wife still resides here and has given evidence of breadth of interest in missionary work through a handsome donation of money. There is an active membership; Sunday school and preaching in the forenoon of each Lord's Day and a systematic Bible course each Sunday evening by the writer. The Methodists also have a house of worship and quite a large membership. The cli-

matic conditions are as nearly perfect as they can be. We ask none better.

Tropico, Cal. * * *

EVER hear of grasshoppers being so thick as to stop the trains? Likely you didn't believe it, but it is true, all the same, though not the way you think. The steel rails got hot during the day, and in grasshopper time they swarm the rails by uncountable millions, being more comfortable there. The wheels slip and progress is impeded. The train carries sand enough to make a catch on the rail and ploughs through.

* * *

A SISTER told us that she "heard" that in certain places when people wanted a well they planted a beet, let it grow till it reached the limit, when they pulled it out and used the hole for a well. As a few Nookers believe all they see in print, allow us to add that we draw the line at the well story and take the beet with several grains of salt.

* * *

AND weeds! In the Laguna region the weeds are higher in places than a man on horseback. And we saw what this land would do when ploughed and cultivated. The vegetables grown were on a par with the weeds. Not all as high as a man on horseback, but for all that corn will grow twenty feet in height and has done so.

* * *

THE Nookman will smile every time he passes a fruit stand in the East. It's all very well, in its way, but he will think of Glendora, the grapes, the watermelons, and the plump little girl who looked like a peach, the palms and the flowers, and good-bye all too soon.

* * *

THE Nookman advertised that he would have his appetite with him, but he might as well have left it at Elgin. Capacious as it is, it proved unequal to the occasion.

* * *

MOST remarkable, indeed! California girls are all good looking, and each sister is as good as she looks. That's pay for the flowers given.

* * *

A GREEN orange on the tree looks like an unhulled black walnut, and tastes like—well, like a green orange.

* * *

AN olive tree resembles a willow tree at a distance with the ends of the twigs snipped off.

* * *

AT Tropico, California, at Bro. M. M. Eshelman's we had strawberries and cream.

* * *

BLESSED be water. Without it the coyote and jack rabbit would possess California.

CALIFORNIA BY-PRODUCTS.

ONE of the interesting things in a country like California where large fruit is grown is the utilization of what is ordinarily regarded as useless. Take the matter of prunes for instance. After they get below a certain size they are without market value, but it has been discovered that in making vinegar small prunes are just as good as large ones, so there is an opportunity to make practical use of the fruit of unmarketable size.

The people interested in raisins discovered long ago that if the raisin crop was seeded it would in all probability sell better than if offered in its natural state. Ingenious machinery was devised whereby tons and



SUBIRRIGATION OF VEGETABLE GARDEN.

tons of raisins are seeded daily, and these seeds command seven dollars a ton at a by-product factory where they are worked into tannic acid. An oil is also manufactured from grape seeds.

With oranges and lemons preserves are made which are probably the most healthful in the world. The citric acid contained in the fruit is combined with chemically pure sugar and is as pure a food as one may imagine. A small orange or lemon, the culls, in fact, of the general crop, can be worked over in this way to a very decided financial advantage. Out of lemons citric acid can be made, although very elaborate and expensive machinery and intelligent and skillful supervision are necessary.

Peach and apricot seeds find a ready sale in Germany, and out of them prussic acid is made.

Down in San Diego a company is organized for the purpose of producing fruit bricks. Cull fruit is taken, combined with sugar and compressed in the form of a brick. Concentrated lemons are also a by-product of the lemon. And there are many other instances in which what was once regarded of no value has under intelligent manipulation become as profitable as the main crop.

* * *

CALIFORNIA is the only raisin-growing State in the nation.

SOME ORANGE FACTS.

IF any one thinks of going to California and engaging in the orange business let him consider the cost well before he undertakes it, but if he succeeds in getting his grove started, where the conditions are all right, he will fare about as follows.

When an orange grove is one year old, the condition a good one and everything favorable it is worth from six hundred to seven hundred dollars per acre. When it is five or six years of age it will be worth from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars per acre, or even more than that. When the orchard is twenty years old, if it has been properly cared for, it is more productive than one ten years old. A grove should return from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars per acre. That is to say after all expenses are paid that much should be clear gain. And a man with ten acres will have a practical and assured income as long as he lives.

One of the things the prospective orange grower should guard against is being led to purchase his land where it is practically inaccessible to water. Some people have been led to buy orange land where the thing is a commercial impossibility. The fact that one sees an orange tree of fair size and covered with green fruit is no sign that an acre, or ten acres, would be of commercial value. The real orange land is a somewhat restricted area, decidedly so in fact, and no prospective purchaser should allow himself to be talked into buying a site without absolute knowledge that what he is going into will be to his benefit.

On the other hand real orange land is just about as unpromising looking soil as could ever be imagined, and it is difficult for one to believe that the scrubby growth and the cactus-covered white earth can ever be made into anything productive. Yet right by its side may be an orange grove in full-bearing that nets its owner a handsome income year by year.

* * *

FACTS ABOUT CALIFORNIA.

THE following facts in regard to the State at large are from the New Year's issue of the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

California is the only State producing asphaltum and bituminous rock.

The capital invested in dairies in California is over \$125,000,000.

The gold mines of California produced \$17,000,000 during 1901.

California's oil wells now have a producing capacity of 16,000,000 barrels per annum, and the value (at 75 cents a barrel,) is \$12,000,000.

The wool clip of California during 1901 was 16,750,000 pounds.

CLIMATE.

A GREAT variety of climate may be found in California at all seasons of the year. On the coast it is cool in summer, with occasional fogs at night, a climate that is soothing to the nervous. Farther inland it becomes warmer, and in places decidedly hot at times, though, owing to the dry atmosphere, a temperature of 100 degrees here is less oppressive than 80 degrees on the Atlantic coast. Then, as the mountains are climbed, cool, bracing air is again encountered. On a winter's day the traveler may breakfast by the seashore, after a dip in the ocean, lunch amid the orange groves, and dine in the snow fields of the Sierra.

afflicted with lung troubles. The average rainfall of the season at Los Angeles is 17 inches. On the desert it is less, in the mountains more. On the coast, south of Santa Barbara, there is not more than 10 degrees difference between the average temperatures of January and July.

* * *

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

PERHAPS the leading feature of Southern California—the one which impresses itself most upon the visitor—is the long ridge of jagged peaks bounding the skyline on the east, separating Southern California from the arid desert which lies beyond. This mountain range, known on the north as the Sierra Madre, or



COTTAGE ON HOTEL MATEO'S GROUNDS, SAN MATEO COUNTY.

There is climate here to suit everyone. There is no winter and summer in the lowlands. They are represented by the wet and dry seasons, the former lasting, in average years, from November to March. There will be a day or two of rain, and then weeks of bright sunshine. The beginning of the rains marks the birth of spring in Southern California, when nature transforms the somber hue of the hills and plains into a mantle of vivid green, followed by a wreath of wild flowers. Within thirty miles of the coast the summer heat is pleasantly tempered by the ocean breeze. Here the nights are always cool. Even farther inland, where the thermometer in summer sometimes reaches 110 degrees, sunstrokes are unknown, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, and work proceeds as usual in the harvest fields. The dry, invigorating air of the mountain regions is specially beneficial to those

“Mother Mountain,” and on the south as the San Bernardino range is one of the most picturesque and interesting mountain regions of the United States. It is not, as many suppose, a narrow ridge of mountains. To realize its extent, one must climb to the summit of one of the higher peaks, where, gazing eastward, you will see mile after mile of rugged mountains, separated by deep gorges, or winding creeks.

* * *

THE presentation of the California Nook to the family of readers can not but be instructive and entertaining. The question has arisen as to whether the continuance of the special issue, from time to time would be satisfactory to the Nookers. If so the only way to let the Editor know is to write and tell him so and make suggestions for the future.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER 11, 1902.

No. 41.

BACK ON THE FARM.

SELECTED BY CLAUDE JARVIS.

When the roar of the city comes up from the street
There rises a vision ineffably sweet
Of a scene far away, of a dear, tranquil spot—
My old childhood home that shall ne'er be forgot.
It is long, long ago since I bade it good-by,
With a quivering lip, with a tear in my eye,
And through all the years that have passed comes the
charm

Of those olden, those golden days back on the farm.

Do the violets there in the meadow still grow?
Does the little brook still through its leafy haunts flow?
Are the fields just as green, are the forests as cool?
Do the minnows still shimmer and flash in the pool?
Ah, that dear scene, the fairest I ever looked on,
Which is unchanged, though some loved ones are gone.
It has still the old grace, it has still the old charm,
With the world at its happiest, back on the farm.

Some day when this struggle, this turmoil, shall cease,
And, weary, I long for a haven of peace,
May fate guide my footsteps again, to the place
The mem'ry of which time can never efface.
Let me pass in its calm the last years of my life,
Far away from the town with its feverish strife.
May the old roof-tree shelter me, safe from all harm,
While I rest, like a tired child, back on the farm.

LINCOLN AND HIS BOOKS.

It is frequently said that the young people of today read too many books. It is not difficult to believe this when one remembers what strong types of intellectual greatness have been developed through the thorough study of a very few of the masterpieces of literature, says the *Pittsburg Gazette*.

Lincoln in his boyhood had access to four books—the Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Burns' Poems" and Weems' Life of Washington." He so memorized many of the chapters of the Bible that subsequently he seldom made at the bar or on the stump a speech in which he did not quote from it. He early learned in his professional life that to a public speaker the Bible is the most useful of books.

Burns developed his fancy and admiration. Bunyan taught him how to use figurative language and

Weems inspired him with the noble spirit of Washington. Foreign readers of his Gettysburg speech and his second inaugural address asked: "Whence got this man his style, seeing he knows nothing of literature?"

He got it from the English Bible and from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"—two books which represent rhythm, the idiom, the majesty and the power of the English language.

A TALK ABOUT THE BIRDS.

THOUGHTLESS people fancy that the birds have an easy time of it. They do seem incarnations of pleasure as they fly to and fro, their wings flashing through the air, their delicate throats, quivering with song, and their homes high up among the tree-tops, or hidden in the meadow grass. But think how hard a robin or a wren, a swallow or a thrush must work to feed his brood. Think of the weary patience of the mother-bird when the eggs are under her breast. And remember the perils that menace birds. The marauding boy who robs the nest, or aims at a bird with a shot-gun is bad enough, but far worse are the hunters, who at certain seasons kill birds that women's hats may be barbarously adorned. Then there are larger birds that prey upon lesser ones, there are cats which lie in wait to destroy and dogs that are little better. A bird's life often ends in a tragedy. Bird study is sure to repay those who devote their time to it, and people often discover that our little brothers of the air are not very unlike ourselves in some of their qualities.

A lady of New Brunswick, N. J., last year wrote the life story of two robins which she had rescued from a cruel fate and brought up by hand. She called them Chupe and Jenny, and nobody who read their history doubted that they were worth putting into a book. Chupe developed a great deal of love for his mistress, and was extremely dependent upon her. Jenny was a bird of extraordinary individuality. The fact is that any animate creature loved, watched, cared for, and petted, shows traits that some human beings might envy.

LOVE LETTERS.

THE following from a Chicago paper will doubtless interest our Nookers who have had the disease. The Nookman gives it as his opinion that the one, man or woman, who shows a love letter, ought to be branded "Dangerous, Beware," so that all might know how unsafe they are.

What to do with old love letters is a question which, in spite of its openness to attack on the ground of triviality, is not so inane as might appear on first consideration. Perhaps every one who has been in love has written love letters. Lovers who are forced to endure separation during the critical period of courtship write more frequently and less temperately than those who are thrown much together. But all of them write at some time or other and all of them write tender sentiment that cannot be found anywhere excepting in love letters.

One of the strange things about love letters is that they show a tendency to accumulate. This is not wearisome as long as the attachment which produced them continues, for there is a good deal of satisfaction in just scanning a ragged and soiled heap of stamped and pent up sentiment. But when affairs are broken letters are apt to become troublesome, as they take up lots of room and, what is more, revive unbidden memories. To burn them seems like a shame, for there is little romance about fire and smoke.

Every one who writes love letters writes them for one person and one person only. The spirit of love suggests that the one receiving a love letter should view it in the same light of privacy. There appears to be an unwritten agreement among the writers and recipients of love letters that it is next to impossible to find in the dictionary a word of sufficient force to adequately characterize a person whose curiosity leads him to invade the sacred exclusiveness of these tender tokens bearing Uncle Sam's stamp of approval. For everywhere, that is, with a few noteworthy exceptions, the love letter is held in the highest esteem, and is regarded as fit only to repose in some secure closet or chest with an affectionate caress of blue "baby ribbon" across its ink-marred face.

There is no end of reasons why love letters should be jealously guarded as the most private property a man or woman lays claim to. But one of the most forcible arguments in favor of this exclusiveness is that a person when forced to make love through the mails is apt to leap into a realm of enthusiasm and use terms and statements which, when viewed through cold, measuring, and unsympathetic eyes, are likely to appear exceedingly shallow. And it may be that they will impress a third party by their extreme lack of coherency, or even

ordinary intelligence. Yet they are well understood by the writer, and do not fail to elicit a certain amount of appreciation from the recipient.

But, in spite of the scrupulous regard which practically every one exercises in guarding love letters to prevent them from falling into the hands of third parties, there are persons who do not appear to be so conscientious on this score, and love letters are sometimes put to novel uses. Their value as evidence in courts of law has long been understood, and they frequently form the slender thread about which are woven interesting stories of heart affairs dashed to pieces on the rocks of fate. This use of love letters, however, is rather conventional and is matter of fact compared with the things others with prankish minds have been known to do with the tender missives written to them under the strain of love's promptings.

Certainly no young man would lend his voice to the approval of a plan recently carried out by a girl in a New Jersey town, who not only broke faith to the extent of showing her love letters to a third party but went even farther and made a public exhibition of them. Having to take part in a fancy dress carnival, she conceived the idea of clothing herself in the precious epistles. She gathered together the scores of love-weighted letters that had been consigned to her possession and had them stitched together on a suitable material to form her dress. Her bust she enveloped in the envelopes, which were used for the bodice. The letters themselves were used for the skirt, and all the tender sayings of the young lover were flaunted before the eyes of hundreds of guests at the carnival.

Her costume proved the most original and the most attractive and interesting of any seen at the affair, and she was awarded first prize. Several pieces of the dress were carried away by ardent admirers of the young woman, and she enjoyed a brief reign of popularity, but in the end she paid dearly for her whim, because her lover, hearing of the escapade, broke off the engagement, and she had a hard time convincing other young men that she would not treat their letters in a similar way if they should condescend to write to her.

The conduct of this girl, however, was not as bad as that of another young woman in Maine, who permitted her devotion to charity to invade the privacy of her letter chest. She was somewhat mature in the matter of years and in consequence had figured in several love affairs. Therefore she found herself in possession of a large number of letters the contents of which were more or less mellow. This young woman was asked to lend her assistance in the raising of funds for the benefit of a certain church. The bright idea struck her of exhibiting the precious missives to all who were willing

to pay to look at them. The price of reading them from beginning to end was fixed at \$1, and a few young men and 300 or 400 young women availed themselves of the privilege. Thus the church profited handsomely, but the young woman suffered for her untempered enthusiasm. From that day forward she was left alone by every young man in her set, and even those who had laughed at the prank when it was sprung on them decried the foolish freak after they had thought it over.

But a Liverpool merchant made better use of his love letters and, by exhibiting them in his shop window, did himself an exceptionally good turn. This English tradesman married after a brief but ardent courtship, and found in a short time that his charmer was harder to get along with as a wife than as a sweetheart. Soon after the ceremony was performed he indulged in a violent quarrel with his wife and a fortnight later was provoked into assaulting her. There was but one culmination to this turn of affairs. The young wife began proceedings against her husband.

On receipt of the usual summons the enraged benedict pasted it in his shop window for the edification of passersby. In a long line above it and under the heading "Before Marriage" he also exhibited half a dozen amatory epistles, couched in the most endearing terms, which his wife had addressed to him during their courtship period. Over the legal summons the tradesman wrote the word "After," so as to point out the moral of the story. This seemed to appeal to the wife with particular strength, and she offered to immediately withdraw the proceedings if her husband would withdraw the love letters from his shop window. An agreement was reached, and in this way their little domestic differences were patched up.

In the matter of originality in dealing with letters marking the period of courtship and ardent love, a Chicago girl went even farther. Her scheme was not a violation of confidence, either, for she hid her love letters away where even the most burglarious burglar would not think of looking for them. Whether it was because of the warmth of the expressions they contained it is not possible to say, but this girl after her marriage had all the love letters addressed to her by her husband sewed into a handsome counterpane for her bed. They were not visible to the naked eye for the reason that they were hid as a kind of center layer in the counterpane, the beautiful exterior of which is quite in keeping with its precious lining. The young wife already had made known her wish that this coverlet when she dies may form her only funeral shroud.

An affectionate English husband was much shocked at the use he found his better half making of the love letters he had labored over in years gone

by. Going home one evening, he found her busily engaged in the interesting work of jam making, and jars that already had been filled she had tied down



TUOLUMNE RIVER DAM ABOVE LA GRANGE.

with covers formed of his tender epistles to her. He could not refrain from gently remonstrating, but when she assured him that the covers would make the jam all the nicer he had nothing more to say.

A VEGETABLE RESTAURANT.

ONE of the signs of the times is the introduction of restaurants where only vegetable food is served. From the New York *Tribune* we extract the following, which will be of interest to a large and continually growing number of people.

The roast looks all right—a rich, brown, oblong, smothered in gravy and decked with a sprig of parsley. It looks like a slice of some kind of a "loaf"—beef loaf or mutton loaf. But when one tastes it he becomes aware of curious haunting flavors of things dimly remembered of the palate, as if eaten in some past existence. First, he thinks of Christmas turkey; then speedily becomes aware that it is only because of sage or herbs of some kind in the sauce. Underneath and behind and beyond the herbs there is an all-pervading flavor of nuts, but what nuts the explorer cannot specify. Is it peanuts? Is it almonds? Is it filberts? Is it English walnuts? He tastes slowly, with an absorbed expression upon his face. He is trying to make out the puzzle.

The place where this is served is down in a basement, just off Fifth Avenue, in an uptown section. There is a green paper on the wall, and in the center of each table, around which sit vegetarians, is a bunch of gladioli. But although there are flowers upon the table, there is no pepperbox. The catsup bottle is likewise absent, and the Worcestershire sauce and the mustard. Not all vegetable products are served in the vegetarian restaurant. Tea or coffee one can no more order than beer or wine, for they are equally poisonous in the creed of the cult. One can have his butter "straight," however, if he prefers it to nut butter, and milk and eggs are forthcoming to order. Hygiene comes before fanaticism at this vegetarian restaurant.

The soups and vegetables and poached eggs gaze up from the menu, soberly orthodox. The salads wander into fruity vagaries; orange and loveapple, for instance, with tarragon sauce, apple and pineapple, with cream dressing. An imposing array of pies and puddings if found under the head of "desserts." But no "crust" profanes their composition. They are built on flakes—just flakes—in place of crust. But the custard or apples or huckleberry are as natural as life, and there is a delicious sense of safety in consuming the beloved national dish without fear or dread of a riotous, lard-filled crust. Lard is anathema at the vegetarian restaurant.

As for the meat orders, they are all nuts. They appear to be nuts mashed together, sliced, and roasted or fried, or otherwise subjected to a beating process. Nuts pervade the menu card. One drinks malted nuts and eats nut sandwiches. One's roast is covered with gravy, and with it is brought a large, fat, hot, baked potato.

Two special nut mixtures seem to be the foundation materials of many dishes. They come in cans, already prepared, and resembling pressed chicken, or those various potted and devilled things which come without any bones or lumps and are supposed to be sliced off. The slices serve as a roast or a broil with mushrooms a la creme, or with chutney sauce or jelly. They serve as the foundation of soups, or they masquerade as croquettes. They build up a ragout, or they cunningly take on the guise of boiled dinner.

There are many kinds of other curious eatables, all warranted to produce health and wealth; flakes and powders and butters, toasted corn, and hullless beans, malt honey and even "food candy," warranted not only to make one think he is eating candy, but to help digest his dinner as well. There is bread already digested—children warranted to cry for it. The roots render teeth superfluous, and the bread, going a step further, declares the stomach an impertinence. What need of a stomach when this bread is all ready for immediate conversion into energy; into an article of the esoterics of the Rubaiyat, for instance, or a new patent screwdriver, or something like that? However, when the last morsel of the health food pie is finished, and the explorer sallies forth into the world of lard and beefsteak once more, he is conscious that his dinner has been "werry fillin'." And, although some of the flavors were a little weird, now that the things are all down, they seem to fit nicely. But all the time there is a little streak of sub-conscious cerebration going on in the back of his head, which keeps repeating persistently. "Now, was it a peanut flavor, or was it an almond; was it a pecan or was it an English walnut? What flavor was that roast, anyway?"

There can be no question that the food idea has been the subject of cranks to a very considerable extent, and it is equally true that there is a great deal in the new idea about the proper food for civilized human beings to eat. The Nookman has no doubt but that if less meat were eaten and more cleanly food, the general health of the people would be better, and if there is anything in the theory that what we eat makes us what we are then people would be better Christians if they lived nearer to nature, avoiding the animal side altogether.

* * *

SINGULAR SIGNS FOR TRAVELERS.

ON the banks of a rivulet near Strabane is a stone with this singular inscription, which was no doubt intended for the information of strangers traveling by the road: "Take notice that when this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." This recalls the famous finger post which is said to have been erected by order of a surveyor of roads in Kent. "This is a bridle path to Faversham. If you can't read this you had better keep the main road."

DAINTY WOMEN OF JAPAN.

THE almond-eyed, dainty little female of Japan is easily satisfied in the matter of food. She begins the day by eating when she wakes a couple of little green plums pickled in vinegar and rolled in sugar. This traditional breakfast of Japan is completed by a cup of tea. The dinner, which is brought on a red lacquer tray, is the drollest affair. The viands are in tiny cups with covers and among them are such dainties as a hashed sparrow, a stuffed prawn, a salt sweetmeat, seaweed with sauce and a sugared chili. After these dishes, which are mere "frills," the substantial part of the meal is begun. A wooden bowl, bound with copper, is brought in, filled to the brim with rice plainly boiled in water. From this the flower of Japan fills her bowl—a capacious one—and, having mixed it with a black sauce flavored with fish, she then lifts it to her mouth and crams it down with the aid of her chopsticks. Thus ends her dinner.

* * *

WOMEN ARE EXCLUDED.

THERE is only one territory of any size, and never has been but one, occupied by any considerable population, from which woman is absolutely excluded. The place has existed for centuries. As far back as history reaches, to all females it has been forbidden ground.

This bachelors' Arcadia is situated on a bold plateau between the old peninsula of Acte, in the Grecian Archipelago, and the mainland. Here, in the midst of cultivated fields and extensive woodlands, dwells a monastic confederation of Greek Christians, numbering more than 7,000 souls, and not one of the monasteries dates from a later time than the twelfth century.

A few soldiers guard the borders of this anti-female land, and no woman is allowed to cross the frontier. Nor is this all. The rule extended to every female creature, and from time immemorial no cow, mare, hen, duck or goose has been permitted to make acquaintance with this territory.

* * *

CHARGING WOMEN LESS THAN MEN.

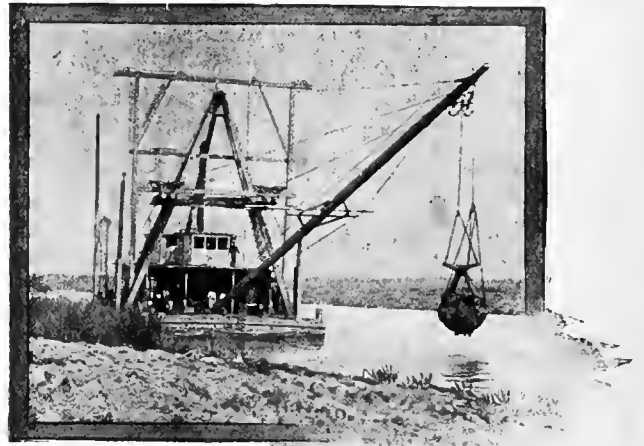
At the old-fashioned inns and restaurants in Sweden it is customary to charge less for women than for men on the theory that they do not eat so much. At some hotels in Sweden a man and a wife are charged as one and one-half persons if they occupy the same room. A husband and wife may travel as one and one-half persons by railway, and also by the post routes, furnishing their own carriage.

* * *

FOLLY is joy to him that is destitute of wisdom: but a man of understanding walketh uprightly.—*Solomon*.

ARE YOU GETTING YOUR THREE BUSHELS?

THERE are now at least three apple trees in this great, glorious and well-fed land to every man, woman and child of the population. What does this mean? Simply this: Since every apple tree worth mentioning in the census ought to produce at least a bushel of apples, we have an annual average of three bushels of apples fairly due every American citizen, of whatever age, sex or previous condition. If any reader of these lines has not had his three bushels, not only for himself, but for every member of his family,



RECLAIMING LAND.

in the last year, he has not received what is rightly "coming to him." Some one else must have got some of his share.—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

* * *

LORD SALISBURY.

LORD SALISBURY'S fondness for animals is well known but it is perhaps not general knowledge that he has a favorite cat. It is a cross between a Persian tabby and a chinchilla gray, and has the name of Floss. It is sleek and well-bred, with fur as soft as down—just the sort of cat one would expect to find in the aristocratic atmosphere of Hatfield House. She is allowed the free run of the place, and, when she sees her master, displays all the signs of feline emotion which pleased and happy cats are wont to manifest. Then Lord Salisbury talks to her, and those who have been frequent spectators of the scene declare that the cat replies in its best language—a series of murmurs and soft purrs. As soon as Lord Salisbury sits down the cat takes possession of his knee, and there the ex-Premier will allow it to remain, stroking and talking to it. At home it is his most constant companion.—*Boston Journal*.

NO FLIES.

THERE are no flies in the soups served in Chicago dining rooms above the sixth floors of hotels and office buildings. Not only this, but the common house fly cannot stand the rarefied atmosphere of these buildings above the twelfth and thirteenth floors.

Albert Green, chief of the stage hands at the Masonic temple roof garden, has been making some studies of the Chicago fly along original lines, and this inability of the fly to attend roof garden performances has struck him as being not only a noteworthy eccentricity, but one of the insect's chief virtues. Mr. Green's laboratory is just under the roof of the temple, and in order to have flies attend the performances at all he has had to go to the lower floors to collect them. Not one fly has seemed to enjoy the performances, and within a few hours the palest and heartiest of the insects has given up the fly ghost without a struggle.

Mr. Green's findings have been borne out in downtown office buildings generally. At the Young Men's Christian Association restaurant on the seventh floor of the association building there is not a single screen on the wide windows, and yet a fly in the restaurant long has been regarded as a curiosity.

"We have tried to keep an odd fly here on several occasions," said the manager, "but even the brightest of them never have seemed to enjoy themselves. At the first opportunity they have disappeared, probably going out of the windows to less trying atmospheres. Really, flies are so seldom seen here that the presence of one will attract attention on all sides."

"There's not been a fly in my office in five years," says Dr. G. Frank Lydston, from the eighth floor of the Chicago Opera House block. "There may have been a few on me in that time, but not during office hours."

In one of the big chemical and medical laboratories on the fourteenth floor of a downtown building no one connected with the establishment remembers ever to have seen a fly on that floor, though necessarily there have been substances there for test and analysis that ordinarily would have attracted flies.

All of which carries with it the settled fact that while the mosquito may still bite where it listeth, the skyscraper has limited the zone of the fly and provided surcease for the bald headed man who can afford an after dinner nap. Hereafter the hotel clerk who prepares to send a guest up just under the roof may have an argument to bring to bear on the usual protest, and for matinée performances the vaudeville roof garden has an irresistible attraction for baldheads.

Considering the fly, this discovery of Mr. Green's is not unlikely to overturn the business of renting suites of rooms in skyscrapers. It is not too much to anticipate the time when every tenant of a building above the

sixth floor will be bald, his height above this limit depending upon the degree to which he is lacking hair. For, according to the figures of Meigen, a German zoölogist, one single female fly, laying eighty eggs on April 1, and these in turn hatching forty females, which in turn would lay their eighty eggs apiece, would mean the production of 8,000,000,000,000 flies before the last of October.

The common house fly belongs to the order diptera, and his family name is *Musca domestica*. He has been called all kinds of names, however, especially by drowsy people on a warm day, and as a result he has become wholly indifferent to anything that he may have said to him. Nature was kind to him in fixing him out for filibustering. He loses no time at all, virtually. He is hatched from an egg into the state of a legless grub, changing almost immediately into the pupæ state and from that condition emerging at once as a pallid, overgrown fly, with wings wrinkled and an unusually swelled head. In two hours he has shrunk to fly size, has taken on the somber dress of the little pest, and is ready to fall into soup or waken baby or try to keep grandpa from getting lonesome.

These eggs of the common fly are hatched in dirt heaps, in manure, or in almost any kind of waste matter. The fly doesn't grow, being bigger at two hours old than he is at two weeks old. His chief points of interest are the round, reddish globules that are made up from his wonderful hexagonal eyes, clustered together; the three jewel-like spots set in triangular form between these two greater eyes and which serve as individual eyes of simpler pattern; the proboscis with which he investigates all things, and lastly the six legs, well jointed, having at the feet ends a pair of claws and, between, a hairy pad which once was supposed to be the suction pad that enabled the creature to attach itself to the ceiling or to walk up an upright pane of glass.

Now, however, it is pretty well established that the fly walks upside down through using in liberal quantities a gummy secretion which causes its feet to adhere to any surface. It is this secretion that is supposed to make the fly the especial agent for the distribution of diseases. Tracking over contagious matter or even taking the bacilli of tuberculosis into its stomach, the fly becomes a menace to man.

Experiments have been made with harmless cultures to prove the menace of the common fly. Burgess in Dublin let flies come in momentary contact with a culture of bacillus prodigiosus, afterward leaving them to fly about the room for several hours. Then, causing the insects to walk over slices of sterile potatoes, he put these pieces into incubators and reproduced the original culture.

Dr. Joseph McFarland, professor of pathology and bacteriology in the Medico-Chirurgical college in Phila-

delphia, says that the house fly is one of the most culpable of the insects distributing diseases among men. As an agency for tuberculosis he regards it as especially ugly, and he points to cases where it has been the means of carrying blood parasites from one wound to another. He says that the tsetse fly of south Africa is dangerous to imported animals only because it has been feeding upon the blood of wild animals that has a taint; that after a few days in confinement the bite of the fly causes little discomfort to animals, the reason being that the poisonous germs in the fly's stomach have been digested. That the ordinary fly is a spreader of disease, too, he shows in the statement that the fly frequently becomes the victim of epidemics that kill men and die from the same diseases that they spread.

Among the small pests that trouble man in his sleeping and waking hours, perhaps only the flea is harder to destroy than the house fly. He may have been for three hours drowned, but take him out of the water and put him in a strip of warm sunshine and the chances are 3 to 2 that he will get up and buzz away as if nothing had happened.

Dr. J. B. Smith, of Rutgers college, has made some interesting experiments upon the creature. Decapitating a fly he found that the headless body lived for sixteen hours, in all this time being sensitive to a slight prick of a needle, and moving forward away from it in a straight line. It could be stirred into flight, going blindly, but with seemingly undiminished power. At no time did the body show signs of pain or distress. Cutting the abdomen away from the insect, the thorax, with the wings and head, retained life for sixteen hours, flying and crawling about as if nothing had happened. The insect, however, refused all food. With head and abdomen both cut away, the thorax of the fly showed life for six hours. Finally the doctor discovered that the vital part of the fly is in the pro-thorax just above the forelegs, and that to cut or pierce the ganglion there is to kill the insect instantly.

As a sanitary agent, the common house fly is worthless. His cousin, the blue bottle, however, is regarded as one of nature's greatest scavengers. The ravages that the mites, hatching from the eggs of the blue bottle, accomplish in the carcasses of dead animals are almost incredible. The jackal, the hyena, nor the vulture can do more. These flies work great damage, however, among wounded domestic animals in certain sections, especially on the great sheep ranges in wet seasons. Also their ravages in the meat houses of the rural districts could not be covered for many thousands of dollars annually.

"As to flies, though," says the conductor of a dining car running out of Chicago these warm evenings, "what about the diner fly? There's nothing fier. He leads a strenuous life if anything in the fly line does. We go out of here every evening in the week at forty

miles an hour. Our run is about ninety miles, and I believe that along the line we have flies that know us and ride back and forth as suits them.

"With a window up and train going forty miles an hour, you know a fly has to keep all of his 3,000 eyes open. If he gets an inch too near the open window the suction takes him out into the dust and swirling atmosphere that follow the train and he is a mile behind in a second. Well, we've got flies in this train that couldn't be driven out of a window with a crowbar."

* * *

FRUITS ALL THE YEAR.

THE following shows when the fruits of Southern California are in season:

Oranges,.....	All the year.
Lemons,.....	All the year.
Limes,.....	All the year.
Figs,.....	July to Christmas.
Almonds,.....	October.
Apples,.....	July to November.
Pears,.....	July to November.
Grapes,.....	July to December.
Peaches,.....	June to Christmas.
Apricots,.....	June to September.
Plums and Prunes,.....	June to September.
Japanese Persimmons,....	November and December.
Guavas,.....	Nearly all the year.
Loquats,.....	April to August.
Strawberries,.....	Nearly all the year.
Raspberries,.....	June to January.
Blackberries,.....	June to September.
Currants,.....	May and June.
Watermelons,.....	July to December.
Mulberries,.....	July to December.
Nectarines,.....	August.
Olives,.....	December and January.
Pomegranates,.....	September and January.
Quinces,.....	October to December.

* * *

AND MAYBE NOT.

THE transformation of the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius into a meek dispatch boat records another abandonment of devices whose inventors expected them to revolutionize modern warfare. It begins to look as if the limit in destructive nautical mechanism had been reached.—*Washington Star*.

* * *

SWEDEN HAS LOWEST DEATH RATE.

SWEDEN'S last census records the lowest death rate yet attained by a civilized nation. During the last ten years it only averaged 16.49 per 1,000.

TO CALIFORNIA WITH THE NOOKMAN.

MISS KRAER.

BY GEORGE L. M'DONAUGH.

It seems to the writer but a dream that during less than sixteen days he and the Nookman left Chicago and spent over nine days visiting various points along the line of the Southern Pacific Railway. When we boarded the Union Pacific train in Chicago at ten o'clock Thursday, August 28, a look of doubt came over the face of the Nookman when I told him we would be in Sacramento on Sunday. Yet this was an actual fact. Additionally we might have made a side trip to Salt Lake City and return. My wife and myself made this trip recently.

Having arrived at Sacramento we spent the following three days visiting points in the San Joaquin Valley. On Thursday morning, while passing through Tropic, the Nookman's attention was called to M. M. Eshelman's strawberry patch, where he was invited to partake on the following Sunday afternoon.

On our arrival at the Southern Pacific River station, in Los Angeles, he was met by Bro. J. W. Cline and taken to his beautiful Southern California residence, only a few blocks away, for breakfast. In the forenoon he was taken to Pasadena for the Nookers' reception, and in the afternoon to Mt. Lowe, while in the evening there was another reception at J. F. Kuns' residence, where a number of the Nookers convened. On Friday over the Southern Pacific we came to Covina, Glendora and Lordsburg, where the Nookers held three more receptions. There were numerous side visits to orchards and vineyards. On Sunday he addressed a large audience in the Los Angeles church, in the afternoon went to Tropic to eat strawberries and cream, and in the evening addressed a full house at Channing Street Mission.

The above will give you a little idea of how the time was put in until Monday morning when we started back along the coast line where the train runs mile after mile along the coast from Los Angeles to San Francisco, often so close that the waves lapped the ties.

In San Francisco the Nookman made a plunge boldly into Chinatown after material for the INGLENOOK, and then in the evening we started on our long return trip over the Southern Pacific, traveling in day time over what we previously traveled at night. Think of it! Leaving Chicago Thursday, August 28, at ten o'clock in the morning we traveled over six thousand miles, visited many places, and returned to Chicago over the Union Pacific, arriving Saturday, September 13, having been away less than ten days, and not missing a meal or a night's sleep during the entire trip.

MISS KRAER is an Eskimo lady and in an article in the *Chicago Tribune* she is described as follows:

Miss Kraer, who is just forty-six inches tall, but who, remembering the not distant time when she measured a scant forty inches, weighed one hundred and thirty-six pounds, and was, in all stern reality, "broader than she was long," describes herself as "tall and slender," says that her conception of truly ideal weather has changed greatly since she came to America. The thought of torrid, tropic seasons was once most delightful to her chilled senses and imagination; now—

"I'd give the world, sometimes, to be cool," is what she says.

"We are quiet and still in my country," she says further, "not excitable as you Americans are; so even when some one we love slips out of this present existence we do not yield to passionate grief. We feel that it is all quite natural. If the dead man has led a good life we believe that he has gone to some place where he is always warm and comfortable; if, on the other hand, he has not done well, we feel that for him awaits a future location far colder than eastern Greenland—which is saying a great deal. It would be of small use, I fear, for an orthodox Christian missionary to labor among my people, unless he were ready to revise his teaching in regard to the place of future punishment. All the eastern Greenlanders otherwise would pine to go to the 'bad place.' To be roasting, burning, sizzling hot forever and ever is all that one of my people desires."

Well formed and even dainty in most respects, Miss Kraer proves her indubitably Eskimo origin, despite her America whitened complexion and soft hair, which, falling out after a severe attack of typhoid fever, came in brown, fine, and wavy instead of straight, coarse, and black; by means of her rounded, diminutive arms. These cannot be extended straight from the shoulder, as can the arms of most people. Greenland women, chilled into perpetual drowsiness and inaction, sit so much and so often with folded arms, constricted chest, and drooping head that the babies are born with the peculiar curve and tightness of the inner arm muscles which bears witness to centuries of this habitual and national position. The tiny feet of this diminutive Chicago Eskimo woman also most eloquently attest at least instinctive familiarity with the long held racial habit of "toeing in." Women should have an easy time in eastern Greenland, for according to Miss Kraer neither the divorce habit nor the servant girl problem has as yet penetrated thither, and the cares of unassisted housekeeping are exceedingly light.

"We have no regular times or seasons for anything, naturally, in a land where timepieces are not and where no regular alteration of day and night helps to keep track of time," says Miss Kraer. "Everybody eats when he is hungry, lies down—day garments and all—when the need of sleep is felt. No regular meals are ever served in my country and no cooked food is eaten. Meat, fish, and blubber, all frozen, comprise the national diet. The house mother sees that this food is cut up ready for consuming, that the walls, floors, and occasional bed benches of the snowhouses are covered with furs, and that the ice stools that serve in place of chairs are similarly looked after. She also takes care of the little ones—who are quiet, still, and apathetic, and need comparatively little care. Between times she sews on her own and her children's garments, which are of furs, simple in pattern, wear long, and never go out of fashion, and sits with folded arms. There are no amusements; there is nothing else to do. Do I make my own garments? No, seldom. I do not like to sew; I prefer to amuse myself, when not at my regular work of lecturing, in other manners. Do I sit with folded arms. Why, yes, of course, naturally. Would I go back to Greenland to live if the alternative was offered me? No, I could never do that. I think, after trying life in America, even if the matter of existence is simple and easy over there."

There is no marital unhappiness in "my country," again according to Miss Kraer. The man who risks his life to gain his wife is apt to take good care of her afterward, even though no laws or vows bind or compel him to do this.

"There is no marriage ceremony among us," says Miss Kraer, "but desertion is unknown. When a man sees a girl he likes he pays her frequent visits—only he must be careful to have some good excuse for visiting the family each time, and must never go avowedly to see the object of his affections—and between them they arrive at an understanding. Then the serious problem of the affair begins to show itself. The lover must get his lady love from her snow house to some other without being caught if he wishes to live with her. If he is caught he is killed instantly by her father, or her mother if the father is dead or absent. The theory, I suppose, is to the effect that if he cannot manage to do this he would not be clever enough to take care of the girl afterward. And if he is killed while endeavoring to secure her, the cold blooded young charmer rarely does any fretting. He was not good enough to have her, she decides, and that is all. Most girls, however, marry young, and make happy wives and mothers. In my own country, I suppose I should have married many years ago."

"Why do you not marry here, Miss Kraer?"

"Thank you, no," with a merry twinkle of the strange dark eyes. "I have quite enough to do with taking care of myself."

"But why not select a husband who would take care of you?"

"That," said Miss Kraer, with a repetition of the twinkle, "seems to be a pretty uncertain business in this part of the world."

Life, as the tiny Eskimo woman finds it in America and Chicago, is pleasant. All winter she lectures on Greenland, Iceland, and kindred topics, being especially popular with women and children. All summer she rests, amuses herself, and—endeavors to keep cool. The strenuous eagerness and ambitious energy of the American woman she can neither comprehend nor believe necessary. A little reading, a little writing, less fancy work, a little outdoor exercise, and much slow swaying with folded arms, in the lowered rocking chair which represents a highly enjoyed concession to American ways and habits, fill up her nonlecturing days, which are usually passed on the west side of the city. Her health is fairly good, but must be considered continually. The Eskimo habit of eating at long intervals remains with her, although she has lived in this country many years, and now eats almost anything set before her. But in extremely hot weather and when performing serious intellectual work she cannot eat at all. A little warm milk, taken daily, will often support her for weeks at a time. Breakfast she never partakes of, and her digestive organs, according to skilled physicians, are so small and so crowded that her natural two meals a day habit is far best.

* * *

A LUCKY HIT.

An almanac was established by Isaiah Thomas in Worcester, Mass., which gained and established an extraordinary repute in 1780 from the happy accident that, as it was being set up, one of the boys asked what should be placed against the 13th of July. Mr. Thomas, in careless haste, answered: "Anything! Anything!" The lad, literally obedient, set up "Rain, hail and snow." The diligent readers were surprised, but when the day came the prediction was fulfilled—it really did rain, hail and snow on the 13th of that July, and the fortune of the almanac was made.

* * *

THE infamous sport of shooting at tame pigeons, let loose that men, who do not deserve the name of sportsmen, may amuse themselves by firing at them, should be put down, not only by legal enactment but by public opinion. Nothing is more degrading to character than the inexcusable cruelty of such misnamed sport.

NATURE



STUDY.

GEYSER USED AS A CLOCK.

ONE of the most curious clocks in the world is perhaps that which tells the time to the inhabitants of a little western backwood town, and which was constructed some time ago. The machinery, which is nothing but a face, hands and lever, is connected with a geyser, which shoots out an immense column of hot water every thirty-eight seconds. This spouting never varies to the tenth of a second. Every time the water spouts up it strikes the lever and moves the hands forward thirty-eight seconds.

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A STRANGE ANIMAL.

THE okapi, the strange animal, a short time ago discovered in central Africa by Sir Harry Johnstone, is now thought to have been known to the ancient Egyptians. The old monuments show a so-called "animal of set," a desert quadruped variously supposed to have been a fox, a muskrat, a dog, a camel and even a fabulous animal. A study of the animal convinces Professor Wiedeman that this creature was the okapi, which early hunters exterminated in Egypt.

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MILES OF CRYSTALLIZED SALT.

IN the middle of the Colorado desert, a little to the north of the Mexican border and 264 feet below the level of the sea, lies a field of crystallized salt more than 1,000 acres in extent, presenting a surface as white as snow, and beneath the noonday glare of the sun so dazzling that the naked eye cannot stand its radiance. It stretches away for miles and miles about Salton, Colorado, an ocean of blazing, blistering white.

* * *

IT MAKES THEM SNEEZE.

AMONG its many curious products south Africa includes the "sneezewood" tree, which takes its name from the fact that one cannot cut it with a saw without sneezing, as the fine dust has exactly the effect of snuff. Even in planing the wood it will sometimes cause sneezing. No insect, worm or barnacle will touch it; it is very bitter to the taste, and when placed in water it will sink. The color is light brown and the grain very close and hard. For dock work, piers or jetties it is a useful timber, lasting a long while under water.

PLAGUE OF RATS AT LISBON.

LISBON, the Portuguese capital, has been attacked by a rat plague, and all means to check the pest have proven futile. The municipal doctors think they have found a way out of the difficulty. They have inoculated some rats with an infectious virus, harmless to man, and have let them loose. Many rats are now feeling the effects of the virus, and it is expected that the city will soon be rid of the plague.

* * *

WHILE a raisin is nothing but a dried grape, pure and simple, a prune is processed. It is something after this order. Briefly it is about as follows: the fruit is dipped in boiling lye for a moment, then rinsed off and spread on trays to dry. Some growers do not rinse them at all. They are then sweated to equalize the moisture in them, and before packing are dipped in a solution containing water, glycerine and glucose, and then dried off.

* * *

THE alligator never leaves fresh water, while the crocodile often goes to sea and in the West Indies has sometimes been found many miles from land, heading directly for an island, possibly out of sight.

* * *

THE wasp, like the bee and almost every other insect, is infested with parasites. Wasps have been captured which had two or three dozen parasites clinging to their bodies.

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MUD wasps manifest great ingenuity not only in building their nests, but in placing them in localities where they will not be injured by rain or predacious animals.

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THE gray buzzard is said to be the heaviest bird that flies, the young males when food is plentiful weighing nearly forty pounds. The bird is nearly extinct.

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THE culture of the orange in California dates back one hundred and thirty years. The Spanish missionaries from Mexico planted the first orange trees.

* * *

THE great bulk of chalk is composed of eight different species of tiny shells, but nearly three hundred kinds have been found in it.

* * *

IN many parts of South America the natives catch and kill butterflies for entomologists by means of the blow pipe.

AUTHORITY ON GOATS.

MODERN skill, necessity and ingenuity have made it possible to utilize every portion of the hog except its grunt and squeal, and it is asserted you can sell every part of a goat except its scent. The latter statement is made by Mr. John Collins, who manages an extensive goat farm in Arizona. The number of goats on his farm he could not for the life of him tell, he says. There may be 10,000, 20,000 or 30,000—he had no idea how many. He is considered an authority upon the uses and abuses of the goat. On his farm there is nothing but sage brush and cactus for the goats to live on, yet no man, he claims, ever saw a dead goat, unless he (the goat) came to a violent end. They will live and thrive where nearly every other living thing would starve to death.

He started with 150 common goats, deriving the profit from the sale of the hides. After a time these were crossed with Angora goats, and after two years the cross disappears and a perfect Angora goat remains. The long hair of this goat is made into plush for furniture, sleeping cars and similar uses. The hair next to the skin can be made into valuable shawls. The meat of the kids is delightful when fresh, and is canned and sent to Cuba, the Philippines, China and other foreign countries as canned lamb. One tablespoonful of the milk of it is equal to three tablespoonfuls of the purest cream. One great virtue of the milk is that it is a deadly foe to tubercula, and consumptives by drinking it are often cured of the disease. In fine, no other dumb animal has more valuable qualities than the goat. No stables are required in which to house him. He takes care of himself, looks out for his own shelter if he needs any, and is altogether an independent, profitable, happy-go-lucky kind of an animal.—*Wool Markets and Sheep.*

* * *

THE USEFUL COCOANUT TREE.

FROM the trunk of the cocoanut palm oil barrels, tubs and water pipes are easily produced, and the roots give a red dye. The fibers make ropes, mats, and even paper. The kernel of the nut is the main food of several million of human beings, whose most nourishing drink is the milk. Cooked and evaporated, the kernel becomes the commercial cocoanut of the confectioner. Pressed, it yields cocoanut oil—one of the most important of commercial oils—used in cookery, for soapmaking, and for candles. Cocoanut oil soap will produce a lather even in salt water. Wax and resin are yielded by the same tree, and by tapping the central bud of a growing palm a delicate wine is obtained. Even the shell of the nut is not without its uses. It is

employed everywhere in the tropics for cups and dippers.

* * *

SHOWERS OF FISH.

BY M. P. LICHTY.

A RECENT number of the *Jamestown Alert* (N. Dak.) contained the following item:

"R. E. Wallace and son took five barrels of different kinds of fish from the water holes along side the road near the Muntz schoolhouse last week and put the young fish in Spiritwood lake. Several of the varieties were sent to the fish commissioner at Washington. It is supposed that the young fish rained down, as no other means of propagation are known to have been used. There are said to have been millions of the fish left in the little slough. While the superintendent, in charge of the fish car, was here last year he stated that there was no doubt that young fish, frogs and lizards were deposited in rainfall."

This is another instance on record verifying this theory of how the many land-locked lakes the wide world over became stocked with fish.

Zion, N. Dak.

* * *

MIGRATION OF BUTTERFLIES.

ONE of the most beautiful sights in the world is the annual migration of butterflies across the Isthmus of Panama. Toward the end of June a few scattered specimens are discovered flitting out to sea and as the days go by the number increases until about July 14 or 15 the sky is occasionally almost obscured by myriads of these frail insects.

* * *

SMALLEST OF CAMELS.

THE western part of Persia is inhabited by a species of camel which is the pigmy of its kind. These camels are snow white and are on that account almost worshiped by the people. The shah presented the municipality of Berlin with two of these little wonders. The larger is twenty-seven inches high and weighs sixty-one pounds. The other is four inches less but the weight is not given.

* * *

PALM TREES.

PAI MS of all kinds are grown chiefly for ornament, and as yet, while green dates form on the date palms, they seldom ripen for want of the proper heat. The city of Ventura is called the "Palm City" because its palms have attained a greater height than those grown elsewhere in the State. So far palms have not been put to any industrial purpose, that we have been able to hear of.

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A Weekly Magazine

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A dismal way is the downcast way,
Saving up shadows for a sunny day,
Nursing sorrow but to make it last,
Scowling at joy till it hurries past,
Living life as a nightmare dream,
Seeing gloom in the place of gleam—
Oh, poor soul!

Paying by choice such a bitter toll!

A happy way is the uplift way,
Looking for the sunlight every day,
Banishing sorrow with a spirit high,
Clinging to joy till it can't pass by,
Living life as real and sweet,
Seeing its beauty and grace complete—
Oh, rich soul!

Knowing the truth of God's control!

—Ripley D. Saunders.

* * *

THE WHY.

We frequently hear the remark that old folks are not fit to raise children, that they need a firmer hand than that of age. But there's another reason young people don't often grasp.

There lies the child asleep after a romp. Its hands are dirty, its face showing the mark of a tear, and tangled hair and stocking over shoe completes the picture.

And there sit the grandparents. The years have touched them. They have looked on death in their home. Trouble has come and gone. They know they will die soon themselves, and they know that the child will inherit all the cares and troubles left behind. They desire to be remembered kindly when they have passed, especially by their own. And so, when the time comes to check the child with a rough word or a blow they hesitate to do it. There will be trouble enough for tangled locks in the years to come. It is not because they are not "fit," but because they know too much of what is ahead of the child to want to add one tear or a single unpleasant memory.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS.

THE wisdom of the world ought to be worth something, in fact it ought to be worth everything. Often it is disregarded. Moreover, the man who knows should go ahead. And this is not always the case.

It is a very common practice for people who are engaged in the furtherance of any project to set aside all experience and all foreknowledge and experience of their predecessors and go bumping along on their own account, the business suffering, till they have learned by actual addition what anybody could have told them, that the multiplication table was true, and could be relied on. Such persons learn through the hard school of experience, and the business they represent pays the tuition, which is often a good-sized bill.

There is a much better way, and it consists in securing information from every available source, and profiting by the experience of all who may have any knowledge whatever of the thing required to be done. The eyes and ears of those who have gone before are worth something.

* * *

HABIT.

HABIT is an iron coat of armor that enables us to move freely in but one direction. The trouble about it, and the misery of it is that we put it on ourselves, forging it link by link, plate by plate. What is still worse we know we are doing it, but trust to some unseen and unheard of thing to prevent our paying the penalty.

The fact is that no man or woman ever lived who did a thing consecutively for a varying number of times who did not eventually acquire the knack of doing it automatically, and this is habit. It is almost as easy to form correct habits as evil ones. The secret of it, before reason steps in as an aid, is to begin doing the right thing till we do it as a matter of course. This is the outcome of training, the result of precept, and it can be begun none too early in life.

* * *

One of the peculiar features of our lives is that we are never satisfied with what is, but are continually striving after the impossible. On the other hand, were it not for this uneasiness the world would never have made the progress that has characterized it throughout the centuries. While discontent is for the time most unpleasant, it is the road through which all exploration for the better takes its way.

* * *

It's about time for the autumn poet to show up with the "I send you herewith" letter. Everybody has it at one time in his life, but few will own up to it.

MOVING PICTURES.

MANY Nookers have seen the moving pictures and have remarked their fidelity to nature. But for the real thing the outlook from the window of a through train beats all the machine-made pictures.

On a new road, or rather one on which the traveler has not before been, it constitutes half the charm of travel. The village, the fields, forests and streams flit by, and the happy homes commend themselves as more or less familiar to him who has left just such scenes behind, or who is going home to them.

It is said by some that nothing ever heard or seen passes completely out of our existence, and if this be true what an album a traveler's brain must be!

* * *

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

WE are 'all dreamers. If it were not so life would be cast along pretty hard lines for many of us, but we let our imagination loose and revel in the realms of romance and poetry. The pleasures of the imagination surpass those of fact, and there is no reason why we should not give free range to it within the limitations of fact. By these limitations we mean that the good Lord never intended us to do any of these things or he would have given us the means to carry them out. But this is no reason why our wings may not loosen at times and bear us from hill, dale, forest, and brake to the Elysian fields. It is like a strain of music to the weary.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

A GOOD Nooker, making a donation to the world-wide missions to the extent of five dollars, requests acknowledgment of the same in the INGLENOOK. Who can tell the good it may do?

* * *

FRIENDS do not grow on every bush, and those who have them should be careful not to lose them. There are times when friends are worth more than money, more than anything else on earth, and the man who has the most friends is generally the best equipped for life's battles. Another reason for preserving intact a friendship is that once broken it is never again quite the same thing. The vase that falls and breaks may be put together again, but it is never more than a cracked vase. True friendship, the loyalty that abides in absence and under all conditions, is rarer than we think.

* * *

STOP talking about it, and just lay hold and do it, keep everlastingly at it, work more than you talk, and the results will take care of themselves. People who will do this, especially keeping everlastingly at it will surely win the blue ribbon of success.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

A loving heart is like a garden of June roses.

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One doesn't have to be a musician to make a note.

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They please God best who obey without questioning.

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Unnecessary travel is a good deal of a fool's paradise.

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Revenge is never profitable, because it accomplishes no good.

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"She was led astray." Yes, and she furnished the rope first.

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People forget to notice the good in us but they never miss the bad.

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It is better to know a little well than to know so much nobody knows.

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A good woman is beyond price, a bad one beyond computation for evil.

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It is better to starve with the people of God than to surfeit in the tents of wickedness.

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One of the compensations of life in a flat is that you do not have to buy a lawnmower.

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Between a woman's knowing Greek and how to get a good dinner, the average man prefers the meal.

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The Nook suggests that you propose to her in person and ask the old man about it by telephone.

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Every time most people fail they will throw the blame on somebody else, which is very convenient.

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Do you know that all the real friends who would do anything for you can be counted on the fingers of one hand?

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When a man falls over a chair as he gets up in the night to go for a drink he always says things about his wife's carelessness.

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Some people think they could improve the world as the Creator made it, but it is also a good thing that they did not get the chance.

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If you would like to know more about the girl you want to marry look her up when she is slapping things around in the kitchen, or when her mother is doing it. Thereby will hang a tale.

IN THE DEPTHS.

THE *Christian Register* speaking of the fish that live deep in the sea says that the animals of the deep sea which live habitually in water just above the freezing point, in darkness that is profound, are among the most grotesque and singular of living beings. The fishes, so far as known, are of small size, but this does not prove that there are no large animals in the deep sea. The method of taking deep-sea forms precludes the capture of any except the small and very sluggish ones which lie in the deep ooze, but the time will come when a large dredge will be invented in which the monsters of the deep will be taken, as there are few naturalists who have given the subject any attention but believe that there is in the greater depths some gigantic animal which is occasionally seen by those who go down to the sea in ships. The many and oft-recurring stories of the sea serpent cannot all be visions, pictures of the fancy. Many of the supposed sea serpents are whales, lines of birds or patches of seaweed, but it is the consensus of opinion among conservative naturalists that there is some gigantic animal in the deep sea yet unknown to science, which occasionally comes to the surface, showing portions of its form, to the amazement of the marines who may chance to be in the vicinity.

As to the nature of these unknown animals, we have several suggestions. Some years ago a fisherman on the George's bank off the Maine coast, or in that vicinity, brought up a remarkable fish twenty feet in length, which was entirely new to him. Considering it a mere incumbrance it was thrown overboard; but the catch was reported and aroused great interest among naturalists, so much that a large sum was offered to the fishermen to fish it up again, which they tried to do without success. The fish was a veritable young sea serpent, and if such a fish attained a length of fifty feet it would well compare with the accounts of sea serpents which are reported so often. Since this occurrence several eel-like sharks have been taken—long, serpentine creatures that when large must be the sea serpents of the deep sea, and have convinced observers that the tales which have aroused the credulity of people are not without foundation, and that this mysterious realm conceals strange and gigantic forms which only rarely rise to the surface.

The eel-like sharks found are in some instances luminous, emitting a strange light over the entire surfaces—the light-givers of the deep sea. Another strange denizen of the deep is the so-called ribbon fish, several specimens of which the writer has seen on the shores of Santa Catalina island. This creature is one of the most beautiful of all fishes. It resembles a white or silver ribbon slashed with

black. A long fin extends its entire length and over the head forms a number of plumes of pompons of a vivid red that in long specimens might easily be taken for a mane waving to and fro. That this delicate ribbon fish attains a large size is generally believed, as large specimens have been captured.

Some years ago a fisherman was hauling a net on the coast of Scotland when it was found that some heavy weight was holding the net back. Additional help was obtained and a dozen men finally hauled in a monster fish which was estimated to weigh 800 pounds. It was a gigantic ribbon fish, thirty feet or more in length, so long and heavy that it required the efforts of half a dozen men to carry it along the deck. It was a veritable sea serpent, and extending from its head were tall deep red or scarlet plumelike fins, which form a sort of "mane," frequently described as being seen on the typical sea serpent. If these fishes attain a length of thirty feet there is no reason why they may not exceed this, and it is very possible that some of the "sea serpents" which have been observed at various times were gigantic ribbon fishes which came up from the deep sea and moved along with undulating motion at the surface.

During the past year a specimen of this deep sea wonder washed ashore at Newport Beach, Cal., where it was destroyed by a Mexican, ignorant of its value. The fish, which was twenty-five or thirty feet in length and estimated to weigh 500 pounds, was seen at first in the surf, presenting a remarkable appearance as its silvery folds rolled over and over and flashed in the sunlight. The finder waded into the surf and with much difficulty hauled the struggling ribbon fish out upon the sands. How deep the ribbon fish lives in the sea is unknown, but it is supposed to come up from the very great depths where almost profound darkness reigns.



A WEEK IN LONDON.

BY E. M. COBB.

A FEW short days in the world's great metropolis is not sufficient time to acquire a knowledge worth speaking of. Only a few centers can be reached, a few sights can be seen, and a few facts learned. Six million souls! And last week there were recorded 2,715 births and 1,817 deaths, and in Greater London 4,196 births and 2,575 deaths. What will the census be twenty years hence?

London has over six thousand miles of streets and is adding seventy or eighty miles each year. These avenues of transit are quite inadequate to the demand of the populace, so the city has provided railways overhead, omnibuses for surface carriage, electric subterranean trains at a depth of thir-

ty feet, and still another underground system, ninety feet below the surface, called the Two Penny Tube (Tupp'ny Tube) for the fare is 2d, (4 cents). To sit in some hotel window or upon some tower and watch omnibuses, cabs, cars, wagons, carts, drags, automobiles, bicycles, cabriolets, hackneys, etc., besides thousands of hurrying pedestrians, is something once seen is never to be forgotten.

Sixty-nine stations are required to accommodate the public who visit the city. Thousands and thousands of miles of wire carry the flashing electric communications among the busy people.

London is an old city. We are told that her age is greater than that of the Christian Era. That means that the earliest city had short, narrow streets, and as addition was made here and there at every point of the compass, it is evident that the streets must be very crooked. In many places avenues and streets meet at sharp angles as the spokes of a wheel meet at the hub. These are called circuses; as, Ludgate Circus, Regent Circus, Piccadilly Circus, Charing Cross, King's Cross, etc.

And costumes! You can see soldiers in a dozen different sorts of regimental dress, the policeman and the mail carrier each in his peculiar uniform, and the secret order dress of scores of different orders; religious distinctions, as the Salvation Army, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, etc. The nationalities, too, make themselves conspicuous in the way of dress, as the Turk, Egyptian, Chinese, Japanese, American, etc., on to an endless variety.

I dare not speak of the aspects of London religiously, morally, socially, educationally or politically. Allow me, however, to say that there are more Jews here than in Jerusalem, more Roman Catholics than in Rome, more Irish than in Dublin, and statistics say that five hundred and eighty-seven different languages are spoken. Here live the richest of the rich and the poorest of the poor. To-day, not far from Buckingham Palace, where resides His Majesty, King Edward VII, who sits upon the throne of a kingdom upon which the sun never sets, and who wears a royal diadem which bears diamonds valued at half a million, I saw a poor blind woman in tattered garments, holding a wrinkled and trembling hand for alms.

Some fifteen hundred churches fight their way among five times that number of saloons. Just now a great number of pastors have left their churches temporarily, for a vacation, but I did not see a single saloon closed. The devil takes no vacations.

London, England, Aug. 27, 1902.

* * *

A DANCER said once to Socrates, "You cannot stand on one foot as long as I can."

"True," replied the philosopher, "but a goose can."

STORY OF THE TYPEWRITER.

THE idea of a mechanical letter writer dates back to 1714, when Henry Mill was granted a patent by the English government. His machine, however, did not meet expectations for the reason that his theories were too far in advance of the mechanical skill of the time, and it was not until well along in the nineteenth century that any actual progress toward the perfection of the typewriter was made. In 1833, Xavier Progrin, a Frenchman, was granted a patent by his government for a machine which the inventor claimed would print "almost as rapidly as one could write with an ordinary pen." But the machine proved too slow and cumbersome to be of practical value. While many patents have been granted in Europe for writing machines the real history of the typewriter belongs to the United States. The first typewriter invented in this country was called the typographer. It was patented in 1829 by William Austin Burt, of Detroit, Mich.

This machine was a primitive affair and could be manipulated only slowly. No practical results were accomplished. In 1843 Charles Thurber, of Worcester, Mass., patented a machine which produced good results in every respect except speed. Although of its failure on this account it embodied many of the principles which have figured conspicuously in the evolution of the typewriter that has manifested itself so forcibly during the last ten or twenty years.

Another step in this evolution was the invention of A. Ely Beach of New York, who in 1847 and 1856 secured patents on a machine involving the system of type bearing levers arranged in a circle, swinging toward the printing at a common center. The inked ribbon and also the bell indicating the end of the line were features of this machine. In 1857 Dr. S. W. Francis, of Newport, R. I., patented a machine provided with a circle of type-bearing hammers attached to a key board. It was a large and cumbersome affair and only one was ever constructed under the patent. In 1868 additional impetus was given to the movement toward the perfection of writing machines by the invention of C. Latham Sholes, Samuel W. Soule, and Carlos Glidden, all of Milwaukee. Their machine was a decided improvement over its predecessors, and it was largely upon the model conceived by them that the present high grade and highly perfected machines were worked out.

* * *

HELL and destruction are before the Lord: how much more then the hearts of the children of men?—*Solomon.*

SELLING MEN AND WOMEN.

IN the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* is an interesting story of the old slave-selling days.

"Talking about the old St. Charles," said an old-timer, "it was one of the best known slave marts in the olden days. There were two stands erected, one for males and one for females, at each end of the bar. There the auction took place every Saturday. Sometimes there were only a few to be sold and sometimes there were a great many. Anyway, they brought fancy prices in those days, between 1857 and 1860. The importation of slaves had practically stopped then, and the prices were good. Besides, the war cloud had not come so close that men really believed there was going to be a gigantic struggle. Planters from all along the river, from Natchez and Vicksburg and all places between, used to congregate in New Orleans and come around for the purpose of buying a likely-looking woman.

"The men always brought the best prices, of course, because they could do the most work. Sometimes the price went as high as \$1,200 and sometimes it was as low as \$500. It all depended on whether the fellow who was selling had to sell or not. Things were then very much as they are now in that regard, and men were as apt as ever to take advantage of the misfortunes of their brethren. If the slave was a man and warranted in good health, the first bid was somewhere in the neighborhood of \$500—that is, if the owner did not have to sell him to pay his debts. That being the case the first bid was liable to be in the region of \$300. Then the contest started, and the auctioneer, after the manner of his kind, prated on the value of the man he was selling and what the productive capacity of the average man was when he got to the field and was in charge of a hoe or had the direction of the energies of a mule. The bidding would go up along until it reached \$1,000, and then there would be some hesitation until those who really liked the man for his general appearance could have time to adjust themselves to the situation. Finally some man would timidly bid \$1,200, and there would be a pause unless the slave on the block was an unusually good man.

"It was all cash in those days, and everybody had the money. To me, fresh from the bogs of Ireland, it was a revelation. I never saw so much money in my life and I have not seen such times since then, though I have seen men who had more money than any of the sugar planters of those days. In those times all of the people seemed to have money. If you did not have any yourself, all you had to do was to ask the next man for it, and you got it. The wealth was evenly distributed. I was

amazed, for I had come from a country which was poor then, and is poor even yet, and I had not been used to velvet and those things which go for luxury. I had run away from a ship down near the barracks, and I thought for a while I had landed in some place where they grew the money."

"Those good old times have gone, the princely sugar planters have gone, the selling of slaves has been abolished, the old hotel is but a memory and yet I sometimes find myself wishing for their return. They were the days when there was something else in life besides the mere getting of money, when there was little of selfishness and much of generosity, when riches counted for just what they would bring in the market and for the enjoyment and the pleasure they gave to others as well as to the possessor. But what is the use of regretting the decline, when we were talking about slave trading and slavery? The selling of slaves continued there every Saturday until the outbreak of the war. Of course, when the people saw the war was coming, the number of slaves to be sold fell off, for the reason there were few buyers, but the business was kept up until the call for troops was made, and then all the buyers were under arms and the business died of itself.

"I used to stand and watch the traffic in human beings when I was a boy. There was nothing of heartlessness, nothing of cruelty, nothing of meanness in it. These people had been reared to a system, and the system, if bad, was not of their originating. They used to take the newly bought slave, and the first thing they did was to feed him well and tell him where he was going. They were liberal and generous, those planters of the days before the war. They used to take care of their people and they educated the slaves and made them fit for something. The best evidence we have of this is that the generation which was freed by the bayonet was the best generation of negroes which we have seen. We have not their like now, and it will be a long time before we get the like of them. But the war stopped the sale of slaves and the auctioneer had nothing else to do, so he enlisted."

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DEATH TO INSECTS.

IF one ounce of quicksilver beaten up with the white of an egg to a stiff froth is applied with a feather to the cracks and corners of bedsteads, it will keep the woodwork entirely free from insects during the hottest weather. Before applying the quicksilver, the bedsteads must be washed with cold water and soap and then dried.

* * *

BETTER is little with the fear of the Lord that great treasure and trouble therewith.—*Solomon*.

HOW SOME GIRLS MANAGE.

FROM an exchange we clip the following about London girls:

The up-to-date young woman of London of the laboring class is in some respects more independent in character than her American sisters, for when she wants a good time and needs an escort, but has no sweetheart, she buys a young man for the day, with the money she has saved up for a month. The excitement in London usually consists, as in large American cities, of a trip to some popular resort, and when the shop girl of London gets hungry for the English equivalent of loop-the-loop and pop and peanuts she purchases her sweetheart for a trip and takes a day off. "This is quite a common occurrence among London girls," said the manager of a great wholesale clothing factory recently. "And the young men are actually bought. The young woman bears the whole of the expenses for both parties, and often thinks herself more than lucky if able to secure the companionship of a good-looking fellow for the day. I know this is done in nearly all large London houses of employment. A loverless girl, if fond of life and sight-seeing, feels mighty proud to sport a sweetheart on holiday occasions. Then there is always the chance of the borrowed beau falling in love during the outing, the damsel doing her best to please and inspire him. As you may imagine, many happy engagements accrue and lots of marriages take place in the long run. The girl who is bent upon purchasing a lover prefers to make advances toward some young fellow who works in a different factory or is not mixed up with her work companions. If he is quite unknown to her associates so much the better; she may, granted her conscience is of elastic character, induce them to believe him to be a bona-fide lover, and if she can secure his photograph it is exhibited with pride throughout the workroom.

What about the young men? They are of the free and easy class who betray no shame in helping to spend the girl's hard-earned money. There is no real harm in their motives, and as for the lack of modesty on the part of the woman, it never strikes either party as anything very forward, so used are they to independence and liberty of movement. Very soon they pick out the desirable young man. When he proves to be a jolly companion he is asked again and the girl's purse is given into his keeping for the day—a pardonable piece of deception, no woman wishing to proclaim the fact that she is standing treat. A disappointing partner poils himself on the trial trip; he may, indeed, be forsaken before the day's termination, his chances of an outing being slight in other quarters, a bad reputation soon becoming public property through-

out the length and breadth of the factories. A handsome man, who dresses well and can put on style, is always popular. In such a case the chief item of the holiday program is to be photographed, Adonis and his fair lady posing in loverlike attitude. The souvenir of the trip is carefully preserved by the girl, to be passed round triumphantly when work once more claims her. A young fellow of rather handsome appearance accompanied a girl four times a year, made love to her, and then actually borrowed a sovereign to buy the engagement ring. The girl gave him the money willingly enough, trusting to his promise to return it on pay day. Would you believe it? He spent the money and avoided her. When he did appear it was with a trifling ring worth about a couple of shillings which the aggravated girl threw in his face. Now, there are some girls who would not go holiday-making with a man, even were the latter an old acquaintance and willing to pay every penny toward the outing. But those who do purchase a lover for the very fun of the thing are almost always good girls.

* * *

THIS DOG REALLY TALKS.

BY EDITH M. BURKE.

ONE cold, blustering night, when a Kansas blizzard swept across the prairie, there came a plaintive wail at our door. And on opening the door, in bounded a little half-frozen, tawny pug dog, with the proverbial black stripe down his back and the double curl in his tail. And from the look on his black face you would never give him credit for any extra intelligence. But we fed and cared for him, expecting all the time that an owner would appear. One day, when he was extra hungry and impatient to be fed, he stood up in one corner on his hind feet and walked half way across the room in that position. We then knew that he had been trained, so we had him perform all of the tricks we had ever heard of, such as jumping through a hoop, playing dead, rolling over, etc.

It was a few weeks after this one day when hungry that he came in and made such a funny noise. It sounded as if he was trying to say, "some." We encouraged him and now he says "some" just as plain as you or I would say it. When there is something which he particularly fancies he will say "some, some, some!" emphasizing each "some" a little stronger.

Although Puggie's vocabulary is limited to one small word, it is wonderful how much use he makes of it.

Niles. Kans.

* * *

LAUGHTER is the sun which drives winter from the human face.—*Victor Hugo.*

SOMETHING ABOUT BUTTER.

A GOOD many of the Nook family are personally and financially interested in the butter business, while everybody is more or less concerned in the product without which no table is regarded as complete.

In the efforts of the dairy people to protect their interests legislation has been invoked which is almost prohibitory to the business of making an imitation. In the first place laws were passed taxing the product, that is, an imitation of butter, but the business survived it. The next blow, which is really the death of the business, is the act forbidding the sale of colored imitations. Nobody will buy butterine, or ole-

in 1901 there were 101,646,333 pounds of it manufactured, of which over forty millions were made in Illinois. A good many people imagine that oleomargarine is exported, but almost the entire product is used in this country.

The name oleomargarine has been changed to butterine. There are many different kinds of butterine, brands as they call them, which range in price from twelve and a fourth cents to eighteen and a fourth cents per pound. The most of it is made in a cleanly way and is not unwholesome, but it is also true that some of it is made, or has been made, from whatever grease could be secured from the garbage boxes, including the fat of dead animals under condi-



SALT PILE AT SALT WORKS NEAR MENDO.

omargarine, uncolored, if it resembles lard in appearance. The people who make butter know how much there is in color, although it will not in the slightest degree affect the taste.

The laws of thirty States were invoked to kill off the imitation butter until the new law, which is a Federal one, is of such a cast-iron character as to almost kill the business.

More than half of all the butterine made in the United States is manufactured in Chicago. The packing houses make it, and they insist that people have a right to buy butterine if they want it. The dairy-men claim that it is not the genuine thing and is therefore a fraud to be stamped out.

The history of these imitations of butter is somewhat as follows. It was first attempted during the Franco-Prussian war. In 1870 Napoleon the Third commissioned a scientific man named Mouries to invent a butter that could be sold cheaply to the poor people and which would be acceptable for use in the French Navy. Mouries at once turned to beef tallow for material and the result of his experiment was successful and he called it oleomargarine. From the very first it was a remarkable financial success. To give the Nooker an idea of the amount produced

conditions that make one gag to think of when the possibilities are considered.

Another imitation of butter consists in working over rancid butter that has been spoiled. This is called adulterated butter, the manufacture of which is carried on almost exclusively in and about New York City. Renovated butter is another character of fraud made in and around Chicago. It is spoiled butter churned in milk of a good quality. The outcome is a comparatively fair article but still not the genuine thing and one which any Nooker would hesitate to buy if he knew it.

There is very little spoiled butter in the market. There is such a demand for it that it is eaten almost as fast as it is produced. One small factory could renovate all the spoiled butter in the United States.

The only sure way of securing the genuine article is to get it from a place where you know it is what it ought to be. Very frequently dealers have been in the habit of selling imitations of butter as the genuine thing, but when they get caught the punishment is no light one. Here in Elgin there occurred a case which cost the man over eleven thousand dollars before he got out of it.

ABOUT BIRDS.

A CORRESPONDENT of an English periodical says: "I have twice seen rooks caught in the high branches of trees in such a way that they could not escape. In both cases the birds were hanging by the neck and were living. One instance occurred forty years ago, in a tree in the cathedral close at Carlisle, and excited much interest. The bird lived for some days. It was impossible to rescue it. I remember being told by my brother, the Rev. Arnold Page of Tendring, Essex, that Dr. Pears, the head master of Repton School, told him that he once witnessed the execution of a rook. It obviously was tried by an assemblage of its fellows, and, being condemned to death, was taken and placed with its head in the bifurcation of two twigs and there left to die. Bishop Stanley in his book on birds describes cases of trial and execution, and I think it probable that both the instances I witnessed may be thus explained."

One result of the volcanic eruptions in the Island of St. Vincent, according to an ornithologist residing there, probably will be the extinction of the Soufriere bird, a very rare species known as Guilding's Amazon parrot. This bird was formerly found only on the Soufriere itself. The great eruption of 1718 drove many of them to the other mountains of St. Vincent, but their numbers were greatly reduced by the violent hurricane of 1898, and it is now feared that the few survivors have been completely destroyed by the last eruption in May. At any rate no specimens have since been seen, notwithstanding a very careful search.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dawson of Coventry, England, while climbing in the Bernina Alps recently, were suddenly attacked by two large eagles, whose nest they had approached unawares. Mr. Dawson received a terrible blow on the head from the wing of one of the infuriated birds and was partly stunned. A guide, who accompanied them, succeeded in beating off the other bird. He struck it severely on the wing and it flew off and was joined by its mate.

* * *

PATE DE FOIE GRAS.

No argument is needed to convince the reader that the American pate de foie gras, manufactured from pork, is more healthful than the real thing imported from Strasburg. The real article is produced by cruelly overfeeding geese cooped in boxes so that their heads only can be moved. The *foie* or liver undergoes fatty degeneration, reaching an enormous size, the larger the swelling the more successful the process being deemed. The most valuable livers are those of a green tint, owing to an impregnation with bile.—*Good Housekeeping*.

BANANA RIVALS WHEAT.

SCIENCE again brings a new paradox to the front. It concerns the staple food supply of half the entire human race—wheat. Long before the discovery of the Chaldean ovens, ages before Tyre's bread bowls were hewn out of the solid rock, man grew wheat, ground and baked it for his daily sustenance.

To-day science affirms that wheat as a general food product is doomed; that not only is the supply entirely inadequate for the maintenance of the increasing races, but that wheat has by no means the highly nutrient qualities that it has long been supposed to offer to hungry humanity, and that—*mirabile dictu!*—the unprepossessing, yellow skinned, finger shaped, despised banana of the tropics promises utterly to supplant it in the estimation of the world.

Not only that the banana is twenty-five times as nutritious as the given weight of wheat, but that it is forty-four times as prolific. Thus fruit conquers over the cereal, Honduras over South Dakota, and famine promises to be forever banished from the face of the earth.

The average cost of cultivating an acre of wheat in the United States is about twelve dollars. An acre of bananas can be cultivated at the same cost, with a yield one hundred and forty-four times greater than that of wheat.

Bananas have forty-four times the nutriment of potatoes, the staple of many northern countries of Europe, and thirty times that of rice, the main item on the daily board of more than a billion people on the globe. With transportation facilities perfected, such heart-rending scenes of famine as have been witnessed in India, Russia and elsewhere would be made impossible.—*New York Herald*.

* * *

A NEW process of bread-making is announced. Loaves are now baked without crusts, to be used in the manufacture of sandwiches. This is accomplished by a steaming process, the cooking requiring one hour. The bread is very light and crisp and remains so for days even when exposed to ocean breezes.

* * *

It is reported that a most ingenious electrical device has been invented which, when immersed in the sea, will indicate the presence of any great metallic body, such as an iron-clad, within a distance of fifty miles. The instrument not only indicates the presence of the fact, but points out its direction.

* * *

FLOWERS are sent to do God's work in unrevealed paths, and to diffuse influence by channels that we hardly suspect.—*Henry Ward Beecher*.

RARE STAMPS AND COINS.

ACCORDING to experienced coin collectors and numismatists the rarest of American silver coins is the 1804 dollar and half dollar, issued during Jefferson's administration. Several of these coins turned up recently. The rarest of American gold coins are the \$2, \$5, \$10 and \$20 gold pieces of 1822, while in postage stamps the rarest are the peculiar 1, 2 and five-cent stamps of 1862. These stamps are perfectly round and fit into a little circular tin shield, which, by arrangement with the government, were made at the time by a manufacturer of cooking flavors of the name of Bennett, whose advertisement appears on the back. Protecting the face of the stamp from moisture or from being soiled

the tin shield, which was of no value in itself. These stamps are now very rare.

* * *

PETROLEUM AS A BEVERAGE.

THE Medical Society of Paris has expressed the opinion that it is necessary to adopt some measures against the alarming spread of petroleum-drinking. At first it was thought that this habit had sprung up from the increased taxation on alcohol imposed by the French government, but an investigation showed that this was not the case: the habit had been prevalent some time previously in certain districts and had spread with great rapidity. The victim of the petroleum habit does not become brutal, or morose. Opinions differ among physicians as regards the effects of



RESERVATION OF J. D. GRANT, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AT BIRMINGHAM.

or torn is a circular disk of mica, that fits under the rim of the metal shield, holding the stamp firmly in place.

These stamps were issued for the soldiers of the union army, and were accepted in payment for small purchases at their full face value and as readily as coins. Protected by the transparent mica disk, through which one could see the denomination of the stamp on one side and by a tin shield on the other, they could be carried by the soldiers in any pocket through rain and sun without injury to the stamp inclosed within. This curious stamp case was invented by Bennett. When anyone wanted to use the stamp on a letter he tore off the mica covering and took out the stamp, throwing away

petroleum-drinking on the human system, but all agree on the harmfulness of this new vice.

* * *

PENNIES ARE SCARCE.

"WHAT becomes of all the pennies?" is a question over which Secretary Shaw is puzzling. The United States coins and puts in circulation on an average about 75,000,000 of these little copper tokens every year, and each spring and fall there is a demand from everywhere for more. It is the big department stores that make the greatest demand. The disappearance of many pennies is accounted for by the savings of children, but these savings banks could not gobble up 75,000,000 a year.

Aunt Barbara's Page

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL !

Isn't it wonderful when you think
 How the wild bird sings his song,
 Weaving melodies, link by link,
 The whole sweet summer long?
 Commonplace is a bird alway,
 Everywhere seen and heard,—
 But all the engines of earth, I say,
 Working on till Judgment Day,
 Never could make a bird.

—J. S. Cutler.

* * *

FOR THE BOYS.

MARCUS, among the exchanges read to-day I find several things especially interesting to boys, but that is not saying that Bernice and the other little NOOK girls will not enjoy them too, and I am sure they will.

Moritz Busch relates in a recent publication that he once saw Bismarck spank his sons Herbert and Bill because they had stolen hazelnuts and run away from the forester. "It was not so much on account of the nuts that I punished them," he afterwards explained, "but because they compelled the old man to follow them through the dense brush; he seemed to be much astonished to see me whipping them." Busch thereupon asked if governesses or other educators of European princes were usually allowed to punish them, and Bismarck said they were, instancing a case where the present Emperor was spanked.

* * *

And here is a story from *Little Folks* about Peter Peacock:

Tommy was sitting on the back porch in the sunshine. With his elbow on his knee and his chin in his hand Tommy smiled lazily at Peter's mincing manner as he tiptoed back and forth on the stone walk.

Peter was Aunt Lizzie's pet peacock and a most beautiful object to behold. Just now, with his gorgeous tail full spread, he was wondering why Tommy did not toss him bits of bread, as people generally did so who sat on the porch, and he continued to step back and forth, back and forth, expecting that Tommy would throw the bread.

Tommy thought that Peter acted like a sentry in uniform on duty, pacing his beat, and when Aunt Lizzie came to the door she agreed with Tommy that Peter Peacock made a very magnificent sentinel.

"And he acts as if he felt proud of himself, doesn't

he?" said Tommy. "I wonder if he knows how handsome he is! I wish Peter could see himself."

"We might let him have a look," said Aunt Lizzie, and she went into the house and brought out a mirror. She placed it on the ground, leaning it against the churn, which was standing in the sun to dry. It was quite a tall mirror, one in which Peter could see himself full length. Then Aunt Lizzie sat down beside Tommy.

Peter came mincing slowly up to see what the shining object might be. Peter was always much interested to examine anything new.

As he came nearer and nearer, Peter lowered his crested head, stretched out his neck, and at last put his face close to the glass. With great surprise he saw a peacock, with lowered head and outstretched neck, gazing at him.

Aunt Lizzie and Tommy could see that Peter thought he had discovered an intruder in his yard; also that it depended on his smartness and quickness to catch him and put him out.

Darting around back of the churn, he stopped in astonishment not to find him there. Raising his head, he looked sharply all about the yard to see where the other peacock had gone.

Three times did Peter come back in front of the mirror and assure himself that another peacock was really there. Each of the three times he darted back of the churn to pounce upon him—only to be too late.

At last Peter Peacock stood still and thought for as much as a minute.

Once more he came back. This time he looked long and carefully at his gorgeous enemy, all green and blue and bronze. Then with a quick spring he leaped straight up right at the mirror and came down on the other side with an air which plainly said: "This time, my boy, I have you."

Aunt Lizzie sprang too, but too late. The sudden flirt of Peter Peacock's long, silken tail had knocked down both mirror and churn. But the crashing glass and rolling churn did not disturb Peter. He seemed to think that his enemy was buried under the ruins. Spreading his tail and settling his head down into his shoulders after the fashion of all Peter Peacocks, he gave two or three piercing warwhoops of victory and minced daintily away.

The Q. & A. Department.

Please give description of a megaphone, and how it is used?

If you have never seen a megaphone it is a little difficult to describe it to you intelligently. If you will have a tinner make you a tube four or five feet long and a foot across at the larger end and two inches at the smaller you will have a megaphone. You simply hold this up to your mouth and talk, or bellow, your message through it in the direction of your auditors, and that is all there is to it. The sound of your voice will be carried a long way and will have a peculiar note that always goes with the megaphone. It is used on board vessels to speak one to the other, by fakirs and showmen, and other people who want to reach the ear of the public in fog-horn style. On the farm a megaphone in the house would be a good thing to reach people in distant fields, and it is sometimes so used. They can be bought cheaply, or you can have one made to suit yourself. The longer the tube the farther it will carry sound.

Do all railroad men travel on other roads free?

No, not on all. It is simply a matter of exchange of courtesies and some roads refuse all passes. The pass question is a very difficult one for the railroads to solve.

Are old time scientific text books of any value to a student?

None whatever as authority. They might be valuable as curiosities. The Nookman remembers a lucid definition in one of his school books,—“Cold is the absence of heat.”

Can the Nook inform us of the acreage devoted to tobacco raising?

The census gives it as 1,101,483 acres. The total production was 868,163,275 pounds, a gain in production of 77.8 per cent.

Can the Nook state the value of the hop crop of the United States?

The value of the hop crop in 1899 is reported as \$4,081,929. The average yield per acre was 885 pounds and the average value 8.3 cents per pound.

Why may not a beautifully flowered weed be cultivated for its bloom?

No reason whatever exists why it may not be done with manifest improvement. All flowers are weeds in some parts of the earth.

How is the presence of the wild sunflower in Kansas accounted for?

The common sunflower is indigenous in the country from the Dakotas and Wisconsin south and west to Texas and the Rocky Mountains. It occurs wild and cultivated. The Indians use it as wood and oil.—*H. J. Harnly, McPherson, Kansas.*

Can one learn to operate a kodak—to take and make pictures—without an instructor?

Probably yes, but it would be much better if you learn something about it from one who knows, a not very difficult thing considering the number of kodaks that are in use.

Can a thing be legally wrong and morally right?

Assuredly so. The law is not infallible. A matter may also be legally right, as the sale of whiskey, and also morally wrong.

Is there a way to make maple sugar perfectly white?

Yes, it can be done, but it loses most of its characteristic flavor in the operation.

A western man was boasting of the exhilarating air of the plains. Was he correct?

Undoubtedly so.

How are the big trees of California propagated?

As far as we know they are not propagated at all, though they bear seed plentifully.

Will alfalfa grow in the East?

Yes, but whether profitably or not depends on location, soil, etc.

Are there many farmers engaged in beet growing?

In 1899 fourteen thousand and thirty-five were engaged in the business.

How far west has the wet and cool season of the east extended?

All over the country as a rule.

Is the use of whiskey and tobacco decreasing?

Statistics show an increased production, possibly due to an increased population.

Can artesian water be had anywhere?

No, only in certain sections.

 The Home



 Department

 HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WINDOWS should be cleaned with chamois skin.

A pinch of salt added when eggs are being beaten up makes them froth faster.

Wash cane seats with hot water containing lemon; soak well; leave in air to dry.

Coarse brown paper, such as is used by butchers, is best for draining fried things upon.

A lamp wick should never be allowed to crowd the tube. If tight, pull out two or three threads lengthwise.

Did you ever try brickdust to clean agateware? It is less expensive than other articles sold for such purposes, and far more effectual.

In frying with a frying basket always heat the basket before putting it in the fat, as when put in cold it takes too much heat from the fat.

Strange as it may seem, a clear day is much better for making fruit jellies than a cloudy one, as the atmosphere affects the boiling point of sugar.

Varnish for floors, woodwork or furniture is no longer considered desirable. A soft finish produced by rubbing is the accepted thing these days.

Do not have a cast-iron rule that things in your home fittings must match. Often monotony is the result. Sometimes varying materials of harmonious coloring are to be preferred to those that match.

In using the white woodwork so fashionable now be careful to get a yellowish or ivory white instead of the cold blue white. The latter is decidedly harsh; a much softer effect is obtained from the ivory tone.

Few people realize how infinitely superior to the fine white turnip is the common yellow one. Try boiling this vegetable with a bit of garlic, add black pepper and a good lump of butter, and you will never use the white sort again.

* * *

 RYE BREAD.

TAKE two cups of Indian or corn meal, make into a thick batter by scalding it with boiling water. When cool add a small cup of white bread sponge, a little sugar and salt and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved. In this stir as much rye flour as is pos-

sible with a spoon, let it rise until it is very light, then work in with your hand as much more rye as you can but do not knead it as that will make it hard. Put in buttered bread tins and let rise about fifteen minutes, then bake for one and one-half hours cooling the oven gradually for the last twenty minutes.

I would like to hear from the sister who called for this recipe and tries it.—*Sister Sarah A. Crowl, 15 West Ave., Goshen, Ind.*

* * *

 AUNTIE'S SLAW.

 BY SISTER KATIE E. KELLER.

CUT on a slaw knife a head of cabbage that will weigh two or three pounds. Put into a stewpan with salt to season, a tablespoonful of lard and a little water to stew nicely. When tender add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of sour cream, one teaspoonful of flour and one-half cup of vinegar. Boil only a little, then serve.

Tipton, Iowa.

* * *

 HOMINY.

 BY SARAH J. MOHLER.

TAKE nice white corn, small-grained preferred, cover well with weak lye made from wood ashes, and boil until the eyes rub out easily with the hand. Rub all the eyes out well, wash clean, put in clear water, season with salt, boil until soft, and set aside to cool. To prepare for the table, fry in ham gravy or butter, and sprinkle with pepper.

Kerrs Creek, Va.

* * *

 CHARM CAKE.

 BY SISTER FRANEY CLANIN.

TAKE three eggs, one cup of sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, one-fourth cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. For the delicate part, take the whites of four eggs, two cups of white sugar, three-fourths of a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, four cups of flour, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

THE CALIFORNIA NOOK.

LAST week's edition, the California number, will give the NOOK readers an idea of what the country along the Pacific coast is like. These special issues are educators and no one can read them without learning more about the conditions of the States treated. It is probable that in the course of time other special issues will be made, each of which will be intensely interesting. These numbers of the INGLENOOK are widely read, and are very interesting to all parties. We have refrained from giving a personal opinion about things, but simply recorded them as we saw them. A North Dakota INGLENOOK side by side with the California INGLENOOK would show a wonderful contrast in every respect. It is hard to conceive of two sections more unlike, yet there are people who prefer their respective States to anything else that might be offered. The land of the palm and the land of the pine, and even the land where there are no trees at all, have points of interest, and their advantages as well as their disadvantages.

* * *

WHAT THEY SAY.

"SUCCESS to the INGLENOOK."—*Mrs. Annie Grindler, Ark.*

*

"WE welcome the NOOK in our family."—*Nancy Kitch, Indiana.*

*

"I LIKE the NOOK, also the Cook Book."—*Cora A. Metzger, Illinois.*

*

"THE INGLENOOK is the very thing we need."—*Mrs. Nora Burkett, Colo.*

*

"WE are highly pleased with the improvement in the NOOK."—*Emma Buch, Pa.*

*

"WE read the INGLENOOK and think it a fine paper for young and old."—*Mrs. O. J. Bolinger, Kansas.*

*

"THE INGLENOOK is a welcome visitor in our home. We could not be without it."—*Kate R. Whitaker, Nebr.*

*

"WE could not do without the INGLENOOK. We think it fine,—very instructive to young people."—*Mrs. R. A. Nicodemus, Hancock, Minn.*

*

"I HAVE the Cook Book and it is fine. I hope the Doctor Book will be as good in its place. I enjoy reading the INGLENOOK."—*Minnie Revroad, Kans.*

* * *

A WISE son maketh a glad father: but a foolish man despiseth his mother.—*Solomon.*

CALIFORNIA'S CLIMATE.

A QUESTION has been asked the Nookman why it is that California has a climate so different from other States in the same latitude. The following reasons are given:

In the first place the situation of California, for reasons too long to give and too technical to be well understood, is out of the course of storms; that is, it is not in the main track. Then the proximity of the vast Pacific Ocean equalizes the temperature. Reference is often made to the Japan Current but very little is known about it, and scientific men regard the Japan Current more or less of a myth as far as its influence on climate is concerned. The prevailing drift of the air is from the west towards the east, and this is so thoroughly equalized by its coming from the Pacific ocean that the climate is equalized. If the wind blew the other way the Atlantic Coast would be like California, and California would be colder and bleaker than Labrador.

The mountains in the western part of the State keep the hot air of the plains away from California in summer time, and the cold winds from the north are also barred by mountains. These conditions taken all together make California's climate.

* * *

HERE'S FROM ONE OF THE GIRLS.

ALL other of the over eighty-year Nookers will have to sit back now, as far as heard from. In a well written letter, that is, very legible, Nooker Elizabeth Bowden, of Rockingham, Missouri, says that she is ninety-four years of age, and that this year she has pieced over twenty quilts, and did a lot of sewing besides. All that ails her is the lack of sight in one eye, and in all other respects she is all right, and is thankful. Now where and who is the one-hundred-year-old Nooker? Without actually knowing the Nookman does not believe that Sister Elizabeth "looks her age." And all these young old people are always comparatively cheerful. But who contests age with this, the latest? Ninety-four years are not often attained.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—In Indiana a girl to help in house work. Church, school, and similar inducements at the place. Be a good place for a good girl. Address: T. I. W., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

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WANTED.—I want a home for my boy, aged 10 of good family, healthy, Brethren home preferred. Write for particulars which will be cheerfully furnished. Address: Widow, care INGLENOOK, Elgin Ill. tf

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 42.

LINES ON A SKULL.

Behold this ruin; 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full!
This narrow cell was life's retreat!
This place was thought's mysterious seat;
What beauteous pictures filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void;
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dew of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun have lost their light.

Here in this silent cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue;
And, where it could not praise was chained,
If bold, in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
When death unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can nothing now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed may claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the powers of joy they fled
To soothe affliction's humble bed.
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's lap returned,
Those feet with angel's wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

—William Darling.

* * *

A WOMAN MAIL CARRIER.

MISS HELEN KRAMER, who has a rural delivery route six miles from Louisville, is the only woman carrier of that class in Kentucky and one of the few in the United States. She entered upon the discharge of her new duties about three weeks ago. Until that time she was in charge of the Shively

post office, which is now abolished. Since the death of her father, five years ago, she has been the only support of her widowed and invalid mother. About this time she secured the appointment of postmistress of the fourth class office at Shively, which is not a salaried position, but pays according to the number of stamps canceled at the office. This was not sufficient to support herself and mother, so she secured the agency of several newspapers. These she distributes every day by means of a horse and cart to her subscribers, all of whom live within a radius of a few miles from Shively. The knowledge she has thus acquired, not only of the roads and mails, but of the people in that section of the country, made her the logical candidate for rural carrier.

A few days before starting on her route Miss Kramer completed her carrier uniform, which is of the regulation blue-gray color. The post office department is usually very thorough in providing against every contingency that may arise in the administration of the service. It had not, however, decided upon any particular pattern of uniform for rural mail carriers of the gentler sex. So Miss Kramer was forced to provide herself with a pattern for her uniform.

* * *

A BLUE ROSE IMPOSSIBLE.

A FLORIST says that law governing the coloring of flowers makes a blue rose impossible. According to this law the three colors, red, blue and yellow, never all appear in the same species of flowers. Any two may exist, but never the third. Thus we have the red and yellow roses, but no blue; red and blue verbenas but no yellow; yellow and blue in the various members of the viola family (as pansies for instance), but no red; red and yellow gladioli, but no blue, and so on.—*Selected.*

* * *

THE heart of him that hath understanding seeketh knowledge: but the mouth of fools feedeth on foolishness.—*Solomon.*

* * *

A MERRY heart maketh a cheerful countenance: but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken.—*Solomon.*

A LIFETIME AGO.

BY ARTEMUS ROSENBERGER.

IN looking over the Day Book and Ledger of my father, Jacob D. Rosenberger, deceased, I have made a few observations and comparisons between his day and the present. My grandfather's farm of several hundred acres in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, was the old homestead of the Thomases who bought it from the Penns. Here he reared his family, here my father's family were born and grew up and here I, the youngest of my father's sons, am still farming, though the homestead is now cut down to eighty-eight acres,—no waste land.

The buildings were of stone. In 1812 the dwelling house was built and in 1816 the big stone barn was built. The buildings are in a good state of preservation and can stand for centuries yet if kept in repair.

My father's books show some of the prices realized in 1844 when he began farming. Horses were from fifty to seventy-five dollars. A muley cow cost three dollars and a black cow fifteen dollars. Little pigs were from fifty cents to two dollars a head. The price of hay was seventy-five cents per hundred pounds, and corn was fifty-three cents per bushel. Flax seed sold for one dollar and fifty cents per bushel, buckwheat forty-five cents per bushel, hams nine cents a pound, while the shoulders brought two cents per pound less. Several farmers would join and one would kill a beef and sell to the others at from three to six cents a pound. In summer a sheep or calf would take the place of beef and the front quarter of mutton sold for two cents per pound, while veal brought five cents per pound. The calf hide brought ten to twelve cents a pound and beef hide four cents a pound.

The price of groceries was little different from to-day, as sugar was seven cents, coffee ten cents, crackers ten cents, rice four cents, cinnamon thirty-seven cents, saleratus twenty cents, nails were five cents a pound, molasses was thirty-six cents a gallon, salt thirty cents a bushel, calico four and one-half cents a yard and flannel eighteen cents a yard. Feed went by the bushel, wheat middlings being fifty cents, rye bran fifty cents, corn chops thirty-four cents, cake meal forty-four cents, and whole oats thirty cents per bushel.

Seagrass hats were generally worn and cost thirty-four cents each. Homespun goods were generally worn by both sexes. Twenty cents was charged for shoeing a horse all around and ten cents for sharpening the steel plow points.

Servants were hired for seventy-five dollars a year, while servant girls got one dollar a week. Day laborers' wages were according to work done,

but always from sunrise to sunset. Wages for threshing with a flail were twenty-five cents a day, hay-making fifty cents a day, and mowing all day with a Dutch scythe fifty cents.

Here, when my father was farming in his second year, the English scythe came on the market, and I have often heard him relate, to us children, how he got into trouble. He saw that with this new scythe a much broader swath could be mown, so he offered sixty-two and one-half cents a day to all who would bring English scythes. All brought them, and the neighbors began to object on the ground that he was raising the wages so high that nobody could pay and they would all have to go to the poorhouse.

For cradling long rye, one dollar was charged as there were no reapers then. Women would go out and work hard all day for twenty-five cents. A man was required to cut a cord of wood from the stump as a day's work for which he received thirty-seven cents a cord. Hard hickory brought three and one-half dollars a cord.

Those were times of long days, little pay, no strikes and plenty of men. Now the writer wishes the Nooker to compare things with the present day and note what has changed. Surely the people.

Telford, Pa.

♦ ♦ ♦

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

BY E. M. COBB.

"A city set upon a hill cannot be hid."—Christ.

THESE words come to me as I stand here on Castle Hill and view the great "Athens of Scotland." As we leave the hill, which is four hundred feet high and climb the beautiful monument of Sir Walter Scott two hundred feet high, to get another view, and from thence to the terraced mountain where stands the city observatory and by the aid of our powerful glass see the streams of travelers fairly among the clouds on the distant mountains which surround the magic city in magnificent splendor, we wonder where is the spot, anyway, from which we can get the best view of the city. We remember that Sir Walter Scott preferred the view from Blackford Hill on the south. Alexander Smith was enamored of the view he had from Wardion on the north, Albert Chambers would have the stranger get his first impression by entering the city from the east, while Lord Jeffry's preference was one from Corstorphine on the west.

So we stand in admiration and awe and view the North Sea, the river, the solid mountains of rock the beautiful Princess Street gardens, the heaps and piles of ancient architecture, the rushing, struggling sea of humanity swarming beneath us, and after tak-

ing some snap shots of the situation we climb slowly down to inspect more closely the surroundings so pregnant with interest to the sojourner.

On our way down the Scott monument we pause to read,

"Hope still cheers us while we mourn,
Fame strews laurels o'er his urn.
See yon structure cleave the sky;
Dream not genius e'er can die."

Edinburgh is an old city. In 854 Simon of Durham speaks of it as a town of some importance. In 1143 David I rebuilt and enlarged the city. In 1218 Alexander II held parliament there. The old castle rock where the ruins of Edinburgh castle now stand is said to have been used as fortress by the aboriginal tribes before the conquest of the country by the Romans, and there is no reason to dispute it. As I stand here and view her impregnable position and think of the days which knew no modern artillery I am fully satisfied with the antiquity claimed for the castle.

With the exception of St. Margaret's chapel which was built in 1070, and the part of the castle which contains Queen Mary's room about 1572, the buildings are more or less modern. Both these rooms are in an excellent state of preservation and a larger volume would be required to hold the unwritten history than that that is written.

Upon the half-moon battery there are twenty-four imposing pieces of artillery, one of which is connected by an electric wire with Blackford Hill Observatory and speaks the correct time to the people at one o'clock each day. It has always been a place of garrison and to-day we see the soldiers drill in companies in the original dress of Scotland years ago. Their white coats, short skirts, bare legs, red stockings, and white shoes make a beautiful target for some trained rifleman.

We enjoyed the pleasure of a visit to the "crown room" where are kept the regalia which were supposed to have been lost long ago, but were found in an old oaken chest and this was done by Sir Walter Scott, he having gained permission of the Prince Regent. We saw there the original golden Scottish crown, a sceptre, rod of office, and sword of state, all well preserved.

The original house of John Knox on High Street is shown to the visitor for a small fee on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and is well worth seeing. The house is well preserved, but the original oak paneling has been replaced by old wood taken from Edinburgh houses of the same period. In front is the inscription, "Luf God abuf all, and ye nychbour as yeself." His last resting place is marked in parliament square by a flat casting plainly set in the stone-paved street overtrodden by thousands of busy feet.

We visited the National Monument which was calculated to commemorate the battle of Waterloo but when solicitors reported and the different churches took a collection for the purpose only thirty thousand dollars were raised, and in the expenditure of that sum with an additional contribution of same amount, only three colossal steps, ten exterior columns and a flanking column on either side were ever built. The means were exhausted and it has never been completed. It stands in the midst of a fenced garden.

I dare not attempt a description of Statue Gallery, National Gallery, Antiquarian Museum, Albert Memorial, St. Mary's Cathedral and many places full of intense interest to the student.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

THE LION OF BELFAST.

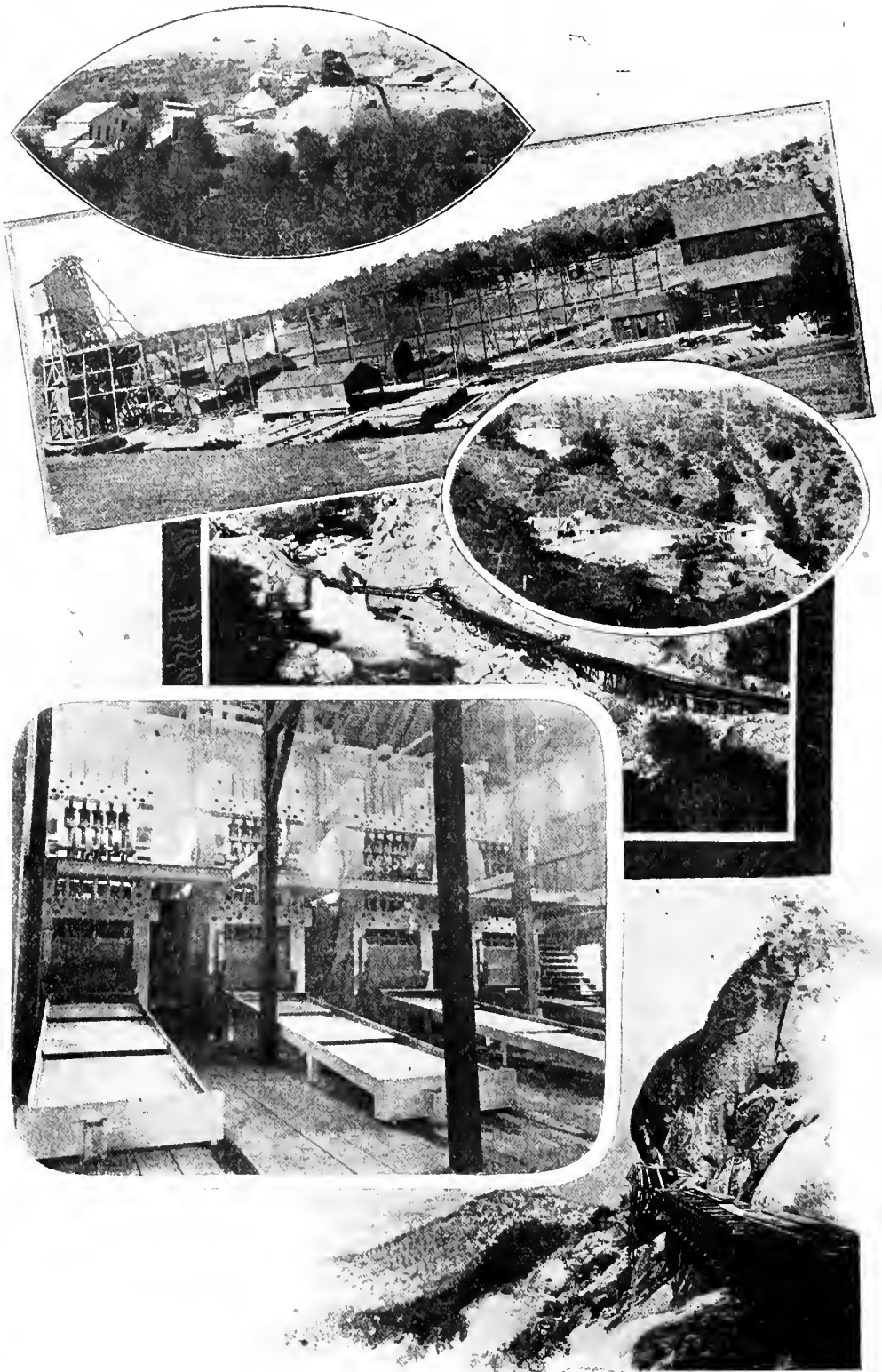
SELECTED BY MARY B. PECK.

DURING the recent Franco-German war the little town of Belfast, high up in the Vosges mountains, was one town that held out against all odds, and that could not be forced or starved into surrender to the Germans. When the treaty of peace was made, it was stipulated, among other things, that Belfast should yield with the rest, but it was retained by France.

The French naturally desired to commemorate this remarkable defense in some striking and enduring manner. Against the face of the plateau on which the citadel stands, Bartholdi, the famous French sculptor (the same artist who fashioned the statue of Liberty erected in New York harbor), has formed, partly by cutting out of the solid rock and partly by building up with stone, a colossal lion, which is half raised up from a lying position as if aroused by the shot of an arrow which is lying at its feet. The great beast seems to be uttering a terrible roar of anger and defiance. So gigantic is the figure that an ordinary man seems hardly any higher than the thickness of its paw. The whole conception is bold in the extreme, and the work may justly be regarded as among the noblest of Bartholdi's successes.

VERDICT OF AN IRISH JURY.

A CORONER'S jury in Ireland delivered the following verdict on the sudden death of a merchant who had recently failed in business: "We, the jury, find from the new doctor's statement that the deceased came to his death from heart failure, which was caused by speculation failure, which was the result of failure to see far enough ahead."



HERE AND THERE AMONG THE MINES.

SHALL PARENTS OBEY THEIR CHILDREN?

BY M. M. ESHELMAN.

A MAN on being asked if he liked the breast of chicken answered: "I have never eaten it; when I was young my parents ate it, and now that I am grown my children eat it."

This expresses the state of things between many parents and children. Between the unreasonable obedience exacted by parents in Puritan days and the slack methods of to-day there is a wide gulf. From a domineering parent to a disobedient, unmannerly child there has been no gain. From the absolute stillness of former days to the present noisy, rude and boisterous ways much has been lost. Good manners and wholesome restraint got left in the journey.

A child left to its "own sweet will" will soon will all manner of hardships and ultimate misery upon its parents. Obedience is only a temporary posture. A child may quickly obey yet not have an obedient mind. Would you make a mere mechanical toy of your boy if you could? What will he be worth if you make him obey you simply because you say he shall? If you do, deep down in his heart he will feel: "Yes, I'll obey you because you'll whip me if I don't, but as soon as I am a man we'll see if I don't do as I like." That boy has not true obedience in his heart.

Obedience is a true training, a needful discipline for future success. The child will soon go beyond the nursery and should be taught to reason and decide for itself. Teach an intelligent submission which leads to honor and respect, and not a slavish fear. Away back of all parental government is love enforced by firmness. Do not threaten punishment. Teach results of wrong doing rather than give vent to your harassed feeling to the child. A certain writer says:

"In one household the son of the family was born with a temperament that made his grandparents, uncles and aunts shake their heads in despair. One after another offered suggestions as to the management of the child, who, when in a happy mood, was like sunshine; when angry, like a fiend incarnate. All lost hopes of his ever being governed. When angry, he would defy authority, and fight like a wild animal. The father and mother held grave, even sad counsel, and decided that only firmness and love could win the day. And they won. No one but the good Lord knew of the prayers the mother sent up, of the struggle with her boy and herself. The father, away all day, could only guess at the self-control practiced by the mother and learned by the boy. But by the time the child was five years old he knew that his evil passions pained

the one who loved him best, and after a flash of temper he would fling his arms about her neck and sob. "I am sorry I have been naughty, and hurt you." When he was six he had learned to keep back the angry outburst and would quietly leave the room and "fight it out" alone, returning in a few minutes, gentle and calm. Now, as a boy mingling in school life with other boys, he already thanks his mother for the lessons in self-control gained through her love and severity. Will he not be a better, stronger man for these lessons in submission than if allowed to give his temper—called by enthusiasts "individuality"—full sway?"

It is cruelty to the child to indulge it in all its notions, likes and dislikes. Unless parents control themselves they cannot control their children. If you stamp your foot and scream at your child he will soon learn the rudeness and outpractice you. Calling one's offspring "kids," and saying "hush, you little brats," can only result in growing up a lot of saucy, overbearing creatures whose habits are rude, boisterous, unmannerly and devoid of respect for the aged. You have simply produced an unthinking, valueless citizen, one upon whom a thousand sermons of Divine truth will fall as sounding brass, when you fed, clothed and sheltered a child that does not consider the pleasures, rights and peace of men and women.

Tropico, Cal.

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SAYLER'S HILL, PA.

BY WM. SAYLER.

THERE is a hill one mile west of Meyersdale, in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, near which town the Annual Meeting was held in 1895. This is a high conical hill from the top of which one can get a magnificent view of the surrounding country. This hill is known as Saylor's Hill as there are more Sayers than people of any other name in the town and township. A great many readers of the Nook in the West—Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, etc.—know about Saylor's hill. Some of these friends may wonder whether or not the Sayers in Somerset County and Daniel P. Saylor were related. It is believed that the original Sayers in Somerset County and Daniel P. Saylor's ancestors were from Switzerland, and were cousins.

Meyersdale, Pa.

* * *

WILLING TO TAKE CHANCES.

A LITTLE girl wanted more buttered toast, but was told that she'd had enough, and that more would make her ill. "Well," said she, "give me anuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

BIBLE READING.

THE *Boston Herald*, speaking especially of New England, says that not many years ago "orators could make no point more certain of instant appreciation than one which turned on an illustration from the Bible, even from its least read portions. Nowadays it is hardly safe for a popular orator to venture on any allusion outside of the gospels and the Psalms." The reason why it is "hardly safe" is that Bible reading has become obsolete in many families, so that quotations from the Scriptures are not recognized by the masses. We suspect there is much truth in that statement. The exodus of the native stock contemporaneously with the influx of foreigners has caused many changes in New England and is largely responsible for this one.

But that is not the only explanatory fact. Formerly the average family had but few books and no daily papers. This gave the Bible a better chance than it has in these days of cheap printing, free libraries, a multiplicity of newspapers, an infinite variety of weekly and monthly publications—all at insignificant prices—and a vastly improved postal service. The waning of the good old habit of reading the Bible is regrettable on other than religious grounds. Ignorance of the Scriptures disqualifies one for appreciative reading of many of the best pages in general literature. To become a fairly well educated man or woman, a boy or girl should become familiar with the Bible and with rural scenery and country life. Without such helps much of the best of the world's literature is but a desert waste.

* * *

MACARONI WHEAT.

FROM a Washington letter we take the following: "In course of the next few years the Northwest will be furnishing macaroni wheat enough to supply the domestic demand," said Secretary Wilson. "Last year the crop amounted to 200,000 bushels. This year the farms in North and South Dakota will produce two million bushels, the next year probably twenty million bushels.

"The raising of macaroni in the United States is now decidedly past the experimental stage. When I was in South Dakota I saw forty-acre fields of this wheat running thirty-five bushels to the acre. This is as good as any ordinary wheat has ever done. The seed wheat from which this macaroni was grown was brought from the headwaters of the Volga. Experiment has shown that it will grow in any country where there is a ten-inch rainfall. In North Dakota the average is sixteen inches.

"The United States has been paying over eight million dollars a year for macaroni for the last decade

or more. People who have been in Italy, where most of it comes from, and have seen the process of manufacture, have been cured of their appetite for it. With cleaner and better methods of manufacture in the American factories, that appetite will assert itself and the demand will again become normal. The product of the American factories is better than that brought from Italy. It has a nutty flavor not found in the imported article. Taking it all together, I believe that in a few years American macaroni eaters will be consuming nothing but the domestic article, and the Italian makers might just as well go out of business, so far as we are concerned."

* * *

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

IN the laboratory of the Massachusetts State Board of Health is a package of honey in the comb of which a dead bee, drowned in its own sweetness, holds a prominent place; but the unromantic analyst tells you that the honey is an artificial product and the bee was placed there to deceive the buyer. It is asserted on good authority that Vermont publishers have received orders to forward thousands of papers to Iowa. Are the Iowans anxious to inform themselves concerning the everyday happenings in the Green Mountain State? No. These papers are used to wrap up the Iowa-made, but Vermont-labeled, maple sugar—a product compounded of hickory bark and glucose; made into cakes the size and shape of the Vermont product, wrapped in newspapers published in that State, labeled, "Pure Vermont maple sugar." Even the elect are deceived.—*A. C. Dowse in Good Housekeeping.*

* * *

HOUSES BUILT OF PAPER.

A RUSSIAN nobleman has upon his estate at Savinowka, in Podolia, a paper house of sixteen rooms that cost 80,000 rubies, and its architect declares that it will last longer than a stone building. Bergen, in Norway, has a church built of paper, seating 1,000 people. Paper bicycles have been made to work and paper sails for ships are not unknown.

* * *

CORN rubber cannot be told by the layman from the South American rubber-tree product even in smell. It is made of corn oil, which is treated with sulphur and baked in order to make "real rubber" out of it. It can be sold for one-tenth of the price of the Para rubber, and its principal use is in the making of rubber boots, bicycle tires, buggy tires, sheet rubber, water proofing, rubber heels, linoleum—in fact, in nearly all classes of rubber goods.

THE RICE CLASS.

THE class in rice will now stand up and recite.

What is rice?

Rice is a cereal like wheat.

Where will it grow?

It grows in all warm countries and is eaten, the world over, by millions of people.

Does the rice come from the plant as we find it in the stores?

No. It has a tight-fitting husk that must be knocked off by machinery before marketing.

What kind of land will rice grow on?

It does best on level land that can be flooded.

The rule is—no water, no good rice.

Where in the United States will it grow?

In the Carolinas, Louisiana, Texas and some other coast States.

When is it planted?

In Louisiana from March tenth to June twentieth.

When must it be flooded?

When it is from six inches to twelve inches high.

How is the ground prepared?

As for other grain.

What amount of seed is used?

From fifty to sixty pounds of rough rice to the acre.

What does it look like when growing?

Like wheat at first, heads like oats, and the kernels resemble barley. It stools thickly. It yields the one hundred fold.

When is it harvested?

In August, September and October.

How does it yield to the acre?

About one thousand pounds of cleaned rice per acre.

What is it worth on the spot?

About four cents a pound.

How is it threshed?

Like wheat, and cleaned afterward.

Is there only one kind of rice?

There are fourteen hundred known varieties.

* * *

ABOUT YOUR SEWING MACHINE.

It is about fifty years since Elias Howe, Jr., patented his first sewing machine, and this event marked the actual beginning of sewing machine making in the United States. In the introduction of the sewing machine one of its inventors was mobbed by a lot of misguided people who feared that the labor-saving device would destroy their occupation. It is a well known fact that with the introduction of every labor-saving machine there is always an increased demand for laborers.

There are many sewing machines now in the market, and it is hard to tell which is the best. Each operator has his or her preference, and, as in the

case of typewriters, pianos and similar articles, a great deal depends upon the fancy of the individual.

There are many inventions covering the sewing machine and its attachments, and patents for new improvements are continually being granted.

One of the things which has received a great deal of attention at the hands of inventors is the matter of propulsion.

Numbers of experiments have been tried with water motors, air engines, and steam engines, but no effective motor was produced until the introduction of electricity for power. This, of course, does not apply to large establishments where steam power is extensively used.

In regard to the matter of sewing, the actual fact of the sewing, the chances are that the invention has about reached its limitations, but there will be many improvements on attachments, and whoever can invent the slightest available improvement for the sewing machine has within easy reach an enormous fortune as an outcome.

* * *

A DOOR AND THE KEY.

BY A. W. VANIMAN.

MOVING into another house we found several of the doors hard to open and close because they had sagged and rubbed hard at the bottom. We lifted the door a little at the back part, slipped a piece of wire into the hinge, gave it a turn to hold it there and the doors now open and close with ease.

Occasionally one needs a key to the door but cannot buy one to fit exactly. With a small file and a lighted lamp or some matches it is an easy matter to make it fit. Hold the key in the blaze of the lamp, or of a burning match until it is black, then insert it in the lock. Wherever some filing is needed the black soot will be rubbed off. In this way, by repeating the operation a few times, one can fit any ordinary lock.

Malmö, Sweden.

* * *

GLUCOSE and grape sugar are the greatest derivatives of corn starch. The making of this is a complicated process in which muriatic acid, carbonate of soda and great pressure enter.

A number of grades of sugar and of glucose are thus made, varying with the treatment. Confectioners use the glucose in large quantities in the manufacture of candy and it has been demonstrated by the most eminent chemists that it is a healthful product.

* * *

FLOWERS are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put soul into.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

DRYING SWEET CORN.

BY N. R. BAKER.

ONE of the profitable industries of northwestern Ohio, as well as some few other sections, is sweet corn drying. The factory we visited does not rank among the largest but the business is conducted on a scale large enough to be quite interesting. The field of sweet corn contained thirty-five acres and a force of twenty hands was required to take care of the crop.

The corn is jerked off the stalk by three men and hauled to the "dry house," a building one hundred and twenty feet long by twenty feet wide. A man shovels the load onto the "shack" at one end of the building. This is simply a platform sloping toward a seat occupied by six huskers, generally boys or women, who are paid two cents per basket holding about three pecks. Twelve-year-old boys sometimes earn \$1.50 per day, husking.

The corn when husked, is emptied into a barrel holding five bushels, for cooking, which is done by steam supplied from an engine stationed some distance away. After ten minutes steaming the corn is emptied from the barrel, which is hung on a pivot to make this work easy, and is next shoveled by an attendant into the cutter's trough. Here four or five girls or women cut the corn from the cob. For this work they get two cents for each five-gallon bucketful of corn. This may seem incredible to many housewives who think that cutting off corn enough for "threshers" is no small task. However this is not done with a "case knife." Three small, almost semicircular knives set in a small wooden trough extending across the large trough mentioned above, do the work. A large awl is deftly stuck into the ear of corn and three rapid pushes, turning one-third of the way around with each movement, leaves a naked cob which is thrown quickly into a basket, the corn falling through a hole into the bucket below. So skillful are some of the cutters that they cut one hundred buckets, or five hundred gallons per day.

Some factories have machines to do all the cutting. In fact no more knives such as these described can now be obtained new, as the inventor and manufacturer has died.

One man is kept busy hauling away the refuse,—cobs and husks. The cobs feed twenty head of hogs and the husks forty head of cattle.

The corn is now ready for the drying pan, which is ten feet wide by fifty feet long and perforated by small round holes. It sets over a furnace, or kiln, throughout the length of which extends a large pipe doubling at the farther end and passing back

to the front again before passing out at the roof. This is heated by wood.

The corn is spread out and gradually moved back as it becomes dry by the great heat, until when it reaches the farthest end of the pan, it is ready to be raked off onto the cooling floor. After cooling for twelve hours it is ready for barreling.

Although precautions are taken to keep the corn clean, there is no cleaning process used until it is ready to barrel. Then it is passed through a mill which blows out the silks, pieces of husks, bran, ends of cobs, etc. It is cleaner than the average housewife's "home-dried" corn. The corn is of good flavor, equalling many brands of canned corn and deserves more extended use than is made of it at present, as it is easily kept and is cheaper than canned corn.

A day's run is from fifteen to twenty barrels of one hundred and seventy pounds each. The producer gets about seven cents a pound. It is also a paying crop for the farmer, an acre sometimes producing sixty dollars' worth.

The kiln hands have hot, hard work and of course are paid accordingly. The "dry house crew" is usually a merry crowd, made up largely of young people and even rustic love-making is not unknown among them.

Whisler, Ala.

PLOWING AN INDIAN'S CORNFIELD.

BY W. B. HOPKINS.

WHEN I came to Michigan, in 1837, nearly the entire Indian population were still in the country. Many of them afterward removed to Canada and some settled on reservations. There was at that time a small settlement at Grand River, a short distance above the present site of Lyons, and another a few miles above Portland. The name of the former was Sau-mik, and of the latter Shiminicon.

There was a mission established at Shiminicon and numbers of the Indians were converted and a church was organized. I have held one side of a hymn book and an Indian the other side while we sang together, each in his own language.

In the spring of 1838 the chief of the Sau-miks came to the man for whom I was working and arranged with him to send a hand to plow his corn ground. The lot fell to me, a fifteen-year-old boy. When the time arrived, I went with a yoke of oxen and a chain but no plow. There was a white man living across the river from the Indian and we borrowed his plow, taking it across the river in a canoe.

The ground to be plowed was in a long, narrow strip next to the river. Before I commenced to plow the Indian took me around the piece to show

me the boundary, as some portions of it were wet. By the time I was ready to begin plowing a number of Indians had collected to see the Chemokaman (white man) plow, and, as the oxen were afraid of them, I had the chief hold the plow the first time around and I drove. Well, there was some fun for the spectators. The oxen made extra good time, and the chief performed gymnastics. When we got around, I told the chief to send the Indians away and then I proceeded to do the plowing without any more difficulty.

At noon I fed my team and went up to the wigwam to see what the prospect was for dinner. The woman had a nice-looking shortcake baking by an outdoor fire, but I was not invited to share in it. Had I said nein buc-a-ta (I am hungry), I would have been offered a share of the food, but I was a bashful fifteen-year-old boy, and I went home at night a hungry one.

Crystal, Mich.

* * *

THE AMANA SOCIETY.

THE Amana Society is a communistic effort at Amana, in Iowa, where a lot of Germans have settled and are employing the methods of a community of goods, and a community of interests. The society was founded in 1714, and has now seven villages and over 26,000 acres of land, and there are also mills and manufacturing establishments. The property is valued at about two millions. A writer in the *Chicago Post* says:

When an individual becomes a member of the Amana society he is required to turn over all property owned by him to the common fund. Officers of the society in turn issue to new members a certificate of credit, which is also shown on the books. This credit is secured by the pledge of the common property of the society.

Each member is entitled to free board and dwelling, to support and care in old age, sickness and infirmity, and to an annual sum of maintenance, the amount of which is fixed by the trustees. All children and minors after the death of their parents and relatives are under special guardianship of the trustees during their minority. All credits, if not disposed of by will, or any debts left by the parents, are assumed by the children. Members leaving the society, either of their own choice or expulsion, receive back the amount paid into the common fund, without any interest or allowance for services during the time of membership.

Each family has apartments by themselves, but the cooking is done in large kitchen houses, where two or three score of people eat together. When the people assemble in these eating houses the men are seated at

one long table and the women at another. Transient visitors are given a table to themselves.

They have graded schools, and the children between the ages of 5 and 14 attend the year around. Instruction is given in English and German. Two religious services are held Sunday in large meetinghouses and prayer meetings are held week-day evenings.

Members of the community purchase articles at the general store in much the same manner as is described by Edward Bellamy in his "Looking Backward." No money is used in the transaction. Should a member desire to take a trip, however, he must apply to the elder having direction over his work, and if he has been faithful the elder will hand him the amount of money required. Drones are not tolerated.

The people dress very much alike and the various styles are not imitated. Dwelling houses are comfortable and well furnished, but all frills are tabooed and the houses are exceedingly plain. Oxen are used for heavy work. Old fashioned pumps are seen at the wells and games and all frivolities are prohibited. While this plain life probably would not suit the great majority, yet it has one advantage in that no member of the Amana society need walk the floor fretting and anxious over some business venture or worrying lest those dependent upon him go hungry by reason of being thrown out of a position.

* * *

POSTHUMOUS PENALTIES IN JAPAN.

A SPLENDID funeral procession was proceeding from Hongo to Shitaya, in order to bury the remains of Taroji Fukazawa, the head of the gambling den of Hongo and Asakusa, when the policemen of the Hongo police station stopped the procession and ordered that the funeral should not take place in such a splendid manner, as the deceased was a convict, whose term of punishment was not yet expired. The accusation was true, and the bereaved family was therefore compelled to carry out the burial service in a stealthy way.

* * *

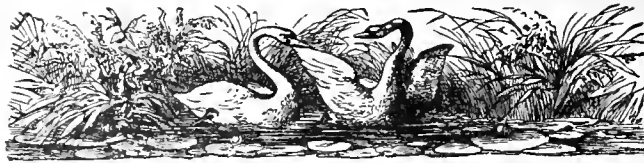
LOANS TO TURKISH FARMERS.

TURKEY possesses an extensive system of agricultural banks under government management, the purpose of which is to furnish small loans to farmers. The capital is provided by a light annual tax on agricultural property. Principal agencies have been established in sixty-five cities, capitals of provinces (vilayets) or counties (sanjaks), and there are 803 branches in less important places.

* * *

THE heart of the righteous studieth to answer: but the mouth of the wicked poureth out evil things.—*Solomon.*

NATURE



STUDY.

A FOSTER MOTHER.

BY FLORA E. TEAGUE.

THE owner of a farm has a cow so vicious that it is almost impossible to milk her in safety. She gives an immense quantity of rich milk, and what to do with her was a perplexing problem. Finally it was decided to turn her into the calf pasture twice each day with her own young calf and another, some three weeks older, in the hope that she would permit both to draw sustenance from her. Strange as it may seem she adopted the stranger and now two of the biggest black calves for their age that I have ever seen are lovingly cared for by the mother. Each calf has its own side to milk and never does either make a mistake. The mother patiently bears their rough way of expressing their appreciation of the rich creamy fluid by sharp, quick butts, nevertheless she would not bear the soft careful touch of the milkmaid.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

THE ALLIGATOR PEAR.

THIS fruit is native to Mexico where it is known as the avocada. It looks like a large, green pear, and in the center is a seed as large as a pigeon egg. About the seed is a yellowish coat that is like a custard made without any sugar. When the alligator pear is ripe it has a deep purple blush on one side. The way they are eaten is to strip them down the middle, remove the seed, and put a couple spoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing in the cavity, after which it is eaten with a spoon. They sell for two cents each in Mexico City, but are from forty to fifty cents each by the time they get as far north as Chicago.

ANGORA GOATS.

ANGORA goats were first introduced in the United States in 1860. The war interrupted the development of the business, but at present it is picking up again. The fleece of the angora goat is used in the manufacture of mohair, and is worth from thirty to fifty cents a pound. The does are sometimes killed and their skins dressed for rugs.

THE POMEGRANATE.

THE pomegranate is a plant that will grow all over the South where it is generally regarded as be-

ing more ornamental than useful. Of late years, however, it is being manufactured into a syrup used for flavoring soda water and water ice. The syrup is a beautiful scarlet. For flavoring lemonades it is without a rival, and is often used for that purpose.

THE PEANUT.

IN China the peanut is extensively cultivated for oil, and so accustomed to its use are the Chinese when they came to California that for a long time they could not be induced to use petroleum, though it cost less than one-third as much as peanut oil. The oil of peanuts is not only good for illuminating purposes but is excellent as a lubricant.

THE LOQUAT.

THE loquat is a fruit that belongs originally to the Malay Peninsula. It is grown around New Orleans and along the coast in Southern California. It attains a height of twelve to fifteen feet and bears a yellow berry about an inch and a half in length. It makes a splendid jelly, but no Nooker is likely to acquire a taste for it on account of its acidity.

THE OTTER.

OTTER skins vary in value from sixty dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars according to the quality. The otter is a very shy animal and it is almost impossible to get a shot at one except at dusk or at early dawn. The otter lives on fish the same as the seal.

THE JAPAN PERSIMMON.

THE Japanese persimmon has been cultivated successfully in this country. It is a beautiful shrub attaining a height of from seven to twelve feet. Its fruit is large and the meat is a rich coral color and is very much liked by those who have tried it.

ONE of the coming industries of the Pacific coast will be the manufacture of sardines. The fish necessarily are there in any numbers, and all that is required is a cheaper oil than that now available. Pure olive oil is worth from three to four dollars a gallon, and when the oil is cheaper, as it must be in the course of time, the sardine industry will take on form and color.

BYE, BABY BUNTING.

THE English rabbit skin trade is one of interest to Americans, according to a report made to the state department by United States Consul Halstead at Birmingham. "Instead," he says, "of being sent to certain parts of the European continent—where for a great many years rabbit skins intended ultimately for American use have undergone a process known as pulling—a few bales of these skins were shipped last winter, experimentally, direct from Birmingham to the United States. It was thought, a shipper told me, that we had produced a new machine in the United States which could pull out the long hair of rabbit skins at less cost than by the extremely cheap hand labor of the continent. I learn that the machine experiment was not a success, and I know the English dealers who were interested in the American venture are again sending their skins to the continent, where the long, useless hairs are laboriously pulled out by hand and the skins reshipped to hat manufacturers in the United States, who shave off the close hair and use this fur to make felt hats.

"Millions of rabbits, British and Australian, are consumed annually in Great Britain. Dealers purchase skins from game and poultry shops, and where rabbits are dressed in households there is, as a perquisite, a penny apiece to the cook. One Birmingham dealer tells me he handled 3,000,000 rabbit skins last year."

* * *

PINE NEEDLE OIL INDUSTRY.

MR. HUGHES, our consul general at Coburg, thinks there is the suggestion of a new industry for the pine lands of the south and west of our country in the success with which the business of extracting and preparing pine needle oil is pursued in the Thuringen mountains of southern Germany. This oil finds a sale all over the world, being used for pharmaceutical purposes, for medicating baths, and so on, while the dried fibers are used for stuffing mattresses and pillows.

* * *

DETECTS FROST BY ELECTRICITY.

ELECTRICITY contrivances which give alarm by ringing a bell at the approach of frost have been used to some extent by California fruit growers. The apparatus consists of a battery of relay coil, thermometer and alarm bell, and it is so adjusted that when the mercury in the thermometer falls below a certain point the electric circuit is broken and the bell rings. As the instrument can be set for any temperature it can be used in hothouses for various crops. It is set to a few degrees above the point of danger.

EIDER DUCK ISLANDS.

THERE are several islands near Iceland in which the eider duck breeds in great numbers. They are so tame that a visitor may often gently stroke some of the ducks that are sitting on the nests. This tameness is due to the fact that no one is allowed to fire a gun within a mile of the islands. Every nook and corner of these islands are filled with nests, and it is a very pleasing sight to the visitor to watch the graceful young swimming around in the water with their parents.

Twice in every season the nests are robbed of the fleecy down with which they are lined, but it is not taken the third time for if this is done the ducks desert their nests. The first and second linings of the nest the female duck plucks from her own breast, but the third time the drake has to furnish the down, which is not fine as the mother's and so it is allowed to remain in the nest undisturbed.

This eider down is valuable in all parts of the world and the supply of it is never equal to the demand.

* * *

CURIOSITIES OF WORD BLINDNESS.

SOME curious instances of the physical defect of "word blindness" have been recorded lately. The disease is, fortunately, uncommon. In one case the sufferer, an Englishman 34 years of age, who knew Greek, Latin and French well, suddenly lost all knowledge of English, though he could read and understand Greek perfectly, and Latin and French in a rather smaller degree. Another and almost more curious case was that of a man who lost the power of reading at sight. This patient was able to write accurately from dictation, but was completely unable to read what he had written.

* * *

CORN oil alone was exported from the United States in 1901 to the extent of 4,808,545 gallons. The value of this oil thus exported was \$1,831,930. Belgium takes one-half of the total.

Exports of corn oil cake amounted to 2,202,680 pounds in 1901. Its value was \$48,783. France is the principal user of this. The oil is used in the manufacture of paints, leather dressing, various kinds of soap, and a rubber substitute. Corn oil cake, the residue after expressing the oil, is used in France as a stock food for which it has a high value.

* * *

THE grape sugar is used by brewers and the manufacturers of wines. This product of starch does not resemble cane sugar, for the reason that it never crystallizes, owing to the large quantity of water in the starch.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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Life is short,
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Opportunity fleeting,
Experiment slippery,
Judgment difficult.

—Hippocrates, 500 B. C.

* * *

RUN WITH PATIENCE.

ST. PAUL, speaking of the Christian life, tells us to run with patience the race set before us. It is one of the virtues of the Christian life, often found difficult to practice. Instead of resignation, and accepting the inevitable and unavoidable, we rebel and repine. It is difficult to understand the virtue begot by patience. We forget, if indeed we have ever thought of it, that the inevitable is right,—God's way, with which we should co-operate by resignation to his will.

It is different with those things one may personally control. Then it is our duty to kick out of the enmeshing seine of events that hinder our rise in temporal and spiritual matters. If we are enjoined to observe patience we are also told to quit ourselves like men.

* * *

THE UNDOING.

A GREAT deal of the wrong men do in their lives is capable of being righted in some way, but there is also much that can never be undone. Take, for illustration, the hurtful word, or the unjust thought, and if the party affected by it passes away before the explanation is made, and the word of forgiveness is passed, there is no undoing the wrong. Many a person, thinking over the past, recalls the idle word that hurt, the injustice that rankled, and now that all hope of amends has passed with the opportunity of doing so, there remains for a lifelong legacy only the thought that the wrong can never be righted.

The moral of it all is to be more careful, more thoughtful, and more charitable in our intercourse with our fellow travelers. Nobody ever regretted in the end that the biting word had not been spoken, and that charity tempered the conclusion about the acts and lives of those about us.

* * *

KEEP YOUR PLACE.

IT is a great thing in this life for every one to keep within the bounds and limitations of his own responsibility. He who does the work assigned him and does it well is absolved from all responsibility of all other departments of action that may be taken. If we attend to our own business and do it well we are doing all that is required of us, and we are in no sense called upon to assume the responsibility of that not committed to us. It practically comes down to the old adage, homely, but very truthful, "Mind your own business." He who does this is not likely to get into trouble with those about him and will earn the respect and regard of his superiors.

* * *

THE SOLEMN INDIVIDUAL.

THE solemn party is everywhere, but, thank heaven, not in great numbers. He goes about with a face as long as the fag end of a funeral. He has no more conception of humor than a tobacconist's wooden Indian. He couldn't understand the subtle points of a joke with a diagram, and he goes around with what he calls gravity, but which is really slow wit and a general lack of the indefinable vitality that goes with good health.

The facts are that a well-balanced individual necessarily has the ability to see the grotesque and humorous because he knows the correct and proper thing. Naturally that which is an imitation or a burlesque on the real is provocative of a laugh, and it is a weakness to be without the ability to see the humorous side of things. The man without a laugh in him has all the milk of human kindness soured and is out of touch with the healthy individual who is alive to the anomalous and the incongruous.

* * *

"I CAN say I have never killed a bird. I would not crush the meanest insect that crawls upon the ground. They have the same right to life that I have, they received it from the same Father, and I will not mar the works of God by wanton cruelty."—*William Ellery Channing*.

* * *

AND now it is a hill in Kansas that has been christened INGLENOOK Hill. A good-natured smile is all over the INGLENOOK's hired man here.

MAKING PICTURES.

JUDGING from the number of photographs sent to the INGLENOOK for reproduction in the magazine, there seems to be a widespread lack of knowledge as to how a picture is made.

The first requisite is a suitable photograph. This is then sent to the engravers where a half-tone is made from which the picture is printed. The half-tone process is rather expensive, and after reproduction in the magazine is comparatively useless. There is no fund from which the half-tone cost may be defrayed, and while we are pleased to examine pictures there is no way to have them reproduced in the Nook.

* * *

VALUES OF THE ADVERSE.

SUCH things as sickness, and adversity generally, have a great real value not generally recognized. Everything goes on all right, and we come to think we understand the hard and seamy side of life without having had the experience. The fact is that nobody can understand many of the inevitable things of life without being in absolute touch with them. We know people die. We see the hearse go down the street, and we note the mourners behind. We think we know, but we never do till we ride in the death carriage ourselves behind one who is all the world to us. The good that comes out of it is the refined gold of human sympathy that enables us to feel with others afterward.

It is also true of many other phases of human experience. We must be sick to learn how to sympathize with the invalid. We must have been poor to know the feeling of the penniless. We must have been hungry to understand the beggar, and so on. It is safe to say that no adversity comes upon us that does not leave in its wake its value to us in ways not always immediately recognized.

* * *

A CRITIC.

A CRITIC is a man or woman who never did anything themselves that anybody remembers, but who deem themselves perfectly competent to adjust the machine and advise the one who is running it successfully. The man who can, and who really does things, is hardly ever a critic. He knows too much to think that he knows more than anybody else. Don't be too overly pushing in your opinion on navigation as you stand on the shore and note a pilot warping a big ferry-boat into its slip. If you had the doing of it, ten to one it would be a pile of scrap in the mud at the bottom of the river. The world's big, and there's lots of room. Get off to one side and

make more of a mark and less noise and people will seek your opinion, but not till they can see the mark will they be anxious for your idea of things.

* * *

JUST A THOUGHT OR TWO.

Not every brick is gold.

*

Every bully is at heart a coward.

*

A word let fly is never caught up with.

*

A good book is a guarantee against loneliness.

*

Charity is very often nothing but polite laziness.

*

Strange what some women see in some men.

*

Stranger what some men see in some women.

*

Absolute happiness lies always just ahead of us.

*

Nothing is rarer in the world than absolute justice.

*

The shocking of to-day is the recognized of to-morrow.

*

Monotony begets patience, and patience is a commendable virtue.

*

A good working conscience is the requisite of those who would govern.

*

Modesty is a good thing, but it can be overdone, like other virtues.

*

No prayer you ever uttered was unheard, no good deed ever wasted.

*

A woman will forgive open enmity quicker than she does indifference.

*

If you could sell what little you know, what price would you set on it?

*

It's likely the case that the grass widow isn't as green as the name indicates.

*

A man who wins a girl's hand and loses his head in the operation pays too much.

*

How rare the person who can lay the blame for adversity on his own mismanagement.

*

Most people will fight for prejudices but readily come to an understanding on principles.

BEE STINGS.

A VERY interesting article on bee stings and the medical value of the poison is reproduced from the *Kansas City Star*.

In addition to its time-honored reputation for industry, the busy little bee has been recently found to possess valuable medicinal properties. Taken regularly and under proper medical direction, a bee sting, it is believed by many, is a valuable panacea for many serious disorders. Several remarkable cures believed to have been wrought solely by the medicinal properties of bee stings have been recently reported. Much remains to be learned as to the exact effects of bees' stings. Being a somewhat violent treatment it should not be taken freely, except by regular medical prescription.

The poison exuded by the sting of the honey bee has long had a recognized chemical value. It is known in commerce as formic acid. Its chemical formula is expressed by the symbol " CH_2O_2 ." This acid, which is extremely powerful, is a recognized drug, and as such has many uses. It has had, besides, for years, a recognized therapeutic value among homeopaths. The sting of the honey bee, it may readily be understood, serves to inject this powerful medicine directly into the system, quite as effectively as though it were administered by a hypodermic syringe.

In these days of free dispensaries here is a cure which does not even need to be given away. So difficult is the gathering and preparation of this acid that the medicines which it dominates are naturally more or less expensive. The bee sting cure is obviously within the reach of all. Any bee may readily be induced to part with its precious secretion. The new cure—and many believe it to be a valuable treatment—has been discovered practically by accident. Most medicines, of course, are evolved as the result of much chemical experiment. No one ever thought of voluntarily taking the bee cure. The cases already reported of supposed cures from stings have been surprisingly numerous.

The actual use of the sting of bees is more or less familiar at present on the Eastern shore of Maryland, in several sections of Pennsylvania and in several parts of Long Island. The medicinal properties of bee stings are also familiar in Scotland. It is only of late, however, that the possibilities of the bee sting have attracted the attention of physicians. At present experiments along these lines are carried forward by at least one physician near New York, and the subject is attracting considerable attention.

Among homeopaths medicines containing formic acid or concentrated honey bee poison have been

effectively used for years for a variety of serious diseases. They are employed in the treatment of Bright's disease, in dropsy, in certain phases of diphtheritic throat, and for rheumatism. There is, of course, nothing surprising in this statement to homeopaths. Thousands of sufferers have taken the bee sting as a medicine, and are taking it today without knowing the source of the medicine.

Many stubborn, even chronic cases of rheumatism which have defied ordinary medical treatment for years have been relieved, even cured, by bee stings. One of the most recent of these cases has been the cure of William Snively, of Shady Grove, near Chambersburg, Pa. Mr. Snively had been a sufferer from acute rheumatism for years, and despite ordinary medical treatment, had lost the use of both arms, so that he was unable to work. He



SOME ROCKS.

chanced to be in his garden one day recently when a swarm of bees attacked him viciously, stinging him severely. Such was the stiffness of his arms that he was practically unable to defend himself.

The usual poisoning followed, and the injured portion quickly swelled, with the usual accompaniment of pain. Later, when the swelling gradually disappeared, Mr. Snively was amazed to find that the rheumatic pain and stiffness from which he had suffered for years was disappearing also. The relief was so great that within a few days he was enabled to regain the normal use of his arms. The sufferer has since returned to his work, which he carries on with all his old freedom.

A man named E. R. Salisbury, living near Chestertown, Md., in writing of his experience, says:

"I have tried the remedy by having bees sting me at places where the pain seemed to start. Twenty-one bees stung me in three different places, and in less than twenty-four hours relief was complete."

These reported cures will appear perhaps more natural to the layman when he comes to know something of the actual commercial use of the poison of the honey bee. The acid known among chemists as CH_2O_2 is procured in considerable quantities from the sting of the common honey bee. Few persons are familiar with the unusual method employed for extracting it. To procure this powerful liquid a number of honey bees are collected and placed in a glass jar. The top of the jar is covered with netting to allow plenty of air for breathing. The chemist then proceeds to stir up the bees vigorously with a stick. The honey bee is, as a rule, harmless, unless angered. The persistent stirring of a mass of bees drives them to fury, and as a result they soon commence viciously to sting the sides of the jar. A small portion of the poison is thus deposited on the sides of the jar. When the bees cannot be induced to sting any more they are emptied out and the poison is collected and held in solution of alcohol.

In its pure state formic acid is extremely powerful. Even when diluted to extreme weakness its action on the tissues is very marked. The sensation of being stung by a bee is, of course, familiar, and scarcely needs description. The slightest injection of the poison produces a powerful action, both locally and constitutionally. The tissues affected by the sting almost instantly become hard and of whitish color, and rapid swelling quickly follows. It is impossible for the blood to force its way through the swollen portion. An abnormal amount of this acid in the system will quickly prove fatal to the most robust constitution. Instances of men and horses being stung to death by bees in a comparatively short time are common.

Though the therapeutic value of formic acid has been neglected or little understood, its commercial value is widely recognized. It is utilized in science to preserve pathological specimens. Acting upon such specimens much the same as it does upon living tissues, it quickly hardens them, and in this condition they may be preserved for long periods. In other words, the specimens are stung until they are hard enough to resist the action of the air. A similar use of the acid is made by embalmers under the name of "formaline" and "formaldehyde," both words being derived from "formic."

A few years ago, it may be recalled, considerable excitement was aroused by the report that formaldehyde was being used extensively to preserve milk throughout the city. The acid is also used as a germicide and disinfectant. Some idea of its power may be obtained from the fact that a solution of one part of formic acid to $\frac{1}{2}$ million parts of water is considered an effective germicide. The power

of the insignificant little stinging apparatus of the bee, it will be seen, it not to be trifled with.

When the effect of the bee sting comes to be more understood it is probable that this novel and very powerful way of taking medicine will be a common practice. Exactly what happens when one has been stung by a bee, whether by accident or as the result of a medical prescription, is as follows:

The sting of the bee breaks the skin slightly, so that the aperture which exudes the poison or natural formic acid reaches the smaller veins. As the poison is injected it rapidly spreads to the surrounding tissue. The action is very rapid. Its effect is both local and constitutional. The injection of the acid causes instant swelling, shutting off the circulation. The local nerve centers are paralyzed. The accompanying pain is extremely sharp. To alleviate this pain and reduce the swelling the sting must be treated locally. It is impossible, with the present limited knowledge of the subject, to explain exactly how this injection of formic acid brings relief, even works a cure, in cases of rheumatism. If such a cure be general and permanent the inevitable conclusion is that the effect of the sting is constitutional, since rheumatism is a constitutional disease.

Dr. Louis B. Couch of Nyack-on-Hudson, who has been experimenting along these lines, announces that the sting of the bee offers to physicians a rich field for original investigation as a therapeutic remedy for rheumatism. Dr. Couch has done much valuable original investigation and is the inventor of many surgical instruments highly considered in the profession.

"The poison of the honey bee," he announced in a recent interview, "has long been known to the profession, if not to the public, as a cure for rheumatism. Its therapeutic value has been familiar to homeopaths for several decades. It is at present in daily use among them. It has been found by analysis that the principal ingredient of honey bee virus is formic acid. The acid is obtained for commercial purpose, I believe, from bees, from the glands of stinging nettles, from certain kinds of caterpillars, from ants, etc. The therapeutic value of the honey bee sting is mainly, if not entirely due, it seems to me, to this formic acid.

* * *

VAST UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

LESS than 10 per cent of Manitoba's land has been taken up. The neighboring territory of Assiniboia has nearly 60,000,000 acres, mostly suitable for wheat propagation; Alberta, near the Rockies, is 500x300 miles in extent, and Saskatchewan is another empire in area.

HOW AN ARTICLE IS PLATED.

THE other day, the Nookman, while in Chicago, visited the Larimer Mfg. Co., conducted by Nookers, and he saw the process of plating copper on steel. No doubt many readers have seen the advertising of electrical plating appliances with the alluring offer to sell for a dollar the apparatus for silver plating, and possibly not a few have invested, only to find themselves in possession of an impracticable toy.

Here at the Fraternity Purchasing Co., it is actually done, practically and commercially done. The process is an interesting one, though the actual work of the deposition of the copper is invisible.

The process is after this manner: Take, for example, a piece of iron, such as a part of a lock, which it is desired to plate. The first thing done is to clean the article, and this means not only to be ordinarily clean, but chemically clean. The article is first brushed clean of extraneous matter and then put in a bath of a solution of an alkali, which is simply a word for lye. The alkaline solution combines with the dirt and grease, forming in reality a dirty soap. The article is then washed and brushed clean and clear of the soap, as we will call it, being only a combination of the dirty grease that adheres to the article and the lye. No matter how thoroughly the article is plated no hand-work can clear it of grease. The chemical union of the alkali and the fat searches every available atom of grease and the marriage makes soap which will wash off.

Once clean it is ready for the actual plating. This, in practice, requires a vat in which the articles are hung suspended in a solution which looks like water, and there are copper plates in the solution. A small dynamo is set whizzing and the process is begun. The bubbles of air rising in a ferment show that chemical and electrical action have started. The atoms of copper let go from the main body of the copper plate and settle on steel surface. This can be kept up as long as desired, from the veriest film to so thick that the article would become a shapeless lump.

When sufficient of a coat has caught on, which is in an hour or so, the articles are removed. If the process were to stop then all that would be required to complete it would be the polishing on wheels made for the purpose. What is done at the Larimer Mfg. Co., is to immerse the brightly-plated article in a bath of chemicals which turns the copper as black as your hat. Now the operator takes it and holding it on a polishing wheel brushes off enough of the black to bring out the copper underneath. Then the whole article is finely polished. Cutting through the black to the copper allows the

operator to let himself loose in an artistic way, and the coloration and the design will depend on his skill and eye for beauty.

After the brushing which is done by a rapidly revolving wheel, geared to the overhead shaft, the article is finally lacquered, which in other words means that it is varnished, thus fixing the design as long as the surface is not destroyed by violence or the tooth of time.

* * *

A WOMAN SPY.

A COUPLE of years ago there died in Richmond, Virginia, a woman who was known as the woman spy. Her name was Miss Elizabeth Van Lew. She was of Northern parentage, but had been reared for the most part in Richmond. When the war broke out she sided with the North and conveyed many an important piece of information through the lines of the Federal army.

She also had her own idea of social equality with the negro and for this and her part in the war she was never forgiven by the Southern people, although she lived nearly thirty-five years after the rebellion. Practically she was a social outcast, and the very church in which she was baptized and confirmed refused to admit her. Although her heart craved sympathy and the society of her fellow beings it was always denied her. When she died she was very poor and the last deed of kindness and honor to her memory was a stone from Capitol Hill, Boston, sent to mark her grave by Northern people.

Before the war she was a very popular young woman, bright and vivacious. Many are the stories that are told in regard to her helping the cause in the capacity of a spy.

When Grant was President he appointed her post-mistress of Richmond, and she held this position as long as Grant remained President. After her removal she held a department position in Washington for a short time, after which she returned to her home in Richmond, where she died. No one will ever know how she longed for human sympathy which was always refused her by the women of the South.

* * *

Dextrins are gums or pastes. To make a substitute for gum arabic, and a good one, from starch, it is treated with nitric acid and then baked. Dextrin fixes dyes and colors on fabrics, particularly calico, and also is used in making paper boxes, oil cloth, ink, wall paper, for gumming envelopes and stamps or wherever a strong adhesive paste is needed.

* * *

BETTER is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.—*Solomon.*

SOMETHING ABOUT CHEESE.

THERE IS NO question but that cheese is a very nutritious substance, but it is also true that it is a most indigestible food. It can be eaten by outdoor laborers, but people of a sedentary habit ought to partake sparingly of it. While cheese is more nutritious than an equal amount of meat yet no one was ever known to live on it if he could get meat.

A great deal more cheese is used in England, where the average is eighteen pounds to the person, than in this country where the average is three pounds to the person, though it is a fact that the United States is the greatest cheese-making country on the face of the earth.

It seems to be one of the lost arts among the farmers, who used to make it in large quantities while it is now manufactured almost exclusively by the dairy and cheese-making establishments. In 1900 the almost incredible amount of 1,492,699,143 pounds was manufactured. A great deal of this is exported to other countries especially to England.

The first step in cheese-making is filling a vat of considerable size with fresh milk. It is left there until the cream rises to the top. Then the question whether it is to be skimmed milk, whole milk, or cream cheese, is decided. These terms explain themselves. If this vat of milk were to be left to itself in the course of time it would curdle into a semi-solid mass, but this would take too much time and not be available, so rennet is added to the cream and this causes the curdling. Properly speaking rennet is the fourth stomach of the calf, and the rennet used in the manufacture of cheese is a liquid extract made from that organ by chemical treatment. It has never been fully understood, but the fact is that nothing but rennet will fully answer this purpose satisfactorily.

The next step of cheese-making is not readily understood without seeing the operation. It is called cutting the curd. After the milk is curdled the curd is cut by many bladed knives set together in a framework, or by a framework of wires. The small cubes thus cut instead of going together shrink in size and sink to the bottom. The next step is called cooking the curd. The vat is heated and after the cooking of the curd is accomplished the whey is drawn off and fed to cattle. The curd has now become sticky and is a compact mass at the bottom of the vat. After this it is cut into cubes several inches square and left to "ripen." They are then put into a curd mill, ground, pressed into form, and put into a curing room to "ripen" again. Without this "ripening" cheese would be a very tasteless substance indeed.

Every country has its own peculiar makes of cheese, a number of them in fact, and a description

of them would fill an entire volume of the INGLENOOK. The Cheddar cheese takes its name from the village of Cheddar, in England, where the same kind of cheese has been made for three hundred years. Cheshire cheese takes its name from Cheshire County, England. The highest priced cheese made in England is the Stilton cheese. Stilton cheese is usually cylindrical in shape, twice as long as broad, and weighs twelve pounds each. The cheese is white and friable, marked with greenish blue veins, without which its friends would not know it as genuine Stilton. Brie cheese is made in the district of Brie twenty-five miles from Paris. When placed in a curing room it becomes covered with a blue mold and a red mould. It is one of the most popular of French cheeses and millions of cakes are sold every year. Roquefort cheese is also a French cheese and is made of ewe's milk and a mixture of ewe's milk with goat's milk, though sometimes cow's milk is used. Roquefort cheese, in order to get the full effect, is not to be used until it is decidedly mouldy, both within and without.

An Italian cheese is named Parmesan, and is manufactured at Parma in Italy. Parmesan cheese is in much vogue with those who know how to cook good macaroni. Limburger is made in Germany. It is put up in square flat cakes weighing about a pound. The peculiarity of its composition is that it is allowed to putrify before it is pressed. It has a characteristic taste and an odor which a good many people like and a great many more do not. An article descriptive of it says: "The stores in which it is sold smell like an ill-ventilated morgue, and few people except coroners can remain in them any length of time."

* * *

THE FIRST ALMANAC.

THE first almanac in the modern shape appeared in England in 1673. It was compiled by Maurice Wheeler, canon of Christ church, Oxford, and was printed in that city. The sale was so great that the booksellers of London bought the copyright in order to monopolize its subsequent sales. The "Almanac Royal" of Paris, 1697, contained notices of pastimes, court reception days, fairs and markets, to which were added soon afterward the genealogy of the reigning house, etc.

* * *

BRILLIANT BEETLES IN THE INDIES.

BEETLES in the East and West Indies are so brilliant in coloring that they are beautiful as gems.

* * *

A WRATHFUL man stirreth up strife: but he that is slow to anger appeaseth strife.—*Solomon*.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

WE take pleasure in reproducing from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* a letter about the passion flower that will be read with interest by the Nook family. In that portion of the country where the passion flower will thrive it makes a pleasing addition to the flower garden, or it is very interesting when planted near a building through the cran- nies of which it can thrust its tendrils.

Are you familiar with the habits, hardiness, foliage and blossoms of the passion flower? It is a

early spring I trained the infant vines to mount the front wall of my home, on either side of a green shuttered window, just inside of which stand my desk and typewriter. The vines grew and grew, like Longfellow's turnip—till one fine morning in June I discovered two shoots had penetrated between slats of the shutters and were actually greeting me right above my work desk with three magnificent flowers.

But my passion flowers have not stopped at this. Yesterday morning while leaving the house I made the very interesting discovery that, by some means,



THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY IN CALIFORNIA.

rare and luxuriant vine, perennial and, once rooted, almost, if not quite, ineradicable. I honestly believe the growth would mount to the sky, were sufficient support afforded. The leaves are of a rich dark green, with a waxen surface. The thick, almost impenetrable growth of a group of these vines presents a most pleasing and restful aspect to the eye. But—how shall I describe the flower? It is at once a wonder and a transcendent beauty—one of nature's rarest gems.

I have a rank growth of the passion flower in my front dooryard. And since early spring I have delightfully marked from day to day the grace of foliage and flower—ever increasing in volume, and beauty. But that which has most interested me is what might be termed, in modern expression, the "enterprise" of this truly wonderful creeper. In

to me wholly undiscoverable, they have made their way through the stone foundation under the house, and are pushing their heads out through the thinnest imaginable crevice between two of the white stone steps leading up to my front door.

Truly the passion flower, like Christianity, will not down. It may be humble in its growth, it may be battered down by solid hewn stone—but it will find its way to God's upper air and sunlight.—*William Ewing Love.*

If the average farmer's boy were asked to what uses corn was put he would be apt to say, after some reflection, that bread, stock feed and whisky making were its principal uses. In that he would be mistaken, for there are more than seventy products that are in general use that are made from corn.

TOBACCO AND FAT.

IN the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* Dr. Ohman-Dumesnil, a specialist, tells why people get fat when they abandon tobacco.

A man gets fat when he quits smoking or chewing tobacco suddenly, because he has for a time an abnormal appetite, and the system which has not been assimilating sufficiently assimilates abnormally. By the time appetite and assimilation become normal, the man has taken on an abnormal amount of flesh. Then his appetite and his power of assimilation continue good and the fat does not diminish.

Tobacco produces a disturbance of the stomach. Saliva, needed in digesting food, is dissipated. The stomach and intestines are irritated, but they are not stimulated to digestion, as many persons think. The tissues dry up. Appetite is lost.

Those digestive fluids that convert starch into glucose are lost. The bile saponifies. There is more free bile than there would be. You will notice that all smokers look sallow, though not jaundiced. Free bile, absorbed in the tissues, causes this. Sudden stopping of the use of tobacco causes sudden changes from one abnormal to another abnormal condition. But the change is temporary.

Men of spare habit do not get fat as a result of not smoking. But those who tend toward stoutness will take on muscles and flesh. A certain amount of exercise will restore normal proportions. A punching bag for the upper body and walking for the lower body make a desirable combination.

The fat of the reformed smoker is not like the fat of the beer-drinker. The beer drinker's fat is part bloat from gases, but mostly dropsical. Let a man fattened with beer be taken with pneumonia, and death is certain. He has no power to resist.

Alcohol is no more a stimulant than tobacco. It is an irritant. It finally inflames. It is this inflammation of the kidneys that makes the beer-drinker fat. The kidneys finally do not do their work. Water gets into the tissues. A beer-drinker can get in shape if he will abandon beer. By exercising he can work the water out of the tissues, when it will become a lubricant for the digestive channels.

The reason a man who has only partly quit smoking is nauseated when in the presence of persons smoking is that his stomach, through his partial change in habits, is in a more than usually disturbed condition. Other things would nauseate as much as second-hand tobacco smoke.

* * *

THE light of the eyes rejoiceth the heart: and a good report maketh the bones fat.—*Solomon*.

SOME EATERS.

THE *Saturday Evening Post*, referring to the food theories has this to say:

It has been a fine year for the increasing thousands who have fads about their food. The high prices of almost everything in the market have given the opportunity. The advocates of no breakfast, of meat once a day, of no meat at all, of certain kinds of vegetables, of no kind of vegetables, of nuts only, of the absolute avoidance of nuts, of raw fruit, of fruit only when cooked, of neither coffee nor tea nor sassafras, and of all the other things or of any part of things or of no things at all, have come forth not singly but in battalions, and have told us how to live to be a hundred—if we don't die.

It would be gross ingratitude not to be thankful to these advisers. They are sincere. They want to do good. They give their time for the benefit of others. They are sad to think of ignorant thousands going to early graves on full stomachs. They raise their warning voices against satiety. People should stop eating before they get enough. The old saying about losing what is left on the plates finds no echo in their doctrines. Eating for the sake of eating is sin. Eating all the things that are offered is wickedness. So they find something bad in every number of the bill-of-fare—from typhoid fever in raw oysters to dyspepsia and vain regrets in pie.

They have a right to their convictions. A man down in Virginia went without food for thirty days this year. But likely as not they doubled the price of his board for the next month. People use the starvation plan for many ailments. Many of them go to health resorts and pay \$50 to the hotel doctor who strikes off from the bill-of-fare all the good things they would like to eat. The hotels get their savings; the doctor gets his big fees, and they get—hungry. But most of the faddists have their imaginations in their culinary departments, and it is not reasonable of them to expect the robust members of society to follow their examples. It may be wrong, but the average American wants breakfast. It may hurt him, but he will have meat. He may be jeopardizing his very soul, but he likes to play with the menu all the way from soup to satisfaction. And somehow it agrees with him. Look at the other nations. We don't know of any that beat him when the food or the fuel within him works its way to results in the progress and civilization of mankind.

* * *

THE fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom; and before honor is humility.—*Solomon*.

WHERE "PATENT OUTSIDES" ORIGINATED.

WHEN the Civil War broke out, in 1861, A. N. Kellogg was editor and publisher of a small country paper in Baraboo, Wisconsin. His printer enlisted one day, and it was a question whether he would be able to get his paper out on the regular publishing day. He cast hurriedly about him to know what to do, as the time was short. The Madison "Daily Journal" published a weekly supplement to its regular sheet, and in his dilemma it occurred to Mr. Kellogg that he could buy an edition of these supplements, fold them in with his own paper, and send the double sheet to his subscribers. He had that week a half-sheet of his own paper. This was done. Next it occurred to Mr. Kellogg that this might be done every week, and that the sheets might come to him printed on one side, leaving the other to be filled in and printed in his own office. This, too, was done. When he saw how much time, labor, and expense he had saved by this plan, the next link in the chain of new ideas came to him. He would print a sheet of newspaper upon one side, filling it with choice reading matter, and sell it to country editors harassed as he had been. Thus originated the "patent outside" in journalism. The matter was sold to only one newspaper in a place, so there could be no conflict. The idea was transferred to Chicago, where it spread like wildfire. Nearly ten thousand newspapers in this country use "ready prints;" and, of these, more than one-half are supplied by the Kellogg houses, located in half a dozen cities.—"Success."

* * *

THE BEGINNING OF OSTRICH FARMS.

FIFTY years ago, the domestication of the ostrich was an idea scouted by most of the zoologists who had given time and thought to the subject. Their young, it was believed, could not be raised in a state of captivity. The great demand for ostrich feathers was then met by hunting and killing wild birds, and there were indications that the species would soon become extinct. But, in the early sixties, a French scientist named Gosse issued a pamphlet in which he argued that the domestication of the ostrich was feasible and practicable, and not long afterwards a brood of ostriches was reared in the city of Algiers. Gosse's pamphlet and news of the experiment in Algiers became familiar to two farmers in Cape Colony, who determined to undertake the domestication of ostriches in South Africa. Beginning with two birds, which they caught and placed in an inclosure, in a twelvemonth they had

a brood of eighty, which marked the birth of a new industry which has played a potential part in the development and commerce of a vast region. Large tracts of land in South Africa, which could not be profitably used for any other purpose, are now devoted to this business, and feathers to the value of six million dollars, from nearly four hundred thousand domesticated birds, are now annually sent abroad from Cape Colony.—"Success."

* * *

SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR CONVEYANCE.

SUCH a thing as a wagon or a buggy is so common that the Nook reader is not apt to give it a thought. From one of the advance Census Reports of the United States we learn that for nearly two hundred years after the discovery of this country by Columbus there were no coaches or carriages in use. There were very few used at all until after the Revolutionary War, and then these were imported from England. The travel was on horseback. What wagons they had at that time were mainly built at Conestoga in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. A Conestoga wagon was long, with a canvas-covered top, and the front and the back were higher than the middle of the body. They are much used in the south, and a so-called Concord wagon is used on the western prairies.

It was not until 1784 that mail stages were used between Boston and New York. Stage coaches did not come into general use until about 1817. Omnibuses were introduced into this country about 1830 in New York City.

A large number of the so-called manufacturers of carriages and wagons are in reality merely assemblies, where they put on wheels, attach the tops, etc., arranging the parts which have been purchased from the several factories where the pieces are made. The old-time wagon maker, who made a wagon from the first to the last, and the blacksmith who ironed it, are relatively things of the past.

How many Nookers can give the origin of the word buggy? The name is of Anglo-Indian origin from the Hindu word "bag," pronounced bug, to move, and in India it is used to designate a kind of gig with a hood to screen the travelers from the rays of the sun. The landau is a carriage of the coach family, and it takes its name from the town in Bavaria, where it is supposed to have been first built. The rockaway is a carriage named after Rockaway Beach on Long Island, New York. The Victoria is named after the late queen. The buckboard is so called because it is used as a conveyance in rough and mountainous regions where it is supposed to buck against the difficulties along the road.

Aunt Barbara's Page

OLD SCHOOL DAYS.

BY KATIE SHIDLER.

Boys and girls of the INGLENOOK, let me tell you about our school days and the old log cabin schoolhouses of fifty and sixty years ago, in Orange township, Ashland County, Ohio. There are but few of the old boys and girls left to tell the old story of sixty years ago, and the old log schoolhouses have all disappeared.

I asked an old friend, seventy-nine years old, who has lived here all his life, where he went to school when he was a boy. "Oh," he answered, "just up here about a mile and a half. Your brother owns the farm the old schoolhouse was on. It was built of round logs, had a clapboard roof, one window about four feet long and one windowlight high, and a clapboard door, and the floor was made of puncheons."

Do you wonder what puncheon means? Well, they sawed logs and split off slabs like boards, only rough and splintery, and these were called puncheons. The benches were made of round logs split in two, with the split side up and two legs in the round side at each end. The writing desk was made by driving wooden pins into the wall and fastening boards on them. Not many writing desks were required as there were only a few who wrote. How would you like such a schoolhouse now? You think it would break your back to sit on such benches? Well, the boys and girls in those days had strong backs, and were much stronger than boys and girls are now.

Teachers punished differently then from now. This man said that one day his teacher got him down between the two bench legs and held him there quite a while, and another day he caught him and lifted one of the puncheons of the floor and stuck him under the schoolhouse and kept him there two hours. Boys, how would you like that? I laughed when he told that, and I said, "You must have been a pretty bad boy." "Oh," he said, "I guess I was pretty mischievous."

I asked him if there were anyone else living who went to that schoolhouse. He studied awhile and said there were four yet living, and mentioned their names.

The only schoolhouse I ever went to was a log

house. It had five windows and six desks, two on each side and one in each gable end. The larger pupils sat with their backs against the wall, and had the desk to lay their books on and to write on. The smaller children sat around the stove with their backs against the desk. They had to hold their books in their hands and on their laps. It is sixty years since I first went to that school and now I am sixty-eight years old.

Boys and girls did not get the education then that they do now and the district was much larger. We had a large school with about thirty-five large pupils and as many smaller ones, and we always had teachers about thirty or forty years old. The ten plated stove stood in the middle of the schoolhouse and the master's chair right behind it.

On Christmas the big boys barred the master out and said he must treat. He tried hard to get in but they kept him out till he promised. Sometimes he would treat with apples and cakes. Apples in those days were not so plentiful as they are now, for most of the orchards were not old enough to bear, and cakes were a luxury. We did not often have them and that is one reason why the girls and boys were so much healthier than now.

The boys and girls wore home-made clothing in those days. The girls wore flannel dresses, and woolen stockings that their mothers knit. They did not wear their dresses so short as they do now, but down to their ankles. They wore heavy shoes too and there were not so many pale faces and on their cheeks glowed the bloom of health. There were no cramped feet nor pinched waists in those days. Oh, those were days of sunshine! Methinks I can hear the merry laughter over the hills and through the meadows and in the orchards.

At school the boys and girls played together. Our plays used to be, "What will you do when the Black-man comes?" "Shinny ball," "There comes an old woman from barber town," "Chickeny, Chickeny, Craney Crow," "Bull in the pen," "Ring-a-rosy," "Tell who you like best," and many other little plays. But where are our teachers to-day? They have crossed over the river of death, and where are the many scholars that went to that old schoolhouse? Only a few left to tell the old story, but we hope to meet them where parting is no more.

Ashland, Ohio.

The Q. & A. Department.

A LETTER comes to the NOOK asking a question which it is intended to treat at some length, on account of its importance. The writer, a woman, says she has "sinned grievously," and thinks she should make a public confession of her wrong doing. She asks whether she should do so. That is the substance of it. No details are given.

The NOOK believes that all readers have sinned more or less "grievously," and that repentance is always in order, and that an open confession is good. But there is always a condition. There can be no hard and fast rule. For illustration: if I harbor an unkindness of feeling against my brother, which I subsequently find to be groundless, I can repent, settle with God, and tell the offended party about it, promising amendment, and regard the incident as closed. There has been no talk on my part and the world has nothing to do with it.

But if I have talked to all who would listen, spread misrepresentation and scandal, all of it without foundation, when I discover the truth and the baselessness of my idle talk, there is but one honorable course to pursue and that is to make the amend as open and public as my offense has been. The usual way, when a wrong has been proclaimed from the housetop is to make an acknowledgment to the party in private and let the public lie go unchecked in its travels, but it is not an honorable way.

But now let us consider the woman's case. Reading between the lines her sin involves herself and another. She sees things in a different light, repents and does no more sin. Now the question is whether or not she should make a public acknowledgment of wrong, say before the church. The INGLENOOK says no. The reasons are that no offense has been committed against the public. No good can possibly come from advertising human frailty. On the contrary it will be a misunderstood act, one that will mar the future, spread consternation, and do no good at all. It may be a very wise thing to unburden to a close-mouthed friend for sympathy and help, but the general public has but little use for a self-furnished record of weakness and generally views it with a merciless eye. If every member of every church stood up the first Sunday of next month and told of all the bad in him, the congregation would pass from a parcel of faulty beings trying to be helpful to one another to a museum of morbid anatomy that would be sickening. None are called upon to disrobe before the public to show sores physically, nor is anyone called upon to strip morally before the world. So the NOOK

advises the woman to settle with God, unburden, if deemed best, to a friend, and stopping there, go and sin no more.

✦

ELLA E. MILLER, Marcola, Oregon, requests information from some of the NOOK family about the following: A lady was going to renew her vinegar with sugar and water, and when she put the granulated sugar in the vinegar it foamed as if she had put soda in it. Can any of the Nookers interested in chemistry tell us the probable cause of this? The Nookman's idea of it is that the vinegar was a chemical preparation, and that a reaction took place on the addition of sugar. The question is open for our bright young people to give an answer.

✦

I am about to be married and my people are not in good circumstances, and my intended husband offers to furnish a part of the wedding outfit. What do you advise in the premises?

Without going into detail the INGLENOOK advises most emphatically that you allow nothing of the kind. Your looking after this matter yourself may prevent afterclaps that might be exceedingly unpleasant. On the other side it may be news to many of the NOOK family to know that in Spanish speaking countries the bridegroom always provides the trousseau at his own expense. It is not safe in a matter of this kind to violate the traditions and to open up a door for subsequent evil or unwise talk.

✦

When you milk a cow why is the last milk you get much richer than the first?

Because the cream rises to the top in the udder just the same as it does in a vessel after it has been milked out.

✦

How is stove polish made?

Two parts of copperas, one part of powdered bone-black, one part black lead. Mix with water to the consistency of cream.

✦

What will make good enameline for stoves?

Mix ordinary stick stove polish with thick soap-suds to the consistency of paste. Rub on with a rag and polish afterward with a dry woollen cloth or brush.

✦ ✦ ✦

A NOOKER asks for the publication of "The Raggedy Man." The Editor does not know the article. Who can help out?

The Home



Department

SWEET PICKLES.

SWEET pickles are always a delicious addition to a menu, especially at luncheon. What is more, they are usually so popular that they disappear rapidly and have to be put up in large quantities. The wise woman bestirs herself at this season and fills jars with pickles of the fruit that is so cheap.

Whatever the fruit, the process of making is the same, the difference being only in the first preparation. To make the syrup after a tried and satisfactory recipe allow for eight pounds of fruit four pounds of brown sugar, one cup of mixed whole spices, stick cinnamon, cassia buds, allspice and cloves and one quart of vinegar. Tie the spices in a cheesecloth bag, add both them and the sugar to the vinegar and set over the fire to boil. Skim carefully and boil until clear, then add the fruit and scald until tender. Remove the fruit and pack into jars. Boil the syrup a few moments longer and pour over the fruit while hot. Let stand over night, and in the morning drain off the syrup; let boil for three or four minutes, and again pour over the fruit. Repeat this process for five consecutive mornings, then seal the jars and store in a cool place.

Pinapple Sweet Pickles—Pare the fruit and remove the eyes; cut each one in half, and with a fork pick the fruit off from the core in small pieces. then proceed as already directed.

Sweet Pickle Pears—Select good fruit, ripe and firm; peel them, leaving them whole with the stems on. Drop into the syrup, cook until tender and then proceed as for other fruits.

Sweet Pickle Peaches—Scald and remove the outer skin. If very ripe, merely pour the boiling syrup over them for five consecutive mornings, but if in the least hard, cook until tender, as directed for other fruits.

Sweet Pickle Cantelope—Few relishes are more tempting than home made sweet pickles, and no fruit can be more successfully treated than the cantelope. Pare and cut the ripe melons into thick slices. Then weigh, and for every eight pounds allow four pounds of the best brown sugar, one

quart of vinegar and one cup of mixed whole spices, stick cinnamon, cassia buds, allspice and cloves, using less cloves and more allspice. Tie the spices in a bag and boil with the vinegar and sugar. Skim well, and when clear pour over the fruit. Cover and let stand over night, and in the morning pour off the syrup, boil for five minutes, and again pour over the fruit. Repeat this for three successive mornings, then pack in jars, seal and store.

Ripe Cucumbers—Pare the cucumbers and cut into thick slices, removing the seeds. Boil one ounce of alum in one gallon of water, pour it over the cucumbers and let stand on the back of the stove for three or four hours. Drain and throw into cold water until well chilled, then boil in the syrup for one-half hour, after which follow the usual recipe.

Spiced Grapes—Grapes make a most tasty relish for cold meats and poultry. To get the best results, select good Concord fruit, and to each eight pounds allow four pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of ground cinnamon, one tablespoonful of ground cloves, one teaspoonful of salt and one of black pepper. Remove the skins from the grapes and put them in one kettle with just enough cold water to cover them, and the juice and pulp in another. Stand both over the fire. Let the skins boil slowly until tender. When the juice and pulp reach the boiling point remove them from the fire and press through a colander to extract the seeds. Return to the fire and add sugar, vinegar and spices. When the skins are tender add them and the water in which they were boiled to the juice, and cook slowly until it thickens well when cooled. Pack in jelly glasses and store away until wanted.

TAKE one cup of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of shortening (lard or butter), one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half cup of boiling water. Mix in flour with a spoon as thick as possible. Drop in spoonfuls on greased pans and bake in hot oven.

WHAT THEY SAY.

"I ENJOY reading the magazine more and more each issue."—*Mrs. Grace Roof, Missouri.*

✱

"WE appreciate the Nook very much. I don't see how we could get along without it."—*Senith Setty, Ohio.*

✱

"THE California number of the INGLENOOK is well nigh a cyclopædia. Neat, fresh, vigorous, it unravels truths that fasten themselves to the mind to abide."—*M. M. Eshelman, Tropic, Cal.*

✱

"WHILE the INGLENOOK grows better and better with each number the California number has almost outdone itself. It is certainly a mine of information about the Golden State."—*Mrs. S. J. Stutsman, Virginia, Nebr.*

✱

"I HAVE been a careful reader of the NOOK from the beginning, and being somewhat of an evolutionist I have been much gratified when I could see it growing better all the time, the last number, that is the California number, being the best of all. We take four of the best magazines we can get at our house, and generally read the Nook first."—*Daniel Laniman, McPherson, Kans.*

✱ ✱ ✱

MORE ABOUT THE BOYS.

NOOKER Bertha Neher, of Milford, Indiana, writes the INGLENOOK that her grandfather is away ahead of the eighty-year-old class thus far reporting to the NOOK. His name is Marcus Cupp, and he is in his ninety-second year. His general health has always been good, and being asked over the telephone how he explained the situation he replied that it was "hard work and rough grub." Given a good constitution to start with the NOOK ventures the statement that regular habits have a great deal to do with long life. Marcus Cupp was born in Rockingham County, Virginia, and has lived in North Manchester, Indiana, for the past twenty-eight years. By virtue of his recorded age he is the senior male Nooker this far. There may be an older, and if so, who is it?

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—In Indiana a girl to help in house work. Church, school, and similar inducements at the place. Be a good place for a good girl. Address: T. I. W., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED.—I want a home for my boy, aged 10, of good family, healthy, Brethren home preferred. Write for particulars which will be cheerfully furnished. Address: Widow, care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

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✱ ✱ ✱

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PRAISE THE LIVING.

Withhold not thy sweet praise till death enshroud
The face that else would lighten with a smile;
Hide not thy sympathetic counsel while
The soul thou lovest is beneath a cloud.
Tired, grieved, yet brave against the selfish crowd,
Who reck not how discouragements may pile,
Like Pellon on Ossa, to revile
The gentle spirit. Pause not; speak aloud!
Life is the time of friendship and devotion.
The grave is deep: it hides no phrases fair,
Nor is the soul disturbed by the commotion
Of men who strive: it is beyond despair.
Speak to thy friend: let thy words be a lotion
To soothe his heart, ere it shall moulder there.

Willis Leonard Clanahan.

* * *

ABOUT THE 1804 DOLLAR.

PEOPLE who gather coin know what is meant by an 1804 dollar. The story is abroad that but four of these were coined, which is an error according to the statement made in the subjoined article, which is taken from the *New York Press*, and is written by Victor Smith, who evidently knows what he is saying. All the same it might be advisable for any Nooker who has an old silver dollar lying around to see whether he has a real 1804. If he has it is like finding a farm. The article says:

The immortal 1804 dollar crops up in a new guise. The government would make the rest of the world feel easy if it would issue an official history of this much discussed coin and set at rest forever the numerous versions of the story of its minting, circulation, distribution, recalling and ultimate destruction. The latest fiction is that only 1,900 of these dollars were coined, and that all were recalled except four. Referring to the report of the director of the mint, I learn that the actual number coined was 19,570. The belief of most numismatics is that the number in existence is from seven to nine. The value is from \$600 to \$4,500. Captain Abbott of the Treasury secret service recently found a long-lost one in Lima, Ohio, which is worth \$3,000 if genuine. A German is said to have received it as pay in South America many years ago.

There are numerous counterfeits bearing the date of 1804. They are generally made of the 1801, which bears a close resemblance to the coveted 1804, but cutting out the "1" and inserting a "4" in its place. Any scratches or depressions about the date are sure indications of falsity. There are also re-strikes, made with the original dies, but at a later date, and as they did not have the collar, the lettering around the edge is irregular, as it was put on by hand afterward. An old friend of mine is in possession of a perfect specimen of this dollar, so far as the design is concerned. The metal, however, is lead. He acquired it under peculiar circumstances.

In an article on coins this friend said that no successful counterfeit of the 1804 dollar had been made. In reply he received by mail a packet containing the lead one, accompanied by a letter from an anonymous correspondent. The handwriting was exquisite and the phraseology that of a person of education and taste. After going into a complete history of the original coin the writer closed as follows: "I sent this to you as a token of esteem and a sign of friendship. Keep it for my sake. Remember it comes from one whose freedom would hardly be encouraged were his name and vocation to become known, therefore the name I sign is a fiction. I present it on condition that you never publish what I have written." As death usually is regarded as lifting the embargo, my friend permitted me to read the letter and to publish the foregoing extract, for he learned recently that his anonymous acquaintance is dead.

The genuine 1804 dollar has on the obverse side the head of Liberty turned toward the right; flowing hair tied back with a ribbon in a large, loose knot; "Liberty" above "1804" beneath; seven stars on the left and six on the right, around the edge. Reverse: The customary *E Pluribus Unum*, eagle and shield; "United States of America" around the edge; thirteen stars clustered between the eagle and the scroll work under "States of." It is a strikingly handsome coin.

* * *

THE way of life is above to the wise, that he may depart from hell beneath.—*Solomon*.

A TRIP TO THE YOSEMITE.

COME, Nookers, and let us take a trip to the Yosemite Valley, and from there to the big trees. The Yosemite Valley is about eight miles in length and one mile in width, walled in on all sides by cliffs that range from three thousand to six thousand feet in height. There are different ways of getting there, one of which is the Raymond-Wawana Route. This route will take us to within eight miles of the big trees. The first day will be a forty-six mile ride by stage and we will halt for the night at Wawana, an Indian word meaning the big tree.

The Yosemite National Park is under the control of the National Government while the Yosemite Valley within the park is under State control. The Yosemite



READY FOR THE TRIP.

National Park is about thirty-six miles in length and forty-eight miles in width.

From Wawana we can go to Mariposa Grove, a slow uphill trip. Here we can see the big trees. They do not appear as large as they really are though on staying a while their true dimensions grow upon us. Here we will see the most famous tree in the world, the Grizzly Giant. It is ninety-two feet in circumference and two hundred and eighty-five in height, and is thought to be the largest tree in the world. But the Columbia is the highest tree, being three hundred and twenty-five feet, but with a girth of only eighty-four feet. There are about three hundred and sixty-five of these large trees in the grove. A good many of them are named, such as Washington, Lincoln, McKinley, etc., the names being written upon little slabs that are tacked upon the trees themselves.

When we go from Wawana to the Yosemite we have twenty-six miles of road before us, making altogether seventy-two miles by stage from the railroad. The most of it is a mountainous road along which the horses dash with real old-time western stage methods. Horses are changed about every nine miles so that a very brisk gait is kept up most of the way and in fact it is entirely too brisk for the majority of the passengers.

The entrance to the Valley proper is a dramatic one, as we are brought face to face with the most magnificent scenery in the whole wide world. No man is allowed to engage in business in the valley without a permit and all the business belongs to the State with the exception of the chapel. There is a hotel, the Sentinel, and three camps, Camp Yosemite, Camp Curry, and Camp Ideal, but after registration any one may go into a camp of his own if he so desires.

From this point as a starting place we may drive to Mirror Lake, which is on the floor of the Valley, and afterward to the Happy Isles. The waterfalls of the Yosemite are of wonderful beauty. There are two in the Yellowstone Park but in the Yosemite are a half dozen of the most beautiful falls in the world. It is a country in which one might spend his days unhampered by the cares of the world and so remote from civilization that the troubles of commercialism and the grinding course of trade would have a hard time reaching him.

Words are not adequate to describe the beauty of the valley and if any Nooker ever finds himself within easy reach of the Yosemite and has the time and money at his disposal by all means let him take in these grand sights of our country, for their like is not to be found anywhere else in the known world.

* * *

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

AWAY among the Alleghanies there is a spring so small that a single ox could drain it dry on a summer day. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a thousand villages and cities, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining on the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar until the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is the rill, the rivulet, the ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

* * *

To our parents, says an expert, we are indebted for half our mental traits; to our grandparents, one-fourth; to our great-grandparents, one-eighth, and so forth.

* * *

DECIDEDLY the chief attraction of Southern California is its climate. This is the feature that brings three-fourths of the Eastern visitors to Southern California.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN AS WRITERS.

THERE probably never was a woman who did not look forward to a literary career with a great deal of personal satisfaction. While this is true of men it is in a greater degree true of women, and perhaps the situation is a natural one because everybody likes to see his name in print, at least most people do, and when added to that there is a continued call for the output of the author there are good reasons for congratulation. Many years have not passed since women began to occupy literary fields. The progress of the past twenty-five years among women in entering fields hitherto closed to them, has included journalistic work. There is probably no woman who has not dreamed of what she would do were she to get a hearing before the public. Untold thousands have tried it and the experience of the INGLENOOK has been that more women attempt it than do men. Most of it is along lines that are not available, and a better knowledge of the situation would prevent the writers falling into the mistake. Nine women out of ten think they must instruct the world, or improve it, and proceed accordingly only to find that a hard-headed and unsympathetic editor does not share the same view.

But of recent years, that is within the lifetime of our girl readers, women have been employed on many of the great newspapers and in magazine literature. Along certain lines they have proved an eminent success. One of the reasons for this lies in the fact that they will obey orders, when given an assignment, without reference to their own judgment in the matter. A man will have opinions of his own and sometimes spoils a good story, while a woman will get what she is sent after if it is at all available. Then along certain lines, such as society news, social events, receptions and the like, she is par excellence the superior of any man reporter, given, of course, the essential primary intelligence back of it. In book reviewing and book illustrating she has successfully invaded what was once regarded the peculiar domain of man. In instances she is either the editor in chief of prominent publications, or stands very close to the head.

One of the mistakes that most women make is in overestimating the rewards of literature. They imagine from what they have read, or from what they think about such things, that women are paid princely salaries to start with. On the contrary most women are not well paid, until they attain distinction, when they find it much more profitable to abandon the hack work of journalism and enter the field occupied by the syndicate, or they sell their works in the open market. Sometimes a woman makes a leap into sudden notoriety, as did Mary McLane, of Butte, Mont., but this class almost invari-

ably disappears with equal celerity. Those who win in the game are always those who have a natural talent for writing, and who began at the bottom and slowly worked their way up until their talent has been recognized, or as it is put in the parlance of publishing people, they have "arrived." Once in this enviable situation, provided she has sufficient mental and intellectual reserve to keep it up, the world is hers in a literary way, but the women who really thus climb to the top are few indeed. They are nearly all middle-aged, hard-headed, sensible, and anything but flippant, foolish and giddy.

Considering the returns and the enormous amount of work necessary to attain the prominence that justifies a weekly pay of a satisfactory character, the Nookman would not advise any of his friends to enter the race with a view of becoming either famous or rich. The work is too hard and the chances are too slight. This is said with a full consciousness that the people who really have it in them will succeed anyhow in spite of all opposition.

* * *

STATISTICS OF SLAVERY DAYS.

THE total white population of the south in 1860, according to the census, it is noted, was 8,099,700, of which 384,864 owned the 3,953,696 slaves in the country, excluding 2 owned in Kansas, 15 in Nebraska, 29 in Utah and 18 in New Jersey. One man alone owned more than 1,000 slaves and he was a South Carolinian. Eighty-eight owners, in nine states, had more than 300 each, and thirty of the eighty were South Carolinians. One-fifth of all the slaveholders—or 77,322—owned but one slave each, and the greatest number of these small holders in one state was in Virginia, which had also the largest proportion of slaves, 490,865.

* * *

A YEAR or so ago a party of tourists, setting out to demonstrate the wide range of climatic conditions here prevailing, made a trip to Mt. Lowe on the morning of New Year's day, where they indulged in a sleigh ride and a bout of snow-balling. Descending, an hour's ride brought them to Pasadena, where they picknicked in an umbrageous grove, and gathered ripe fruit from the orange trees. Continuing their journey to Santa Monica, they found amusement in the afternoon by taking a dip in the surf. All this in a pleasure jaunt of one day!

* * *

AN arm chair has been grown from the seed of a ginkgo tree by a Korean. He planted it, pruned, twisted and guided each tendril of the growing plant for 20 years. The chair weighs over 100 pounds, is 40 inches in height and 25 inches wide. It has been bought and carried to California by a sea captain.—*Commoner.*

HAWKS AND CROWS.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES, in the *Boston Herald*, writes entertainingly of the doings of a crow and a hawk he captured.

For some weeks I have had an opportunity to compare the characters of the red-shouldered hawk and the crow under practically the same conditions, and the differences are interesting and often amusing.

I took a fine young crow from the nest about the first of June, at which time he was fully feathered, but still unable to fly. He was given an empty room all to himself, and for several days was as stupid as only very young crows can be. At first he crouched on the floor in a corner, and refused to eat unless the food was pushed down his throat, but in a few days he began to caw loudly whenever he was hungry, and opened his mouth wide to receive anything which might be dropped into it.

This was a period of great innocence and confidence in mankind, and he was prepared to swallow without question, anything which one chose to put into his mouth. No matter whether it was raw meat, earth worms, fruit or bread-and-milk, down it went with a greedy, gobbling sound, and the next instant the big red throat yawned for more. He soon found the use of his wings and roosted at night on the top of a door.

I had had him about two weeks when I received by express three young red-shouldered hawks, also well feathered, but unable to fly. They were half-famished when they arrived at the station, and when on their way to the house I could hear their fierce cries while they were still over a quarter of a mile distant. I put them into the same room with Satan, the crow, and the latter was frightened half to death with their screaming.

He flew around the room time and again, scarcely daring to alight even for a moment upon his favorite perch, the cupboard door. I offered the hawks some raw beef and they ran at me and fairly snatched the food from my fingers, swallowing it with several quick jerks of the head. If a piece of the meat was thrown upon the floor, the hawk nearest to it would rush upon it with his talons and run away into a corner with it and devour it with his face to the wall.

Here were several differences between the hawk and the crow. No matter how hungry Satan might be, he never snatched the food from my hand; he always waited, often impatiently, for me to put it into his mouth. Moreover, he always swallowed it where he stood, instead of running away with it. The crow would eat almost anything; the hawks would touch nothing but animal food.

One morning I put a large garter snake into the room and instantly one of the young hawks pounced upon it, seizing it in his talons and striking at it with his bill, meanwhile raising his wings in the air and screaming fiercely. The snake struggled and snapped at his legs, but this seemed only to excite him the more and he would certainly have killed the reptile had I not liberated it before much damage was done. A live frog was regarded by the hawks as an object of curiosity while it remained still, but the moment it jumped one of the fierce birds was upon it like a fury, striking it savagely with one foot and quickly tearing it to pieces with his bill.

But it was evident that the frog's bitter skin was distasteful to the hawk, for each time after pecking at his victim he shook his head as if in disgust.

For several days the crow lived in constant fear of the hawks and would scarcely venture down to get his own food. By and by, however, he found out that the screams of his companions, deafening as they were, did him no harm and thenceforth he paid no attention to them. In the meantime he had learned to peck a little on his own account and although he still preferred to have his food put into his open mouth, he would, if left alone, eat some of it.

He soon acquired habits of thrift, and when there was more food than could be eaten on the spot, he picked it up, hid it away in corners, under sheets of paper and in other convenient places, which he visited when he felt hungry again. Sometimes he carried off one piece at a time, but he usually filled his mouth and throat, and made off with a load which he hid piece by piece. His feeling of indifference for the hawks soon changed to open disrespect, and if the birds of prey failed to pick up their meat promptly when it was thrown to them, Satan would take it from under their very noses and carry it off for future use.

As the hawks never learned the habit of hiding their food, they often went hungry when the crow was well fed and happy. It did not take the wily black bird very long to still further show his contempt for his companions, and even after they had taken food in their bills the crow would walk up and snatch it away before they could swallow it. Sometimes, to be sure, a hawk would struggle for the possession of the meat, and the two would walk back and forth across the room, tugging and pulling for several moments, but in every contest of this kind which I witnessed the crow was the victor, although it was in the power of the hawk at any time to strike his tormentor dead with one blow of his talons.

On one occasion I gave a dead sparrow to one of the hawks, and it was interesting to see the in-

genuity he displayed to keep the prey in his possession. He seized the sparrow in one foot, and, hobbling quickly across the room, set his face to the wall. That shut off attack on one side, and by spreading out his tail behind and his wings, one on either side, he formed a sort of tent in which he had his dinner safe.

First he would walk to one side of the larger bird and then around to the other, looking for an opening. Not finding one, he tried to force his way under the wings of the hawk, but it was no use, and after repeated failures he gave it up. The hawk in the meantime was busy with the sparrow, which he held in his claws. First he pulled off the head and swallowed it whole. After that he tore off a few other pieces, and then with a mighty jerking of his head he swallowed the body, wings, tail and all, and as he moved away there was not the sign of a feather to be seen on the floor where he had stood.

* * *

PEAT.

A PEAT bog is not such an unusual thing in this country, but it means considerable in Ireland, where it is burned for fuel. There are some places, however, in the United States, where peat is used by people in place of wood and coal. There is a bog of this character in New Jersey, which covers one hundred and fifty acres. The land is level and covered with a thick tangle of flowering weeds. Once these are removed a heavy, sticky, oily, black soil is found, which is a combination of fibrous roots and decaying vegetable matter, which has been accumulating for centuries.

With a peculiarly shaped narrow spade, which the Irish call a slain, this soil is cut out in pieces about four inches square and eight inches long. These pieces are dried in the open air for a week when they are turned and dried on the other side. They are then set up on end and dried for another week. By that time they are hard, dry, and ready for use. When thoroughly dried, peat looks like charred wood and is easily broken. It takes about three cords of peat to make a ton, and it is an excellent substitute for coal or wood. All that is necessary to make a fire is to break one of the larger pieces into smaller bits and place them on some paper in the stove or open grate, and when the paper is lighted the peat catches fire. It burns so rapidly and makes a heat that will boil a kettle in half the time that coal does. Those who have used it say that a ton of peat goes further than a ton of coal.

A peat bog must be dug in mild weather for as soon as the ground is struck by frost it becomes brittle and it is impossible to cut it without its going to pieces.

It is just possible that there are peat bogs in the neighborhoods of some of our Nook family and if so they should try it to see whether it has the requisite qualities for heating purposes. It makes an excellent fire, and gives off a peculiar odor while burning, which is very pleasant once one becomes accustomed to it.

If any reader has a peat bog near him the INGLE-



POINT LOOKOUT, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

NOOK will be glad to hear of it, and it may be able to put him on a profitable venture.

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A BIRD'S BUMP OF LOCALITY.

On shore the penguin is an awkward creature, says Prof. C. E. Borchgrevink, the Antarctic explorer, in Leslie's Monthly. Water is its element. When hunted on the ice floes the birds generally try to run away in an upright position, but just as the hunter thinks he has got one the bird lies down on its white belly and paddles along over the snow very quickly, the hard, smooth quills slipping over the snow crystals almost without friction. A remarkable characteristic of the penguin is his bump of locality. Both on shore and in the water he never loses his way. To human eyes one ice floe is precisely like another, but under that roof of similar ice floes I have seen a penguin of the larger species find its mate on a floe after diving and swimming for a full mile under water.

EARLY GOLD SEEKERS' TROUBLES.

IN a little time-stained pamphlet that has come to the NOOK desk there is a story of the adventures of a party who started west across the plains in 1859 bound for the gold region of Pike's Peak and vicinity. It is a story that would interest the Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado Nookers for it tells what the country was like in the early days before civilization reached it. It is almost impossible at the present time to realize the dangers and privations attendant upon crossing the plains before the railroad penetrated that section of the country.

It appears that in 1859, influenced by the reports of gold found in the Pike's Peak and adjacent country, a party of five, consisting of three brothers, Alexander Blue, Daniel Blue, Charles Blue, John Campbell and John Stevenson, of Whiteside County Illinois, got the Western fever and started for the land of gold. First they traveled by way of St. Louis, and then by the Missouri river to Kansas City, and from there they went to Lawrence, Kansas, on foot. There they purchased an outfit and proceeded to Topeka. They met others, making in all a party of sixteen, which found itself in a comparatively short time at Fort Riley.

From this point they had a choice of routes, and decided on what is the Smoky Hill course. From this on their troubles began, for it was in winter time when driving snowstorms overtook them, and in the course of a few days the party separated, the Blue family remaining together. To make matters worse the pony they had with them either wandered away or was stolen by the Indians. They were about half way between Fort Riley and Denver City when sickness overtook them. Waiting awhile for the sick people to recover they consumed their last provisions. They threw all their luggage away that they could at all dispose of and proceeded upon their way. They were misinformed as to the distance from their camp to the place. They believed it to be twenty-five miles when the actual distance was about one hundred and twenty-five miles. It was this mistake that led to terrible consequences. They were confused and blinded by the driving snow while some of them were sick.

To cut a miserable story short their provisions were exhausted, and they were lost and some of them were sick. They were reduced to skeletons, and in their delirium discussed the matter of eating one another. Presently one of the brothers fell down and died of starvation. The balance of the party sat around for three days when they attacked the dead body and cut the flesh from the legs and arms and ate it.

After a day or two another succumbed and the balance were again compelled to eat a portion of the dead man. Finally the last brother lay down to

die. He fell asleep and was unconscious when he heard a human voice which proved to be that of an Arapahoe Indian, who took the white man on his pony back to his tent and fed him with what they had, and then took him to the encampment of the Overland Express Company. Here they treated him well and eventually forwarded the survivor to Denver City nearly three months after he had left his home in Illinois.

The worst feature about it is that when they got to Denver they found the stories of gold to be all false, and after working a short time they returned to their homes by way of Omaha, and the survivor, Daniel Blue, who tells the story, arrived at home with just fifty cents in his pocket. This story seems almost incredible to him who now traverses the same road seated in a Pullman and taking his meals in the diner each day. For all we know to the contrary the bones of some of the people who died on this journey may be buried in the front yard of people who read this extract of the story of their sufferings.

* * *

ABOUT SOME DEAD PEOPLE.

THE process of mummifying the dead is very old in practice, so old in fact that it is difficult to say when the practice of the preservation of the dead in imperishable form first began. The idea of the old Egyptians was that the body had to perish before judgment, and it was desired to put it off as long as possible. But the process of making mummies of the dead was not confined to Egypt, as other countries, all countries, perhaps, have tried it more or less. Where the sun is hot, the air dry, and the general atmospheric and climatic conditions not unfavorable, the weather turns the dead into a shrivelled mummy.

In one of these dried human beings the dessication is so complete that a man of, say two hundred, will not weigh more than twenty pounds when he is effectually dried out. There is not a great deal to the bulkiest Nooker once the water is out of him. The dried man resembles the living one about as much as a dried apple resembles its ripe original. Latterly science has taken a hand in the matter, and by a system of absorption of water the dried body is said to take on much of its rotundity of life. This enables the scientist to study types of men who lived thousands of years ago to much better advantage than could be done from the dried specimen.

Once a mummy is restored in the way mentioned above it immediately becomes liable to decay, and must be preserved in alcohol, or some similar preservative if it is designed to keep it.

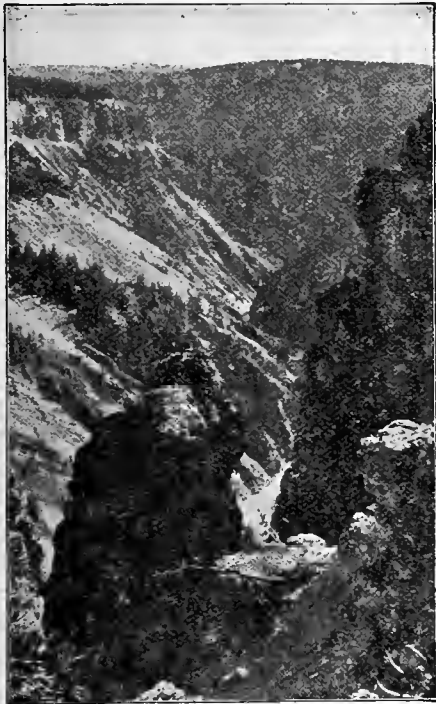
* * *

THE Lord is far from the wicked: but he heareth the prayer of the righteous.—*Solomon.*

ARABS AND TYPHOID.

SOME Frenchman or other read a paper before the Paris Society of Biology recently which makes the statement that Arabs are practically immune from typhoid fever. That is to say, an Arab can bear any kind of exposure to typhoid fever without taking it. They account for this peculiar bodily condition of the Arab from the fact that ever since his early infancy he has been reared on impure drinking water, which, in the countries where the Arabs abound, is notably bad. It is saturated with all sorts of contamination.

This has had the effect of weeding out the weaker ones and leaving only those to live who can stand typhoid fever germs. The grown Arab, therefore,



GRAND VIEW, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

is able to bear exposure that would give a European typhoid fever at once. This, however, is not intended as any argument for the use of impure drinking water. It only shows that the human system is capable of adjusting itself to unfavorable conditions.

But while the Arab is immune from typhoid fever, he is especially susceptible to consumption. This fact is accounted for by the reason that he has been accustomed to the very pure air of the mountains and when exposed to the climate of Europe he quickly succumbs to consumption. He can stand our drinking water, but he cannot stand our climate.

The whole subject of national susceptibility and unsusceptibility to disease is a very interesting one.

It may be after all that our climate, which is so peculiarly provocative of catarrh, will at last produce a race of people that will be practically immune from catarrh. We hope so at least. At present it is a national disease and nearly everyone has it.

The very best authorities on chronic catarrh state that there is such a thing as immunity from this disease. The cold bath every morning, gargling the throat with cold water, splashing the neck and chest with cold water—if this is practiced thoroughly every morning, it will practically render anyone immune from catarrh.

Paddling the feet every evening in cold water might also be added to this regime. This practically hardens the nervous system against the vicissitudes of the weather and will soon produce a condition of the system in which the subject need have no fear of catarrh.

THE CORN PRODUCTS.

The corn field is the place from which such things as beer, corn oil, starch, sugar, rubber, mucilage, gum drops, wall paper, soap, ink, salad dressing and half a hundred other articles that are important in the domestic economy of the country are extracted.

Here, for instance, is a partial list in addition to the above: Cornmeal, pearl hominy, hulled corn, canned green corn, canned hulled corn or soaks, maize or samp, degerminated samp, half a dozen health foods, cream meal, self-raising pancake flour, quick malt, brewer's grits, husks for packing cofferdams of battleships, alcohol, whiskey, degerminated brewer's meal, paper stock prepared from the shells of corn-stalk, bolted corn blades with stalks and cobs, varnish, cob pipes, lager beer, British gum, fancy table syrup, popcorn, table grits, salves, laundry starch, cornstarch for cooking, frumentum, flaked hominy, gum paste, gum drops, corn oil, vulcanized corn oil, grape sugar, gluten feed, glucose and confectioners' glucose, brewers' sugar, confectioners' paste and candy.

A PRETTY CUSTOM.

South American lovers have a pretty custom. It is well known that when the petals of the great laurel magnolia are touched, however lightly, the result is a brown spot which develops in a few hours. The fact is taken advantage of by the lover, who pulls a magnolia flower and on one of its pure white petals writes a motto or message with a hard sharp pointed pencil. Then he sends the flower, the young lady puts it in a vase of water, and in three or four hours the message written on the leaf becomes visible.

ALTITUDE.

A GREAT majority of the INGLENOOK family on hearing the word altitude either connect it with some arithmetical or geometrical problem, or it has no meaning at all to them. But there are some sections of the country where altitude means everything—crop, comfort and everything that goes to make life pleasant or unpleasant. If we were to ask the average Nooker what makes weather, that is heat and cold, he would probably answer that the farther North one went the colder it got, and that the farther South, or the nearer the equator, the warmer it became. While this is true in general terms, yet it is also a fact that the distance above sea level has a wonderfully modifying effect everywhere, even in the tropics. Taking Mexico as a basis for consideration, the city of Vera Cruz, on the Gulf of Mexico, is but ten feet above sea-level. At times it is fearfully hot there and never cold, while most of the time it is exceptionally unpleasant to people who are not acclimated. Getting on the cars and traveling up to Mexico City, which is over seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, it is never hot at all. There may be a few days in summer when the thermometer will coquette about the nineties, but as a rule it is one eternal spring day.

Within sight of the city of Mexico is the volcano, Popocatepetl, on the top of which are perpetual ice and snow, where the temperature is twenty-eight degrees, and where one would freeze to death, and freeze solid if he remained long enough.

Practically these three points are in the same latitude and the distance to the North Pole or the equator has really very little to do with it. It is the up and down above the level of the sea that determines the temperature.

What is true of Mexico is also true of the enormous mountains to be found along the roof of the world down throughout South America. No matter how hot a country may be it is always cold on the mountain tops, and if the mountains are high enough it is invariably freezing cold and continuously so. The summer sun may melt the snows sometime but not enough to affect the pack of ice and snow that has accumulated for centuries. So we see that altitude has more to do with the comfort and discomfort, crops, and returns therefrom than has latitude.

The question may arise in the mind of the intelligent Nook reader as to what would happen if we went a hundred miles farther up through the air. It is believed that in the interstellar space there is a permanent and fearful degree of absolute cold in which human life could not exist for a minute. Of course a good deal of this is guess work but still it is borne out by facts in such a way as to make it exceedingly probable.

SOMETHING ABOUT A BIG HOTEL.

VERY few people, even those who travel much, know a great deal about the inside workings of a large hotel. In the first place a great deal of forethought is necessary in the selection of a location for a hotel, and a great deal of money must be laid out to build and stock it. After this is done the actual running of a hotel requires the direction of some man who is perfectly competent and who knows every part of the house most intimately. The average guest who marches up to a clerk, registers his name and is assigned a room knows that much about the hotel. The porter seizes his grip, and takes it upstairs to the room assigned the stranger, while the guest takes the elevator and is shown to his temporary home. He learns from a card in his room the hours for meals, and he goes to the dining room, and eats his dinner without ever a thought of the vast amount of care and trouble necessary to make things smooth for him as he goes along.

In nearly all of the better hotels there are two methods, the European—at which the guest pays for his room and orders his meals at the cafe, paying for what he gets—and the American plan, where one pays by the day and gets his room and meals. A man who goes to the city by himself usually takes his hotel on the European plan. If he is in another part of the city on pleasure or business he can run into a restaurant to get something to eat and drink, and is not compelled to return to his hotel, which may be miles and miles away. But when the family goes to the city the American plan is always the best, as women do not get very far away from the house, and spend a great deal more time in their rooms than men do.

Neither the permanent boarder nor the transient guest ever sees the back and under part of the house where the cooking is done, and where everything is figured out for his comfort. If it is a very large hotel, or even a smaller one with many guests more than usual, say a thousand altogether, which, although it would make a population of a considerable village, yet is often realized at a large hotel, it takes about six hundred and fifty employees to serve them one way and the other. It will be necessary in a hotel with this patronage to order about the following. There will have to be in stock and within easy reach for a day almost a ton of meats. It will require about two hundred hens, over two hundred broilers, two hundred and forty turkeys, eighty geese, forty ducks and a number of other birds kept in a cold storage. The amount of vegetables, canned goods and groceries, would keep a good-sized family in luxury a year. The method pursued by most of the larger hotels is to keep on hand an enormous

amount of material that will not spoil or deteriorate. Each day the head of every department makes a requisition of what he will require for that day. This, after being signed up properly, is delivered to the individual and charged up to him. This holds good in every department of the hotel. Every day a balance is struck in every department and the proprietor is prepared to know just how he stands in the deal. Naturally there is a very large leakage in a big hotel which cannot be prevented and which cuts into the profits badly.

There are some things that are required in a better class hotel for which transient and permanent guests must pay their share, which rises into a large

of their perquisites. The greenhouses from which the flowers in question come are maintained principally to supply the city parks with the plants which make them such a feature of the city's beauty throughout the greater part of the year. After the white house is supplied the hospitals and other public institutions receive flowers. Many other worthy causes also share in the distribution. Families of members of the cabinet, the supreme court and legislative members come next. This custom, which has prevailed for years, of distributing the cut flowers is still followed.

Besides the greenhouses in charge of the superintendent of public buildings and grounds, and the



A PLEASANT VIEW.

sum of money but which must be kept up or the house would lose its character as a first-class place. For instance flowers would cost from one thousand to two thousand dollars a year and music will run from seven thousand to ten thousand dollars a year. Such a little thing as stationery, letterheads and envelopes, which the guests use will, in the course of a month, aggregate \$500. Even the embossed menus cost from three to five, or more, cents apiece. Then there is the breakage, which is considerable and the loss by theft and other ways, which cut into the expenses. And, although the Nooker who travels may think that three dollars a day for a top room amounts to considerable, if he figured out all that he and his fellow patrons of the house consumed he would see that it sometimes failed to make a profit to the proprietors, who are generally in the form of a company with some man selected to act as the hotel head.

* * *

OFFICIAL FLOWERS.

Cut flowers are supplied gratuitously by Uncle Sam to a number of persons and institutions in the city of Washington and members of congress have come to regard them as among the most desirable

white house conservatory, other gardeners are those of the agricultural department and the botanic gardens. The latter are under the direction of the senate committee on library. The gardens of the department of agriculture are devoted largely to the growing of plants other than floral.

The flowers from the white house conservatories are used for daily decorations of the executive mansion and it is for state functions and all other ordinary occasions that the supply of the park greenhouses is drawn upon. Through this source of supply not an inconsiderable amount that would otherwise have to be spent for flowers for many state dinners runs well up into the hundreds and sometimes even thousands of dollars. The floral decorations for the Prince Henry dinner, which were most elaborate, would have cost \$4,000 if purchased in the flower market. As it was the real expenditure in the floral decorations was only a few hundred.

* * *

THE thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord: but the words of the pure are pleasant words.—*Solomon.*

▲ ▲ ▲
 NATURE
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▲ ▲ ▲
 STUDY.
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WAYS AND WEBS OF SPIDERS.

DURING the late summer and in the autumn grasshoppers form a large part of the food of a large spider called the orange argiope. It is interesting to see how skillfully the spider manages her huge prey. The instant it becomes entangled she rushes to it and, spreading her spinnerets far apart she fastens a broad sheet of silk to it; then by a few dexterous kicks she rolls it over two or three times and it is securely swaddled in a shroud; a quick bite with her poison fangs completes the destruction of the victim. The male of the orange argiope is much smaller than the female, and it is very seldom observed except by the best-trained eyes, states *Country Life in America*. He lives on a shabby little web, which he builds near the web of the female. In the autumn the female makes a globular egg sac as large as a hickory nut. This is suspended among the branches of some shrub or in the top of some weed, and is fastened by many ropes of silk so that the storms of winter shall not tear it loose. Within this egg sac the young spiders pass the winter.

◆ ◆ ◆
 ALBINOES.

AN albino animal, or albino bird, is one that is entirely white in color and it is an oddity among its kind. There is probably not a single variety of bird or beast that does not at times throw an albino. All of us have heard of white deer, white crows, white blackbirds, and indeed it may be said that there is not an animal, even up to man, that is not occasionally pure white. This is due to some defect in the coloring or pigmentation in an individual, or the entire absence of color. They seem to mate readily with their fellows, and do not, as a rule, produce piebald progeny. It sometimes happens, however, that they do. The writer knows a community in western Pennsylvania where the escape of a pair of white rats changed the rats of a whole township into a mixed breed of white and gray and gray and white, spotted in every conceivable way. The natural tendency, however, as said before, is to revert to the original color.

On the other hand occasionally a bird, not naturally black comes into the world as black as a crow. The writer of this paragraph once saw a sparrow thus colored, and every Nook reader who lives in the country has doubtless seen black squirrels.

THE OLD CLUCK.

EVERY reader of the NOOK looks forward to the time when the trim pullet lays her first egg. And after she gets fairly down to business she proceeds to lay enough to constitute a setting in her opinion, when she goes ahead to hatch them out if not interfered with. Then she proceeds to the laying process until the setting fever is upon her again when she purposes to hatch something even though it be a stone or an old ax. Everybody knows Biddy's proclivities in this way, but not everybody knows that when she was a little peep under the stove she had in her the germ of every egg she was going to lay. Once these are laid out there will never to be any more, and as an egg-producer after the fifth or sixth year she is not a success. If cared for properly she will often descend to laying but a half-dozen a year and finally go out of the business entirely.

After she is past her fourth or fifth year she is no longer profitable to the keeper for her eggs, and the hardhearted owner may select her for to-morrow's potpie and direct Josiah to do her up in the morning before he goes to work in the fields.

◆ ◆ ◆
 THE SKUNK.

ONE of the features of the skunk family is that they live almost entirely upon insects and grubs and, therefore, are entitled to our protection that would be given to any of the insectivorous song birds. Most people never lose an opportunity to kill a skunk, who takes his revenge before he passes in a way that advertises the fact even to the far neighbors. If he were left alone he would disturb nobody and kill more insects, eat more bugs, and dig up more grubs than the average person would imagine possible. The objectionable feature about the skunk is only a means of defense, and if he is left alone he will trouble nobody and be one of the most effectual helpers on the farm while the regular workers in the field are asleep.

◆ ◆ ◆

CANARY birds get to be about twelve or fifteen years old in the cage but live to a much greater age in their native home in a wild state.

ENEMY TO THE TARANTULA.

THAT deadly pest of the southwest, the tarantula, whose bite is certain death to both man and beast, has at last found its nemesis in the form of a small wasplike insect that is found quite numerous in some regions.

The discovery of a tarantula killer will be interesting news to all residents of the southland. The wonderful phenomena is no more than the black wasp with silvery wings, which is common in this locality. Henceforward he will be known as the tarantula killer and will be looked upon as a blessing to mankind by all who are mortally afraid of the tarantula.

The female wasp keeps a close lookout for the tarantula, which keeps just as close lookout from fear for the wasp. The latter lights quickly on the tarantula, stings it once, which produces a drunken stupor, and then drags his lifeless victim to a grave previously prepared to receive him. It must be remembered that the tarantula is not yet dead, just dead drunk, but he coils himself into a kind of knot and when safely deposited by the wasp in a desired location the victim is a sorry appearing aspect.

Underneath the tarantula the wasp digs another hole and in this she makes herself at home until she has laid her quota of eggs on the body of the tarantula. The warmth of the tarantula's body is sufficient to hatch the eggs and in due time the young tarantula killers show themselves and then begin to feast on the prostrate body of Mr. Tarantula. The remains are sufficient to keep the young wasps in food until they are large enough to hustle for themselves, at which time they sally forth to sting other tarantulas and make homes for themselves. This statement results from close study made on the matter by a farmer, residing near Guthrie, who became interested in watching the movements of the wasp and kept a close watch afterward, learning therefrom the facts above given. This should exempt the black wasp with silvery wings from further execution at the hands of the human family.

* * *

WHY LEAVES CHANGE COLOR.

A LEAF is composed of a great number of cells, the walls of which are brown. In the spring and summer these cells are all filled with fluid, colored with minute grains of red, yellow and other pigments, which, mixed together, appear green. In the autumn, through the cold, oxidation and other changes take place in the leaf-cells, destroying more or less rapidly certain of the color-elements. As soon as one of these elements is gone the leaf no longer appears a normal green, but assumes the shade of the

remainder of the color-elements, mixed together. When only the red element is left the leaf is red; when the yellow alone remains the leaf is yellow, and when all the coloring matter has gone the leaf is brown.

Frost is not the sole cause of the changes of color, but it is an important cause. The more gradual the changes of temperature from summer heat to winter cold, the greater will be the variety and brilliancy in the coloring of the autumn leaves.—*October Woman's Home Companion.*

* * *

THE ELEPHANT'S WORK.

No one can see the elephants at work at Rangoon, securing and piling into the stacks the logs of teakwood which are floated down the Irrawaddy river from the great forests of the interior, without forming a high opinion of their utility as workers. Day after day they work in the yards, pushing and pulling the logs and conveying them to the places where they are built up, with apparently human intelligence. When required to drag huge weights a long rope is used and they will put enormous energy into the business, leaning forward with their heads almost on the ground and kneeling to the strain. Lighter loads they move by means of a loop of rope round the log which they take in their teeth and half pull, half carry it on their tusks into its place.

* * *

A GREAT many birds are annually killed by flying against the telegraph wires, and since the advent of the telephone wires strung in many directions doubtless many more of them meet their death. Prof. Elliott Coues, formerly of the Smithsonian Institute, once told the Nookman that he estimated the number of birds meeting their death by flying against telegraph wires at about seventy-five thousand annually. And as he was an eminent ornithologist of world-wide fame his statement may be taken seriously considering that this was before the day of telephones, and their multitudinous wires. Doubtless many more birds now come to grief by finding a wire stretched across their way when none was looked for.

* * *

WHAT becomes of the wild birds that die? There are millions and millions of wild birds, all of which die the same as the rest of the created things do, and yet it is the rarest thing to see a dead bird, that is, one dead without the hand of violence. It is believed that when a bird sickens it seeks some corner, or hides somewhere, and when it is dead insects, ants and the like make short work of its flesh, the bones soon decay, and the feathers are blown away. At all events out of the hundreds and millions of them that must die annually few are ever seen dead.

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Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friends, like new wine,
Age with mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test,
Time and change, are surely best.
Brow may wrinkle, hair turn gray,
Friendship never owns decay;
For 'mid old friends kind and true
We once more our youth renew.
But, alas! old friends must die—
New friends must their place supply;
Then cherish friendship in your breast,
New is good, but old is best.
Make new friends, but keep the old,
Those are silver, these are gold.

—New York Tribune.

* * *

GETTING RICH.

At heart nearly everybody desires to get rich, and given health and a regular, even moderate income, it is within the reach of everybody who will pay the price demanded. Whether it is worth while is another story.

The enormous fortunes that go into millions of course call for exceptional capacity, but the smaller fortunes that count by thousands mean simply so much saving, and safe investment and reinvestment. In the meantime all the virtues of generosity, hospitality and charity suffer in the ever growing habit of accumulation. In the long run it is sure to foot up considerable, and when the heirs divide the gains the founder of the amount is forgotten.

The only abiding wealth worth having is in the good deeds that come of the care and thoughtfulness for those about us while we are here. This is something that has the distinguishing merit of not only staying here, but going with us when we pass.

A COMFORT.

A GOOD many of the NOOK sisters have no doubt coveted beauty, why, it would not be hard to say, but there is something better than good looks, and this is also easy to guess.

But the comfort we want to give the plain and the ugly ducklings is in the fact that all the eminent women in fields of art and literature are not beauties nor have their class ever been so. It seems that strong individuality of mind and originality of thought have with them strong and well-marked features. This ought to be some comfort to the plain people.

* * *

THE OPTIMISTIC VIEW.

WHILE it is true that there is much that is not pleasant in life, things that we cannot get away from, yet there is also a great deal that is desirable and praiseworthy. There is a great deal more kindness in the world that we are apt to credit it with, and deeds of generosity are to be found everywhere. As a rule people are willing to help one another, and there is no place where this is more true than among the poorer classes. Anybody in the tenement region of a large city who has trouble, is sick, or needs any help generally receives out of the small means of the neighbors enough to tide them over. The poor are ever kind to the poor, and all through the world there are those who are willing to render help as they go along. It is one of the most hopeful phases of life that this is the case. Those who scan the papers will find it hard to read without finding some act of self-sacrifice, or deed of heroism that passes by unnoticed. For one person who is willing or desires to set fire to a building there are a hundred who are willing to risk their lives in rescuing the lives of the inmates.

The world is not bad, or half bad, for the most part. There is a good side to people. There is more good than bad in the world. The thing to do is to search for the best and not look on the seamy side unless it is absolutely a necessity.

* * *

THE other day in Chicago, while visiting a manufacturing concern, from the second story of the building, we noticed a small load of coal passing up the street. Just behind came a spread-out street band advertising some show. The band was playing a lively tune, and the proprietor remarked, "Somebody has succeeded in getting a whole half ton of coal, and has hired a band." It was quick wit, good enough for the NOOK, but the reader who overhauls the volume years after this will not see the point anent the coal strike now on.

THE DYING SEASON.

IT is about this time of the year, or perhaps a little later, depending upon the latitude, when the autumn comes upon us. Those of the Nook family who live out on the plains, or in countries where there is practically no winter, can not understand or realize the beauty of the eastern forests and mountain sides where the maple and the hickory prevail. There are some days in this far away Indian summer weather that seem almost to have escaped from Paradise. A bright day opens up in the morning and the weather is never so hot as to be unpleasant. The maple down in the meadow is aflame with color while the hickories yellow the hillside, and every leaf on every tree is marked with the frost king's own seal. The golden rod by the roadside and in the fence corners has taken on a dustier hue, and everywhere is the sight and scene of slowly falling leaves, and all the sounds of birds and beasts proclaim the end of the season. The brooks are clearer and bear on their bosoms the floating, crumpled leaf, while the very insects seem to be in that frame of mind and body as when the lights are about to be blown out and they are told to huddle together in bed during the long coming night. Overhead, hung on every hillside, is the thin blue veil of Indian summer, and over our hearts and into our lives is impressed the feeling that we, too, are passing away. Sometime we will be quietly at rest when the autumn leaves strew our graves.

* * *

WORRY.

DON'T worry. Worry has killed and hurt more people than bullets. There is no sense in it, no reason for it. After we have done all we can, there remains no more to do, and the result will not be influenced an iota by anything we can do in the way of fretting over matters. It is not always easy to recognize this fact, not always easy to carry out. Nor is it even possible under easily conceivable conditions.

The better way is to do the best that is in us, and then leave it all in the hands of circumstances. As long as we leave no stone unturned, no means untried, with the outcome in the balance, let matters work out their own way. We are going to get either the best or the worst of it, no matter what we think in the interim, and the best to do is to turn to something more profitable, and let the incubator of events severely alone to work out as it may. Worrying over a thing never either helped or hindered it in any way, and all that is accomplished by fretting is to make ourselves miserable sitting in the anteroom of events.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Character ranks talent.

*

Pay as you go or don't go.

*

Prayer unlocks heaven's door.

*

Diplomats never abandon friends.

*

Common sense is none too common.

*

Cupidity and Cupid are not related.

*

Women forgive everything but indifference.

*

Faith is never pictured as wearing spectacles.

*

Most revolutions have been caused by injustice.

*

A man who knows his own limitations is wise.

*

We always have our excuses for doing wrong.

*

The time to think is before you do a thing, not after it.

*

You need not speak of your reputation as it speaks of itself.

*

Never advertise your failure by showing envy and jealousy.

*

Without being earnestly consistent there is no real strength.

*

The line between a virtue and a vice is very indistinct at times.

*

What's in a name? A good deal at the bottom of a check.

*

Women would sooner hear a pleasant lie than a harsh truth.

*

It requires more stability to stand success than it does for failure.

*

A modest man never speaks of himself and tolerates little praise from others.

*

Successful people are never jealous or envious. They have no need to be.

*

Two alleged honest people make a written contract "in case something might happen them." But that's not the real reason.

VOODOOISM.

ONE of the peculiar things in the which the average Nooker may be interested in is the existence of the voodoo rites of the typical negro, and it may be stated in the lack of absolute knowledge, that it is a form of heathen belief and religious practice characteristic of the far southern negro of African origin. It is beyond all doubt an importation from Africa, perpetuated by the black people, even to this late date so far removed from their ancestors. In all countries where the African people have found a foothold, and where the natives are of nearly, or altogether, pure African blood voodooism flourishes. It will be found in the West Indies, in Haiti and all of the black-settled islands, while in our own country, down along the gulf coast, and especially around New Orleans, it is a well-established fact.

Probably every negro believes more or less in the power of the voodoo, and dreads being "hoodooed" as it is called.

They have some sort of an organization and a queen is elected who presides over the body as its official head. There is no way of telling how many adherents of voodooism there may be, but it is safe to say that in greater or less degree every negro, especially on the gulf coast, firmly believes in the power of the voodoo doctor to put "de blight" on him if he wants to, and take it off if he so desires. Indeed by paying a certain sum of money a negro may employ a voodoo doctor to hoodoo an enemy. And the person so affected can get out of his trouble by paying the doctor to take off "de blight." This blight may assume many different forms. It may take the shape of some remote and incurable disease, or it may affect his business to such an extent as to imperil his every interest. While we may have any opinion we please about the actual truth of the power of these people, the voodoo doctors, there can be absolutely no question about the effect they have upon their superstitious subjects. Doubtless many a negro has died from imaginary voodooism.

Once a year the more devoted adherents have a meeting on the edge of the lake near New Orleans, or in some corner similarly remote from civilization, where they practice strange heathen rites, without doubt an importation from Africa. It is next to impossible for a white man to be present and witness these ceremonies, but it was the writer's privilege, and one time he stood upon the shores of Lake Ponchartrain, and saw the ceremonies, or in part, as long as he cared to view the meaningless and senseless proceedings.

It is a weird sight to see the devotees, singly and in groups, from all quarters of the black population, meeting on the shores of the lake surrounded

by a dense growth, and overhanging with moss from the great limbs of the oaks, while they go through their dances and incantations. It is really a form of devil worship in which the devil, in this instance, was represented by a small snake; which they had in a cigar box. There was a great deal of energetic dancing and monotonous chanting of uncanny songs, and the people worked themselves up to such a frenzy that they fell to the ground unconscious and frothing at the mouth.

A little later on this became contagious and it seemed as though every member of the party were possessed of a demon that manifested itself in all sorts of physical contortions and insensibility. At this point it is dangerous for an outsider to be seen near them, or to be observed watching them. In fact it is the rarest thing for a white man to ever witness the ceremonies. What takes place after this stage the writer is not able to say, but was informed that it culminated in an orgy too unmentionable to describe.

As said before, every full-blooded negro, being more or less superstitious, is sure within himself of the power and charms of the voodoo doctor both for good and evil, and comes to recognize fully the dreaded and nameless influences at the command of the voodoo leaders.

* * *

BLAZING TREES.

A BANGOR, Maine, writer tells of blazing trees as follows:

No Maine woodsman, guide or camper needs to be told the meaning of "blaze"—he knows it as he knows the alphabet. The dictionary defines blaze, "To indicate, or mark out, as by cutting off pieces of the bark of a number of trees in succession, as to blaze a path through a forest."

In the early days, when Maine was nearly all forest, when clearings were being made and there were few or no roads, travel from place to place, or from neighbor to neighbor, was accomplished by means of paths blazed through the woods. Hunters and woodsmen are in the habit of blazing their course through the deep woods in order that they may not become lost or lose time in their travels. To blaze is to clip off with an axe or hatchet a portion of the bark of tree trunks, cutting deep enough to take out a piece of the wood along with the bark. In blazing for a path very small trees are cut, while in blazing for the bounds of a lot or town or for a farm line larger trees are selected, the blaze being usually made about breast high. When, however, as is often the case blazing is done in winter, when the snow is deep by men traveling on snowshoes, the mark is higher up on the trees. After such blazes have become grown over, and in subsequent years it becomes necessary to

perambulate the lines thus made, the surveyors have to examine the trees high up on the trunk, which is slow and difficult work.

In running a line or establishing bounds through a forest the surveyor blazes in this manner: If the line goes to the left of a tree designed to be blazed the tree is blazed upon the right side; if the line goes to the right the tree is blazed upon the left side, while if the line strikes the tree fairly, then the trunk is blazed upon both sides. In running a boundary line at a corner where two lines come together, either a monument is erected—a stake and four bowlders constituting such a monument—or a tree is blazed on all four sides, or, perhaps, four trees blazed, to indicate as nearly as possible the turning point of the line.

The permanency of the record made by blazing trees is quite remarkable, and it is a matter of fact that in many cases of disputed lines or boundaries of lots in forest lands the courts have held the record of the blazes as sufficient and reliable, where carefully drawn plans and formally attested title deeds have been set aside as containing possible errors. The wound of a blazed tree heals over, but never so completely that the scar will not readily be recognized by the experienced woodsman; therefore, so long as the blazed tree escapes fire and the axe of the lumberman, so long that tree is an ineffaceable record of the line as surveyed. The surveyor's recorded figures may be in error, and his written description may not coincide with the line he has traced on the tree trunks with his hatchet, but blazes are unchanging, and in a court of law they are indisputable evidence. They cannot be made to lie, no cross examination can confuse them, no argument refute them. They fix dates as accurately as they preserve inscriptions; the outer shell which has grown over the scar is cut away and the rings in the wood beneath the bark testify to the date.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY OPENS UP A NEW PROFESSION.

A SCHOOL of wireless telegraphy is to be opened in a few days at Babylon, L. I., and a course of instruction for applicants has been outlined. Thus a new profession is about to be opened up for aspiring young Americans.

The station at Babylon is the first of a long series to be established on the Atlantic coast, extending from Maine to Florida. And in anticipation of these installations young men must be taught to fill them, for, after all, there are probably not more than half a dozen capable wireless operators in the United States. The post is one which requires something more than the mere knowledge of the old dot-and-dash operator.

There is more electricity about it, in that a man stationed perchance in some lonely district would have to be somewhat skilled in the theory as well as the practice of his profession. He would have to understand why it is possible to transmit messages through the ether as well as merely to be able to do it, and the knowledge will insure him greater remuneration. It is probable that many thousands of young men will be employed by the wireless companies before long.

The education of the wireless student begins where that of the ordinary telegrapher leaves off. The sending of a wireless message is a much more complicated affair than a message over a land wire. The apparatus includes a variety of Leyden jars, induction coils, coherers, lightning arresters, apparatus for tuning, so as to get into touch with various stations, and the student must learn the ins and outs of these. He must learn how to adjust them so as to receive and transmit the best results.

Just now all the ocean liners and all shore stations are in the one tune—tune A—but with the establishment of the system on a commercial and world-wide basis it will be necessary for various stations to be able to adopt various tunes at will in order to maintain secrecy of communication. Just how to manipulate this tuning process will be one of the principal things taught to the students at Babylon.

Although a number of applications for positions have already been received, there will be room for many, for the course of instruction is short. A man already acquainted with the Morse code can become thoroughly acquainted with the apparatus and more or less proficient in its manipulation in from three to four weeks. They turn them out in that time from the school at Frinton, England.

At Babylon students are to be required to board themselves at their own expense, but there will be no charge outside of this, not even for room rent, which will be furnished free in a large, well-kept house on the premises of the wireless station.

If wireless transmission becomes a world-wide project its practice may be taught sufficiently in regular colleges to keep the demand for operators fairly well supplied, but until that day arrives the wireless experts will have practically a monopoly of their profession.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

As one result of the coal strike New York confectionery manufacturers are supplying cocoanut shells to tenement dwellers for fuel. The shells are sold in bags of from fifty to sixty pounds, for ten to fifteen cents a bag. The material furnishes more heat than coal and while it does not burn as long as coal, its lasting qualities are better than wood.

ROMAN NOTATION.

BIXBEE WILLIS, writing in the *Kansas City Star*, explains Roman Notation so clearly that we take pleasure in reproducing the article and commend it to the attention of every Nooker:

The method of notation known as the Roman system is perfectly exact and there is no room for the varied results obtained in an effort to write 1901. It may be of some assistance to some of your readers to give a brief outline of the principles governing this system.

Numbers are written in the Roman notation by the use of seven symbols and their combinations. These symbols are:

I	for	1
V	for	5
X	for	10
L	for	50
C	for	100
D	for	500
M	for	1000

(1) All other numbers are written by combinations of these numerals formed by addition or subtraction. The process is uniformly one of addition until you come within one unit of whatever grade you are writing (units, ten, hundreds or thousands), of a higher number represented by a single symbol. For instance, in dealing with units the numbers are formed by addition. Thus 3 is formed by adding 1 plus 1 plus 1, equalling 3, and therefore is written III. When 4 is reached, it being within one unit of 5, represented by a single symbol V, the process of addition is stopped and subtraction is employed; that is, 4 equals 5 less 1, and is written IV.

(2) In writing a number, the beginning is always made from the largest number smaller than the one to be written which can be represented by a single symbol. Thus, in writing units from 5, we start with 5, represented by the symbol V, and, for instance, from 8 by adding three 1's to 5, and therefore write it VIII. But as 9 is within one unit of 10, which is represented by a single symbol, according to rule 1, it is not formed by addition (5 plus four 1's) nor written VIII, but is formed by subtraction 10 less 1, and is written IX, nor is 9 ever formed by 5 plus 5 less 1, which would be written VIV.

(3) In writing a number the symbols are written in the order of their value, the one of a higher value being placed first, except when a subtraction is to be indicated; in which case the symbol for the number of lower value to be subtracted from one of higher value, is written immediately before the symbol for the higher number. Thus, in writing 88, the symbols being arranged in the order of their value, we get LXXXVIII. But 89 is written LXXXIX, the transposition of the usual order in

placing the symbol for the smaller number, I, before the symbol for the larger number, X indicating that a subtraction of 1 from 10 is to be performed.

(4) In forming any number it is never allowable to use two symbols to indicate a number which is already indicated in the system by a single symbol. For instance, VV undoubtedly is 5x5=10, and could be read for nothing else, but is incorrect as 10 is represented by the single symbol X. Likewise VIV is undoubtedly 5 plus 5 less 1, equalling 9, and could be read for nothing else, but is incorrect as 9 must be formed by the simple process of subtracting 1 from 10, written IX.

Consideration of these principles will probably help Mr. Dawes in the difficulty he has in reading these symbols. A further consideration of them applied to the question in hand will show that there is no warrant whatever for forming 900 by saying 500 plus 500 less 100 equals 900 and writing it DCD, as this violates the principle of using two symbols to represent a number which can be represented by a single symbol. The only proper way to write 900 is CM, or 1,000 minus 100. There is likewise no more authority for writing 900 as DCCC than for writing 9 as VIII. If the persons who hold to one or the other erroneous methods of writing 1901 will consider the matter carefully in the light of analogy with the smaller numbers with which they are perfectly familiar, they will probably abandon their position. According to the Roman system, which is invariable, and according to which there is only one method of writing each number, 1901 can be written in no other way than MCMI. While MDCDI can be read in no other way than as 1901, it nevertheless is not correct, and in the interest of accuracy should never have been placed upon a public edifice.

* * *

ABOUT YOUR DRINK OF SODA-WATER.

THERE is, perhaps, not a reader of the INGLENOOK anywhere who has not seen the soda-water fountain in the drug store, or at the fruit stand, where for a nickel he may buy a glass of the foaming nothing, sweetened and flavored as he may order. Few people know how this is made, and it is a rare thing to find even a seller who can tell anything about it only in general terms.

The first soda-water that ever was made was in a glass at the time it was used. A little syrup and some tartaric acid were mixed with water in one glass and bicarbonate of soda in another. The contents of the one tumbler was emptied into the other and swallowed by the customer before the effervescence had ceased. Then the manufacturer learned to make a pure quality of it himself, until finally, in the past few years, it is manufactured for him and sold in metal drums.

These drums are of metal a quarter of an inch thick, lined with tin. There are three sizes of them. Before using they are tested with the pressure of four thousand pounds to the square inch, but when filled the pressure is only one thousand pounds. The cost of one of these drums, which Nookers may have seen lying in front of a drug store where they have been dumped by the delivery man, is two dollars, and the purchaser gets sixty cents for the empty drum.

It takes about two hundred and fifty drums a day to supply the suburbs of Chicago, and each drum costs originally, that is the metallic drum, about ten dollars. One company has to keep about forty thousand drums scattered over the country, and a great many of them



THE ROCK-RIBBED HILLS.

are perpetually lost, which is not a very profitable thing to the manufacturer.

The way the soda-water is made is by an automatic machine which forces carbonic acid gas into the drum containing water, which is then revolved, or churned, so that the water takes it up. As small a business as the soda-water interests may seem it is estimated that there are fifty millions of dollars invested in it.

The syrups, which are often designated as being pure fruit syrups, are bought in jugs. And in every instance almost, they are chemical compounds, which diluted with water constitutes the syrup one sees the manipulator fill in the glass before the drink.

The soda-water fountain is an expensive thing, or can be made so. The ordinary fountain may cost one hundred dollars, but it is no rarity to see a fountain built like a cathedral, or any other way the artist may suggest, that costs all the way to ten thousand dollars, or more. In a place like Chicago there are probably seventeen or eighteen hundred soda-water fountains, of which at least half are in drug stores. This seems like a good many places to get soda-water, but in Boston there are over five thousand places. And those that handle the business say that there are four hundred drinks. That is four hundred different orders

may be given before exhausting the list, and new ones are coming every season. Some of these cost as high as fifteen cents.

One of the commonest and best patronized forms of taking soda-water is in the form of ice-cream soda. A small measure, about a spoonful of ice-cream is placed in the glass with some flavor, say chocolate, and the glass is filled with soda-water. This makes an excellent drink and is considered healthy. It is stated that nine-tenths of the soda sold at the fountains today is in the form of ice-cream-soda. The combination was first brought out in Chicago and has spread all over the country.

Drinking soda-water, or taking ice-cream-soda, is a very innocent and harmless method of enjoyment, and the Nooker who takes his Nooker sister to the drug store and only orders ice-cream-soda has an innocent pleasure before him that seems to be absolutely without objection in any way.

* * *

A MODERN NAAMAN.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

HE sat on an empty box, at the corner of a busy street,—a wasted wreck creeping slowly back to health, or waiting out the remaining days of some hopeless sickness; which, it was impossible to tell. His hands were like bird's claws. His shoulders drooped in a disconsolate way that matched his lack-lustre eyes. Every day, if fair, he dragged himself down town, to watch the restless human chase of business or pleasure, in which he might never join again.

Why, in all common sense, rather than sit there in the germ-laden dust and pandemonium of a crowded thoroughfare, did he not take a car and go to the fields outside the city and let God's sweet, fresh air and life-giving sunshine drench him, body and soul? There, for the taking, he might fill his lungs brimful a thousand times with the tonic that floods the earth. There, too, would crowd about his feet red clover, thoroughwort, a hundred unfashionable herbs that have no place among the doctor's dainty pills, yet whose hearts are full of healing.

But he clung to the street corner. If the remedy of fresh air and herbs had been suggested to him, very likely he would have answered that he had no money to travel, and had tried all the medicines.

Poor fellow! It is the story of Naaman the leper done over in a modern binding, but without the Syrian captain's final good sense to try the simple things.

Elgin, Illinois.

ADVERTISING AS A PROFESSION.

It may not be generally known to the Nook family that the business of advertising for the large department houses is a profession by itself. A good many women, and more men, fill the ranks of this calling, which is a peculiar one in many respects. All who read the large metropolitan daily papers have noticed the extensive advertisements contained therein. Each one of these department stores keeps a man specially employed as its advertising manager. These people write the advertisements and supervise their appearance in the dailies. It does not do for them to make a mistake, for if they did very serious losses to the house might be the result. A



LIBERTY CAP.

writer in the *New York Evening Post* in speaking of the calling says as follows:

Writing advertisements is a comparatively simple matter, and the art of it might be mastered by almost any intelligent person who is willing to devote a little study to it. The choice of words is important. The man who offers Oriental rugs describing them as impressive of an "elegant sense of fear" not only shows small reverence for the religion he alludes to, but exhibits an ignorance of the use of adjectives. However, he may have known that he was appealing to a public which would be impressed by fine writing and bizarre language. To know one's public is an essential thing.

The matter of space must be carefully considered, for as much as possible has to be put into every inch of the column. This again is a technical matter and might be learned from observation. What cannot be taught but which must be intuitively known is the exact word or phrase which will appeal to the very eyes for which it was intended.

The advertising manager must have discretion to know when to advertise special sales. The head of the lace department, for example, suggests a sale of

his goods. The manager takes up the weather forecasts and considers. Rain is predicted all over the eastern coast. If it rains very hard on Monday the lace buyers will stay at home. Better substitute a more popular line of goods, something that will appeal to people who care enough for bargains to disregard weather.

The manager keeps a close watch on public events. If the President has a serious accident or an illness the stock market is sure to be affected and the wives of the men interested do less extravagant buying. The eve of the Jewish new year, the Lenten season, or any great religious festival of fast are bad times to advertise bargains.

The weather, aside from conditions of rain and storm, affects the class of goods offered. The first cold snap brings housekeepers back to town. Linen stocks will need to be replenished; the housekeepers must be reminded of the fact. The early days of spring suggest muslins. Few would buy until later unless they were spoken to on the subject.

The manager has an intimate knowledge of every department in the store. She knows, through the buyer, whether a department is doing well or falling behind. Buyers sometimes make mistakes in the stock they purchase. People are not attracted, and the shelves are loaded with unsold goods. It is the advertising manager's business to make up for the buyer's bad judgment by offering the goods in such an engaging manner that the stock is disposed of in a few days' time. Often a department needs waking up for some reason not apparent. Again the advertisements must accomplish what the attraction of the shelves and counters could not do.

The proofs of advertisements are as carefully looked over and corrected as though they were poems of Browning. The least mistake of the printer might cost the firm hundreds, even thousands, of dollars. Ribbon is offered at nineteen cents the yard. If the compositor makes it appear ten cents the yard, and the error is overlooked, the firm loses nine cents on every yard of ribbon sold that day. Sometimes the compositor makes a mistake after the proofs are corrected and returned, in which case the newspaper may have to refund to the firm what the error cost. A remarkable instance of this kind occurred in the house where the woman advertising manager is employed. Sealskin coats were offered at \$125. A single paper printed the figures \$12.50. Of course the mistake was too obvious for any woman to question. The honesty of the person who would demand a sealskin coat for \$12.50 would be open to serious doubt. One woman actually did take advantage of the misprint and challenged the firm to make good its offer. The firm did so without protest, but wrote the customer a courteous note asking her to withdraw her account. The coat

came back within a week, possibly under pressure from the other half of the family, and with it a note in which an ample apology was made. In this case the loss would have fallen on the firm, since it could not be said to have resulted from a defective advertisement.

The salary paid a department store manager of advertising is very large. Some stores offer as high as \$5,000 a year. Two thousand dollars is not an uncommonly large salary. The young woman whose work is described here is one of the highest salaried persons in the establishment.

Such sums are not earned by every one who seeks a living in the advertising business, but the returns are large enough to make the field a tempting one to women. Sometimes large concerns buy ideas and designs for advertisements. A clever woman might make her beginning by visiting firms where she is known or is introduced, and submitting specimens of her work. They might even be submitted by mail, but women should proceed cautiously in doing this. Nothing is so easy to steal as an idea, and many people's consciences are singularly obtuse when it comes to appropriating such an intangible thing.

* * *

WHAT IS THE MONROE DOCTRINE?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has been making important references to the Monroe doctrine within the last few days. A considerable number of Englishmen have no conception of what that doctrine is.

A legal gentleman, interrogated on the subject observed, with a superior smile: "My dear sir, I have not the time to offer a long explanation to a layman of the jurisprudence of the United States as expounded by Justice Monroe," and waved his interrogator away.

A city man, on being questioned, averred that he had but a poor opinion of "these confounded American quack medicines," while another remarked, with an air of profound wisdom, that it was one of Pierpont Morgan's little games. He couldn't remember the exact details, though he had seen them in a newspaper.

A fourth gentleman believed that Monroe was the commander of a United States warship, whose favorite motto was, "Shoot and explain afterward." The statesman who gave his name to the famous doctrine, which is equivalent to "Hands off, Europe!" was James Monroe, fifth president of the United States.

In his message to congress in 1823 he recognized the independence of the Spanish American republics, and laid it down that the American continents were not in the future to be considered as places for colonization by any European powers, and that

the United States could not regard any interposition by a European power, for the purpose of oppressing or controlling the destinies of the Spanish-American republics, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward themselves.

* * *

THE QUILL PEN.

The earliest period on record when quill pens were used for writing was in the sixth century, and they continued to be the chief kind of writing instrument until steel pens were introduced. Hence the name "pen," from the Latin penna, a feather. The quills for this purpose are best when taken from living birds in the spring, and the goose furnishes by far the largest number. The swan, crow, eagle, hawk, owl and turkey are also made use of, both for pens and for camel-hair brushes. The five outer wing feathers are the ones which are used, and those of the left wing in preference to those of the right, because they would curve outward away from the writer.

* * *

CASES OF INSTINCT.

An English periodical says: The instinct whereby wild creatures detect those of the human species who are likely to be hostile to them and those who may be regarded as harmless is of so subtle a quality that it almost appears to partake of the nature of metaphysics. In the nesting season plovers will actually buffet the angler who is fishing too close to their broods; but by the date of the shooting season they would not allow him to get within two fields of them. The wood pigeon seems to know exactly the range of the modern fowling piece and will flash boldly past at an interval of one hundred yards and upward, but is careful quickly to put a tree between himself and a sportsman if disturbed at any range within gunshot. The fox knows that he is sacred from guns and will audaciously seize a fallen pheasant and decamp with it within twenty paces of a retriever; he is quite aware that the latter is no foxhound.

* * *

TELEPHONE TO SUPERSEDE DOGS.

THE dogs of St. Bernard, so long renowned for their wonderful life-saving service, are at last to take a second place to modern invention. All the refuges on the mountain side are shortly to be connected by telephone with the principal hospital. The number of travelers, tourists, workmen seeking employment, pilgrims who cross the St. Bernard at all times of the year make this measure highly necessary.

GATHERING OLIVES.

IN picking, the olives are carefully gathered in canvas buckets made for this purpose, and are brought to the factory in spring wagons, to keep them from bruising. The berries are gathered when ripe, although "ripe" olives are frequently "green" in color. After they reach the factory the olives are graded into "ones," "twos," or "threes," according to size. They are then put into a solution of one pound of lye to ten gallons of water. This takes out the bitterness. Here they remain a week to ten days. Then the lye is soaked out by fresh running water, and if they are for table use they are put into a solution of brine, where they remain permanently until bottled up or shipped away.

The olives to be used for oil are gathered from the tree a good deal riper than those used for the table. The oil is extracted by a series of "crushers" and hydraulic presses, which are composed of materials that will not absorb odors, stone and metal being used as much as is possible. From the time the olives are picked until they are ready for the market the most scrupulous care is observed that there shall be no contamination. The least foreign germ would cause the product to ferment after it were shipped away.

* * *

WHAT IS A GENERAL?

UNTIL recently the highest rank in the American army by regular promotion was major general, but the law has been changed and now lieutenant general is the highest. People use the word general mistakenly in speaking of or in addressing a lieutenant general, a major general or a brigadier general, but the single word "general" as denoting rank has a distinct application. It is purely an honorary rank, the highest that an officer can attain in this country and is conferred by congress for specially-distinguished services, and it always expires with the death of the man holding it. The only full generals that we have had are Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. Many persons believe that Washington held the rank, but that is an error. As commander of the continental army he was major general, and as commander of the United States army in 1798, when war with France was threatened, he was made lieutenant general. Congress passed an act March 3, 1799, creating the rank of full general for him, but his commission was never issued.

The only lieutenant generals that we have had besides Washington are Scott, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Schofield and Miles, the last named now holding the rank. The active commanding officer of the army used to be the senior major general; now it is the lieutenant general, but he is not the "com-

mander in chief." That is an error into which most people fall. The commander in chief is the president, made so by the constitution—"commander in chief of the army and navy." No other person has or can use that title. Official orders issued by General Miles are signed "the lieutenant general commanding," not "commander in chief."

In the navy the highest rank obtained by promotion is rear admiral, the rank of full admiral being within the gift of congress, like that of general in the army. Dewey is a full admiral, but that rank will expire when he dies and cannot be revived without a special act of congress.

* * *

A HIGH-PRICED OFFICIAL.

THE highest paid man in the postal service of the United States, so far as mileage is concerned, is a mail carrier in Alaska, who carries mail between two towns 413 miles apart and makes twenty-four trips per year. He gets \$35,000 per year for the job. As he does not travel quite 10,000 miles in the course of a year he gets over \$3.50 per mile for each mile traveled. That looks like a snap, but then it isn't. During at least six months in the year when that mail carrier starts out on his trip the bets run about even that he will either be buried in an avalanche or go snowblind and lose his way and finally perish, or that he will get caught in an Arctic blizzard that will finish him. This is the reason why people are not falling over each other trying to get that \$35,000 job.

* * *

HIGH PRICED HONES.

"I WOULDN'T take \$25 for this hone," said a barber. "It is the finest, quickest, smoothest, closest grained stone I have ever used." He patted it with his hand, and resumed: "Really excellent hones are as rare and expensive as really excellent razors. They come from the slate mountains near Ratisbon—a soft, smooth, yellow stone. They are bought, the fine ones, on approval, for an actual test is the only way of telling whether they are good or not. Men make a business of going round the country selling them, and the good ones, the high priced ones with reputations, go off like hot cakes. This hone of mine cost me \$50, but I cut it in half and sold the part I didn't want for \$30."—Philadelphia Record.

* * *

THE way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain.—*Solomon.*

Aunt Barbara's Page

"ONE, TWO, THREE."

It was an old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he.
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow twilight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide and seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding.
In guesses one, two, three!

"You are up in papa's bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But your're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothespress, gran'ma!"
And he found her with his three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding.
With a one and a two and a three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was past three.

—H. C. Bunner.

* * *

HAPPY JACK AND HIS FAMILY.

BY MARY M'CRANE CULTER.

"Happy Jack" is a big, white Brahma rooster that lives on a farm in the Arkansas valley, in southern Kansas. As he has been caponized, he is uncommonly large and tame.

Last summer, a number of chicks had been hatched, and there was no hen that seemed to be just the one to take care of them. An inspiration

came to the owner: "I have read," he said, "that capons will take care of chicks as well as any old hen can. I will just give these to 'Happy Jack.'"

So the big rooster and the twenty tiny chicks were put into a coop and kept there for several days, until it was evident that he was going to adopt them. When they were released, "Happy Jack" led them out exactly as an old hen would have done, clucking to them, and scratching for them in a very fatherly way.

It was odd to see him standing among them and looking proudly at them as they scratched and chattered around him. At night he would lead them to the coop, but would not enter it himself until every chick was safely inside. Then he would walk in with a well-satisfied air, and cover them carefully.

He was so large that they were much better covered than if a hen had been caring for them.

He took care of them faithfully until they got so large that they left him, every one of the twenty growing safely to "spring chicken" size. Later in the season, another motherless brood was given to him, but he scornfully refused to take care of them, either treating them with indifference or driving them from the coop. He evidently thought that he had done his part in rearing one family well, and did not propose to be annoyed by another.

So we let him go free, and gave the chicks to an old hen who promptly lost them all.—*Pets and Animals.*

* * *

NOT HERS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES enjoyed nothing so much as a clever retort, even if it happened to be at his own expense. One day, at an entertainment, he was seated near the refreshment-table, and observed a little girl looking with longing eyes at the good things.

With his invariable fondness for children he asked kindly, "Are you hungry, little girl?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Then why don't you take a sandwich?"

"Because I haven't any fork."

"Fingers were made before forks," said the doctor smilingly.

The little girl looked up at him and replied, to his delight, "Not my fingers."

The Q. & A. Department.

What is the story of Daniel Boone and Pertle Springs, Mo.?

Where Pertle Springs is located Daniel Boone is supposed to have built a little cabin with portholes at intervals around the sides through which Daniel and his friends shot the unsuspecting deer. This cabin was discovered to contain the inscription of Daniel in a far upper corner, cut in the logs with a pocket knife, and it is supposed that upon this inscription the whole story hinges. The cabin stood about where Lake Cena now lies, and was torn down and hauled away at the time of the digging of the lake.—*Grace Koop, Warrensburg, Mo.*

What is a creole?

A creole literally means a native and is specifically assigned to a foreign-born person living in Louisiana, and to children born in this country of foreign born parents. It means literally a native, and has no reference whatever to color. In New Orleans one will see advertised for sale creole eggs, creole ponies, etc. French creoles in New Orleans are native-born French, and no greater insult could be given a native Louisianan than to associate creole with color.

What is the principle in use in engines known as compounding?

There are two cylinders, one less than the other. Steam let into the smaller exerts a pressure there, and it is then let out into the larger, where an equal pressure is exerted, because of the enlarged surface on which it exerts itself. In some makes of stationary engines the compounding principle is carried to three or four stages, but in locomotives two stages are all that have been found available.

How is steel made?

Melted pig iron is run into what is called a converter. Air is then blown through the metal, which burns out the carbon and silicon. Spiegeleisen, which contains a known per cent of carbon and manganese, is then introduced and melted up with the metal. The proper amount of carbon is put into the iron, which is then steel.

What is a merger?

This question has been answered before. A merger is a combination of business enterprises, such as railroads, packing houses and the like, in one management, operated by one head. It is not thought to be legal.

How many were killed and wounded on both sides at the battle of Gettysburg?

The Confederates lost 6,500 killed, 26,000 wounded, and 13,000 prisoners and deserters. The Union side lost 4,834 killed, 15,000 wounded and 4,000 prisoners. The Federals had eighteen generals killed and the Confederates a dozen.

Where are the imported rugs made?

The best known rugs are made in Turkey, but other oriental countries also make them. They cost a great deal of money if they are the genuine thing, and no cheap rug is real oriental carpet, as the natives call them.

What is the coming St. Louis Fair to commemorate?

It is to commemorate the purchase of what was known as the Louisiana Territory, or the Louisiana Purchase, a tract of land running from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada.

Can charity be carried to excess?

It is not probable that true charity can be overdone but there is no principle of morality that may not be burlesqued.

What is the weight of the largest locomotives?

The largest yet constructed weigh about 133 tons, and with the tender 190 tons.

Where is Home Study published?

Who can answer? We know of such a publication but do not know where it is printed.

Do the Jews maintain their dietetic principles?

Yes, the orthodox Jews do, and their diet has great advantages, one's health considered.

Is there any use to which cocoanut shells can be put?

Not as far as known. Where many cocoanuts are used the shells are burned as fuel.

What is the salary of the President of Mexico?

The President of Mexico receives fifty thousand dollars a year salary.

What is the thickness of the boiler of a locomotive?

About one-half inch.

Can diamonds be made artificially?

Yes, but not to commercial advantage.

 The Home



 Department

 CREAM BISCUITS.

 BY MAMIE VINEY.

SIFT a quart of flour with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, add a teaspoonful of salt and cream to make a soft dough. Mix well, roll thin, cut out in biscuits and bake in a very hot oven.

Bath, Ind.

* * *

 POTATO SALAD.

 BY LILLIAN DOMER.

TAKE one dozen boiled potatoes, cut in dice while hot, two onions chopped fine, four hard-boiled eggs cut fine and a little chopped celery.

For dressing take one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of mustard, three eggs beaten in one cup of vinegar and one cup of milk, stirring in the milk last, boil and pour over the potatoes, etc.

Baltic, Ohio.

* * *

 TO CAN SWEET CORN.

 BY MRS. LILLIAN DOMER.

To ten quarts of corn add one pint of salt and four quarts of water, boil twenty minutes and can in tin cans.

Baltic, Ohio.

* * *

 FRENCH MIXED PICKLES.

 BY SISTER SUSANNA C. FOUTZ.

TAKE two quarts of Lima beans, five pints of string beans, one dozen ears of corn, one head of cabbage, one pint of onions, one quart of cucumbers, six peppers, one-eighth pound of ground mustard and five pints of vinegar, stew the beans and corn, then add the cabbage, onions, cucumbers and peppers. Add the mustard to the vinegar, let boil, strain, add two pounds of sugar, add salt to taste, mix all together and boil.

138 S. Broad St., Waynesboro, Pa.

 PICCALILLI.

 BY LILLIAN DOMER.

TAKE equal parts of cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, beans—both shelled and in pod—and celery, boil separately in salt water, do not cut up ingredients fine, mix all together with some weakened vinegar, sugar and a little salt and turmeric powder, heat and can.

Baltic, Ohio.

* * *

 MIXED PICKLE.

 BY LILLIAN DOMER.

TAKE one gallon of celery cut in pieces, one gallon of green tomatoes, one gallon of beans, one gallon of cauliflower, one gallon of small cucumbers, one gallon of cabbage hearts and ribs, one-half gallon of small onions and twelve mangoes cut in pieces, boil each separately in salt water, then mix all together with two and one-half pounds of sugar, one-half of a five-cent box of mixed spices (picking out all of the red pepper), heat vinegar, put in the mixture, heat well and seal in cans.

Baltic, Ohio.

* * *

 FROSTED FRUIT.

BEAT the whites of six eggs until they will stand when dropped from a spoon. Have your apples pared and sliced an eighth of an inch thick. Dip the slices separately in the beaten egg, then in powdered sugar and lay on a pan with white paper in the bottom and place in an oven, not too hot, to dry. When the icing is firm remove to a dish and set in a cool place.

* * *

 FROGS.

 BY MRS. E. M. COBB.

TAKE two eggs, one cup of milk, a little salt, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Drop into boiling lard and fry brown. Eat hot with syrup or sweetened cream.

North Manchester, Ind.

WHAT THEY SAY.

We are in receipt of the *Ingleook*, a weekly magazine published at Elgin, Illinois. The issue is devoted entirely to California. It is splendidly illustrated and the articles were all prepared by some person or persons who are thoroughly familiar with the State and its resources and advantages. This publication ought to be of great benefit to California. The statements it makes are conservative and bear the impress of truth. We do not know where the publishers got so much information, but it is all trustworthy. It principally concerns central and southern California. But little is said about the Sacramento valley, but that is probably no fault of the publishers.—*Woodland Daily Democrat, California.*

*

The *Genoa Republican, Ill.*, one of the liveliest papers in the State has the following:

One of the most thorough and by all odds the most readable descriptions of the great State of California appears in the current number of the *Ingleook* magazine. The magazine is one of the weekly publications of the Brethren Publishing House, located at Elgin, and has a wide circulation in and outside the Brethren church.

*

"YOUR intake of facts at a glance is certainly remarkable, and your crisp, breezy way of presenting them to your readers is altogether delightful."—*W. L., Los Angeles Times Staff.*

*

"HOPE for the continued prosperity of your live paper and wish the whole *INGLENOOK* family much success and happiness."—*Rebecca C. Pfoutz, Pennsylvania.*

*

"I BEGAN at the first page of the California *INGLENOOK* and did not quit until I had finished reading at ten o'clock at night."—*Amy Reddick, Missouri.*

*

"THE California *NOOK* received. It is certainly an ideal. Surely the cup of the *NOOK* readers runneth over."—*J. S. Bowen, Pennsylvania.*

*

"THE California *NOOK* is fine and you have scored another good point."—*John E. Mohler, Iowa.*

*

"WE all read the *NOOK* and enjoy it."—*J. E. and Mollie Blough, Pennsylvania.*

* * *

THE truest happiness comes from giving and sharing—not from possessing and hoarding.—*Phillips Brooks.*

POLITENESS IN SWEDEN.

When a train leaves a platform or a steamboat pier, all the lookers-on lift their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment returned by the travelers. If you address the poorest person in the streets you must lift your hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the stairs of a hotel must do the same. To enter a shop or a bank with one's hat on is a terrible breach of good manners. If you enter or leave a coffee-room you must bow to all the occupants.

* * *

NOT WHAT IT SEEMS.

There is no hod-carrying in Japan. The native builders have a method of transporting mortar which makes it seem more like play than work—to the onlooker. The mortar is mixed in a pile in the street. One man makes this up into balls of about six pounds weight, which he tosses to a man who stands on a ladder midway between the roof and the ground. This man deftly catches the ball and tosses it up to a man who stands on the roof. This plan would scarcely work for sky-scrapers.

* * *

The vast stretches of arid lands or salt marshy plains in southwestern France known as "The Landes," are cut up by small ditches, pools and hummocks. Stilts are consequently of great use to the inhabitants and are universally adopted for traveling across country.

* * *

M. M. ESHELMAN, of Tropico, California, writes that he has just posted his sixth of an acre in strawberries for the past six months. Here is the showing: Sale of berries, \$158.32; plants, \$5; total, \$163.32; expenses, \$30; profit, \$133.32. Still the patch blooms and bears.

* * *

THERE has never yet been a cloud in this world that was not cleared away by sunshine.—*Geo. MacDonald.*

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—In Indiana a girl to help in house work. Church, school, and similar inducements at the place. Be a good place for a good girl. Address: T. I. W., care *INGLENOOK*, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED.—I want a home for my boy, aged 10, of good family, healthy, Brethren home preferred. Write for particulars which will be cheerfully furnished. Address: Widow, care *INGLENOOK*, Elgin, Ill.

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THE INGLENOOK

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NOVEMBER 1, 1902.

No. 44.

SWEET HOME.

An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam.
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
O Savior! direct me to heaven, my home.

The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.

Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms;
My Savior invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O then may I feast with his children at home?

Farewell, vain amusements, my follies adieu!
While Jesus and heaven and glory I view,
I feast in the pleasures that flow from the throne,
The foretastes of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.

The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,
"Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at home."

Affliction and sorrow and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Savior forever at home.

* * *

WATERMELON SEED.

A NOVEL industry has grown up in the West, where irrigation and sunshine combine to make the production of watermelons very successful. In the upper Arkansas valley melons are grown for their seed, and great fields are now covered with the luscious green shapes, destined never to tickle a palate. The melons grow to large size and great perfection. When they are fully ripe they are harvested with as much precision as are the wheat and corn crops of the plains. The threshing machine with which the melons are handled is simple. It consists chiefly of a cylinder driven by horse power or by a traction engine. Great wagon loads of melons are brought to the side of the machine, and one by one they are thrown with great force into the hungry mouth to break against the whirling teeth below. The whole

is ground to a fine pulp and run out through a sieve, the rinds being thus separated from the inner portion of the melon. The rinds are left to rot on the prairie, and the juicy mixture stands in large vats until the process of fermentation takes place, separating the seeds from the pulp. The seeds are then spread out on boards to dry and are ready for the market.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

* * *

FLOWERS AND INSECTS.

THERE are many interesting things in nature that we can fully understand without having to bother with the dry problems that confront the scientists, and this is one of them, says the *Scotsman*:

Flowers live by the insects and the insects live by the flowers. The nectar in the heart of the flowers is the insects' food, and the insects, to get at it, light on the flower and thrust their probosces down into it for a sip. In doing this they bring to the flower on their legs and feet pollen gathered from other flowers. Without this pollen the flowers would be without the fertilization that they must have to live and continue their kind. So you see how dependent one is on the other.

There are certain flowers that open at a certain time of the day, and others that open only at night. Now this is not the result of chance. These flowers depend on certain insects for fertilization and they open when those particular insects are on the wing.

Flowers sometimes act as if they were endowed with human intelligence. Cut a spray of laurel from outside and put it into water in your house. Now, you will find that the flowers will last longer in the house than those on the bush from which you cut them. It seems almost incredible, but it is true, that these flowers last because they are waiting for the visits of the insects on which they depend for fertilization, and from which they have been separated by your bringing them into the house.

Some tropical orchids last longer in our hothouses than they do in their natural state for the same reason—they are waiting for natural fertilization.

HOW A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS IS CONDUCTED.

THE mail order business in the United States is a comparatively modern development. It began within the memory of the present generation, and while the business of those engaged in it is extending from year to year, the extension of the business to different centers of operation is not a great one. The reason for this is that it requires a large sum of money to open up a mail order business and a great deal of technical knowledge is requisite.

A distinction should be made between the mail order business of the cities, and the trifling sale of some novelty, which often masquerades under the name of "Mail Order Business." In fact, there are only six houses in the entire country that are devoted to this class of business exclusively. These are all in the city of Chicago with but one exception and this is found in St. Paul. Perhaps every Nook reader has seen the huge catalogues of these Mail Order houses, such as are sent out by Sears, Roebuck & Company, Montgomery Ward, and others, yet few know how the business is actually managed.

Visiting the place of business of one of the Mail Order establishments advertising in the INGLENOOK, we learn that one of the essential preliminaries of success is the preparation of a catalogue to send out to prospective purchasers. The making of this catalogue involves endless trouble. In the first place, arrangements must be effected with various manufacturing establishments, whose goods they expect to buy for their patrons, and then a large descriptive catalogue, amply illustrated, must be compiled, with attached prices, for the use of the country purchaser. The making of this catalogue involves great business skill and an intelligent and attractive presentation of the wares offered. The catalogue is full of illustrations of a greater or less degree of excellence and these are, as a rule, furnished by the manufacturers themselves. This materially reduces the expense of getting out a large catalogue, but still, in a very ordinary business the least outlay will not be far from \$10,000. A description of one of these catalogues would be useless and uninteresting as nearly every reader has seen them; however, the course of procedure in getting the patronage of the customer is not so well known and is of interest as a modern business development.

One of the first things done by the Mail Order people is to advertise the fact that they are ready to furnish almost anything the average man or woman may need, and do it as well and as cheaply, if not better and cheaper, than is offered by the facilities of the home market. It is an expensive

matter to advertise in high-priced publications, but it must be done and with some of the larger houses many thousands of dollars are expended annually in bringing their business before the public.

Another peculiar development of the business is in furnishing lists of names of possible patrons. As a rule, for the ordinary Mail Order business, agricultural people are preferred and it is a business by itself to furnish these names, or lists of them, that are alive and up to date and there is also a system of exchange among those engaged in the business. Every name and every letter is religiously preserved, not only as a matter of future reference, but for purposes of exchange and sale.

Now suppose that a good Inglenooker living either in Maryland or California, seeing the advertisement of Albaugh Bros., Dover & Co., sends for a catalogue. The costly publication is at once sent, and this involves a sacrifice of the catalogue itself and an actual money expenditure of ten cents for postage. In nine cases out of ten the inquiry is not an idle one and the party ordering it really wants to buy something. Let us suppose, for illustration, that he wants a stove. Now, the supposition of the average man is that somewhere about the premises the Mail Order people have a lot of stoves. The facts are that the order is sent to the stove manufacturers and is freighted or expressed from the factory to the purchaser, with the tag and general shipping literature of the Mail Order house attached. Thus, while the stove appears to come from Chicago it may really make a start from Ohio, which fact does not concern the purchaser in the least, while it is undoubtedly a great advantage to the business people concerned in making and forwarding it.

Once a purchaser finds himself well treated he is very apt to repeat orders and when confidence is firmly established the business done by these city Mail Order places is something enormous. The whole business is based on confidence and the Mail Order people know to a certainty that if they do not carry out their promises to the letter it settles them for all time in the neighborhood of a customer who has not been satisfied; on the other hand, if he is well pleased he repeats his order, and thus becomes a permanent patron of the establishment, as well as advertising it in his neighborhood to his friends.

The question may arise as to the safety of this method of doing business and in reply to this we would say that it has every element of security offered by doing business at a home store, with the exception that the purchaser does not see what he buys and must subordinate, to a certain extent, his judgment to that of the house which buys for

him and as the establishment has more at stake than he has, they are very sure to give him every needed attention.

The funny part of the business is that if our typical stove buyer, mentioned in this article, fails to respond they get after him with a series of what they call "follow ups." There are six series of these and in substance they are mainly inquiries as to why they have not heard from him and calling his attention again to the fact that they are ready to serve him, and in case he does buy the stove in question he is still followed up for other purchases he may have in contemplation, but it is all done politely and courteously.

For that class of people who may not find in the village store what they want, it is the best possible substitute for a visit to the city personally, while it is a great deal cheaper and in the end quite as satisfactory. Considering the fact that the Mail Order people advertising in the INGLENOOK have not caused a single complaint as yet, to be received at the Nook office, it is a very fair presumption that everything is "as straight as a string."

This business, properly conducted upon an honest basis, is an exceptionally good thing for the absent customer for he can buy in the city of Chicago, even though he lives a thousand miles away and all the necessities of the case, in the matter of a small purchase, is an accessible postoffice.

* * *

SOMETHING ABOUT BREAD.

THE people of Chicago eat a good deal of bread every day. Once a week some thousands of good Nookers get the flour and other essentials for a loaf of bread and have their weekly "bakin'." If they had the work to do for Chicago they would have a pretty warm undertaking. It takes about 400,000 pounds of loaf bread, made by the bakers, to go around Chicago daily. Added to this enormous amount there are 50,000 pounds in the way of rolls, etc. Every loaf of bread sold in the city of Chicago is required by law to weigh one full pound, hence the bread of one kind and another baked by the bakers and used by the Chicago people amounts to 450,000 pounds daily.

A pound loaf of bread brings four cents to the baker, hence the daily consumption amounts to not less than \$16,000. Rolls sell for eight cents a dozen and \$4,000 worth of rolls are used daily, making a total of \$20,000 daily that Chicago pays her bakers.

It takes about 450,000 pounds of flour to supply Chicago for twenty-four hours. A bakery wagon is supposed to do pretty good business if it turns in about twenty dollars a day, and it takes about

a thousand bakery wagons, drivers and horses to supply the trade. Altogether there are about twenty-seven thousand men engaged in making bread and delivering it to the people who live in the city by the lake.

These figures by no means represents the daily consumption but only the bread made by the professional bakers.

* * *

THE WINDOW WASHER.

THE window washer of the larger office buildings in Chicago, the professional man of his class, takes no chances in his work. He has a stout canvas belt and riveted thereto securely is a loop of rope



AURAGIA BIDWELL ON FLOOD FARM.

with hooks at either end. When he wants to wash the outside of the glass of a window at the top of a sky scraper, he hooks either end in a strong staple with which the windows are furnished, and then if he falls while he sits in the open window frame his drop will not be more than a foot, and there will be no "dull thud" on the pavement below, nor any hurry call for the ambulance. The business is largely in the hands of men.

* * *

BIGGEST OF ALL COTTON MILLS.

What is to be the largest cotton mill in the world is to be located soon near Kansas City, Missouri. The investment will reach about \$10,000,000.

GOLF STICKS.

THE comparatively recent introduction of the home-made golf stick is thus described by the *Scientific American*.

In spite of its apparently simple construction the golf club passes through an elaborate series of processes before it is ready for the market. It consists of two main parts, the shaft and head. As the former is usually of wood, material is selected with a view not only to its hardness, but toughness; the best quality of hickory is preferred for the purpose, each tree being carefully examined in the forest before it is cut down. The wood comes to the factory sawed into planks of a suitable thickness and is again sawed into square strips of the requisite length. A simple form of turning lathe is used to round off or turn the shafts, but as yet no power device has been invented which will complete the shape, and considerable labor is required with hand tools to work it down to the exact dimensions; this operation necessitates long experience and a good eye to insure the proper tapering of the shaft. So particular is the manufacturer that sometimes fifty per cent of the sawed shafts may be rejected on account of some slight defect before unnoticed.

The next process is to join the shaft to the head—another operation requiring much skill, as a perfect fit must be insured to withstand the strain at the joint. Dogwood and persimmon are most extensively used for the wooden head. They come to the headmaker in blanks from the saw. A machine specially designed for the purpose cuts them down to a rough semblance of the head, but here again the rest of the work must be done by hand, and chisel, file and sandpaper are indispensable. The shaft and head are spliced one to another by means of a strong cord. The operator winds about the joint a fine cord, made of waterproof material, each strand fitting so closely and evenly that it seems a part of the wood itself when the whipping is completed. The so-called iron clubs are composed almost entirely of steel, as it is found that a mild grade of this material is best suited for these clubs.

First quality heads are made entirely by hand, and here the blacksmith's anvil and hammers come into play, yet the cleekmakers become so expert in their line that they can duplicate almost any model of head not only in size, but almost precisely in shape, so deft are they in wielding the hammer. Most of the metal heads, however, are drop forgings, and to this process is largely due the greatly reduced cost of the golf outfit, for it saves much time and labor.

All of the heads, however, are finished on polishing spindles which, revolving rapidly, act upon the surface as sandpaper does on wood, removing all

rough spots and giving them the luster of silver when the operation is completed.

The putting on of the grip or handle is done so rapidly that a skilled workman will complete the operation in a little over a minute. For the best clubs horsehide is used entirely, but sheepskin is found to be a fair substitute, and is wound on the other grades. The hide is cut into strips of the proper length and width by machinery, but the workman wraps the grip around by hand with a few dexterous motions, clinching the loose end with small brads or glue. Sometimes the entire shaft is covered with the finishing coat of varnish, but first the wood is saturated with shellac, which enters the fiber and plays an important part in protecting it from the weather. Over this is placed the varnish, and after a vigorous rubbing the club is ready for the player.

Scotland is the home of the most expert makers of the golfer's outfit, and to them is due much of the skill which has been acquired by the Americans. A large number of artisans of the old country have come to the United States to ply their trade, tempted by the higher scale of wages. One enterprising corporation has a colony of Scots at its New England factory. It is an interesting fact that the best workmen are players themselves, and skill in handling the clubs has given them a knowledge of the proper shape and "lay" of the clubs which they could not otherwise obtain.

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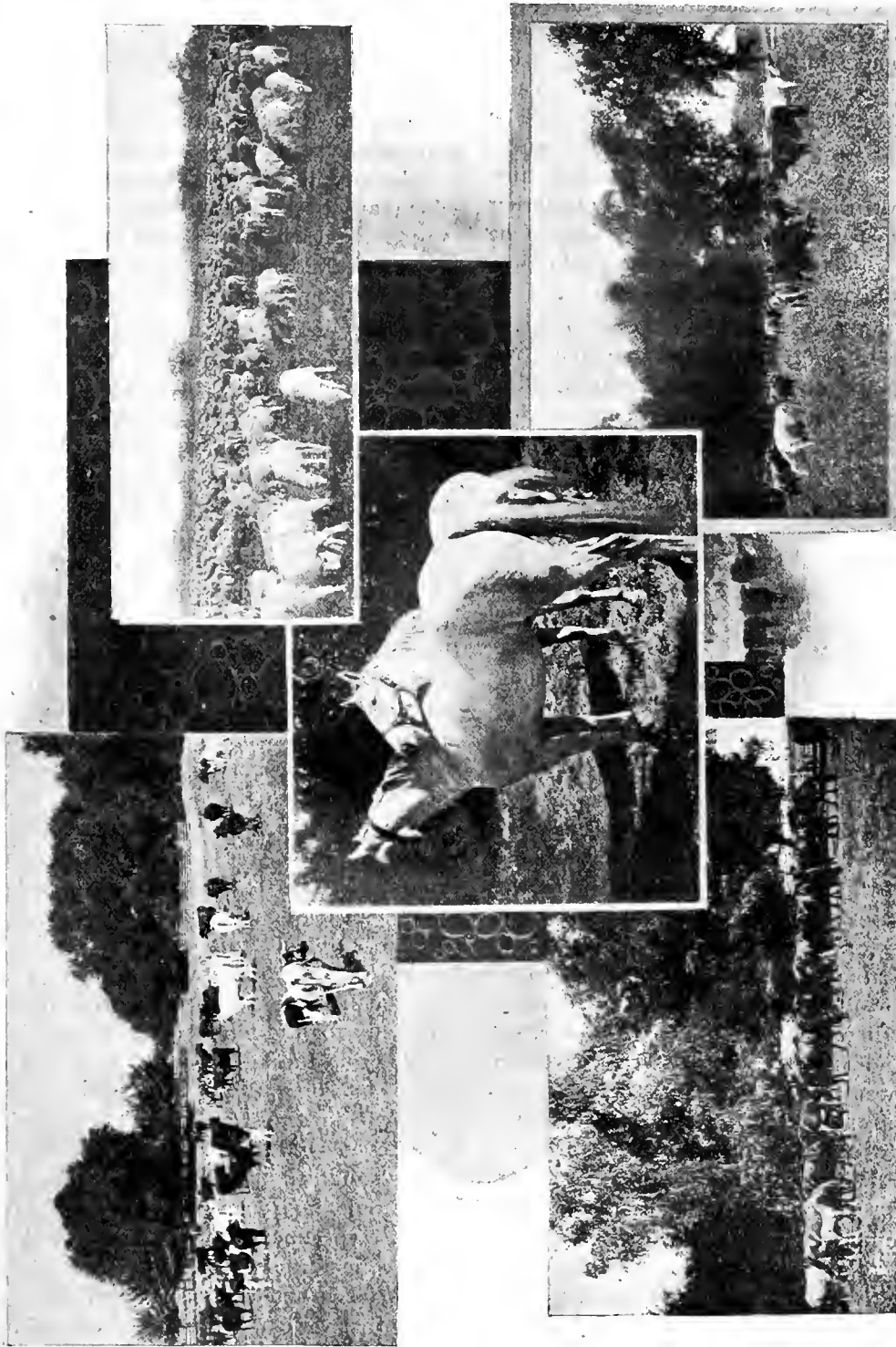
VALUE OF THE COMMA.

A BERLIN correspondent tells this story of a school inspector's recent visit to a small German town. Requesting the mayor to accompany him the inspector heard the latter mutter: "I should like to know why that ass has come so soon again." Arriving at the first school he began to examine the pupils in punctuation, but was told by the mayor: "We don't trouble about commas and such like." The inspector merely told one of the boys to write on the blackboard: "The mayor of Ritzelbittel says the inspector is an ass." "Now," he added, "put a comma after 'Ritzelbittel' and another after 'inspector.'" The boy did so. The mayor is believed to have changed his opinion as to the value of commas.

* * *

TO SEE HOW IT FELT.

"Why do you insist on getting me an upper berth in the sleeping car?" asked the habitually austere lady. "Well," answered her irrepressible niece, "you have been expecting for so many years to find somebody under your bed that I thought it might relieve your mind to have all doubts on the subject removed at once."—*Washington Star*.



IN CALIFORNIA: STOCK WORTH OWNING.

QUEER PETS OF CONVICTS.

"PRISONERS have all sorts of ways of communicating with each other," said an old-time police officer, "and it is almost impossible to keep track of them at times, when the department wants to be particularly careful about shutting out communication between one prisoner and another. In the first place, the prisoner has nothing to do but think before he is sent to the farm or to some other place where he is put to work. Some of them employ their time in decorating their cells with pictures, plastering them with newspapers and things of that sort. One man will write a bit of verse, or a story of his life, or a treatise on some aspect of the science of criminology.

"I have known many prisoners to make companions of bugs, of real bugs, cockroaches, spiders and things of that sort. I knew one man who had been condemned to solitary confinement, who had actually trained a couple of spiders and a gang of roaches, so they would come to him at regular times for food. He would rap on the side of his cell, and they would scamper out of their hiding places, and rush to the point where he tapped on the floor or the wall with his hand. They were educated, and when he would talk to them and fondle them they seemed to understand at least that it was a friendly and affectionate sort of thing.

"The world might shrink from the touch of the criminal's hands. Men might not want to touch palms with him. But with the pet spiders and the pet roaches it was different. Apparently they loved him, and he was more to them than all the vast body of men on the outside of the prison. But I was thinking about another story.

"Some few years ago there was a man in the Missouri penitentiary who had been sentenced to solitary confinement. I think he had a sentence of fifteen years. He had been shut off from all communication with his fellow-prisoners. About fifteen cells from him was a friend. The first prisoner had a pet white mouse, a little animal of remarkable intelligence, and he proved to be a source of great comfort and convenience to the prisoner. In some way he trained the mouse so that he understood him. He was finally able to get the little animal to carry messages from his cell to the cell of his friend. Occasionally the mouse could be seen scampering down the hall with a piece of paper in his mouth, and nothing could stop him. In this way the men carried on a system of perfect communication.

"It goes to show," concluded the officer, according to the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, "how resourceful criminals are and what fruitful ideas may sometimes grow out of an idle mind."

BEETLES ARE COUNTERFEITED.

BEETLE "faking" is an industry concerning which the public knows little, but it is a flourishing one nevertheless. Thousands of faked beetles are turned out annually in England and in France and sold both there and in this country to amateur naturalists at high prices.

Many an English and American collector, with more money and enthusiasm than knowledge of natural history, has in his cabinet specimens of beetles which are beyond anything that nature ever attempted, and which he shows proudly to his friends as extremely rare insects, as indeed they are, for they are like nothing else in the animal kingdom.

The manufacturer of beetles does not confine himself to giving to his specimens rare and strange colorings, but he makes them up from fragments of other beetles in the manner which strikes his fancy, and this fancy is often very whimsical indeed. Nature, especially in the tropics, produces beetles of strange form, but never so strange as those which come out of the shop of man. Auction sales of damaged collections of specimens of beetles are attended, and the collections bought for almost nothing.

These injured specimens are dismembered and their various parts put together again at the fancy of the fakir. He takes a beetle's body and from a collection of several parts of beetles before him, spread out on a white paper, he deftly affixes a head here, a wing there and a leg or two where he thinks they will look quaint. He works rapidly using a clear liquid glue, the composition of which is a secret of the trade, and which joins the various parts immediately so that they cannot easily be pulled apart, and so closely that even with a magnifying glass it is difficult to see where the joining is done.

The coloring and imitation markings are done with small brushes and other implements designed especially for the purpose and are made permanent by plunging the built-up insect into a bath of some secret solution. When the work is completed only an expert naturalist can detect the fraud, and sometimes even an expert is fooled at first and thinks he has stumbled upon a new specimen of coleoptera. The beetle fakir advertises in the papers that he has rare specimens for sale and would like to hear from collectors in search of such things. If the bait is taken and he gets a letter from an amateur collector he offers to forward the specimen "on approval." When the amateur sees the creature sent to him he thinks he has found a prize and usually closes the bargain at a good fat price.

The fakir never guarantees the beetle to be genuine. He simply says to the intending buyer: "There is the specimen. Take it or leave it. I

doubt if there is another like it in this country," which statement is probably true, for it is rarely that the fakir duplicates designs.

Besides evolving beetles out of dismembered fragments and his inner consciousness the fakir of coleoptera makes copies of well-known but rare specimens, which command a good market price among collectors.

London and Paris are the cities where most of the fake beetles are manufactured, says the *New York Mail and Express*, and the French workmen are the most expert and gifted with the most lively fancy in composition.

SOMETHING ABOUT MEXICO.

How many Nookers can tell what a Mexican is? Of course he is a man who lives in Mexico, but what manner of man is he? Where does he come from? The answer is easy when we call up the history of modern Mexico.

When the Spanish freebooter, Cortez, invaded Mexico the natives were Indians, not all of one tribe, by any means, but still of a somewhat common type. When he conquered the leading tribe, and subjugated the rest, he divided the country into enormous grants, or the Spanish sovereign did, and the leaders and favorites got large tracts of land, which included the Indians living within the limits. The Spanish owners led an idle existence, the Indians doing the work, mainly silver mining, and both sides seemed tolerably happy.

Naturally the population would become mixed, and the cross between the native Indian and the Spaniard resulted in the Mexican, who is therefore part Indian and part Spanish. Invariably he speaks Spanish, and to this day the native Indian speaks the Indian language. The population, relatively considered, is about three-fourths Indian to one-fourth Spanish and Mexican. There are a good many Spanish of pure blood, but the majority of the dominant and so-called civilized class are the Mexicans. As a rule the Indian speaks Spanish while few Mexicans understand the Indian languages, of which, with the dialects, there are quite a number. These Indian languages are not mutually understood, and are almost unlearnable to an outsider.

NATIVE GEMS.

THE report of the geological survey, just compiled for 1901, shows that during that year there were mined in the United States precious stones to the value of about \$300,000. When talking about rare and beautiful gems one's thoughts naturally revert

to South Africa or the orient or the mountains of Asia and Europe, or perhaps to South America, but one is not likely to think of our own land yielding them; but the fact is that no insignificant value in gems is taken from the soil right here at home. The report of the geological survey shows that during that year we mined in the United States precious stones to the value of about \$300,000.

Diamonds represent only \$100 of this amount, but the fact that they are found at all gives encouragement to the hope that paying fields of them may some time be found. Last year one diamond was found in Lee county, Georgia, where diamonds were not before known to exist. New Mexico furnished \$118,000 in turquoises, and these have been placed on the market. Montana gave us \$90,000 in sap-



SUB-IRRIGATION.

phires, which come next. They come from Fergus County. Granite County is now being explored for fancy colored sapphires, that give evidences of being there in paying quantities. Fine and extensive rhodolite garnet deposits are found in Macon County, North Carolina. Many dark green, blue and yellow beryls, as well as amethysts and emeralds, were found in that State. There is hardly a State of the Union in which there is not some trade of precious stones and it appears not at all unlikely that before many years we may be competing with the old world in furnishing gems.

THE MONKEY'S FATHER.

MOTHER—Willie, what did you do with that penny I gave you this morning?

Willie (aged four)—"I gave it to the monkey."
"And what did he do with it?"

"He put it in his cap and then gave it to his father, who played the organ."—*Tit-Bits*.

WHOEVER has a good temper will be sure to have many other good things.—*Emerson*.

IRELAND FROM A "JOHNNY KARE."
—(JAUNTING CAR.)

RY E. M. COBB.

A "JOHNNY KARE" is a two-wheeled cart drawn by a horse or a donkey, with a seat for two passengers over each wheel, and a small seat for the driver in front. The passengers face the side of the road and can see the sights as they pass along. People of every class and station in life ride in the "Johnny Kare." There are fancy ones for the rich, and cheaper ones for the poor. An ordinary, steel tire, plain "Johnny Kare" costs about twenty-five pounds or one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and the rubber-tired ones are much higher. A very ordinary horse costs about thirty-five pounds or one hundred and forty dollars.

We chose the "Johnny Kare" because we could see the country and its people much better than from a train and because it is the only conveyance except the cars. In the cities they have electric cars but not in the country.

Before leaving Queenstown let us notice the beautiful harbor. As you enter the harbor you see to your right Fort Camden and to your left Fort Carlisle. These strong fortifications stand upon a natural elevation of perhaps one hundred feet above the bay. And there is sufficient room in the harbor for the entire British Navy. Queenstown is a typical Irish city of thirteen thousand inhabitants. The houses are of stone or concrete, and the streets are all paved or macadamized and rise abruptly, one above another, in terraces.

You now mount your "Johnny Kare" and follow the river Lee along beautiful drives, lined on either side by the ever present stone wall, which is beautifully overhung by the laurel, the national emblem. Here and there is an old castle, anciently a fortress, watch tower or the domicile of a lord or land owner, and an occasional well-filled barrack for soldiers, for Ireland is compelled to support, annually, fifty thousand troops for Great Britain. Beautiful little farms are passed. They are cut up into small fields from one to four acres, and they are waving now with oats, barley and other grains. There are crops of potatoes, turnips, mangoes, but no corn. Not a field of corn in Ireland have we seen. These farms are not owned by the men who tend them, but by rich men who buy them for twenty-five dollars per acre and rent them to these poor men for ten or twelve dollars per acre and they can hardly make a livelihood. In fact if their sons and daughters in America did not send them money frequently their homes would be taken away from them.

To an American the customs of the people are very strange. They use donkeys for horses, two-

wheeled carts for wagons, handle hay with their hands instead of forks, burn sod (turf, or peat), for fuel instead of wood, and tallow candles for lights. They turn out to the left instead of the right on the road or pavement, women use the hedge fence for a clothes line, at the table you pour your own coffee from the pot, and cut your own bread from the loaf, you ride on the top of as well as inside the street car which is called a tram instead of a street car, you enter a railway coach from the side instead of the end, and, having no conductor, your ticket is taken at your destination instead of on the train. The bell is not on the engine, but in the telegraph office. The engineer never blows the whistle when you near a city, but



THE WAY OF '49.

always when you leave. The baggage car is not next to the engine but at the rear end of the train. The trains run very slowly and stop at every station and the stations are close together. They never whistle at the cross roads for there are none. The railroad company is compelled to arch over the track for each and every road. I have not seen a single exception.

Cork is a city of eighty-five thousand inhabitants and is terraced on the side of a mountain. At present she enjoys an exposition which is somewhat international in its character for I saw many products from Japan, Russia, Canada, etc. At Queenstown the annual Regatta or "gathering of the people" was being celebrated by a fireworks display similar to the way we lose our heads, money, and sometimes limbs and lives in America on the Fourth of July. At Dublin on the day of our arrival we are told, upon inquiry why the whole city is flooded with soldiers, that Lord Cardigan, who has been Royal Governor of Ireland for seven years, retires upon the coronation of King Edward VII and is succeeded by Lord Dudley.

About five miles from Cork we visited the Blarney Stone at Blarney Castle. The castle is a very large one, built in 1446 by the McCartheys, Kings of

the Munsters. It was a fortress and a watch tower and is one hundred and twenty feet high. The lower rooms were used for guard rooms, second for dining rooms, side rooms for living rooms, and above was a splendid watch tower and observatory. Of course after Ireland lost her own government and accepted that of another, this castle, like hundreds of others on the island, went to ruin. About 1812 a certain Catholic priest, Father Prout, immortalized this castle by blessing a certain stone in the lower edge of the cornice and gave it this power:

"There is a stone there, whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses to be eloquent.
Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber,
Or become a member of sweet Parliamint.
A clever spouter he'll sure turn out, or
An out and outer to be let alone.
Don't hope to hinder him or bewilder him,
Shure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone."

Thousands visit this most famous spot in Ireland each year but very few have the nerve to kiss the stone after they arrive, for they must be let down by the heels and kiss the stone which overhangs some eighty or ninety feet of the wall. I had the pleasure of taking a snap shot, from the top of this castle, at one of our party who successfully accomplished this feat, being supported by the other two. We saw a young lady who was heart-sick with disappointment, for she had come from New York to kiss the stone and was intimidated by the danger accompanying the feat.

Ireland is full of scenic beauty. A low mountain range yonder, under a purple curtain of clouds, slopes gently toward you into a quiet valley on either side of the Seine, covered with the usual small irregular fields with their stone walls and whitewashed, thatch-roofed, stone houses and green pastures. Solid white stone roads winding up the distant slope present a picture never to be forgotten. As your donkey speeds you along in the "Johnny Kare," groups of dirty children run great distances after you, crying out "Tupp and a hapenny fur de scramble, sor," which means "Throw a two-pence or a half-penny and see us scramble for it, sir." This picture quickly gives place to a poor, old, dirty, ragged grandmother sitting here or there on a stone by the wayside with outstretched hand, awaiting an alms from the passer-by.

At Dublin I saw on Sunday morning the custom of the poor, at which old shoes, blankets, garments, etc., were brought by the poor and sold for a penny or two with which to fight off the pangs of hunger.

Each little villa has its schoolhouse and the children receive rather a liberal education considering conditions. But as no wages are paid for employment, and nothing is to be made at farming, and there is no hope whatever of ever owning even a

small farm, large numbers of boys join the army where they are well fed and nicely clothed and get a small salary for spending money. So the future prospects for Ireland are not the brightest.

"KILL YOUR DOG AND BUY A PIG."

An exchange says: "Kill your dog and buy a pig with the dollar you save on dog tax. The scraps you feed the dog would make the pig weigh 300 pounds, and then you could sell it and give your wife the money." Yes, kill your dear old faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful dog and buy a pig. But when you come home after a hard day's toil don't expect that same pig to meet you two blocks away with a joyful little cry of welcome at every jump. Sometimes when you feel unusually "blue" and it seems as if the whole world was "knocking" against you, don't expect it to nestle up to your side, and laying its head within your lap wag out its unalloyed sympathy. Don't expect it to forsake its meal of "scraps" just for the privilege of being your companion on a lonely drive or walk. Don't expect it to do any of these "little things." There's a vast difference between your most constant friend and a pig.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

To which we would like to add about as follows. By all means kill the dog. Then, according to instructions, buy a pig. Here's something of the dog's story. He was adopted when he was a pup, and he grew up with the children. They and he played together, and he never bit or resisted when they hauled him around by the ears. When you were absent over night, and so missed a day at home, the dog missed you, and went wild on your return. He slept with one eye open watching the baby in the crib. When finally sickness came the dog, by some means, recognized the trouble, and howled, whined and cried. When the baby did finally pass he refused to go away, and you found him in the front room, beside the coffin, crying in mute sorrow. When the grave was filled, the dog had to be coaxed home in dumb distress. Now that the child is dead of course sell the dog and buy a pig, then sell the hog, fed on what you save out of the keep of the dog, and give the money to the child's mother. It will please her, and be eminently the right and feeling thing to do.

The possibilities contained within a grain of corn began to unfold themselves nearly forty years ago, or thirty years after Thomas Kingsford, an English chemist, began to extract starch from the corn grain at New Bergen, New Jersey. His researches set an example to all the other chemists, and to-day almost all of the starch made in the United States is made from corn.

NATURE



STUDY.

HOW WATER FREEZES.

It used to puzzle all thinking people why ponds and rivers do not freeze beyond a certain depth. This depends on a most curious fact, namely, that water is at its heaviest when it reaches forty degrees Fahrenheit, that is, eight degrees above freezing point. On a frosty night, as each top layer of water falls to 40 degrees it sinks to the bottom; therefore, the whole pond has to drop to 40 degrees before any of it can freeze.

At last it is all covered to this point, and then ice begins to form. But ice is a very bad conductor of heat. Therefore, it shuts off the freezing air from the big body of comparatively warm water underneath. The thicker it gets the more perfectly does it act as a great coat, and that is why even the Arctic ocean never freezes beyond a few feet in thickness.

* * *

STRANGE NEW HERBS.

THE gardens and fields of Yucatan are filled with succulent vegetables and odorous herbs unknown to the outer world. In the cultivated fields at the proper seasons are grown classes of Indian corn, beans, squashes and tubers for which we have no name, for the reason that we have never seen or heard of them, reports the *Pittsburg Dispatch*. The forests and jungles contain fruits that, excellent even in their wild state, could be made delicious by scientific care and cultivation. There are half a score of wild fruits that offer more promising results than did the bitter wild almond, the progenitor of the peach.

* * *

SLEEP-WALKERS BLONDES.

"TEN per cent of the world's population is more or less somnambulists," said a physician, according to the *Philadelphia Record*, "and every one, at one time or another, has done a little sleep-walking. I remember myself, when a lad, got up, dressed, took my books and went to school on a summer night, my father following close behind to see that I should come to no harm.

"Blond persons are more apt to be somnambulists than dark folk, and in cold climates there is more somnambulism than in warm ones. In certain Greenland villages I have been told the hut

doors are locked from without by a watchman in order that those within may not come forth in their sleep and maybe freeze to death. But in Egypt and such like hot lands such precaution is not necessary."

* * *

NEW VARIETY OF SUNFLOWER.

A German florist has produced a new variety of sunflower which he calls the Giant Bismarck, or *Helianthus Annuus Bismarckiensis*. That it is a giant is evident from the photograph. The stalk is fifteen feet high and four inches thick and the flowers measure eighteen inches across. To obtain these results it is necessary to sow the seeds in groups of two or three where the plants are wanted—for the sunflower does not stand transplanting—destroy all but the strongest of each group of plants and when this is about five feet high cut off the lower leaves and buds and so throw all the strength of the plant into the crown.

* * *

FACTS AND FIGURES.

EACH ear has four bones. The body has about 500 muscles. The human skull contains 30 bones. The lower limbs contain 30 bones each. The sense of touch is dullest on the back. Every hair has two oil glands at its base. The globe of the eye is moved by six muscles. The cerebral matter is about seven-eighths water. The human skeleton, exclusive of teeth, consists of 208 bones. Hair is very strong.

* * *

HONEY IMPROVES WITH AGE.

HONEY properly stored will improve with age and the older it is the better it will be. But kept in a damp place it soon becomes thin and watery.

* * *

A SINGLE hair will bear a weight of 1,150 grains. The enamel of the teeth contains over 95 per cent calcareous matter. The roots of the hair penetrate the skin about one-twelfth of an inch. The normal weight of the liver is between three and four pounds. The wrist contains eight bones, the palm five; the fingers have 14. The weight of the average-sized man is 140 pounds; of a woman, 125 pounds.

MAGNET KILLED A SPIDER.

AN experiment has lately been made by a scientist to test the influence which a magnet will have on a spider. The magnet employed was a small steel one of the U shape, the legs of which were about two and a half inches long by one-half inch wide and one-sixth of an inch thick, the distance between the poles being about one-quarter of an inch.

Having noticed a small spider actively running along his armchair, he brushed it off upon the carpet, where it began to run but was somewhat impeded by the roughness of the fabric. He now slid the magnet along the carpet, following after the spider, till the ends of the poles were within a quarter of an inch of it. The animal, without being touched, almost instantly stopped and on withdrawing the magnet the spider continued on his journey.

The experimenter then placed the magnet within half an inch in front of the spider and, withdrawing it slowly, the latter followed it in every direction which the magnet took, both in straight and circuitous routes.

Gradually, however, the spider became so strongly magnetized as to be immovable for several minutes, the magnetic influence seeming to lose its further power. On withdrawing the magnet altogether the spider began to recover somewhat.

The scientist ultimately placed a tumbler over the spider and the magnet, says the *Detroit Free Press*, covering them both completely, and at the expiration of several minutes the spider, after a struggle to escape from the strong influence which the magnet exercised over it, was dead. The experimenter states that, though he had killed many spiders and other small animals, as well as some plants, by magnetism, he had never before succeeded in doing it without touching the victim frequently with the magnet.

* * *

BRAVEST OF THE SEA FISH.

PROBABLY the bravest of creatures that swim the ocean are the swordfish. Much smaller than many others, they are nevertheless the most fearless of all, and will, like a buffalo or rhinoceros, charge anything that offends them, often doing an amount of execution hardly to be believed. Combats between swordfish are most interesting, and may be compared to a duel between two expert swordsmen. Such a contest was observed off the long pier that extends out into the ocean at Santa Monica, near Los Angeles, last year. Some fishermen noticed two big fish leaping out of the water and dashing along the surface. Soon it was seen that they were swordfish. It was the season when the fish are unusually

ferocious. They had made several rushes, and when observed were at close quarters, striking each other powerful side blows like cavalymen. This was unsatisfactory, and finally they separated and darted directly at each other. They evidently struck head-on, one missing, while the sword of the other struck just below the eye and plowed a deep furrow in the flesh, partly disabling the fish so that it turned and attempted to escape. But its adversary also turned, and with a rush drove its sword completely through the body of its foe, and held it fast, only wrenching its weapon loose when its enemy stopped swimming.

This one lunge finished the battle, and the victor left the field. The vanquished, floating on the surface, was picked up by the fishermen. The wounds in the dead fish were examined by several hundred people in Los Angeles and Santa Monica. They gave ample evidence of the extraordinary strength of the thrust of a swordfish. The force with which a swordfish strikes has been variously estimated, but that it is equal to that which drives a twenty-four-pound shot from a howitzer will be easily believed after viewing the results.

* * *

THE size of the grain considered, the principle product of corn is starch. To extract that the corn—shelled, of course—is placed in immense vats with about 1,000 bushels of corn to 8,000 gallons of water, in which there is a small proportion of sulphuric acid to loosen the hull, soften the kernel and release the glutinous matter and free the germ.

After thirty or forty hours the water is withdrawn and evaporated in order to recover any of the grains that may have come with it. In former years this water was wasted. Now the chemists extract from it phosphates and albuminoids amounting to one and one-half pounds to the bushel of corn soaked in it. It is then mixed with the byproducts, which sell as cattle feed.

After this the mass left behind by the water is passed through mills and another bath, and the starch remains at the bottom to be dried and sold in its various forms.

These forms consist of the regular laundry, cooking and confectioners' starches, and it can be found in the percentage of fifty to sixty in every can of cheap baking powder. It also stands a good chance of staying in the factory and being turned into grape sugar, brewers' sugar, glucose or dextrin.

* * *

CEYLON is the home of the largest spider in the world. This web-spinning monster lives in the most mountainous districts of that rugged island, and places his net, measuring from five to ten feet in diameter, across the chasms and fissures in rocks.

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OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door of the heart: let in
Sympathy sweet for the stranger and kin.
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware;
Open the door!

* * *

WINTER QUARTERS.

THIS is the time of year when the small folk, who wear fur and feathers, seek the places where they will stay when the ground is white and the river frozen. We call it instinct, but that is only a phrase for something not understood by any of us. If we call instinct an understanding, in some dim way, of coming conditions, and that view is true, why is it that the caged squirrel will hide its store of nuts in the corners of the cage, and why does the lamed wild goose that has wintered with the tame ones for years still show the intense, ungovernable desire to join the south-bound flock overhead?

The facts are the uneasiness of all wild animals on the approach of winter is bred in them and is as much a part of them as the corpuscles in their blood. How this came about nobody knows, but that it is a fact is evident. If we go into the woods on a bright autumn day we will see the wee folk from the insect to the largest animal and bird busy with their coming housekeeping when the forest is weighted with snow. When that time comes the vast majority are alive and in their winter homes, under bark and stone and in hollow tree, waiting the days when the first bluebirds pipe the news that Boreas is moving and that the world is getting warm and green again.

* * *

THE ADVENT OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

ONE of the things that travelers cannot fail to notice is the successful effort on the part of many of our railroads to beautify their station grounds.

In fact there are some small towns the most beautiful spot about which is that immediately surrounding the dusty, noisy, railway station. The authorities in charge of this matter with the roads ought to have the thanks of the public for their efforts to make the surroundings beautiful and pleasant. It is an educator to those who travel and who do not have many aesthetic ideas of their own. What they see they admire and at home attempt to imitate with a greater or less degree of success, and thus the spread of the beautiful amply repays every effort on the part of the public highways. The glimpse of handsome shrubbery and neatly arranged flowers springing in view, on the tiresome journey as the trains stop at the way station, rests the traveler, helps everybody and harms no one.

* * *

BE KIND TO YOUR ANIMALS.

ONE of the differences between a Christian and one who is not a Christian lies in the appreciation of the rights of the so-called inferior orders of creation. This fact is recognized in the Bible when it says that the righteous man is merciful to his beast and again where it is forbidden to muzzle the ox that treads out the grain. It would be very difficult to show why any person has a right to existence superior to that of the animals which God put here. By no means whatever can the right be shown to deal with them cruelly under any circumstances. As a rule the higher order of animals, such as the dog and the horse naturally desire to please their masters. A dog will do anything for you if he knows what you want, and take a pleasure in doing it. And when he is seeking his home and is harming no one but simply bent on going where he belongs, a man who will break his ribs with a stone or fill him with shot simply because he can do so may be a member of the church and in good standing but he cannot be a Christian.

There is a great lack of thoughtfulness about this among the general public because they have never been taught to think right in regard to these things, and a very good rule to observe in our relations to all animals is to regard them as our friends less gifted than we are, and more or less dependent upon us who are endowed with superior qualities, and who have a natural and God-given right to fair and just treatment. The education of children along this line cannot be begun too soon, and indeed, it would not be amiss to have kindness to animals taught in a course of elementary ethics in every primary school in the land. It would not hurt to have it dwelt upon in the Sunday school nor would it be amiss to make it the subject of more sermons than have ever been preached upon it, with kindness as a text.

THE COAL STRIKE.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

ALL over the country there has been more or less discussion about the coal strike, though few Nookers outside of the coal regions have any idea of its extent or what it means. A great many of the INGLENOOK people live in the country, and they burn coal only because they find it less trouble and probably cheaper than to cut wood for home consumption. The following will give the reader an idea of the extent of the strike and the interests involved. In the first place, as to the cause of the strike, it was demanded by the strikers that they have an eight-hour day with the same pay as for ten hours, that they would get five per cent advance of the contract prices, that the miners' ton was to weigh two thousand, two hundred and forty pounds, with one of their own number to check their weights, and that the minimum scale for labor be similar to that in bituminous coal fields.

The number of people who were ordered out and who stopped work was about one hundred and forty-seven thousand. About three thousand continued to work, and while the coal that was shipped normally each week, in tons, before the strike amounted to 1,100,000, since the strike there has been but 155,000 tons shipped, leaving nearly a million of tons of deficit weekly.

Although the strike is now off, yet here in Elgin it is almost impossible to get hard coal. While in many places, thousands of them, in fact, similar conditions obtain. While the outcome of the strike was purely local in the beginning it has come to affect millions of people scattered in every city, village and hamlet throughout the country.

The estimated cost of the strike this far has been \$200,000,000, while the damage to the mines is estimated at \$10,000,000. The fund spent by miners in maintaining their families in the strike amounts to \$4,000,000. There were troops in the field to keep peace, and these have cost many thousands of dollars this far. So it will be seen that a vast sum of money has been lost, time wasted, people killed and hurt, all through the failure of the mine owners and the laborers to come to some intelligent and just appreciation of the rights of others. The INGLENOOK does not pretend to say anything about the merits of the strike at this distance from the scene of operation, but as a rule a strike is bad for all parties and is hardly ever a benefit to either side. When people can get together and talk candidly, and reason fairly and come to an honest conclusion, that will be faithfully adhered to, strikes will be no more.

* * *

THE Lord will destroy the house of the proud: but he will establish the border of the widow.—Solomon.

Dyspepsia sometimes passes for sanctity.

*

The breath of fame is dust, but oblivion is solid mud.

*

Pride sleeps in a gilded crown; contentment, in a cotton night-cap.

*

Having a big head may be from above, naturally, or it may be self-made.

*

A man may pocket his pride, but how about woman who never has a pocket?

*

Few people are willing to admit that their neighbors have religion enough.

*

The automobile may run off and smash things, but it never uses its heels or teeth.

*

Often people blame others when they should say, "I have made a fool of myself."

*

A child's noise in the house is better than the memory of the boy out in the graveyard.

*

Many a good man at home would mortally hate to be caught in places he sees in the city.

*

A great deal of so-called dignity is simply thickness of skull and slowness of movement.

*

The people who live in the palace may not be as near heaven as the dweller in the cottage.

*

Some men find the key to success and others the keyhole, but comparatively few find both.

*

When a boy begins washing his face of his own accord you begin inquiring the girl's name.

*

As the rose dies but still yields its fragrance, so it is with the good of those who have passed.

*

A woman loves a man mainly for what he says she is and which she says she knows she is not.

*

Wanted for the Inglenook Doctor Book—A remedy for sickness of the boy on Sunday near church time.

*

An optimist is a man who is happy when he is miserable, and a pessimist is a man who is miserable when he is happy.

ODDITIES OF THE MOSLEM FAITH.

FROM an article, in the *London Post*, we extract the following about the faith and practice of the Moslem.

Religion plays a great part in the workaday lives of the children of the Faith, beginning with their toilet, that is, with their dressing and bathing and the combing of their hair and the cutting of their nails.

A pious Moslem, before wearing any new article of clothing, performs his ablutions and prostrates himself twice in prayer. A man of less devout, but a more superstitious, trend of mind contents himself with consulting the taghvim or the estekhahreh, muttering to himself, ere he dons the garment, "In the name of God the merciful and clement!" His friends on seeing the new apparel cry out, "May it be auspicious!" The rewards of a man who says his prayers before putting on a new suit of clothes will be in proportion to the number of threads in the cloth. Hence it has come to be a practice to preserve the material from the blight of the evil eye by besprinkling it with pure water over which a prescribed passage of the Koran has been read. The laity must be seated when dressing, whereas the priests must stand up and put on their turbans.

It is unlucky for a Moslem to sit down before taking off his shoes. When drawing them on it is equally unlucky for him to stand up. The custom, in the first instance, is to rise, doffing first the left shoe and then the right one. The procedure must be reversed in every particular when putting them on.

Every Moslem bath has three courts. On entering each one of these the devout say the prayers prescribed for the occasion, but the generality of Moslems, unless they intend to perform the religious purifications, consider it sufficient to greet the people who are present with the word "Selam!" If the courts are empty "Selam" must be said in honor of the prophet who presides in spirit over the hammam. It is considered inauspicious to brush the teeth in the baths, but certain portions of hair must be removed by a composition of quicklime and arsenic, called nureh. The pious are advised to smell the preparation before applying it to the skin that their spiritual nose may be enlivened, and the nureh, though efficacious enough, no matter when it may be used, is said to add immeasurably to a man's chance of salvation by being laid on either on a Wednesday or on a Friday.

The application of the juice of the marshmallow as an emollient for the hair is strongly recommended by the saints. Their object in bequeathing this advice to the consideration of their flock was not to inculcate vanity. They had a higher aim than that.

Their desire was to stave off starvation from the fold, for that, in their opinion, would be the result of using the lotion on an ordinary day of the week; while rubbing the head vigorously with the precious juice on the Moslem Sabbath would be certain to preserve the skin from leprosy and the mind from madness. To the use of a decoction of the leaves of the lote-tree a divine relief is attributed. The smell of it on the hair of the most unregenerate has on Satan an



THE WAY BROOMCORN GROWS ON THE LAGUNA.

effect so disheartening that he will cease from leading them into temptation for no less than seventy days.

A respite of forty days from the snares of the devil is granted to the pious Moslem who can find leisure to comb his beard fourscore times and ten between sunrise and sunset. The pressure of the grave will also be mitigated by a skillful and untiring application of the comb in this life. The first blessing of the comb was revealed to Iman Jafar, the second to Mohammed the Prophet. Women are not excluded from the benefits above mentioned. But, remember, the combing of the hair must not be done in a frivolous, much less in a per-

functory fashion. Far from it. A prayer must be said ere the comb can be touched, after which the hair may be reduced to order, though care must be taken to comb the middle first, and then the right side, and last of all the left. On no account whatever must the hair be neglected, for the simple reason that Satan is attracted by disheveled locks.

A mullah's beard is an object of veneration to his flock. He may trim it lest it should grow as wild as a Jew's, but he is forbidden by tradition to shave it. Even the scissors must be plied sparingly and to the accompaniment of prayer. Perhaps the orthodox length of this almost divine appendage of the true Moslem is the length of the wearer's hand from the point of the chin downward. This is known as a *ghabzeh* or *handful*.

The soul of the believer is in danger every time he forgets to cut his *sharib*, that is, the lower part of his mustache, which should be reduced to bristles once a week. Satan will be distracted if he fulfill the tradition on the day of the congregation. If the finger nails be cut, beginning with the thumb and then the fingers of the left hand, on the same holy day, the fingers will suffer no pain forever more.

If a Moslem gaze into a looking-glass, before saying his prayers, he will be guilty of worshiping his own likeness, however unsightly it may appear in his eyes. The hand must be drawn across the forehead, ere the hair or the beard be adjusted, or the mirror will reflect a mind given over to vanity, which is a grievous, if universal, sin. But a true believer must guard his faith against aggression every time he sees a thief, a ferocious animal or a king. For very different reasons he must recite a prescribed formula of prayer on the passing of a funeral procession, and on his seeing the first fruits of the seasons and their flowers.

As the sense of sight gives rise to devotional exercises, so also does the sense of hearing. The holy Moslem must bend a prayerful ear to the cries of the muezzin during the first two sentences, and when the summons to prayer is over he must rub his eyes with his fingers. The true believer, whenever he hears the *Sureh Sujdeh* read in the Koran, must prostrate himself and repeat the words after the reader. He must also recite a given prayer on hearing the chirping of certain birds or the cries of certain animals. If he hears a Moslem sneeze he must say, "May peace be with thee!" If the sneeze be repeated, he must exclaim. "Mayest thou be cured!" If he sneeze himself he must read a few verses of the Koran; but, if a Kafir sneeze, the response must be expressed in the wish to see him read "the straight path."

Imam Hussein has laid down twelve rules to be observed at meal times. The first four are essential

to the salvation of all true Moslems. They must not forget to say "Bismillah" before tasting each dish; they must refrain from eating of the forbidden viands; they must end by returning thanks to God, and should assure themselves that the food laid before them has been bought with money obtained from a legal source. This commandment is often broken both by the host and by the guests. The second four, though not generally followed, are admitted by all to be "good form," and consist of washing the hands before meat, in sitting down inclined to the left, in eating with the thumb and the first two fingers of the right hand, which must be kept specially clean for the purpose. The last four rules deal with matters of social etiquette. They are kept by most Mohammedans in polite society, and run as follows: One must not stretch across the tablecloth, but should partake only of such dishes as are within one's reach; one should not overload one's mouth, nor forget to masticate the food thoroughly; and one should keep the eyes downcast and the tongue silent.

It is a tradition that washing the hands before meals will materially help the true Moslem to grow rich, and be the means of delivering him from all diseases. If he rubs his eyes immediately after the ablution they will never be sore. The left hand must not be used in eating unless the right be disabled. When drinking water he must sit down and take three draughts. Most of the Mohammedans use odd shaped drinking vessels made of baked clay, which have two orifices; the one at the top is called the "mouth" and the other, which runs through a projected tube at the side, is known as the "neck." The drinker must be careful not to lay his lips to the "mouth," which is the dwelling place of the young devils or Mohammedan giants.

All true Moslems when eating must begin with salt and finish with vinegar. If they begin with salt they will escape the contagion of seventy diseases. If they finish with vinegar their worldly prosperity will continue to increase. The host is in etiquette bound to be the first to start eating and the last to leave off. Tooth-picking is considered an act of grace in the true Moslem, for Gabriel is reported to have brought a toothpick from heaven for the prophet after every meal. The priests recite certain passages of the Koran before and after lunch and dinner, and also before drinking water at any hour of the day.

The pious believer, before going to bed, must perform his ablutions and say his prayers.

* * *

WITHOUT counsel purposes are disappointed: but in the multitude of counsellors they are established.—
Solomon.

INDIGO.

A WRITER in the *Pittsburg Gazette* discourses on indigo as follows:

Probably the oldest dyestuff known to man is indigo. It might be too much to say that Noah's garments were colored with it when he took his historic cruise; but it is hardly to be doubted that Joseph's coat of many colors owed at least a good part of its brilliance to the use of this common article. Indigo has been found in the Egyptian pyramids; in the ruined cities of Babylonia, and in the shops and the houses of Pompeii. It is a product of many different plants, is found in nearly all countries and has for untold ages been used by the savage and the enlightened alike.

And yet at the present time indigo is produced, in commercially important quantities, in but two sections of the globe—Central America and India, in the neighborhood of Bengal. These are the last strongholds of an industry that was once world wide. The chemist has succeeded in improving on the round about process of nature to such an extent that the indigo farmer, like the cochineal raiser, has been almost driven from the business.

That it still survives in India and Central America is due in both cases rather to the demand of native tribes, who will accept no substitute, however excellent, than to the requirements of civilization; although a considerable quantity is still exported for special purposes to the United States and Europe.

It is said that there are 150 species of indigo-producing plants known to the botanists. But one is cultivated in Central America, and that is known scientifically as "*isatis tinctoria*," but popularly as giquislete. It is a shrubby annual, growing two to three feet in height, with pennate leaves of a dull bluish green. It is the nearest approach to a weed native to these latitudes, and, together with wild ginger, gives considerable trouble to the owners of fruit plantations. It produces long, beautiful racemes of pale red flowers, which in turn give way to hundreds of tiny seeds.

The indigo planter sows his seed about the first of April, in drills one foot apart. From that time forward constant weeding and hoeing are necessary to keep down the growth of ginger, reeds, ferns and grasses that would otherwise retard the growth of the crop and further injure it by the necessity of being cut with it.

By the last of June or the first of July the plants begin to blossom and the first crop is harvested. The plants are cut off close to the ground with a short, sharp machete, tied in bundles and carried to the steeping vats. Almost immediately new shoots start from the old roots and in two months more another, but smaller crop, is secured. Still a third

crop is cut in November, after which the roots die.

The bundles of freshly-cut giquislete are packed in huge vats. It is then weighted down with heavy wooden beams and large stones, and enough water is let in to just cover it. In ten to twelve hours fermentation begins, so much gas being released that the great bubbles rising to the top give the water the appearance of boiling.

In a short time the water becomes light green in color, when it is drained off by pipes running from the bottom of the vat into another placed at a lower level. More water is then run into the upper vat, and this becomes green like the first.

In the second vat the green liquid is violently agitated by being beaten with rods, or sometimes by paddles run by power, in order to "separate the grain," as they express it. Agitation causes the liquid to change its color from green to a bright blue, and to deposit a sediment in the bottom of the vessel. After being allowed to settle for some hours, the sediment is drawn off into a third vat at a still lower level, from which it is pumped into a boiler.

After being slightly heated the liquid is again allowed to settle, clear water rising to the top. As much of this as possible is skimmed off and the residue is then brought to the boiling point. It is then poured upon a very fine cloth stretched over a wooden framework and allowed to drip. When drained to the consistency of thick cream it is removed and subjected to enormous screw pressure, causing it to become about as hard as cheese. It is then cut by brass wires into cubes three inches square, and when these are dried and polished they are ready for market.

The finest indigo is packed in "serons," which are rude shapeless cases made of dried ox skins. It is claimed that no other method of packing for shipments prevents deterioration of quality so well as this, well made serons being perfectly air-tight and moisture proof.

Twenty years ago the exports of indigo from Central America exceeded 3,500,000 pounds, valued approximately at $2\frac{3}{4}$ million dollars. Exact statistics of production at the present time are unobtainable, but probably the exports are not more than one-twentieth of what they were at the period above stated. The reason is to be found, not in a falling off in the demand for indigo dyes, but in the discovery of a method of compounding these dyes in the laboratory at a less expense than that necessary to extract them from the giquislete.

Twenty years ago or thereabouts Dr. Bayer of Munich discovered a method of extracting indigo from coal tar, and from that time forward the cultivation of giquislete has steadily declined. The arti-

ficial product is almost identical, chemically, with the natural, and is secured at little expense from what was formerly regarded not merely as useless but as a nuisance.

The evolution of coal tar from its former position as a waste product to its present commercial importance must in fact be regarded as one of the most wonderful triumphs of the new chemistry. Not only are a great variety of dyes obtained from it, but it is largely used in the manufacture of printers' ink and black varnish. Saccharin—much sweeter than sugar and harmless in the worst cases of diabetes, where the use of sugar would mean death—is obtained from the same uncompromising source; as are also many perfumes, flavoring extracts and drugs.

However, the advance of science cannot convert the native Central American to the use of any substitute for natural giquislete dyes; and until the native races of Aztec, Toltec and Indian descent become entirely extinct this branch of tropical agriculture will remain of considerable local importance.

* * *

UMBRELLA HANDLES.

THE *New York Sun*, speaking of umbrella handles, tells an interesting story:

"Umbrella handles," said an umbrella man, "are made nowadays in thousands of styles, and great numbers of new styles are produced annually to keep stocks fresh, varied and up to date.

"They are made of a very great variety of materials, of wood in many sorts, cheap and costly; of gold, silver, ivory, rubber, paper, celluloid, bone, horn, porcelain, and of many fine and beautiful mineral substances, such as agates. Handles are made also in these days of variously named compositions, in imitation of precious and semi-precious stones.

"There have been made umbrella handles of papier mache in imitation of wood, and remarkably good imitations of buckhorn handles are made of paper pulp, pressed in molds, such handles costing much less, of course, than those of genuine buckhorn.

"Any two or more of these various materials may be used in combination; such a handle in its most simple form, for instance, being of wood with a silver mounting. You might have a handle of onyx and gold; and so on indefinitely.

"The stock of handles to be seen in any large manufacturing establishment would be found almost bewildering in its extent and variety, and it would be found also to contain a great many objects of beauty. The fact is that the sample stock of handles of a big umbrella manufacturer makes a really marvelous display.

"Who invents all the new styles of handles annually

produced? Well, there are some that, as you might say, invent themselves, that are suggested by some fad or fashion of the hour as in the case of the handles in the form of golf sticks. And then, of course, umbrella manufacturers are constantly designing new handles in the endeavor to produce good sellers, as one handle or another may distinctly be.

"Horn umbrella handles come chiefly from Austria, fine, fancy, ornamented handles come from France or Germany, the finest of them from Paris; though most artistic and beautifully designed umbrella handles of silver are now produced in this country.

"Of all the umbrella handles used in this country in the manufacture of umbrellas, taken together, the greater number are made here, and the proportion of American handles used is increasing. On the other



MR. O. M. HARRIS'S HOME.

hand, the handles imported preponderate in value, though the relative value of the American handles produced is, like their proportionate number, all the time increasing.

* * *

BILLY.

BY MAUD ANNES.

SHALL I tell you of a very beautiful and cunning black cat that belonged to a lady who was hard of hearing? When Billy—for that was its name—wanted anything, it looked at her and opened its mouth without making a sound. The same cat was also very fond of a certain easy chair which belonged to the lady's husband. When he was lying on the couch Billy would put his paws up and peer over to see if Mr. — was asleep. If so Billy would appropriate the chair.—*Pets and Animals*.

* * *

THE per capita consumption of sugar in the United States is greater than that of any other country except the United Kingdom, in which the consumption ranges from eighty-five to ninety-one pounds per capita, against from sixty to sixty-eight pounds in the United States.

COSTLY RAIMENT.

THE Omaha *Bee* thus talks about furs:

Those persons who find it necessary to replenish their stock of fur garments this season will find that compared with previous years the price has advanced from twenty to thirty per cent. The fur trade of the country is changing. It has been many years since the buffalo overcoat of the frontiersman was a common article and the furs of other large wild animals are following in the path laid out by the bison. There will, however, be no scarcity of furs, for as the wild furs become scarcer the hides of domestic animals are drawn upon to supply the deficiency, and some of these newer furs possess desirable qualities not found in the ones formerly in use.

When asked what would be the most expensive fur coat the answer of the majority of people would be the sealskin coat, but there are at least two coats which are worn to some extent more expensive than the sealskin. The most expensive coat which could be made would be that of the silver fox. These animals are natives of North America, close to the arctic circle. The skins, as taken from the animals, sell for \$50 to \$200, the higher price being more often paid than the lower, while \$400 has been paid for a particularly good specimen. It would probably require the skins of eight foxes to make a coat, so it will be seen that, exclusive of manufacture, the coat would cost approximately \$1,500. The coat which would probably be the most expensive of these which are worn to greater or less extent is made of the fur known as "broad tail" to the trade. It is the fur of the unborn Persian lamb, carefully dyed to an intense black. A coat of such material costs about \$400. There is but one worn in Omaha so far as the dealers know, and the owner of that coat is not looked upon with envy by those who know the value of furs, as it is not durable.

The sealskin is the standard, in spite of the more expensive furs. There has been a marked advance in the price of sealskins, not due so much to a decreased supply as to an increased demand. A sealskin jacket which last year sold for \$200 commands \$250.

While there has been no appreciable decrease in the supply of sealskins this year, the dealers look forward to the day when the supply is to fail and already they are casting about for a substitute. The closest imitation to the skin of the seal and one which is generally in use under the trade name of "near seal," is the skin of the hare. This skin is trimmed and pulled, dyed and dressed so that to the untrained eye at first appearance it would pass for sealskin. It sells much lower and is said to be almost as durable.

The most durable of all the skins and one which really repays the purchase price in utility is the skin of the otter. An otter coat costs one-half the price of a similar sealskin garment. It is undyed and for that reason more durable. It will, with ordinary usage, last a lifetime, and there are cases where particularly good skins have been handed down from several generations, requiring but slight renewals to be perfect, for with good skins there is little change in style.

If one is looking for the most expensive fur they would probably think of some animal which must be sought in the ever-frozen north, but they would not find it there, as it is worn by the chinchilla, among the rocks on the heights of the Andes mountains in Chili and Peru. It is a small animal, somewhat after the style of the chipmunk, a gray animal striped with white. The fur is softer than any known manufacture of man and when dressed is about six inches wide by a foot long in the extreme portions, squaring about four by eight inches. These skins sell from \$3 to \$14 apiece, depending upon the size and quality. They are used to trim collars and cuffs, one hide being required for each cuff and several for a collar. The fur is far from durable and is one of the most expensive furs to maintain in good shape, as it must be renewed practically every season.

If one is looking for the fur which has advanced the most in price in the last year he would probably strike it the first time, as it is that of the ermine. A year ago ermine skins sold as low as forty and fifty cents each, to-day the nominal price is one dollar for the skin as it comes from the animal, with little to be found. The coronation of the king of England took all of the available fur of this animal in the market and those who would wear the royal fur now find it practically impossible to secure it. The most popular of the wild furs of the country to-day is that of the red fox, although the red fox is hardly known to the wearer of fur garments and is decidedly out of style. But the fur of the blue fox is never much worn. So far as known there never was a blue fox on earth in its proper season, but the dyers have at last succeeded in blending the fur of the red fox so that it appears as blue and it has caught the popular fancy. The cross fox sells at very much the same price as does also the gray fox. The hides of coyotes and wolves are treated now in the same manner and there has been a considerable advance in those furs in their natural state. But fur of the skunk is the best all-around fur to be found, for it can be made to parade under more disguises than any other and it is a dependable fur in every respect. A good green fur to-day will bring about \$1.30 on the market and when it has

left the hand of the dresser will command almost any price, depending upon the treatment it has received. This fur is known to the trade as brown marten, and as such is worn by all persons who wear furs at all.

Everything is fish that comes to the furrier's net, and the common civet cat, with its mottled coat, is purchased freely, but not at the price commanded by its larger cousin, the skunk. These cat skins sell at fifteen cents each in natural state, but are not wanted dressed. They are not used at all in the United States, as it is impossible to remove the white hair from the brown, as can be done with the skunk. In Europe there is a demand for them, but they cannot be shipped in dressed, and for that reason the undressed skin alone is worth any price.

The most of the coats worn in this part of the country are imported furs from domestic animals, the furs of the Persian sheep and astrakhan. There has been a slight advance in the price of these furs, but the percentage is not so high as the advance on wild furs.

One of the scarce furs is that of the beaver. It will in a short time be a memory unless some plan is devised by which they can be in a measure domesticated. A few years ago it was one of the most common of the Nebraska furs and there are still specimens of the work of these industrious animals to be found along the banks of the Weeping Water and other creeks in the eastern part of the State. As late as 1876 there was quite a large colony of beaver on the Weeping Water, but they have all been caught and a ruin of a deserted town is all that remains to show that they were there. The beaver is used for making collarettes and small articles of fur, very few beaver coats being seen.

Because of the return to fashion of the long boas the skins of the bear, opossum and raccoon have advanced considerably in price and are in active demand. Bearskin forms the tails so much seen upon these boas, which are otherwise generally made of the brown marten, the raccoon and the opossum.

Very few skins are made up in their natural colors and a naturalist who would endeavor to classify the skins in a furrier's stock would be in danger of losing his mind.

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SOME SUPPLIES.

RIVERS of ink, forests of cedar, and mines of graphite are reasonably "mild exaggerations" when applied to the total of clerical supplies for the government service, according to the Washington correspondent of the *New York World*. This correspondent points out that the war department annually uses 861,408 pens, 32,500 pencils, 1,927 quarts of mucilage, 4,634 quarts of black ink, 3, 167 bottles

of red ink and 7,000 gross of rubber bands of different sizes. There are used annually by the post-office department 8,250 pounds of rubber bands, 300,000,000 facing slips, 3,500 dozen indelible pencils, 240,000 black and colored pencils and 13,225 gross of pens. There are 300,000 penholders used annually. Each of these is inscribed "property of the United States postoffice department." The headquarters of the postal service uses each year 12,000 quarts of black ink, 1,300,000 pounds of small jute twine, put up in half-pound balls, 9,500 steel erasers and more than 2,228,000 black carbon sheets. The interior department uses annually 146,000 lead pencils, 6,925 gross of steel pens, 5,000 quarts of black ink and 2,500 quarts of mucilage. Unestimated millions of pins and uncomputed reams of paper, with millions of envelopes, are used each year in the governmental service. The treas-



A TWENTY-ACRE FARM ON THE LAGUNA.

ury department and other branches of the public service use supplies in proportion to the figures given for the war, postoffice and interior departments.

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SIZES OF HATS.

"THIS $7\frac{1}{4}$ is a trifle large; give me a smaller hat," said the buyer. The $7\frac{3}{8}$ proved a trifle small. "Give me a 7 3-16." "Don't make that size," said the dealer. "Well, why don't you? Why should hat manufacturers be so long behind the necessities of the times? Millions of men wear hats that do not fit them simply because you hatters do not know enough about the requirements of your business to make sixteenth instead of eighths! Did you ever learn what one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter means in the circumference of a hat? Of course not. Well, it means three-sixteenths, which would crush the skull if hats were made of steel."

* * *

THE bean crop of California for 1901 is estimated at 54,000,000 pounds.

BIRD TRAGEDIES.

ONE is very apt to envy the birds their apparent freedom or the seemingly happy life that they lead, but back of every bird that flies is a dread fear, well founded at that, that at any moment disaster or death may overtake it. High winds upset their nests and ruin their homes, dashing rains destroy their children, and the number of enemies that birds which build their nests on the ground have is wonderful indeed. Such birds take their chances of dashing rains and fires, or cattle crushing the life out of the nest, as well as the day and night prowlers among animals that never pass a nest of eggs or young birds without destroying everything in sight. The mink, badger, skunk, muskrat, and other animals are all nest robbers, while wild-cats, weasels and raccoons hunt for them systematically. The red squirrel will climb a tree in search of eggs and squabs, while the chipmunk does much damage.

All of these marauders are as nothing compared to the domestic cat. Both day and night cats are on the hunt for birds and birds' nests. In fact it is almost impossible to have many birds nesting about the house if one keeps cats. An intelligent man in western New York kept tab on his pussy during the last summer and found that she had destroyed sixty-eight nests within a radius of a mile of his house.

Birds have robbers among themselves. The crows and the jays and certain gulls destroy eggs; and the miserable English sparrow tears down the nests of other birds in order to build a home for himself. But the worst enemies of all in the destructive line, and what seems to be more dreaded by all birds are snakes. The blacksnake will climb a tree and search every limb for eggs or the young of a bird, and sometimes a small snake, after eating the eggs will coil itself in the nest, apparently waiting for the old bird to come within reach and be taken herself.

Taking it all in all, while bird life seems easy and free, it is like all the rest of animal life, a matter of vigilance and perpetual fear, and yet, every bird that flies seems to prefer the dangers of the open to the security of a gilded cage in the home of man.

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THE MAKING OF MARBLES.

NEARLY all the agate marbles that wear holes in the pockets of all schoolboys on earth are made in the State of Thuringia, Germany, says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. On winter days the poor people who live in the village gather together small stones, place them in molds something like big coffee mills, and grind them till they are round. The marbles made in this way are the common china, painted china, glazed china and

imitation agates. Imitation agates are made from white stone and are painted to represent the pride of the marble-player's heart—the real agate. The agate painted china marbles are of plain white stone, with lines crossing each other at right angles painted upon them. Glass alleys are blown by glassblowers in the town of Lanscha, Germany. The expert workmen take a piece of plain glass and another bit of red glass, heat them redhot, blow them together, give them a twist, and there is a pretty alley with the red and white threads of glass twisted inside in the form of a letter S. Large twisted glass alleys with the figure of a dog or sheep inside are made for very small boys and girls to play with. But the marbles that are most prized are the real agates.

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WHAT LABOR HAS LEARNED.

IN *McClure's Magazine* for October, Ralph M. Easley, Secretary of the National Civic Federation, thus sums up what he believes organized labor has learned by its past struggles:

1. Strikes are bad, and should be a last resort.
2. Scales of wages should be determined by mutual concessions in conferences with employers rather than by a demand submitted by the union as an ultimatum.
3. When thus determined, this scale becomes a contract, which is not only as sacred as any business contract, but the violation of which by the union is also the most disastrous blow that can be struck at the principle of unionism.
4. Sympathetic strikes are unwise, because they violate contracts, bring injury to friendly employers and the friendly public, and arouse public opinion against the organization.
5. It is not essential to a contract that nonunion men should be excluded from employment along with union men, provided they receive the same pay.
6. The union should attract the nonunionists by persuasion, not force, into membership.
7. Violence in conducting a strike alienates the public, brings the courts and the militia to the support of employers, and reacts disastrously upon the union.
8. Unionists should welcome new machinery.
9. Unions should abandon arbitrary restrictions on output, and direct their attention to questions of hours of labor and rates of pay.

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HIGH-PRICED REAL ESTATE.

A piece of real estate was sold in New York the other day at the rate of five dollars per square inch.

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A MAN hath joy by the answer of his mouth: and a word spoken in due season, how good is it!—*Solomon*.

Aunt Barbara's Page

THE LAND OF THE HUSHABY KING.

Oh, safely afloat in a wonderful boat,
From over the Sundown Sea,
When the tide swings slow and the breeze chants low
In marvelous minstrelsy,
There cometh, there cometh the Hushaby King,
And dreams are the elves that creep
Close, close, by his side on the Sundown tide,
As he singeth my babe to sleep:—

"By, oh!—by, by,—we shall go sailing, sailing;
Swing low, swing high, over the Dream Sea trailing,
With elves of the Dreamland about us a-wing."
This is the song of the Hushaby King.

Oh, little blue eyes, the stars in the skies
Of the Dreamland are strangely aglow,
And the moon is the queen of a fairyland scene.
To watch o'er the children below;
And your boat, 'mid the islands, swings lazily o'er
Where the mermaids in happiness throng,
And, down where they dwell, 'neath the surge and the
swell,
They are singing a lullaby song:—

"Sleep, dear; sleep, sleep, rocked on the rest-tide billow;
While near creep, creep, elves to thy downy pillow;
You shall be soothed by the flutter of wings."
This is the song that the mermaiden sings.

Oh, the far-away strand of the Hushaby Land
Your little white feet shall press,
And the birds of the air shall welcome you there
To blisses no mortal may guess.
On wonderful trees shall the candy-fruit grow;
Plum-cake to the bushes shall cling;
And no one shall cry: "Don't touch them! My, my!"
For the dream-fairies ever will sing:

"Yours, all yours, dear; all to be had for the taking;
Babes small, babes queer, just give the trees a good
shaking;
For candy in Dreamland's a very good thing."
This is the song that the white fairies sing.

Oh, far-away strand of the Hushaby Land.
If I could but go, could go
Where my baby doth float in the Lullaby-boat;
If I could her rapture know
As she laughs in a dream that comes through the night,
A dream of the elfins at play!
But she drifteth from me o'er the Hushaby Sea,
And aye to myself I say:—

"By, oh!—by, by,—babe who is drifting, drifting;
Swing low, swing high, safe on the sleep-tide shifting."
And my heart doth reply, though closer I cling:
"She is safe in the arms of the Hushaby King."

—Alfred J. Waterhouse.

SCUD AND HIS CUTE WAYS.

SCUD is the handsomest of high-bred fox terriers. His body is white, ears and face like brown velvet, and nose jet black. Scud reigned alone in the affections of his master and mistress for four years. Then his mistress adopted a kitten.

Weechee—as we called her—rivalled Scud in beauty, but unfortunately the latter could see nothing lovely in cats. It was, therefore, with fear and trembling that we placed the tiny creature on the floor near him.

Her safety lay in the fact that Scud was her first acquaintance. With the utmost unconcern she walked under his chin. Then, when more accustomed to her strange surroundings, lifted her fore-paws and laying them one on each side of his face, pressed her nose to his. It was a pretty sight.

Scud's shame-faced expression, as he looked from Weechee to us, was a study. It plainly said, "It was she did it, not I."

He never betrayed the confidence placed in him then, though plainly jealous of our new pet at first. If a spool was given to Weechee to play with he would watch his opportunity, then quietly take and hide it. Once when Weechee, kitten fashion, played with the edge of a newspaper his mistress held, Scud came and dragged it down with both fore-paws while his hurt brown eyes said as plainly as words could have done, "Have you quite forgotten me?"

Being a very clean little cat she not only washes herself but Scud also. Usually they select a nice patch of sunlight for the operation. Then his lordship will lie still, uttering a very gentle growl if Weechee becomes too vigorous with her little rough tongue, but apparently enjoying the proceeding.

I am sorry to say that Scud still chases strange cats but it would not be safe for any dog to approach his little chum, at least when he is present.—*Pets and Animals.*

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BAFFIN LAND.

DR. ROBERT BELL, who has been making a study of the west coast of Baffin Land, reports that the island is 300,000 square miles in area and the second largest island in the world, being surpassed only by Greenland.

The Q. & A. Department.

What is meant by the sweating system of the manufacture of clothing?

The United States issues a document explaining the system which we reproduce here.

The origin of this system was probably the giving out of work by the manufacturer to the journeyman tailor who did the work at his home. Though the "sweating system" has been debated for years it is hard to find a satisfactory definition of the term. It may be said to be a system where the wholesale firm, which is styled manufacturer, lets the work to contractors who undertake to do it in their own houses or small workshops, or who, in turn, sublet it to other contractors or parcel it out to individuals. Each of these contractors employs workers to do the work, making a profit for himself by the difference between the contract price and the wages he pays to his employes.

The only part of the work which is performed on the premises of the "manufacturer" is the cutting of the cloth and the linings. He does not have to pay rent for a factory which the conditions of the trade would not permit him to run more than about two-thirds of the time, and he does not have to supply machinery and power. The fact that hardly any capital is needed for a person to start a sweat shop and become a contractor has been an important factor in the competition. A clever man working for a contractor will soon find out from whom his employer gets his work and the price he receives. Then he will go to the manufacturer and inform him that he is doing the work for the contractor and he is willing to do it direct at a lower price. The manufacturer accepts his offer, the worker becomes a contractor, and soon one of his own workers will repeat his own action.

The result is inevitable. To be able to make a profit the contractor must reduce his expenses—that is, his outlay for wages and rent of shop. Before the enactment of recent laws he would use his living room for a workshop, in which the workers would be packed to a limit that is appalling, or he would rent a room in a basement or rear tenement, in which the work would be done under almost as bad conditions. In place of steam or electric power for operating the machines, there would almost invariably be substituted the foot power of the workers, which, when used to the excess which is common in these shops, will ruin the health of the worker in a very short term of years. The wages which the workers received would naturally be as low as human beings were willing to accept.

What Sunday school helps besides the Brethren's would you suggest for the use of a teacher of adults?

Such helps as the teacher finds most useful to him in preparing to teach the lesson. Some teachers like the husks best, and dwell on the geography, typography, chronology, etc., of the lesson. There are aids that make this prominent. Others long for the spiritual meat of the lesson as well as desire to impart it to others, and assistance can be found that give this part of the lesson and bring in the other only incidentally.—*G. B. Royer, Elgin, Ill.*

✦

Are lightning rods a sure protection from lightning?

No, they are not a sure protection. The only sure protection from lightning is to live in an iron house in contact with the ground. The Eiffel Tower in France, composed entirely of steel, was struck a smashing blow by lightning when visited by thousands, and yet the people in the tower were not in the least discommoded.

✦

What relation does the value of the poultry of the United States bear to the eggs produced?

The eggs produced are a trifle greater in value than the poultry itself. The value of the poultry products in 1899 was \$281,178,035 of which 51.3 per cent represents the value of eggs.

✦

Is a man justified in buying sweat-shop clothing knowing its moral cost?

This is a question that has never been satisfactorily settled in the minds of the majority of people who have given it thought. As a rule people will buy where they can get the cheapest, and this steady cheapening process has led to the evils of the system.

✦

Is there money in growing peppermint?

In the last Census Report we find that 563 farmers were engaged in the business, and apparently they found it profitable or they would not have been at it. The average yield per acre is reported at 22 pounds of the oil at a value per pound of 77 cents.

✦

What is a cake walk?

A performance among colored people where two persons, man and woman, strut around a ring, in a grotesque way, for a prize.

✦

Which is the better for stock—well or cistern water?

Pure cistern water would probably be the better if there is any difference.

The Home



Department

PEAR BUTTER.

BY MATTIE O. WEAVER.

TAKE eight gallons of harvest pear snitz, four gallons of water and sixteen pounds of sugar. Boil pears in water until soft, then add sugar and boil until done. To test, dip some up on a saucer and when boiled enough it will not draw water around the edge.

Hinkletown, Pa.

BAKED PEARS.

BY A. E. WINEY.

CUT and core but do not pare your pears. Put them in a gallon stone jar with one cup of sugar and one cup of water. Cover the jar and bake until tender. Seckel or sugar pears are better whole. If sound after baked can in glass jars.

SALAD DRESSING.

BY MARY GEIGER.

TAKE the yolk of four eggs, four mustard spoonfuls of mustard, one teaspoonful of flour, four table-spoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of vinegar, a little salt, a pinch of red pepper, mix all together and stir while heating in a double boiler, but do not let it boil.

Philadelphia, Pa.

BLACKBERRY JAM CAKE.

BY SISTER AMANDA E. MOTTER.

TAKE one cup of sugar, three-fourths of a cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of blackberry jam, three tablespoonfuls of sour cream, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon and nutmeg. Beat the butter, sugar and the yolks of the eggs to a cream, then add the jam, soda, flavoring and flour, and lastly the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in layers or loaf.

Covina, Cal.

POOR MAN'S OMELET.

BY SISTER MARTHA REIFF BECHTEL.

CUT up four slices of bread in a bowl. Scald half a pint of milk and pour it over the bread, add a little salt, break in three eggs, beat all together and pour into a hot skillet with a little butter. When it is brown on one side cut in square pieces and turn. When brown on both sides serve.

Yerkes, Pa.

FRIED CHICKEN.—(Virginia Style).

JOINT the chicken, let it lie in weak salt water one-half hour, wash and drain well and roll in flour. Have ready plenty of lard and butter, hot, and put the chicken in this, season with salt and pepper and fry slowly until very tender.

From Virginia.

BEEF LOAF.

BY MARY GEIGER.

TAKE three pounds of hamburg steak and one onion chopped fine. Add one large cup of bread crumbs, one cup of milk, one egg, season with salt and pepper and a little thyme or whatever flavor is desired, make up into a loaf and bake one hour, basting frequently.

Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR HORSE COLIC.

PUT woolen rags in a bee smoker, set them on fire and blow the smoke into the nostrils and mouth of the horse. The mucous membrane is immediately set in action and I have never known this treatment to fail if taken in time.—*J. E. Young, Beatrice, Nebr.*

COUGH OR THREATENED GROUP.

IF the child is coughing hard with tightness on the chest, or threatening with croup, put turpentine in a woolen cloth and pin on the child's breast so that it will not touch the skin, then cover up well so that the fumes will be inhaled and it will break up the trouble.—*N. J. Roop, Warrensburg, Mo.*

WHAT THEY SAY.

"THE INGLENOOK weekly magazine, published at Elgin, Illinois, devotes its entire issue of October 4 to California. There are many illustrations portraying the scenery and productions of the State that cannot fail to attract the people to this land of the golden west. The various descriptions are especially well written and almost every industry in the State is mentioned in a true and attractive style. We copy one paragraph, etc."—*Redland Daily Facts, California.*

*

"I DESIRE to compliment you on the scheme of publishing State numbers, which I regard as a capital one. The California one is most attractive."—*F. A. Palmer, Wabash G. P. A., Chicago.*

*

"THE only thing that puzzles me is how you can gather so much information in so short a time—four days in California."—*D. E. Burley, General Passenger Agent, Oregon Short Line Railway.*

*

"THE California number of the NOOK makes one at least think, and nobody knows how many of the NOOK readers will put their thoughts into action."—*M. P. Lichty, North Dakota.*

*

"HAVING heard so much about your write-up of California in a late issue of your magazine, I am very anxious to see and read the same."—*W. B. Norman, Texas.*

*

"THE subscribers I sent in last year will all renew their subscriptions. They are all pleased with the NOOK."—*Mrs. M. C. Heddings, Virginia.*

* * *

LITERARY.

THE cold days are coming on when the long nights will make the home gathering around the fireside a necessity and the question as to how best to spend the long winter evenings is an open one. Those who have made the matter a study know that in winter time there are more books and papers read and more letters written, than at any other season of the year. This is perfectly natural and the question often arises as to what may be read to the best advantage. In these days of cheap publications it is never a question as to where to find anything to read but rather which, out of the multitude offered, is the best. Let the Nook offer a few suggestions.

If you like an illustrated monthly magazine, one full of excellent pictures and good clean literature, costing but ten cents a number, or a dollar a year we would recommend, among others, *Everybody's Magazine*, published by John Wanamaker. There

are others of equal merit and as a monthly magazine full of pictures and good reading it is something that readily lasts a month and lies around on the table to be picked up, looked over, and read from time to time.

You may desire a choice of monthlies and so we would say for another good magazine *Pearson's* would fill the bill. Possibly many of the Nook family run to fiction, and whatever view we may have of this individually it is a further fact that there is fiction and fiction. Some of it better than others and some worse, but for a good clean story, set in with good literature perhaps *Lippincott's* is just as good a magazine as you can get.

Then again there are some people who would be glad to have some publication of an eclectic character that embodies the cream of the current literature of the world and which has distinguished features of its own, such a publication is found in *Review of Reviews*, the scholarly man's magazine. It is also possible that in your reading you have a taste for the metaphysical and subjects of sociology and the discussion of abstruse questions of morality. There is one magazine that fills the bill in this respect, and it is the *Arena*.

It may be that you would prefer something of an entirely different character, more of a critical turn of mind than any of the others, and yet that which presents to the reader a current review of literary, artistic and similar doings, and in the *Criterion* you will find all this. For a good all round monthly publication, one that will interest the half-grown boy and girl, and the older ones as well, even to the grandmother or grandfather, and which has not an unclean line in it from end to end, we would recommend *Success*.

There are other publications, as we all know, but we are sure of these we mention here as being ones that would be a credit to any home and the Inglenook can recommend them along their several lines of make-up and particular fields of exploitation.

ONE of the best and cleanest magazines that comes to the NOOK desk is *The Era*, illustrated, and always full of the best current literature of the day. The grade of articles in *The Era* is always high, and the general make-up excellent. It may be just what you want. Ten cents will get it for you at any news stand.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—A sister to act as housekeeper in Iowa. Address: G. A. W., care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED.—In Indiana a girl to help in house work. Church, school, and similar inducements at the place. Be a good place for a good girl. Address: T. I. W., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

THE INGLENOOK

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YOU AND I.

The winter wind is wailing, sad and low,
Across the lake and through the rustling sedge;
The splendor of the golden afterglow
Gleams through the blackness of the great yew hedge;
And this I read on earth and in the sky:
We ought to be together, you and I.

Rapt through its rosy changes into dark,
Fades all the west; and through the shadowy trees,
And in the silent uplands of the park,
Creeps the soft sighing of the rising breeze.
It does but echo to my weary sigh,
We ought to be together, you and I.

My hand is lonely for your clasping, dear;
My ear is tired, waiting for your call;
I want your strength to help, your laugh to cheer;
Heart, soul and senses need you, one and all.
I droop without your full, frank sympathy;
We ought to be together, you and I.

We want each other so, to comprehend
The dream, the hope, things planned, or seen, or wrought;
Companion, comforter, and guide, and friend,
As much as love asks love, does thought need thought.
Life is short, so fast the lone hours fly,
We ought to be together, you and I.

—Unidentified.

* * *

WHY SIXTY SECONDS MAKE A MINUTE.

WHY is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute sixty seconds, etc? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as sixty. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into twenty-four parasangs, or 720 stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into sixty minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the twenty-four equinoctial hours was

fixed at twenty-four parasangs, or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. This system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A. D., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins and dates and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is Babylonian, each hour consisting of sixty minutes. Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon, and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they have done for us.—*Max Muller.*

* * *

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN CHINESE.

CHINESE is an ideographic language. It conveys the idea and not the word for a thing, as the figure 8 represents the idea and not the word. The Chinese have invented more than 40,000 marks for their writing, but it requires only about 3,000 marks for mercantile correspondence and it is said to be easier to learn than the words of an ordinary foreign language. Russian is more difficult for Americans than Chinese. It takes much longer to learn the spoken language because of the variety of dialects, but anyone can learn enough of the writings to answer ordinary purposes in a few months and have his knowledge perfected by a linguist within about a year. Exact instruction in one of the Chinese languages can only be given by a Chinaman.

MOST BEAUTIFUL.

WHERE are the beautiful places of earth? He who would answer must have seen them all, but there is also a most beautiful section that the writer would faintly outline, and it is in our own land, Southern California. Each sees differently and judges by a different standard, but that which all men agree upon as being beautiful must necessarily possess some surpassing elements of that which we call beauty, that indefinable condition, impossible to describe, but which appeals to all hearts. The Nookman thinks that, as far as he knows, there is no place on earth that so completely meets the requirements of the most fastidious as the section of country known as Southern California. Here a home can be made that embodies in its surroundings all that the most gifted landscape gardener ever dreamed possible, and money has been attracted to such an extent that the hasheesh of the architect is rivalled in actuality.

Beautiful in summer the region is still more beautiful in winter. When the summer is on the roses bloom and the geranium flashes its challenge of color, but when the rains come it is fairyland. Let us take a walk down the street of any half rural town, and there are many, and will be more, and note what we see.

A home without flowers in Southern California is not a home. They are too appealing, too inexpensive to neglect. And what homes, what flowers! Easily the rose takes the lead. It is everywhere, and every magnificent rose, whether of creamy white, fit for the bride or the baby that has passed, the nugget of yellow gold, or the velvet Jacqueminot, all are here, or may be. They are not the sickly creation of the florist, but the healthy flower-maidens that dance upon village lawns, or sport high in the air where they clamber to the roof-tree of many a home. Papa Gontier rests while Van Houtte takes the lawn, dressed in cream and salmon, to scatter shell-shaped petals on the ground, while other knights and ladies of the floral kingdom challenge the world for such roses.

Magnificent bouquets pass from house to house and from home to home, while the newcomer is amazed at the lavish profusion and the superb gifts he received.

After the roses come the climbing annuals. They flower sparingly all the winter but when the spring-time comes they show in a rush of color and may be measured by the wagon load. The individual flower is lost in the glorious clusters which cover the porches, porticoes, and windows, and even kiss the topmost part of the house. The hibiscus flames in one corner of the lawn. The hibiscus is the flow-

er for the aesthete, while back of it the glorious poinsettia hangs out its banners of crimson.

There is no land over which the angels spread the flowers which may not and does not yield its choicest favors to their lovers in this land where it is always summer. Geraniums grow into bushes, fuchsias become large shrubs, and the oleander overtops the peach tree, while over all the magnificent magnolia grandiflora, probably the finest creation of the floral world, opens its white bosom to the caressing touch of sun and breeze. The walls of the houses themselves are often covered with ivy. In the corner of the enclosure a great mass of feathery bamboo, and banana shrubbery is gathered. Down the walk, from the front door to the pavement, graceful palms wave their fronds, and some of these are twenty feet in height, and here and there some kindly hand has planted the clinging vine that winds around their rough shafts.

Through this bower of beauty flashing humming birds are busy with the flowers, butterflies flutter, bees hum and the aspect is one of dreamland. It is of the winter of which we speak. There is a distinct leaden chill which comes over the land when the sun goes down. The birds do not mate or wild animals marry until later when the glorious summer begins. And a perpetual reminder that this country is forever blessed lies off in the distance where the glistening snow covers the mountain ranges and the peaks that have stood sentinel for ages over the fertile valleys between the ranges.

PURSE CARRYING.

"DID you ever notice that a man who carries his money loosely in his pocket is usually a person who is not of a saving nature?"

The speaker was a banker, and one of Chicago's most successful capitalists.

"A pocketbook," he continued, "is almost an infallible indication that the person who carries it is methodical, and, in most instances, of a saving disposition. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, but in forty years' observation I have not found a dozen successful men in business who did not carry a wallet of some kind. The man who carries his money loosely in his pocket is invariably a careless person, and few men who are careless in money matters ever accumulate much wealth. Years ago when I started in the banking business on a small scale I came in personal contact with every man who wanted a loan from my bank. I was a pretty good judge of human nature, and could tell if the borrower intended to pay the amount of the loan when it was due if misfortune did not overtake him. I made a study of my customers, and had been in business but a short time before I noticed

the pocketbook indicator, if it can be called such. When I gave a man the loan he desired I watched to see if he put it in a purse or in his pocket. If the money was put in a wallet I felt certain that the borrower was a man who would try his best to meet the obligation when it was due. If he rolled up the money and carelessly shoved the wad of greenbacks into his vest or trousers pocket I wrote the letter "D" on the book opposite his name, which meant "doubtful." I don't mean that there was any doubt about the payment, because I always required gilded security, but it was doubtful if the borrower

COLORADO'S ROSE AND LILY CUSTOM.

A NEW and desirable marriage custom has been inaugurated in Colorado, where the bride presents to the groom a pink rose and the groom gives to the bride a lily. No ring is used. This is an excellent plan, for after a few weeks, when the rose is dead and the lily is faded, and the railway tickets to South Dakota are reduced to a tempting rate, there is no marriage ring to complicate the situation. But how about wedding presents? November is coming on and brides are thicker, alas, than coal nuggets in the bin. Can we



MISSION BELLS AT CAPISTRANO, CALIFORNIA, ESTABLISHED IN 1776. IN 1804 PARTLY DESTROYED BY AN EARTHQUAKE BUT REMODELED LATER.

came to time at the expiration of the note or mortgage. The man who carefully counted the money handed him and placed it in a pocketbook, taking care that the bills were in straight, was pretty sure to have the semi-annual interest and the principal when it fell due.

"After forty years of daily observation I believe that a pocketbook is necessary for a man to save money. Watch the man on the street car when he pays his fare; if he takes the nickel or dime or whatever the coin may be, from a purse, you can put him down as a saving man. I never knew it to fail.

* * *

OLDEST STRUCTURE ON THE ISLAND.

THE old grist mill at Port Jefferson, L. I., which was built before the revolution by Richard Mott, and is said to be the oldest structure on the island, is being torn down because it is unsafe. This building was erected in 1771.

compromise on a nice rose and a sweet lily?—*Chicago Post.*

* * *

ERRORS OF MANKIND.

To set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly.

To measure the enjoyment of others by your own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.

To look for judgment and experience in youth.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

To yield to immaterial trifles.

To look for perfection in our own actions.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others.

FROG FARMING.

THE New York *Tribune*, speaking of the frog business, has this to say:

On almost every farm a thriving frog pond will be found, and it needs only a few dollars to adapt it for commercial purposes.

The ground needed is a springy, marshy bit, with plenty of soft mud at the bottom, where the frogs can hide and go to sleep for the winter. The pond should be surrounded with a tight board or wire fence, to keep out animals, and placed so close to the water that birds cannot stand on the banks and consume pollywogs, for birds have a taste as cultivated as Frenchmen in the matter of frogs, only they take them younger. A bittern will bolt millions of pollywogs in a season.

Just about the time the buds burst into little leaves in spring the frogs crawl out of the mud and begin to sing. After the concert has continued for a few weeks, if one goes about among the frog ponds, he may find gelatinous strings attached to sticks and water plants, or a ball of jelly-like matter as big as an orange, or perhaps several of these attached side by side. Scattered through these gelatinous masses are hundreds of black spots, like bird shot. These are the frogs' eggs. Take up the glutinous balls in cups, dump them into pails and carry them off to your own little frogpond. Within a fortnight, if the operator watches those eggs closely he will see a little, dark lump bursting out of each. The lump has a pointed tail, two little shining eyes and a mouth just large enough to nibble at the scum on the water or the edges of leaves. This is little Pollywog, and one can have lots of fun watching him grow. After a few weeks his hind legs show, doubled up under the skin. After a few more weeks the hind legs are ready for use, and the forelegs have begun to follow suit.

Then the gills are transformed to lungs, and the pollywog grows out over his tail and absorbs it. His eyes stick out like goggles, and he has developed a true frog mouth, stretching from ear to ear. His little life must be spared, though, till next summer, for he is not good to eat until he is a year old. The fat old three and five pounders, who sit with aldermanic paunches and sing Wagnerian opera, are some of them twenty years old. An old bullfrog some of them twenty years old. An old bullfrog as wise as anything that lives in water can be.

If little Pollywog is to live and grow fat in his pond his fond parents must be excluded from his paradise. Old frogs love little pollywogs—in a gustatory way. Old Mr. and Mrs. Rana Catesbiana will eat their offspring, both in and out of the egg, with the greatest gusto. Therefore, the old frogs must

be induced to emigrate elsewhere, either to some other pond or to the city market.

The pollywogs left behind live on flies and insects and anything that will attract these to the pond in even greater numbers than usual will make little Mr. Tadpole wax fat and happy. Bones, scraps of meat, molasses and glue, left carelessly around on sticks and boards on the pond, will fulfill their benevolent intention of attracting flies, which will soon find a quiet resting place on the end of Taddy's long tongue. Turtles, minks, foxes, birds and snakes will all be after the tadpole; but as frogs continue to live in great numbers, in spite of these enemies, under ordinary conditions, it is safe to suppose that in the commercial frog pond, artistically stocked and fed, plenty will contrive to live. Every frog-eating bird or animal found about should be killed, and the latter hung on poles to scare their relatives.

Frogs are caught in the manner described, with a bit of red rag on a hook, or with an angleworm for bait, or they are shot with a small rifle or a blow-gun, a needle fastened by a thread to a wad of cotton wool serving as a missile in the latter case. The quickest way to scoop them in, however, is with a long-handled dipnet. They may be shipped alive, in barrels, or only the skinned hind legs sent, according to the demands of the market.

The frog eaten in America is not the *Rana Esculenta* of France, beloved of the Parisian restaurateur, but the common bullfrog, which is very near in toothsome-ness to *M. Esculenta*, and several other varieties. There are also several varieties which are not edible, and the only way to distinguish them is to get some one who knows to point out the different families and learn to know them by sight.

In Vienna, and probably in other European cities the French frog is kept in pens and fattened. The same is true of a Central American frog, *Rana Grunniens*, the grunting frog. Senor Grunniens is domesticated and fed for market. All sorts and conditions of frogs are susceptible to domestication, and when treated with kindness acquire much true culture. One which had been domesticated by an English doctor came regularly for his meals, struck up a great friendship with a cat and manifested a strong partiality for having its back scratched.

The foregoing may read like a great deal of trouble, but it is not so much as is taken to raise anything else that is raised on a farm, for sale, and there is always a city market and a good price for the product.



AFTER searching high and low for the bellows little Edna approached her mother with the query: "Mamma, do you know where the thing is we make breath with?"

THE CHESTNUT.

BY KATHLEEN.

BACK in the Pennsylvania hills the chestnut trees are in full bloom in early June. The blossoms are clusters of creamy, pendent-like stems four or five inches long, and a group of chestnut trees in bloom can be distinguished at quite a distance. Seemingly, nature sets great value on the chestnut, judging from the care which she takes to protect the nuts from outside foes. The nuts are encased in a burr or covering well unto an inch thick, the outer half inch consisting of jiggers as close together as hair on a dog and as sharp as needles almost. The inside of the burr has a velvety lining and in this downy nest the nuts calmly wait for Jack Frost to open the door and let them peep out at the great world around them. Scarcely have they taken their first look, however, until the wind shakes them out of their nest or some one knocks them down with clubs and stones. One learns to handle the burrs gently and lift them with care after he spends considerable time picking a few hundred jiggers out of his fingers.

With the coming of October's bright, frosty mornings, the small boy and girl can be seen hastening up the lane to the big chestnut tree to gather up the nuts that have fallen over night. Early as they are, however, it is likely that the frisky chipmunk and the nimble gray squirrel have made several scampering trips from the tree to their respective storehouses. Between the boys and the squirrels comparatively few chestnuts ever reach a very advanced age.

The native nuts are by no means uniform in size, there is a wide range in size and quality. There are almost invariably three nuts in a burr, two fully developed and one faulty. In some localities the Japan chestnut has been successfully grafted on the native trees. The chestnut is valued for its wood as well as for the nuts. Cutting a tree down results in the stump sending up a dozen or so sprouts which will, in a few years, be large enough for rails, and a chestnut rail will outlast any other fence rail.

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PITY FOR POOR BABY.

A CANADIAN firm recently placed with the Montreal and Toronto newspapers an advertisement of a new nursing bottle it had patented and was about to place on the market. After giving directions for use the advertisement ended in this manner: When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."

SOMETHING ABOUT SPELLING.

FROM the New York *World* we take the following paragraph.

"Inability to spell does not prove the lack of intellect or even of a considerable degree of education. Memory makes a good speller, while keen logical powers without it are of little use in avoiding pitfalls. Many an able mathematician is naturally a poor speller; good linguists, on the other hand, need no training in orthography.

Yet despite all difference in native ability to spell, there is no difference in the necessity of acquiring the art. It is fundamental, inexorable. Many critics of modern school tactics attribute the prevalence of bad spelling to the "word method" of learning to read. Whatever the cause it should be dealt with in the schools."

Only those who are in a position to pass upon manuscripts, or who are in places where accurate knowledge is required have any idea of the extent of the inability to spell correctly. It is something frightful. When a letter is received, or an article submitted from one who is an educated person, or at least who has had an opportunity of attending school, very frequently the words are spelled in such a way as to leave grave doubts about the accuracy of the writer's knowledge in every other department of information.

The Inglenook believes that there were better spellers under the old regime of teaching than with the present get-an-education-quick way of doing things. After all is said and done there is only one way of learning to spell, that is, only one way which will insure final accuracy, and that is to write the words down. A word is the picture of an idea, and only by drawing the picture, that is, by putting the letters together correctly so as to form the word, do we ever get to understand it so that it becomes a part of us. The Nookman has had a large experience in teaching spelling and has never failed to turn out good spellers where he had the learners in their youth, and it was done entirely without the aid of a text book. Every word the scholar ever saw or heard and understood its meaning he could spell correctly when he had passed through the course. After one has attained a certain age and has become "sot" in his ways, it is impossible to teach him much new in the way of properly spelling words on paper. The importance of it is beyond question, and the time to get it thoroughly so that it is never forgotten is in early youth, and it can be had only by correct methods of teaching, but once acquired it is the learner's property while he lives.

* * *

CORRECTION is grievous unto him that forsaketh the way: and he that hateth reproof shall die.—*Solomon*.

THE CHAIN LETTER BUSINESS AGAIN.

A CORRESPONDENT asks this question. If the Nookman were to receive a chain letter what would he do with it? In answer to this question the reply is simple enough—he would pay not the slightest attention to it.

The proposition is a little out of the ordinary and according to the letter is as follows. Somebody wants the querist to write three letters to friends and forward five cents for some missionary business in India. The originator of it rings in the story about famine and a couple of hundred orphans, etc., and thinks that about the one hundred and fiftieth person will enable money enough to be received to help out for a year. Now, let us figure a little.

The five cents sent to the party is five cents contributed we will say. It takes two cents postage to send it, six cents more on the three letters you would write and the stationery probably would cost two cents more making ten cents given to contribute five. This ought to condemn any proposition that involves giving three dollars in order to have one given where it belongs.

Suppose now that the chain worked out up to the tenth person. There would be fifty-nine thousand and forty-nine persons concerned and if they had each contributed their nickel \$2,952.45 would have been received. Now, if you take that fifty-nine thousand and multiply by three and then multiply the answer by three again and so on up to the one hundred and fiftieth person proposed in the letter you will see where you will land. The Nookman suggests that you take the side of the barn for the calculation.

The skill manifested in the chain letter business is something wonderful. A number of them have come to the office here and they nearly always represent some orphan asylum, some poor church, or something of that kind, and it appears innocent enough, and when a hundred persons have written everything will be all right, and do a great deal of good to the helpless and the poor. While it may not be against the law it is hard against common sense, and we advise the recipient of every chain letter to pay no attention whatever to it.

Will some of our bright boys and girls in the Nook family tell what it would amount to in the end up to the one hundred and fiftieth person, each writing three letters, etc? Three times three, times three, times three, etc., to the one hundred and fiftieth time, and each of these contributing five cents, the poor man in India who is running an orphan asylum ought to be able to buy rice to go around his little group of children for a while.

DECLINE OF THE APRON.

It is about forty years since the popularity of the apron began to wane. At that time no woman's wardrobe was complete without an assortment of aprons for all sorts of occasions. A black silk apron was the acme of elegance and propriety, and any nondescript gown could, by the addition of the black silk apron, trimmed with a few rows of black velvet ribbon, be dignified and adorned to the utter satisfaction of the wearer.

An apron had rather a wide field of usefulness when you consider that it not only preserved and embellished a new gown, but it also concealed the defects and added dignity to an old one. An apron was always *en regle*. The best dress was kept clean by its use, and the daintiness of it represented all the feminine traits. It was a regular banner of the home. To its strings children were tied. "Tied to his mother's apron strings!" Contemptuous expression of subordination! And yet so much sentiment attached to it! Whoever was tied to his mother's apron strings was comparatively safe, was in his mother's lead. Mother's apron! The baby rolled in it. Childish tears were dried with it. The little boys used its strings for reins and the little girls played princess and trailed its ample folds behind them, real ladies in waiting to an imaginary queen.

Those were ante-new-women days, says the *Woman's Home Companion*. Knitting and needlework were feminine occupations. It was previous to the day of higher education for women. It may sound far-fetched to say that home sentiment waned with the decline of the apron. The latter may not have been the cause, but it certainly kept pace with it. I have the written statement of a man to the effect that a snow-white apron tied neatly about a trim waist had power to attack the masculine heart at its most vulnerable point. After that, say there is no sentiment about an apron! But man cherishes sentiment about things of which the feminine mind has no conception, and his heart has been many times ensnared in the muslin bow that tied at the back of his sweetheart's waist, this banner of the home. The last was about the man of a generation ago. But the man of to-day has the same sentiment—latent.

* * *

EMBLEM OF SECRECY.

THE rose is an emblem of secrecy in Greece, and was formerly hung over the table where guests were entertained in token that nothing heard was to be repeated.

* * *

HE that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house; but he that hateth gifts shall live.—*Solomon*.

EFFECT OF ECLIPSES.

AN unnatural chill comes into the air.

People are nervous and excited, while children cling to their mothers in fright.

Birds flutter about in consternation and seek their nests.

Cows go home from pasture. They stop chewing cuds and sniff the air as if fearing a great storm.

Horses in harness are frightened at familiar objects, and those loose in the fields run about distractedly.

Beasts of prey grow ferocious and attack human beings boldly.

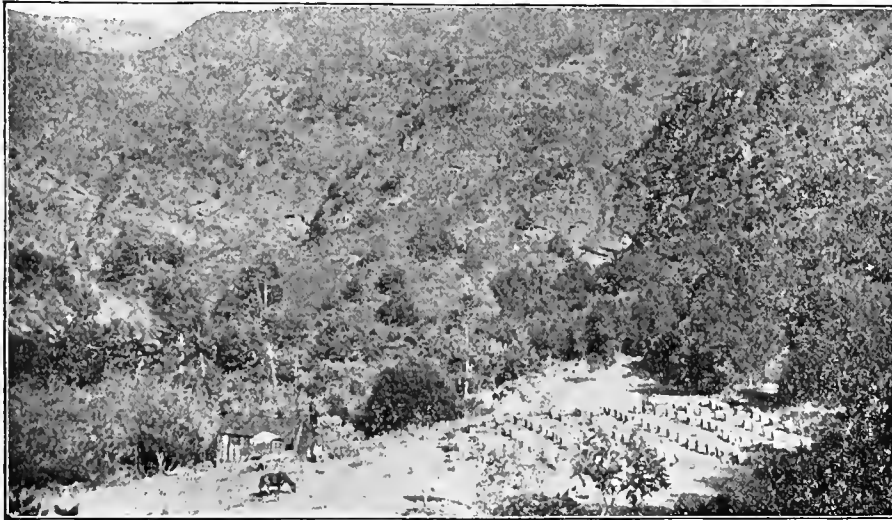
The sudden changes of light and heat make pe-

States, a negro seized with frenzy killed his wife and three children.

At Pekin, on January 23, 1888, at the beginning of an eclipse, an uproar occurred like that heard in our Chinatown on New Year's day. The mandarins ordered the drums to be beaten to put to flight the celestial dragon that was swallowing the moon.

ANCIENT LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

THE ancients did not have lightning rods constructed as ours are, but they had lightning conductors, which shows that they knew how to protect themselves from the danger that lies in a thunder storm. Even so long



A CALIFORNIA BEE MAN'S TREASURES.

culiar electrical conditions which are probably the cause of excitability in all living things.

The young of all creatures run to their mothers in fear, while the males among the animals seek their mates to protect them.

While the darkness lasts there is a brooding stillness among all living things except dogs and wolves. These set up a snappish yelping quite different from the ordinary bark or night howl.

Dogs run to their masters and cower and whine piteously between their outbursts of yelping.

All males among wild animals are on the alert and the defensive, ready to attack an unexpected foe.

Such natural sounds as waterfalls and the whistling of the wind seem excessively loud and alarming.

Ignorant and superstitious people have an abject fear of some great calamity, they know not what.

In the eclipse of July 30, 1878, in the United

ago as the 10th century lightning was diverted from fields by planting in them long sticks or poles, on top of which were lance heads. It is said that the Celtic soldiers used to try to make themselves safe from the stroke during a storm by lying on the ground with their naked swords planted point upward beside them.

EXTREME HEAT AND COLD ARE SIMILAR.

PEOPLE who have experienced extreme cold say that it is very similar to extreme heat. Anyone who has ever picked up a piece of intensely cold iron knows that the touch burns and blisters almost as badly as if the metal were red hot. This natural law has been made use of by clever chemists to cause cold to produce the same effect as heat. One has actually cooked meat by placing it in an atmosphere of 100 degrees to 150 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. When the meat was removed it was placed at once in air tight cans. It was afterwards eaten and found to be very palatable.

FARMING.

THE *Country Gentleman* thus discourses on the farmer's life.

If some of the farmers who are discouraged because they have not made a fortune off their farms and who feel inclined to envy their brother toilers in the city, imagining that life in the city is more desirable than theirs, easier and filled with plenty of leisure to enjoy all the pleasures with which the rustic imagination gilds and glorifies those distant scenes and activities, they need only to try to find out their mistake. "Far fields are green," and lose much of their attractiveness upon a nearer view.

To the city man of ordinary means and opportunities, who, like the ordinary farmer, has no bank account to fall back upon in case of emergency, life is one "demnition grind" and without the soothing influences of nature that surround the farmer to quiet the fever and unrest with which the struggle, competition and turmoil around him keep his nerves on the rack day after day. As a rule such men are not their own masters, but must order their speech, demeanor and inclinations to please the powers that have control over their daily doings in order to keep bread in the mouths and clothes on the backs of both themselves and their families.

The farmer, if he does not feel well, can rise in the morning at whatever hour it pleases him so to do, for an hour or so a day does not make much difference in his affairs except at the most critical periods of planting and harvesting. He can have his own opinions, and voice them, too, on politics and religion and all the stirring questions of the day without fear of antagonizing the powers that be, who can "sack" him if his views and opinions do not happen to coincide with those of his master or "overlord" (the boss).

That the farmer is a hard worker nobody can deny. Tilling the soil is not easy work. Since God gave the command to man to "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow," the farmer's life has been a life of toil. It takes some strength and effort to dig a living out of the ground. It is not easy to earn a living, much less a fortune, without effort, and the farmer is not the only one who "sweats." Brain workers have no sinecure, although some ignorant persons imagine that all they have to do is to sit at a desk and add up figures or to twiddle a pen in their fingers. The life of a salesman behind the counter is most wearisome and monotonous. The beautiful days of spring go by, the birds are singing as they build their nests, the flowers are blooming in the valleys and on the hillsides and the grass is growing greener and

greener in the meadows, yet never a glimpse does he get of the beauty of the bright world except when he can take a car ride of an evening or on a Sunday or holiday. A grocer's clerk works more hours and harder than the average country boy, who can go to the "corner" and pitch quoits or gossip with his cronies when the city young man is just getting from work, and as for the man who delivers milk in the city he has even harder work and longer hours. At four in the morning and even earlier his wagon is heard on the street and himself racing from bottom to top and from top to bottom of the high apartment buildings in the cold and sleet of a midwinter's morning or in the enervating heat of summer. At breakneck speed he goes, and one could almost imagine that his life depended upon getting through his rounds in due season. Competition is so great that he must neglect nothing and always be pleasant and obliging to the most unreasonable of customers for fear of losing one. There are the icemen, carrying fifty pounds and often one hundred pounds of ice up four flights of stairs, which is no easy task, and as it is not skilled labor the pay is probably not more than it should be considering the amount of strength expended. Hard as the work is and moderate as is the pay, no man can afford to lose his job, so he has to be very careful not to antagonize his employers in any way.

The man who does business on a small scale and is his own boss probably finds it no easier to make a living, for he has to do the greater part of his own work, and in the case of a bad or unprofitable season is sometimes not so well off as his hireling, who is sure of his wages at least.

That man who owns his land and has good health is a poor farmer who cannot make at least a living for himself and family. It may not be a sumptuous living, but it may be a comparatively comfortable one. This cannot be said of all sorts of occupations.

There is always hope ahead for the farmer. If he doesn't have good luck this year he may the next. There is always a chance that there will be a better yield in crops and a better price in the market. The element of uncertainty adds zest to life which a settled amount of wages from month to month and from year to year cannot give, and he is always sure of enough to eat on the farm of some sort or another.

One of the most discouraging features about farming is the drouth which so often comes to wither both the farmer's hopes and his crops. To see the land that has been so faithfully and carefully worked and the young crops that looked so promising lying parched under the burning rays of the

sun and getting drier and drier in the hot winds, while he watches day after day in vain for the refreshing showers, is almost heart-breaking. The only hope for the farmer in such a case is in irrigation. This often seems impracticable and entails too much expense.

The time is coming and is not far distant when the farmer's life will be looked upon as the ideal life by many of the world-weary toilers of the crowded cities. Even now the one bright dream of many a drudger in the stores and offices is of a happy time coming when he will have a farm—a home all his own in the country, where he can rest his tired brain and nerves as he sits beneath his own vine and fig—or apple—tree. Whoever despises a farmer's life is a fool; it is the most independent life on earth.

* * *

DIRECTORY LIBRARIES.

"No, this is not the only library of directories in New York city," said the clerk of a curious institution, "although it is the oldest and best. I think we are the oldest in the world, because directories in the modern sense of the word were invented about 1780. In this, as in many things, America takes the lead. There must be at least 1,000 cities which have directories, not counting in the trade and professional directories, which are another branch of the business. We carry here the directories for about 400 cities and run back some fifty years. The largest collection of books of this sort, I believe, is at the library of Congress in Washington. Next is the British museum, and a third is at the National library in Paris. Most of those in the country belong to the directory publishers, who keep files of their own issues and generally exchange with their colleagues in other cities. Directories are not very fascinating reading, but nevertheless they are in constant use.

"I don't suppose we ever have less than twenty readers here a day, and sometimes they number over a hundred. They are of many sorts. Business men will send a clerk to make lists of possible customers—inventors or firms who may use or become interested in their inventions; contractors who desire the names of city officials having charge of contracts. List makers are good customers. These are people who classify the industries of the land and address envelopes to any class at so much a hundred or a thousand. Among odd customers who come here are genealogists. I have one of those a month. They write down the name and address of every one of the name on which they are compiling a genealogy. To such people the library is a liberal education. The embryo genealogist starts with the

impression that his family is small and eminently respectable. Before his first day's work is over he finds that there are hundreds of his name, ranging from presidents to peddlers and bankers to barkeepers. Absent-minded people are not uncommon. Men forget the addresses of friends and relatives in other cities and come here to supply the loss. I had one man, whom I regard as a star in this respect. He had forgotten his own street and number and got mad when I asked him if he ever forgot his own name.

"Sentiment sends many people. Both men and women who have been away for many years call here and go through the directories with a view to learning where old friends and neighbors reside. Others turn back to the directory of the year when they lived in a certain city to find out the address of the old home, which they had forgotten. Lawyers are regular customers and come from a variety of motives. Usually it is to trace a man or woman in whom there was title to real estate or some claim against title. Occasionally it is to look up heirs and legatees. Sometimes it is to find out whether a man was married at a certain time so as to become informed as to any dower rights there might be in an estate." *N. Y. Evening Post.*

* * *

DO NOT SLEEP ON YOUR LEFT SIDE.

WHEN a patient complains of a bad taste in his mouth every morning on waking up, says a physician, the first question I ask him is as to the position he assumes when going to sleep. An immense number of people sleep on the left side, and this is the most common cause of the unpleasant taste which is generally attributed to dyspepsia. If a meal has been taken within two or three hours of going to bed, to sleep on the left side is to give the stomach a task which it is difficult in the extreme to perform. The student of anatomy knows that all food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation which is anything but conducive to sound repose.

The action of the heart is also interfered with considerably, and the lungs are unduly compressed. It is probable that lying on the back is the most natural position, but few men can rest easily so, and hence it is best to cultivate the habit of sleeping on the right side. It is very largely a matter of habit, and the sooner it is acquired the better for the sleeper and the worse for the physician.

* * *

It is an utter impossibility for a short man to fall in love with a tall woman. He simply has to climb for it.

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 NATURE
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 STUDY.
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DAMAGE FROM FIELD MICE.

LOUD complaint is being made by nurserymen in the Rochester district of New York State, because of the harm done by field mice. The loss will foot up into five figures, and some say that it will reach \$100,000. The damage is done to small fruit trees, which were to be put upon the market this spring. The mice have in many instances destroyed whole acres of the trees. Ex-Supervisor Babcock, of Brighton, is one of the heaviest losers. He has had 12,000 trees destroyed by the mice. His case is not an isolated one, as similar reports come in from many of the vilages in this region. Some people think that there will be a plague of mice this spring, and that all vegetation, especially young trees, will suffer severely all through the State. The mice eat the bark from the lower part of the tree killing it in a short time.

* * *

THE KIND WASP.

A STORY of how one wasp cared for another that had been injured is told by a gentleman who while reading the newspaper felt bothered by a buzzing of a wasp about his head and knocked it down. It fell through the open window and lay on the sill as if dead. A few seconds afterward, to his great surprise, a large wasp flew to the window sill and, after buzzing around his wounded brother for a few minutes, began to lick him all over. The sick wasp seemed to revive under this treatment, and his friend then dragged him gently to the edge, grasped him round the body and flew away with him. It was plain that the stranger, finding a wounded comrade, gave him aid as well as he could and then bore him away home.

* * *

THE WORM IN THE CHESTNUT.

A PHYSICIAN explains how the worm gets into the chestnut. When the nut is still green, an insect comes along and, hunting a warm place in which to have its eggs hatched, lights upon the green chestnut and stings it. At the same time it deposits some of its eggs in the opening thus made. The chestnut begins to ripen, and at the same time the eggs are hatching. The insect selects chestnuts as a place for depositing its eggs as being the best adapted place by instinct. The floury matter in the nut turns to sugar, and sugar contains carbon, which produces heat.

MUMMY PAINT.

NOT many persons are aware of the fact that the best brown paint used by artists is made from human bodies. Brown artists' color is made of mummies taken out of the Egyptian mausoleums, says *Stray Stories*.

When a person died in the East a century or two B. C., he was preserved in the finest bitumen. The remains of a body treated thus in those times, on being unwrapped to-day, present an appearance similar to light-colored leather. The bitumen and the leather-like remains are ground down by machinery, and turned into a beautiful brown liquid paint, the delight of all artists.

The big color dealers generally keep a mummy locked away in an air-tight case for use when required.

* * *

WAR AGAINST THE COYOTE.

CALIFORNIA will soon have to begin another war of extermination against the coyote. The ranchmen, sheepherders and small farmers who live along the foothills and remote from towns in Central and Southern California are complaining that they are once more increasing, and are causing great destruction among the flocks and poultry. It is said that damage to the amount of \$25,000 has been done by these pests in California in the last year. The newspapers are beginning to urge the re-enactment of the law of 1891, giving a bounty of five dollars for every animal of their species killed.

* * *

ELEPHANTS' LOVE FOR FINERY.

STRANGE as it may seem, the elephant is passionately fond of finery and delights to see himself decked out with gorgeous trappings. The native princes of India are very particular in choosing their state elephants and will give fabulous sums for an animal that exactly meets the somewhat fanciful standards they have erected. For these they have made cloths of silk so heavily embroidered with gold that two men are hardly able to lift them.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

* * *

SILK CHEAPER THAN LINEN.

IN Madagascar silk is the only fabric used in the manufacture of clothing. It is cheaper than linen in Ireland.

HOW ANIMALS SLEEP.

THE larger beasts of prey are sound sleepers. It is only the smaller and most defenseless of the brute creation that are aroused by the slightest noise, for they are in constant apprehension of the approach of an enemy. Lions and tigers held in captivity show exactly the same indifference to danger that they manifest in the jungle and by night or day will slumber through an unusual tumult, seemingly unmindful of noise or danger. Their sleep is heavy and peaceful.

When a bear sleeps his sleep is heavy, but, unlike lions and tigers, he sleeps little in the daytime. Grizzly bears usually curl up under rocks, but sometimes crawl up on top of the rock and then spread out their legs in what seems a most-uncomfortable and dangerous position, but bears never release their muscular grasp of any object when asleep.

The highly strung, nervous animals are the most interesting to watch at night. They usually belong to the hunted tribes, whose lives are in constant danger in the forest, and they possess such a highly developed nervous system that they really sleep with one eye open. The slightest noise will certainly awake them. It is almost impossible to surprise an ordinary English hare at night. The eye nearest to the point from which an attack may be expected is kept open and the ear is always opened in the same direction.

Deer when asleep in the shooting season merely seem to close their eyes for an instant and open them again to see if all is quiet.

* * *

THE WOODCOCK.

IT is during the months of August and September that the mystery of the woodcock's life begins. This is the molting season, when the bird changes its plumage before beginning its journey southward. At this time it leaves the swamps. Where does it go? That is a question which has never yet received a satisfactory answer, although each sportsman and naturalist has his own opinion, and many fine spun theories have been advanced. Some say that the birds move toward the north, some that they seek the mountain tops, coming into the swamps to feed only after nightfall; some that they seek the cornfields, and there have been many other such theories.

Probably the truth lies in a mean of all these statements. I think it probable that the birds know the loss of their feathers renders them to a certain extent helpless and more exposed to the attacks of their natural enemies, and they therefore leave the more open swamps and hide in the densest and most tangled thickets. It is certain that they scatter, for at this season single birds are found in the most unusual and unexpected places.

Years ago when shooting in Duchess county, New York, I knew one or two swamps, which we called molting swamps, where in August we were sure to find a limited number of birds. These swamps were overgrown with rank marsh grass and were full of patches of wild rose and sweetbrier. If we killed the birds which we found there, we were sure in a week or ten days to find their places filled by about the same number.—*Outing*.

* * *

EGGS ARE SENSITIVE.

"AN egg in the process of hatching," says an expert, "is remarkably sensitive to vibration. Half the failures that amateurs encounter in hatching out chicks by the incubator method are due to lack of precaution in providing against the effect of vibration on the eggs. The rumble of a train or the passage of a wagon along the street will spoil a whole incubator full of eggs, if the faintest vibratory wave reaches the apparatus. Even such a little thing as the banging of a door in some other part of the house will destroy the chances of hatching out a brood where care has not been taken to place the incubator beyond the reach of such disturbances. A thunderstorm always gives breeders a scare, as thousands of eggs may be spoiled by a sudden heavy thunder clap. To sneeze or cough in the vicinity of the incubators will sometimes work a disastrous result."

* * *

TORTOISES CLIMB FOR GRAPES.

TORTOISES are known to be able to live for a long time without food. It was also believed hitherto that they were rigid teetotalers. This belief, however, has been rudely dispelled by the discovery that they are very fond of grapes. The proprietor of a vineyard in Algiers had noticed for some time serious deprecations going on in his plantation. The watchman he had engaged reported that mysterious noises were heard in the place at night, and consequently refused to stop any longer on the spot. But the master determined to inquire into the matter for himself, and, much to his surprise, he found a large number of tortoises climbing up the vines with an alertness of which tortoises are ordinarily thought to be incapable, and making the most of the good things which the gods had provided for them.

* * *

DEVELOPMENT OF SIGHT.

THE organ of sight is more highly developed in birds than in any animal.

* * *

A WHALE can remain under water for an hour and a half.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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PATIENCE.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
I feigne not love where most I hate;
I breake no sleep to winne my will;
I wayte not at the Mighties' gate;
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

* * *

CHESTNUTS.

THE verbal kind of chestnuts is not meant in this article, but the real thing. It is inspired by the fact that the NOOK is in receipt of a bunch of chestnut burs, part opened, and with the brown nuts showing through the quartered burs as they rest in their downy bed. They are a contribution from Kathleen of the Frank and Kathleen letters.

Simple as the thing may seem to our Eastern readers, they are a distinct novelty here in the INGLENOOK office. The assistants from Missouri and Indiana never before saw a chestnut bur, and while the resident of Pennsylvania might wonder where these people lived all their lives, these same Keystone folks might be interested in things on this side of the country about which they knew nothing. Did any of them ever see an orange grove in bloom, a cotton-field white for the picking, or a ten-thousand flock of sheep on the plains? No? Well, then it appears, and is true enough, that no one knows it all and therefore no one need be ashamed of his ignorance. It may interest our friends who pick chestnuts on the Eastern hillsides to know that they sell by the pound out here, and that they command twenty cents per pound and make a small bundle at that.

* * *

A LIVE LOT.

THE NOOK family is alive all over. The Nookman is moved to make this remark by the promptness with which responses are made to inquiries. The oth-

er day a Nooker requested a reproduction of "The Raggedy Man" in the magazine. The editor didn't know the poem and asked for it. The Raggedy Man came in troops and he is in type.

We always thought the Nook people were a little the alivest of their kind and this is an evidence of it. Seriously, the condition is a good one. The Nook stands for knowledge and what one does not know another may, and in helping out all are richer and none the poorer.

* * *

A SUGGESTION.

THE high degree of excellence reached in the special California number suggests the propriety of the Nookman visiting other States, especially some of the Southern States of which as little is known by the average Nooker as if they were located in some foreign country. The contrast between the Southern and Northern, the extreme Eastern and Western, in climate, resources, varied industries and productions could thus be spread out before the Nook readers in a way that would not be one-sided but being gathered by the Nookman himself, right on the ground and for the purpose of giving the Nook readers reliable information, would, therefore, be of much value. Then there are Canada, Mexico, and South America, near home, of which the Nookers ought also to know more.—
Daniel Vaniman, McPherson, Kans.

* * *

ANIMAL SENSE.

No end of people are willing to testify that animals have sense such as humans have. It is likely that this is true in a certain way, but not as generally understood. All knowledge comes to us through our senses. We see with our eyes, hear with our ears, and so on. But animals see differently and hear in a way none of us do.

It is likely that animals are possessed of knowledge of which we have no conception. Take your dog, for instance. You get separated from him, beyond sight and hearing and you are utterly lost. If the dog depended on you for coming together it would be the last of your acquaintance.

Now what does the dog do? He knows he is lost and he circles all over the field, or down the street, nose to the ground, and presently he strikes the familiar scent you left. Then in a moment he finds the direction and presently finds you. Now none of us have the slightest idea of how the dog did it. We call it intelligence, but it is a good deal more. It is a mystery. An equally wonderful thing is when you have put your tabby cat in an empty flour sack and "lost" her ten miles away from home. When you return next day there she is, on the back porch, washing her face and wondering what you meant by it.

Nobody will ever understand this till animals can talk, or until we can become one of them and describe it ourselves. Either event is unlikely, and meantime we will call it intelligence, a convenient word for a lack of knowledge on our part.

* * *

DON'T BLAB.

ONE of the unsafest people in the world is he who cannot keep a secret he may come into possession of. One is never safe in the presence of such a person. We are in the habit, as a rule, of hearing things intended only for ourselves, and keeping them to ourselves. But every here and there is the leaky vessel with whom one is never safe a moment. Speak of someone who is absent, and as soon as the party is in reach and hearing all that we said with some added frills is retailed by the storage battery of small talk. Nobody is safe.

The fact is that the one who tells, no matter what it is, is one to be avoided. It should be a rule of all never to repeat what one has heard unless it is to the advantage and credit of the hearer. It may be said that we should never say what we would not have repeated, and while this is in the main a good rule, between friends, or those thought so, there will be much that escapes not intended for the ears of others, and he who voluntarily gives it away is either malicious or distinctly of the down stairs people.

* * *

TWO WAYS OF LOVING.

THERE are two ways of loving—one is joyous, active, sane, without questionings and without bitterness—the young and beautiful love which makes life charming and is its recompense. The other sardonic, agitated, complaining, more full of tears than laughter, makes its victims idle, cowardly, cruel and capricious.—*From "Love and the Soul Hunter."*

* * *

HONESTY.

IF honesty is the best policy in business, it is also the best policy when one has done wrong and is confronted with the question whether he shall confess everything frankly or make excuses. A transparent excuse is worse than none at all.

* * *

OF MODERN INVENTION.

THE forceps, the probe and the speculum are all considered instruments of modern invention, but specimens of them were found in the ruins of Pompeii.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Nothing assumed is lasting.

✦

Talk love and you make love.

✦

The Inglenook is not the chinook.

✦

Love may be blind but it sees deep.

✦

A good name keeps its lustre in the dark.

✦

Rule for poverty: Save little, spend much.

✦

Malice and slander are the property of small souls.

✦

"Whatever is right,"—that is it sometimes is.

✦

He who is headstrong is not always strongheaded.

✦

Enjoy your little whilst the fool is seeking for more.

✦

Honesty is the oak around which all other virtues cling.

✦

The foolish and the dead, alone, never change their opinion.

✦

We rise step by step, but fall with an ever-increasing velocity.

✦

A handful of good life is better than a bushel of learning.

✦

We punish little thieves and take off our hats to great ones.

✦

Bad language and bad manners are contagious. Keep away.

✦

A fool can make money; it requires a wise man to spend it.

✦

When an old maid earnestly gets after a widower all nature giggles.

✦

Fashion is a word that fools use, their folly and knavery to excuse.

✦

Was there anybody ever lived who did not at times make a fool of himself?

✦

In the search for the beautiful, unless we have it within us, we never find it.

✦

A man with a quail-on-toast appetite and a beef-stew purse will never get rich.

KEEPING WARM.

THE scarcity of coal, brought about by the recent strike, has induced inventive activity all over the country to discover substitutes. One method is given below.

Brick—ordinary red building brick—as fuel is not a fallacy, says the New York Evening World. The bricks may be used in the stove like ordinary coals for either heating or cooking purposes. Frederick Antholz has solved, he says, the problem of the lack of anthracite, and he has proved the fact to the satisfaction of not only himself, but of scores of persons in his neighborhood, to whom he has liberally imparted his secret.

He is enthusiastic over his discovery, and so are those who have tried his plan, for that matter. It works like a charm, they declare. Here is his idea for setting the coal trust at defiance:

Saturate a relay of ordinary house bricks in a bucket of oil. One gallon of oil, costing ten cents, will effectually lubricate ten bricks, and each brick will burn with an immense heat for a period of time sufficient to cook the entire meal for a family of six persons. The cost lies only in the amount of oil consumed, and a gallon of oil will suffice for the day's heating and cooking.

Antholz has been using brick fuel for the past few weeks, and he has come to the conclusion that he is henceforth independent of the coal trust. Besides, he declares, the cost is fully seventy per cent cheaper than with the use of coal. He has experimented also with the oil brick until he has discovered some things which will be useful to others, who will be glad to know of this admirable substitute for the priceless anthracite.

In the first place, says Antholz, it is necessary to soak the bricks thoroughly before attempting to set fire to them. For this purpose he suggests the use of a square pan or a bucket which will contain half a dozen bricks if intended for family use, although one brick can be treated in the same manner for the first experimental test. Fully submerge the bricks in common kerosene oil. Get the best oil.

In half an hour the bricks will be found to have absorbed considerable of the oil, if not all that has been poured into the receptacle. Pour in more oil and let the bricks soak for an hour. Lift out one of the bricks, allowing it to drain for a minute over the oil receptacle. Then place it on the empty grate of the stove.

Now comes the next move, which must be observed if success is to attend the project. Reduce the draft under the grate, leaving just a trifle of an opening in the vents through which air may reach the burning brick. Then partly close the damper or draft leading to the pipe or chimney.

These precautions are absolutely necessary, for as comparatively little smoke attends the blaze and fierce combustion follows the ignition of the oil the reduction of the draft is imperative.

The brick can be lighted with a match, or, better still, a bit of burning paper, which is held beneath the grate directly under the brick until the latter bursts into flame. Then close the drafts as described. An intense heat will at once be thrown out and the combustion will continue uniformly for fully an hour.

When the brick is burned out, remove it to a place to cool off and, if more fire is needed, take another of your relay of bricks and place in the stove, starting the fire as before. The first brick when thoroughly cool may again be placed in the oil, when it will again become ready for firing.

Antholz is a barber doing business in New York. He was so elated over the success of his experiment that he thought it "too good a thing" to be withheld from the public, so he has communicated the success of his efforts to the above mentioned paper that everybody may be informed. He says:

"There is no doubt about the success of the plan. It is better than coal, gives a greater heat, costs less, works instantly and is easily controlled."

* * *

THE DIVER'S JOB ISN'T A BAD ONE.

It is strange," said a diver the other day, "that while most trades nowadays are overcrowded, in mine there is an actual scarcity of men. I suppose this is on account of the fancied danger that there is in diving. It can't be on account of the wages. These are \$5 a day, and for overtime the pay is \$1 an hour. So it must be on account of the supposed danger. Yet diving, as a matter of fact, is one of the safest callings in the world. In all the years it has been going on in the waters about Philadelphia I don't recall one accidental death; and of what other trade can such a thing as that be said? There is a famous picture that represents a diver in the depths of the sea fighting for his life with a great shark. That picture typifies well the public idea of the diver's business. But it is, as a matter of fact, a safe business and a lucrative one, and if more lads would take it up they would be better off."—*Philadelphia Record*.

* * *

THE Japanese have no ear lobes. This discovery has apparently been made for the first time by Dr Von Der Heyden, director of the public hospital in Yokohama. Even if he was not the first to discover it he is certainly the first to draw public attention to it. The absence of ear lobes, he claims, is in some respects the most marked distinction between the Japanese and Europeans and he maintains that the probable reason why the latter have lobes is because their ancestors for many generations wore heavy earrings.

THAT ONION PATCH.

Editor Inglenook:

I would like an explanation on the article on onions in the Nook of September 27, in regard to the amount of seed sown, etc.

How can eighty pounds of seed be sown on one acre and allow for horse cultivation? Here in Montana we sow five pounds of seed per acre, allowing only twelve inches between rows, which demands hand cultivation entirely, and get an average of six hundred bushels of large onions per acre. Now, what I would like to know is, if the eighty pounds of seed sown are harvested in sets and then transplanted, bringing only from four hundred to six hundred bushels of large onions to the acre.

Did the Kansas man sow his seed in March, reap his sets in April or May, then transplant the same, gathering

Moreover, the other Nookers will be pleased to learn something. Send on your articles telling how it is done. First come first printed.

* * *

BALLOONING AND THE LUNGS.

BALLOONING is now receiving attention as a possible remedy for pulmonary affections. The conditions are not the same as those of mountaineering, the change of altitude being more rapid and muscular fatigue being absent. In the trips of the French Society of Physiology Dr. Henocque proposes to regard the atmosphere as divided into three zones. Up to about three miles the surrounding air supplies all the oxygen



ONIONS, SIXTY ACRES NEAR ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA.

his large onions in August with a yield of only four hundred bushels per acre from eighty pounds of seed?

The article says he paid \$1.00 per bushel for seed. I pay an average of \$1.25 per pound for my seed. Was it seeds or sets? There is a crook. Please explain.—F. A. Haley, Cascade, Montana.

The above letter is welcomed here. Every time there is a statement made in the INGLENOOK that needs elucidation or explanation at the hands of the writer it is always a pleasure to have it done. In the matter of the onions the editor does not know his subject well enough to write authoritatively. His knowledge of the esculent is mainly that gained about half past five o'clock in the afternoon with a piece of bread and butter in one hand and a fork in the other. The Nookman isn't built along the lines required for getting down to the actual thing in the fields. It would be weeding by faith and not by sight. However, there are many who do know all about it in their neighborhood, where onions are raised by the hundreds of bushels, and if such will tell how they do it, in the interchange of stories good will doubtless result.

needed, but ascents beyond five miles are held to require a closed car, as was first suggested in 1871, or an aerial diving suit.

* * *

WOMEN AS WALKING CALENDARS.

IN Siam every woman is a walking calander. On Sunday red silk, with a parure of rubies, is worn; Monday brings a silver and white dress and a necklace of moonstones; Tuesday is dedicated to light red, with coral ornaments; Wednesday is devoted to green, with emeralds; Thursday sees a display of variegated colors, with cat's eyes; Friday the lady is arrayed in pale blue, with flashing diamonds, and Saturday in more somber, darker blue, with sapphires to match.

* * *

HUGE DUCK FARM IN AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIA has the largest duck farm and the largest incubator in the world. The incubator has a capacity of 11,440 ducks' eggs, or 14,080 hens' eggs.

CHINA IS VERY VALUABLE.

THE possessor of cups or saucers with a five-clawed green dragon burned upon them or a bowl with a decoration consisting of a sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum can sell the fragile ware for its weight in purest gold. But however richly decorated the piece of porcelain may otherwise be, unless the dragon has five claws and the chrysanthemum sixteen petals, no more and no less, it has no value in one particular respect.

A green dragon with five claws is the crest of the Chinese emperor and is the only porcelain, manufactured for his special use, that is permitted to bear that device. Indeed, in China the severest penalties are enforced against anyone even found with such porcelain in his possession.

For a similar reason search through all the bric-a-brac stores in the United States for a little cup with a sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum on it, and the chances are a thousand to one you will be disappointed. Cups, bowls and saucers you will, of course, find in plenty with chrysanthemums on them, but on close inspection you will discover the flower may have almost any number of petals but sixteen.

As a five-claw dragon is the crest of the Chinese emperor, so a sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum is that of his imperial majesty of Japan, and porcelain so decorated is also for his use only. To prevent any of this porcelain reaching the outside market the greatest precautions are taken both in the factory and at the palace. All pieces not in use or rejected at the factory as imperfect are at once destroyed by officers appointed for that purpose. But in spite of penalties and precautions a few pieces of both do occasionally escape official vigilance, and these are likely to be found in the most unexpected places. Here, for instance, is the story of a five-claw green dragon saucer which was picked up at a sale for less than two cents.

A few years ago a curio hunter bid in a job lot at an auction on account of an old pistol which was offered with several other apparently worthless objects. But in the lot was a saucer with a single green dragon on the inside surface. It was rather a quaint-looking piece, but as the curio hunter explained subsequently, he was not particularly interested in porcelains and at the time would have readily made it a present to anyone for the asking. He figured out that it cost him less than two cents.

In a year or two the owner decided to dispose of his curios by auction. As his collection was well known, many people came to inspect it before the sale. He was then not a little surprised to be asked by an apparently much interested person whether the saucer would be included in the sale, as it was

not entered on the catalogue. The saucer had been entirely overlooked, but it was finally decided to include it in the sale, though it was not supposed the piece would bring ten cents.

So, after the important numbers had been disposed of, the auctioneer put up the saucer, with a few preliminary facetious remarks. He asked if anyone would bid five cents for the saucer, and five cents was promptly offered. Then came a bid of twenty-five cents, capped by another of fifty cents and between two competitors the price rose briskly to nineteen dollars. At twenty-three dollars it was finally knocked down, to the astonishment of all the uninitiated present. But the two bidders happened to know the value of a five-claw dragon when they saw one, at any rate on a saucer. The subsequent history of the saucer, too, was not uneventful. In a year or two it was again sold at auction and was then bought by a dealer at a big advance on the twenty-three dollars. By him it was taken east and resold into one of the finest collections, where it now reposes in a handsome glass case.

* * *

PECULIAR FLAG OF SIAM.

As is generally known, the flag of Siam is simply the representation of a white elephant upon a crimson field. This emblem is regarded with great reverence by the subjects of the sultan. The flag has a history based on tradition many centuries old. It is said that before Xacca, the founder of the nation, was born, his mother dreamed that she brought forth a white elephant and the Brahmins affirm that Xacca, after a metempsychosis of 80,000 changes, concluded his varied experiences as this white elephant, and thence was received into the company of the celestial deities. Hence the veneration of the Siamese for the "Chang Phoonk" or the sacred white elephant. When such dignitary makes his appearance in the forest there is great rejoicing and no effort is spared to capture him. The king is considered most fortunate who possesses one or more of these sacred animals. The present king possesses seven, hence the present prosperous condition of the country.

The so-called white elephant—for the color is really a Bathbrick or Neapolitan yellow—is usually found in the northern province and the governor of the province sees that he is comfortably escorted by the cutting of a wide path through the jungles to the river. There a great floating palace of wood ornamented with a gorgeous roof and hung with crimson curtains awaits him. The roof is literally thatched with flowers and the floor is covered with gilt matting.

The king, with his entire court, in their elegant

barges, multitudes of priests, both Buddhist and Brahmin, with banners flying and with music, go up the river, a two days' journey, to meet him. When he arrives in the city he is welcomed with imposing ceremony by the members of the royal family.

A festival of a week is proclaimed and a thanksgiving is offered up. The lordly beast is knighted by pouring water on his forehead from a conch shell and a title and name are given him, after which he is conducted with great pomp and ceremony to his own sumptuous apartment, within the precincts of the king's palace, where his own court officers and slaves await to robe and decorate him. First he is placed on a handsomely built pedestal about a foot from the floor and is fastened by one hind and one fore foot to gilded posts with ropes covered with crimson velvet. The court jeweler rings his tremendous tusk with massive gold and crowns him with a diadem of beaten gold and places heavy gold chains around his neck. He is then robed in a superb purple cloak of velvet, fringed with scarlet and gold. When he bathes an officer of high rank shelters his noble head with a great umbrella of crimson and gold, while others wave golden fans before him. His food consists of the finest herbs, the tenderest grasses, the sweetest sugar cane and the mellowest bananas and other dainties, which are handed to him on gold and silver salvers by his attendants on their knees. His drink is perfumed with fragrant flowers. When ill he is attended by the most skilled of the court physicians and the chief priests pray daily for his recovery. If he dies there is universal mourning, the king trembles on his throne and the highest funeral honors are paid to his corpse.

One day a strange procession passed down the river in Bangkok. There were eight large barges, six of them curtained with crimson and gold cloth, each manned by thirty boatmen dressed in red trousers, jackets and caps. They carried a brass band which played mournful music and the first impression was that some eminent person was being borne to rest, but it was only the honors for the body of a light-colored elephant.

The third boat had no gay curtains, but had the five-story umbrellas, designating high rank. Between these two boats, on a bier covered with a canopy of white, the corpse was fastened and thus floated down to the Gulf of Siam. Only his brains and heart are cremated. The hairs of the tail are preserved as sacred relics. Such a hair is looked upon as the most precious present by which the king can show his esteem for anyone. They are set in handles of gold and precious stones and one was sent by the late king to Queen Victoria of England.

HOW YOUR WATCH GOES WRONG.

It is strange how little the average person can account for what seems the whims and caprices of his watch, said a watchmaker to the writer the other day, and yet in the majority of cases they are due to very simple causes.

For instance, the going of most watches varies according to the temperature at which they are kept. Consequently, if you wear a watch next to your body during the day, and at night put it on a cold marble mantelpiece, or, in fact, anywhere in a cold room, the watch is sure either to gain or lose. Cold causes contraction of the metals composing the balance wheel and its parts, and the watch consequently gains. When the parts expand under the heat of the body, the pivots, bearings, etc., tighten up and the watch loses.

Of course, this is not the case with watches having a compensating balance—that is, one made of different metals that both expand and contract under the influence of cold, so that the expansion of the one counteracts the contraction of the other.

Getting the steel parts of one's watch magnetized is another frequent cause of trouble; while changing the position of a watch, such as putting it down horizontally, is also apt to affect its action.

It is well known that a watch will stop for some unexplained reason and go on again if it is given a slight jolt. The same trouble may not recur for years. This is due to the delicate hairspring catching either in the hairspring stud or in the regulator pins. The cause is a sudden jump or quick movement, which gives a jolt to the balance wheel and hairspring, and thus renders the catching possible. The jolt must come at a particular fraction of a second, during the revolution of the balance wheel. otherwise the spring will not catch, and so the odds against this happening are very great.—*Tid-Bits*.

WOMEN SAILORS.

THE Austrian steamer Zora, with a cargo of licorice root from Asia Minor, arrived at Philadelphia this week with a cargo afire; but though it had been burning 15 days little harm was done. Half of the crew of the Zora were women—women sailors being not uncommon in the east, though the new woman movement as such has not reached those parts.

WHY SO CALLED.

THE Holy Ghost plant, a product of Mexico, Central and South America, is so called from the shape of the flower, which has the appearance of a dove with expanded wings.

WHEN PEOPLE DIDN'T KNOW.

CHICAGO people who think they cannot get along without anthracite coal this winter have as much trouble as their ancestors did one hundred and ten years ago in trying to get along with it.

The early Pennsylvania coal barons tried for twenty-seven years to get people to buy hard coal and went bankrupt half a dozen times before they could make householders and manufacturers believe that "stone coal," as they called it, was good fuel.

The first anthracite sold in Philadelphia brought \$21 a ton, and was as great a curiosity then as it is this winter in Chicago. Twenty-seven years after the first anthracite coal baron began business the price of this fuel in Philadelphia was still \$8.40 a ton, and in the eighty years since then it has not reached what the public would call "reasonable limits."

Anthracite was discovered in Pennsylvania as early as 1790, but nobody knew how to keep it burning after it had been ignited. A few early barons had faith in it, however, and bought a tract in Lehigh country where the coal cropped out through the surface. They formed the Lehigh Coal Mine company and were the originators of all the troubles that have perplexed anthracite users ever since.

The Lehigh company was in advance of the times, however. The country then had wood to burn, and the people who had wide fireplaces and andirons couldn't see any use for the little hard lumps that took so much trouble to ignite, and refused to keep burning when lighted. The Lehigh company built a wagon road down from its surface mine to the Lehigh river, nine miles away, and sent a boatload of the fuel to Philadelphia, when the water was high enough, but there was no market for it.

Then a navigation company was formed in 1798 to clear the Lehigh of stones and snags, and interest in the new fuel revived. The Lehigh Coal Mine company, which had become discouraged, leased its property to several men, but they also failed to find a market. The people went on burning soft coal and wood until the war of 1812, when the blockade of the coast by Great Britain made Virginia coal too expensive.

The bankrupted Pennsylvania coal barons then tried a third time to get the citizens to burn anthracite. Five boatloads were started from Mauch Chunk for Philadelphia. Three boats were wrecked on the way, but two reached the city safely, where wiremakers bought the fuel for \$21 a ton.

Even then no one knew how to ignite the fuel properly, according to Prof. John Bach McMaster. The workmen at the wire factory spent a whole

night trying to get the furnace started, and then shut the door and started home in disgust.

One of the men forgot his coat, however, and came back to find that the closed door had solved the draft problem, and the furnace was red hot. After that anthracite was in regular demand by the manufacturers.

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VEST'S TRIBUTE TO THE DOG.

ONE of the most elegant tributes ever paid to the dog was delivered by Senator Vest, of Missouri, some years ago. He was attending court in a country town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. Voluminous evidence was introduced to show that the defendant had shot the dog in malice, while other evidence went to show that the dog had attacked defendant. Vest took no part in the trial and was not disposed to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to speak. Being thus urged he arose, scanned the face of each jurymen for a moment, and said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith, the money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this world, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that came in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master

in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but wide open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Then Mr. Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without gesture. He made no reference to the evidence or the merits of the case. When he finished judge and jury were wiping their eyes. The jury filed out but soon entered with a verdict of \$500 for the plaintiff, whose dog was shot; and it was said that some of the jurors wanted to hang the defendant.—*Nashville American*.

man happiness. We forget his shortcomings, and remember only those traits which excite our admiration and feelings of kindly regard. What would the world have been without Burns? What is the world's definition of success? It seems to me to be the fulfilling of one's duty, or calling; the giving of a little more sunlight and music! the benefitting of one's fellowmen.—*William Lindsay, United States Senator, Kentucky*.

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GOOD RESULTS.

OUT of most evils some good results. It is the case of the ill wind over again. While the coal



PICKING PEANUTS NEAR SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA.

WHAT IS "SUCCESS?"

THE question is, What is success in life? If the accumulation of money is to be regarded as success, then the man who accumulates the largest amount is, of course, the most successful man. It is a very common idea that the acquisition of wealth means the equivalent of success. But the man who stands at the head of his profession, or of an honorable avocation, is certainly successful too. The men who, in addition to success in business, or success in their professional careers, accomplish the most in promoting the common good and in raising character, are the real representatives of success. In them the world at large has the greatest interest.

A genius is successful in spite of poverty. He seldom succeeds from the world's point of view, because, as a rule, he lacks a degree of selfishness, and a temperament of application necessary to success. A genius is very humane, very attractive, and generally very worthless; yet he adds much to the sum of hu-

man strike was on and when it was not known how it would terminate, inventive genius set to work discovering ways and means to replace the coal stove and the heater in the cellar. The oil stoves, electrical appliances, opening up of peat bogs and the like, have received a wonderful impetus, and in the end the chances are that the use of hard coal will be much abridged in the future.

It would be nothing out of the ordinary happening of events if, as a result of all this, there would be some way of heating discovered that will do away with the use of coal entirely. At the present time locomotives, stationary and marine engines are run with petroleum, and successfully so. The future inventions along these lines will undoubtedly add to the economic use of heat, and what seems a dire disaster, in the case of a coal famine, may lead directly to superior methods.

* * *

"EVIL is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart."—*Thomas Hood*.

HOW TO DETECT FRAUDS.

"NONE but the expert," said a Chicago dress-maker who figured prominently at the recent convention, "can distinguish the quality of a piece of goods on inspection. It takes long experience to acquire that intuition, as it were, by which the choice is known from the indifferent. Not all, by any means can ever acquire the faculty, and those that can are able to command large salaries as buyers. On the other hand, shoppers are constantly deceived by flagrant impostures, which, by the operation of a few simple tests, can easily be detected.

"Of the goods sold as 'all wool,' there is not one-tenth that is genuine. In the greater part, the main component is cotton. The test is simple. All that is necessary is to pull out a few threads and apply a lighted match. Cotton will go off in a blaze; wool will shrivel up.

"To distinguish true, pure linen from the counterfeit article is even easier. The intending buyer need but wet her finger and apply it to the goods. If they be pure linen, the moisture will pass straight through; the spot touched will be soaked at once, and almost immediately one side will be as wet as the other.

"Frauds are more numerous in silk than in any other fabric, but here, also, the material of adulteration is cotton. Its presence can readily be discovered. Draw a few threads out. The pieces of cotton will snap off short when pulled, while the silk will stretch and permit a considerable pull before breaking.

"Silk, cotton and wool, these are the three materials of cloth, and by the methods given, the purchaser can at least make certain that she is obtaining what she paid for.

"Concerning silk, it may be remarked that the stuff our grandmothers used to talk about that 'stood by itself,' is not necessarily the best. Modern ingenuity has devised means of giving the poorest article the body requisite for this purpose.

"Shellac and other sticky substances mixed through the fabric, will produce as stiff a silk as ever graced the closet of an ancestral mansion. Such stuff is quite worthless. It rots away in no time. As a matter of fact, the silks most prized at present are of the soft variety, with no more rigidity than muslin.

"Counterfeit, machine made, lace is often offered as the genuine hand made article. At first glance, it is identical with the real thing. Even one who is not an expert, however, can distinguish the difference with a little care. Machine lace is always exactly regular in its pattern, every figure the same

shape, length, thickness, and so forth. In the hand made article there are always little irregularities."

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ICE CREAM.

THAT most delectable and toothsome of confections known as ice cream dates its origin to a period less than three centuries distant. It was not, when first placed before the consumer, the delicious compound it now is. It has been brought to its present state of perfection by a gradual process of evolution from the original idea. In the beginning of the seventeenth century iced fruits and cups made of ice first appeared at banquets. Like many other good things for the table, ice cream claims Paris for its birthplace, and yet it was not a Frenchman but an Italian named Precope Couteaux who first thought out the idea of icing lemonades and liquors. From this was gradually evolved over 100 years later ice cream, or iced butter, as it was then called, from its resemblance to that article of food.

While all civilized nations serve ices in great variety, we are apt to think of ice cream as an essentially American dish, probably because frozen deserts of all kinds are more generally used in this country than in any other. Ice cream first made its appearance in America in Philadelphia at the end of the eighteenth century: It was then considered a great luxury, and consequently was rarely seen except on state occasions. It was not within the reach of ordinary mortals until 1800, when an Italian confectioner established an ice cream house, as it was then called, at Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia.

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ELEPHANT USED FOR FARM WORK.

JAMES CAHILL is the only person in Virginia, and probably in the United States, who has in regular use upon his farm an elephant, which is used for farm work. With the swaying beast hitched up to a plow he can turn more ground than any of his neighbors with a team of horses, and when it comes to hauling logs the elephant will walk away with ease with logs which the best teams of his neighbors cannot move. The elephant eats little more than a horse and does many times the work of one, is gentle and docile and little trouble, and Mr. Cahill is more than pleased with his experiment. Mr. Cahill bought the elephant from a stranded circus proprietor.

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MAINE HAS NUMEROUS ISLANDS.

IT takes a year to visit the islands of Maine if one is visited every day. There are just 365 of them, if a mistake has not been made in the count.

Aunt Barbara's Page

THE RAGGEDY MAN.

O the Raggedy Man; he works fer Pa;
An he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.

Aint he a awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, the Raggedy Man—he's ist so good,
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.
He clumbed clean up in our big tree,
An' shooked a apple down fer me—
An' 'nother'n too fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' 'nuther'n, too, fer the Raggedy Man.
Aint he a awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes;
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' 'elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!
An' wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!

Aint he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he
Wuz makin' a little bow-'n'-orry fer me,
Says, "When you're big like yer Pa is
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?
Or what AIR you go' to be, goodness knows!"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, "'m go' to be a Raggedy Man!
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

* * *

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

A NOOKER who likes The Raggedy Man wanted to see him in the INGLENOOK and said so. The editor did not know and was helped out by Mrs. N. E. Lilligh, Mulberry Grove, Ill., W. F. Lucas, Union, Ohio, Mrs. J. E. Etner, Jr., Elgin, Ill., Ada L. Garber, Fort Scott, Kansas, Ammon Swope, Dayton, Ohio, Allan Eisenbise, Mt. Carroll, Ill., Mrs. J. W. Phillips, Elgin, Ill., N. T. Myers, Somerset, Pa., and Leila B. Baker, North Star, Ohio. The Nookman thanks them kindly for their interest.

THE TURKEYS WHO WENT SHOPPING.

You have heard, no doubt, of the frog who "would a-woooing go," and "The little pigs that went to market!" And now I would like to tell you a true story about "The turkeys who went shopping."

Grandma Brown was a dear old lady who was very fond of pets and who always had pet lambs, or chickens or ducklings about her as she went about the farm.

One summer she raised thirty nice bronze turkeys, of which she was very proud. Their hen-mothers weaned them when they were quite small, and they adopted her for a mother, and welcomed her with outstretched wings and cheery cries of "quit, quit," whenever they saw her.

One day she had fed them and left them safely in their own domain, and, coming out of her front door, with a basket on her arm, she started for the village, about half a mile from her home.

One of the turkeys happened to be on the fence, and, no doubt, told the others that Grandma was in sight carrying a basket, for in a minute they all flew over, and started down the road after her.

Grandma had on a Shaker bonnet. If you do not know what kind of a bonnet that is, ask your Grandma, and she will tell you that it was one that kept a body from looking to right or to left or any way but right straight in front.

Grandma was rather hard of hearing, so she did not hear the turkeys, and went along not at all aware that she was heading a procession.

When she reached the village she went into the store, and wanting some groceries, went to the rear.

It was a very warm day and the store doors stood wide open, and, though Grandma saw that the people in the store seemed much amused, she was quite unconscious of the cause of their merriment until the storekeeper, pointing behind her, said: "Madam, do those turkeys belong to you?" Looking around, she saw the last of her turkeys just coming in at the door, while the others stretched in a long line from there to where she stood.

She did not stop to finish her shopping, or even to give the turkeys a chance to leave their orders, but started at once toward home, again leading the procession, and you may be sure that before she went to the village again she made certain that the turkeys did not again go shopping.—*Pets and Animals.*

The Q. & A. Department.

What is sea-island cotton?

Cotton grown on the islands off the coast of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. The total value of the sea-island crop of 1899 was \$5,252,567. It is of a very superior quality.

✧

How did the negroes imported from Africa get their present names?

The owners gave them names, as a rule, at the time of purchase, while the negroes of to-day take what name suits them best.

✧

Is there much danger from lightning?

From seven hundred to eight hundred people are killed annually by lightning, and probably one thousand injured.

✧

Where are the fewest thunder storms?

They grow steadily less as one leaves the Atlantic coast. In southern California, one a year is about the average.

✧

Can the Nook put me on a profitable invention, that is something to invent that will be worth money?

A noiseless typewriter, a cheap substitute for cork, or an arrangement to automatically cork a bottle, when emptied, will make you a millionaire.

✧

Do the leaves of evergreen trees never fall off?

They are falling all the time. See under a pine tree. They are coming and falling all the time.

✧

Could I hatch an ostrich if I had an egg?

If you had a fertile, unaddled egg, which is readily procurable, you might hatch it in an incubator if you had good luck.

✧

Why cannot an automobile be attached to a harvester?

It is done in California and cuts a swath thirty-six feet wide.

✧

What causes the autumn colors in leaves, such as the maple, hickory, etc.?

Chemical changes wrought by the frost.

✧

To what class of fruits does the orange belong?

Botanically it is a berry.

✧

Would a changing of the location of the great mountain ranges change climate?

Unquestionably it would.

What causes dreaming and how can it be stopped?

The immediate cause of dreaming is some irregular action of the brain said to occur but a few seconds before one wakes. Causes that lead to this irregular action of the brain are many, and active outdoor exercise, with a very light supper, is pretty sure to cause a dreamless sleep. It does not appear that the time occupied by a dream, such as crossing the ocean, need cover more than a second or so immediately prior to awakening. There are no dreams in a perfectly sound sleep, and whatever induces this sound sleep will prevent dreams.

✧

Can a translation be made to equal the original?

Yes, it can, but not by a literal translation. As a rule any work of literary merit suffers by a literal translation, but at the hands of genius a generally correct rendition may even improve the original, but it is not a "translation."

✧

What is a London fog?

Just what the words imply,—a fog in London. The fogs there are of peculiar density and impenetrableness, and in this country, where people rush about, they would cause endless trouble and accidents.

✧

What was the passover?

A Jewish festival to commemorate their coming out of Egypt, so called because the destroying angel who put to death the firstborn of the Egyptians passed over the houses of the Hebrews.

✧

Are gypsies simply tramps, or are they a separate people?

They are racially a people different from any English speaking persons.

✧

What is salyx?

A preparation of salicylic acid which in turn is made from the willow. It is an antiseptic.

✧

How many novels appear annually?

From 8,000 to 10,000, the larger part of the world's literary output.

✧

How many men are included in the eastern coal strike?

Estimated at 147,000

✧

Is Edison, the inventor, a married man?

Yes.

The Home



Department

ANGEL FOOD CAKE.

BY SISTER RESSIE GOUGH.

TAKE the whites of eleven eggs, one and one-half tumblerfuls of granulated sugar, one tumblerful of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla.

First, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth,—a wire beater is best;—second, add the cream of tartar to the flour and sift three times; third, sift the sugar once into the vessel in which you sifted the flour and mix well; fourth, stir the eggs slowly, with beater, adding the flour and sugar with the hand as if you were making mush; fifth, when you have about half the flour in add the flavoring. Be careful not to stir any more than is required to mix well. Do not put any lard in the pan. Wash the pan with soda water to remove all grease. Use a pan about eight inches square if you have it. Bake in a very slow oven about forty or fifty minutes.

Ladoga, Ind.

* * *

GINGER SNAPS.

BY SISTER JULIA NEATHAWK.

TAKE one cup of sorghum molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of butter, one egg, one heaping tablespoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, one tablespoonful of vinegar and seven cups of flour, mix well together, roll thin, cut in shapes and bake in a quick oven.

Hardys Ford, Va.

* * *

TO CURE PORK.

BY ELIZABETH VANIMAN.

FOR one hundred pounds of meat take one-half ounce of saltpeter, four quarts of salt, two pounds of brown sugar, and one pound of pepper, mix well, rub on the hams while warm, lay on a board not allowing one to touch another, leave for five or six days, then pile up and leave ten or twelve days, then smoke.

McPherson, Kans.

AN EXCELLENT MIXTURE.

BY S. GNAGEY.

AN excellent mixture to have in the house is made as follows: Take of aqua ammonia two ounces, soft water one quart, saltpeter one teaspoonful, shaving soap one ounce. Scrape the soap fine before mixing the other ingredients, and allow it to stand a few hours before using. It is sure death to bedbugs if applied to the crevices which they inhabit. It will remove paint that is mixed with oil without injuring the finest fabrics, and will remove grease from carpets by covering the spots with the mixture, and after sponging and rubbing it thoroughly, washing it off with clear water.

Pasadena, Cal.

* * *

STEAMED BREAD PUDDING.

BY MRS. JAS. F. THOMAS.

TAKE two cups of bread crumbs, one-fourth cup of butter, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of raisins, one cup of sweet milk, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half cupful of any kind of nuts broken in small pieces—not rolled—steam one and one-half hours and serve with any kind of sauce.

Inglewood, Cal.

* * *

BEET SALAD.

TAKE one cup of vinegar and water mixed, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper, thicken with one tablespoonful of corn starch, let come to a boil and pour over beets which have been boiled and cut into small pieces. Serve hot.

* * *

ESSENCES.

BY H. J. MUMAH.

To make any kind of essence, add as much oil as the alcohol will cut or dissolve.

Union City, Ind.

WHAT THEY SAY.

THE *Algonquin Citizen*, a well-conducted and an ably-edited paper of Illinois, has this to say about the INGLENOOK: "The double number of the 'INGLENOOK' a weekly magazine published in Elgin by the Brethren Publishing House, devoted to a description of California and its resources as a place of residence, is interesting and instructive. The magazine itself is a clean and pure publication typographically and morally, and worthy of introduction into the families of all those who value clean and pure literature. It is the organ of the Dunker church, an organization which numbers 100,000 members in the United States."

✱

"I SENT you seven names for sample copies of the NOOK and here they all are for one year's subscription. . . . All those that got sample copies of the NOOK like it and so do I. It is a good clean magazine. Long may it live."—*S. S. Feller, Ohio.*

✱

"I HAVE been so overwhelmed with work that I am far behind in answering inquiries which have come as a result of advertising in the NOOK."—*R. R. Stoner, Canada.*

✱

"I LIKE the INGLENOOK very much. You have a wonderful insight of what California really is for the short trip you made in the State." *W. J. Hole, Cal.*

✱

"WE always have a word of praise for the INGLENOOK and think it the best magazine we have ever taken."—*Mrs. C. S. Eisenbise, Nebraska.*

✱

"WE like the INGLENOOK very much."—*Vina E. Rench, Okloma.*

✱

"THE NOOK is truly worth reading. I prefer it to other magazines."—*Kate W. Burkholder, Cal.*

✱

"I RECEIVE the INGLENOOK every week and think it just grand."—*Lydia C. Ackers, Virginia.*

✱

"WE are much pleased with the California number."—*W. F. Gillett, California.*

✱

"WE like the NOOK and would not like to be without it."—*Tony Tinkle, Indiana.*

✱

"I FEEL I could not afford to be without it."—*Mrs. Anna Ferguson, Kansas.*

✱

"IT is a first-class paper."—*D. J. Garber, Virginia.*

✱

"SUCCESS to the INGLENOOK."—*Jemina Kob, Iowa.*

MT. MORRIS COLLEGE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE students of Mt. Morris College have an organization known as the Mt. Morris College Missionary Society, the object of which is to support a missionary in foreign fields. The students have pledged themselves to the support of a party who will take the field. This represents not only the present students but those who have formerly attended school there as well as those who may subsequently come. As an outcome of this organization the first missionary, D. J. Lichty, of Waterloo, Iowa, will sail for India, in fact he will be on the ocean en route to India by the time the Nook family reads these 'lines.

Bro. Lichty is a young man, single, about twenty-four years of age, smooth-faced, representing the church in her better youthful estate. He is a graduate of Mt. Morris College and was selected by the association on account of his fitness for the work. His work on the other side will be similar to that of the other missionaries of the church now in the field. While his expenses are to be paid by the Mt. Morris College Missionary Society yet he is sent under the auspices of the General Missionary Committee of the Brotherhood. His postoffice, while there, will be Bulsar, Presidency of Bombay, India, and he will operate with our resident missionaries located there and elsewhere.

Bro. Lichty is a minister in the first degree, having been elected thereto by the Mt. Morris church during his presence there as a student. His immediate friends and relatives reside in and about Waterloo, Iowa. We trust that when he arrives at his new field of labor he will favor the INGLENOOK with his first impressions of the people and the land to which he goes.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—A sister to act as housekeeper in Iowa. Address: G. A. W., care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED.—A baker. Must be neat and sober. Single man preferred. Steady job. Location in Colorado. Address; Baker, care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED.—Girl to do general housework at Old Folks' Home, Mt. Morris, Illinois. Good wages. Widow without children preferred. Address, John Heckman, Polo, Illinois.

WANTED.—A widow desires a position as housekeeper for a person who will appreciate an effort to make a pleasant home. Address; Housekeeper, care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED.—In Indiana a girl to help in house work. Church, school, and similar inducements at the place. Be a good place for a good girl. Address: T. I. W., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

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WHEN MARY WAS A LASSIE.

The maple trees are tinged with red,
The birch with golden yellow;
And high above the orchard wall
Hang apples, rich and mellow;
And that's the way through yonder lane
That looks so still and grassy—
The way I took one Sunday eve,
When Mary was a lassie.

You'd hardly think that patient face,
That looks so thin and faded,
Was once the very sweetest one
That ever bonnet shaded;
But when I went through yonder lane,
That looks so still and grassy,
Those eyes were bright, those cheeks were fair,
When Mary was a lassie.

But many a tender sorrow since,
And many a patient care,
Have made those furrows on the face
That used to be so fair.
Four times to yonder chureyard,
Through the lane so still and grassy
We've borne and laid away our dead—
Since Mary was a lassie.

And so you see I've grown to love
The wrinkles more than roses;
Earth's winter flowers are sweeter far
Than all spring's dewy posies;
They'll carry us through yonder lane
That looks so still and grassy—
Adown the lane I used to go
When Mary was a lassie.

—Unidentified.

* * *

BY-PRODUCTS.

THE saying that an enterprise has "all ended in smoke" does not have the significance that it did before a way was found to materialize that airy product into substances as tangible as oils, acids, spirits and tar. A single blast furnace in a Western state, which captures the smoke of its charcoal pits and conveys it into stills, has been able to realize enough from this source to pay a large share of its running expenses. It has demonstrated that each cord of wood contains 28,000 cubic feet of smoke, and that 2,800,000 feet of smoke produces 12,000 pounds of acetate of lime and 200 gallons of alcohol and twenty-five pounds of tar.

Smoke from the factory chimneys is largely carbon in another form, and in the course of a few years we may expect to see some diminution of the smoke nuisance so prevalent in large towns, not from the vigilance of the sanitary inspectors, but because consumers are beginning to learn that instead of allowing the particles of carbon to escape with other products, so helping to poison themselves and their neighbors, they might have lighter coal bills to pay by burning up these particles.

In the utilization of vegetable waste much of a surprising nature could be said. The seeds or stones of many fruits, which would apparently seem useless, have some economic value. In some parts of Egypt the date stones are boiled to soften them, and the camels and cattle are fed with them. They are calcined by the Chinese, and said to enter into the composition of their Indian ink. In Spain they are burnt and powdered for dentifrice, and vegetable ivory nuts are said to be applied for the same purposes. Some species of *Attalea* nuts are burned in Brazil to blacken the raw India rubber. In India the seed or stone of the tamarind is sometimes prescribed in cases of dysentery as a tonic. In times of scarcity of food the natives eat them after being roasted and soaked for a few hours in water; the dark outer skin comes off and they can then be cooked in various ways. From this seed an oil has also been obtained. The seed of the carob bean is ground up as food for cattle and is used in Algeria, when roasted, as coffee. The use of some Mexican and other grasses for brushes is being rapidly developed. This material is as strong and flexible as bristles, and even the refuse from this is being used as stuffing for mattresses. The use of esparto grass for paper making is well known, and straw is largely used for the same purpose.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

* * *

COATS OF MAIL FOR ENGLISHMEN.

THE London *Tailor and Cutter* makes the extraordinary statement that there are some men who always include a coat of mail in their wardrobe and some of the west end tailoring establishments manufacture them regularly for their customers.

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

BY OTHO WINGER.

A VISIT to Niagara Falls is incomplete without the trip to the Cave of the Winds. Of the many thousands who visit the place every year, only one in a hundred ventures to make this awe-inspiring journey.

The Cave of the Winds is on the American side, beneath Luna Falls. It is reached from Goat Island, which lies in the middle of the Niagara River and which extends to the brink of the precipice. Crossing over the American Rapids to the island by a fine arched bridge, the visitor soon comes to Luna Falls, which is separated from the main part of the American Falls by a very small island. Here he beholds the rushing stream taking its wild plunge of one hundred and sixty-four feet over the precipice and losing itself in the clouds of spray below.

Most visitors are content with a view from above, but a few desire to take the trip beneath. Near by is a house where the adventurer—as he now becomes—exchanges his own clothes for a rubber suit and secures a guide for the journey. The guides are well accustomed to the falls and take travelers through with absolutely no danger. One of them, John Campbell Munford, commonly known as "Old Dad," has been guiding travelers under the falls for forty-two years and has never lost but one man, and it was thought that this man deliberately committed suicide.

Following our guide, we descend a flight of steps and come to the Biddle stairway, a circular flight of seventy-five steps which lead to the foot of the precipice. A few steps from here we obtain our first view of the Cave of the Winds. It is a spacious grotto, which has been cut out of the soft shale beneath the falls, and is from twenty to seventy-five feet wide, one hundred feet long, and one hundred feet high. Within this are strong currents of air created by the falling water and forced out with the terrific noise of a tornado.

To the timid one this view gives a fear and dread of the journey. But a more pleasant experience awaits the visitor before he enters the windy cavern. Going down the slippery steps which lead to the huge boulders in front of the falls, we are at once in the presence of the most beautiful scene and in possession of the most awe-inspiring feeling that can be obtained at Niagara. Just before us is one of the grandest works of nature, while all around us are pictures too delightful for an artist to paint.

As we proceed, the pathway leads through the famous "Rock of Ages" which has been "cleft in twain" to make the way more secure and picturesque. Just beyond this rock, we are compelled to stand still in awe and admiration; in awe as we stand, weak and powerless, in the presence of this mighty handiwork of Omnipotence; in admiration, as from every side we

behold the beauties of the place. Perfect circled halos, of richest colors, arise from our feet wherever we step. Clouds of spray from the water as it dashes upon the rocks, fall upon us like driving rain. A thousand little cataracts, racing with each other to the river below, utter their endless murmurings while through the vapory mist, the radiant sun pours forth his golden gleams and makes of it all a picture of unexcelled beauty.

But our guide moves on and we follow. Now we approach the falls and seem to be walking directly into the falling river. Just beneath where Luna Island separates the American and Luna Falls, we reach the foot of the precipice and begin the trip through the Cave of the Winds. The party now join hands and, with the guide leading the way, we pass through as quickly as possible. No tarrying in here for the wind, which is almost equal to a cyclone, blinds our eyes with the water and deafens our ears with its terrific roar. Reaching the other side, we clamber up the rocky, slippery steps, and we are glad to stand once more upon safer ground. Here we pause for a while to meditate upon the trip just completed and then pass on. The impressions received are indelibly stamped upon the memory, and life will surely be too short for anyone to forget the experience of the hour.

Bloomington, Ind.

THE BAYOU.

BY MARTHA B. LAHMAN.

THE bayou is to the ordinary Southern boy what the creek or run is to the children of the North. While its waters are not so sparkling, yet he can wade, fish and swim in it, though I dare say the small boy does not take much pleasure in the last named sport, on account of the alligators which in some cases grow to a huge size.

The bayou must be seen to be described. Of itself it would not be very romantic, but the long, hanging moss on the trees gives it its picturesqueness. This moss is a product of Louisiana, and is used extensively as an object of commerce. The real name is *Tilandsia usneoides*—which is easier written than pronounced—but it is frequently called Spanish moss. It does not, as might be supposed, draw its sustenance from the tree it so gracefully drapes, but lives on the poisonous atmosphere which it imbibes and purifies. It is used for upholstering and for making mattresses, and fine ones it makes too.

The may haw tree is peculiar to the swamps of the bayou. It is a red haw that matures in early spring, in some seasons as early as March. A more delicious jelly is hard to find than that which can be made from these haws.

Another thing that grows near the bayou is a small-sized palm, resembling closely the *Latania Borbonica* that we grow in pots.

The mistletoe in all its quaintness is at home in the region of the bayou. It grows in the tops of certain trees, and looks very much like a tree itself. It has small white berries. The holly grows near the ground and has red berries.

The bayou in Louisiana is an outlet of a lake. Snakes are numerous in and about its waters. A most peculiar snake that inhabits the land of the bayou is the king snake. It grows to a good size, but is

France furnishes more brown and black hair than any other country, and fair and golden hair is furnished, as a rule, by the women of Germany and the North of Europe. Gray and white hair is always in demand, and if of good quality fetches a high price.

A Frenchwoman's hair weighs generally five and one-half ounces, an Italian woman's six ounces and a German woman's nine ounces.

* * *

LONG ROW OF CORN.

KANSAS is simply inexhaustible in the matter of



AS WE FIND IT IN CALIFORNIA.

harmless. The natives will not kill this snake because it is said to drive away poisonous ones.

Franklin Grove, Ill.

* * *

HAIR PAYS THE RENT.

NEVER has the demand for woman's hair in Europe been greater than it is now, and men are going from town to town in France, Germany, Switzerland and Russia, buying all they can get. It is even said that one enterprising dealer has sent some agents to China for this purpose, says *Stray Stories*.

The finest hair in France is furnished by Brittany, for the Breton women have very luxuriant tresses, which never fail to fetch a high price in London. Most of these women are poor, and are quite willing to sacrifice their hair, especially as they wear bonnets which completely cover their heads, and thus effectually hide them when short.

oddities. Just when it might be supposed that she had run the whole gamut she appears with another novelty such as nobody else in all the wide world would ever have thought of. For example, a Kingman county farmer is growing a row of corn a little more than twenty-five miles long for no other reason than to be singular and extraordinary. He commenced in a fifty acre field and went round and round in a circle with a lister until he had planted the whole in a single row which commences at one of the edges and terminates in the middle. When he cultivated it of course he had to plow the same way. As appearances go the field will make as much crop as it would if planted in the ordinary way.

* * *

CHINA's beverage is not confined entirely to tea. During 1899 she imported from Germany beer to the amount of \$288,000.

A TOWEL'S ADAPTABILITY.

BY S. N. M'CANN.

WITH us Americans a towel is used for drying the face and hands, but with our native Indian Christians it is used for many other purposes as well. If they have no towel, and many have none, their dhotie, the garment that clothes the lower part of the body, is used instead. When they have a towel it is carried over the shoulder most of the time when in or about the house.

They use it to dry the face and hands, for a handkerchief, to wipe away the perspiration, and for whatever other use a handkerchief is designed. It is used as a dust cloth and fly brush and comes in very handy for scaring the chickens away when they come too close to the rice and curry. With the same towel every dish and cup is rubbed before using. When the tea is to be poured the everlasting towel comes into use as a strainer. It also performs the duty of strainer in preparing other food. In this country babies and small children are generally nude and in cases of emergency I have seen that same towel go into use. A little water and a few minutes in the hot sun and the towel is again in its place on the shoulder, ready for any work for which a towel is made.

There is not often more than one towel in stock, and that generally looks more like a colored towel than a white one. If you wash your hands or face that towel is at once at your service. If you call for a drink of water that towel is again at your service, as no vessel would be clean enough for use without running that towel over it and into it a few times.

Your cup of tea is not presentable until all the grounds have been filtered out of it by that same old towel. Once when Mrs. McCann was along with me and a large dish of noodles was made ready by placing them in the towel and squeezing the juice out of them so they would be dry, she tried to imagine that what she got did not touch the towel but came from the center of the pile. When I commenced to write she said, "Don't tell all you know about that towel, now."

I have seen a towel put to nearly all these uses in one day, and to all these uses more than once.

Anklesvar, India.

* * *

GLUE MAKING IN SWEDEN.

BY E. M. COBB.

THE refuse from tanneries is collected in large quantities and packed in lime in dry vats, then sold to the glue manufacturers. To-day I am at Hesselholm, Sweden, visiting one of these factories and will tell the Nookers what I saw.

Upon receipt of these shipments from the tannery, the material is thrown in a large warehouse and only

small quantities used at a time. A small vat is filled with this refuse which consists of clippings from hides, hoofs and heads of cattle and sheep only, and thoroughly washed, after which it is put out in the sun to dry. When dry, it goes into a steam vat and is cooked very fast for two days, when the whole becomes a gelatinous mass which is drawn off in troughs ten inches wide and six feet long. This when cool becomes more solid and is cut into chunks about six inches square and ten inches long. Then a fine wire of high tension is used to slice these chunks into slices about three-eighths of an inch thick and these are laid carefully upon wire netting which is stretched in the form of crates. These crates when loaded are set all over the great yard. Here they stand for days in the sun until the product reaches the hard, glossy finish of the commercial glue. It is then sold at about six or seven cents per pound in large quantities. The refuse of the factory is sold for commercial fertilizer.

Hesselholm, Sweden.

* * *

NATIVE GRASSES.

BY E. F. SHERFY.

ON the broad, rolling prairies of the West, there was formerly a luxuriant growth of succulent grasses that found a habitat suited to their needs. From the Mississippi to the Rocky mountains these grasses once grew, to the exclusion of all else but trees.

Upon this grand expanse of territory millions of buffalo grazed. In the beautiful days of yore there roamed over this sea of green not only the buffalo and antelope but also another into which "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul,"—the North American Indian.

The principal attributes of these native grasses may be divided into two categories, the tall and short, or prairie and buffalo. The most of the prairie grass grew upon the humid eastern part of the plains, while the buffalo grass covered the more arid west. The latter seems to be the outcome of long-continued pasture, causing it to be very short and rendering it unavailable for hay. The former seems to have had better opportunities and accordingly has developed into a much more useful forage and fodder plant.

As a food for cattle, horses and sheep, these grasses are not excelled. They are not exceedingly rich in any one constituent of flesh-producing food, but they have a combination of qualities that supply the ever-increasing demand for an all-purpose forage and fodder plant. Their yield is moderate but continuous. Prairie grass yields from a ton to three tons per acre. From two to three acres per head are required for pasture. Buffalo grass yields pasture only and is not as valuable as prairie grass.

The sod of these grasses is perennial in its nature, but when once destroyed it can never be reclaimed. The sod is sometimes used in building sod houses.

Prairie hay has a commercial value at any shipping point. Its value per ton ranges from ten or twelve dollars down. It seems to be particularly adapted to the appetite and needs of the horse, and finds its best sale at the livery barn.

These grasses once held sway in the western part of the Mississippi valley, but the tide of emigration changed much grass land to wheat and corn land never to go back.

Westphalia, Kans.

* * *

DEPTH OF OCEAN CABLES.

THERE seems to be no logical reason why cables cannot be laid across any section of the oceans of the world, no matter how great the depth. Some portions of the Atlantic cables are over three miles below the surface, and this is not necessarily the extreme depth, for the cable may, and probably does, pass from the top of one submarine hill to another without drooping materially into the deep valleys between. The greatest known depth of the sea is 40,236 feet, or seven and three-fifths miles, found in the South Atlantic about midway between the island of Tristan d' Acunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata.

Soundings have been made to the depth of 27,480 feet in the north Atlantic south of Newfoundland, and about 34,000 feet, or nearly six and a half miles, is reported south of the Bermudas. Even such enormous depths as these need not hinder cable-laying so far as the theory is concerned, but in practice, for reasons of economy and otherwise, it is found best to take advantage of favoring conditions in the ocean's bed. To illustrate, all of the cables between the United States and Europe run up along our coast until they reach the neighborhood of Newfoundland before starting across to their destinations in Ireland and France. The reason for this is found in the range of submarine table lands, forming an ideal cable bed, which lies between the three latter countries.

In past years immense portions of this submerged territory have been plotted and mapped by various governmental and private expeditions and this knowledge is constantly being added to. It becomes particularly valuable in economic cable-laying. Except in extreme cases the electric conductor is not dropped overboard haphazard. On the contrary the submarine mountains, valleys and plains over which it is to take its sinuous course are accurately selected beforehand and their general configuration, soil covering (if any) and other peculiarities properly taken into consideration. Special varieties of cable are manufactured to meet certain conditions known to exist where they are to go.

Like men in all trades, the cable layers must adhere closely to the specifications given them in starting in order to perform the right kind of work.

The steamship, therefore, while going ahead and paying out the cable over the stern pulley, is under the guidance of skilled hands, following a certain path, which has been pointed out for her by sages on the mainland as being the best adapted for the comfort and ease of the electrical conductor she is depositing.—*Lippincott's*.

* * *

EXPLODED MYTHS.

PROBABLY every person who can read has heard of the so-called "mysterious and unexplored region," the Sargasso Sea. Several interesting stories have been written in which the characters were lost or sent adrift in vessels in this region and drifted about for months unable to pass through or return. Imagination has pictured it as a weird and wonderful place filled with the wrecks of all nations for several hundred years past. It has been called an impassable barrier not only for sailing vessels but for steamers. Some have described it as a beautiful garden covered with flowers and solid enough in spots to support the human body.

It may seem to be a pity to destroy such beautiful fairy tales, but facts are facts, and fiction must always give place to them sooner or later. The Sargasso Sea as usually described does not exist. That part of the Atlantic ocean lying between sixteen and thirty-eight degrees north latitude and thirty and fifty degrees west longitude is surrounded by currents and the sea plant known as Sargasso weed is more plentiful here than in other parts of the Atlantic. This part of the ocean, too, lies in the belt of calms, and sailing vessels are sometimes delayed for this reason. But the Sargasso weed is not a barrier to navigation of any sort, and this sea, instead of being mysterious and unexplored, is as well known as most other parts of the Atlantic ocean. It lies directly in the southern passage between Europe and America, which is used by sailing vessels in the winter. Hundreds of ships pass through it every year. The only mystery about it is how it ever has retained any such reputation in the light of nineteenth century knowledge.

Another myth that must be given up is the idea that the Gulf Stream bathes the shores of Europe and the British Isles and so makes the climate warmer than that of the same latitude on this side of the ocean. Scientific investigation shows that the Gulf Stream disappears in the Atlantic long before it reaches the coast of Europe. The difference in climate is due to the prevailing winds, not to the Gulf Stream.

* * *

"THE words of true kindness are better than gold."

MAKING A HARP.

AN interesting story in the *Chicago Chronicle* describes a little known industry. It is not generally known at home, though widely abroad, that one of the proudest triumphs of the world of fine arts in the nineteenth century was achieved in Chicago, that the instrument-makers of this city succeeded in developing the harp to such a degree of excellence that the noble instrument of ancient lineage and splendid traditions has come from their hands a matchless work of art. The origin of the harp is hidden in the mists of legend and remote past. The musical twang of the hunter's bowstring was doubtless the original suggestion of the harp. Many of the ancient instruments were fashioned like a bended bow, and all were made without the front column, or pillar, of the modern harp. On the tombs of Gizeh in Egypt may be seen the figure of a triangular harp of beautiful proportions, dating about 2000 B. C. None but the high castes were allowed to touch it on pain of death, and every priest was required to cultivate the art of harp-playing. The Greeks adapted something of the Egyptian harp idea in making their famous lyre, but they traced the origin of the instrument to the musical sound of Apollo's bowstring, awakened by his shaft of vengeance.

It was at the factory of an enterprising Chicago firm that the painstaking and expensive experiments of many years resulted not only in overcoming the defects of the European harp, but in producing upon advanced ideas an instrument whose beauty and merit are superior to any other harp in existence. It was gratifying to the Chicagoans in attendance upon the Beyreuth festival last year to see that four of the seven harps in use were Chicago harps. At the Royal opera at Berlin, as well as at the Gewandhaus at Leipzig, the Chicago harp alone is used. At the musical centers of Russia, France, Germany, England, Mexico and South America the harp from Chicago is played and acknowledged to be the best instrument of its celebrated family. At the factory where the Chicago harp is made the visitor is constantly impressed with "the genius for taking pains" which characterizes every portion of the work. The feverish haste and rush of the city find no expression here. Deliberateness, patience—infinite patience—are manifest in the most minute details of the work. From the time the materials arrive at the factory until the harp is completed and strung, a period of four or five years must elapse. The ends of the earth have been searched for material to be used in producing the music-wonder-worker. The wood is carefully selected by experts and placed upon the curing shelves, where it remains for at least one year, then it is sawed and layer upon layer of thin strips are glued together, pressed and returned to the drying shelves, where it remains for another year or two. The sounding-board is composed of many pieces

or carefully selected spruce, which are glued and pressed to form one board. The sides, or body, of the harp are made of delicate layers of choice maple, one glued upon another, heated and placed in a zinc mold and subjected to strong pressure, which gives the beautiful oval surface so much admired in the body of the instrument. When removed from the mold the body is placed upon the shelves for another long period of time.

When thoroughly cured the sounding-board is minutely shaped, the corners edged and tongued with satinwood, the upper and lower bridges attached and then securely fastened to the oval body, which has already received its ribs of red beech. It is then sent to the polisher, who spends day after day in rubbing, varnishing and polishing the surface. Meantime the metal-workers have been casting and finishing the parts that compose the mechanism of the harp. When the metal-worker has completed his task and the polisher has added the last touch to the wooden surface the mechanism is attached to the frame and the harp is sent to the stringing-room. With the testing of the last string the five years of construction are ended and the splendid instrument leaves the skillful hands that have wrought its wonders, to be fondled by hands no less loving, but of a different order of skill, that shall awaken its harmonies to delight the listening thousands.

* * *

POOR MEN KEEP SECRETS.

SOME men poor in this world's goods hold secrets that are worth fortunes, but refuse to divulge them, though tempted by the prospect of money enough to enable them to pass the remainder of their lives in ease and luxury. In England there is a small cottage among the marshes on the Thames which hides a secret that Russia offered \$200,000 for less than ten years ago. It is the spot that is the key to the situation of the submarine mines guarding the world's metropolis. It is situated among dozens of similar structures and five men who go to and from their daily work like ordinary beings alone know which it is and how the electric switchboard it contains can be so manipulated as to sink a powerful fleet in ten minutes.

At a certain seaport on the east coast of England there lives a grocer who could let his premises to a European power at a rental of thousands a year if he chose. Adjoining his cellars are the passages communicating with the mines which control the entrance to the harbor, and even he is not permitted to gratify his curiosity, for several sets of doors fitted with secret locks defy the intrusion of any unauthorized individual.

Whenever a secret treaty is arranged between this country and foreign powers it is duly "set up" and printed by government printers long before the public

has any idea that negotiations are in progress. These printers are paid no exorbitant wages for their silence, though any one of them could sell the heads of the treaty to a foreign nation for a small fortune.

In an American battle-ship there are said to be over 500 secrets, any one of which would command a fabulous price if put up for sale. In building the ship a small army of workmen are engaged, to whom the majority of these secrets are perfectly lucid. But, in spite of the fact that their wages average about \$20 a week, it is an unheard-of occurrence for a piece of secret information to leave a dockyard.

The postmaster of a small village in Ohio owns a secret which many unscrupulous folk would pay much to know. His name is Gustave Francks, and, being an experienced chemist, he hit upon a method of removing ink stains from used postage stamps a short time ago, and to his credit be it said that he laid the discovery before the government. He was offered \$50,000 for his silence, a bribe which he stoutly refused on the grounds that his honesty was above price.

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EITHER HAND COMES HANDY.

THROUGH some strange perversion of nature's plan civilized man has developed the skill and strength of the right hand, neglecting the left hand until it has become an awkward and almost helpless member. This training begins in early childhood, when the baby is admonished to take its spoon and its cup in its right hand while the primary pupil in the public school is commonly severely chided if he shows a preference for holding the pen or pencil with which he begins his first rude scrawls in his tabooed, disrated left hand. The left-handed boy is derided upon the playground. Left-handed men and women go through life shamefacedly concealing the imagined defect as far as possible, or acknowledging it humbly and with apologies. Those rare individuals who, through obstinate persistence or wise training, have learned to use both hands alike are looked upon doubtfully by their fellows as prodigies who might fitly find places in dime museums. Few there are who stop to put the question squarely to themselves as to why the innate capacities of their own left hands have not been properly developed, to the increase of their utility in the scheme of life.

It would seem wise to train the left hand to a certain degree of skill in writing and performing various handicrafts, merely to have it waiting to serve as a useful auxiliary in case of accident to its neighbor, but a strict common sense view of the situation demands much more. There is no more reason why a man should depend upon the labor of his right hand alone than that a cow should stand on three legs when nature has provided her with four, or a man, having two

sound legs, should hop on one. The two hands are precisely alike in their anatomy and every task of which one is capable can be performed by the other. If it is not desirable to have both hands act together and such concert of action would, of course, be impossible where separate functions, each requiring mental direction, are to be undertaken, then they may relieve each other by turns, forwarding work with a celerity impossible under other conditions. The ambidextrous writer gains an enormous advantage in writing with each hand in swift alternation. The housewife unconsciously trains her left hand to skill in many commonplace tasks and reaps the advantage in the saving of time and in connection with the direction of machinery where only the right hand can properly grasp a tool or feed the machine, but these are comparatively few. Ordinarily the left hand may be employed quite as appropriately as the right, and it often happens, in emergency work, such as the swift reefing of a sail or a surgical operation, that the skill or helplessness of the left hand is of momentous import.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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CURIOUS CLOCK.

ONE of the most curious clocks in the world is perhaps that which tells the time to the inhabitants of a little western backwoods town, and which was constructed some time ago. The machinery, which is nothing but a face, hands and lever, is connected with a geyser, which shoots out an immense column of hot water every thirty-eight seconds. This spouting never varies to the tenth of a second. Every time the water spouts up it strikes the lever and moves the hands forward thirty-eight seconds.

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SPLENDOR OF TABLEWARE.

NOT even the White House can display such a splendor of tableware as the British embassy in Washington. The silver service provided for the ambassador's use is in itself worth £10,000. It contains one thousand pounds weight of silver, and the regal arms of England are worked upon it with exquisite skill, with flowers, birds and vines surrounding them.

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JAPANESE WASHING.

THE Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes and some of them have quite a luster. The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her washtub is not more than six inches high.

MEMORIES OF POE'S COTTAGE.

MR. JAMES B. CARRINGTON, writing in the *Chicago Tribune*, tells an interesting story of the cottage in which lived the ill-fated Edgar Allen Poe.

Few homes associated with men of genius have attracted more sympathetic and melancholy interest than the little cottage in Fordham, N. Y., where the bitter tragedy of Edgar Poe's life was played nearly to the end.

He came here in 1846 with his young wife and her mother, the long suffering and patient Mrs. Clemm, hoping by his work on various papers and magazines in the great city near by to make enough to afford the necessary comforts for his invalid Virginia and himself. The little cottage on the top of Fordham Hill was by far the best home he had yet known. It was only a story and a half high. On the ground floor are two small rooms, a sitting room, and a kitchen, while above, reached by a narrow stairway, are two other rooms, one of these Poe's, a cramped little box of a place, lighted by tiny windows, the other a bedroom about the size of a closet. Mrs. Grove, who visited the Poes here says: "The furniture was of the simplest; in the clean, white floored kitchen were a table, a chair, and a little stove, and in the other room, which was laid with checked matting, were only a light stand with presentation volumes of the Brownings upon it, some hanging shelves with a few other books ranged on them, and four chairs."

Poe's wife, Virginia, only 25, was still beautiful, her large black eyes and dark hair accentuating her pallor, and Poe, proud, himself ill, and bitter with a sense of the injustice of the world and his own inability to provide the comforts required for his wife, was in a constant fever of anxiety.

As the summer went on Poe grew no better, and daily Virginia failed and faded and the resources of the household were being slowly reduced to the starving point. Autumn came, the snow and the cold and the winter seclusion, and affairs grew desperate; the wolf was already at the door, when, by happy chance, this same Mrs. Grove, whose kind heart could prompt her to something better than her verses, called on the Poes, and found the dying wife in the summer sitting room, which had been taken for her use. The scene is vividly realized in her description: "There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great coat, with a large tortoise shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands, and her mother her feet. Mrs. Clemm was passionately fond

of her daughter, and her distress on account of her illness and poverty and misery was dreadful to see."

Mrs. Poe died in the little sitting room, on Saturday, Jan. 30, 1847; and from here, her husband, wearing the military coat that had but lately been her bed covering, attended by a few friends, followed her body to its last resting place.

For some time after his wife's death the little house remained the home of Poe and Mrs. Clemm. Friends came occasionally to see them, and the poet spent many odd moments working among his beds of flowers. Besides a cat, he had a tame bobolink and a parrot to share his affection and divert his attention. He was fond of being out of doors, and a favorite walk was over the then open country to the westward to high bridge and along the romantic shores of the heavily wooded Harlem river. Much of the beauty of this region has been cut away to make the speedway for the sport loving drivers of the metropolis. The view up and down the river from high bridge, however, is still one of breadth and impressive beauty. At the north, between the hills, you catch a glimpse of the palisades, and to the south rise the vague towers and misty pall of smoke that belong to the great city that Poe never really learned to know. The granite arches of high bridge that rise to nearly one hundred and fifty feet above high water form the supports for the aqueduct over which runs a footway, and here Poe used to walk, or lean, musing, on the low parapet. The ledge, back of his house, with its extended view, was another favorite place where he used to linger, and many hours were spent there by the poet.

The recent cutting of a new roadway compelled the moving of the Poe cottage, and it now stands right alongside of a typical suburban house, so close that one can almost touch the opposite wall from the veranda. The present owner keeps it in good repair. On the street end there is a badly painted raven and a tin sign informing the observer that Poe lived there.

Several efforts have been made toward purchasing the house and establishing it as a memorial to Poe, and it is hoped that this will be done before long. Across the street is Poe park, the ground that formerly belonged to the house, and where the poet used to enjoy the blossoming of the cherry and apple trees.

COVERING OF SACRED STONE.

THE caaba, or sacred stone of Mecca, is covered fresh every year with damask sent by the Sultan or khedive. A single covering has cost as much as seventy-five thousand dollars.

HE that refuseth instruction despiseth his own soul: but he that heareth reproof getteth understanding.—*Solomon.*

PATE DE FOIE GRAS.

PROBABLY a considerable number of our INGLENOOK Family will recognize in the above phrase the term for goose-liver, though perhaps few of them have ever eaten the actual thing as it is prepared in France. It is a very expensive article of food and in very great demand by many fastidious people. There is no difficulty whatever, or, at least, not a great deal of difficulty, in procuring the pate de foie gras at home if one is willing to pay the price of its production. In plain words it is nothing more than an overgrown

only an expensive dish much used about clubs and by many private diners, but it is thought to be a very good one, that is a palatable one by those who are given to it. Its production is not much in vogue in this country though there is no reason why it should not be done and it might be an opening for many an intelligent Nook boy or girl to get on to the trade and method of preparation.

* * *

TO KEEP CHILDREN.

The following amusing "recipe for preserving chil-



WHERE FRUIT ABOUNDS—CALIFORNIA.

goose-liver, brought about by overfeeding a goose, which is so confined that it cannot "run off its fat."

The goose is not fed for its health, but it was discovered that if the bird were confined within given limits it would not only take on fat but that its liver would become abnormally developed, having a taste wonderfully acceptable to the gourmet.

The ordinary form in which pate de foie gras comes to us is in small cans in which is packed the goose-liver, which is roughly cut to fit in. The remaining space in the can, which is not a large one, is filled in with the trimmings of the liver, or the part which is hashed very finely and pressed in. Over the whole is poured melted fat and sometimes melted suet is used. The pieces cut from the original liver in the filling of the can are also used to make an imitation pate de foie gras which is put on the market where it commands a good price.

The people who buy pate de foie gras in cans and who eat it profess a great liking for it, and it is not

dren," written by Miss Mignone Lincoln, aged 16, of New Orleans, and which won the prize for the best answer sent to St. Nicholas Magazine, will be relished by all women, whether mothers or not:

"Take one large, grassy field, one-half dozen children, all sizes; three small dogs, one long, narrow strip of brook, pebbly of possible. Mix the children with the dogs, empty them into the field, stirring continually; sprinkle with field flowers. Pour brook gently over the pebbles. Cover all with a deep blue sky. Bake in a very hot sun. When the children are well browned they may be removed; will be found right and ready for setting away to cool in the bathtub."—*Chicago Post*.

* * *

CORK.

ALL the cork used in the world in a year weighs just over 1,000 tons. It comes from France, Spain, Portugal, Italy and North Africa.

NATURE



STUDY.

TRUE STORY OF A TURTLE.

BY J. P. HARSHEARGER.

ONE morning last spring my father, Budd Harshbarger, residing near the little town of Salisbury, Pa., was handed a wooden box from the mail wagon. Upon examination it was found to contain a large land turtle, and on the under side of the shell was inscribed, "B. Harsh," and the date.

My father recognized it as his own cutting, done thirty years ago. It had been found by a workman on the farm where he had formerly lived, five or six miles distant. After some reflection he remembered that he had been sowing buckwheat, and stopping to rest his team had found the turtle. It is remarkable that these creatures will crawl around over so small a territory for many years.

McPherson, Kans.

* * *

MOLASSES AS FOOD FOR HORSES AND COWS.

MOLASSES as food for horses and mules has proven satisfactory. For two years molasses has been in general use in Louisiana for the feeding of horses, mules and all stock, and probably nine-tenths of the draft animals in the sugar district get this food either alone or mixed with oats and corn.

The animals like it, and are kept in splendid condition by it. "Sugar mules," which are fed on molasses mainly, are worth from twenty to twenty-five per cent more than the mules on cotton plantations, which are fed generally on cottonseed and cottonseed meal.

Molasses has been a waste product in Louisiana ever since the improved processes in the manufacture of sugar have extracted more of the saccharine from it than formerly. It has been a problem how to get rid of it. The discovery, therefore, that it could be used as a food for stock was of double value.

The molasses is mixed with corn or oats in nearly equal proportions. The mixture is pressed into a solid mass and dried and then ground into a fine powder.

It is like the cottonseed meal with which cattle and horses are fed throughout the world. The horses, mules and cattle are very fond of the molasses, and they do better on it than on any other food fed to them. They keep fat and are capable of extraordinary work in hauling heavy loads.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

EXTREME COLD WHOLESOME.

COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, the arctic explorer who has arrived home on his way to Washington, where he will report to the navy department for duty, says it is his belief that the arctic region is one of the best places on earth for persons afflicted with pulmonary diseases. In proof of the health-giving conditions there, he said that nearly everybody who went up there came back weighing more and in a much better state of health generally. He did not bring any Eskimos south for the reason that those he brought several years ago had a hard time, many of them having succumbed to pulmonary diseases.—*Wichita Eagle.*

* * *

CURIOUS PLANT.

ONE of the most curious plants in the world is the toothbrush plant, a species of creeper which grows in Jamaica. By cutting a piece of stem and fraying the ends the natives make a toothbrush, and a dentifrice to use with it is prepared by pulverizing the dead stems.

* * *

THERE are four parts to a grain 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.

The germ is about the size of a grain of wheat and is the most valuable portion, considering its size. Up to a few years ago, it was looked upon as useless and was, in fact, a nuisance to the manufacturers of starch and other corn products. It cost them money to get rid of it.

Then the chemists found that the despised little germ contained an oil that was worth more than any other of the constituents of Indian corn and the waste ceased.

These germs are now put under hydraulic pressure and the oil extracted, which, with the residue, called corn-oil cake, is shipped abroad as above noted. The corn oil will stand for years without getting rancid and is used to some extent as a substitute for olive oil. It sells for six cents a pound.

* * *

THE biggest orchard in the world is near Santa Barbara, in California. It covers 1,700 acres and contains 10,000 olive trees, 3,000 walnuts, 10,000 almonds and nearly 9,000 other fruit and nut trees.

MAKING SOLIDS INVISIBLE.

A TRANSPARENT body of any shape disappears, states Prof. R. W. Wood, when immersed in a medium of the same refraction and dispersion, and if we could find any transparent solid having these physical properties equal to those of air it would be absolutely invisible. A solid having the refractive index equal to that of air for light of a certain wave-length can be found, but it is not a transparent substance, says the *Pittsburg Gazette*.

Chloral hydrate may be dissolved in hot glycerine until the solution has almost exactly the same dispersion as glass, and a glass rod dropped into the liquid disappears completely. On withdrawal the rod curiously appears to melt at the end and run freely in drops.

Lord Rayleigh has pointed out that, in uniform illumination, perfectly transparent objects would become absolutely invisible, and that an approach to uniform illumination might be had on the top of a monument in a dense fog.

Prof. Wood gets the desired condition in the interior of luminous globe. This he improvised from two equal transparent glass evaporating dishes or plain hemispherical finger-bowls, which are painted on the outside with a mixture of Balmain's luminous powder and hot Canada balsam, boiled until thick enough to harden on cooling. A small hole is made in one vessel. After exposure of the inner surface to strong light the dishes are placed together and the interior of the ball is filled with a uniform blue glow, in which a crystal ball or cut-glass stopper is quite invisible when viewed through the aperture. The closest scrutiny shows a solid only through some effect of the dark line joining the two hemispheres.

* * *

THERE IS NO DREAMLESS SLEEP.

MANY persons congratulate themselves when waking in the morning on having slept a sleep entirely free from dreams. In fact, the expression "dreamless sleep" has become a stock phrase which we all use to describe the most refreshing kind of slumber. Sir Arthur Mitchell, however, an eminent British investigator, agrees with perhaps the majority of medical authorities that there is absolutely no such thing as dreamless sleep. A writer in the *British Medical Journal* sums up the matter in part as follows:

Many persons when awakened from sleep assert very positively that they have not been dreaming, and yet later on remember that they have done so, after all. In a large number of cases such people may never be able to remember at all. The absence of a knowledge of having dreamed furnishes no proof that dreams have not taken place. The watcher by the bedside of a sleeping person may have what he regards as satis-

factory evidence that the person is dreaming, yet that person, when the sleep ends, may feel quite positive that dreams have not taken place. In the direct support of his theory the author cannot be said to be very convincing, nor from the nature of his subject is it possible that he could be. Several resolute observers had for a considerable time scarcely ever failed to ask themselves immediately on waking if they had dreamed or not, and they nearly always got a satisfying affirmative answer. In many such cases the details of the dream were completely gone, but they knew that a dream had occurred. If, then, these mental processes continue both during sleep and while awake, it might naturally be supposed that the brain would become worn out. Such dreaming or "sleep thinking," however, according to the author, is not to be considered as affording no rest. On the contrary, by the withdrawal of "will" during sleep this form of thought is, so to speak, left free to sport, and accordingly refreshment actually comes from the change, not weariness. Similarly, delirium is merely another form of this thinking without the control of the will. Further, on such an hypothesis a reason might perhaps be found to explain why raving may go on for a considerable period without ordinary sleep. Some persons, again, are never really wide awake, and their thinking is normally of this disordered character. Into this class Sir Arthur Mitchell would even place the man in a "brown study."

* * *

BALDNESS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BALDNESS afflicts almost every young man who spends any considerable length of time in the Philippines. An army officer made a statement to this effect the other night as he sat on the porch of the Bala Golf Club. He was bald himself. "It took only two years of those accursed Islands," he said, "to rob me of my hair. It was the same way all through my regiment. Eight men out of every ten were bald. The heat, the regimental doctors say, is what causes this calamity. The hair is wet continuously with perspiration in the Philippines, and this, together with the friction of the hatband, irritates and inflames the scalp. There is a constant itching, and when you put your hand to relieve it you bring your fingers down full of loose hair. I am only twenty-six, and when I went out to the Philippines I had a shock like Paderewski's. Look at me now."—*Philadelphia Record*.

* * *

TEETH OF AN ELEPHANT.

AN elephant has only eight teeth altogether. At fourteen years the elephant loses his second set of teeth and a new set grows.

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A Weekly Magazine

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EVIL.

Misfortune stands with her bow ever bent
Over the world, and he who wounds another
Directs the goddess, by that part where he wounds,
There to strike deep her errors in himself.

—Edward Young.

* * *

NOTICE WELL, CORRESPONDENT.

THE Editor of the INGLENOOK expects to be absent from Elgin, collecting data for a special issue of the magazine, and personal correspondence will wait his return to the office. Letters written him in the interim will be taken up when he gets back and correspondents are thus advised of the cause of any possible delay.

* * *

RIDE AND TIE.

How many Nookers will understand, off hand, what is meant by the above? Doubtful whether many will, unless they have lived in a community where it is practiced. Let us explain.

Suppose you lived in a country where it was too mountainous for any ordinary wheeled vehicle to be used with any degree of comfort. Now, if you and your brother or sister wanted to go to some point forty miles away, and there was only one horse, the ride and tie method would work well. Knowing the road, one would mount the horse and ride a mile, say, and then tying the horse securely along the road he would start out and walk rapidly toward the journey's end. Your brother, or sister, following on foot, would overtake the horse, and, mounting, would catch up with you, exchange again, and one walking and the other riding go ahead and tie again. A long distance can thus be comfortably covered in a day. The method is sometimes called the "ride and spell" way.

What we want to get at with this introduction is the important value of the ride and tie methods that might be applied to many other things in life. If one brother or sister goes to college the others might be at home "doing the walking," till their time came to overtake the horse. And there are countless things in life where mutual helps are desirable and riding and tying covers more ground than any other method if there is only one horse between them. It is not only a commendable thing, but a very helpful one in a family where there is unanimity enough to make it practicable.

* * *

THE DEAD LINE.

WHEN is it that men or women get too old for active participation in the affairs of life? The best answer to this is that there is no age limit, and there can be none. If one wanted men to dig a cellar, husky younger people would be in demand. But if a bank president or the manager of a railroad were demanded, "huskiness" would cut a very slight figure compared with ability.

The facts are that to a young man of twenty-five the age of fifty seems something decidedly ancient. But when the young man arrives at fifty he is very apt to review his salad days with a spirit of thankfulness that God was good to him and tided him over his thoughtlessness and lack of foresight. A good deal depends on what one has to do before the dead line is talked about. In fact it all depends. There may be a dead line, and there generally is one in every life, but it also may never come at all.

* * *

THE STRIKERS.

It is almost impossible for the farmer to enter into the spirit of the striker, or to understand the feeling back of his contention. The man who lives on a farm has a sure thing of his living, whether it be a good or bad one, while to be a wage-worker in the city, paying rent, a single week of mishap or idleness means a great deal to him and his family. The man with the big red barn cannot well understand the situation of the workman with his tin bucket. The surroundings are wholly different.

* * *

ENVY.

CONSIDER now! If a man has wonderful talent will your envy give you one iota of his ability? Certainly not. If he is a millionaire will envy add a cent to your store? Assuredly no. And so on and so on. Therefore the very uselessness of it ought to cast it out of our natures. But how about emulation—the striving after the possession of virtues we don't possess? That's another story entirely.

WHAT'S THE USE?

LET us go together into the village graveyard. There are graves and gravestones. The brief story of their lives is told with the name and the date of their birth and death, and often a quotation from the Book we all turn to when we face the city of the dead. Now the people, whose bodies lie there, loved and hated when they were here where we are now. But what good did it do that they hated and treasured up evil thoughts? They died and were dealt with as they dealt with others. The whole tenor of the Bible is to that end,—as ye measure it shall be measured to you, as ye forgive so shall ye be forgiven.

Now where these dead are we too shall be, sooner or later. It is the only absolutely sure thing on this earth. And just as surely it is not worth while to harbor enmity or hatred. It accomplishes no real good. It only hampers us, and we get the worst of it in the long run. It doesn't pay. It never has paid. It never will. What's the use?

It is not given to all to be ready with the soft answer, and it is not always easy to repay the blow with the kiss, but most of us can act negatively and if we cannot turn the other cheek from lack of grace we can walk away and be silent. The unsaid word and repressed act need no subsequent retraction. There never was a good quarrel, never will be, and so what's the use of it?

* * *

HERE'S SOMETHING.

HERE, you NOOK girl, or woman, here's something the Nookman wants you to do. When you see what you take to be a nice picture cut it out and mount it. Hang it in your room and enjoy it. Repeat till you have every place, where a picture can be, hung with one. After a time you will see others you will like better. Very well. Mount the new ones and change the discarded ones to some less prominent place.

As to the mounting, that is the proper pasting and arranging of your cut-out picture, it is easy to do rightly. The NOOK is going to have that told by one who knows and you watch and wait for the article. Then try it. There are pictures and pictures. Perhaps the NOOK will have a little to say this winter about pictures, how to judge them and how to keep them.

* * *

ALL business matter of every description pertaining to the INGLENOOK should be addressed to Brethren Publishing House. It is not desired on the part of the Editor to receive business communications that belong to the business management of the House. Business matter goes to the Business Manager and is disposed of according to the regular routine. Personal letters addressed to the Editor of the INGLENOOK,

or in his proper name, are delivered to the Editor intact, and all persons writing here should remember this and not mix matters in the same letter. A subscription, a change of address, an advertisement or the like, should be addressed to the Brethren Publishing House, while a letter for the Editor personally, should be addressed to the Editor of the INGLENOOK.

* * *

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Nobody ever seems to run short on advice.

*

Hist! Say! Do they still borrow your Nook?

*

Some saints never get their halo in this world.

*

Maybe hubby's bad temper is due to bad cooking.

*

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

*

An angry man is like a stream that overflows its banks.

*

Speak kindly as you pass. You may never meet again.

*

With some people economy is a nice word for stinginess.

*

Do you know the difference between Christianity and religion?

*

Some people expect to be saved by their wives' goodness.

*

Say, do you blame the result of your bad breaks on Providence?

*

If an Indian woman is a squaw is her baby a squawling all the time?

*

The angels never pass by a house with little fingerprints on the pane.

*

The height of ingratitude is in taking up another's quarrel and being growled at because you got licked.

*

The man who jokes about the serious things of religion and the like will probably joke with a trust reposed in him.

*

What's the matter with the church that has to give a sacred concert Sundays to draw a crowd, and a weak oyster supper on a week day to pay the bills?

GLACIERS OF THE WORLD.

FOR the last five years physical geographers have given much attention to the study of glaciers. One question that has interested them very much is whether since the beginning of the historic period the glaciers of the world have augmented or diminished in area. No perfectly definite information with regard to this question has been obtained, though some general conclusions have been reached. It is traditional in the Alps, however, and some other regions that valleys now occupied by glaciers were formerly pasture lands. On the whole, it is certain that for several centuries till quite recently there was a gradual increase in the area of glaciation.

Glaciers everywhere are in a state of continual movement—they are constantly increasing in length or shortening. Climatic variations are, of course, the cause of these oscillations, though the influence of climate upon glacial movement is not yet fully understood. When the laws governing the movements of glaciers are well known the science of meteorology will be considerably further advanced than it is to-day. There is good evidence to show that in the arctic regions in the eighteenth century and in part of the nineteenth an important extension of glaciers occurred. In Spitzbergen, for example, harbors which whalers had often visited in the seventeenth and early in the eighteenth centuries were filled later with glaciers, so that they could no longer be used by shipping. The advance of glaciers in Iceland is said to have covered places that had formerly been the sites of farms and churches. Glaciers seem, within the historic period, to have attained their greatest extent about 1860. Since that time few of them have grown to an important degree. Many of them have diminished in size and others have entirely disappeared. This phenomenon has been observed in all parts of the world.

Probably few persons imagine that glaciers cover so large an area as they do. The land surfaces which are to-day buried under glacial snow and ice are supposed to be about 4,485,000 square miles in extent, or more than one and a half times as large as the United States. This enormous mass of ice is distributed very unevenly over the world and nearly all of it is in the polar regions. Outside of the perpetually frozen north and south, only about 19,500 square miles of surface are covered with glaciers.

It will be interesting to remember that there are two distinct types of glacial phenomena—the Alpine and the polar. One of the best examples of the Alpine type of glacier is seen in the Mer De Glace at Chamounix. A circle of peaks surrounds a depression which is filled by compacted snow and ice known as neve. This is the reservoir, the source of the glacier. In this depression the snow, either falling from the heavens or brought by winds and avalanches,

accumulates to a great depth, is transformed into neve and begins to overflow down the mountain side, a true glacier. It is thus seen that the characteristic feature of the Alpine glaciers is that they occupy depressions in relation to the surrounding topography. On the other hand, the polar glacier, instead of being formed into a depression, occupies a culminating position above everything else. It is an enormous cap or cupola rising above the surrounding lands; it is the dominant feature far and wide. Such, for example, is the great ice cape of Greenland, and it is thought probable that an enormously thick sheet of ice may cover a continental mass of land in the antarctic regions and form the largest sheet of ice in the world.—*N. Y. Sun.*

* * *

METEORITES.

THESE heavenly messengers, as they are sometimes called, are so comparatively rare that the discovery of a new one is a matter of some interest. A Denver man has recently obtained one at Sonora, Mexico. This was first discovered several years ago by some Mexican workman who supposed it was some form of silver on account of its appearance. An assay, however, showed no precious metals, so it was thrown aside.

The meteorite is about twenty inches by twelve inches, and weighs 272 pounds. It is composed of nickel and iron and is malleable. It is silver white in color. The date of its fall is unknown, and its exact composition has not yet been determined.

Meteorites are supposed to be the remains of comets which have come within the attraction of the earth, and being unable to escape are drawn down to its surface. All the smaller sizes, known as shooting stars, are burned to ashes in our atmosphere long before reaching the earth. Occasionally, however, one of larger size manages to survive the fierce heat produced by the friction of its rapid fall through the air and reaches the earth. All of them bear marks of great heat and many are fused as if they had been in a blast furnace.

There are many scientific collections of meteorites, and the more famous ones are modeled in plaster of paris and the models kept by various collectors. More than twenty of the elements which go to make up the earth have been found in these curious visitors, and one or two of the rare elements are to be found nowhere else. If this "stone" proves to be of special interest on examination it will probably be cut up and parts of it kept in various collections.

* * *

THE longest pendulum ever made was three hundred and seventy-seven feet in length, and was swung from the second platform of the Eiffel tower.

SPHINX TO HAVE UMBRELLA.

FOR some time past travelers who have visited Egypt have reported that the sphinx, that silent sentinel of the desert, is crumbling to dust because of the climatic change wrought by the irrigation of the sandy wastes surrounding it. For thousands of years this great monument has withstood tempests and all other onslaughts of time, yet now, it is surely beginning to decay, and unless prompt steps are taken to save it from destruction it is very probable that it will within a few years be dethroned from the position it has occupied so proudly for centuries.

The experts say that the terrible sandstorms during the last quarter of a century have gradually worn away portions of the rock which supports the sculptured figure, and it is only a question of time when the ruin will be complete. The sphinx itself will not suffer, however, for it is fashioned out of solid rock.

A day or two after the doleful news reached France a few leading archæologists met for the purpose of devising some effective method of saving the sphinx, and after a long debate they decided that the best thing to do would be to erect a huge umbrella over the monument. They agreed that only in this way could the sphinx be protected against the destructive sandstorms which sweep periodically over the desert.

A thorough investigation has shown that these storms more than anything else are ruining the monument, and "if these can only be warded off," say the archæologists, "there is no reason why the sphinx should not last until the end of the world."

If an umbrella is constructed for this purpose it will unquestionably be the largest in the world, for the recumbent man-headed lion which it is designed to protect is one hundred and eight feet nine and one-half inches in length. Such an umbrella would have to be fashioned out of rock.

* * *

A FARMER'S CANNING FACTORY.

Two miles east of this place Lewis J. Hooke is conducting a novel canning factory on his farm. A few weeks ago he conceived the idea of preparing to care for the surplus tomatoes on his place on a little larger scale than is usual on the farm. Accordingly he fitted up an old barn on the premises with a scalding and cooking tank, a soldering furnace and a few other conveniences to make the work more speedy than the usual household method.

He immediately enlarged on his first ideas and advertised to buy his neighbors' surplus tomatoes in any quantity, from a bushel up, and soon had a number of people bringing in their fruit.

Mr. Hooke's entire family has engaged in the work.

Up to the present this little home factory has put up

about 7,000 cans of the choicest tomatoes.—*Indianapolis News.*

* * *

DRILLING SQUARE HOLES.

A MACHINE which will drill square holes has at last been made. An Englishman named Edward Segitz is the inventor, and his apparatus is said to have solved a problem heretofore regarded as being about as unaccomplishable as the mathematical impossibility of "squaring" the circle. Segitz' machine is a "three-winged" drill, semi-round, which yet cuts four straight edges in its rotary motion. That is, the motion appears to the eye to be rotary, but there is, of course, a maneuver in the triple flange which produces the



MAKING A LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

square cut, triangular, or other angular holes, with automatic regularity and machine speed.

* * *

COLORED BROTHER'S TASTE.

THE colored race has a finer sense of the beauty of names than the whites have in America. There are any quantity of plain Johns and Jameses amongst the whites, but among the colored people it is Archibald, Clarence and Augustus that are to be heard. In a Philadelphia restaurant there are four colored waiters, and their names are Griffin, Jerome, Eugene and Gaston. These people have a fondness for historical names, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Henry Clay, Cæsar, Pompey, Pharaoh. They also like the names of characters in fiction—Lear, Hamlet, Desdemona. Lily, Rose, Violet, Pansy, Daisy and other flower names are favorites with them. They dislike the commonplace, the bald, and want high-sounding cognomens. Fortunately, names are cheap, and thus they are able to get what they want every time.—*Philadelphia Record.*

* * *

WATCHMAKER'S OIL.

THE jaw of the shark furnishes the best watchmaker's oil. In each shark is found about half a pint.

HE PROVED HIS HONESTY.

THE Great Northern passenger department received another contribution to the conscience fund yesterday, but the earnings will show an increase of only fourteen cents and that amount will be debited to stamps. However, the fourteen cents quiets the teasing, nagging conscience of a North Dakota farmer and stockman, which will compensate the passenger department for the trouble of making out and canceling a ticket and auditing the fourteen-cent account.

It was last May that a farmer living at Rugby Junction, Pierce County, North Dakota, decided to go to Leeds, twenty-seven miles east, to look at a bunch of yearlings that he knew were for sale. He had planned to make the trip in a buggy, but it happened that when he was ready to go there was some work on the farm



DRYING FRUIT FOR THE MARKET.

that needed to be done, so he set his hired man at it and decided to go on the railroad.

He paid eighty-one cents for a ticket from the junction to Leeds, intending to walk from there to the farm where the cattle were pastured. But on the train he met an acquaintance, who told him that it would be nearer to go on to Niles and walk back from there. So when the train reached Leeds he stayed in his seat.

This farmer really had no intention of beating the railroad out of the fourteen-cent fare for the four and two-thirds miles of ride between Leeds and Niles. The railroad beat itself. The conductor of the train got off on the station platform at Leeds, yelled "all aboard," and gave the signal to go ahead. Nobody got aboard and the conductor did not think of going through the train again to collect fares. So the Rugby Junction man rode on to Niles without paying for his ride.

He found the bunch of yearlings and bought them (cost him something like \$265), and then made arrangements for driving them home. It happened, therefore, that he did not have a chance to square himself with the road on his return trip. He dismissed the matter from his mind for a time, but every now and then it would occur to him that he was a poor

class leader in the church if he took an underhand advantage of "Jim Hill."

It took him four months to arrive at the conclusion that the only way out of the difficulty was to repay the company for the ride, and that is why General Passenger Agent Whitney received fourteen cents in stamps yesterday.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

* * *

BRUTALITY OF OLD LAWS.

THE brutality and ferocity of legal enactments in olden times—and not so exceedingly remote at that—can scarcely be credited in these days. At one time in England and Scotland bankrupts were compelled to wear a distinctive dress, says an exchange. This was a result of enactments passed at various times in Scotland from the year 1606 to 1688. The Edinburgh court of sessions specified the dress to be of particolor, one-half yellow and the other brown, something after the style of dress now worn in English prisons by the worst class of prisoners, those who have attempted to escape or been guilty of murderous assaults on officers. The enactment also provided that the bankrupt should be exhibited publicly in the market place of his town for a period of two hours and then sent away, condemned to wear the dress until such time as he had paid his debts or someone else had done it for him.

Although this was a period of laws which can only be described as ferocious, this law was such an outrage on public sentiment that in 1688 it was so far repealed that the wearing of the dress was only compulsory in cases in which fraud had been proved, or, curiously enough, if the bankrupt had been convicted of smuggling. The same practice was legal, but not generally in force, in England down to the year 1836. The idea was, of course, to warn persons who might have given credit that the bankrupt was not able to pay, but popular sentiment soon recognized that it was wholly unfair to impose such excessive penalties on a man who might have become bankrupt through no fault of his own, and as usual when the law became contrary to public feeling it ceased to be operative.

* * *

THE MORALS OF ANIMALS.

IT may be questioned whether animals have any conception of morals as we understand the term, but in a general sense it would certainly seem that they have. In the social sense there is no doubt as to the answer. To take a well known instance, the ant family have evolved a most complicated social system which apparently works to perfection, and that is more than can be said for any human system. In order, cleanliness, care of offspring, provision for fu-

ture wants and military discipline no civilized society can compare with theirs. They are slaveholders, it is true, but they treat their slaves with every kindness and consideration, and the warriors defend them in time of danger.

Another excellent example is furnished by the beaver. During summer it leads a solitary life, but at the approach of winter communities are formed, building operations commence, stores are laid up as soon as the dwellings are completed, and every individual of the community recognizes clearly that the interests of the family and the colony come first. In their family life they, in common with many other animals, offer an example which might well be copied not only by savages, but also by civilized communities.

* * *

A SAUR BIBLE IN THE FAR WEST.

A. J. WEAVER, of Nezperce, Idaho, says he had the pleasure, recently, of examining an old Christopher Saur Bible in the possession of John Shuss of Winchester, Idaho. The volume is one hundred and fifty-nine years old, is bound in the best leather and is in a very good state of preservation for so old a book. On the first page is printed in German, as nearly as he could translate into English:

"This is the Holy Bible of the Old and New Testament, according to the translations of Dr. Martin Luther. Divided into chapters and verses with notes and with three of four chapters of Edras, and all of the Maccabees. Germantown, Pa. Printed by Christopher Saur, 1743."

The old Bible also contained the following statement of its former owners, written by Eld. John Forney, of Kansas in 1891.

"The original owner, and the first one, of this old Bible, was old Brother Jacob Studebaker of Snake Spring Valley, Bedford county, Pa., whom I remember meeting at a communion meeting at my father's house when I was a small boy, over sixty years ago. From him the old book passed down to his daughter Mary, who was married to George Hershberger, and from them it passed to their daughter Elizabeth, who was married to Daniel Shuss, and from them it went to their son, John Shuss, where it now remains."

* * *

SOME CURIOUS SCHOOLS.

FROM *London Tit-Bits* we learn that perhaps the most curious seminary in the whole wide world is that recently unearthed by the Paris Figaro.

It is, broadly speaking, a night school at which young French shop assistants are taught British manners and the art of speaking French like Englishmen.

The Parisians, it is averred, like to be served with their hats, ties, boots, gloves, etc., by Englishmen in English shops, and some firms accordingly require their employees to comport themselves as Englishmen; hence the reason for the existence of the extraordinary "academy" in question.

Schools for waiters are not uncommon on the continent. Perhaps the two best known are those at Dresden and Frankfort respectively, each of which has, on an average, forty pupils in residence. The course of instruction embraces the English, French and German languages, and also the duties of a waiter, which latter includes work in the cellars, kitchens, waiting at table, serving, carving, folding serviettes, and how to show customers to their seats. The fees charged are about £10 per month, and include tuition, books, food and lodging. Englishmen have found out the value of such training, and last year—according to Mr. Steel, the president of the Hotel Employees' association—no fewer than eight of them "graduated" at one or other of the two establishments in question.

On the breezy heights of Dartford Heath, Kent there exists a college wherein girls are taught, not to work, but to play, the object being, of course, to produce, as near as may be, physically perfect women. All sorts of games are included in the curriculum, but prominence is given to those which—like hockey, cricket, etc.—exact from their devotees the greatest amount of hard muscle-producing exercise. The college course lasts two years, during which period the students spend practically the whole of their waking hours in the open air, go bareheaded in all weathers, and are clothed in the loosest and easiest of costumes.

A school devoted to instructing Private Thomas Atkins in the theory and practice of the gentle art of destroying his enemies wholesale by means of mines charged with lyddite, dynamite, and other similar "high explosives" exists at the Royal Engineer Barracks, Chatham. Here are to be seen specimens of every variety of marine or land torpedo used in modern warfare, as well as fuses and detonators of all descriptions.

There is also a collection of models of partially blown up bridges, forts, railway tunnels, etc., beautifully constructed to scale; while in another department the pupil is shown the same bridges, etc., temporarily repaired by means of rope, telegraph wire, the newly felled trunks of trees, and other similar makeshifts. Civilians, it may be mentioned, are rarely accorded permission to visit this unique school nor is it even open to soldiers in uniform, unless they happen to be undergoing instruction in either land or submarine mining.

CONCERNING A BLUE ROSE.

FROM an exchange we clip the following:

The announcement was made a few days ago in a London paper that a perfect blue rose had been received from America at Kew Gardens. There was nothing in the short notice, aside from the mention that the rose was considered a botanical curiosity, to indicate that the flower, a perfect blue, marks an epoch in rose culture.

Among the faddists in the growing of the rose it has been for ages the sought-for color. Not that there would be any particularly large money reward, but there seems to be some allurements in the hope that their name may go down in botanical history trailing after a Latin prefix as the grower of "a perfect blue."

The cultivation of the blue rose has long been considered an impossibility. "A seeker after blue roses" is an old phrase signifying the unattainable. But such wonderful things have been done with the rose in the way of cultivation, enlargement, beauty and fragrance that it is not surprising that ambitious rose culturists should strive for this high goal.

One head gardener, in speaking of the matter, said that it did not surprise him that the blue rose had been grown at last. There have, according to him, always been some few enthusiasts working to that end. Probably their patience had at last been rewarded.

"For you must understand," he continued, "that the perfection of such a rose means much—the work of a lifetime. Even the attempted cultivation of such a monstrosity presupposes a premiership in the ranks of botanists. It involves an age of personal experience and a knowledge of the continued experiences of others along the same line.

"Years and years of individual experiment are required," says the *New York Times*, "all the while keeping minute records of the habits of the plant in its different stages, its varying color, at times in the seventh heaven of ecstasy over some slight indication of advancement toward the goal, only to be cast into the nethermost depths of despond by the contrariness of the next cross."

Although the above has all the ring of truthfulness, yet the Nookman will be better satisfied when he sees the "perfectly blue" rose.

STUCK TO HIS EYEGLASS.

RECENTLY a party from the embassies at Constantinople went to inspect the international lifeboat service on the Black sea coast. At one of the life-saving stations they thought they would like to test the conditions of life-boat work, so, clothing themselves in bathing costumes and cork jackets, they each took an

oar in a lifeboat, to the huge delight of the Turkish boatmen.

One of the secretaries of the British embassy is never seen without an eyeglass, and is said even to sleep with it. On this occasion he was faithful to his eyeglass and solemnly embarked in a cork jacket and eyeglass. All the proper exercises were gone through, and finally the boat was capsized and righted again by its own crew. As they crept out from under the capsized boat a howl of surprise came from the Turks, for the secretary's head appeared, with the eyeglass firmly fixed in its proper position, its owner taking it as a matter of course that it should be there.

APPLE HARVEST UNDER WAY.

THE greatest apple crop of the west is being gathered. The broad orchards of northeast Kansas will yield 50,000 to 75,000 barrels of big, red apples. The orchards of this State are among the finest in the nation. Judge Wellhouse has the largest orchard in the United States. From 1,500 acres near Leavenworth he ships annually 50,000 bushels of the finest fruit.

The business of gathering apples has been reduced to a science. In the good old days the apples were allowed to hang on the trees until they were ripe. Then the tree was jarred and the fruit fell.

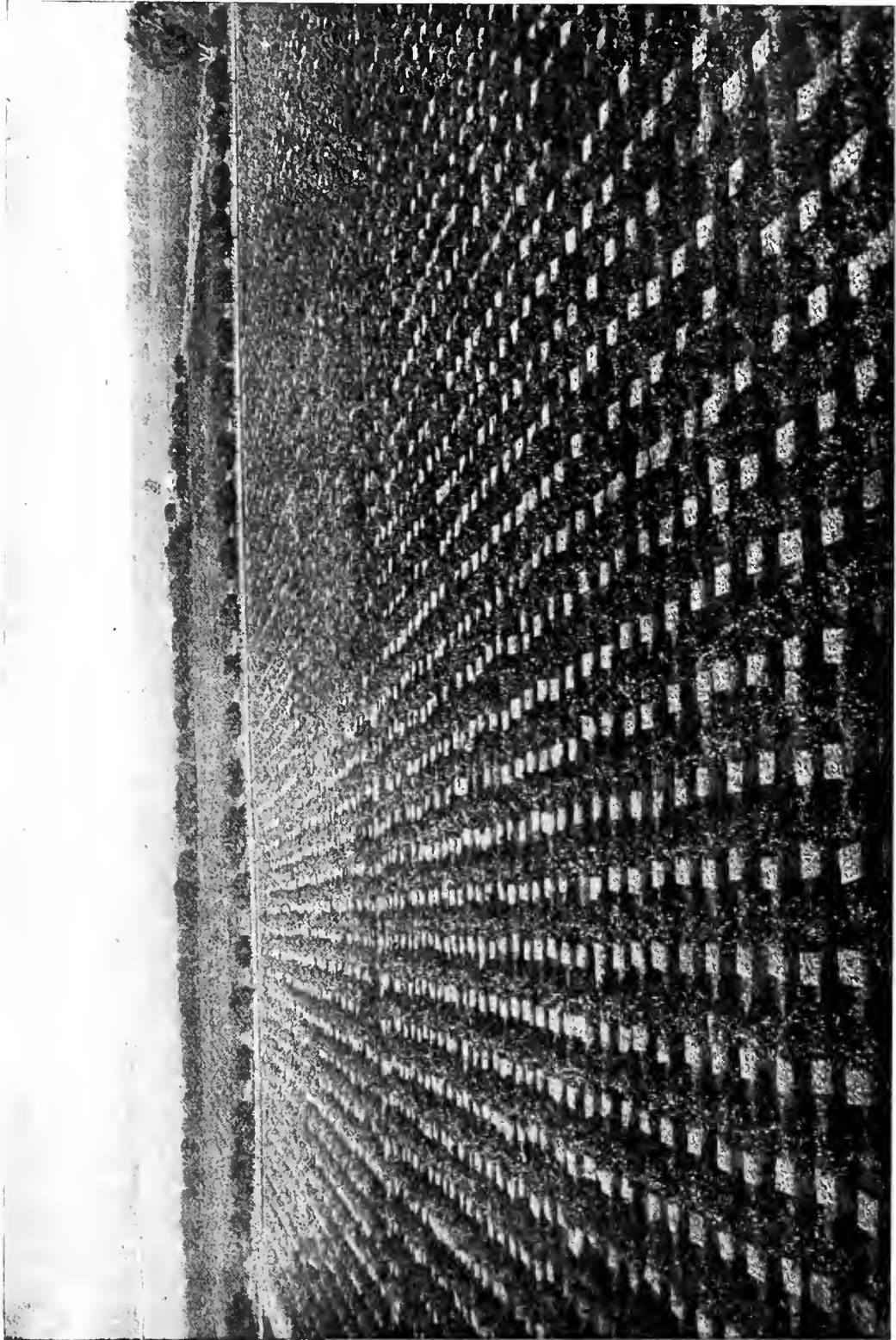
The pickers now use bushel baskets and pull each apple from the tree carefully. The ladders are pointed at the top, that they may not disturb the trees more than necessary. The baskets are emptied into a chute, or sorting-table, where a man called the "sorter," gifted with a quick eye, grades them.

WHERE TOOTHPICKS ARE MADE.

ONLY one characteristic distinguishes the little village of Strong, Me., from the thousands of others that are scattered all over New England. That is the peculiar industry which serves to support the entire community. Strong is famous for nothing but toothpicks, but it is known in the trade as the place from which come the majority of the toothpicks that are used in the United States.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

IN some parts of Brittany a curious marriage custom prevails. On certain fete days the marriageable girls appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders round them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band denotes \$20 per annum; each yellow band represents \$200 a year.



A BOUNTIFUL HARVEST.

GAUDY HAT CHECKS DISLIKED.

RAILWAY passengers, more and more, are opposing the custom of the conductor who marks them by sticking a strip of cardboard in the band of the hat.

There are at least two reasons for this opposition. One of them is that conductors do not always remove them, and after he leaves the train a passenger goes from place to place wearing a blue, red or green check in his hat. Pedestrians stare at him, and, looking about his person for the cause, he finally discovers that he is decorated. The man who wears one of these markers is by common consent set down as a hayseed, and this feeling has spread until few know the extent of it.

Hatters say, and the observing man soon finds out for himself, that the repeated sticking of cardboard in the band of a stiff hat loosens the band and gives the hat—no matter how much it has cost—a cheap appearance. When the busy conductor desires to shift some of his duties he sets the brakeman to pulling checks. Sometimes he yanks them out any old way, oftentimes displeasing to the passenger. The conductor himself is not always gentle in “chucking” a check. He leaves them sticking at all angles. Sometimes he has checks of as many as three colors, and when he finishes up a car of men their head gear oftentimes resembles that of a fighting Indian.

Many of the railroad managers have come to recognize this custom of the conductor as an imposition—that he has no right to use the person of a passenger to mark him. For that reason many of the roads have provided brass holders, screwed on the side of the car, one to each seat, and the conductor is expected to use this contrivance in checking a passenger.

Some of the conductors have voluntarily abandoned the obnoxious custom and have adopted different schemes of their own in placing a check about a seat where it will show that the passenger is ticketed to a particular destination.

Conductors have always managed to check women passengers without attaching anything to them, and it is argued that the men folk may be similarly treated.—*Chicago Tribune*.

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MONEY MADE IN OX HORNS.

A FAMILIAR sight in the business quarter of this city is the Russian horn peddler. The man himself is picturesque, having the strong features, dark skin, long beard and ill-fitting clothes which mark the Slovak, while his wares are always noticeable for their oddity. Sometimes it is the hat rack, consisting of two ox horns beautifully polished and fitted together at the butts upon a small wooden board ready for hanging in a hallway. At another time it is a small three-legged stool, of which each leg is a great horn. Again it is a

gun rack, where the hooks are horns, yellow, white, gray, brown and black. If you desire it he will supply you with easy chairs, arm chairs and rockers, of which the entire frames are made of horns. Of similar construction are easels, music racks, picture frames, wall trophies and baby cribs.

The industry was started about fifteen years ago by some poor Russian Jews near the kosher slaughterhouse. Before that time the horns were sold with the hoofs to the gluemakers and button manufacturers. They brought but a few cents a pound and glue buyers had no trouble in getting all the raw material they needed.

The manufacturers first prepared the horns by boiling and using alkalies. Afterward they found they could secure better results by treatment with cold alkaline solutions followed by antiseptics. After the horns have been cleaned they are scraped and polished until they gleam like burnished metal. A few are varnished, but the practice is not recommended by the trade.—*N. Y. Post*.

* * *

A BIG YEAR FOR THE PULLMAN COMPANY.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, at the annual meeting of the Pullman Palace Car company in Chicago Thursday, supplemented his report with the following general information:

“The number of passengers carried during the year was 10,753,643, and the number of miles run was 360,602,541. During the previous year the number of passengers carried was 9,618,438, and the number of miles run was 335,742,267.

“The value of the manufactured product of the car works of the company for the year was \$19,416,020, and of rentals \$316,089, a total of \$19,732,109, against \$16,731,676 for the previous year.

The average number of names on the pay rolls at Pullman for the year was 7098, and wages paid \$4,574,743, making an average of \$644 for each person employed.

The total number of persons in the employ of the company, in all departments, was 19,103, and the wages paid during the year was \$10,633,788. The number of employees for the previous year was 17,737, and the wages paid during that year \$9,514,534.”

The annual report for the fiscal year ended July 31 shows results from operation the best in the company's history. The net surplus amounts to over three million dollars, and with the surplus brought forward from last year, the company has a total surplus of close on to eleven million dollars.—*Chicago Tribune*.

* * *

ALL the days of the afflicted are evil: but he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.—*Solomon*.



Aunt Barbara's Page

AUNT PATTY'S MORTGAGE.

BY HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

AUNT PATTY LOOMIS lived close by the boulevard that wound like a great white ribbon up to the big hotel at the Springs. On fine days, from the windows of her little brown cottage, she could see the bicycles, and often an automobile, go spinning past. Lately the sight had brought unpleasant thoughts, for the summer's board bill of one group of those pleasure-seekers would have supplied her needs for the year.

After Uncle Nathan died, she had tried to raise the mortgage from their home, by taking boarders; but the Springs grew suddenly famous, and the great hotels were built, absorbing the guests that had been the source of her income. Poor Aunt Patty was left with only her rheumatism and the thought of that unpaid mortgage for company. So far as she knew, too, she was without relatives. One by one her nearest had slipped away into the Silent Land, and those the hungry west had swallowed up were equally lost to her.

The mortgage became due; but Aunt Patty clung desperately to her faith in God's goodness.

"Wherever my lot is cast, I can't get outside His love," she told herself, insistently.

Word came one day that a guest at the hotel wished to buy the place, taking immediate possession. The agent promised to bring the would-be purchaser on the following Monday. At his price, a few hundreds would be coming over the amount of the mortgage; there would be papers to sign, also.

Aunt Patty was sitting sorrowfully at the window, as the two alighted at the gate. When the mist cleared from her eyes, she saw that the stranger was boyish and kind-looking. Inside the door, he greeted her politely, giving her a keen look out of anxious, merry eyes.

"Mrs. Loomis," he asked, "Do you know that I'm a detective?"

The agent stared in astonishment. Aunt Patty stood speechless, while the young man took from his pocket some papers and his gold watch.

"I live in Chicago," he said. "My father died there lately. He had friends back here in Otsego county, but he seldom heard from them. About

three years ago, a newspaper was sent him with a notice of the death of Mrs. Martha Loomis, and he was completely broken up over it.

"I've done wrong in never writing back, John," he said to me. 'Patty was a good sister, and she's all there was left.'"

"It was Nathan's sister Marthy that died, not me," broke in Aunt Patty, breathlessly. She was quite pale and her eyes shone. "She'd parted from her husband,—and she hadn't no brother but Nathan," she added.

"My father had made his will bequeathing to his sister, Martha Warren Loomis, five thousand dollars," went on the boyish stranger. "At his death the will was unchanged, and the money lies now in the Fort Dearborn National bank. If I had not happened to hear at the hotel that your place was for sale, I should never have turned detective. Now I'm going to prove you,—Aunt Patty. Whose picture is this?"

He opened the watch, and held it out toward her. On the dial was photographed a little boy in old-fashioned garments, with his mischievous eyes, and curls plastered down on his temples. Aunt Patty gave a smothered cry.

"Why! It's like the tintype of Davie! I combed his hair that day, myself!"

The stranger shut the case with a triumphant click, and, taking the old lady unceremoniously in his arms, gave her a reverent kiss.

"That's my father, aunty," he laughed, somewhat tremulously. "And it's you, not the place, that I want, for his sake. You won't need to sell, now. I've proved you."

Aunt Patty began to sob for very joy.

"It's better than any money to belong to somebody again," she said softly.

Elgin, Illinois.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

THE preacher had apparently almost reached his peroration, but he had apparently almost reached it before, and the congregation was suspicious.

"What can I say more?" he asked in impassionate tones.

"Amen," answered a man in a back seat.—*Chicago Post.*

The Q. & A. Department.

Is there an absolute right and wrong of everything?

No. Circumstances cannot always be made to fit a set of rules. The rules are made to fit circumstances, and the wisest of people are often puzzled to know what is best and right. Only one-sided and narrowed persons always know the right thing at all times.

✦

What is a kleptomaniac?

A person who steals because he cannot help it—often taking things for which he has no earthly use. It is a well-recognized disease, very often lamented by the parties themselves while yet unable to control the propensity.

✦

Why does a railroad sell a ticket to a given point, carrying the passenger many more miles, at the same price as a more direct route?

Because if it didn't it would not get the business. It gets around the matter by limiting the life of the ticket to the actual time of travel.

✦

Could the United States seize the coal lands of the country?

Some people say it could be done, others deny it. But legislation could be made that would settle the matter as favorably to the public as though the mines were operated by the government.

✦

What is a railroad chemical laboratory?

A chemical establishment operated by the railroad for the purpose of testing the commodities used by it, such as metals, oils, glues, paints, etc. It has been found profitable to maintain such an institution.

✦

What is a juvenile court?

A juvenile court is a court of law established to adjust and, as far as possible correct the wrongs of children, generally those who are waifs, and who are starting on the road to a criminal life.

✦

Why is the rose called the emblem of secrecy?

Because in Greece it was formerly held over the table where guests were seated as a sign that anything heard was not to be repeated. This gave rise to the expression, "Under the rose."

✦

Who was the first King of England?

Richard the First was the first to call himself the King of England. Every king, from William the Conqueror to Henry II, called himself King of the English.

How are the large chrysanthemums of the flower shows grown?

Under glass by a strict disbudding process. The large show flowers cannot be grown in the open, or even in the house by amateurs.

✦

Why do we not have nectarines in the East?

Occasionally a tree can be induced to bear but not often in the East. The frost catches the blossoms and winter kills the tree.

✦

What is the chinook?

A chinook is a warm wind, warm and dry from the Pacific ocean eastward, that cuts into snow like a knife.

✦

Is there anything that will keep mice away from drawers or boxes?

Pieces of camphor put in drawers or boxes will, by its odor, keep mice away.

✦

Is it wrong to sell a ticket one has bought but not used?

Not morally wrong, but against the law in places. The railroads will refund as a rule.

✦

Do bakers use machinery for mixing dough for bread?

Yes, the larger bakeries do. It seems it does better work than can be done by hand.

✦

Of what country is the turkey a native?

Of America. The bird was well known long before the discovery of the country by Columbus.

✦

Was Martin Luther a musician?

He is on record as being proficient in music, and a lover of the science.

✦

How is the military school at West Point supported?

By appropriations from the United States Government.

◆

Would it be possible to make a collection of all the coins of the world?

No indeed.

✦

Is the Great Salt Lake fed by streams?

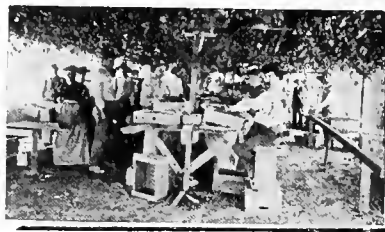
No. It is slowly drying up.

✦

When was the battle of Bosworth field?

In 1845.

The Home



Department

LEMON PIE.

BY MRS. LILLIAN DOMER.

TAKE the grated rind and the juice of one lemon, the yolks of four eggs, one quart of sweet milk heated and poured over one pint of crackers, cool, add two cups of sugar. This fills two pies. Beat the whites of the four eggs, put on top of the pies, return to the oven and brown slightly.

Baltic, Ohio.

* * *

PLAIN OMELET.

BREAK four eggs into a large bowl, beat them thoroughly, season with salt and pepper. Mix one tablespoonful of flour very smoothly with a small teacupful of sweet milk and pour it into the bowl with the eggs and beat well. Have ready a skillet, very hot, with a good lump of butter melted in it. Pour in the omelet and as soon as it is "set" in the middle put in a hot oven to brown slightly on top. Serve immediately.

* * *

CORN CAKES.

BY MRS. V. M. BALDWIN.

TAKE corn meal, about one quart to five persons, and pour just enough hot—not boiling—water over it to moisten well, let cool, then add one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda and just enough sweet milk to make a thin batter. Fry on a well greased hot griddle.

Laurens, Iowa.

* * *

A SURE CURE FOR COLIC IN HORSES.

BY DANIEL JOHNSON.

GIVE as a dose, one ounce of turpentine, one and one-half ounces of niter, one ounce of tincture of asafoetida and one ounce of laudanum. Repeat in twenty minutes if needed.

Redfield, Kans.

A NICE RUG.

BY LIBBIE HOLLOPETER.

A NICE rug can be made of old ingrain carpets by cutting the carpet in small strips, running them through a rug raveler and weaving them in a carpet warp, first weaving in a binding or fringe as desired. These wear well and are always in demand.

Pentz, Pa.

* * *

COLD STARCH.

BY ELIZABETH VANIMAN.

TAKE four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, one tablespoonful of borax, one and one-half quarts of soft water and a little bluing, mix, strain and put in can or jar. Always stir well before using.

McPherson, Kans.

* * *

TO PREVENT CLOTHING FROM TAKING FIRE.

BY LIZZIE FORNEY.

RINSE clothing in alum water to prevent them from taking fire. This should always be done with children's summer clothing.

Phoenix, Arizona.

* * *

SISTER MARVEL BOWERS, of Payette, Idaho, recommends charcoal as an absorbent of gases in the milk room where foul gases are present. It should be freshly powdered and left there continually.

* * *

TAKE scraps of bread, crumble them fine, add pepper, salt, butter and one egg, moisten the whole with sweet milk, make up in balls and lay in the pan with beef roast with rich gravy.

* * *

SISTER BALINDA A. STONER, of Union Bridge, Md., says that fine hard soap can be made by using the Auto lye and doing as the directions on the box tell you.

"HOW'S THIS FOR HOME?"

FROM among the many single office Nookers scattered all over this broad land and in all sorts of out of the way places, we have a very pleasant letter from Nookers Ben C. Baker and his wife, Blanche M. Baker, of Antigo, Wisconsin.

Antigo, the county seat of Langlade county, is in the northeastern part of the State among the forests and there our friends are making for themselves a home. Elgin is "back home in Illinois" to them, where often they stood on the ground where the home of the Nook now is, and where both worked in various Elgin manufacturing plants, including the watch factory, so they draw a sharp contrast between here and the cover picture in the INGLENOOK for September 27, 1902, which is a fair likeness of the homes in the lumber camps in the Wisconsin pineries.

Kent, about sixteen miles northeast of Antigo, is described as one of the loneliest, dreary, out-of-the-way places anyone ever dropped into, consisting of a sawmill, post office, six or eight log shanties and a boarding house. The sawmill is in the bottom of a great hole and the shanties all around it on the hill-sides, and looking as though ready to slide down to the bottom.

Their country has advantages worth considering and they like it very much. They have a good word for the NOOK, are much interested in any and all the experiences of the other Nookers and enjoy making their acquaintance through the magazine.

* * *

AN EXCELLENT MAGAZINE.

FROM the Oakdale, California, *Leader*, commenting on the California INGLENOOK, we extract the following:

"This INGLENOOK is devoted exclusively to California, giving excellent half-tone cuts of scenes, buildings, orange groves, etc., in Stanislaus and many other Counties of the State, all executed in the very best style of art. Both as a literary production and a work of art its entire make-up is equal to the most popular magazines of the day. It is a weekly publication and is richly deserving the wide circulation claimed for it by its publishers. It should be a welcome visitor to every household in California where a meritorious work can be appreciated."

* * *

YANKEES NOT THE GREATEST INVENTORS.

COL. W. HECKERT, of Toledo, Ohio, is doing his best to prove that Yankees are not the greatest inventors. He has already patented 130 of his notions, and is brimful of ideas yet.

WHAT THEY SAY.

THE INGLENOOK is just splendid."—*E. B. Lefever, Pennsylvania.*

*

"THE NOOK continues to improve. We would not think of doing without it."—*Hattie Y. Gilbert, Va.*

*

"WE read the NOOK and loan it to our neighbors, of course to be returned as we expect to bind them."—*L. B. B., Ohio.*

*

"LET us have some more like the California issue. The INGLENOOK gets better every week."—*Mrs. Ida K. Mowen, Ill.*

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"THE California NOOK is a veritable bureau of information. I learned more from it concerning California's products, resources, and things especially interesting, than I had from ten years' residence in the State."—*O. Mathias, California.*

*

"I WISH to especially commend your work on the INGLENOOK. The California NOOK is the best thing of its kind I have ever seen. Taking the INGLENOOK as a whole, a volume of it would be quite a cyclopedia of general and useful knowledge."—*A. K. Graybill, Washington, D. C.*

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—A sister to act as housekeeper in Iowa. Address: G. A. W., care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED.—A baker. Must be neat and sober. Single man preferred. Steady job. Location in Colorado. Address; Baker, care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED.—Girl to do general housework at Old Folks' Home, Mt. Morris, Illinois. Good wages. Widow without children preferred. Address, John Heckman, Polo, Illinois.

WANTED.—A widow desires a position as housekeeper for a person who will appreciate an effort to make a pleasant home. Address: Housekeeper, care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED.—In Indiana a girl to help in house work. Church, school, and similar inducements at the place. Be a good place for a good girl. Address: T. I. W., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED.—Sister to do housework for family of four on farm in Iowa. Work the year round. Pleasant home and good pay per week or year for the right girl. Church and Sunday school near by. Address: G. C. W. H., care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER 22, 1902.

No. 47.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

The night throbs on, but let me pray, dear Lord!
Crush off his name a moment from my mouth,
To thee my eyes would turn, but they go back,
Back to my arm beside me where he lay—
So little, Lord, so little and so warm!

I cannot think that thou hadst need of him!
He is so little, Lord, he cannot sing,
He cannot praise thee; all his life had learned
Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.
Give him to me—he is not happy there!
He had not felt his life; his lovely eyes
Just knew me for his mother, and he died.

Hast thou an angel there to mother him?
I say he loves me best—if he forgets,
If thou allow it that my child forgets
And runs not out to meet me when I come—
What are my curses to thee? Thou hast heard
The curse of Abel's mother, and since then
We have not ceased to threaten at thy throne,
To threat and pray thee that thou hold them still
In memory of us.

See thou tend him well,
Thou God of all the mothers! If he lack
One of his kisses—ah, my heart, my heart,
Do angels kiss in heaven? Give him back!
Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with grief
And tired of tears, I know, and tender, aye, and good.
Thou hast my child and he is safe in thee,
And I believe—

Ah, God, my child shall go
Orphaned among the angels! All alone,
So little and alone! He knows not thee,
He only knows his mother—give him back!
—Scribner's.

HOW THE INDIANS VOTE.

THE Chickasaw Indians cast their vote differently from the way the white man does it. They meet the day before the election, and none but Chickasaws by blood is allowed to vote. No white man or intermarried citizens have the right of suffrage. They go off to themselves and have a powwow. They decide for whom they will vote after considering the matter for twenty-four hours.

The polling place is quite unlike that of the white man. There is a great sheet of paper, white, yellow

or brown as the case may be, about three feet square. Upon this sheet of paper are a vast number of cross lines, regularly ruled off with a pencil. Then down one side of the sheet of paper are placed the names of all candidates for office, beginning with the candidates for governor and running on down to precinct officers. At the top of the sheet are the number of blank spaces that will be required for the names of the voters. The judges of election sit by and pass on those entitled to vote, and there is a certainty that no illegal votes are cast.

The Indian is thoroughly deliberate. He takes his time when it comes to voting. He proceeds to the polling place, looks carefully over the poll sheet, and if he is ready to cast his ballot he calls out his name, and the clerk records it on the sheet. Then the clerk reads off the names of the candidates for governor. The voter deliberates awhile, calls out the name of the candidate for whom he desires to vote, his vote is recorded, and the names of the candidates for the next office are called out, and so on through the list, till all the offices represented are voted for.

Thus it is that every voter knows exactly how every other voter has cast his ballot, and there are no remarks, no suggestions and no quarrels over differences of opinion.

A FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATION.

YEARS ago Mr. Simpson attended church in Barrie, and heard a sermon on eternity. Mr. Simpson writes: "The preacher asked his hearers to imagine this earth of ours to be a huge steel ball 8,000 miles in diameter. On this ball is placed a fly, which is to walk and walk and walk. Then imagine this fly walking until its feet wore out this tremendous steel ball. Can the imagination grasp this? Then will be only at the dawn of eternity."

Who can beat this as an effective illustration?

POTATOES, brought into Russia first in 1769, caused fearful riots, being called devil's apples.

VILLA formerly meant a farm and not a house.

THE GIANT REDWOODS.

BY ENOS BROWN.

ONE of the results of the prosperity which the State of California is now enjoying is the revival of the lumber interests and the remarkable demand for export of the product of its redwood forests. Conditions are quite unprecedented. The redwood is found only in California and in but a comparatively contracted area even there. From Santa Cruz county on the south to the Oregon line on the north it attains full development, but lower than Mendocino county, owing to vicinity of the great markets, the forests have been about exhausted and these localities are no longer considered producers. A considerable acreage in Santa Cruz county has been recently appropriated as public domain.

The available redwood, therefore, is now confined to about 318 miles of coast. The annual product, in this region, is about 320,000,000 feet, and it is estimated, at the present rate of consumption, that enough standing timber exists to last for one hundred and fifty years.

The redwood is rarely found beyond the reach of the ocean fogs; its extreme limit being thirty-five miles inshore, and then only when some valley-like depression permits the entrance of the fog to that distance. The tree seems to have an affinity for the salt sea fog and attracts it about its lofty branches. There it condenses and falls to the ground in a gentle rain. The ground under the redwood tree is always moist.

The redwood is the *Sequoia sempervirens* of botanists and is distinct from the *Sequoia gigantea* of the Sierras. The first is never found far from the sea, the latter always on the declivities of the Sierra Nevadas and seldom at an altitude lower than four thousand feet, and in regions where the rainfall is never excessive. In size they are much alike. The few remaining groves of the *Sequoia gigantea* are in Mariposa and Calaveras Counties, California, and some of them are four hundred feet high and of tremendous girth. The timber is inferior to that of the redwood, which is noted for endurance and strength. Its resistance to fire is no fable, but a sober fact. The lumber is becoming more in demand for decorative purposes. Its color, a light salmon when first cut, afterward turns to a deep red. When thoroughly dried there is no shrinkage and it readily yields to the chisel of the carver. Piano cases made from the wood are said to give increased resonance to the instrument. Large quantities are consumed for interior finishing with gratifying effects. In addition to other fine qualities the wood takes on a beautiful polish and even the stumpage, until recently considered worthless, is found to possess valuable qualities. The roots and woody excrescences at the base of the tree give fine effects in

wavy outlines, and, when polished, the result is a material much valued for decorative purposes.

In the Eel river redwood district, Humboldt County, there are eighty thousand acres of timber lands, which will produce at a low estimate seventy-five thousand feet to the acre. In size the trees range from four to six feet in diameter; if below eighteen inches they are left standing. Of the larger sizes from eight to twelve thousand feet is produced from each tree.

Felling one of these enormous trees is an operation requiring great experience on the part of the woodsman. In the first place, a tract is selected containing a goodly number of the proper sizes, as well as being advantageously located for getting the logs to the railroad for conveyance to the mill. The experience of the cutter will indicate the first and next in order to be felled. Each tree must lie in its own bed. A platform is then erected surrounding the trunk from six to eight feet above the ground. With a saw an undercut is made through the trunk, not quite to the center, and from the opposite side a crosscut is sawed, ending a foot or two above the undercut and leaving a section of solid lumber between. The "gunsight," or the place where the tree is to fall, is then calculated to a certainty, and the ground cleared of all projections that would prevent the great trunk from falling flat on the earth. The woodsman who cannot calculate within a few feet the exact spot where the extreme top of a tree, no matter the height, will lie when down does not know his business. The rule is that when ten per cent of a tree is "split" when felled, the chopper is incompetent and is discharged. When the exact place where the tree is to fall is selected, the choppers ascend the platform and, with axes hew out an angular-shaped piece having the undercut as a base. When this cut is made the second or crosscut is wedged until the tree topples over and falls to the ground, the solid section of the trunk, not pierced by the cuts, supporting the tree until the center of gravity is passed, and then the mighty frame falls upon its prepared bed almost intact.

The next operation is performed by the "ringers" and "peelers." Every twelve or fourteen feet, as required, a ring is cut around the circumference of the bark, and afterward the peelers with crowbars and wedges "peel" the bark from the prostrate trunk. Finally all the trees are stripped but surrounded with an immense accumulation of debris of bark and branches, which must be removed before the trunks can be sawed into suitable lengths for conveyance to the mill. The ground is cleared by fire, precaution being first taken to plug up the "splits" in the trunk with clay so that the fire may not reach the interior of the tree. A foggy day is chosen and a still one. Fire is started and in a short time the tract is burning with a fierce heat, that quickly reduces the piles

of bark and brush to ashes, and leaves an unobstructed field for the removal of the timber which has been scarcely charred by the intense heat to which it has been subjected.

The trunks as they lie are then cut into stated lengths with crosscut saws, and then follows the arduous task of conveying these enormously heavy sections to the railroad. This operation is one of extreme difficulty, involving the transportation of the logs from the high and precipitous hillsides and conveying them uninjured over long distances.

Temporary skidways are laid down and roads constructed. Chutes down which the logs pass have to be planned, and on these, guided by the skillful woodsmen, the unwieldy logs at last reach their destination.

the train hands had to get off and lay down the rail fences and put them up again after the train had passed through.

The road bed was constructed by laying cross ties six or eight feet apart, and on those laying wooden stringers for rails. The heavy traffic over the road caused the rails to wear in spots, so that train wrecks and smashups were of daily occurrence. These were not serious, for when the train crew saw a wreck coming their way they would hop off and let it wreck.

The annoyance, however, soon became detrimental to the interest of shippers, so the owner had to devise some means of overcoming the difficulty. Rails of standard railroad iron were out of the question; they had to be shipped "the Horn around," and



HARVESTING IN CALIFORNIA.

The work is laborious in the extreme and is assisted by donkey engines on sleds, which are hauled to the top of the steep banks and into seemingly impossible situations. With the aid of these engines loading on cars is accomplished without special difficulty. Twenty-five miles of broad gauge track penetrate into all parts of this district and one hundred and eighty flat cars are employed in transporting the timber and finished products.—*Scientific American*.

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THE "RAILS" EATEN BY WOLVES.

ABOUT 1872 one of the first railroads of the Northwest was built in the territory of Washington, from Walla Walla to Walula, along the banks of the Walla Walla river, and following the general line of what is now the Oregon Railway and Navigation company's road between those points.

The road was a primitive affair, and was built, owned and operated by Dr. Baker, of Walla Walla. It had no Pullman cars, chair cars or buffet cars, and the day coaches were mostly platform or flat cars. Instead of having a right of way the road had permission to go through the fields of the farmers, consequently the road was not a rapid transit one, as

freighted by wagon quite a distance, and strap iron could not be had, and the doctor, with Yankee shrewdness, finally hit upon the happy idea of substituting rawhide for strap iron. Cattle were plentiful and rawhide cheap, so the doctor soon had his track layers at work putting the rawhide on the wooden stringers. The rawhide soon became dry and as hard as iron, and answered the purpose admirably during the dry weather.

The winter succeeding the laying of the rawhide track was a severe one for that part of the country. The snow lay on the ground for several weeks. The wolves were driven from the mountains by the deep snow, and skirmished for a living as best they could in the valleys. When the snow began to melt it softened the rawhide, and the hungry wolves soon found the tracks. When spring came and the snow had melted the wolves had eaten up the railroad track from Walla Walla to Walula.—*Recreation*.

❖ ❖ ❖

You know that a little thought and a little kindness are often worth more than a great deal of money. This charity of thought is not merely to be exercised toward the poor; it is to be exercised toward all men.

A SHUT-IN SAINT.

IN a little three-story frame house, set like a toy behind a big tenement building, in New York City, lives Bella Cooke, one of the most remarkable women in the metropolis. For forty-six years she has been confined to her room by an incurable spinal disease. Yet this person is an angel of mercy to the poor, and a fount of inspiration to the rich and famous.

Her room is radiant with the sunshine that overflows from her buoyant soul. It is a spiritual Mecca to which thousands yearly journey from afar to see and converse with this woman who has risen superior to affliction and keeps the invisible cable between her couch and heaven in constant operation.

Bella Cooke is the queen of invalid philanthropists. Daily, the poor come to her bedside and pour into her sympathetic ears the tale of their troubles and suffering. With rare tact she gives them spiritual comfort and supplies their physical needs. How is she, an invalid, able to do this, do you ask? The solution is simple. Some of New York's richest women make her the channel for their gifts to the poor. In short, Mrs. Cooke is the pope of the East Side poor of New York.

Mrs. Cooke's face is beautiful in features and coloring. She has soft dark eyes, a smooth, white brow, and a delicate pink flushes her cheeks. Her expression is indescribably sweet. She appears to be hardly fifty years of age, but is, in reality, eighty-two.

The walls are adorned with pictures, photographs of children and grandchildren, famous friends, and Scripture texts. Fresh flowers, sent by kind friends, keep the room fragrant as an Oriental garden. Her bed is beautifully carved with many ingenious appliances for her comfort.

Long experience of helplessness, says the *New York Herald*, has led her to devise a number of little contrivances by which she is able to draw within reach the various things she constantly needs without calling for her attendant. She moves on her pillows by clinging to thick, soft woolen cords suspended from the ceiling. There are curved trays that swing in front of her at a slight touch, and contain writing materials, books, etc. One is her dining table. She is not strong enough to uphold a book longer than a few minutes.

During the past year, Mrs. Cooke has dispensed upward of \$2,000. She keeps a book in which are entered the names, addresses, and a few data concerning a long list of people whom every month she helps to eke out their rent money.

"I never pay the whole amount. It is better for them to help themselves a little," she said.

No fewer than five hundred garments are yearly given at Mrs. Cooke's bedside; and she assigns every

article herself. Then there is an average of ten babies each year whose first wardrobe is the gift of this benevolent woman.

"Are you never deceived by impostors, Mrs. Cooke—people who count on your inability to go and look up their record?" was asked.

"Very rarely," was the reply. "I believe my helplessness appeals to the good which always exists in every human soul, no matter how depraved the creature may appear. Then I ask very few questions, and the first time a person comes to me I do not even encourage her to talk about herself. By and by I am sure to get the whole story, and when it comes spontaneously it is likely to be true."

At Thanksgiving time there are "great doings" in the small rear house. From out the little upper room are sent turkey dinners to the hundred and fifty poor families. At such seasons the place is strangely transformed. On tables are piled rows on rows of plump poultry awaiting the "necklace" which Mrs. Cooke prepares with her own feeble fingers for each bird. This is her description:

"I select some verse from the Bible which I know will be suited to the person or the family the fowl is intended for. I write it plainly upon a long, narrow strip of strong paper and attach threads to the ends, by which it is tied on. I am not able to put the 'necklace' on with my own hands. Some of my girls always help me on these occasions; but I have to select the turkey which is to be given in each case, as I know just how many mouths there are to feed—where there are ten children and where there are none. It is wonderful how many people have told me that the first impulse toward a better life was given them by the holy words inscribed on a turkey necklace! There is no use in offering salvation to people on empty stomachs; it is the full soul that can be led to thankfulness."

"How many days does this distribution occupy?"

"Not more than three. I send out postal cards to just the number that I can attend to each day. Then they bring baskets, and each receives a turkey, bread, potatoes, apples, turnips, and to the old women I give also tea and sugar. Into each basket is put a bright colored card with a text."

At Christmastide, about eighty old women and young widows with little children, are provided with dinners similar to those more generally dispensed at Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Cooke is much concerned about the welfare of her poor when she shall no longer be here to care for them. She said:

"The monthly contributions and the systematized charity can be continued, but the miscellaneous giving will be difficult for another to take up."

"Have you been doing this work for many years?"

"The dinner giving began nearly thirty years ago, but I have always done what I could for the poor. When I was a little girl in England, I used to pick up beggars and fetch them home for my mother to care for. After coming to this country, I was left a widow with several young children. I was eight-and-twenty then. The most in my power to do for others at that time was to go to the poor in their homes and to visit the sick in the hospitals. Then it was most unusual for a Protestant woman to minister in Bellevue. I was feeble in health, and my doctor remonstrated, but I only went the oftener, feeling that my time for usefulness might be very short. For the hours of the day spent in going my rounds, I had to sit up at night to work for my own little children. One day I fell on the steps as I was entering the hospital. That was my last visit there."

Nothing can induce Mrs. Cooke to remove from her little old house. She says her life work is there ready to her hand, and she will not leave it until the Divine call comes. Her children are all married—one to an eminent Methodist minister—but their mother will not be persuaded to make her home with them. She is herself a good old-fashioned Methodist. She lives, by choice, quite alone, with only a faithful maid to take care of her.

From nine o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night, Mrs. Cooke playfully calls her office hours. A stream of visitors is continually wending its way through the narrow passage from the noisy street, over the stone paved court, and up the narrow stairs into the presence of this woman whose head is haloed with the aroma of love. The procession includes not only the poor, the outcast, the despondent; but many women of the highest station, whose faces and names are familiar in the world of fashion and who figure in the gayest society scenes, spend hours by the bedside of Mrs. Bella Cooke, learning a wonderful gracious lesson of benevolence, patience, peace and godliness from the gentle woman whose words do praise to her.

In answer to our earnest request for her testimony to God's goodness and a message to the women of America, Mrs. Cooke wrote the following:

"With Wesley I sing:

'In blessing thee with grateful song,
My happy life shall glide away,
The praise which to thy name belongs
Surely with lifted heart I'll pay.'

"Yes, my Lord hath done, and still does, such great things for me that my soul mounts up as on eagle's wings, and my heart seems to swim in an ocean of love. As I lie awake in the silent night and converse with my Elder Brother, the veil seems rent at the top, and I get a glimpse into the inner temple and behold the glory of my Savior as he sits at the Father's right

hand interceding for me and for all. And sometimes I can almost hear him saying: 'I will that they may be with me that they may behold my glory, and again that they may be one as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they may be one in us.' Thus my Lord comes so near to me, that I hardly know whether I am in this land of pain, or being freed from it and at home with him. Well, ere long,

'I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace,
E'en evermore.'

NATIONAL RESERVATION FOR MISSOURI.

A PROJECT is on foot in Missouri for the establishment of a national reservation in Camden county, in that State. There is a rare combination in that country of mountains, rivers, valleys, caves and springs, and wild animals are still abundant. The country is traversed by the Osage and Niangua rivers, the scenery along which is extremely beautiful. One of the caves is 1,600 feet long and at one place one hundred and twenty feet wide and sixty feet high. Another extensive cave has a width of two hundred feet. A noted spring rising at the foot of a mountain is one hundred and twenty feet wide and eighteen feet deep and forms a lake covering several acres. In the same region are many waterfalls.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

THE true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—*Hindoo*.

He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let him pass on.—*Egyptian*.

Do as you would be done by.—*Persian*.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself.—*Buddhist*.

What you would not wish done to yourself, do not unto others.—*Chinese*.

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—*Mohammedanism*.

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him.—*Grecian*.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men, is to love the members of society as themselves.—*Roman*.

Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you, do not unto him. This is the whole law, the rest is a mere exposition of it.—*Jewish*.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—*Christian*.

ST. PAUL'S cathedral has a dome 112 feet in diameter. St. Peter's, Rome, is 139 feet across.

A QUEER BUSINESS.

THE *Philadelphia Ledger* tells a good story of how your overcoat goes with the lot when your uncle of the three balls gets it finally:

For a sample of business at its highest tension—something like the floor of a stock exchange during a moment of strenuousness, and yet, in a sense, business that is more genuine, if not more legitimate, try one of the auction rooms, where, as a regular commercial enterprise, unredeemed pledges of pawnbrokers are sold on commission. If you have not a good deal of time to study it all out you will need a guide or something of that sort, for things move at a speed that renders the whole thing quite unintelligible to the novice. No experience of other auction rooms will be of use here, for there is little in common in the methods of the two.

The sale of these pledges is a regular business and one of considerable proportions, especially in Philadelphia. In the busy season there is a sale every day, and a bulletin board to be found somewhere in the auction room contains the name of each pawnbroker whose goods are to be sold that week and the day of the sale in each case. Each sale is generally so large that one for each day is all that is provided for. The pawnbroker who owns the goods is present, but he has placed himself and his fortunes in the hands of the auctioneer and cuts but a small figure in the proceedings.

The buyers are made up largely of dealers in second-hand clothing, and it may be said in passing that Philadelphia does a bigger business in old clothes, in the cast-off or second and third hand clothes of men than any other city on the American continent. It is the center of the trade in the East. The capital invested here aggregates three and one-half million dollars. There are about one thousand flourishing retail stores, and the average value of their stocks is set by experts in the trade at \$3,000. Each of a half dozen stores carries goods valued at \$15,000 or \$20,000. Each store gives employment to three persons on an average—the proprietor, his wife and the "busheler," or mender.

Of course not all of this business flows through the pawnshop and thence through the auction room, but enough of it takes that course to make the auction room a very busy place. Of course, too, the articles sold are of every description besides clothes; but it would appear that people who patronize pawnshops think of their clothes as the most superfluous of their possessions, and get rid of them first. In addition to the second hand clothes dealers, there is among the buyers a fair sprinkling of what are called "outsiders," though, to get a chance to secure anything sold they must be entirely familiar with the method

and wholly alert, for the regular buyers—the "dealers," as they are called—will buy anything put up that seems a bargain, from rat traps at a cent apiece to diamonds or sealskins.

The sale is a very concentrated performance, too busy for jokes or sentiment of any kind, except, perhaps, among the minor attendants. The auctioneer stands behind a high counter, raised above the heads of the buyers and polished smooth by the passage over it of countless numbers of "lots." In front of him, seated on high stools and benches and leaning eagerly forward, catlike, to catch every tone of his voice, every glance of his eye, are the buyers. Of these a considerable proportion are women, generally even quicker and shrewder than their masculine neighbors, for among the more important of the second hand clothes dealers of this city are several English women and one negress. These regular dealers, men and women, know all about the sales, when they are going to take place, at which auction room and what they comprise. In a general way they have looked over the stock on which they are prepared to bid with some care, and they have a fair idea of the values represented in every article or lot that they want.

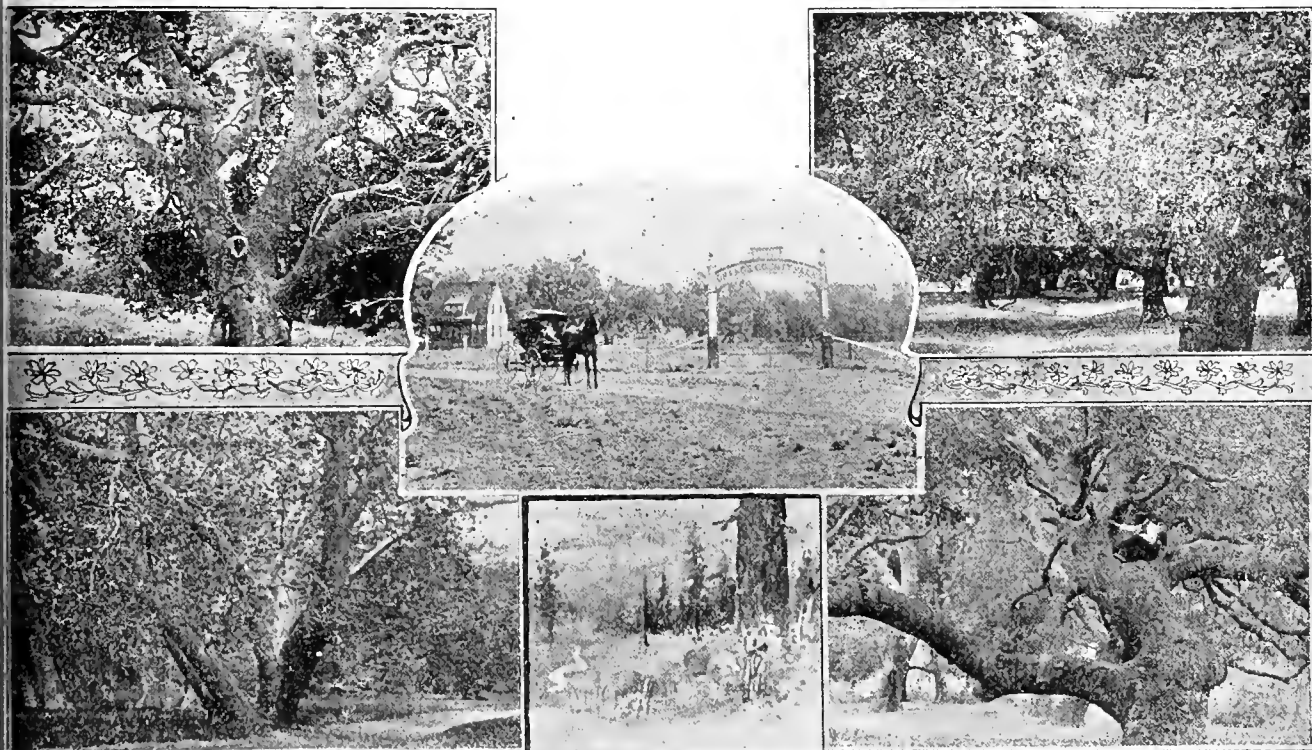
But it is the auctioneer that is the star of this intense performance. What he does is to the newcomer entirely unintelligible, and one needs to ask questions and have his information verified by several old habits before he can credit it. An attendant pushes before the auctioneer a garment or a lot of garments, calling out a number at the same time. He only calls it once before the auctioneer, speaking English if any known tongue, is far away on the urging of the price. You see his eye travel rapidly over the people in front of him; he calls out a letter, or sometimes a name, and gives the merchandise a shove away from him, and it falls off the counter in front of him into what looks like a box with an open top.

He has done this a number of times—perhaps as often as five times in sixty seconds—before you realize that the sale is on and that he has already disposed of five lots. His voice is a continuous monotone, and you cannot imagine how he or any one else knows what he has sold or who has bought it. You fully expect to see the box into which he is throwing the stuff fill up, until, by crowding up or asking, you learn that, instead of a box, it is a chute leading down into the cellar or basement. Later you notice in the far corner of the room a man, sometimes two men, one writing as if his life depended on it, and the other looking over what he sets down and occasionally saying something to him. Incredible as it appears, you realize at last that the writer is putting down the number of the lot as called out by the assistant, the price which the auctioneer calls out as he shoves the stuff away from him, and also the name or letter he

has called out. This last is the name or the initial of the purchaser, one of many regular patrons of the auction room who can be trusted to pay for and take away what he bids for. The basement contains a number of stalls or bins, each with the name or initial of one of these regular customers, and as fast as the goods fall down the chute they are seized and properly stowed away by the attendant there who has caught the name. There they stay until after the sale, when they are settled for and taken away.

Any other persons but the regular dealers who buy

an auctioneer in seizing the article and estimating a figure to start it off at is almost instantaneous and the price he suggests is usually accepted as the starting figure. He seems to have a general knowledge of every kind of merchandise that is known and this knowledge is at his immediate and unhesitating command. One sale may be of articles of women's underwear at twenty-five cents apiece, the next of boys' sweaters at a similar figure, and the next a sealskin sacque which, started at thirty dollars, runs up to forty-eight dollars. The auctioneer knows, too, better than anyone in the room when the bidding has reached its limit and he wastes



ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, PARK.

must pay cash, which is handed over as soon as the auctioneer calls out "cash" instead of the purchaser's name. In this case the merchandise is not thrown down the chute, but is handed over to the purchaser, when, but never before, he has paid the money. The goods offered for sale are generally taken as they come, though it is usual to keep all the men's clothing together and also such things as bedding, of which there is generally a surprisingly large quantity. Sometimes a single article is sold, but more frequently, especially when the buyers are principally dealers, they are offered in lots—so many bedspreads, so many boys' overcoats, so many women's wrappers, as the case may be. Whether it be a single piece or a lot, each article is opened and spread out by the assistant so as to permit a fair view of it before the auctioneer grabs it and hurls it down the chute. The operation of the

no valuable time in explaining that it is "going, going, gone."

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S RELIGION.

It is always interesting to know something about the religious preferences of eminent men. In the case of George Washington his family were Episcopalians and he personally claimed to belong to that church. It appears from history, however, that although Washington was an Episcopalian he decided after considerable investigation that immersion was the only baptism taught in the New Testament, and so he was immersed in the presence of about forty-five witnesses. Prior to his assuming church relations he would sometimes use strong language when angered, but after he became a professed Christian he was never known to swear.

TWO LETTERS: No. 1.

THE CEDARS.

My Dearest Blanche:

I HAVE something new to tell you. You know last week was my birthday and I have just passed the eighteenth milestone. I am beginning to feel dreadfully old and have been assured by several complacent, elderly people that I am getting to be quite a young lady. You know since I left the high-school I have been helping folks around home and I have been doing a great deal of work in the kitchen. The other day Ma and I got to talking about things and I said I could get up just as good a dinner as she could. She hooted at the idea and I stuck to it that I could. One thing led to another until it was finally agreed that I was to have entire charge of the Thanksgiving dinner, and if Ma has assured me once she has said it twenty times that she is not going to do a "hand's turn." And I have told her once or twenty times that I did not want her in the kitchen or dining room until she was sent for. And what is more, Blanche, is that in order to make my fall as hard as possible they have invited the Garrison's over, and they are coming. There is Mr. and Mrs. Garrison and Earl. I do not care anything at all about Earl but he is going to be here and of course I have to treat him nicely.

Now, I will tell you what I am going to do, and you are the first one I have told, for I haven't even told Ma what I am going to have for dinner. I know that she thinks there is going to be a mess, but then I know that I can cook anything that she does and some things that she doesn't know about.

Here is what I am going to do. The day before Thanksgiving I am going to have the dining room swept and dusted spick and span clean. And when I was down in the meadow the other day I saw some late fall flowers, that I do not know the name of, along the stream, and I am going to get a bouquet and put them on the mantel, and I will have every piece of tableware just shining. And when I am down in the meadow after those yellow flowers I am going to get a little basketful of the finest red and gold maple leaves I can pick out of the thousands and thousands that have fallen, and I am also going to get some of the red leaves of the sumach. Now, after the linen is laid on the dining room table, I am going to arrange these maple leaves in stars as artistically as I can and right on them, as on a mat, I will put the dishes that remain on the table. I know that I can make artistic autumn designs and each one will be different, and the white table cloth will set off the colors. My pansy bed is blooming nicely and I will have a whole lot of pansies in a bowl of water and I will tie some of them up in threes and fours, the best of them, and lay them beside each plate. I

have the ones picked out that I am going to lay beside Earl's plate and they are the prettiest in the whole lot. I never did care for him anyhow.

Now, let me tell you what I am going to have to eat. I am not going to begin with the soup because that will be the last thing I am going to make. I am going to have a roast turkey, some baked sweet potatoes, cranberries, celery, stewed lima beans, coffee, cake and pie. Now that does not look like very much of a lay-out, Blanche, but you just wait until I get through with that mess. Ma said a mean thing about Earl and me, as though I cared anything about it, but I am going to show them both that I know how to cook. For a turkey I am going to have a hen that weighs about ten or twelve pounds when dressed, and that turk is going to be dressed at least a day before Thanksgiving day. Pa thought I could not very well spoil the turkey if I cooked it enough, but I am going to show everybody that I can improve on Ma's cooking. I will not only not spoil it, but I will make it better than they ever had one before. I do not intend to have that turkey stuffed for one thing, and another thing is that I am going to roast it with the back up. I will prop it in place with skewers and thus have all the juices run into the breast instead of running away from it. The dressing I will make and bake in balls in the pan. The sweet potatoes will be peeled and roasted until thoroughly done. I am going to sprinkle just a suspicion of sugar over the tops of them a moment or two before I take them out of the oven, and that will make them look as though they had been browned in their own juices. And I will tell you, Blanche, how I am going to prepare the cranberries. In the first place I will pick them over and wash them in water until clean and then I am going to put them in a pan while wet, and roll them around in granulated sugar and this will stick to them, you know, because they are damp, and then I will put them in a vessel to cook and put only a tablespoonful of water on them. After I have put them on the stove you can hear them popping while cooking and each berry will form a great translucent ruby, separate from every other one. When Ma cooks them she simply puts them on and boils them with granulated sugar. I have learned that when cooked with sugar around them they will jell and they will be just as clear as jelly itself.

I am going to have some good coffee, and that is going to be Java and Mocha, about half and half, and one cup of ground coffee to six cups of water. It is going to steep for a half hour in water just boiling, but it is not going to boil the way Ma makes it. Ma says it is too much trouble but I am going to do this thing in my own way. I am going to show that Garrison boy that I can make good coffee. I wish they hadn't asked them.

For dessert I am going to have a couple of warm apple pies, the kind that has plenty of cinnamon and nutmeg inside and white with pulverized sugar on top. These will be in the oven of the stove getting warm and they are going to be served with real cream, that is, I am going to put a piece of pie in a dessert dish and let each guest put on all of the cream he wants and have him eat it with a spoon as he would a pudding or a dumpling. Of course there is going to be a pumpkin pie, and I am going to show that boy that I can make just as good pies as his mother can, and better ones, too, maybe.

Now if Ma were getting this dinner ready she would have five times as much on the table as I am going to have and there would be a great lot of stuff left over that we would have to eat the next day or two, but I am going to put on enough to give everybody all he may care to eat but there isn't going to be so much of it, and what there is of it is going to be just as nice as can be made, that is, just as nice as I can make it.

O yes, I forgot to say that I am going to have oyster soup. I heard Earl say once that he liked oysters and that is what put it into my head to have them. I am going to have a small but rich stew of oysters for each one, and if I felt sure I could get some fresh fish I would follow the stew with fish, but I am afraid we will have to let that go.

Now, just imagine the party in the dining room with me at the head of the table. To the right will be Ma and on the other side will be Pa, for they are guests, and then Mrs. Garrison on one side and Mr. Garrison on the other, and that boy, Earl, at the other end of the table facing me. I don't see why they had to have him here! There is just one thing I'm not sure of and that is whether I can carve that turkey and do it sitting down. Anybody can cut it if they stand up to do it but it takes an expert to do it seated, and I am going to do it myself, no matter what happens. I do not intend looking at that boy if I can help it, though I know he will be watching me, I can just feel it now. As soon as they are through with the oysters I will be ready to help each plate to the turkey and to pass the sweet potatoes, the beans, bread, butter and the rest of it you know. I forgot to say that right in the center of the table I am going to have a bouquet of a few carnations that I am going to buy, even though they do cost fifty cents a dozen. After we have finished the dinner I am going to serve the cake with that warm fragrant apple pie with the cream, and ending up everything with a cup of good coffee that I will guarantee those Garrison people never tasted the like before.

I have the bill of fare pretty badly mixed up in my letter but it is all going to be straightened out when the time comes. After the dinner is over I

am just going to clear things off the table and take them back to the kitchen and stack them up there and leave them for Ma. I am going to the front room myself then, and I know I shall feel dreadfully like taking a walk if the weather is good. I wish you could be here to see me do the honors.

Lovingly,

LUELLA.

P. S.—I am going to wear my red dress with a sunrise carnation at my throat. I think that will match my hair and eyes, they are both black, as you know. I am not sure of the carnation but I can easily give it away if I do not like it after dinner.—L.

P. P. S.—I also forgot to tell you that I am going to write you a letter the next day after Thanksgiving and tell you how everything turned out. I won't promise to tell you everything that was said, but I will tell you some of it.—L.



GROWING PAMPAS PLUMES.

SAFEST PLACE TO BE SHOT.

AN Australian officer who saw the greater part of the war in South Africa, has been telling a Melbourne interviewer that from his experience he thinks the head is the safest part in which to receive a bullet. "The head is the most protected part of the body. Out of scores of cases of wounds in the head that came under my notice only one was fatal. In many of them the bullets glanced off the skull, merely inflicting scalp wounds."

THE SCHOOLBOY'S EXCUSE.

INDIFFERENT correspondents will sympathize with the lad who, after he had been at a boarding-school for a week without writing to his parents, penned the following letter: "Dear people—I am afraid I shall not be able to write often to you, because, you see, when anything is happening I haven't time to write, and when nothing is happening there's nothing to write about. So now, good-by from your Georgie."

NATURE



STUDY.

AN ALBINO SQUIRREL, PINK-EYED.

CHARLES K. REED, a taxidermist at Worcester, Massachusetts, has a white red squirrel, sent to him to be mounted.

The squirrel is identical with the common red, the only exception being that it is an albino. It is not pure white, but borders more on the cream white shade. There is not, however, a red hair on the little animal, and it has the other feature so common with all albinos, whether of man or the lesser animals, and of the birds, and that is pink eyes.

The squirrel came by express in a little box and had just been shot. Although to most people it is something entirely new in the squirrel line, to Mr. Reed it did not come as a surprise, as he has handled all sorts of albinos, from tiny birds to big buck deer.

"While to the average person albinos are rare," said Mr. Reed, "they are not so to taxidermists, as those who do much work in this line have occasion to handle a number of specimens every year. Yes, I have mounted a great many freaks and among them all albino animals and birds are the least.

"You have probably heard the expression, 'When you see a white blackbird,' meaning never. White blackbirds are rare, but I have seen and mounted a great many. The greatest curiosity among them was a white red-winged blackbird. The plumage of the bird, which is usually so jet black with this kind, was a pure white, and the red on the wings was just as bright as it is with the ordinary kind. It made a handsome as well as a queer looking bird.

"Among the many things which are white instead of having the color nature evidently intended all their kind should bear, are robins. These are about the commonest of all albino birds. White crows are rare. I have seen them, but under the exterior plumage, which is not a pure, brilliant white, but somewhat tinged, can be traced the faint black that is on all the crows. White ravens are also rare. They do not get east of Maine and are seldom found there, but are common in Newfoundland and portions of the provinces.

"There are white coons, white minks, and I have seen a white woodchuck or groundhog. The latter is decidedly rare."—*N. Y. World.*

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SPIDERS are met with in the forests of Java whose webs are so strong that it requires a knife to cut through them.

THE SUPER-SENSE OF ANIMALS.

WHEN engaged in locating a railway in New Brunswick, Mr. James Camden, a civil engineer, was compelled one night by a very severe snowstorm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs—one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Camden and the man with him rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire.

The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it. Mr. Camden and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up immediately, and in a short time the latch was tried again.

They waited a few minutes, and then Mr. Camden rose, unfastened the door and looked out. Seeing nothing, he returned to his blankets, but did not replace the bar across the door. Two of three minutes later the latch was tried a third time. This time the door opened, and the collie walked in. He pushed the door quite back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland, and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Camden lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, driving before them a valuable ram belonging to the farmer, that had become separated from the rest of the flock, and was in danger of perishing in the storm. Now, how did the collie impart to the other dog a knowledge of the situation unless through some super-sense unknown to us?—*Forest and Stream.*

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WOOD OUTLASTS IRON.

THE relative durability of wood and iron is given strange illustration by an old cannon which has stood since 1850 on the high grounds of Point Bonita, at the entrance of San Francisco bay. The gun has rusted away, while the wood supports are in a state of perfect preservation.

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HOW RAIN WASHES THE AIR.

THE air after a heavy rainfall is usually very clear, owing to the fact that the rain in falling has carried with it most of the dust and impurities of the atmosphere.

MIMICRY IN NATURE.

By the term "mimicry" in zoology naturalists indicate the curious phenomena whereby an animal imitates closely the form or color of another animal, or of some object, by way of concealing itself from its enemies. Thus certain butterflies absolutely inodorous are so like to others of evil-smelling nature that they escape attacks of birds which reject—or, rather, leave unharmed—the odorous forms. Similarly, insects imitate leaves and dried twigs, and, by aid of the actor's art, escape destruction. This principle of mimicry has other and very striking illustrations. One would hardly regard the markings of a tiger as tending to concealment, and yet it is a fact that the animal's stripes blend so harmoniously with its surroundings that it successfully lies in wait for unsuspecting prey. The zebra's markings, in the same way, are regarded as aiding its escape from its enemies.

A novel application of this principle of mimicry has lately been exhibited in connection with certain gunnery experiments made abroad. The red coat of the British soldier has long been condemned as a mark for the enemy—hence khaki and grays have come into favor as colors for the protection of the soldier. At Aldershot the experiments were carried out on guns and their limbers by way of securing concealment when placed against a variety of backgrounds. Six guns were painted red, blue and yellow. Seen from a distance, the colorblending rendered them practically invisible. This experiment is strongly suggestive of the tiger markings, apparently most conspicuous, but harmonizing so thoroughly with the surroundings that all trace of the animal is lost.

BEAR HAS THE PHOTOGRAPH HABIT.

BEARS have exhibited many strange characteristics, many of which have been described by persons who are intimate with bruin in his native lair, but State Game Warden Harris, through Deputy Warden James Bush, has found a bear in Routt County that is vain of his appearance. He is a silver tip, too, but he is quite tame, and never strays from the property of Elliott Hawarden, the strange hermit who refuses to allow any one to harm any of the wild animals that live on the two sections he owns.

This particular bear has had his picture taken so often, says Warden Bush, that he knows just what is required of him, and tourists who stop at the Hawarden ranch have only to find Old Graybull to get a first-class bear picture. The old fellow stops short and poses whenever he sees a camera poised at him.

No one knows just how old this bear is, but Warden Bush declares he is at least old enough to vote. By associating with some dogs a few years ago he caught the mange. Hawarden during that same sea-

son was obliged to feed him to keep him from starving to death, and at length he became so tame he would come right up to the cabin door. While bruin was eating, the old man sprinkled him with a fluid which is a cure for mange and the bear has ever since been most grateful for his cure.—*Denver Post.*

HOW PLANTS SLEEP.

EVERYONE knows that plants need food and drink; but few realize that they also require sleep, and that without it they become irritated and unhealthy, and sooner or later die.

A well-known botanist says that the reason plants do not thrive so well in the city as they do in the country is due almost wholly to lack of sleep. Noise, vibration and the glare of city lights are what keep them awake.

Plants sleep at night just as human beings do. Different plants have somewhat different methods of sleeping, just as different animals do. In all, however, the leaves become rigid and take a position so that their surface becomes nearly vertical. Clover leaves droop and come together like children saying their evening prayers. The willow twists its foliage until nearly vertical. The coronel and the grape raise the edges of their leaves. Some members of the bean family sleep much like the clover.

Plants go to sleep at sunset or even earlier if they are in the shadow. At daybreak they awaken and the leaves assume their ordinary working attitude.

A FRIENDLY WASP.

A GENTLEMAN who, while reading the newspaper, felt bothered by the buzzing of a wasp about his head, knocked it down. It fell through the open window, and lay on the sill as if dead. A few seconds afterwards, to his great surprise, a large wasp flew on to the window sill, and after buzzing around the wounded brother for a few minutes, began to lick him all over. The sick wasp seemed to revive under this treatment, and his friend then dragged him gently to the edge, grasped him around the body, and flew away with him. It was plain that the stranger, finding a wounded comrade, gave him "first aid" as well as he could, and then bore him away home.

ANIMALS attend a church service in Cuzco, Peru. Pigs, goats, cattle and poultry are brought to be blessed by their owners on All Soul's Day, and the church is turned into a domestic menagerie. The seats are removed, and the animals can trot about or lie down where they will. After the ceremony the live stock is formally handed over to the monks, who receive little other payment for their services.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.,
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THE INGLENOOK is a publication devoted to interesting and entertaining literature. It contains nothing of a character to prevent its presence in any home.

Contributions are solicited, but there is no guarantee either of their acceptance or return. All contributions are carefully read, and if adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine, will be used. The management will not be responsible for unsolicited articles.

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ANOTHER HUMAN WEAKNESS.

Some people eat to live,
And some but live to eat;
Some people like things tart,
And some prefer 'em sweet.

And each of us is sure
That he can tell the rest
What things to eat if they
Would live up to their best.

* * *

THANKSGIVING.

THERE are many things for which every reader of the INGLENOOK has occasion to be thankful. There is perhaps no one whose lot is not cast along hard lines, but that his fate might be a worse one. It is a good idea to set aside one day of the year in which to take stock of our blessings and to return thanks that things are as well with us as they are. While the usual idea of Thanksgiving involves a day of feasting, it should also embody in its observance a thankful heart for the blessings that we have experienced in the year past and gone.

Our common blessings are so numerous, and come to us so easily, that we are apt to think lightly of them for the very reason that they are ours so readily. In fact it might be said that we never fully realize the value of blessings until they have taken their flight. The man who has never had a day's sickness cannot enter into the spirit and life of the invalid. He who has a home of his own, around which is comparative plenty, knows but little of the sleepless nights of him whose lot it is to not know where next day his shelter shall come from. And there are thousands of similar instances in which every one who reads these lines might be at a greater disadvantage than he now is. We have reason to give thanks for what we have, even though that may seem but little, for it might be worse in every instance. If we seem to have but few of the advantages of life compared with what we

want we still have few of the disadvantages that we might have, and for this we would be thankful. So let every good Nooker, on the coming Thanksgiving Day, silently thank God for the mercies and blessings both seen and unknown.

* * *

OUR STATE ISSUES.

SOMETIME ago we arranged for a special issue of the INGLENOOK entirely devoted to Virginia. Both in manner and matter it was unexcelled, and the edition was exhausted long before the orders for it were filled. The success of the venture led us to make a California INGLENOOK, for which more than 10,000 copies were asked after the regular edition had been exhausted, and in consequence thereof could not be supplied. There seems to be a universal desire for accurate information about matters and places much talked about, but not well understood, and in order to supply this natural and laudable demand it has been decided to issue twelve State Nooks during the coming year.

In carrying out this design the newer and least known States will be considered. These States will be chosen with reference to some characteristic production, a description of which cannot fail to interest the Nook family. For illustration, while everybody understand sugar, relatively few know how it is made from beets.

In the projected Colorado INGLENOOK the process will be fully described. In the matter of rice, an article of world-wide consumption, while very few know how it is grown, still fewer have seen a rice field. The rice regions of the Gulf will be fully described in the Texas or Louisiana edition. And we shall not stop in the United States but take in adjacent countries.

The readers of these special issues may rest assured that the facts set forth therein are in the interest of no railroad or land company, nor has the writer any other interest than making a readable NOOK. The statement of the various conditions will be such as the Nookman observes, and what he learns from disinterested parties. Every line will be written by the Nookman himself while on the ground, uninfluenced by anything but the observed facts. It is not designed in these special editions to influence emigration, but rather to add to the stock of available knowledge of value to every intelligent Nooker if, indeed, there be any other kind.

The discomfort of travel and the hurried trips by night through all kinds of weather will be held lightly by the Nookman if only the readers of the magazine are entertained by the presentation.

The announcement of these special issues will be made several weeks ahead, and those who want extra copies should ask at once so that the demand can be supplied.

THE DAY.

THE day we give thanks will be a generally jolly one. Have you thought how the wave of good cheer will start on the Atlantic seaboard and travel westward till it strikes the Pacific? From New England to San Diego, from the land of the palmetto to frozen Alaska men will gather about the board, feast, and be thankful. Think of all the family gatherings, far and near, the meeting of people of one kin who have not seen face to face for a year. Think of the meeting of the young and old!—the visiting friends and relatives, the gathering about the tables, the steaming turkey, the golden pumpkin pie, and all the variety of good things! Happy he who has a home, however homely, where he can sit down to plenty and give thanks, for God has been good to all of us, and we have had all we deserve and often more.

* * *

NOW SEE HERE.

THE fiat has gone forth. The order has been issued. It holds good wherever the Nook is read, and fail not to heed it.

That boy and girl, all hands and feet, pinfeathered and in their salad days, yea even though they be hollow through and through, are to be so filled out Thanksgiving day that for once in their lives they have no further appetite. The Doctor Book is not out yet, but the Nook ventures to suggest that they will pull through if simply let alone.

* * *

THE Nookman wants to thank all the people who have invited him to sit down with them Thanksgiving day. He must decline. There are reasons. In the first place, he is not capable of subdivision, though there may be enough for several represented in the original. Secondly, in the prosecution of the Nook work he has no idea where he will be on that day. But there is no doubt of the thanks that fill his heart for the friends who have invited him to be one of them.

* * *

THERE will be a special issue devoted to the Dominion of Canada which will be of the utmost interest. It will appear about the first week in next January.

* * *

IN the Colorado State issue look out for a good presentation of the beet sugar question. It is something that will interest everybody.

* * *

OUR plans for next year are very far reaching. There will be a better INGLENOOK than ever.

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Love makes few or no complaints.

+

Strong men make other men strong.

+

For the want of ambition success was lost.

+

Sorrow is the bitterest when most unavailing.

+

Never shift on Providence your own responsibilities.

+

Petting a woman frequently brings her out of a pet.

+

Would you accept contentment if it were offered you?

+

Tears never yet have washed trouble out of sight.

+

The road out of trouble is always an uphill path.

+

Did you send out that ship for which you are waiting?

+

If you will not let your conscience rule your passions will.

+

Dispose of your temper in any other way but never lose it.

+

Some homes are nothing more than places to eat and sleep.

+

It is easy to get ahead of the person who frets or worries.

+

Perhaps the tobacco trust will make it easier to quit smoking.

+

So live that nobody will be poorer or sadder on your account.

+

What if you are a worm of the dust, Heaven loves you just the same.

+

Some of the hardest things to bear are the true things people say about us.

+

Make no fuss if you find a button in the gravy. Isn't it a part of the dressing?

+

If you've lost your bait, what if there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught?

+

The tongue is a two-edged sword that must be handled carefully or it will sever you from your friends.

THE DEBAUCHING OF THE HONEY BEE.

BY A. H. SNOWBERGER.

I ENJOY reading the INGLENOOK and am much interested in its contents. I usually find it very correct in its statements of things with which I am familiar, but in the issue of September 27, page 919, near the top of the last column, is a statement which I, as a beekeeper, cannot endorse. It shoots wide of the truth and is calculated to do incalculable injury to an honest industry. The statement reads as follows:

"They have debauched the honey bee and to-day it makes a tasteless honey from an open barrel of glucose placed near its hive and with it fills an artificial comb made of paraffin wax. As it enters into partnership of food adulteration and civilization, man and fraud, it ceases to be the 'busy bee' and it gets so lazy it will not fly ten rods even to be honest and not sip the buckwheat bloom."

The above is on a par with some of the comb honey canards published by some of the city dailies, which were gotten up by ignorant (as to honey production) sensational correspondents, and when these same dailies were offered a refutation of the slanders and an honest statement of facts as to comb honey production, written by a committee of competent beekeepers appointed for the purpose by the Northwestern Beekeepers' Association, they almost to a man refused to publish the same. A very few did publish the refutation, and retracted their former statements, and a large number of the agricultural and other papers which had copied from the dailies did the same and as the matter had largely cooled down I am sorry to see it coming up again in our beloved INGLENOOK.

That there are tons of "tasteless honey" made from "an open barrel of glucose" on the market to-day is not denied, but it is in the shape of so-called extracted honey and the bee had no hand in its manufacture, only so far as man has used its product to mix with the stuff he puts on the market in cans or jars covered with fancy labels, calling it "pure honey," "clover honey," "alfalfa honey," "basswood honey," and so on *ad infinitum*, when four-fifths or more of it is glucose of a very low grade as to quality.

As a matter of fact bees would pay little attention to an "open barrel of glucose" unless they could get nothing from any other source, even then they would have to be at the point of starvation before they would use it.

As to "filling an artificial comb made of paraffin wax," there is absolutely nothing in it. Man has never succeeded in making artificial honey comb from paraffin wax or beeswax. Some of our most expert manufacturers of comb foundation have tried to make such, or a deep cell foundation from beeswax, but the best they could do was to make a foundation with

cells one-fourth inch deep and that only in very small sheets, but the process was so expensive that the project was abandoned.

Even if full depth comb could be made of paraffin, the bees have such an aversion to paraffin that they would not use the combs. Besides, paraffin melts at such a low heat that the combs would almost certainly melt down in the hive in hot weather. Some beekeepers take advantage of the bees' aversion to paraffin, and place paraffin paper on top of the sections to keep the bees from daubing the top side with propolis, sometimes called bee glue.

As to the artificial comb honey canard referred to above, there is absolutely no such thing as artificial comb honey on the market, notwithstanding the statements of the city dailies. The A. I. Root Company, of Medina, Ohio, manufacturers of beekeepers' supplies, and publishers of *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, a firm in every way reliable and responsible, have had a standing offer for ten years or more, and have lately renewed the offer, to pay \$1,000 for one pound of comb honey positively proven to have been artificially made. The reward has never been claimed and it is safe to say it never will be.

Now a few words regarding comb foundation, as many do not know what it is. It is simply pure, refined beeswax rolled into sheets about ten to eighteen square feet to the pound, and again passed through rollers which press or emboss the base of the honey cell on the sheet, forming the septum or midrib of the comb. The heavier grades are used in the brood frames, the lighter in the sections for surplus honey for table use.

Some beekeepers use full sheets, that is, they fill the brood frames or sections full, while others use only a narrow strip for a starter fastened to the top of the frame or section to guide the bees in building straight combs. The bees will accept this as a midrib and draw the cells out to full depth comb, and, being pure refined beeswax, the thinner grades made thinner than the natural septum or midrib, it cannot be distinguished in the eating of the honey from the comb made of the wax as first secreted by the bee.

This is as far as man has ever gone in making artificial comb, and it is in part what has started the false reports as to artificial comb honey. As comb foundation is used as foundation for full comb, so sensational writers have used it as foundation for their articles and have drawn on their imaginations and the credulity of the public for the rest.

Huntington, Ind., R. R. 3.

Comment.—The Editor thanks the writer of the above. Such contributions are always welcome.

IN 1830 the world's railways measured 210 miles. Now there are 370,000 miles.

DREYFUS IN PARIS.

It is not generally known that Captain Alfred Dreyfus is living a quiet and retired life in a cosy little suburban house in Paris. Every day he may be seen on the streets of Paris, in the Louvre and the great libraries, yet no one recognizes him because they do not know him. Curiously enough, he wears no disguise. He has frequently brushed elbows with his greatest enemies. Not many days ago, for instance, an officer who gave evidence against him at the famous Rennes trial begged his pardon when stepping out of a tramcar, unconscious of the personality he was addressing.

These facts were told to a writer in London *Tit-Bits* by a gentleman, a great personal friend of the much-condemned man, who pointed out the house occupied by the famous prisoner of Devil's Island as we passed down a quiet suburban thoroughfare of the world's gayest city. He had had an interview with Dreyfus that very week. He found him writing at his desk as unconcernedly as a retired banker, determined to take life easy.

Dreyfus is not a sympathetic man at first sight, rather the other way; but the more you see of him—and I have chatted with him some seven or eight times during the present year—the more you like him. After each conversation your opinion of him improves. You quickly discover this fact, that he views with broad humanity the motives and acts of the men who made him curse the hour of his birth a thousand times.

He acknowledged to me one day that his natural inborn reserve had made him many enemies.

"Until I met my wife," he once said to me, "I never cared for the society of anybody. It was wrong, but I never knew it until it was too late. I sought no friends and acquaintances because I had not the inclination, and because my ambition to succeed made me careful of my time. The hours devoted to friendly intercourse would be better spent in study, I thought. When I joined the general staff, for instance, I made not a single call—just sent my card to superiors and comrades alike. It made bad blood; they thought me uncivil."

Dreyfus admits, without a shadow of hesitation, that many features of his case are unexplained to this day. He has many sincere friends who visit him frequently. Thus the ex-prisoner of Devil's Island spends his time, happy in the confidence and love of his wife and children. With the exception of the police and a few special friends no one knows of his whereabouts.

If Paris knew that the author of that historical and startling book, "Five Years of My Life," in which the writer tells of his sufferings during his five years' banishment, was walking its streets like an ordinary citizen it would go into convulsions. But Dreyfus—

nor his most intimate friends, for that matter—is not likely to satisfy its curiosity by making himself known.

THE FOOD VALUES OF FRUIT.

DR. SOPPER LEPPER, the English food specialist, says, in speaking of the peculiarities of various foods:

"Blanched almonds give the highest nerve or brain and muscle food; no heat or waste.

"Walnuts give nerve or brain food, muscle, heat and waste.

"Pine kernels give heat and stay. They serve as a substitute for bread.

"Green water grapes are blood purifying (but of little food value); reject pips and skins.

"Blue grapes are feeding and blood purifying; too rich for those who suffer from the liver.

"Tomatoes: Higher nerve or brain food and waste; no heat; they are thinning and stimulating. Do not swallow skins.

"Juicy fruits give more or less the higher nerve or brain, and some few, muscle, food and waste. No heat.

"Apples supply the higher nerve and muscle food, but they do not give stay.

"Prunes afford the highest nerve or brain food; supply heat and waste, but are not muscle feeding. They should be avoided by those who suffer from the liver.

"Oranges are refreshing and feeding, but are not good if the liver is out of order.

"Green figs are excellent food.

"Dried figs contain nerve and muscle food, heat and waste; but are bad for the liver.

"The great majority of small seed fruits are laxative.

"All stone fruits are considered to be injurious for those who suffer from the liver, and should be used cautiously.

"Lemons and tomatoes should not be used daily in cold weather; they have a thinning and cooling effect.

"Raisins are stimulating in proportion to their quality."

ENGLISH FAKIRS IN INDIA.

IN British India there have been during the last thirty or forty years quite a number of Englishmen who, yielding to some monomania, have adopted the role of fakir and have ended their days as hermits, subjecting themselves to all those dreadful forms of asceticism and of penance practiced by the Indian dervishes.

If the good all die young how about some of us old fellows?

"MR. ESAU" THE MAN-APE.

ESAU is a perfect specimen of the white-faced chimpanzee, found only in Africa, and is the nearest approach of all animal kind to man. He was captured November 27, 1900, in the interior of the Congo Free State, six hundred miles from Loango, by Captain C. W. DeLancier, who since then has been his constant teacher and companion. The ape is now about three years old. It became necessary to kill the mother to secure her baby. With her shoulder shattered by a ball, she attacked Captain DeLancier, and before he could fire a second time she seized the gun and, wrenching it from his grasp, broke the steel barrel across her knee as if it had been a stick of pine. Seizing a rifle in the hands of one of the terrified natives, the captain fired another shot that proved fatal. All this time Esau clung tightly to his mother and fought his captors with ape-like ferocity when they tore him away and started back on the long journey to civilization.

Grave fears were entertained lest the ape would succumb to the grief he so plainly showed, but by means of new playthings and other constant diversions which Captain DeLancier furnished, the chimpanzee was at length humored into forgetfulness.

"Esau, come here," commanded Captain DeLancier. Esau immediately climbed out of bed and walked erect to the captain with his "nightie" grandly sweeping the floor, for be it known that Mr. Esau would no more think of retiring without wearing his nightgown than would you or I. While his master went for Esau's morning toilet essentials, he placed the ape on a chair, where he sat quietly. Going up to him I held out my hand. He gave me his in a very friendly fashion. Then came the captain, with a basin of water, soap and a towel. Esau took the damp towel in his hands and gingerly rubbed it over his face, which he does not like to have washed a whit more than does a child of his own age. His master then took the towel and rubbed the ape's face briskly, while the little chap shut his eyes and screwed up his features in disgust and disapproval. Be it said to his credit that Esau loves to take a plunge in the bathtub, which he does every few days. The water for his bath is tempered to about 125 degrees Fahrenheit, and a pint of alcohol is added to ward off the possibility of the youngster catching cold. Esau delights in splashing about in the tub and stands quite still while he is being scoured.

After he had had his face washed, Captain DeLancier helped Esau don his shirt, trousers, vest, coat, stockings and shoes, and, by the way, Mr. Esau wears suspenders, just like any other naturalized citizen. The ape has not yet learned to put on his clothes unassisted. He gets into his coat and vest just like a man when they are held for him. He cannot fasten the

buttons, although he tries very hard. The selection of a necktie which Esau is to wear each day is left entirely to him. He is very fastidious about neckties, of which he has a variety of gaudily colored ones. They are all placed before him, and he oftenest selects a bright red one; red is his favorite color. He also has many suits of clothing, usually including a full dress suit, which he usually wears on the stage. After he was dressed Captain DeLancier placed him on a dresser in front of the mirror and handed him a tiny hair brush. Esau brushed his hair with a great deal of animation. The bristles seemed to feel good on his pate. Meanwhile he regarded his reflection with evident satisfaction, for, like the human animal, he is given to vanity. This reminds me that Esau wears two rings—one a plain gold band and the other a solitaire diamond of half a carat, and he is as proud of his jewelry as a schoolgirl would be.

Then Esau and Captain DeLancier breakfasted together as they do every morning. They sat on opposite sides of the table, Esau in his high chair. A plate containing a peeled banana was placed before the ape. He cut it into huge bits and carried the pieces to his mouth on the point of his fork. Three bananas were disposed of in this way. He then drank a cup of tea, pouring it out himself. He dropped two squares of sugar into it from his pitcher. He wound up the meal with about half an ounce of hot water and whiskey, which he drank from a small flask, for his stomach's sake, smacking his lips afterward with a lingering relish.

After his breakfast had settled, Captain DeLancier put Esau through his daily gymnastics. In the adjoining room hangs a trapeze. Esau swung on this in gay and reckless abandon, and gave an exhibition of the agility of his kind. Afterward, Captain DeLancier engaged him in a rough and tumble scuffle on the floor and then the two played at "catch" until both were fagged. This is done to keep the ape's muscles in good form and to give his lungs the expansion they need. When this part of his private program was over it was time for Esau to go on the stage. When I took my leave he gave me a hearty handshake.

In midsummer he goes wheeling with Captain DeLancier on a small two-wheeled safety bicycle built especially for him, and he is an adept rider. He has a trunk full of playthings and is humored quite as much as any youngster of wealth and luxury.—*Boston Post*.

* * *

MUSTACHES are not worn by men exposed to the severity of an Alaskan winter. They wear full beards to protect the throat and face, but keep the upper lip clean shaven. The moisture from the breath congeals so quickly that a mustache becomes imbedded in a solid cake of ice, and the face is frozen in a short time.

AT WATERLOO.

A FRENCH newspaper gives an interesting account of a conversation with one of the very few surviving spectators of the battle of Waterloo, a widow named Givron, the 100th anniversary of whose birth is about to be celebrated in the little village of Viesville, Hainault. She relates that on the morning of the day of the great battle she ran away from her parents and made her way through the woods, being curious to see what was going on. She was close to Hougomont when the place was attacked by the French troops, and remained in hiding for hours, not daring to move. The cannonade having diminished she ventured toward the farm, but fled horror stricken at the sight,



"AS THE TWIG IS BENT THE TREE'S INCLINED."

the ground, as she expressed it, being red mud, so drenched was it with blood. She ran across the fields and reached the Bois de Plancenoit, where she fell asleep, worn out by fatigue and excitement. At dusk she was awakened by the noise of horses' hoofs, and saw a troop of cavalry, headed by a man of short stature mounted on a curvetting gray horse. He was riding slowly on, as if in a dream, looking straight ahead and paying no heed to what went on about him. The girl learned on the same evening from her relatives, when she finally reached home, that the rider was Napoleon. Mme. Givron is remarkably active, and is particularly proud of her eyesight, which, she declares, is as good as it was seventy-five years ago. When her daughter, Marceline, who, as she says, is only seventy-two, sits down to sew, her mother threads the needles for her. The old woman had seven children, and her descendants number ninety-two.

* * *

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

PROFESSOR W. J. MCGEE, of the government geological survey, declares that the Great Salt Lake of Utah is vanishing, and that this most remarkable body of water will be completely dried up in fifty years, if not sooner, says the *Washington Star*. Already its waters show signs of receding, and it may not be more than twenty-five years before irrigated farms will be cultivated on what is now the bottom of this

inland sea, whose waters are so salt that a body cannot sink in them.

The lake is about seventy-five miles long and half that at its greatest width, and is rather shallow, being in most places not over fifty feet deep, although a depth of possibly one hundred feet may obtain at certain places. The reason why it is so salt science says is simply because it has no outlet save through evaporation, and the streams during past ages have been carrying salt into it. These contributing streams are now being utilized for irrigating the lands around the lake, and before long immense reservoirs will be constructed in the mountains where these streams have their source, which will cut off the lake's feed entirely. When this is done the level of the lake will be lowered very fast.

* * *

NOT PENN.

MANY people are under the impression that Pennsylvania owes its name to William Penn's vanity. In point of fact, it is not named after him, but after Admiral Penn, his father, and the son only accepted the name under protest. This fact is proved by this paragraph in a letter written by William Penn under date January 5, 1681: "This day, after many writings, watchings, solicitings and disputes in council, my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania, a name which the king would give



AN ORANGE TREE.

in favor of my father. I chose New Wales, being a hilly country, and when the secretary, a Welshman, refused to call it New Wales, I proposed Sylvania, and they added Penn to it, though I was much opposed to it and went to the king to have it struck out. He said it was passed and he would take it upon him, nor could twenty guineas move the undersecretary to vary the name, for I fear it might be looked on as vanity in me and not as a respect in the king to my father, as it really was."

COBRAS AND RATTLERS.

AMONG the big glass cages and the forest of palms in the zoological park reptile-house visitors were listening to a snake man's impromptu lecture on the deadliness of the various snake poisons. In front of the huge cage of the cobra the party halted. Within, tail knotted around the tip of the cage tree, body resting partly coiled on the palm leaf bungalow and head resting on the floor, lay *Naigina*, brownish gray, the splendid fourteen-foot specimen, said to be the finest of her kind in captivity.

"Doesn't look so wicked," suggested one of the men. "Take the rattlers over in the corner and whether you knew they were rattlers or not you could see poison in their eyes. But this chap—"

off so painlessly that frequently, with physicians sitting by the bedside, it is impossible to say just when life quit the body. Unlike most poisonous snakes, the cobra lays eggs, which are hatched into its young. As a rule, it is only the harmless snake that lays eggs—from sixty to eighty at a time—while according to a wise provision of nature, the young of the venomous reptiles are born as in the case of warm-blooded animals, in broods numbering only six or eight at a time.

"The diamond-back rattlesnake, for instance, brings its young to earth alive. The American rattler, in a scale of poisons, numbers only third, the fer-de-lance of the West Indies, as well as the cobra, ranking before him. The fangs of the rattler are long and sharp as the bones of a shad. Deep and quick they penetrate the victim's body, the sensation being as slight



LOADED WITH ORANGES FOR THE PACKING HOUSE

"That's one of the characteristics of the species," interrupted the snake man. Harmless as far as pain goes, even in death, but there never was a surer death than that following the bite of the cobra. It is the quantity of the poison emitted from so large a snake which makes the attack so fatal. Likewise the method of injecting the venom. The fangs of the cobra are short. In the case of the rattler and the other vipers the fangs are long. A quick slash buries the poison at a depth where it is sure to enter the blood. But all the cobras have short fangs and to inject the venom properly they hold on tight, like the grip of a bulldog, giving the poison time to be absorbed in the blood.

"There is no easier death than that due to a cobra bite. The poison contains ninety-five per cent of nerve attacking and five per cent of blood-destroying venom. The victim, therefore, is paralyzed by inches, losing sensibility and thinking that he is on the road to recovery until the last. As the end comes he sinks into sleep so gently and passes

as the prick of a needle until the poison begins to take effect, which is within five minutes.

"Contrary to the cobra's bite, the sting of a rattler entails tremendous suffering. Analyzed, the venom contains ninety-five per cent of blood-destroying and five per cent of nerve-destroying poison—directly opposite to that of a cobra. The consequence is that the victim dies with all the anguish and pain of a full case of blood-poisoning, all the suffering of a protracted illness being crowded into the space of a few hours.

"Of all snakes none is at bottom a more noble reptile than that peculiar to our own country. Never yet has a rattler struck before giving warning. The signal, as is well known, is emitted from the rattles at the tail of the snake. In sound it resembles the far-away rattle of a mowing machine in a country meadow or the hissing emitted by the escape of steam from an ordinary radiator. Among the dangerous snakes of our own south perhaps not another can come

up to the cotton-mouth moccasin. He is one of the few poisonous water snakes in existence. But his bite is almost as fatal as that of the rattler himself. In the swamps and canebrakes of North and South Carolina the moccasin is at home. Here he lies awaiting anything that comes along in the fish line, from frogs to minnows.

"In the reptile-house, when we have a brood of young rattlers or baby moccasins, every possible care is taken in their handling. The youngsters require more care than their older kind. It is necessary to change their water oftener and feed them at shorter intervals. In a large glass box showing plainly from all sides where the little ones are located the babies are kept. The snake man detailed to handle them is provided with long forceps. After opening the door with care it is necessary to remove some of the brood near the water or the food trough to be cleaned. One or two of the reptiles are picked up between the thin forelegs of the instrument and thrown into a heap in the farther corner of the cage. There it is amusing to watch their wrath at having been disturbed. The little ones coil into a spiral, their heads are extended and with the tiny tail, as yet unpossessed of rattles, they perform a tremolo, as if warning the intruder away.

"As to chemical analysis of cobra poisons a curious fact is that two substances having almost identically the same chemical composition can have effects so different on the human system as to represent on the one hand the best supporter of life and on the other the quickest termination of the same.

"Albumen or white of an egg and the poison of the Indian cobra are so nearly alike in composition that it takes the most careful analysis to determine the difference. It was the similarity which for a long time baffled scientists in finding a remedy which would destroy cobra poison taken into the human system. It was argued that whatever was administered to attack the poison would as well attack the albumen of the human system, and that the cure would be as bad as the disease.

"The efforts of scientists toward solving the problem of neutralizing snake poisons have been unremittent ever since chemistry and medicines have been known to man. In our latitude it is difficult to understand that the curse of the snake still rests heavily on man. But in India and in the jungle countries of South America the death rate due to snake bites is enormous. Annually the Indian list of cobra victims numbers thousands, not to mention the victims fallen to the venom of other snakes. The problem, however, has been solved of recent years; antitoxin, the same remedy applied in the case of diphtheria, being the antidote. Even here in the reptile-house

we keep a vial of the liquid fresh and on ice, ready for accidents."—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

❖ ❖ ❖

TEA TASTING A NATURAL TALENT.

IN England, tea tasting, as in this country, is quite a profession, and the London *Tit-Bits* has the following to say on the matter:

"Tea tasting is a talent which comes with birth and cannot be learned. And not only must a tea taster possess an extremely susceptible palate, but his sense of smell must be particularly keen.

"Smelling, in fact, plays almost as important a part in the work as tasting. By simply handling and applying to his nostrils a pinch of tea from a dozen separate chests, an expert can often tell the quality of each and the price it is worth. And when it is mentioned that tea can be bought in Mincing Lane at from three and one-fourth pence to seven shillings per pound, it requires no little skill to determine the various qualities.

Tasting, however, is resorted to in order to make quite sure. A small quantity will be taken from, say a dozen packages of tea, and after each sample has been carefully weighed, will be placed in a tiny teapot. When the boiling water has been poured in the tea has to stand for exactly six minutes—which is the proper time it should be allowed to brew. It is then poured into cups and milk added, but no sugar.

Taking a peculiarly shaped silver spoon, the taster, when the tea is sufficiently cool, will proceed to taste each cupful, and each packet from which the sample has been taken will be marked according to the judgment pronounced. Sometimes the taster has to take two or three spoonfuls from each cup in order to make quite sure that his judgment is not at fault. And even then it is sometimes considered necessary to have his opinion confirmed by one or two other experts. A tea taster, however, is seldom at fault, and some of them are so skillful that, by merely tasting a sample of tea in this manner, they can immediately tell where and when it was grown as well as its value.

The tea leaves, too, are often taken from the pots and duly examined. For although it is not considered an infallible test, yet good tea is often determined by the rich brown color of its infused leaves. It is also a peculiar fact that a taster can often tell from the size and the shape of a broken leaf the size of the original perfect leaf, and in that way come to a decision regarding its quality.

❖ ❖ ❖

WORLD'S GREATEST SINGLE CROP.

POTATOES form the world's greatest single crop, four billion bushels being produced annually, equal in bulk to the entire wheat and corn crops.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS.

FROM the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* we extract the following interesting article on the character of the footprints of some of our less known animals. Any one skilled in woodcraft understands the marks the wild folk left behind them as they traveled at night, but very few of the Nook family, if any, have ever had an opportunity to note the footprints of some of the animals described in the article below.

Lacy, the noted English hunter, has studied for so long the footprints of the denizens of the forest in many lands that he can tell those of twenty-five species of lions, of the same number of different members of the antelope family, of panthers, hyenas, crocodiles, baboons and many other animals.

The spoor of the fore feet of the female elephant is practically a perfect circle, while that of the male is slightly oval; the hind feet of both sexes leaving oval marks. The fore feet show four toe marks; the hind feet only three, and the outline of the hind feet is more strongly marked, and the pad behind the toes leaves a deeper imprint. A large spoor measures about fifteen inches in diameter.

These peculiarities you can only discover by examining the footprints of the animals at rest. When the elephant moves in a leisurely manner his four feet leave a track of the width of a single foot only! The elephant in moving swings one foot across the other, beating a path the width of the front foot, the hind foot following in the same way. Thus he makes a continuous track, not a succession of footprints.

The rhinoceros is more difficult to follow. In spite of his weight the untrained eye will lose his trail at once on stony ground. His spoor is not unlike that of the elephant, though of course much smaller. There is the same kind of pad with the toe marks in front, but there are only three marks; and the spoor of the hind feet, like the elephant's, is elongated.

When the lion discovers that a hunter is on his trail he sometimes leads round in a circle, and on reaching his own track again continues following it up until he sees his hunter in front, when he promptly makes away.

The leopard follows his hunter in the same manner—sometimes even tracking the hunter to his camp, in the hope of finding sheep or goats! His spoor, and that of the panther, are similar to a lion's, but much smaller and more elongated.

Among carnivora the hyena is remarkable, having four toes on all its feet. The hind feet are narrow and turn more outward than the fore feet, and the claws show, for being a dog, he cannot draw them in as the lion does. The hunting dog and the jackal may easily be distinguished from the hyena, each having five toes on its front feet.

The bear leaves a track like the marks of a man walking in his socks. The track of a full-grown grizzly measures as much as eighteen inches in length.

* * *

NO EVES IN CHICAGO.

A STUDENT of the Chicago Directory, says an exchange, finds that there are in the city seven hundred Adams and not a single Eve. But of Cains there are fifty-five and Abels eight. The city is well supplied with patriarchs—one hundred Abrahams, nineteen Isaacs and six hundred Jacobs. And of Solomons there are one hundred and ten. There are fifteen Darlings and but two men whose name is Kill, and there is a total of ninety Loves, but not a Lover, although there is one Mormon. The most abbreviated name is Re. Some of the other odd names are Papa, Morningstar and Paradise. The only man in Chicago who, according to the directory, is a Fake, is Fred L., one of the Assistant State's Attorneys. It seems that, after all the men in Chicago are divided in about the same proportion as the men of the world, according to New Testament inferences. There are twenty-five Hopes, seven Faiths and one poor, lone Charity among the names. There are eight Pains and only one Well.

* * *

THREE WOMEN.

"I WILL grant each of you one wish," assented fate to three women.

"I choose beauty," exclaimed the youngest.

"Give me power," said another.

"And to me a low, persuasive voice," the last murmured.

Each had her will. The beauty of the first was ruined by an accident. The power of the second lasted but one season. But the third woman kept her talisman through a long life, and from it came many things, among them power.—*Minna Thomas Antrim, in November Lippincott's.*

* * *

A STUDENT at Berkeley contributes the following: Many ludicrous mistakes are made by foreigners in grasping the meaning of some of our common English expressions. A young German attending the state university translated "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," into "The ghost is willing, but the meat is not able." And a Filipino youth fairly set the class in an uproar by the statement that "Out of sight, out of mind," meant "The invisible is insane."

* * *

LADY (at front gate): "Do you think your mother could let me have some eggs?"

Small boy: "No, ma'am. Our hens have all gone dry."



Aunt Barbara's Page

A DOG STORY.

BY IDA C. SHUMAKER.

"THERE was a miller had a dog, Bingo was his name, sir."

Listen, children, while I tell you a "really and truly" story about a dog.

Early one morning my father started to go up town when he met two little boys crying piteously.

"Well, boys, what is the matter?" he asked. "O, sir," they cried, "we are two little boys going to see our uncle, and we brought our puppy dog along and some boys took him from us and hid him. Won't you please help us find him?"

Father noticed a group of boys who seemed to be having fun at another's expense. He hurried to them and after a short conversation succeeded in getting the puppy dog which he gave to the little strangers. Then he said, "Now, boys, you look tired and hungry, suppose we put the dog in the mill and feed him, and you come with me to the house and get something to eat. I'll send word to your uncle and see that you get there safely."

The dog was put in the mill and fed. The boys came across the street to the house where we made them as comfortable as possible, but they would not consent to have word sent to their uncle. They begged to be shown the way, saying, "We have walked so far already we want to walk the rest of the way, but, if you will, you may keep our dog till we come back."

"Very well," said father, "but wouldn't you like to sell him? I'd like to buy him." "Oh, we don't know," said the boys, but that evening a buggy stopped at our place and there was the uncle and the two boys. They had decided to sell their dog, and we children were delighted. We took him into the family and named him Bingo.

We soon found Bingo to be quite intelligent. He was black spaniel and bloodhound and grew to be a large dog, weighing one hundred and twelve pounds. He often stood on his hind feet, resting his fore feet on father's shoulders, and he measured six feet in that position. He grew up with us children, guarding us closely and always careful to allow no harm to befall us. We taught him many tricks, such as balancing himself on his hind feet and waving his paws back and forth, to "shake hands" with either paw as asked for.

He was ever ready for a romp and was never rough in play. In fact, he was never known to bite or snap at any one without just cause, unless it was one time of which I will tell you later and you may be the judge. Once when lying down, apparently resting but really in a position unable to help himself, a little boy passing by began pelting Bingo with stones. Before we could get out to stop him the little fellow had gone on his way, but some time afterward this same boy came walking along, carrying a jug of vinegar. As he neared the house imagine his surprise when Bingo pounced upon him suddenly, caught him by his clothing and gave him a thorough shaking up. His hat flew in one direction and the jug in another. Just then Bingo's master appeared and, seeing what had happened, restored the jug of vinegar.

Bingo was a good watch dog. One Saturday evening he was accidentally left locked alone in the house. On our return we found him much excited, trying desperately to open the cellar door. When we opened it he dashed down the steps, barking furiously. Following him we found that some person had entered the cellar through the outside door and helped himself to pies, cakes, etc., leaving everything in disorder. The next morning when we came from church Bingo was lying on the porch asleep, as we supposed. Soon the people from the different churches came by in crowds. Suddenly Bingo jumped up, ran across the porch, and over the street we saw him, barking and jumping at a man. He caught his sleeve and tore it, then grabbing him by the coat collar shook him savagely. This was done before we could get to the street and drive Bingo home. The man was furious, and who would not feel badly to have his clothes torn? But it always seemed strange that that one man, on the other side of the street, on the inner side of the pavement, should have been singled out and attacked while crowds of other people were unmolested.

Now, I have merely introduced Bingo to you. What do you think of him?

Meyersdale, Pa.

* * *

"THE bravest are ever the most humane, the most gentle, the most kind; and if anyone would be truly brave, let him learn to be gentle and tender to every one and everything about him."—*Rev. Arthur Sewall, M. A.*

The Q. & A. Department.

Does it make any difference in running a train whether the wind blows or not?

It makes a decided difference, and a side wind is worse than a head wind because it produces friction on the flanges.

✧

Why are the divorce laws of the States so different?

Because the State legislatures are made up of men looking on matters of the kind from no common point of view. There might, with advantage, be one common law.

✧

Does it pay to write for the press?

If you mean that you will get satisfactory money for writing for publication, you are likely to be disappointed.

✧

How does lightning splinter trees?

The intense heat turns the sap into explosive steam. Dry wood is not similarly split.

✧

Where did George Washington live before occupying Mt. Vernon?

In Westmoreland County, Virginia.—*Chas. H. Gochenour, Woodstock, Va.*

✧

What is ramie?

Ramie is the fiber of a plant sometimes woven into a fabric like silk.

✧

What is a pyx?

It is a casket in which priests keep consecrated wafers.

✧

A train traveling sixty miles an hour covers what distance in a second?

One hundred and sixty-five feet.

✧

Is Dowieism likely to become a permanency?

The Nook thinks not.

✧

Is alcohol a food?

The Nook thinks not.

✧

What is the cause of a flash of lightning?

It is not known.

✧

What is spring wheat?

Wheat sown in the spring.

✧

Has the Mormon church a missionary service?

Yes, one of the most active and aggressive character.

How many States have battleships named after them?

When the ships now in building are completed there will be twenty-eight States so respected.

✧ ✧ ✧

LOOK HERE, NOW.

For a long time the Nookman has been answering questions that have been sent in by people who think the Nook knows it all. There's a limit. The worm is going to turn. In fact it *has* turned. Now then, here's for *you*.

What is compressed yeast made of?

Talking over a telephone does the message go through the wire alone or through all space with the wire as a center?

Does a common earthworm lay eggs?

What common animal's backbone is as inflexible as so much iron?

What insects are born as big as ever they are going to be?

A dead fly on the window pane in the middle of a patch of apparent mildew. What has happened, and what has caused it?

Do wild dogs bark?

Have you spoken all the good words for the Nook, to your neighbors, that you feel in your heart?

Why does a very young child ignore the handle on a tin cup and grasp it with the whole hand, fingers on the inside?

There was a time in your life when you were as deaf as a post for some days. When?

Your hands and your feet get their growth and remain one size, but a part of you grows on and gets larger as long as you live. What is it?

Can a taste be described? What does a huckleberry taste like?

Why can a baby wiggle its toes, one after the other, while you can't do it?

How many colors are used in printing colored pictures?

Are there colors we have never seen, that is, colors that nobody ever will see?

There's no fool like an old fool, but don't two of them beat either one?

Bis du vershamt dess du Deutsch shwatze kannst?

How was colored paper discovered?

Isn't the tintype of Pop and Mom, forty years ago, too funny for anything?

Have you got over your salad days? How do you tell?

 The Home



 Department

 RAISIN PUFFS.

 BY MRS. AMANDA CRUMP.

TAKE one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, three eggs well beaten, two cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one and one-fourth cups of milk, and one cup of raisins chopped fine. Cream the butter and sugar together, add the eggs gradually, sift the flour and baking powder together thoroughly and add alternately with the milk. Add the raisins last and bake in gem pans in a moderate oven. Serve with sauce made of one and one-half cups of water, a lump of butter the size of a walnut, one cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of corn starch. Bring the water and sugar to a boil, stir the starch in a little cold water then pour into the syrup. Flavor with vanilla or lemon and color with cake coloring if desired.

Elgin, Ill.

* * *

 AUSTIN FRUIT CAKE.

 BY SISTER BALINDA A. STONER.

TAKE three cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter and lard mixed, one and one-half cups of milk, two eggs, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-fourth pound of citron, one-half pound of figs, one tumbler of wine, seven cups of flour, one cup of the flour mixed with the fruit. Bake slowly for three and one-half hours. Keep in a moist place.

Union Bridge, Md.

* * *

 PUMPKIN PIE.

 BY GEORGIANA HOKE.

To one pint of stewed and finely-mashed pumpkin add one cup of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, and the yolks of four eggs. Flavor with cinnamon. Mix well, pour in deep pans lined with paste and bake.

 PLUM PUDDING.

 BY FRANCES HILL.

TAKE one cup of butter, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, one-half pound of suet, one teaspoonful of baking powder, three eggs, and one-half pint of water. Mix into a soft dough, put it into a pudding bag (tie it loose so that it will have room to rise.) Then put it into a pot of boiling water and boil for three hours. Serve with sauce made of boiling water slightly thickened with a little flour, sweetened to taste and flavored with cinnamon and spices.

* * *

 FRIED TURKEY.

 BY MRS. B. TRIMMER.

CUT the turkey into neat pieces, make a batter of beaten eggs and fine bread crumbs seasoned with pepper, salt and pounded mace with a few sprigs of parsley added. Dip the pieces into this and fry them a light brown. Make a good gravy, thickened with flour and butter, season to your taste and pour over.

Goshen, Ind.

* * *

 WALNUT CANDY.

 BY MRS. GUY E. FORESMAN.

TAKE two cups of walnut meats, and two cups of sugar. Put the sugar over a slow fire, and stir constantly with pancake turner until perfectly dissolved, but do not let it boil. Pour in the nuts and stir the sugar through them. Pour out into a pan.

Lafayette, Ind.

* * *

 VINEGAR PIE.

 BY JENNIE NEHER.

TAKE one-half cup of flour, one cup of sugar, one pint of boiling water and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Bake with one or two crusts.

Mountain Grove, Mo.

THANKSGIVING MENUS.

THE following Thanksgiving dinners have been submitted by Nookers, and are reproduced here as suggestions for the day. All are good. Of course we knew the Nook sister was a good cook, true of all of them, but the suggested dinners go a step beyond dining. Some of them are poems:

Suggested by Mrs. Ezra. S. Murray, Kipling, Wash.

Oyster Soup,
Fried Venison with Brown Gravy,
Roast Chicken with Onion Dressing,
Gooseberry Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes, Sugar Corn,
Pickled Beets, Stewed Tomatoes, Pickled Olives,
Light Bread, Cheese Wafers, Hot Cream Biscuit,
Butter, Honey,
Mince Pie, Pumpkin Pie,
Cocoanut Cake,
Stewed Peaches,
Apples, Pears, Grapes,
Coffee, Tea.

Suggested by Mrs. James Z. Gilbert, Daleville, Va.

Mock Turtle Soup,
Celery,
Roast Turkey, with Chestnut Stuffing, Garnished with
Fried Oysters,
French Rolls, Cranberry Jelly,
Potato Croquettes with Cream Sauce,
Coldslaw with French Dressing,
Pickles, Olives,
Compote of Oranges,
Plum Pudding, Hickorynut Cake,
Mince Pie, Pumpkin Pie with Cheese,
Coffee.

Suggested by Ora Beachley, Hagerstown, Md.

Oyster Soup, Corn Soup,
Celery,
Roasted Turkey with Brown Dressing,
Cranberry Sauce,
Cold Ham,
Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes,
Sauer Kraut,
Coldslaw,
Mustard Pickle, Cucumber Pickle,
Gelatine with Whipped Cream,
Pumpkin Pie, Apple Pie,
Coffee.

Suggested by Mrs. Geo. Hoke, Goshen, Ind.

Soup,
Cream of Barley,
Toasted Crackers.
Roast Turkey, Oyster Dressing,
Chicken Loaf, Sausage, Boiled Ham,
Mashed Potatoes, Baked Sweet Potatoes,
Scalloped Corn, Creamed Cabbage, Chicken Salad,
Quince Jelly, Cherry Preserves,
Baked Apples,
Huckleberry Sauce, Cranberry Sauce,
Pickled Vine Peaches,
Pickled Celery, Pickled Cucumbers,
Fruit Cake, Walnut Cake,
Devil's Food, Angel's Food,
Ice Cream,
Pumpkin Pie, Mince Pie,
Coffee, Cheese and Wafers,
Pears, Oranges,
Maple Creams, Nuts.

Suggested by Mrs. E. L. Lomax, Omaha, Nebr.

Soup,
Corn or Tomato,
Celery,
Fat Pork (Boiled Crisp) as an Entree with Mutton,
Prairie Chicken,
Irish or Sweet Potatoes,
String Beans, Squash,
Lettuce and Sugar Beet Salad,
Currant Jelly,
Coffee, Tea.

Suggested by Amanda Witmore, McPherson, Kans.

Oyster Soup,
Crackers,
Celery,
Roast Turkey with Dressing,
Olives, Cranberry Sauce,
Cold Tongue Garnished with Parsley,
Mashed Browned Potatoes, Roasted Sweet Potatoes,
Apricots,
Cherry Pie, Chocolate Layer Cake,
California White Grapes, Prunes, Pears,
Cereal Coffee.

Suggested by Lizzie D. Mohler, Falls City, Nebr.

Clear Chicken Soup,
Buttered Crackers,
Celery,
Broiled Quails,
Asparagus, Scalloped Corn, Creamed Cauliflower,
Lobster Salad,
Young Pig, Stuffed and Roasted,
Apple Snow,
Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes,
Pumpkin Pie, Apple Pie with Cheese,
Caramel Cake, Angels' Food,
Neapolitan Ice Cream,
Olives, Salted Almonds,
Coffee.

Suggested by Mrs. J. W. Cline, 129 E. Lake Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Vegetable Soup,
Roast Turkey with Oyster Dressing and Gravy,
Cranberry Sauce,
Mashed Potatoes, Sweet Potatoes,
Coldslaw, Corn, Lettuce Salad,
Sliced Tomatoes, Radishes,
Pickled Olives, Pickled Beets,
Fig Preserves, Loganberry Jam, Loquat Jelly,
Mince Pie, Loganberry Pie,
Fig Cake,
Strawberries, Ice Cream,
Fruits, Nuts,
Coffee, Orangeade.

Suggested by Mary B. Peck, Manvel, Texas.

Okra Soup with Sprinkling of Flaked Rice and Grape Nuts,
Celery, Crisp Crackers,
Ice Tea with Square of Lemon.
Roast Duck with Oyster Dressing, Garnished with
Japanese Persimmons,
Mashed Potatoes, Yellow Turnips,
Gravy,
Fried Crabs, Baked Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes,
Lettuce with Mayonnaise Sauce,
Sliced Cucumbers, Collards, Radishes,
Pears, Strawberry Preserves,
Light Rolls, Butter, Honey,
Coffee,
Ice Cream, Chocolate Cake, Bananas, Fresh Figs,
Pecans, Salted Peanuts,
Orangeade,
Decorations:
Red, Cream and White Roses, Altheas and Cotton Hibiscus.

Suggested by Mrs. Max Bass, Chicago, Ill.

Blue Points on the Half Shell with Sliced Lemon.

Giblet Soup.

Roast Turkey with Chestnut Filling. Cranberry Sauce.

Baked Sweet Potatoes, String Beans,

Dressed Tomato Salad.

Lemon Pie, Vanilla Ice Cream, Assorted Cakes.

Nuts and Raisins, Assorted Fruits.

Cream Cheese and Crackers,

Black Coffee.

Suggested by Kathleen.

Stewed Oysters,

Crackers,

Pickles.

Roasted Turkey with Sage Dressing.

Cranberry Sauce,

Scalloped Oysters,

Celery,

Curried Chicken,

Roasted Apples,

Rolls,

Plum Preserves.

Pumpkin Pie,

Apple Pie,

Cheese,

Peach Ice Cream.

Chocolate Cake,

Angels' Food.

Nuts,

Apples,

Grapes.

Tea.

Coffee.

Suggested by Mrs. W. S. Livengood, 1863 Winfield St.,

Los Angeles, Cal.

Boullion.

Soup:

Mock Oyster (Salsify).

Fish:

Abalone.

Baked Surf,

Lettuce Salad.

Turkey stuffed with oysters,

Gauva Jelly,

Cranberry sauce,

Spiced Figs.

Mashed Potatoes,

Sweet Potatoes,

Green Peas,

Brussels Sprouts.

Sliced Tomatoes.

Cucumbers with Mayonnaise,

Plum Pudding,

Fresh Raspberries.

Almonds,

Muscata Grapes,

Persimmons

English Walnuts.

Coffee.

* * *

LITERARY.

THE magazines of the month present their readers a varied and interesting list of contents. Any one of them, or all that come to the NOOK office, are worthy of consideration. It is hard to tell which is the best of its kind. They occupy slightly different fields, and it is hard to determine, in competing instances, what or which is the best. Pretty nearly everything depends on the requirements of the reader. There's a publication for everybody, and for all classes.

There's *Success*, a ten-cent monthly, good for all to read, and especially helpful to those whose lives are ahead of them. You can't go wrong in having *Success* lying about the house, nor will there be any mistake in reading it.

The *Review of Reviews* is another stand-by in the literary world, and it presents, in compact and well-edited shape, the current happenings of the world. The history of the coal strike is a very interesting feature in the November issue. The *Review of Reviews* is the scholar's monthly.

Lippincott's is an entirely different output. It is for those whose tastes lead them in lighter vein and there are stories, always one complete piece of fiction that subsequently appears in book form, as well as articles of more permanent value. *Lippincott's* has no pictures, and takes up the room they would occupy with reading material.

Everybody's, John Wanamaker's magazine, is fully up to the standard, and excels in illustrations. It is one of the later additions to the popular magazines and in no respect is it behind any of them. In fact, in some respects, it is superior. Buy a copy on any news stand and see for yourself.

The *Criterion* is an entirely different class of publication. It is a monthly, and runs to dramatic and art criticism. It also occupies high ground in a literary way, and may be just what you want.

Pearson's missed the NOOK office this month.

The receipt of a copy of *Country Life* is acknowledged, and for illustrations there is not its superior anywhere. The pictures surpass the letter press in excellence. *Country Life* is an expensive publication, but it's worth its price.

The Era is a monthly not so well known to our readers as it ought to be. There is an excellent article, well illustrated, on fox hunting, and if any of the NOOK family like the music of a pack of hounds in full chase there will be interesting reading for them in *The Era* of this month.

A stray copy of *The Delineator* has reached our desk, and is welcomed here. There are other literary outputs that will be noticed in the next week's issue.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—A sister to act as housekeeper in Iowa. Address: G. A. W., care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED.—A baker. Must be neat and sober. Single man preferred. Steady job. Location in Colorado. Address; Baker, care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED.—In Indiana a girl to help in house work. Church, school, and similar inducements at the place. Be a good place for a good girl. Address: T. I. W., care INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

WANTED.—Young man, experienced stenographer and bookkeeper, would like place in the west, preferably in the western mountains. Twenty-five years of age, single. Address: Stenographer, care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Illinois.

WANTED.—Sister to do housework for family of four on farm in Iowa. Work the year round. Pleasant home and good pay per week or year for the right girl. Church and Sunday school near by. Address: G. C. W. H., care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Ill.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER 29, 1902.

No. 48.

FOREWORD.

THE NOOK family, as a general thing, know that we are putting out State issues. Here's the motive of the idea. The average person likes to read of the new and unusual, especially if he knows who is doing it. Lots of people were interested in the Virginia Nook, and California went wild over the presentation of the State, that is, the southern part did. The northern part of California recognized the write-up as a good thing but groaned in spirit that the southern part of the State "got it all." Anyhow, the idea is a good one, and about once a month there will be a special issue showing the best side of the best things in a dozen States, one after the other. The object is to instructively entertain and that's the beginning and the end of it.

The people who may think that the Nook is in danger of becoming a real estate journal may rest assured that there is no such idea in contemplation. The fact is there are some sections of our country where they raise oranges better than elsewhere, and the same is true of rice, of beets, of wheat, and so on, and so on. The Nook means to tell the best side of the best places in the best way the Nookman knows, and it is not told in the interest of emigration, but of the dissemination of accurate information. Now there you are. Read the story of the sugar beet in this issue for illustration.

To be sure there are others who have told these stories, but some of them are book-heavy, others are one-sided for a purpose, while the Nook way will be what the Nookman sees and hears in the fields where the man is at work. These issues are going to be worth while, and you'll miss it if you don't follow them up carefully.

* * *

COLORADO.

THE geography class will now recite. The State of Colorado is just west of Kansas and Nebraska and extends, on an average, 380 miles from the east to the west, and from north to south 280 miles are crossed. It is larger than New England and

has room for millions of people. There are now fewer than a million of Colorado people, all told. Yet there are large cities and larger industries. Denver, Colorado Springs, Leadville and Cripple Creek are instances of growing cities.

The topography of the State is easily described. The eastern part is a continuation of western Kansas and Nebraska. There is nothing in the look or character of the country to indicate that one has passed from the Sunflower State to the Silver State. From one-half to one-third of the State is thus level or undulating. Then the rest of the State westward is one grand jumble of mountains. And such mountains! Some of them rise out of the plateau to nearly two miles above sea level. People whose knowledge of mountains has come to them from seeing eastern hills, such as are found in Pennsylvania, are astonished when they find themselves at a place like Manitou and turn their faces skyward to get the greatness of Major Pike's mountain. The Pennsylvania hills are but little boy and girl mountains beside the giants that reach beyond the clouds in many instances. Back in the scramble of mountains are parks, caves, cities, mines, and wonders of the world in the way of natural scenery.

It is all folly to think of describing such a State as Colorado in one issue of the Inglenook. We have decided to confine ourselves largely to the following. We find that the cattle industry, if it may be so listed, belongs to the plains and the buffalo grass hills. In the mountains all or most of the precious metals are mined. In the rich river valleys mixed husbandry with a specialty of fruits, beets and melons obtain. Cattle, silver, beets and fruit represent millions. Let us therefore get at the marrow of the State's resources. We find that mining, cattle and sugar are pre-eminently the industries of the State. Let us go to the mines, the ranch and the beet sugar factory—these three, and who shall say which is of the greatest value to the commonwealth?

* * *

THE Rockyford melon is like the Elgin creamery butter,—more a matter of section than locality.

THE TOPSIDE OF COLORADO.

THERE is probably not a State in the Union which does not have a wide diversity of soil and product, and when it comes to the topography of Colorado there is no exception. The eastern part of the State is level and buffalo grassed, a fat cattle and sheep country, where the rain skips the season when corn and wheat call for it.

People do live in the eastern part of the State, and make a good living, but they are far enough apart so that the chickens do not bother the neighbors. Where there is a spring and a trickle of water there the ranch shows green and you can count cattle and sheep on the broad-backed billows of land. Where the river goes there one can see agriculture at its best, where man makes a crop of wheat with the same certainty that the carpenter makes a kitchen table. The level takes in Denver, and beyond Denver the mountains, some of them mountains of mountains, and beyond them to the far side of the State more mountains.

In the eastern part of the State the people get their gold from the shambles or the woolen mills, while in the mountain part they dig it out of the rocks, and very unpromising stuff it is at first showing. So it may be said of Colorado that the eastern half is practically level and dry while the western half is dry and hilly. This is not a glittering generality; it is a dry one, and doesn't tell half the story.

The facts are that this so-called arid country is an ideal wheat section as far as the soil and the lay of the land are concerned, and if water can be had it will be a garden. It's only a question of time. The Nook's not going to say how the water will be had, but it will be available in time and then an empire will result.

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THE GREAT PLAINS.

WHEN the traveler westward enters the State of Colorado along the line of any railroad from the East he strikes the mighty plains. Mile after mile is wheeled off and the immensity of the broad billows of land does not fail to impress him no matter how phlegmatic he may be. There are broad reaches and mighty sweeps of land, miles and miles from crest to crest, in the hollows of which the armies of the world might camp. If it should so be that the tourist passes through this country when the caress of Spring is on the land it seems like a dream. And then when the hot summer sweeps down all is brown and sear and seemingly burned out. As the train rolls by, monotonously passing the telegraph poles, the prairie dog

villages come in sight and the little animals will stand up to salute or scurry to their holes. Now and then in the distance may be seen a band of graceful antelopes, better satisfied when a mile is between them and man, and nearer the ludicrous jackrabbit, with ears erect, lopes out of sight.

Now and then on the far hills one sees a group of black dots or red bunches that stand for a herd of grazing cattle. Next we pass the head of the stream. There are some outbuildings clustered about the house where dwells the rancher who lives with God's canopy over him and watches his thousands of sheep and cattle on the great plain. Do not pity his isolated life nor commiserate his lot, for many a time he might, if so disposed, have sold his cattle and with the proceeds have started a national bank.

It all seems sad and monotonous now, but the time will come when the genius of man will bring to the surface the water that underlies these plains, and lo, where spreads the buffalo grass will be a garden, the immensity of which staggers the imagination. The soil is ideal, the climate is a perfect one, and if Nature overhead were only kinder and caught step with man's wants these plains could vie with the world. And that time is coming. Men are just waiting for the possibilities of the situation and everything is working together towards the end of an agricultural development to the time when there shall be no more desert.

One of the things which cannot fail to impress itself on the tourist is when the train stops at a water-tank or a way-station and he looks up into the star-sown vague of space and marvels at the brilliancy of the uncharted worlds overhead. All around is the appalling silence of the plains and overhead God's quiet. One instinctively turns to his fellow man without a word or comment, dreading the vast loneliness without. But it will all come to an end sometime when over these mighty plains will be dotted the lights in the windows of those who have wrung from under the earth the waters that have rested in the sands of the ages and have turned it into leaf, flower and fruit. It is an object lesson in empire making.

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THE highest per cent of sugar known was in a California beet—twenty-five per cent. Think of a beet's being one-fourth pure white sugar! The average in Colorado is 16.88 per cent, over one-sixth sugar.

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IN Sterling, Logan County, Colorado, there are several openings for artisans or tradesmen, which might suit some Inglenookers who do not care to engage in agriculture, pure and simple.

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STERLING, the county seat of Logan County, Colorado, has a court house, and a jail with nobody in it.

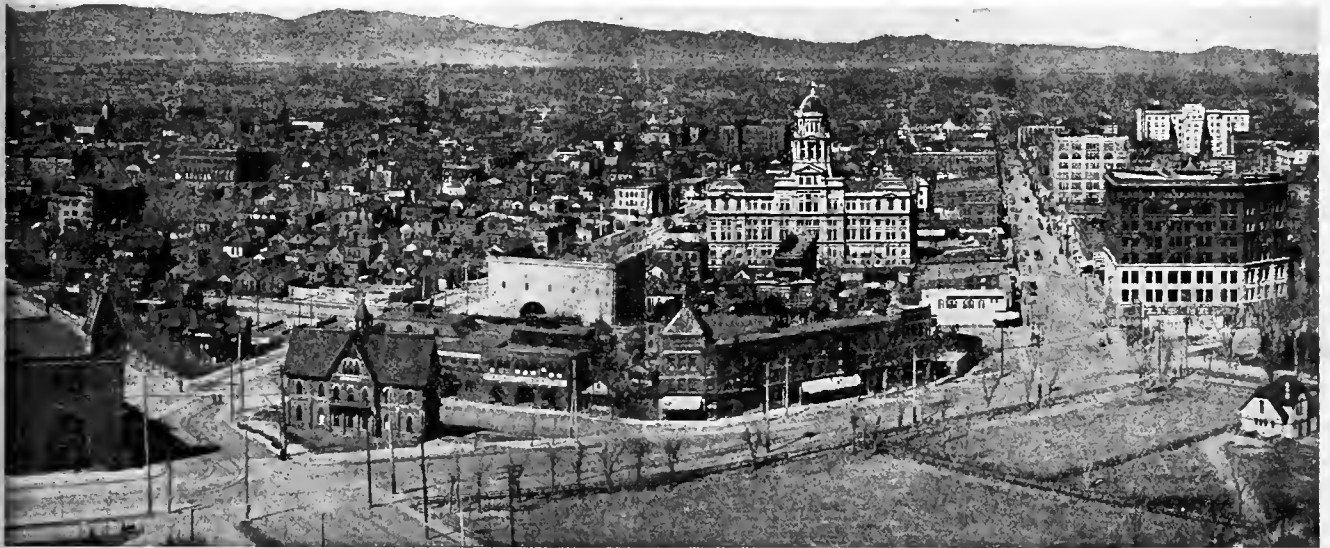
DENVER.

COLORADO wouldn't be Colorado with Denver left out. And Denver is simply a city of the far East transplanted by some magic to the edge of the great plains next to the Rocky Mountains. Moreover if this is the case, the present Denver is an improvement on a good many of its eastern sister cities. In the first place it is growing faster than most of them and it is a cleaner city than any of them. It will always be a great city because the mining industries of the mountains back of, or in front of it, recognize Denver as a center of machinery, wealth, and as a general distributing point.

New York is New York and always will be.

The streets are wide, clean, and cross at right angles, and one of the important places in Denver is the Tramway Loop. Only one line of electric cars runs in Denver, but it operates one hundred and sixty-five miles and is a thoroughly well managed institution. If you prefer walking, there are thirty miles of paved streets at your feet. At the Union Station trains galore come and go in every direction.

The people who frequent the streets of Denver are not at all unlike those of any eastern city. If one expects to see the cowboy, or herds of cattle, or ore wagons crowding each other in the streets, a condition that might readily exist under some circumstances, he will be mistaken, for on every side



A TOWN CALLED DENVER.

Chicago, big, dirty, bragging Chicago, will always be a great, sprawled-out city to which grain and the products of mixed husbandry will tend. Kansas City and Omaha are busy gateways to the West, while Denver, Queen City of the Plains, will ever be, as it now is, the entrance way into the eternal mountain vaults where the gold and silver are kept. Its location makes it the natural center of the State and an easy first in population and importance.

Figures convey little information when they pass a certain point. They may mean much when they are low, but raise them to millions and the reader is at once muddled. Still, let us consider Seventeenth Street for a moment. It is the Wall Street of Denver. More than fifty railroad companies have their offices in the magnificent buildings that go to make its mile length. Bankers, brokers, lawyers, promoters and all that sort of thing are legion here. Four national banks in this street contain over \$40,000,000 of deposits.

there are evidences of refinement and culture that might well put to blush the situation of many an old eastern town.

Added to its commercial importance civic pride has asserted itself and the Denver of to-day is as beautiful a city as any that graces our land. It does not have the soft feminine languor of Southern California with its palms and its roses, but it has ever before its eyes a view of the mightiest chain of mountains that rock-rib the earth. The men who walk its streets talk of great enterprises, speaking in a language strangely unfamiliar to the eastern man about concentrates, sulphides and cyanide processes.

Not only does it appeal to the strenuous life, for there are gardens and resorts, churches and libraries, that will compare favorably with any others on earth. And more than that, the all-enveloping, bracing atmosphere of the plains and mountains makes it equally potent as a standing ground for

those who are battling for their lives while they are in the grasp of the White Death.

Denver will always be a great city for two reasons: One because of its immediate proximity to the enormous mineral wealth of the adjacent mountains, and the other because of the intensive farming that will follow irrigation. The man who travels over the arid plains covered with sage brush and buffalo grass wonders at the boldness of the men who first made Denver. But let it be remembered that Denver is not a city made by man. It is the outcome of circumstances. The mountains, mines, the commercial necessities of an ever-increasing



AT THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK.

population, have made it what it is, and will continue to make it even greater than the wildest dreams of its promoters of to-day. Its present population will be extended over the plains in one vast, compact, beautiful city when water, the king of the plains, shall have made these brown reaches blossom like the rose under its beneficent touch. The importance of water throughout all Colorado cannot be overestimated. The State could more profitably give up its uncountable riches in minerals than to forego the dews of heaven and its sparkling mountain streams.

I have no interest in Denver over that of any other city, but there is an absolute certainty, as far as such things go, of its being a mighty metropolis in the future. It will not be alone the gold and silver stream that flows to it that will make it so, but rather will it happen when the plains which surround it shall be awakened to life under the touch of water and the kiss of the sun.

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BEETS.

To the eastern Nooker beets suggest the red-blooded vegetable cooked early in the spring and served with a dressing of butter and salt, or the

disks soured in vinegar. Out here in Colorado beets mean a great deal more. The people in many sections buy not only dresses for the baby but houses, farms and all that sort of thing, from the beets they raise. Beets to the farmer mean money, and to the sugar factory they mean more money, and to the reader in the East, or out of the beet range, they mean nothing at all. Nobody can tell anything about the business unless he has seen it or heard of it from some one who has seen the whole of it in full blast from the field to the bagged sweetness.

It's incredible, almost. There is a big pile of beets, say 10,000 tons, which is nothing at all remarkable, and a few hundreds of yards away are tons and tons of pure white granulated sugar, and you nor anybody else can tell whether your sugar bowl on the table contains beet or cane sugar. But the machinery in the vast buildings looks like the laboratory of the gods, and resembles the fittings of a man-of-war on the seas.

We will not "tell it all." Nobody can do that, but we will tell it as we saw it. That's what we went to Colorado for,—to see for ourselves. Reading conveys only a small part of what is. The subject is too technical to make good reading for the layman. But there is this to it all,—what we write about we saw. No second-hand goods are allowed to go before the Nookers. There's nothing too good for them. What we tell in this issue of the Nook we learned on the fields and right among the monsters in which tons of sugar were making. It will be imperfect in places, of course, but it will also be all right too. What you read you can depend on, and the Nookman had his spectacles on every time he looked.

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THE LOOP TRIP.

ONE of the most interesting trips the tourist can take from the city of Denver is up the Loop Railroad to Silver Plume. You leave early in the morning, pass through some of the grandest scenery in the land, cross some of the craziest railroad construction possible, land at the entrance of a silver mine, go into its bowels, and return again to Denver, making the trip all in one day.

This trip is made over the Colorado and Southern Railroad and from Denver to Silver Plume is fifty-four miles. It is one of the trips of a lifetime, for the reason that you leave the level plains and in four hours find yourself practically 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. At Silver Plume you are nearly a mile higher up in the air than when at Denver where you started. As one leaves Denver on the Colorado and Southern Railroad the road first follows the

straight cut to the mountains, passing through low-lying foothills, or as they are rudely known, the Hog Backs, and presently the train plunges into a cut in the mountain. It passes along the banks of Clear Creek, a tumbling, foaming, dashing little stream, that is called Clear by courtesy. It may have been clear at one time in its existence, but since the mines have been opened it is a light gray slate color suggestive of anything but clear water.

The mountains on either side of the Creek are abrupt and at times the train hugs the overhanging hills so closely that if one hung his head out of the window there would be danger of his leaving it behind him. Everything that Nature has done is on a broad

closely that it would be possible at times to gather these flowers from the steps of the car. As the train climbs higher and higher the conditions change somewhat, but at no place is there enough level ground for a good-sized graveyard. It is simply rocks, rocks, rocks, set up on end, twisted, distorted and put together in one huge mass as we may call a mountain.

Throughout all of these hills there lie hidden seams of gold and silver, and it is difficult to conceive of a more forbidding place than where they are to be found. In some places these mountains are thousands of feet high, set up at an angle of forty-five degrees or more, and in scores of places there may be seen the opening, or burrow, in the hillside, where the miner



THE LOOP ON THE COLORADO AND SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

gauge, and the only narrow gauge thing connected with it is the railroad, and it is difficult to see how the train can get around the corners and through the cramped places where the little narrow gauge goes.

At first the hills are more or less wooded and species of pine cover the hillsides, while here and there are beautiful specimens of the Colorado blue spruce, a very expensive and hard to grow tree when transplanted to eastern soil. There may be Nook readers who have seen the blue spruce growing on lawns in the East more or less dwarfed, or low in stature. Here they develop into various sized trees and when they have a chance to go on developing thoroughly they are magnificent specimens.

In their season, when at not too high an elevation, beautiful Rocky Mountain flowers are to be seen, and the train hugs the abrupt sides of the canyon so

has ventured his luck. To a tenderfoot, the western name for a stranger, the reason why the people dug in the hill just where they did is an ever-recurring question, but probably in no instance has it been without a reason. Some of the largest mines in the country have been discovered in just this way, and it is possible that way up on the hillside is a mine where an individual is working his claim himself and getting enough out of it to justify him for the labor. Way up on the mountainside, so high that from the railroad it is almost impossible to see the figure of a man, may be seen a hole dug out of the hillside marking the place where some miner is at work. You can see something which looks like a house and which really is the miner's cabin. You wonder how he gets there and how he gets back again. A small, indistinct, zigzag line, maybe a mile or two long, marks his trail

up when he leaves the town for his mine, and down when he leaves it again, or wants to visit civilization. If not too far, these cliff miners leave the mines in the evening and go up in the morning, but often they have some sort of habitation, a cabin or a shanty of some kind, and take up on the back of a burro all the supplies they need and stay there until they want to come back.

All around these mining towns may be seen the festive long-eared burro. As the tourist will in all probability have seen a jackrabbit crossing the plains he will recognize the burro, or donkey, as simply an enlarged facsimile of the swift-footed runner of the plains. These burros are quiet, faithful and sure-footed. It would be difficult to get along without them, and they resemble patience on a monument. Occasionally this Rocky Mountain canary, as he is sometimes called, will lift up his voice in protest and you can hear his remarks a mile away, but ordinarily he is as peaceful as a rabbit.

Our railroad winds around and around, passing through towns, Idaho Springs being one of them, and here at Idaho Springs are gold mines. Anyone from the East would naturally imagine that a mining town, or mining camp as they are sometimes called, represents everything evil and undesirable, a dangerous place where Alkali Ike strides around with his six-shooter strapped about him looking for trouble. You will find Mr. Isaac in picture books but not any place else. In fact Idaho Springs is a typical summer resort, representing as much money, culture and refinement as a similar sized bite out of Denver would represent. It is altogether likely that in its incipiency, a mining camp where a big strike has been made, is first settled with disreputable characters, but as soon as people begin to build three-story houses with glass fronts, and artistic stone houses, the bad element is run out. It does not pay to have property destroyed by a few bandits. So the chances are you will have to reconstruct your ideas of a mining camp.

The railroad goes up, up, up, until Georgetown is reached. This is a small town in a pocket of the mountains. As the objective point is the rich mines around Silver Plume, and the railroad must get there it has to throw itself into a half-dozen contortions, best illustrated by taking a spring of a patent clothes-pin, stepping on it and then partially straightening it out. One passes over a spider-legged bridge that does not look safe enough to hold up a train of cars, but all the same it got the Nookman over and back without trouble.

Once at Silver Plume one may see mining in practical operation. The first that will strike the visitor when he gets off of the train are a couple of small boys and a good-sized girl selling specimens they have with them in a cigar box. They will sell you a very beautiful specimen of silver ore and a dozen other

combinations of metals at rather altitudinous prices, but five minutes before the train goes back one can buy them out at wholesale at lower-level figures.

The train gives you time to take dinner at Silver Plume, at a hotel as good as any of similar size anywhere, and taking the matter all around, up hill and down, it is one of the trips you cannot afford to miss if you are in Denver. Seeing Colorado and not going into a mine is about like going to Rome and not seeing the Vatican.

Another mistake you will get rid of is your ideas of the character of the professional miners. Omitting a few toughs, and ignorant fellows of the baser sort,



SCENE IN A MINE. 850 FEET BELOW THE SURFACE.

the majority of gold and silver miners are men of exceptional character. In a mining town there will be more magazines and newspapers read than in a town of similar size on lower ground. It takes intelligence to mine properly, and if you are filled up with the notion of a red-shirted vulgarian as a miner you will probably get it taken out of you when you get better acquainted with him. They are an intelligent and manly lot.

Now when you go to Denver be sure you go up to Silver Plume on the Colorado and Southern Railroad, and thoroughly disabuse your mind of the idea that when you are going to a mining camp you are leaving civilization behind.

PIKE'S PEAK.

THERE are other peaks in the world besides the one named after Zebulon M. Pike, but none are more picturesque, none of greater historic moment. Major Pike first sighted it November 13, 1806, and probably had no idea that it would be known for all the time as his particular mountain. But the first ascent was made in July, 1819, and in 1858 Mrs. James K. Holmes was the first woman to ascend to its summit. Since then thousands of people have gone to the top, among them the Nookman for the Nook family.

In the first place the peak is 14,147 feet above the sea level and a specially constructed railroad takes you to the top and back. The road was completed in 1890, and is perhaps the most unique thing of the kind in existence. The roadbed is from fifteen to twenty feet wide, and the rails are just as any other railroad. In the center of the track is a sort of toothed cog arrangement, securely bolted in place, and all the climbing and coming down power is on this rackrail, the side rails being guides only. The company has four locomotives made with their backs up to suit the grades; and six coaches, well-windowed, built so that you sit level while you go up in the world. The locomotive pushes going up and the car is ahead. Coming down this is reversed. It looks safe enough and doubtless is till the unexpected happens when the whole outfit will go to smithereens and the passengers will go according to the way they have lived.

It's the biggest free show on earth once you are up. The fare is five dollars for the trip and it is worth it.

Pike's Peak is the hill that made Colorado famous. There are higher peaks, but none that stand out so good and clear to behold, and none that offer quite the same outlook from the top. To get there Colorado Springs is the starting point. Jump the street cars and start for Manitou—five cents fare. A mile or so and you strike Colorado City, though where you leave the Springs and strike the City will puzzle you to tell. Then the same man comes along and wants another nickel. At Manitou you get into another car and pay another five cents, which goes to show that you are not in Chicago where you can ride the six miles traversed for less than fifteen cents. You alight within a toss of the station of the Cog Wheel Route. Then you buy a ticket, paying your five dollars therefor. The engine backs down and it is a unique looking affair with its rear end up as well as its steam. The car ahead is very much like any other railroad coach only that on level ground the seats have a

forward slant to reinedy the uphill they will have to meet when the journey is begun. As said before the road is built with a cog arrangement on the wheels under the car and the whole train is hooked up on the cogged rail bolted down on the ties. The outside wheels are only guides on the regular rails. It takes about an hour and a half to make the trip. The stay on the top is an hour or so and then the down trip. The train leaves, when there is not much business, at 9:25 A. M., and returns in time for a late dinner. In the busy season several trips are made. The distance is about nine miles.

Of course the whole trip is one of scenery, and scenery there is, scenery to give away if the other party can adjust the delivery. It is a trip really



ON THE WAY UP PIKE'S PEAK.

worth the while of anybody who cares to take it. The trip can be made by climbing, and it usually takes two days for those built on other lines than the Nookman. The superintendent of the road expressed an opinion that the writer wouldn't get there at all if he tried it on foot. The Editor man knew a better thing than that—he wouldn't try it. But on the rail up, that's another story and that's all right. The facts are that the trip is worth while. Not everybody is so situated in the world that he can take in, at one view, some 40,000 square miles of the country, but he can do it from Pike's Peak if the clouds and storms allow. Frequently the top of the mountain is hidden by clouds, and as we saw the peak from the relative level below it was covered with snow, which was drifting badly.

There are many interesting features and excellent views enroute up, and whoever invented the names for some of the places is entitled to a medal for imaginative powers. On the way up we come to the timber line, 11,578 feet, after passing which there are a few patches of soil supporting some mosses and Alpine plants. The last of the climb is in and out of great chunks of granite rocks.

On the top is a solid stone building, the home of the signal service in summer and where one can now get a lunch or buy curios, at Pike's Peak prices. It is an interesting sight to watch the sun rise or set from the Peak, and parties are sometimes made up to spend the night on the summit for the purpose. When the conditions are all right the scene is said to be one of unsurpassed beauty.

The meteorological conditions are such that nobody can tell what the weather on the top is going to be like. The whole business is declared off on the approach of autumn for two reasons: First, the crop of tourists and visitors falls off, and, second, the snow drifts and renders the ascent doubtful. There is danger of getting stuck in a bank of snow and staying there an uncomfortable length of time. Of course there is no real danger in this way during the regular tourist season. Taking it all in all the trip is recommended as a good one to make. It's the easiest mountain climbing in all the Rockies, while the outlook from the summit is broad enough to accommodate all.

* * *

STERLING TOWN.

STERLING is a typical Colorado town, and perhaps it may be taken as one of the best. It is situated in the northern part of the State in a practically undeveloped region, that is to say, undeveloped so far as its possibilities are concerned. It is a town, or what would be called here in the West, a city, of sixteen hundred or more people and is growing rapidly. It is situated in the South Platte Valley and this is the same Valley in which Denver is located, and has practically sprung into existence during the past twenty years. Originally a mere station on the Union Pacific railroad, it has developed, by means of its relation to the surrounding country, into the type of a Western town common throughout the State and it might be said throughout the entire West.

In the selection of a town to represent a country or a State like Colorado, it is a very difficult matter to make one that would be regarded by everybody familiar with the entire country as characteristic. The Nook knows there are other places besides Sterling, but in one sense they all bear a general resemblance. The Colorado town has wide streets, good school buildings, hotels of various degrees of excellence, and all the associations and concomitants of Eastern civilization, so-called. An eastern town, a hundred years old, the size of Sterling, would be debating as to whether or not it would introduce electric lights and all that sort of thing. Sterling, twenty years old, has, or will have, all these and more in the immediate future.

Its schools are of an excellent character, in fact the common school system of the State of Colorado is an uncommonly good one, surpassing in merit, I think, the systems of the older East. For illustration, here in Sterling is a High School in addition to the two public schools, and this High School is free for the entire county, and elementary education is thus possible to every boy and girl in its limits. What is said of Sterling in an educational way is characteristic of the entire State. The town has an excellent club and what is more to the point with the Nook readers, it has no open saloon, and not even a "blind pig." This is largely due to the intelligence and morality of the citizens, backed up by the further fact that wom-



A RESTING PLACE ON THE WAY UP PIKE'S PEAK.

en in Colorado have a vote on these things and that settles the question of rum selling in many a town that might otherwise be cursed.

The real merit of Sterling lies in its agricultural possibilities as stated in another portion of the Inglenook. The beet industry is one of the rapidest growths in the State, and within easy distance of Sterling there are sugar factories with every facility for the production of a superior quality of sugar, and there is no reason why the contemplated project of a beet sugar factory, here, will not materialize and become an eminent success, the same as in other sections of the State, where they have been, and are now at this writing, in successful operation. It does not fall within the province of the INGLENOOK to speak especially well of one neighborhood to the exclusion of others, but if the projected factory does come here, there will be an opening for hundreds of beet growers in a way

that will be of special advantage to those who get in on the ground floor.

This country was originally almost entirely a stock country, and the land was owned in large holdings, which are now being rapidly broken up and given over to the various agricultural projects suitable to the soil and surroundings, and thus it comes that if a factory should be located here, there will be no end of small farms devoted to beet raising and those who come here now and buy the land at thirty, forty and fifty dollars per acre at present, will find themselves placed in the same list with the land holders of Eaton, Greeley, and Loveland and other sugar-producing centers where the land is worth from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars, dependent upon the proximity to the factory.

At present the leading industries are alfalfa, black hogs, cattle with white faces, and the Western home may have from a dozen to a hundred bee hives scattered on the ground around the house where they will be all winter without further protection.

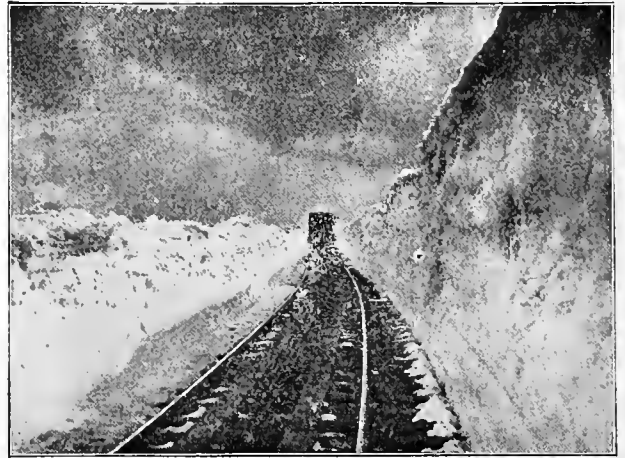
One of the things that struck the INGLENOOK man about Sterling in common with other small towns, was the numerous openings for specialists. This being an alfalfa country, it is naturally and necessarily a good place for the apiarist and no end of bees are kept and but little attention is paid to the business for the reason that these Western people, being engaged in larger projects or what seems to them to be larger, neglect minor industries, such as beekeeping, poultry-raising and similar matters. He will succeed who will carry them out with the same degree of intelligent effort characterizing such affairs in the East.

Socially, Sterling, in common with all other Western towns, is wholly wanting in the wild and woolly element that has figured so long in the caricatures of the Eastern papers that it has come to be regarded as a fact. If it ever did exist, which is doubtful, it is certainly conspicuous by its absence now. Colorado people are alive and on the move. They differ radically from the Eastern States in the fact they take about five years in the East to do what is done in one in Colorado. This is no place for the lazy man or the slow man, for he will get run over, sure. But for the energetic, thorough-going man of a family, who wants to provide places for himself, his boys and his girls, it is unequalled, if he will only fall into the ways of those who have been here before and have learned the rules necessary for success in this country.

THE bee people in Colorado leave the hives on the ground the year around.

IRRIGATION.

IRRIGATION is a strange thing to the average Eastern man, but here in the West it is a word to conjure with. The soil's here, the climate, and all that, and when water gets into partnership the country laughs into an unheard of set of crops. The brown of the native grasses gives way to the emerald of that queen of forage plants, alfalfa, fat cattle dot the plains, sheep huddle together, the stacks raise their domes, and the railroad puts in a siding for the crop that must be moved. The coyote and the jack rabbit hobnobbed for ages on these levels, and had it for all their very own. Then the man with the ditch came along, and presto! The alfalfa, sheep, cattle, greenery over the



THROUGH THE SNOW TO THE PEAK.

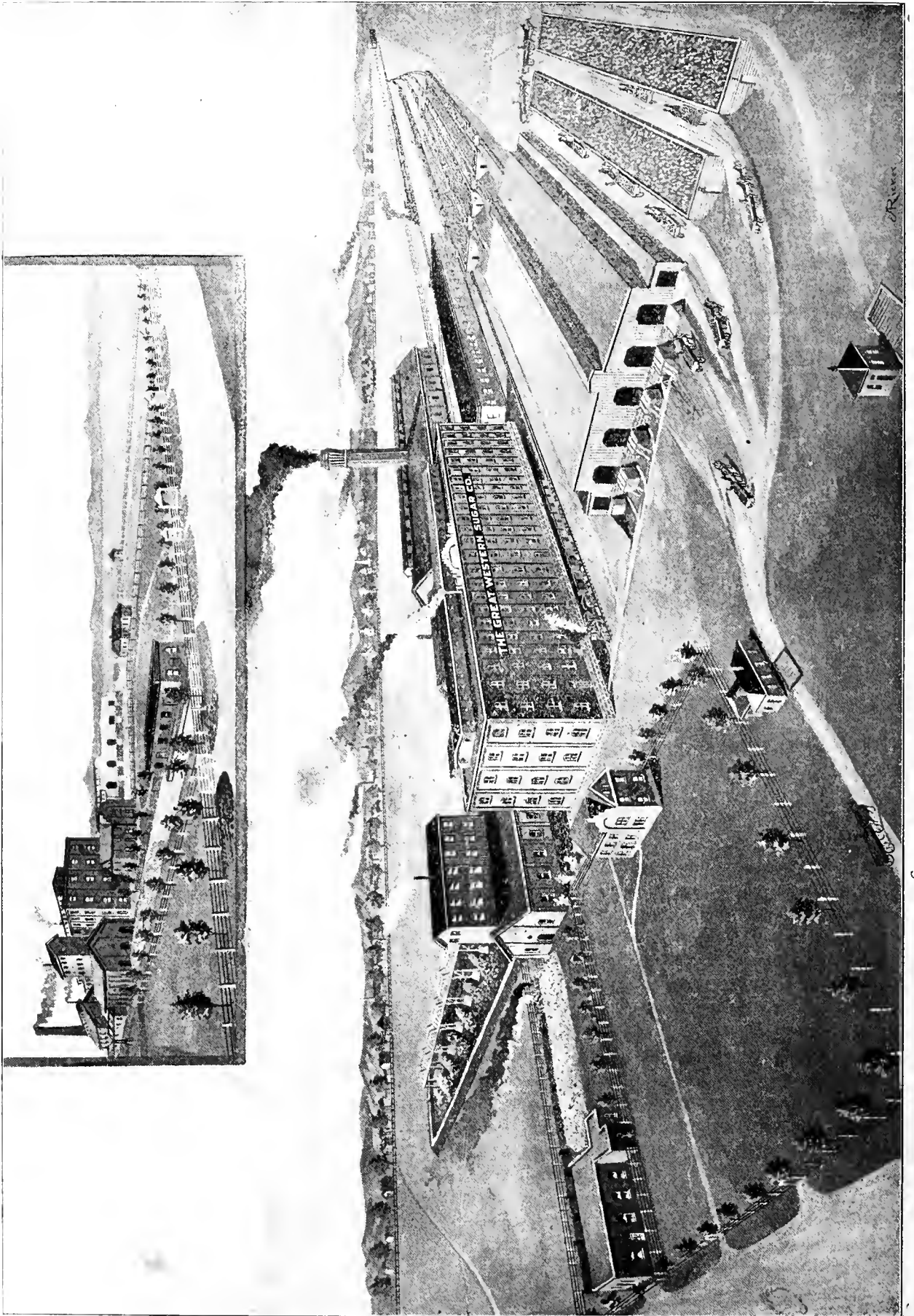
place and money in the bank. There is not a State in the West that shows more of irrigation and the necessity for it than Colorado, and whenever we speak of crops it means that they have been made through irrigation.

ONE would not look for lakes in a State like Colorado, yet there are nearly a thousand of them, and more than two hundred and fifty snow-fed creeks and rivers.

THE sugar beet is good for people as well as for stock. They are white but the addition of a red beet in the pot will color all of them.

COLORADO grows some of the finest apples in the country. They sell by the pound as everything else in the State does.

LEADVILLE is the highest city in the United States. Are all its citizens high livers?



GENERAL VIEW OF A BEET SUGAR FACTORY ONE PROPOSED FOR STEERING COLO

ENCOUNTER WITH A COLORADO EAGLE.

BY S. Z. SHARP.

A SHORT time ago my neighbor, J. J. Ferguson, going down the road with a wagon for a load of hay, saw a large gray eagle sitting by the roadside on the ground. On approaching it the eagle hopped and fluttered a short distance forward and sat down again, showing that it was hard for it to rise from the ground. Mrs. Ferguson, who also was along with her husband, suggested that the eagle might be caught or killed. Mr. Ferguson armed with a pitch-fork approached this royal bird which again hopped and fluttered in an effort to rise and get away, but before it could do so, its pursuer using his pitch-fork as a harpoon, thrust it into the body of this king of the air and carried it home where it now adorns the side of the icehouse with its wings spread out to a length of six feet nine inches from tip to tip.

The reason why an eagle cannot rise at once from the ground, is the great length of its wings in proportion to its body. When the wings are spread out and flapped they will at first strike the ground instead of coming near together below the feet and will get but a small resistance of air compared with a bird of the same sized body and shorter wings, the turkey-buzzard for example. This bird, on account of the comparative shortness of its wings, will rise from the ground with a single hop and a vigorous flapping of wings. Knowing its ability to get away from a pursuer, it often seems tame after a hearty meal, and easily caught, leaving many a boy standing disappointed when just in the act of catching his coveted prize.

What the yacht is among sailing vessels the eagle is among birds. Both are equipped for rapid sailing and flight. The eagle delights to ascend to the upper air, beyond the sphere of other birds, where its sharp eye can detect its prey at a great distance upon which it swoops with wonderful rapidity.

Here on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains the eagle finds its favorite home. Here in the niches of perpendicular rocks several thousand feet high, it builds its nest and rears its young without fear of disturbance by any foe.

There are several species of eagles. The aquila haliaetus and aquila mogilnic are the imperial eagles of Europe, besides the European sea-eagle, haliaetus albicilla, which cannot fish, but will sit on a dead tree and watch the fish-hawk catch its prey, then when the latter has borne it high enough into the air, the eagle will swoop upon the hawk which lets go the fish and the eagle catches it before it touches the ground.

In America we have the golden or war eagle aquila chrysaetus with its head covered with feathers and its legs also down to the claws. The bald eagle, haliaetus leucocephalus, has its legs bare of feathers. This is the national emblem of the United States.

Fruita, Colorado.



HANGING ROCK ON THE COLORADO AND SOUTHERN.

CAN you tell cane sugar from beet sugar?

OUTGOING ocean steamers carry Rockyford melons for passengers.

THE history of a silver dollar back to the mine would require a volume.

THE mineral wealth of the Colorado hills has not yet been scratched.

WHAT a place for dead beets is Colorado!

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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THE COLORADO OUTLOOK.

A FEATURE that will interest a large number of our NOOK readers, who understand farming, does not appear on the surface of things. The western half of the State is made up of mountains, piles on piles of them, and in these mountains the miners have delved for gold and silver. No mining country is adapted to agriculture. A mining town may run into thousands of a population and on every side one may see evidences of wealth and sudden uprising of substantial modern buildings. But there remains this one fact. Every bite they eat, all they consume in any way, is bought from the outside. And the prices are naturally high.

The man who gets into a mining neighborhood, and raises any article of common consumption, from apples to turnips, has a sure and good market for all he can get to sell. It is slower than mining gold or silver, but it is also surer, and whoever has a place where he can "raise things," is certain of a good market while there are miners to buy, and the everlasting mountains will not have given up their treasures for generations to come.

* * *

THE AIR.

WELL, yes, the air! People who have lived East all their lives don't know what it means. Living all their years cluttered up in towns, about the same as living in a jug with a cork in, they have no idea of the air of the plains. It is not that it is peculiar to Colorado, for it is characteristic of the whole plains country, and no one needs have his attention called to it when he first meets with the pure exhilarating breeze of the early morning.

It is difficult to describe, but the atmosphere sustains the same relation to that of the East that a drink of pure, cold, sparkling water, dipped from a moun-

tain spring does to that in the bottom of a wooden bucket after it has stood all night in a warm kitchen. It's wet, and it's water, but that's all. This western plains air is like a glass of aerated water before the bubbles have dissipated. Early in the morning when all the world is new and the lark is singing its matin song, the sun slanting its flood of light on the broad prairie, the air has a gentle movement and a piquancy of the over night rest, that sets all the strings in one's heart to vibrating with health and hope for the duties of the day.

Little wonder that the pagan worshiped the sun. It was light and warmth to him, but he never saw it as he might have done had he stood on one of the levels of old ocean bed here in the middle west. The morning sun, the morning breeze, and the morning song of the lark! They can't be matched East nor has the world their like. Of course one can't live on air and scenery, but the man with the weak lungs, the one who sees the red streaming from his mouth, finds here a balm that heals and a hope that brings life worth living back to him. Yes, the air is something to the well, and it's all in all to the thin man with the flat breast.

* * *

OUR ROUTE.

IN taking in Colorado for Nook purposes it was found impossible, of course, to go to all points of interest. The east third is plains country, the west foothills and mountains. So we entered the northeast part of the State over the Union Pacific, running down along the Rockies to Denver, penetrated to the mines, and from thence back to Denver. Then we went to Pueblo and around and out on the south via the Santa Fe down the Arkansas valley. To be sure we didn't see it all, nor did we try. The leading industries of the State are worked up and a general idea of what is done agriculturally and in a mineral way. Read this Nook and you'll likely know more about Colorado than you knew before. If so, that's the fulfillment of our mission.

* * *

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

AMONG those who made it very pleasant for the Nookman in getting the data for the Colorado Nook were Mr. Geo. McDonough of the Union Pacific Railway and Mr. Chas. Seagraves of the Santa Fe. Both are wholesouled people, thoroughly imbued with a regard for the Brethren faith. The day of the profane, vulgar story railroad man has passed if it ever existed at all. A railroad man must be a gentleman these days and the above filled the bill.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

WHEN you are in Colorado and visit the city of Colorado Springs a few minutes ride on the street-cars will put you at the entrance of the Garden of the Gods. Here you can either hire a burro or take a carriage and drive over the five miles of good roads that wind in and about the garden. There are numbers of people who would be glad to serve you in this way and there are no fears of not being entertained anywhere around Colorado Springs, Idaho City, or Manitou, or that you will have to go begging for transportation.

The Garden of the Gods is something about as follows: At the base of the Rocky Mountains is a large tract of land in which volcanic action and the work of the elements for ages have transformed the section into a veritable jumble of rocks and stones. The entrance to the garden is through the far-famed gateway where the rocks spring up from the plain to a height of 330 feet and these glow in a brilliant color of red. Once inside the enclosure the rocks assume strange forms which require more or less imagination to turn them into men and women, freaks of architecture or the ruins of mighty cities.

It is one of the easiest and pleasantest sights within range of Colorado Springs, for the whole trip may be made in an hour or two and what one sees cannot fail to impress itself as the mighty work of the enormous forces that went to make this country what it is. Enormous rocks springing up from the plains assume the shape of minarets and similar freaks. It is simply a wreck of geological formation, mighty in its results, and most interesting in itself. It is well worth the trouble it takes to see it; and one can just as readily see it on foot as any other way, though if time is any object it is well to take a carriage from the gateway, being sure to first make a bargain with the Jehu.



CAMPING IN COLORADO.

THERE is no place where the camper may have a pleasanter time than back in some Rocky Mountain glen or fastness where perfectly natural surroundings obtain. There is a freedom that far surpasses in enjoyableness the so-called luxury of a fashionable summer hotel. Many people do go to the woods and more ought to. Big game and big fish wait the sportsman, and a night around the campfire with the stars overhead, and a properly constructed camp outfit, are ideal in their pleasure.

The expense of the trip is not as great as one would imagine and once on the ground, provided with a tent and the necessary utensils, which may cost much or little as the campers make it, the further expenses are better illustrated by the presentation of an actual

bill of goods bought by a party of eight camping in the Rocky Mountain region. It is taken from "Camping in the Rocky Mountains." This party also put away considerable fish and game. The average cost is less than five dollars a month per individual.

This is given here as an example of what is required and its probable cost. For smaller parties and less period of time, the quantities can be reduced proportionately.

The prices quoted here are generally the average in Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Salt Lake City and towns contiguous to camping grounds.

4 bricks Cheese,...	\$ 1 18	Half pint Lemon Ex-	
4 sacks Salt,.....	20	tract,	\$ 75
20 lbs. Popcorn,....	1 00	Half pint Vanilla Ex-	
10 lbs. Ginger Snaps,	90	tract,	1 10
27 lbs. Soda Crack-		2 dishes Mustard,..	30
ers,	1 76	4 bottles Sweet	
10 lbs. Vanilla Wa-		Pickles,	1 40
fers,	1 70	2 bottles Olives,...	1 90
4 pkgs. Bromange-		4 bot. Worcester-	
lon,	50	shire Sauce,	80
2 gal. Maple Syrup	2 40	1 gal. Vinegar and	
1 case Condensed		Jug,	55
Cream,	4 65	16 bars W. W. Soap,	60
8 cans White Cher-		6 bars Ivory Soap,	50
ries,	1 76	3 cakes Sapolio,...	25
8 cans Pears,.....	1 44	3 doz. boxes Match-	
8 cans Peaches,....	1 44	es,	1 50
4 cans Grapes,....	50	3 lbs. pail Lard,...	35
1 doz. cans Corn,...	1 00	2 doz. cans Jam,...	2 40
1 doz. cans Toma-		2 boxes Blueing,...	10
atoes,	1 15	3 doz. Clothes Pins,	06
1 doz. cans French		10 lbs. Yellow On-	
Peas,	2 25	ions,	25
6 cans Wax Beans,	80	4 pkgs. Shredded	
6 cans Succotash,..	85	Wheat,	50
6 cans Baked		10 lbs. Butter,.....	2 20
Beans,	1 00	50 lbs. New Pota-	
4 cans Flat Salmon,	75	atoes,	80
2 doz. boxes, Sar-		4 bottles Catsup,..	80
dines,	3 00	1 doz. boxes Grape	
100 lbs. Flour,.....	1 60	Nuts,	1 45
1 sack White Meal,	30	1 doz. Lemons,...	20
1 box Baking Pow-		1 bottle Olive Oil,	55
der,	45	3 small Hams,....	5 16
100 lbs. Sugar,.....	6 20	26 lbs. Breakfast Ba-	
20 lbs. Navy Beans,.	1 00	con,	3 12
6 lbs. Rice,.....	50	5½ lbs. Salt Side	
1 lb. Japan Tea,....	75	Pork,	40
10 lbs. Coffee		Dried Beef,.....	75
(ground),	2 20	5 lbs. Candles,....	50
4 pkgs. Black Pep-			
per,	40		



ONE of the things that is high in price in Colorado is wood of any kind. The State is not by any means a continual forest of hard woods.



THE Nookman ran right into one of Andrew Hutchison's revival meetings at Rockyford.

\$72 87

SILVER.

COLORADO without mention of silver is like Hamlet without the ghost. But to write up silver and silver mining within the allotted space is beyond even the Nookman, but he will try to tell the Nook family something of the ways and means of getting the white metal out where men can see it.

Silver has been mined for ages. Everybody knows it, but few Nookers know how it is got out of the bowels. So let us begin at the very commencement of things and say that once you are in Denver where this is written, you can get to either a gold or silver mine and back to your hotel all in one easy day. Let us go to Silver Plume, about fifty miles from Denver. Once there we can land from the cars within five minutes' walk of the open mine.

To go back before the mine was opened, nobody knows just how silver or gold got into the rocks. The little girl would probably say that God put it there, and just now this is as good a solution as any. At all event no man has ever found out to a certainty just how precious metals got to where we find them. Now let us remember that perhaps every rock in the mountains near Denver, and there are lots of them, has silver in it, but not in quantity that would pay to extract. But here and there the white metal gets into streaks, lodes is the word, and it is the work of the prospector to find where they are and that of the miner to develop them.

Now suppose you, the Nookman and an expert started out to find a mine. We would probably go up on the top of the mountain, a great, big, huge mass of rock and loose stones, with perhaps a scant vegetaton growing there. Ages passed since the lode or lay of silver ore stuck out of the top, but so it did and the practiced miner can tell when he comes to signs. Then comes the hunt for the seam of ore, which may be on one side of our signs or on the other. It's somewhere and we find it after a time.

It doesn't look like silver to the unpracticed eye, and will not for a long time after. However, we dig down, like digging a well. The miner can dig, you can haul up dirt, and as a favor to the company the Nookman will boss the job. Really I didn't want the place but you insisted and I'll take it under the circumstances, such being the usual explanation as to how one gets to the front. Presently we strike the lode. It is simply a seam of dull greyish, metallic looking mineral no thicker than a knife blade, but rapidly getting thicker. Presently, a good deal quicker and easier said than done, we settle on a seam of ore, about a foot thick in this hypothetical case.

Now then we will do two things. First we will put up a written notice that we have the mining claim, 150 feet wide and 1,500 feet long. As our strike, as all do, runs at an angle of forty-five degrees through the mountain, we will locate our claims angling to match the lode, and the three of us can each take one claim provided we put in \$100 worth of work on it in a year, which the way we have struck it we can easily do. While one is off at the county seat recording these claims, we will take a sample of the ore down to an assayer to find how rich it is. It will pay if it is ten dollars a ton and ours reaches fifty dollars. That settles it. We are as rich as Jews.

But hold! We haven't made a start yet. Our claims resemble a diagonal slice of bread, an inch thick, made through a loaf, only our slice is through a mountain down to the center of the earth. The claim's one thing. The mine's another. First, we will go down the hill, keeping on our claim, and run a tunnel in from the side of the mountain into the solid rock till we come to a paying thickness of the lode or seam. This means skilled labor at from \$2.50 to \$3 per day, tools, dynamite, a blacksmith, a mule or two, etc., and it may cost us from \$20 to \$30 a foot to get into the lode, and it may be a hundred or more feet till we strike it.

* * *

THE SMELTER.

THE average Nooker imagines that the gold or silver miner digs out the solid metal, if he does not actually mine the minted coin itself. The actual facts are that the miner or the mine owner never sees the metal at all.

Here is what happens. The miner has on hand a lot of ore which contains silver or gold, or both, with a liberal share of other metals so combined that any one of them is useless until separated. The first thing done is to put the ore in the shape of "concentrate."

The ore in the mine proper is in streaks, or to put it in a way better understood by the farmer, in thicknesses. These vary from nothing up to several feet and are set at a slant in the hardest kind of rock, in the most inaccessible mountains, as though Nature tried hiding the metals from the eye of man in the roughest part of the earth. The surrounding rock must be mined away and the seam of ore broken up in various sized lumps and chunks. These vary in richness with the mine, and the same mine produces different qualities and grades of ore. Whoever mixed the metals in the pay streak was not careful as to proportions.

Now this ore, once at the surface, is first roughly broken up in a strong-jawed machine, then passed

through rollers and made still finer until it is all of the same general fineness. It looks like sand or about the same as so much fine black or metallic looking dirt, when it is ready for the smelter and, in this shape, is known as concentrate. Some mines do this for themselves, others sell the ore to those who make a business of it. The ore is first assayed by the owner to learn the value of, say a car load, of the concentrate. It is then put in sacks not unlike phosphate bags in appearance, loaded on a car and freighted to the smelter.

The smelter people make an assay of the lot sent and if the two assays agree, the smelter people's and the sender's, it is paid for on the basis of what they have found the ore to contain. If they do not agree an umpire is chosen and the findings of the third party are accepted by the smelter and the consignee of the ore. At this juncture the mine man

That is to say, the roasted concentrate from one mine will require certain treatment to get the metal out of it, that from another mine a different course of treatment, and to overcome this all the concentrate of one kind is spread evenly on a bed not unlike a huge garden bed, the next lot is spread over the top of the first, and so on in layers till the whole is a mass some feet in thickness. It will be seen that in cutting this crossways of the end, like cutting a layer cake, a general average of the various kinds will be had.

Now then, this mix-up of ore goes to a place where a lot of men are engaged in the roughest possible mixing of a batch for the furnace. One man dumps into a waiting car a wheelbarrow of the cut-across stuff from the bed, another up-ends his iron wheelbarrow of coke, another his of limestone, and so on till the rough batch is ready for the fur-



IDAHO SPRINGS, COLORADO, ON THE COLORADO AND SOUTHERN.

can get his money for his ore and the transaction is completed.

The smelter is simply a place where the concentrate, or the ore, is melted down to a metallic state. Simple as the statement is, the process is complicated and very expensive, comparatively speaking. The place resembles a big furnace, iron works, or the like. The ore comes in on the cars, is dumped into bins and is variously treated according to its character. At the Pueblo smelter the first step is to roast the ore. This is done in a cylindrical affair built on the general lines of a steam boiler. The ore goes in, the whole affair rotates, and the water and the sulphur are slowly burned out. Or the roasting process may be done in tremendously elongated ovens. The idea is to get rid of the water and the sulphur which pass up the chimney and out.

The roasted stuff is very unpromising in its looks. Every lot requires a different treatment and in order to overcome this the several kinds are bedded down.

nance. The car is whisked up an incline to the top of the furnace and dumped in, plunk. The coke will furnish the heat, the limestone will flux the un-metallic part, and the melted metal will go to the bottom of the pot by its own weight. The melted slag is run out at one side of the furnace and the molten metal is tapped out of a hole on the other side. Inside the furnace all the fires of that other place seem let loose under a tremendous blast, and the slag is run out, the metal tapped off and another mass of concentrate, limestone and coke dumped in the furnace, and so on, day and night and Sundays right along.

The metal runs out, when tapped off, into a big ladle about the size of a half-barrel, on wheels, and looks just what it is—melted lead with unseen silver and gold in it. The ladleful of metal is trundled along a little railway and is emptied into a great kettle-shaped cauldron. Here the dross is skimmed off as a woman skims off a kettle of lard. The

skimmings are put into a huge press like so many "cracklings" in butchering time, and the metal squeezed out of them. Then this melted mass is run into a similar cauldron below, and ranged around this is a lot of iron moulds that, run full of the mix, make pigs of metal. The filling and emptying go on all the time.

Now then, the reader would suppose that after all this the end was reached. But bless you, no. The pigs of metal containing a tight locked lot of lead, silver and gold, go to Omaha from Pueblo and are separated there. This is a very rough and unscientific outline of what happens the ore on the road to the pure metal, but if you have followed us the idea is correctly presented in the main, and in all probability is entirely new to the Nooker who has never seen the process going on.

* * *

GOLD FROM THE ORE.

WHAT though gold has been the means of setting the world crazy for the last few thousands of years very few people know anything at all about how it is got out of the ore. And still stranger is the fact that the principle of smelting, first mashing the ore, is the same as it was before the time of Christ. The only new ideas in the past half lifetime are in what are called chlorination, lixivation, and cyaniding. Wherever possible the old way is the best when free gold or milling are to be worked. It is put through a stamp mill described as follows:

Concisely stated, the stamp mill can be built any size the mines warrant, from one stamp to a thousand. The most approved pattern of a mill now in use has stamps weighing from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds; which are raised by cams from four to six inches and drop one hundred times a minute. These stamps are set for large mills in mortars into which five stamps drop upon steel dies at the speed stated. The ore drops into the top of these mortars by automatic feeders which supply the exact amount required. The front of these mortars is covered with a strong steel screen perforated so that the ore when mashed up to a 30 or 40 mesh will pass through these screens and out upon the large copper plates covered with quicksilver. About ninety-five per cent of the free gold released from the rock thus powdered up will lodge on these plates, gold having a great affinity for quicksilver.

This is simple enough so far as the free gold is concerned, but even in what is called "free milling ore" it has been found that not more than seventy-five per cent of the assay value of the ore can be saved on the plates, and until the cyanide

process was discovered, the remainder was lost or ran away in the "tailings."

Briefly, the process of using Cyanide of Potassium to extract the gold from the ore is as follows: The ore is first run through heavy rolls and ground up to pass through a 20-mesh screen, when it is taken automatically by carriers and delivered into iron tanks holding five hundred tons each. A weak solution of cyanide of potassium is held in other tanks higher up and is turned in from the bottom of the ore tank and percolates up through the pulverized ore until it covers the top to a depth of one or two inches. It is allowed to remain from forty to seventy-two hours, when all the gold in the ore is dissolved by it and held in solution. The solution is then drawn off from the bottom and as it comes out of the ore tank is run through boxes containing very fine zinc shavings. The contact of the solution with the zinc shavings causes an instant precipitation of all the gold carried in the solution, and it drops to the bottom of the box. After the first solution is drawn off; clear water is then introduced on top of the ore in the tanks and is allowed to soak through the pulp. This passes again through boxes containing the zinc shavings to save any gold that may remain in the sand. This process is called "washing out." The gold having all been extracted, a trap door in the bottom of the tank is opened and the pulp, now of no further value, is washed out by a jet of water under powerful pressure, similar to a fire hose but much stronger, and the tank in a short time is cleaned up ready to receive another load. The zinc shavings and the gold saved are taken to the retort room, the zinc eliminated and the gold run into bars.

* * *

FARMERS buy beet pulp and feed it to their stock. Beet raisers get it at twenty-five cents a ton. Others pay thirty-five cents a ton. You ought to see the stock go into a pile of it.

* * *

Do you really want to know what it is that kills off the beet crop? It is that tired feeling that some people call laziness.

* * *

STERLING, Colorado, where they expect to locate a Brethren colony, is one hundred and forty miles from Denver, with unequalled beet soil.

* * *

STERLING expects a sugar factory to locate there, and it is a good place for it.

* * *

THERE are six sugar factories in Colorado and two in process of building.

* * *

COLORADO teachers get from \$50 to \$100 a month.

OUR COLORADO AGAINST SWITZERLAND.

TALK of Switzerland and one thinks of mountains and William Tell. The facts are that right here at home, so to speak, there are higher mountains, and more of them, than anywhere in the Old World. As to William Tell, well, he is not under consideration now. The following facts are before us, and we use them with a free hand.

Switzerland, "The playground of Europe," is visited annually by over 50,000 Europeans and over 15,000 American tourists and invalids, its attractions being: (1) mountain scenery, (2) good climate, (3) mineral springs.

While the Alps have isolated peaks such as Mont Blanc (15781 feet), and the Matterhorn (14836 feet),

neering surpassing, if equaling, the above railroad. There are wagon roads over numerous passes in Colorado ranging from 12,000 feet upwards, the highest being Mosquito Pass (13,700 feet).

In Switzerland the cog-railroad from Vitznau to the summit of the Rigi Kulm (5,900 feet), has a length of four and a half miles, in which the ascent is 4,072 feet. In Colorado the cog-railroad from Manitou to the summit of Pike's Peak (14,147 feet), has a length of eight and three-quarter miles, in which the ascent is 8,100 feet or an average of 846 feet per mile, the maximum grade being 1,320 feet.

One class of Switzerland's finest scenery is along the Via Mala, the Schyn Pass and Urnerloch. In Colorado, the Cañon of the Arkansas with the Royal Gorge, the Black Cañon of the Gunnison, the



SUGAR BEETS, PLATTE VALLEY.

the mean elevation of the highest Alpine chain is only from 8,000 to 9,000 feet. Colorado possesses more than one hundred and twenty peaks of over 13,500 feet altitude, of which no fewer than thirty-five peaks range from 14,000 feet upward. This is about ten times as many as there are in the whole of Europe.

The highest village in Europe is Avers Platz in Switzerland (7,500 feet); 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 10,200 feet above sea level; other mining camps are still higher and some gold and silver mines are worked at over 13,000 feet altitude.

The highest wagon road in Europe is said to be the Stelvio Road in Switzerland (9,170 feet). In Colorado the Denver & Rio Grande railroad crosses the crest of the continent at Fremont Pass (11,328 feet), Marshall Pass (10,856 feet), and Tennessee Pass (10,240). Switzerland does not possess, even in the famous St. Gothard line, any railroad engi-

Cañon of the Rio de las Animas, the Cañon of the Grand river, and others reached by the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, are all much longer, quite as grand and more varied in character than the best in Switzerland, the walls of the Cañons of the Grand river, the Gunnison, and the Arkansas, being over 2,000 feet in perpendicular height.

In Switzerland 8,500 feet is the usual line of perpetual snow. In Colorado the "timber line" is 11,000 feet.

Davos Platz (5,200 feet) in Switzerland is unquestionably the most desirable of the high altitude health resorts in Europe. The leading climatologists and specialists of London, Glasgow, New York and Boston, say that Colorado is far superior to Davos Platz for chest affections.

Colorado, as compared with Davos Platz, has a higher average temperature, much less rainfall and humidity, and about twice the hours of sunshine.

Every year sees the arrival in Colorado, as permanent residents, of increasing numbers of invalids or semi-invalids who have tried Davos Platz.

THE GRAND VALLEY COUNTRY.

WHILE as a rule the State of Colorado is nothing but a scramble of mountains in the western half, it is also the case that there are fertile valleys in which all sorts of agriculture are possible, and where crops are something wonderful in quantity and quality. The Grand Valley country is of this class. The Nookman did not get there to see personally, and therefore must quote from what seems to be an accurate account of the country round about Grand Junction:

Grand Junction, the county seat of Mesa County, with a population of 5,000, is not only the most important town in the county, but is also the most important in all of western Colorado.

It gains its pre-eminence not only from the resources of the surrounding country and its position as a railroad terminus and center, but from the great future which is universally conceded to be in store for it. Midway between Salt Lake City and Denver, a division point and center upon the only trunk line of railroad which crosses the State from east to west; seated at the junction of the Grand and Gunnison rivers and destined to exact an ever-increasing tribute from the rich mining camps drained by their upper waters; at an altitude of only 4,600 feet; surrounded by lands as fertile as the valley of the Nile and more abundantly watered; possessed of a climate giving more than 300 days of sunshine in the year; with unlimited water power and inexhaustible beds of coal at her very doors, Grand Junction is the coming city of the western slope.

Grand Junction is a city of delightful homes and well-shaded streets. There are two daily and four weekly newspapers, nine churches, two large school buildings costing upwards of \$50,000; two banks with deposits of about \$350,000; one electric light plant and two systems, private and public, for furnishing water; a hospital, four hotels, four lumber yards; one flour and three planing mills; a street railway; a packing house; a large fruit corporation; an opera house, and the Teller Institute with 160 Indian pupils. Besides these institutions, a beet sugar factory costing \$500,000 was built during 1899 and proved to be a complete success the first season. The capacity of the plant is 40,000 tons per season. The factory provides a certain market for all the beets any farmer can grow at the highest prices paid in the world, and there are very few crops which pay as well per acre.

The facts that the beets are sold at an agreed price before they are planted, and that under irrigation the harvest is sure, make it a very attractive crop for the small farmer.

The cost of irrigation is practically the cost of insuring the crop, for crops grown under irrigation are certain to yield abundant harvests, with no "off" years. The farmer having absolute control of the

water necessary for his crop is never troubled with too much or too little water, but supplies the moisture as demanded by the crop.

As for the fertility of the soil, there is none which surpasses it anywhere, it being a rich, sandy loam, very highly saturated with mineral salts, and peculiarly adapted to the different varieties of fruit. Apples, pears, apricots, peaches, plums, prunes and cherries grow to absolute perfection, as well as all kinds of native grapes and the most delicate European varieties. Grand Valley peaches have acquired fame in every market they have reached, outselling those from California and rivaling the best that Delaware can produce. There are orchards in Grand Valley which for ten successive years have not failed to produce a profitable crop. The extent of the fruit industry is indicated by the fact that 365 cars of fruit were shipped from Grand Valley during the season of 1900. A net profit of \$2,500 has been made from nine acres, and a mixed orchard of sixteen acres has produced \$5,200 in a single season. It is a fair statement to make that bearing orchards and vineyards yield a profit of \$100 to \$300 an acre, according to the season and the markets, and strawberries and small fruits generally do about as well. Some of our most successful men have never had more than twenty acres in cultivation, and make a profit of \$1,500 to \$4,000 a year. In fact the rule has been in fruit growing that the smaller places pay the best.

Beekeeping and poultry raising are very profitably combined with fruit growing for the honey-making season is a very long one in Grand Valley, and poultry and eggs always command good prices. The markets which the gold and silver camps in the mountains furnish are the best to be found anywhere, and a farmer with small means in Grand Valley can make a better living and enjoy more of the comforts of life than are possible in any section of the Mississippi Valley.



If there is a city in the country where one can get more to eat, and of better quality, than in the hotels and restaurants of Denver, the Nookman does not know it. At one place, where the lay-out was of such generous proportions as to excite our wonder, an inquiry of the proprietor elicited the statement that he fed over 1,800 people daily, and that he was satisfied if he averaged a cent an order profit. It looks as though he might be, and as to the size of the portions, and the quality of them, there is not the slightest doubt. A steak costing forty cents at one of these first class restaurants would foot up not less than a dollar in Chicago. The idea that Denver, being a sort of mining center, means high prices of food, while perfectly natural, is thoroughly erroneous. One gets more for his money than he expects.

SOME FACTS AND FIGURES.

VERY few people care for statistics and the tape line and rows of figures. Still there are some few facts better presented in tabular form, and they give the reader a great deal in small space. What is printed below will be useful in the way of exact reference, should such be desired.

The historical dates of value in Colorado's history are:

- 1852.—Discovery of gold.
- 1858.—Denver was laid out and name changed from St. Charles.
- 1859.—Silver discovered.
- 1870.—First train entered Denver—the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line.
- 1875.—Colorado admitted as a State.
- 1881.—Denver made permanent capital of the State.

And if Colorado is not a State of mountains it is nothing, and here are a few of them, together with their altitude above sea level. The mountain ranges, 14,000 feet or over in height, which have been named, are:

<i>Feet.</i>	<i>Feet.</i>
Sierra Blanca,14,483	Baldy Mountain, ...14,176
Mount Massive,14,424	Mount of the Holy
Uncompahgre Peak, 14,419	Cross,14,176
Gray's Peak,14,411	Mount Lizard Head, 14,166
Mount Harvard,14,375	Mount Handie,14,149
Mount Rosalie,14,340	Pike's Peak,14,147
Mount Sneffles,14,340	Goats Mountain, ...14,132
Mount Torrey,14,336	Castle Mountain, ...14,115
Mount Elbert,14,323	San Luis Mountain, 14,100
Mount Evans,14,321	Mount Red Cloud, ...14,092
Mount Wilson,14,309	Mount Culeha,14,079
La Plata Mountain, ..14,302	The Wetterhorn, ...14,069
Mount Lincoln, ...14,297	Mount Simpson,14,065
Long's Peak,14,271	Mount Ouray,14,055
Quandary Peak,.....14,269	Mount R. G. Pyra-
Mount Antero,14,245	mid,14,055
James' Peak,14,242	Mount Aeolus,14,054
Mount Shavano,14,239	Needle Mountain, ...14,051
Mount Crestones, ..14,233	Mount Humboldt, ...14,041
Mount Princeton, ...14,199	Mount Stewart,14,032
Mount Yale,14,187	Mount Maroon,14,008
Mount Bross,14,185	Mount Sherman, ...14,008
	Mount Cameron, ...14,000

And as the mountains are full of gold and silver, here is a list of the mining industries in the various parts of the State, and their class:

<i>Miles from Denver.</i>	<i>Altitude.</i>	<i>Products.</i>
Aspen,290	7,950	Silver.
Black Hawk, 36	8,032	Gold.
Breckenridge,110	9,524	Gold, silver.
Central City, 40	8,503	Gold.
Creede,320	9,016	Silver.
Cripple Creek, ...131	9,734	Gold.
Eldora, 48	8,400	Gold.
Fair Play,115	9,886	Gold, silver.
Georgetown, 50	8,476	Gold, silver.
Gold Hill, 48	8,700	Gold.
Gunnison,290	7,685	Gold, silver.
Idaho Springs, ... 37	7,543	Gold, silver.

Lake City,352	8,686	Gold, silver.
Leadville,351	10,200	Gold, silver lead, iron, zinc, copper.
Ouray,389	7,721	Gold, silver.
Red Mountain, ...509	11,025	Gold, silver.
Rico,444	8,737	Gold, silver.
Silverton,95	9,224	Gold, silver.
Silver Plume, 54	9,176	Silver.
Sunset, 43	7,700	Gold.
Telluride,24	8,756	Gold, silver.
Victor,125	9,936	Gold.
Ward, 56	9,550	Gold.

Taking Denver as a center from which to start, and it is perhaps the best point in the State from which



SUGAR BEETS, GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO.

to sally forth in quest of adventure or knowledge, the following distances will be found of value:

<i>From Denver to *</i>	<i>Miles.</i>	<i>Altitude.</i>
Baileys,	55	7,714
Boulder,	50	5,335
Bucna Vista,	136	7,943
Buffalo Park,	40	6,619
Canon City,	161	5,343
Cascade,	86	7,421
Cassell's,	65	8,530
Colorado Springs,	75	5,992
Deansbury,	27	5,847
Dillon,	119	8,805
Dome Rock,	32	6,199
Durango,	43	6,520
Florence,	152	5,199
Ft. Collins,	75	4,972
Georgetown,	50	8,476
Greenwood Springs,	288	5,758
Greeley,	52	4,637
Green Mountain Falls,	89	7,734
Gunnison,	290	7,685
Idaho Springs,	37	7,543
Longmont,	44	4,935
Manitou,	81	6,318
Ouray,	89	7,721
Palmer Lake,	52	7,237
Pine Grove,	42	6,738
Platte Canon,	20	5,492

Pueblo,	120	4,668
Shawnee,	60	8,125
Slaghts,	59	8,017
South Platte,	29	6,085
The Loop,	55	9,176
Trinidad,	211	5,994
Ute Park,	88	7,511
Wagon-Wheel Gap,	313	8,449
Woodland Park,	94	8,484

* * *

SOME ADVICE.

IF any Nooker should be struck with the advantages of the State of Colorado, and intends going there, either for health or for homeseeking purposes, he is advised to consider well his location. There are different kinds of soil and surroundings. While Colorado is a vast jumble of huge mountains in the western part of the State, it is also a vast plains country in the east. There are all kinds of country, but all of it, or for the most part, is an arid country, though this, instead of being a disadvantage, is quite the contrary where irrigation can be practiced.

For large ranching and the cattle business, the plains will answer. For fruit some of the mountain valleys are preferable. For mining, the mountains must be chosen. For intensive farming, alfalfa, hogs, poultry, bees, etc., the Platte Valley, the Arkansas Valley, or some mountain pocket where there is water. For beets, the vicinity of a sugar factory, present or prospective, is the place.

If a visit for pleasure is contemplated, simply touring, strike Denver and radiate in any direction.

If your health is in question and you have money in abundance, go to any of the resorts. Colorado Springs will do very well. If you are not overburdened with money go to some quiet mountain place and tent it. Lots of people do this every summer. It is healthful and most inexpensive. Moreover all the tenting materials can be bought almost anywhere in Colorado where there are summer resorts.

If you want to grow beets, and they are a sure thing in a money way, if near a sugar factory, remember that beets do not grow everywhere successfully, and it would be well to take the matter up with some of our Brethren, all of whom may be depended on, or correspondence can be begun with any of our advertisers, all of whom, as far as we know, are honest people. A good rule is to go to those places, and do those things where people are now successfully engaged in the work. Colorado is not paradise, but for some things it beats the world.

* * *

THIS NOOK'S a sweet one in some respects, but when we remember that outside of all we produce we buy over \$100,000,000 of sugar annually, facts seem to justify some reference to the item.

COLORADO is a great State in many ways. Doubtless there are many boys and girls, or mayhap grown men, who have never seen a mile of level country in their lives, and out on the plains there are other men and women who have never been overawed by moun-



ORCHARD IN SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY.

tains, and neither of them may ever have seen a mighty river flowing through the land.

* * *

THE sugar in a beet is not squeezed out to be "biled" down, but soaked out and evaporated afterward. Between cane sugar and beet sugar not even an expert can tell the difference. Many a Nook family has beet sugar at home and doesn't know it.

* * *

If you happen to hear of a section in Colorado where a beet sugar factory is sure to be, get all the land you can buy as near as possible.

* * *

WE saw more dead beets at Rockyford than we thought possible.

* * *

THE London marketmen sell Rockyford melons.

THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

THE Holy Cross is something that appeals to all of us. Here is what it is. It is a mountain scarred by two canyons. One of these is up and down the mountain side, the other across the top, making a rough, but easily distinguishable cross. These canyons are filled with eternal snows, and from a distance, say from the top of Fremont Pass, or Tennessee Pass, the cross gleams white and true at all seasons of the year. The following poem is by Will L. Vischer:

Mount of the Holy Cross.

Where Nature's God hath roughest wrought;
 Where springs the purest fountains;
 Where long ago the Titans fought
 And hurled for missiles, mountains;
 Where everlasting snows abide,
 And tempest clouds are driven
 Along the solid granite side.
 Of yawning canons, riven
 Deep in the Rockies' grandest pride
 That lifts its head to heaven;
 Amid the wilds, where awful rise
 The giant peaks, that fathom
 Night's starry depths and day's blue skies
 And brood above the chasm,
 One monarch 'mongst the mighty hills
 Rears high his summit hoary,
 Like some grim king whose legend fills
 A page of olden story,
 And heart o'erawes and soul enrills
 Before his regal glory.
 The holy cross of Christian faith,
 Above the royal velvet
 In beauty shines, an emblem wraith,
 High on the beetling helmet;
 Its white arms stretching through the sheen
 Of silvery mist, are gleaming;
 A talisman, the world to screen,
 Hope's symbol, in its seeming;
 A wonder grand, a joy serene,
 Upon the ages beaming.

* * *

PUEBLO.

PUEBLO is one of the largest cities in Colorado. The word Pueblo is Spanish, and means simply a town. In early days there was a trading post on the site of the present city, and natives and wayfarers knew it as the pueblo,—the town. Then when it grew it simply retained the name with the added touch that it has lost its proper pronunciation, which is Poo-eb-la, not Pew-eb-la.

The place is a large and a busy one. It has smelters and one of the biggest iron works anywhere. The writer was informed that the pay roll of the concern foots up to nearly \$400,000 monthly, so it may be seen that, as this is only one of the industries, Pueblo is something of a town. Its paved streets, electric

cars, and public buildings, give it a decidedly metropolitan look.

The future of the place is assured as long as the gold and silver hold out, and the supply of these has not yet been more than scratched, if it has been even that. Pueblo isn't a quiet, easy going place like Colorado Springs, but there's plenty of black smoke hanging over the town and that means work, wealth and growth.

* * *

THE COLORADO STATE ISSUE.

THE INGLENOOK Magazine, with this copy, will be read by many people for the first time. A little explanation may be necessary:

The INGLENOOK is a weekly illustrated magazine published at Elgin, Ill. It is literary in its character and occupies an unique field in the world of periodical literature. For the entertainment and information of its many thousands of readers, once a month there will be a State issue, devoted entirely to one State. It will be the result of a trip to the State by the Editor, and will be of the utmost interest. This issue is devoted to Colorado. The next will probably be a portion of Canada, one of its provinces, and so on throughout the coming year. The sugar, rice, agricultural and other interests of our country will be written up, and every reader of this notice should have the weekly come to him regularly. It is one dollar for a full year, together with a premium.

* * *

THE PEOPLE.

WHAT is a Colorado man like? The State is not yet old enough to have established a type such as the Virginian or the Pennsylvania Dutchman. Everybody is represented in the State, hustling, bright, and on the move. Later there will be a Coloradoan man or woman but not yet. Just now they are like the people right around you when you mix your neighbors up and bunch them indiscriminately.

* * *

NEXT to a good gold mine we are inclined to want a one-thousand-ton-a-day sugar factory. As we might as well wish for both as one we will consider their acceptance when they come our way.

* * *

IT costs from twenty to twenty-five dollars to make an acre of beets and the farmer will clear thirty dollars on the lot on an average at a conservative estimate.

* * *

BEETS are ripe for the factory from the middle of September on till freezing weather, which comes about the middle of December.

"KING ALFALFA."

"ALFALFA is the big thing in Colorado agriculture; alfalfa makes flesh and fat for the stockfeeders; it makes the milk for the dairy; it makes bone and muscle for the farmers' horses; it makes nectar for the honey bees; by rotation of crops it fertilizes the soil and makes the larger profits in our wheat, it makes money for the farmer and beauty and wealth for the State. One planting will last for many years and needs no other attention than that of irrigation and cutting, yielding three crops a year."

In his report on "Alfalfa," Secretary Coburn of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture says: "As a renovator and enricher of the soil it is conceded the equal, if not superior, if red clover; for, as has been well said, it is a nitrogen-gatherer of the first magnitude, and the long roots draw ash elements from depths where no other crops could feed, storing them up until, by their decay, they again give them up to succeeding crops. Good examples of alfalfa as a soil improver are seen in Weld County, Colorado, where are raised the largest yields of superior potatoes which have made 'Coloradoes' almost a synonym for potato perfection. Although naturally (under irrigation) theirs are the finest of potato producing soils, the growers have discovered their gains are greatly enhanced by planting upon land previously in alfalfa, a rotation rapidly being adopted by those most successful."

* * *

INSTITUTIONS OF THE STATE.

UNIVERSITY of Colorado, at Boulder. James H. Baker president. Supported by the State and free to residents. Full college course for both sexes. Departments: Law, medicine, applied science, music, a preparatory school and a library of 20,000 volumes.

Agricultural College, at Fort Collins. Barton O. Aylesworth, president. Supported by the Federal and State governments. Tuition free to residents of the State. Scientific principles applied to practical farming in connection with literary course. Industrial department for males and females.

School of Mines, at Golden. Supported by the State and free to residents. Will compare favorably with the celebrated technical schools of Europe. Equipped with an extensive universal museum and fine laboratories.

State Normal School, at Greeley. Supported by the State and free to residents. Large number of teachers trained annually. Has a library of 12,000 volumes.

School for the Deaf and Blind, at Colorado Springs. Supported by the State.

Industrial School for Boys, at Golden. Supported by the State.

Home for Dependent Children, Denver.

Industrial School for Girls, Denver. Supported by the State.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Montevista. Supported by the State.

* * *

WOMEN VOTERS.

WOMEN vote in Colorado and it seems to work well. The Nookman was in Colorado Springs the day of the election but would never have known that there was anything of the kind going on, as far as any demonstration or excitement was concerned, and yet the election was a very important one.

In some places they vote out the saloons, and in others they don't. Talking to a chance acquaintance about the matter he was asked whether women did not vote as their men folks did. He said, not always, that sometimes they voted exactly opposite as a matter of belief and sometimes out of "pure contrariness." This shows that the sex isn't much different out west from their sisters in the East. As the writer heard of no objection to the situation the impression made was that the system works well. However this question occurs: If some "perfect gentleman" with a love of a mustache were pitted against some red-faced, grizzled old fellow, who *knew*, how would she vote as a rule?

* * *

THE fruit output in Colorado impressed the Nookman with two things. First, the beauty of the fruit, as well as its excellence, and the high prices it commanded. It should be remembered that in every mining country the conditions are such that agriculture is practically impossible. Taking a place like Silver Plume, or Leadville, there is not soil enough for a good garden. There are thousands of people, and all that they eat must be brought in. This makes everything high in price, and fresh fruit soars. All such things are sold by the pound, really a better and juster way than by measure. The apples of Colorado are beauties, and, strange as it may seem, the fruit of the Silver State is well on the way to compete with the famed California output.

* * *

WITHIN the vast mountains of Colorado there are four great systems of parks hemmed in by mountains. They do not appear to be very-large because of the mighty setting surrounding them, but they are vast for all that. North Park has an area of 2,500 square miles, Middle Park, 3,000 square miles, South Park, 1,000 square miles, and the San Luis Park, 9,400 square miles. In some respects these differ from all other mountain parks. Everything about them is mighty to sublimity, while in these enclosures everything is peaceful and constitutes an ideal home for the rancher and the camper.

HISTORY OF BEET SUGAR.

THE sugar beet dates back to the fall of the Roman Empire, while the art of boiling sugar is mentioned as early as the seventh century, and the art of refining it was discovered in the fourteenth century.

One of the earliest references to sugar in Great Britain is that of fifty tons being shipped to London in 1319 to be exchanged for wool. At that time sugar sold for forty-three cents per pound, and continued to be sold only as a luxury, and for medicinal purposes, until the eighteenth century.

In 1801 the first beet sugar factory in the world was erected at Cunern, Silesia. During the Napoleonic wars, when the British blockade deprived

607,944 tons, beet sugar forming 66.17 per cent of the world's total production, an increase of 11,100 per cent in sixty years. Europe operates 1,511 beet sugar factories and annually exports 2,850,980 tons. The United States pays out annually over \$100,000,000 for foreign sugar, as we have considerably less than one hundred factories.

Experts of both Europe and America agree that the sugar beet area of the United States is many times greater than is that of all Europe, and that it is but a question of a very short time when we will be able to produce sugar as cheaply as, or cheaper than it is being produced in any other beet sugar country in the world.

To bring this about ample protection should be afforded this infant industry, until such a time as



IN THE BEET FIELD.

France of sugar, and the price had risen to one dollar per pound, Napoleon appropriated a million francs—\$200,000—with which to experiment with beet roots. In 1810 the first French factory was erected at Lille, and produced sugar at a cost of thirty cents per pound, the beets at that time averaging but six per cent sugar. Encouraged by Napoleon and Frederick the Great, the industry gradually assumed commercial proportions, and from 1822 to 1825 over one hundred factories were erected, while by 1830 nearly all the European countries were taking an active interest in the industry.

By systematic, fostering legislation, Europe has secured the investment of \$630,000,000 in an industry which annually distributes over \$200,000,000 to its farmers and \$100,000,000 to other home interests.

In 1840, thirty-nine years subsequent to the erection of the first beet sugar factory, the world's total production of cane sugar was 1,100,000 tons, and of beet sugar 50,000 tons, beet sugar forming 4.35 per cent of the world's total production.

In 1900, the world's total production of cane sugar was 2,867,041 tons, and of beet sugar 5,-

it will take care of itself. If given an opportunity it will not be many years until the United States will be exporters instead of importers of sugar. Since the passage of the Dingley bill we have erected thirty-six factories, and enlarged other plants at a cost of over \$30,000,000. In addition to this, the Department of Agriculture in January of this year gave out a list of eighty-six factories which were projected and would require an expenditure of \$49,000,000 in construction work alone.

The products of beet sugar in the United States in 1900 was 76,659 tons; in 1901, 185,000 tons; an increase of 140 per cent in a single year, and the plantings this year are reported to be eighty-five per cent greater than in 1901.

THERE are fewer than one hundred beet sugar factories in the United States, but their number is increasing rapidly.

EUROPEAN sugar producers get a bounty. We get their sugar and pay for it.

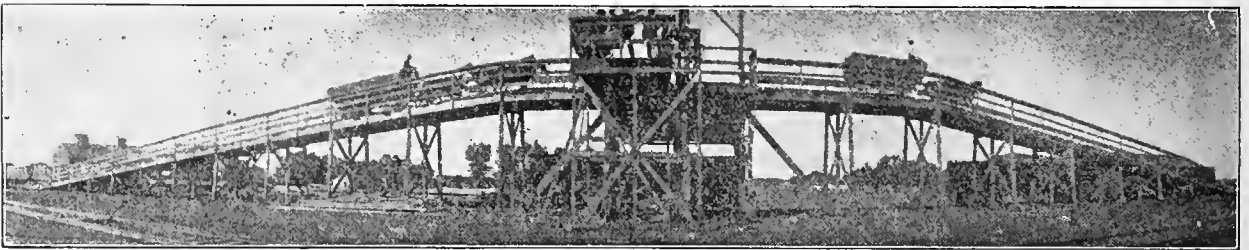
BET SUGAR MAKING.

SUGAR is made in Colorado from sugar beets, and be sure not to get into the bad habit of calling the place where it is done the "sugar beet factory," but the beet sugar factory. There's a distinction also a difference. It's a revelation to the Easterner who sees it for the first time. Of course the novelty wears off in time, but the sight of a pile of tens of thousands of tons, tons, mind you, of beets at one end of a factory is a sight you don't see at home, as a general thing, and the magnitude of the business upsets one.

It is hard to tell where to begin in the description of the industry. Here is a beet seed, there a spoonful of sugar. The distance between them includes the wide ocean, for the seed comes from Germany, is grown by the farmer into a beet and made into sugar at the factory costing a million of dollars. Take up a spoonful of the crystallized

procession of farm wagons full of beets, beets, beets. Let us follow one wagon. It is numbered on the side—250—let us say. It drives on the scales and is weighed. Two tons, say. Now if the factory pays on the analysis of the amount of sugar they contain he gets paid on that basis. If he gets paid a "flat" rate, that is so much a ton, regardless, he is reckoned with accordingly. He drives with the procession under a big shed, and there, in one of the long, parallel, deep bins he either shovels his load or uptilts his wagon on the side, if it is so fitted, and into the big bin his beets go. Thousands and thousands of beets are in the hundreds of feet long bins, and there may be tens of thousands of tons stacked up outside.

Now, after being shoveled or dumped into the bins, that is the last of their being touched by the human hand. It is all machinery after that. At the bottom of the bin, which is, when cross sectioned, a huge V., there is a cemented flume



DRIVEWAY FOR LOADING BEETS ON THE CARS.

sweetness at breakfast and consider a moment before you put it into your morning cup of coffee. From the seed to the cup are thousands of miles, millions of dollars, and endless back-breaking and expert labor. It's simply wonderful. Aladdin and his lamp are outdone.

It's a hard job to tell it, but we will try. It is hard for us because we know the limitations of space in the Nook, and we also know how difficult it is to get a most complicated process before the reader in language that he will understand. But here goes!

Let us take the Rockyford factory. It is a big, three-story, brick building with an inside of vats, pipes, and huge machinery that, all told, cost a million of dollars. Hundreds of men are toiling and moiling in a damp, steamy, sweet, sticky atmosphere, day and night, Sundays and week days, for about four months in a year. From the time the beets are ready till they are all used up the big factory is humming and steaming, and for the rest of the year it is a place for the watchman and the spooks.

Here is what you will see. There is an endless

full of fast-flowing water sweeping the beets down the gutter—flume they call it—to the factory, a stone's throw further on. They are pushed, edged, and worked into the water and the stream does the rest.

The first step is to wash them. They gather into an enclosure in the factory where a huge, revolving endless screw takes them up to the washer. This is a big, oblong box, fitted with a shaft with spokes extending from the center. It is full of beets and water. The revolving shaft with the spokes tosses and slishes the beets over and around like feathers and they come out in a very short time clean enough to satisfy a finicky old maid. You can see the beets in the washer and now is the time to bid them good-bye, for that is your last look. Now from this on remember that everything is Titanic in size and mysterious in operation.

Remembering what is now said will help you out in understanding the process. The sugar is in the beet, put there by nature's mysterious chemistry. There may be from one-tenth to one-fourth of the beet actual sugar. You can't see it, but it is there, and the trick is to get it out. Now the

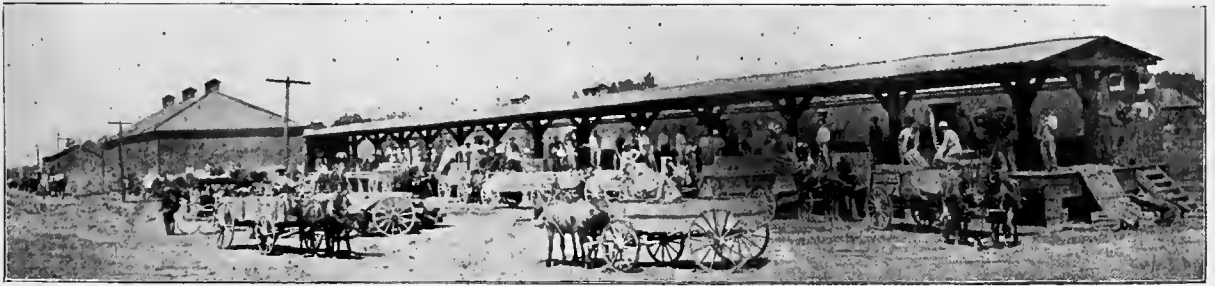
facts are that the sugar in the beet is stored away as follows: There is less at the top than in the middle and then less at the root end. There is also less at the center. In other words the sugar is stored heaviest at the thickest part of the beet. So in the chemical analysis of the beet, in order to get at the facts the beet is quartered lengthwise, ground up, squeezed out and the polariscope does the rest.

Now the whole sugar business in a few words, is to sliver up the beets, soak the sugar out of the pieces, and boil down the sugar water. Easily told, but the actual doing—that's another and a big story.

Here's something that happens, not all of it, not by a long ways, but still enough to give you an idea of it. The washed beets go into big, upright cylinders holding some tons. Inside is a lot of knives and when the machinery is set in motion it cuts the beets into six-sided slivers about as

uble constituent. All the non-sugars must be gotten rid of. This is done by mixing the sugared water with milk of lime which catches the non-sugars and the physical impurities. Then carbonic acid gas from the limekiln is passed through and this settles the lime and helps discolor the juice. The treated sugar water is then further decolorized with sulphur gas, filtered, strained and passed on to evaporators where the water is boiled out. Then it goes to the vacuum pan, a huge vessel twenty feet high and fifteen feet across. There coils of steam-heated copper pipe evaporate the water into steam which is pumped off the top and the process kept up till there is a mess very much of the consistency of thin mush, which is really the most important part of the whole process. The output depends on the judgment of the boiler who must be an expert.

From the time the beets went into the slivering machine, to the present, the process is all out of sight. Now it comes in view again. This mush



AT THE FACTORY.

thick as a wheat stalk and about as long, or less, as your finger. The general appearance is that of a lot of potatoes prepared for frying by the shoe-string process. These fall on a broad, endless belt, and pass in front of big, iron barrel looking receptacles where they are shunted into a hole at the top till some tons of the shreds are in. By the way, the shredded beets are called cossettes and when the diffusion battery, as what they go into is called, is full, the iron lid is screwed on, hot water turned in and the washing out process is begun. Pressure has nothing to do with it. The sugar is soaked out. After a time the juice in the first tank, having soaked the sugar out of the cossettes, is turned into a second tank where it takes up more sugar, and so on down the line of tanks, the first one being emptied and refilled and so on down the row in an endless journey from the washing and grinding machine.

The juice as it comes out of the last one is full of impurities. It contains nearly all of the sugar in the beets and also nearly all of every other sol-

or mortar of sugar must be cleared of water and to do this it is run into upright open drums, forty inches in diameter, revolving about one thousand times a minute. In the sides are numbers of small openings. A charge of the sugar mush is let in. It stacks up some inches thick on the inside of the drum and as it flies around like a top the water is thrown off through the openings. The sugar stays, the grains being too large to get through. Then a hose is turned on to wash the mass. A very little ultramarine blue is in the water as a brightener, and presently, in a minute or so from the start, the mass of sugar is scraped off the sides through a hole opened in the bottom. It falls in a channel where an endless screw works it into a huge revolving dryer out of which it comes, warm and dry, and automatically measures out a hundred pounds which a man catches in a bag which another man sews up and there you are with, at the Rockford Sugar Factory, 1,700 bags of 100 pounds each as the result of a day's work chewing up 1,000 tons of beets.

THE ARKANSAS VALLEY

THE Arkansas Valley of Colorado comprises the territory from Pueblo to the Kansas State line, is one hundred and fifty miles long and twenty miles wide. The valley is irrigated by water diverted from the Arkansas river and its tributaries. There are a number of good thriving towns, ranging in population from one hundred and fifty people to four thousand.

Before the railroad the valley was sparsely settled by a few ranchers and cattlemen. To-day the farmer is within sight or sound of the Santa Fe trains, carrying their human freight and merchandise to

All crops without an exception find a ready market, at good prices, right at your home door. Good prices always prevail for all products raised in the Arkansas Valley for the reason that the large cities of Colorado, viz: Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Pueblo, Trinidad, Leadville, Cripple Creek, and all the mining camps, receive all supplies from the outside. The demand at all times exceeds the supply, consequently the prices for fruits, vegetables, poultry, dairy products, grain and hay will always be good.

Alfalfa is a very profitable crop and yields abundantly, the estimated value of this crop within a radius of fifteen miles of Rockyford being \$250,000.



ROCKYFORD SUGAR FACTORY.

the eastern cities, and also to the cities on the Pacific coast.

The cities and towns in the valley are all prosperous, the change from barrenness to plenty having taken place within the past five years.

The Arkansas river is furnishing an abundance of water that can be easily and economically applied to growing crops, which enables a man to earn as much on twenty acres in this valley as could be netted from eighty acres back east.

For the man of limited means there is perhaps no better investment than the irrigated section of the Arkansas Valley in Colorado. All crops are grown in abundance and total failures are unknown. The crops are becoming surer with each year, as the soil is being more thoroughly cultivated and consequently responds abundantly.

One commission firm in Rockyford paid out \$200,000 the past season for cantaloupes.

The sugar factory will handle about 115,000 tons of beets this season, the value of which is about \$500,000, every dollar of which goes to the farmer.

Lands in the vicinity of Rockyford have increased in value from fifty to two hundred and fifty per cent in the last three or four years, which is largely due to the big returns on sugar beets, cantaloupes, etc. The same crops can be raised through the entire valley, and in but a few years lands will be equally valuable for the reason that another large sugar factory is contemplated in the east end of the valley.

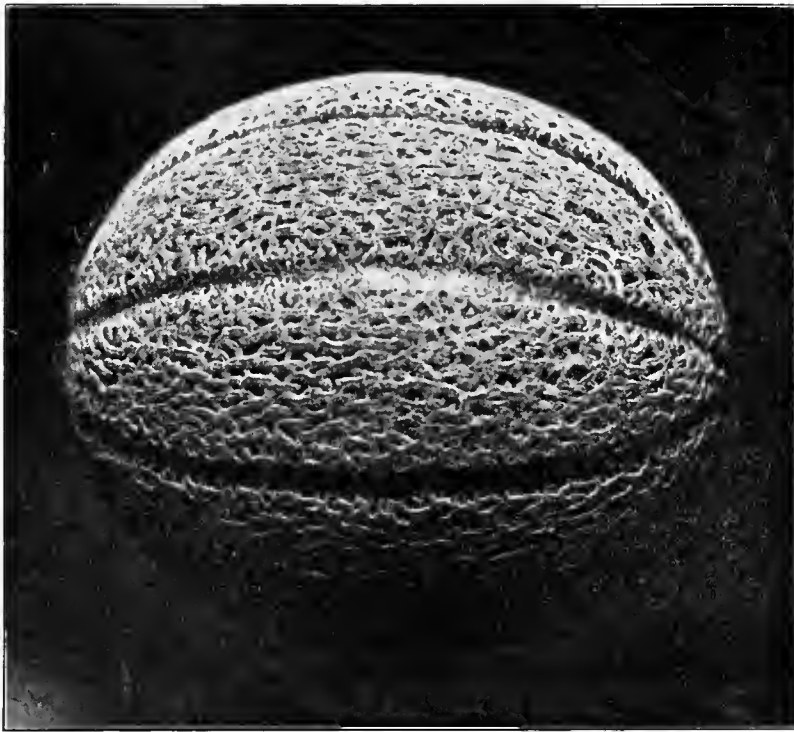
The towns of Fowler and Manzanola, between Rockyford and Pueblo, are pushing and enterprising places, surrounded by excellent farming and fruit

lands. La Junta, which is a division point on the Santa Fe, where shops are located, has a population of 3,000, and is the county seat of Otero County. Las Animas is a beautiful little city, modern and up-to-date, and has a population of 2,500 and is the county seat of Bent County. Lamar is a city of good buildings and nice homes, surrounded by an excellent agricultural country and has a population of about 2,500. Granada and Holly are pushing, enterprising towns of about 1,000 population each.

All towns have the very best of public schools, churches, newspapers, public libraries, telephones,

special variety found here and nowhere else, but rather a product of the soil and climate. Rockyford melons, that is, melons of the same kind, are grown a great many miles in every direction from the place bearing the name. The vast majority of them may never have been near the place but are branded and sold as such, the same as Elgin butter is made in a hundred places remote from the city it is named after.

The melon crop is a very profitable one. The commonly planted varieties are much as those grown everywhere else, and the time of planting is about the first of May. They ripen ready for ship-



WHAT MADE ROCKYFORD FAMOUS.

and the people are of more than ordinary intelligence.

THE ROCKYFORD MELON.

Go where you will, wherever melons are eaten, and the measure of excellence is what is known as the Rockyford product. Most people imagine that a Rockyford melon is some special kind grown in or about the town or city, some special variety not known elsewhere. Such is not the case.

Away back when the country was occupied principally by scattered Mexicans, they produced an excellent variety of melon characterized by a marked lusciousness, making it quite distinctive in its superiority over common muskmelons. It is not any

ment about the middle of August to frost in October (eight weeks), and are put on the market in specially-made baskets, going to all parts of the country, even to Europe. A man starting from Denver may find Rockyfords in every city he passes through till he settles in London where he still may have his Rockyford melon at breakfast if he desires, and will pay the price.

The Rockyford melon will grow anywhere in the Arkansas Valley and is a very profitable crop, especially in connection with the cultivation of the sugar beet, the work necessary to the successful cultivation of both crops so dovetailing that one man may handle both crops.

To give the reader an idea of the enormous crops in the vicinity it is a matter of record that the past

season the Santa Fe carried 825 cars, or 330,000 crates, of forty-five melons each, out of the valley. The number raised is about one hundred crates to the acre, and the price is about ninety-five cents per crate, that is, the farmer gets this price. At the prevailing prices the farmer sometimes makes \$100 an acre.

The growers have three or four associations through which they sell their product. By this means the individual is not victimized by any outside combination. Verily there is money in melons.

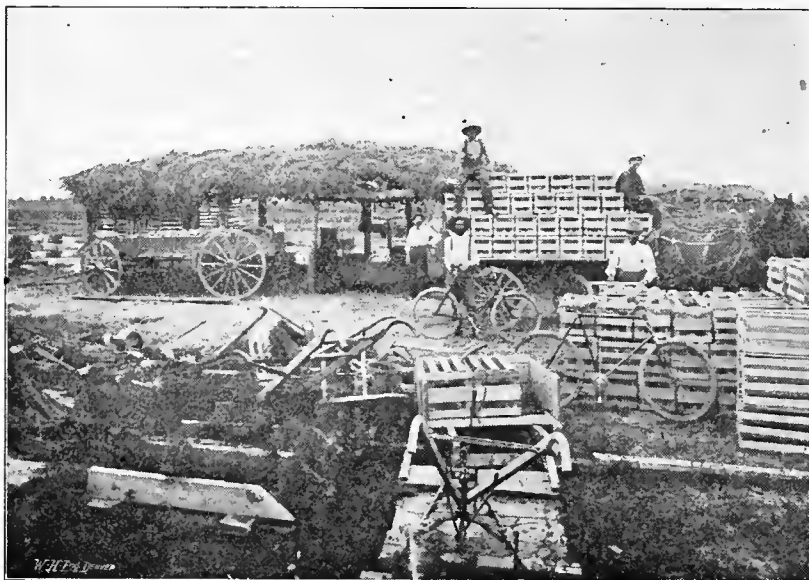
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WATER.

IRRIGATION while new to many people is old as time itself and has been in vogue in old Mexico

Water for irrigating the Arkansas Valley of Colorado between Pueblo and the Kansas State line, taking in the counties of Pueblo, Otero, Bent and Prowers, is all derived from the Arkansas river. The lands under ditch are all divided into districts and under the supervision of the State Engineer.

In the territory mentioned are a number of canal companies, which furnish the water for irrigating purposes. The following are some of the companies, with length of the canals: Bessemer forty-three miles, Excelsior sixteen miles, Arkansas Valley fifteen miles, Bob Creek seventy-five miles, High Line seventy-five miles, Catlin forty miles, Rockyford thirty miles, Fort Lyon one hundred and ten miles, Amity eighty miles, Holbrook twenty-five miles, besides a number of smaller ones,



SHIPPING MELONS.

for hundreds of years, or longer than history has any record of or memory of man runneth. It has likewise been in use by the Egyptians in the Nile country for ages and ages, and the same primitive methods that were practiced a thousand or more years ago are still considered good enough by the Egyptian of to-day.

The question of proper distribution of water so as to obtain maximum results from a minimum allotment of water, is becoming a science. It is surprising how little water farmers can get along with and still obtain good results. Damage is often done by over-irrigation, this being particularly the case with the new farmers who go upon the principle that if a little water does good, a whole lot will do more, but in reality it will do harm.

all of which are capable of irrigating 500,000 acres of land.

Most of these canals are incorporated stock companies, one share of stock being sold with each acre of land, which entitles the shareholder to a certain amount of water. These water rights are valuable according to their priorities, the water being apportioned to each company in the order in which they are entitled to their share.

How water is taken from the river and applied to land will be of interest to those living in a country where irrigation is not practiced. The Arkansas Valley lies on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountain Range and has a slope of eight feet to the mile from west to east, corresponding to the fall of the river. A canal is taken out of the river and run on a grade of two feet fall to

the mile, which with the general slope of the country makes it possible to water thousands of acres of land, all of which is susceptible of a high state of cultivation and will always insure a never-failing crop.

The method and amount of labor necessary to irrigate are questions often little understood by farmers in eastern States. It is very simple, and any man with ordinary intelligence can learn it in a short time. The main canals are always constructed on the highest land, so when the water is released in small streams through small laterals it has an easy down grade. The laterals are simply furrows made by a plow, of such distance apart that by putting in a small dam the water will over-

flows in the mountains, by the warm spring sun, the water of which soon finds its way to the river.

The largest system of reservoirs is that owned by the Arkansas Valley Sugar Beet and Irrigated Land Company, of Holly, Colorado, which owns thousands of acres of the most desirable land that is being put in shape for settlers.

The reservoirs, five in number, are located about fifteen miles north of Lamar, and cover 14,000 acres. The shore mileage of the reservoirs is sixty miles, some of them being seventy-five feet deep in the middle. The reservoirs are natural depressions in the earth, and are connected with one another by canals. The capacity of these reservoirs is 264,827 acre feet of water, while the available capacity



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE HERE?

flow in each direction. The dam consists of a few shovelfuls of dirt, which is removed when the land in that vicinity is thoroughly wet, and the water let down to another point and the same thing repeated. A man can irrigate from ten to thirty acres in a day, according to the lay of the land.

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STORAGE RESERVOIRS.

As most of the land in the Arkansas Valley of Colorado is irrigated direct from the Arkansas river, the proper and equitable distribution of the water requires technical knowledge and has been made a study for years. To guard against any possible shortage of water from the river, a system of storage reservoirs is being established to conserve the waste water of the spring floods which is stored against emergencies.

The floods are not generally the result of excessive rains, but are caused by the melting of the

is 182,635 acre feet. An acre foot means water a foot deep over an acre of ground.

Thousands of dollars each year are spent to improve the water conditions, so that total crop failure will be an utter impossibility. You make your own rain, as nature supplies you little from the first of June until fall; therein lies the safety of your crops, as you apply the water when most needed and only in sufficient quantity to insure a good crop.

The Arkansas Valley Sugar Beet and Irrigated Land Company of Holly, Colorado, contemplate the erection of a beet sugar factory to cost about a million dollars and to be a counterpart of the one at Rockyford, as soon as enough land is under cultivation to assure them of enough raw material. The fact that this company contemplates such enormous investments is the best evidence of the future of the valley. They offer exceptional inducements to desirable farmers, especially the man of limited means who has little or no prospect

of acquiring a farm in the East where lands are high and the returns from the lands comparatively small.

* * *

BEES AND HONEY.

THE honey of the Arkansas Valley, like the famous Rockyford cantaloupe, as well as other Colorado fruits, is eagerly sought and commands a premium of several cents a pound over other honey on account of its richness and delightful flavor.

The enormous crops of alfalfa which are raised all through the valley, while a money-maker for the farmer, also make it a paradise for the bee-keeper.

Honey from the alfalfa bloom is clear as crystal and exquisite in flavor. In every section of the valley where the farmer will take up the matter of alfalfa cultivation, and set up an apiary, the bees will reward him with a by-product that goes far toward paying the expenses of the farm for the year. The honey yield of the State this year will reach over half a million dollars.

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COLORADO SPRINGS.

COLORADO SPRINGS, right against the mountains, is situated on the extreme western edge of the Great Plains, and is one of the largest cities in the State. Its permanent population is variously estimated from 30,000 to 50,000. One of the reasons why it cannot be definitely determined is because of the floating population that come here for their health. At all events it is a large and a beautiful city. The reason why it became the place it is is about as follows. Pueblo in the south and Denver in the Central part of the State have a mighty range of mountains to the west of them and the only place where a pass cuts through the hills is just back of Colorado Springs. The presence of the Ute Pass accounts for the original location of the city, while the Cripple Creek gold region just across the mountains, thirty miles from Colorado Springs, gives it its wealth, and has increased its growth from a mere mountain village to a great and growing city of vast wealth, and of more than ordinary prominence.

The altitude of the place, 5,992 feet, and the fact that it can be reached by a number of railroads, has made it a home for people afflicted with pulmonary troubles, and in the season the city is full of sick people you would never recognize as being in ill health. People of wealth who have weak lungs come to Colorado Springs and live here, and many of them, most in fact, recover under the invigorating conditions that surround the place.

The city has really a beautiful location. One can get on the street-cars in the center of the city and in

a few minutes be at the entrance of the Garden of the Gods. A few minutes further takes him to Manitou, while another change of cars takes him down in front of the station of the Cog-wheel Railroad that will take him to the top of Pike's Peak. In fact Colorado Springs is the city from which one starts to attack the mighty peak. There are not only the attractions of the city itself but the Garden of the Gods, Manitou town, the Cog-wheel Railroad and Pike's Peak are all in sight and within from a half-hour to an hour's ride from any one of the big hotels of the city.

The society of the city is not yet crystallized, but in time it will become the center of great wealth and the Nookman ventures the assertion that it will not be a place for the poor people. Nevertheless no city has a monopoly of the sunshine and air of Colorado, and those without money to any great extent can readily find a place to live, or even to tent out where it will not require a bank account to stay at one of the great hotels. You will find Colorado Springs and the town of Manitou well supplied with all the luxuries that wealth demands. There are so many things in the way of natural curiosity within easy access of Colorado Springs that we advise taking them in when making a visit to the city.

Points of interest in the immediate vicinity of, and conveniently reached from, Manitou and Colorado Springs are:

Bear Creek Canon,	Green Mountain Falls,
Blair Athol,	Manitou Park,
Broadmore Casino,	Monument Park,
Cascade Canon,	Pike's Peak,
Cave of the Winds,	Prospect Lake,
Cheyenne Canon,	Ruxton Canon,
Cheyenne Mountain,	Ute Pass,
Crystal Park,	Ute Park,
Garden of the Gods,	Williams Canon,
Glen Eyre,	Woodland Park.

* * *

DOES FARMING PAY IN THE ARKANSAS VALLEY?

LAND is worth what it will produce, at least that is the basis for establishing values in the East, but it is not the case in the Arkansas Valley. In the wheat-growing districts of the United States the average profit, one year with another, is less than ten dollars per acre, and that on land selling at and over one hundred dollars per acre in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. Therefore if land earning on an average only ten dollars an acre is worth one hundred dollars, lands in the Arkansas Valley, earning from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre would be worth from five hundred to one thousand dollars an acre.

Many farmers realize fifty dollars an acre, net, on sugar beets, while seventy-five and one hundred dollars are by no means an exception. Can-

taloupes averaged this season one hundred crates to the acre and sold at ninety six cents per crate, many farmers, however, raising from two hundred to two hundred and fifty crates to the acre, but we include the poor farmer with the good one which reduces the average. The cost of raising and marketing an acre of cantaloupes is about twenty-five dollars.

Alfalfa (Spanish clover) once planted is the farmer's reserve fund. Fruits of every variety yield in great abundance and everything that can be raised finds a ready market at good prices.

Lands in the vicinity of Rockyford are worth from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars an acre, according to improvements and proximity to town. Equally as good lands, the same soil and under as good ditches, are available at Fowler, Manzanola, La Junta, Las Animas, Lamar, Amity and Holly, ranging from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars an acre.

Comparing prices and returns on eastern lands with the lands in the Arkansas Valley of Colorado, the question is easily answered whether farming pays in this valley.

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NO DROUTH NOR CROP FAILURES.

THE superior advantages of irrigation are manifold. The farmer can raise standard crops each successive year without failure and unaffected by heat or dry weather, provided he has an ample supply of water. His lands, unlike the soil of older States, dependent upon rainfall, requires comparatively little fertilization. Ordinarily, by rotation of crops, land will hold its standard productiveness for ten years. After that fertilization becomes necessary. The sediment deposits by irrigation constitute a fertilizer of itself. The farmer has entire control of the making of his crops after germination, inasmuch as when he needs water he can apply it as the case may require. No crop is burned up by continued drouth and none destroyed by excessive moisture. The grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables are superior in quality in not having too much or too little moisture at times when they most need it. Furthermore, by what is termed in Colorado as "intensive farming," that is, the closest and most diligent cultivation, it is possible to make the soil yield a crop double that of the average general yield in farm products.

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MELON DAY.

THIS expression, "Melon Day," means little or nothing to the average reader who does not know its real significance. Here is what it is at Rockyford.

The Nook does not know how it originated, but per-

haps the eating of melons is as much a matter of instinct as of education. The facts are that when the melon crop is ripe, on a given day, which is also the agricultural fair day, the farmers, far and near, contribute a lot of melons they have saved for the occasion, often the best of their lot, and these are brought to a common center, and at the appointed hour everybody is allowed to "pitch in," free and welcome. The melons are corded up behind a rude enclosure, and forty or fifty men in their shirt sleeves cut and slash them apart and hand them out to the crowd, which buries its face in the lusciousness and enjoys itself. Trains are run extra, from as far as Denver,



MELONS ON "MELON DAY."

and everybody eats "melluns." It takes many thousands of the melons to go around, and it is said that after the wreck the ground in the vicinity of the scene is a sight. What a place for a healthy boy!

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THE principal fruit lands of Western Colorado are locally designated as the valleys of the Grand, the Gunnison, the Uncompaghre rivers and Plateau Creek, in Mesa, Montrose and Delta Counties; also the Grand river in Garfield County. Many of the finest orchards lie in the valleys of tributary streams, as, for instance, the North Fork of the Gunnison, provincially known as the North Fork country, in Delta County. Montezuma County, in the southwest, comprises one of the rich fruit growing regions in the State.

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SEE here, children! You know what a fuss Ma makes when you "get into the sugar." But if you worked in a factory where they make it—well, wouldn't you?

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WHEN they were distributing the mountains at first it was in western Colorado that the bag string broke and let more out than was intended.

THE MOUNTAIN LAKES.

IN raising up the great mountains of Colorado, Nature provided with a lavish and artistic hand for the necessities and pleasures of man. In the midst of their most rugged configurations are to be found some of the most charming and restful spots. Away up between the sunny peaks are nestled many little fairy lakes, whose crystal waters reflect the blue sky and the misty veil that hangs suspended from the summits above. In traveling through the mountains where these beautiful lakes abound, a recent European tourist was heard to exclaim: "I have seen nothing in the Alps or the mountain regions of the Old World to compare with it." As if with a view to the requirements of the coming time, Nature has made these high-walled basins into reservoirs, which are filled and continually replenished by the melting of the eternal banks of snow. These natural basins, filled with the crystal liquids, are of various dimensions—never of great size. Their waters overflowing help to form thousands of mountain streams, with their tiny cascades falling at times over precipices hundreds of feet in height and whirling and eddying with a murmuring song through rocks and canons, until, combining at points remote from their source, they form the rivers which are the life and being of the otherwise arid parks and plains below.

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PRODUCTS.

It is a fact, for which Colorado has become famous, that in all arable lands the soil is wonderfully productive of potatoes and all other vegetables. Familiarly, the general character of the soil for these products is known as adobe, clay loam and sandy loam. On the western slope these soils prevail, differing in their proportions according to location. Gray ash and red soil in the valleys are mentioned as an addition, the gray being adapted to vegetables and the red to fruits. To the latter, in part, and in part to the milder climate, is ascribed the virtue of growing peaches and other stone fruits, which are not so successfully cultivated on the eastern side. Corn attains its best growth in the Arkansas Valley and Western Colorado.

* * *

LAND chuck against the sugar factory is worth from \$100 to \$150 an acre and none for sale.

* * *

If your heart yearns for the mountains come to Colorado and be satisfied.

* * *

THE hotel on the top of Pike's Peak has been dismantled for the season.

* * *

If you are a woman and want to vote, come to Colorado.

CONCLUSION.

THOSE of the NOOK family who have followed the State write-ups may be somewhat at a loss to know just how to look upon the sections described. Thousands of people are impressed with the idea that they would like to live in Southern California after having read the California INGLENOOK. And here we come with the story of beet sugar, gold and silver, enormous mountains, vast plains, cattle and bullion, and the question arises is not this a better place than California. The INGLENOOK does not pretend to advise anybody where to go. The object of these State issues is to bring before the reader little understood places and to do it as truthfully and as accurately as we know how. Here and there is a man who likes the mountains and the rugged strenuous life of the mountains of Colorado is his place. Another sees the rich soil with its tons and tons of beets an easy way of wresting his living from the earth. Here in Colorado it is done. If one likes the free, open life of the plains, Colorado again. If he declares in favor of the mighty mountains, the dark canyon with its dashing stream, Colorado! The object of the INGLENOOK is to see things as they are and as has been repeatedly stated the Nookman has no interests to serve, no ax to grind. He only wants to make an interesting magazine for the best constituency that ever lined up in a postoffice for a publication.

* * *

THE Colorado potato is known all over the country. It is not that it is so much better than others, but that the people in the potato country around about Greeley, and other similar places, have found out that potatoes pay, and that the soil is an ideal one for their production. The crops are something enormous.

* * *

PEOPLE with a favorite "sook cow" in Colorado can, if they live in the right place, raise three tons of beets for her on one-fourth of an acre. If she eats that amount she will have stowed away about half a ton of sugar. Now go ahead with your joke about the milk.

* * *

IN lots of places one may see where bees are kept. The hives are out in the open air, about the house, without cover, and there they stay the year around.

Want Advertisements.

WANTED.—Young man, experienced stenographer and bookkeeper, would like place in the west, preferably in the western mountains. Twenty-five years of age, single. Address: Stenographer, care of INGLENOOK, Elgin, Illinois.

THE INGLENOOK

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DECEMBER 6, 1902.

No. 49.

IT'S A GOOD WORLD.

It's a good old world we live in;
It's a fine old place to be,
For the folks are kind and thoughtful
To a very marked degree;
And though a fellow is downcast
And murmurs at Fortune's slight,
He'll find that the world will treat him fair,
If he treats it half way right.

It's a good old world we live in,
And no heart is quite so bad
That it doesn't rejoice to see it,
When another heart is glad;
And whether the days are gloomy,
Or whether the skies are bright,
This good old world will treat you fair,
If you treat it half way right.

—Willis Leonard Clanahan.

* * *

PECULIARITIES OF RUSSIAN WINTERS.

THERE is one curious thing about a Russian winter—in the latter part of October or the beginning of November the weather will be as mild as it is here in September. Not a sign can be seen of an approaching change, when suddenly, without any apparent warning, a light haze will be seen in the northern sky, and in twenty-four hours the thermometer may fall fifty degrees. The change is so sudden and violent that travelers are frequently frozen to death before they can gain shelter.

It has occurred that farmers out looking after their flocks have been caught in one of these blizzards and, missing their way home, have lost their lives, their bodies remaining under the snow until the following spring. The suddenness of a Dakota blizzard is well known in the northwestern part of our country, but it is tardiness personified when compared with the rapidity with which a Russian winter storm comes on.

* * *

DEMAND FOR POSTAL CARDS.

ONE of the most noticeable developments in the post office department is the increasing use of postal cards. The number circulated through the mails is

increasing every month and to supply the demand the United States postal printing office up in Rumford Falls, Maine, is being run night and day, reports the *New York Sun*.

It is now turning out three million postal cards daily and still the demand increases. New York, Chicago, Boston, Pittsburg, Detroit, Cincinnati, Baltimore and Troy use more postal cards than other cities.

One of the newest and increasing uses for postal cards is to secure opinions on all sorts of subjects. Whenever a business concern, a social organization or a political body wishes to test the state of feeling on any point now it circulates postal cards.

They are printed so that all the citizen whose opinion is sought needs to do, is to write "yes" or "no" or to affix a mark to a question, sign his name and drop the card in the mail box.

It is a simple and effective means of feeling the public pulse and it is helping Uncle Sam's trade in postal cards wonderfully.

* * *

UNBREAKABLE GLASS.

LOUIS KAUFFELD, a European glassworker, makes extraordinary claims for a new kind of glass he has just discovered. It is a glass of such nature that will not break, that can be molded into any desired form, that can be hammered without catastrophe—in short, a glass that will be as malleable as lead or any other metal. With an ordinary goblet made of his new material he can hammer a nail into a tough board. He can bore a hole in a glass pane, and then patch it with another piece of the same kind of glass. Coffee pots and tea kettles can be made of the new substance, and will no more crack, even under the most intense heat, than would steel.

While Kauffeld's process is unknown to anybody except himself he recently volunteered the information that the lime and lead that are used in the manufacture of ordinary glass do not enter into the composition of this. "The secret lies," he said, "in the chemicals that are used in making this glass and the proportions in which these chemicals are put into it."

THE CARMELITE NUNS.

FROM the *Kansas City Star* we extract the following article. It will interest our NOOK family and shows to what extent mistaken religious zeal leads people.

Prayer, penance, fast and silence, during all the 365 days of the year, is the manner of life of an order of women who have just established another branch of their institution in the United States. They are known as the discalceated nuns of Mount Carmel and are followers of the Church of Rome. Despite the fact that this strange order of women is a relic of the medieval age, and that the daily routine of their lives is entirely contrary to the dictates of modern civilization, they are gaining a strong foothold in this country, and their convents and numbers are steadily increasing.

In a gloomy looking little old house on Poplar street, just west of Fifteenth street, in Philadelphia, they have opened, or, more properly speaking, have entered and closed, another convent of Mount Carmel. In it are cloistered six young nuns. There are also two lay sisters, who attend to the business of the institution. These six choir nuns, as those taking the perpetual vows are called, have never since the day of their profession entered the world, nor come in contact with the people of the world, save on this one occasion, when they traveled from their mother house, near Baltimore, to their new convent in Philadelphia.

No life known to modern times is to the average healthy mind so absolutely unnatural as that of the Carmelite nuns. All the abstemious details of their existence are not known, except to a few who have studied the religious orders of the Roman Catholic church. If their lives be unhappy or distasteful in any way their secret is never known to the world. From the hour when they take their final vows their faces are never seen. Neither father, mother nor sister may ever look upon them again, and even their veiled forms may not be seen.

When business or some other important matter demands converse with the world they speak from behind curtained bars. The daily life of a Carmelite nun is as barren of beauty and luxury, even of what are deemed by the very poorest as absolute necessities, as is the existence of a doomed convict. Their bed is a plain, hard board, their clothes, winter and summer, are of the coarsest woolen, ever spotlessly clean, but harsh, and in warm weather exceedingly uncomfortable. Of recreation and amusement they have absolutely none, not even of the most childish and harmless kind. Their day begins at the first hour when the chapel chimes toll twelve. Then they arise from their hard beds and in silence enter their sanctuary, where an hour is spent in prayer. Their hour of midnight adoration ended, they return to their board couches

and rest until the stars begin to pale, when a day of work and fast and prayer is begun. There is another hour before the altar, and then what they very inappropriately call breakfast.

Always the first meal of the day consists of dry bread and black coffee, except that in case of illness an egg is given. With this scant nourishment they start the work and exacting prayer of the day.

After the tolling of the midday Angelus another repast, ironically called dinner, is served. Dry bread, plain boiled potatoes, some other ordinary vegetables and perhaps codfish balls or some other inexpensive fish constitute the full menu of their midday meal. No butter, no sugar, no coffee, no tea, never a beverage of any kind nor a relish or dessert, and the taste of flesh of any description is absolutely strange to them.

But probably the strangest of all the customs of the Carmelites is that of placing on the dining table before them a skull as a reminder that death must finally claim them all. It is said that young novices frequently give up their scant meals for days before they can accustom themselves to the grewsomely nauseating object before them. That fleshless face is always there. But the young girls who enter the Carmelite convents must become inured to this sight. The rosary, hung with a crucifix, is their only ornament, and a crucifix and perhaps a skull, are the only decorations in their narrow gloomy cells.

The afternoons of the Carmelites are spent in much the same way as the mornings, with this exception—two hours are taken from the constant strain of prayer and devoted to what in the convent is termed recreation. This time is passed in sewing, generally in the making of church vestments, sacred heart badges, Agnus Deis and scapulars for the poor. This is what they call recreation—and yet never one word is uttered.

Think of from six to twenty women sitting in a room for two hours and not speaking one word, and this when all the rest of the day had been spent in silence. And yet this is what the Carmelite nuns do every day of their lives. Silence—silence—silence, always except when their lips murmur prayer, and even the fall of their feet upon the rough wood floors is almost noiseless. No sound breaks the stillness of the air, save the soft rustle of coarse garments, the monotonous chant of the office and a faint echo from the busy, beautiful, sinful world beyond their somber walls.

The evening meal of the Carmelite nuns is as frugal as their breakfast. The early hours of the gloaming are spent in silent contemplation and prayer, and darkness still finds them kneeling with bowed heads in supplication for courage, faith and mercy. At nine o'clock they silently enter their cells, where they rest upon their hard boards until the midnight hour of prayer.

In silence their lives are spent, and even in their last hours only the creed and confiteor pass their lips. In silence and alone, save perhaps the presence of one of the nuns and a priest of the church, who is there to administer the last rites of the church, to listen to the last confession, to chant the prayers for the dying, to absolve and anoint.

Such is the life of a Carmelite—the most cheerless, abstemious existence known to modern civilization—an existence which only the strongest in mind and body could endure, and one which cuts short the life of any who attempts it. And yet priests who have been

lish a branch of their strange institution in the very heart of New York.

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PRECAUTIONS OF SURGEONS.

It is an object lesson in godliness to see a surgeon washing his hands after performing an operation. He works, of course, with sleeves rolled up to the elbow so that the washing extends from the crazy bone to the tip of the finger nail. First, there is a hard scrubbing with plain soap and sterilized water. This is followed by a swabbing with tincture of green soap



SAN JUAN VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, FROM ROOFS OF MISSION.

the confessors of these nuns declare that no life is freer from unrest, is more nearly perfect content than theirs.

The order of the Carmelite nuns was established in the early days of the church. It was practically refounded in the sixteenth century, when St. Theresa became its superior. During the time of the Spanish inquisition it suffered great persecution, but, surviving this, gained a great influence both in Italy and Spain. The Carmelites were the first religious order of the Roman Catholic church to establish in America, but their attempt to gain a permanent foothold in this country was unsuccessful. They endeavored to settle in New York in its early days, but the sturdy, healthy-minded Dutch settlers would not permit them to remain. However, a project is now under way to estab-

and sterilized water. Then comes a genuine scouring with equal parts of quick lime and soda in sterilized water and finally a rinsing in a solution one to two thousand of bichloride of mercury. Without these four separate washings no surgeon would think of venturing out to scatter germs of disease.

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SHARK FISHING.

In all the equatorial islands of the north and south Pacific shark fishing is a very profitable industry to the natives, and every trading steamer and sailing vessel coming into the ports of Sydney or Auckland from the islands of the mid-Pacific brings some tons of fins, tails and skins of sharks.

THE INDIANA STATE SOLDIERS' HOME.

BY SARAH A. CROWL.

ABOUT four miles west of Lafayette, Indiana, is the Soldiers' Home occupying a tract of one hundred and ninety acres of Nature's grandeur called Cedar Hollow, a large hill encircling a hollow within its center where there are trees, flowers, shrubbery and romantic ravines, the home of many birds and squirrels that skip among the branches, making merry the heart of the onlooker.

This is a State institution, well furnished throughout and provided for by municipal and State government and ruled over by a governor, Major Starmont. Its inmates number six hundred soldiers, their wives and some widows of soldiers. There are no children in the Home. The average age of the inmates is sixty years. The youngest is fifty-two and the oldest ninety-nine.

Thirty-eight families occupy the Old People's department. They have a pleasantly-furnished reception room into which visitors and callers on any of the families are ushered. There are twelve cottages on the grounds, all of which are occupied. There is one large building for cooking, baking and washing. This contains five large cooking kettles, and two cooking and baking ranges. Dining Hall number one contains nine tables, and has a seating capacity of forty-five. Number two seats eighty at the tables. In addition to these there is one public building rented as a public restaurant.

The chapel and assembly hall has a seating capacity of five hundred and the Catholic religion is the only form of worship. There is a hospital for the sick containing at present one hundred and forty cases, seventy of which need a physician's care. The Home has two physicians, eight nurses and four matrons. There is also a place for the dead where the bodies are taken to be prepared for burial. Visitors are not admitted to this building.

On the grounds are six large cavalry wagons, relics of the past. Nothing is cultivated here except flowers and ornamental trees. In an enclosure of wire fence, with a tank of water placed in the ground for his sleeping place, is Jim the alligator. He feeds, or eats, but once in three months, and lies lazily upon the ground, unwilling to be disturbed.

At the entrance to the Home is the old Indian fighting ground with its log cabins of long ago. There are also beautiful buildings for the enjoyment of those seeking worldly pleasures.

All the inmates of the Home are cleanly and neatly attired. Marriages sometimes occur here, but after marriage the soldiers must seek new fields and support for themselves and their wives.

Goshen, Ind.

WRAPPERS.

BY EARL LAGOW.

THE United States Wrapper factory, located at Palestine, Illinois, is engaged in the manufacture of ladies' wrappers, dressing sacques, kimono's, etc., with a capital of twenty thousand dollars.

On entering the building, on the first floor are seen long rows of sewing machines, which are run by a large gasoline engine, each machine, operated by a girl. The factory contains seventy-six sewing machines, one buttonhole worker, one button sewer, and one ruffer.

Each girl has a separate part of the wrapper to make, and when these are made they are passed on to those who sew them together, no one making a complete garment. The girls receive from three to nine dollars per week according to the amount of work done.

The cutting room is in the upper part of the building. Here the material for the wrappers is laid out on tables, in strips eighteen yards long and one hundred and forty-four layers thick. The chief cutter, armed with a knife the blades of which are forty-two inches long, then begins his work and the goods are cut into shape ready for the sewers. Each strip will make one hundred and eighty-eight wrappers, which sell for from nine to twelve dollars per dozen and are sold in retail stores for one dollar and one dollar and fifty cents each.

The average output of this company is five hundred dozen wrappers per month, or seventy-five thousand wrappers of different kinds annually. In all this output not one yard of material is wasted, so dexterous are the operators in their work.

Hutsonville, Ill.

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A LONG-LIVED PEOPLE.

BY N. R. BAKER.

IN every new country, or old country being newly developed, those who move in first are anxious to have neighbors. They want others from a distance to join them and share their fortunes. Every favorable feature is fully enlarged upon and the real estate men especially dilate upon the country's advantages. There is a story about some homeseekers who were driving past a house in the pine forests when they saw a man chopping wood. His hair was white but his arm seemed strong and vigorous and his aim true. He sent the sharp glistening axe through the wood at a lively rate. The homeseekers stopped, and after a short introductory conversation the following dialogue occurred:

"How old are you?"

"Eighty-five."

"You seem to be a strong man for that age. How old did your father live to be?"

"Father? O, he isn't dead yet. I'd bring him out and introduce him but he's upstairs waiting on Grandfather who is getting rather feeble."

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WIVES OF MEN OF NOTE.

FIELDING, the novelist, married a maid servant.

Sir Thomas More's wife scolded him on the eve of his execution.

Hazlitt's wife cared nothing for his ability. Her temper was an intensity and the tragedy of the unsympathetic played itself to the bitter end.

Milton had troubles with both his wives. Nor was his the monopoly of the martyrdom.

Moliere, at the age of 40, married an actress aged 17 summers. She ran away and it snowed and covered her tracks.

Coleridge left his wife and children without apology or farewell and never would see them again.

Napoleon conquered the world material, but he often swore at Josephine (a woman who was once his wife), and when she cried said: "Hush; it makes your nose red." But he was a great man.

Catherine II of Russia had her husband assassinated and from his death to her own ruled alone—very much alone.

Shelley married an innkeeper's daughter. It was a problem in inequality, with a demonstration in the disaster which followed. He left her. She committed suicide. But they did not hang the man.

Alexander the Great was accustomed to beat his wives with the flat of his sword whenever they "talked back" at him. This was a custom peculiar to him, as old records show that the sword in the hand of a gentleman was used to protect the gentler sex.

"Ben" Johnson's wife went to the inn after him if he stayed too long and brought him home, tongue-lashing him all the way. And you all know "Ben" Johnson.

Boswell's "Uxoriana" is a collection of his wife's sayings to him which do no little credit to her as a scold.

Cervantes drew a picture of his own wife in the "Mistress Housekeeper for the Devil," whom Sancho Panza (not also spelled "Heartsease") abused so bitterly.

Richard Wagner's first matrimonial venture was a pathetic sonata, the tragedy of the inharmonious. But the realization which is ever the bitter, of the inadequateness was spared him until after the mistake had been happily rectified in mating with a congenial understanding. To this second wife, who impressed upon him what he had gained in the second instead of

lost in the first, he owed a debt of gratitude which speaks to the seeing in his latter works.

Robert Schumann fell in love with the daughter of his piano teacher. The inspiration she gave him was the world's gain. When the irate father refused a union with the daughter "Davidsbundler," "Kreisleriana" and "Noveletten" were given to the world in tangible form and the wife he coveted became his. So much for adversity.

Robert Browning understood his wife and his wife understood him. They both accomplished. What of the significance?

George Washington had a wife who knew how to courtesy. And he sat in the presidential chair in peace. This was before a vestibule was added to the white house.

Bach married on thirty-five dollars a year and wrote immortal music.

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DESTINY OF OLD SHOES.

NOTHING is wasted from the standpoint of modern industry—particularly old shoes, of which there are nearly two hundred million pairs discarded in the United States every year.

After they have done their service and are thrown aside by the first wearers, a secondhand dealer restores the worn shoes to something like their former appearance, and they are sold again, to be worn a little by the poorer classes.

When the shoes are finally discarded by them they are still good for various purposes.

In France such shoes are bought up in quantities by rag dealers and sold to factories, where the shoes are first taken apart and submitted to long processes.

First they turn them into paste, from which the material is transformed into an imitation leather, appearing very much like the finest morocco.

Upon this material stylish designs are stamped, and wall papers, trunk coverings and similar articles are manufactured from them.

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SHORTEN THE JOURNEY.

ONE of the biggest engineering works in prospect is the carrying of a railway thirty-two miles on trestles across the Great Salt Lake. This will cut off 107 miles of journey.

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NO CHANCE TO STEAL.

THE gypsies employ a very simple method to check the member of their band of musicians who has to make the collection. They give him a plate to hold in his right hand and a live fly which he has to keep imprisoned in his left as he goes collecting money.

THE TRAPPISTS.

IN an interesting article a special correspondent of a Chicago paper describes one of the most unique communities in the State of Iowa. He says:

The monastery of the Trappist monks at New Mel-lary, just outside Dubuque, is one of the most picturesque places in Iowa. The buildings and grounds are valued at about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Leaving the banks of the Mississippi, the road to the monastery climbs a steep hill. At times it winds among the trees of the untouched forests and then for miles upon a ridge of hills. Far down on either side may be seen the valleys dotted with farm-houses and with stacks of yellow hay or grain.

Just at the edge of the woods that line the banks of the Catfish, a little stream that seems to be trying to find some hiding place, until at last it loses itself on the broad bosom of the Mississippi, begins the domain of the abbey. There are three thousand acres, and these constitute the little world of the monks. Almost all is in pasture and fenced. The fat cattle wander about browsing on the rich grass and look up wonderingly when a stranger clad in the garments of civilization passes by.

Over fifty years ago the monastery was founded by sixteen monks who came to America from the city of Waterford, Ireland. They purchased about three thousand acres of land at about twenty-five cents an acre. To-day the land is worth eighty dollars per acre. The monks are scientific agriculturists and in many instances they have by means of terracing and irrigation transformed seemingly barren mountain sides into beautiful gardens. They manufacture all their own tools, furniture and clothing and all, or nearly all, of the raw materials required for these things are obtained from their land.

The Trappists are noted for their charity and hospitality. The needy repair to the monastery and have their wants supplied. A visitor is received in the "guestroom," which is almost bare of furniture, and after sending in his credentials is committed to the care of the "guest master," who, by virtue of his office, is freed from the bond of silence—so far as may be necessary for extending courtesies to guests.

Each brother has some special employment. There are among them blacksmiths, tailors, carpenters, masons, machinists, physicians, artists, etc. Farmers for miles around get their repairing and other work done at the monastery and it is optional with them whether they pay for it or not. Probably the most remarkable of the rules is that requiring perpetual silence. Without permission from his superior, which is granted in certain cases of necessity, a Trappist never speaks except in prayer or sacred song. All sleep in one dormitory. The beds are placed against the opposite walls in two rows. In the center of the room stands

an image of the blessed virgin. A plank and a straw mattress constitute the furnishings of each bed.

The monks retire to rest at seven in the evening and arise at two in the morning, when they at once go to the chapel for mass. There they spend several hours praying, meditating and chanting psalms. Once a month in the chapel each brother publicly accuses himself of all his vanities or imperfections. Flesh meat is never allowed except to the sick, and those in health take but one meal and a collation in winter and two meals in summer. Eggs, cheese, fish and butter are among the forbidden articles of diet. The only food allowed is bread, milk and vegetables. On the last three Fridays in Lent dry bread and water make up the repast. Before meals a long grace is said and after meals the Miserere is chanted. The luxuries of the community are confined to snuff, which is doled out in meager allowances on Sunday.

The march of the monks from dormitory to chapel, cowled and with tunics belted about their bodies, is described as being exceedingly solemn. They go in twos, hardly making a sound with their feet as they pass under the hyssop of the abbot, and in the dimness of the artificial light they appear as so many skeletons marching to the grave. In their stalls in the chapel they must kneel or stand. Reciting the office, they all lower their heads at the names of the saints of the order and kiss the ground at the names of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

The only salutation that ever passes between the monks is "Memento Mori" (remember death). Indeed, the thought of death always appears uppermost in their minds. Each monk daily digs out part of the grave that is to receive his corpse. When the grave is completely dug he throws the dirt back into it and begins the digging anew. Should he die while the grave is only partly dug a brother monk, assigned by him for such an emergency, completes the work. The cemetery is remarkable for the absence of familiar names. The only thing to tell who sleeps below is the single name by which the dead brother was known in religion. Notwithstanding the extraordinary austerities practiced by the Trappists it is claimed that they are less affected by disease than are people in the outside world and that most of them live to a very old age.

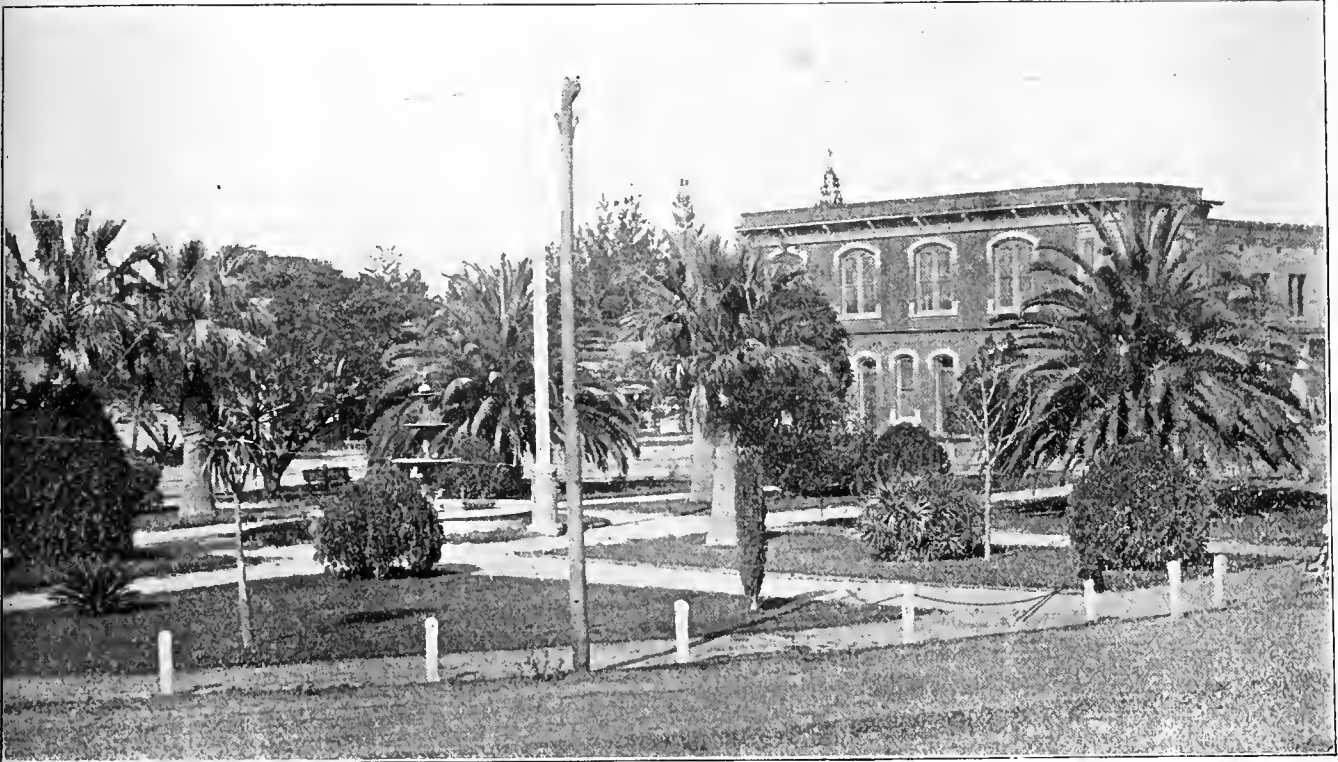
In the house all the monks wear the cowl and habit, the only parts of their dress that are never taken off, except when new clothing is required. Their dress is the same in winter as in summer. The motives governing them in shunning the bath and changes of underclothing are the same that actuated certain fathers of the desert—contempt for the body and a desire to be living rebukes to luxurious worldlings. Some of the monks are priests, others only lay brothers. All, including Abbot David, work in the fields long and

hard, with the exception of the monks whose labor is required in the shops or the house. Yet even these do considerable farming also. The monks live entirely by their own industry and sell what they do not want, the fowls, cheese and other articles having a reputation for excellence and being in great demand. It is said that there are no better farmers in the world than the Trappists. A visit to Dubuque is not considered complete without a trip to the monastery. Hundreds of Dubuque people picnic on the monastery grounds every Sunday during the summer months, and it is

obedience, but not the vow of chastity. If he should marry he will be excommunicated from the Roman Catholic church.

HOSPITALITY.

"I PRAY you, O excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man or woman who has alighted at our gates, nor a bed chamber made ready at too great a cost; these things, if they are curious in them, they can get at a few shil-



PLAZA AT ORANGE, CALIFORNIA.

considered the most ideal place in Dubuque County for an outing.

The only monk that ever left the monastery since it was established was Brother Eugene, now known to Dubuquers as Joseph Graham, who expects to realize a fortune out of his inventions. Brother Eugene left the monastery about five months ago after being a member of the Trappist order twenty-three years. When a young man of twenty-two he freely chose in preference to the pleasures and wealth of the world the loneliest and most exacting of cloisters. He was an inventive genius and a year ago he found that he could no longer focus his thoughts on his religious duties and appealed to Rome to be allowed to depart from the place that he had called home for such a long period. His request was granted by the pope and he was released from his vows of poverty and

lings at any village; but rather let the stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price, in any city, and which he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparingly, and sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth, and love, and honor, and courtesy flow in all your deeds." —Emerson.

THE sugar in your cupboard is pure to two one-hundredths, which is near enough.

THE left-over molasses at the factory is not fit for table use and is sold for feeding stock.

HOW IT TURNED OUT.

THE CEDARS, NOV. 28, 1902.

Dearest Blanche:

WELL, that dinner has come and gone. This is the way everything went. I had everything in good shape and the Garrisons came over all right, and Earl along with them, of course. And there wasn't a hitch in the proceeding from beginning to end. Ma didn't say very much about my dinner because there wasn't anything to say, that is, nothing bad, but Pa let loose and said that it would be hard to beat and that means a good deal when he says that. Judging from the way the Garrisons got away with their share they must have thought so, too, and as for Earl I will tell you about him later.

After the dinner was over Ma and Mrs. Garrison were back in the kitchen cleaning up the wreck we had made of the turkey and getting things in shape, and Pa and Mr. Garrison had gone out to look over the farm. That left Earl and me in the front room together. You know how nice the weather was, and Earl asked me if I would like to take a walk, so I got my bonnet and in putting it on the carnation came loose and I just threaded it through the buttonhole in Earl's coat. When we got out into the yard he asked where I wanted to go, and I said we might take a walk down through the meadow, and I told him about a big maple tree where I got most of the colored leaves and we went down there. I could see something working in that boy by the way he acted. It wasn't just so foolish that he acted but he did not seem to know just what he wanted to talk about, so I did most of the talking. We sat down under the tree where we could see the house and where the people from the house could see, but we could not hear what they were saying up there, any more than they could hear what we said. I tell you, Blanche, it was real solemn and some of it real funny. We sat there until about half past three when we began to get chilly, but I really do not think I shall ever see such a day again. Overhead the sky was blue and clear with the exception of one little cloud which slowly drifted to the west. The brook sung a song as it babbled over the stones. Every now and then a leaf would come fluttering down from the tree overhead, and we talked and we talked, and we talked. I ain't going to tell you what all I said, nor am I going to tell what Earl said, but I will tell you what we did about half past three. We walked back to the house together and we agreed on the road that Earl was to do all the talking. We went in the front room, and the folks were all there, that is, Pa and Ma and the Garrisons were there, and we sat down in one corner. Earl looked at me and I looked at Earl, and he seemed to stick fast, but I reached over and nudged and nodded at him for I was afraid something might happen that

it would not work out as we intended. Then Earl broke out and said that he had something to say and that he thought it would be just as good a time now as any other time. Indeed he talked silly for a while, but finally he got it out before the convention, so to speak. Then there was silence for a long spell and I twiddled the red leaf I had brought with me, but I did not look at Earl, and Earl did not look at me. Presently Pa spoke up and said, "Well, as far as I am concerned it just depends on what Ma says," and Ma said it was a very important matter, and Mr. Garrison didn't say anything. Then Ma and Mrs. Garrison got their chairs together and both of them cried a little. I did not cry but I looked at Earl and he looked sick. He didn't know how it would come out yet, but as soon as I saw Ma and Mrs. Garrison cry I knew how it would end. Finally Pa relieved the tension by saying, "When had you thought of having it come off?" And, indeed, Blanche, that was something that Earl and I had never thought about. I did not say anything but Earl mumbled something. Then Pa said, "Well, I will tell you, children, we will let it go until next Thanksgiving and if you are both good in the meantime, why, we will have the wedding after dinner." Then Mrs. Garrison spoke up and said she was agreed, but that we had to eat the Thanksgiving dinner at their house, and after some more talk the old folks settled it between themselves as follows: Earl and I would be married at my home and the Garrisons, of course, would be there, then we all would go over to Garrison's for the Thanksgiving dinner.

Earl and I then slipped out of the side door and I am not going to tell you another word, and you see that you do not tell anybody for you know something might happen between this and that and then it would be just awful.

Sincerely,

LUELLA.

P. S.—Of course you are invited, and I want you to come over and see me soon, and maybe I will tell you more.—L.

* * *

TENDER-HEARTED IN WAR.

THE occupation of the soldier does not necessarily obliterate the humane impulses of the man. In fact, in many instances it serves only to emphasize and render them more conspicuous. It is pleasant to find in a recent account of the work of the British and colonial naval brigades that in some instances, at least, man's inhumanity was limited to man, and not extended to animals.

In the Paardeburg laager some of the blue jackets found three orphaned chickens. These little balls of yellow fluff were quickly adopted and soon became great pets and went with the brigade to Bloemfontein. During the march the chicks were stowed in a kettle,

but when the men halted they hopped out, went the round of the messes for food, returned to their kettle when tired and waited to be lifted back into it.

The men had other pets. A wounded dog which they carefully tended till he recovered and joined his master; another dog which followed them from Madder camp, and used frequently to make himself useful by catching horses and bringing them back; a goat which lived, or seemed to, on newspapers and tobacco, and a very wee, miserable lamb with sore eyes, which they used to bathe daily with warm water and round the neck of which they tied a ribbon.

On the march to Bloemfontein, while in camp, an officer saw a blue jacket discover an ox sunk in the muddy river bank unable to move and dying of exhaustion. Jack gave it a kick to see if it was alive and sauntered off.

"Cruel brute!" muttered the officer. "He might let it die in peace!"

In a few minutes back came Jack with a coil of rope and three chums, and these four, with a soldier, worked hard for an hour, got the beast out, dragged it under the shade of a tree and brought water from the river in their hats.

The officer was reclining under a shady tree, and even then he felt half suffocated by the heat. The men were exposed to the full glare of the midday sun. They had been working hard all the morning in the open and had given up their well-earned rest under a wagon to save a beast.



A GLASS OF OIL.

A good story of Mr. Perry, an old Southern gentleman, who died several years ago, back of Covington, Ohio, is told by Col. Fred Kensinger. Mr. Perry was an exceedingly polite man. He would go out of his way at any time to avoid offending a neighbor or friend.

One day a neighbor met him on the street with:

"Hello, Mr. Perry! I was just going in to get a drink. Come in and have something."

"Thank you, Mr. —; I don't care for anything," was the answer.

"But come in and take something just for sociability's sake."

"Now, I want to be sociable and all that; I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you."

"All right, if you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking," growled the friend, and silently walked along in the direction in which Mr. Perry was traveling.

Presently the pair drew near a drug store, when Mr. Perry broke out with:

"Mr. —, I'm not feeling well to-day, and I'll go in the drug store and get some castor oil. Won't you join me?"

"What, in a dose of castor oil?"

"Yes."

"No; I hate the stuff," saying which a chill went over the man as visible in its effects to Mr. Perry as if the ague had seized him on the street.

"But I want you to take a glass of oil with me—just to be sociable, you know."

The friend still refused, when Mr. Perry said:

"Your sociable whiskey is just as distasteful to me as my sociable oil is to you. Don't you think I've as much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?"

The pair heartily shook hands, the dialogue was circulated in Covington and Mr. Perry was never invited to take a drink again.—*Selected.*



TRUE BLUE.

BISHOP VINCENT, of the Methodist church, and one of the founders of the Chautauqua circle, tells of an incident that helped to make interesting a summer he spent in the mountains of Tennessee. Strolling thoughtfully along one day, he suddenly found himself in the midst of a very active camp meeting of negroes. Two or three ministers present recognized him, introduced him to others, and soon the bishop found himself so popular that he was fairly dragged to the speaker's platform and asked to say something to the assemblage. He consented, and one of the blacks stepped forward to introduce the unexpected visitor. This master of ceremonies went right to the point. He made the gathering know that they were all of one purpose and spirit, notwithstanding the difference in complexion, and wound up as follows:

"Now, brethren and sisters, Brother Vincent, as yo' con see for yo'selves, is white of face; but at heart, let me tell yo'—at heart, I say!—he's as black as any of us."



A CUTTING RETORT.

A RICHLY deserved retort was that made by a Sioux girl at the Hampton institute not long since. A silly visitor to the school went up to the magnificent red-skinned belle and said: "Are you civilized?" The Sioux raised her head slowly from her work—she was fashioning a breadboard at the moment—and replied: "No; are you?"



WHEN BRASS BECOMES BRITTLE.

It is a curious fact that common brass which is subjected for some time to constant tension occasionally undergoes a remarkable change. It loses its tenacity and in a short time becomes almost as brittle as glass.

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STUDY.
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SOME WONDERS OF DEEP SEA.

THE assertion that there are animals that bloom and plants that eat meat is a surprising one to many. Yet it seems to be a fact that such things exist. Some animals appear to blossom as freely as do flowering plants. One of the commonest of these, says Dr. C. M. Blackford in the *Scientific American*, who has made the subject a close study, is the sea anemone. It clings to rocks in sheltered places along the ocean shores all over the world in water of less than five hundred fathoms depth. Its stem is tough and leathery, expanding above into a flowerlike disk, with a mouth in the center. Around the mouth are curving tentacles not unlike the petals of a chrysanthemum. Some varieties are of gorgeous tints, rivaling flowers of the field. But death lurks in the plant in horrible form. Whenever any little living creature touches these tentacles or arms they will curl upward, wrap the intruder and push it toward the mouth. Inside the tentacles are poison glands which sting the victim, killing it promptly. Upon reaching the mouth the captive is pushed into the interior of the plant's stem and the anemone closes up into a reddish brown ball until its meal is digested. Then it spreads out for another victim.

Sea cucumbers are long and flat and creep slowly along the sea's bottom. It also has a mouth and tentacles and picks up its food out of the mud. One curious thing about the cucumber is that it takes lodgers. There is a large cavity in its body, filled with water, into which a little fish called the fierasfer works its way and then lives upon its helpless host. The fierasfer goes out once in a while to get food and then goes back to the cucumber for shelter. Sometimes when several of them get into one cucumber they may do some damage by overcrowding.

Coral-forming animals resemble plants so closely as to deceive all but skilled observers. These boring annelids, which cover the bottom with brilliant color, are worms cutting into the stony mass of coral, ensconcing themselves there.

"Sea lilies," or crinoids, look much like the stately queen of flowers, but in all but form they are animals, belonging to the star fish family. They grow in clusters like tiger lilies. They have open mouths like the anemone, but the tentacles are longer. Crinoids live in deep water and are among the earliest types of animal life on earth.

Flesh-eating plants seem to violate nature's rules, yet this is apparent rather than real, for many plants

absorb animal matter as a part of their food, being taken in generally only after decomposition sets in. Still, there are bloodthirsty plants, which kill and eat small animals. Among these is the little sundew, of which Darwin speaks in his "Insectivorous Plants." On its leaves is a sticky liquid that attracts insects, but once they attempt to sip it they are imprisoned, and the insect is drowned before being digested.

Near Wilmington, N. C., there grows the "North Carolina fly catcher." Its leaves secrete a fluid, and if an insect touches them they close instantly and the leaf forms itself into a temporary stomach, in which digestion proceeds. This leaf will close on anything that touches it—on a piece of glass or stone as quickly as on a fly—but the error is quickly discovered and the indigestible article is promptly rejected.

In Portugal there is a fly catcher plant that is used for this purpose by country people. They hang it up in the branches of trees to kill off insects. It secretes a gummy, sticky fluid. Woe to the insect that comes in contact with its leaves.

* * *

ABOUT DOGS.

TIM, a well-known and popular "collecting dog" of Paddington station, London, is dead. About eleven years ago he arrived, a waif, by an early morning milk train, was adopted by an inspector and soon made himself at home on the passenger platform. He had a box attached to him in which travelers were wont at their will to drop coins, and Tim, though no parasite, had a happy knack of looking after first-class passengers, to many of whom he was introduced. With the late Queen Victoria he was a great favorite, and she always had a donation to give him, which was for the most part of gold. King Edward and Queen Alexandria likewise subscribed to the fund he collected, which was for the benefit of the widows and orphans of persons who had worked for the Great Western railway. The dog collected thousands of dollars.

Here is a story from England: A retriever not long ago was sent into a ditch to bring out a winged partridge. The dog picked up the scent, rushed along the bottom of the ditch under the brambles, and after a little groping about emerged on the bank with an old rusty kettle, holding it by the handle. Laughter greeted this performance. "Stop a bit," said the dog's master. "Here, Rover, give it to me." And the dog brought the kettle to him. Taking it from his mouth,

his master put his hand into the kettle, the lid being off, and took out the partridge. Chased by the dog, it had crept into the kettle to hide and the dog, not being able to draw it out, just brought the lot.

At Browsholme hall, an old mansion in Lancashire, England, is shown a dog gauge, an ancient relic of the forest laws, consisting of a ring of a certain size, through which every dog on the estate, except those belonging to the lord of the manor, must be able to pass. This, of course, compelled the farmers and others to possess only small-sized dogs, which could not injure the game.

TRAINING SHEPHERD DOGS.

THE natives of Mexico seem to have an original way of training shepherd dogs. A pup is taken from its mother as soon after birth as possible, the breed of the dog being immaterial. The young of a sheep or goat is taken away, and the pup is substituted.

After the first few days the pup is never fed except just before the flock goes to pasture in the morning and just after the sheep are brought in at night.

As soon as he can walk he goes out with the flock and stays with it all day. Whenever he begins to anticipate supper by trying to drive the flock in before sundown he gets punished.

After he is about a year old he takes a flock out, guards it from other dogs and coyotes during the day and brings it in at the proper time at night without supervision. All kinds of temptations can be tried on any dog that is encountered in the hills with his flock, but in spite of all he will remain faithful to his duty, driving his flock to a safe distance before venturing to make the acquaintance of any other dog.

THE MONKEY AND THE JAM.

A LITTLE story concerning a pet monkey and a pot of jam is vouched for by a Johns Hopkins university man, says the *Baltimore Sun*.

It was in the country and on a summer's day that the family monkey was seen scudding homeward literally drenched in raspberry-jam. He was pursued by an irate neighbor with uplifted broom, but once safe on the home plot, he swung himself lightly into the nearest tree and peacefully listened to her tale of wrong.

It seems that the neighbor had some hours before been making jam, a great bowl of which sat cooling on a table beneath the trees. This the monkey spied, but had scarcely started liberally helping himself to it when he was discovered. With loud outcry and the broom the lady started toward him, when the mischievous beast, knowing his minutes were numbered, hastily overturned the bowl on the table. Then, rolling himself joyously in it several times from head to

heels, he scampered beyond her reach. During the recital of her woe and, in fact, for the remainder of the day the monkey sat scraping the sweetmeat from his body and licking his paws with glee.

PEACH STONES.

PEACH stones will make a quick, hot fire and one that will last. One and a half or two buckets of peach stones will last as long as a bucket of coal. One has to be careful not to fill the stove too full or there will likely be an explosion similar to a gasoline explosion. The proper way to keep the fire going is to put in a shovelful at a time. "Peach stones thrown into a damp cellar," said one who has used them, "are said to have a peculiar effect on a person. After the stones are in a cellar for a time gases arise, and the fumes will go to one's head and give the same effect as if the distilled product of the peach had been imbibed." *Baltimore Sun*.

CHILDREN PICKING NUTMEGS.

FANCY picking nutmegs! This is what the children of South America and the tropical islands do almost as soon as they can walk. Gathering nutmegs is something like gathering chestnuts. Nutmeg trees are planted in groves. The trees are twenty feet apart and have long green leaves, very dark and glossy.

The nutmeg is enveloped in a husk about the size and shape of a rusty coat apple. When perfectly ripe, the husk splits and the nut falls out. The kernel of the nut is the nutmeg of commerce. It is beaten from the husk by children, who climb the nutmeg trees and thrash the branches with poles. The air is sometimes so heavy with perfume that the young nutmeg gatherers are overcome by its heaviness and have to be borne from the grove on the shoulders of companions.

THE WALKING FERN.

THE walking fern has a most original way of getting over the ground. It bends its slender frond and starts a root by extending the tip of the midrib. So it sets up a new plant and is anchored fast on all sides by its rooted frond tips, covering the ground with a rich carpet of verdure. The variety of runners along the ground is as great as the climber. All motion of the plant is a form of growth. The plant grows by day and by night, but more by day, as light and heat are incentives to growth.

You will never know what a tremendous thing the Beet Sugar business is till you go through a factory.

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"This world is a difficult world, indeed,
And people are hard to suit,
And the man who plays on the violin
Is a bore to the man with a flute.

And I myself have often thought
How very much better 'twould be,
If every one of the folks I know
Would only agree with me.

But since they will not, then the very best way
To make this world look bright
Is never to mind what people say,
But do what you think is right."

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

A MAN without the fold of any church often gives it as his opinion that he can be as good a Christian as any churchmember. When this is disputed he asks, Why?

The answer may be best presented by putting before him a suppositious case. Suppose some man, a Russian or a Turk, should settle in any part of the United States. We will allow that he is a moral, law-abiding man, better, perhaps, than many of his neighbors. He lives a perfectly straight life, commendably so, personally. But he does not become naturalized according to the law of the land. He cannot vote and does not take any part in public affairs. He has no claim on the government, and the government none on him. He is a subject of the Czar or the Sultan, residing in this country. Can he be called a citizen of the United States? Is he in a position to appeal to this country for protection? Does he merit it? In short is he a citizen at all? There can be but one answer. He is not.

Just so with the moral man in his relations to the kingdom of God. He has not complied with the law and he has no rights, no expectations, and under the

circumstances deserves none. When it comes to claiming rights in the Kingdom he has none. He has done nothing that entitles him to citizenship and is an alien throughout. And that's the status of the "moral man" in his relation to God's kingdom.

THEIR BEST SIDE.

TAKE a lot of women and they have certain peculiarities of disposition in common with them. A good many of them are uncertain in their tempers, and are apt to see things that don't exist, and go to pieces without due provocation. Occasionally one may be found who is given to tantrums, and here and there, of course not in the Nook family, is one who is the earthly representative of Auld Reekie himself.

But take the whole of them and line them up against adversity, and for constancy and devotion the world has not their equal. The care, unsleeping and tireless, given a sick child, or an invalid in the family, or the invention of excuses for the black sheep, is something wonderful. You may beat a woman out of house and home, but you can't sicken her out of it, nor does adversity make her flinch. It is when the pinch comes that she shows off best, and considering this fact an occasional conniption fit of temper in fair weather is excusable when we remember what she will do when real trouble comes.

ONE HYMN.

WHAT hymn do you like best? There are so many, fitted to all mankind. Some like one, some another. Age has a good deal to do with it. Naturally sixteen will not take readily to what pleases sixty. The boy and girl love the ringing chorus, but when the three score and ten age is in sight instinctively the old turn to something like "Oh, land of rest," etc.

Do you remember the hymns your mother used to sing? Do you recall what your father used to hum when about his work? Patience! All in good time, all in good time.

It's worth while to do some thinking as we go along. When we are tempted to do something that our silent, better judgment condemns, it is wise to think whether the temporary indulgence will repay the years of regret when we are utterly unable to undo the past.

SUBSCRIBE for the NOOK and show it to your neighbor. He may want it, too.

THE Doctor Book is rapidly nearing completion, and is an excellent thing in its way.

PRIDE AND DRESS.

ONE of the cheapest and commonest forms of pride is in that of dress. When you stop to consider how little there is in it it is astonishing how wide-spread and universal is the hold it has on all manner of people. There may have been a time in the world's history when clothes made the man or woman. At the present time there is no surer sign of vulgarity than that of over-dressing. The use of ultra fashionable attire is readily accessible to every waiter and servant in the land who may save their money to that end. Instead of being in good taste, standing on the outside edge of fashion is oftener than not a sign of more money than brains. It is a well-known fact that no man or woman prominent in the world of letters, science or art, is ever anything approximating to the fool field of the dude. Considering that the origin of fashions is with those who are very often off color morally, the enormous following they have is appalling and of very little credit to their good sense.

* * *

SHALLOW GOODNESS.

A LARGE number of people are "good" simply because of moral imbecility. They take no hand in any aggressive measures. Their existence is a sort of cabbage-head life. They are colorless and apparently bloodless. If there is a moral struggle in sight they are out of sight. Their courage is of the kind that stays at home and weeds onions while somebody else does the fighting in the open field. They are very good people simply because they are too inert to be bad or too tricky to get out where things are going on. A good many of them throw their laziness or their cowardice on the Lord and express themselves as believing "if it is God's will, etc.," but they manage to be at the ratification meeting when it is all over, and the dead are buried and the victory is celebrated. Some of them even get elected vice presidents and sit on the platform. How deep is their goodness? There is something in the Bible about quitting ourselves like men.

* * *

YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

IF you are in doubt as to what to get for your friends as a Christmas gift, suppose you send for the catalogue of the Brethren Publishing House and scan the possible selection of books. It may contain just what you want.

* * *

FOR a Christmas gift that comes fifty-two times in the year there's nothing better than a subscription to the INGLENOOK. A word to the wise.

* * *

How does it come that the first thing a shoemaker takes to is his last?

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Behind every darkness is light.

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Better to wear out than rust out.

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Sorrow cannot be drowned in a jug.

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Bad to have, bad to lose,—a temper.

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Honest, now, are you doing your best?

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Do dealers in Bibles sell for the prophets?

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A wise worker laughs at the boss' jokes.

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The earth is only a wayside stopping place.

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Only the dying saint knows perfect peace.

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When we are at peace with God trouble cannot touch us.

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Never speak lightly of a difficulty you have never met.

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Some people never lose their temper. They keep it handy.

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It is folly for any of us to say that we are independent of others.

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Every life is a failure that does not bring itself nearer the Infinite.

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If the baby could only tell what it thinks of the talk it hears!

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The best Christians are those who do their duty without grumbling.

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Politeness may be assumed, but gentleness, as a rule, cannot be effectively put on.

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The man who would tempt a woman must first be in partnership with the devil.

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Good people are common enough; smart people not rare, but great people are exceedingly few.

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If you are bow-legged you needn't go shouting it out to everybody. They'll see it. What's the gain?

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It is a noticeable feature that the people who have money to throw away never do so. Probably that is the way they have so much.

EVOLUTION OF THE PIANO.

THE piano is an invention about two hundred years old. Like most other inventions, it is an evolution; it comes from the psaltery or harp by way of the harpsichord, the clavichord and the pianoforte, or "piano e forte," which is "soft and loud." It was on the harpsichord that Beethoven, Mozart, Handel and the eminent composers of that day expressed their compositions. This instrument was like a harp inclosed in a box, with a mechanical device by which the manipulation of a keyboard plucked the wires. The resulting tone has been described as "a scratch with a sound at the end of it."

The inventor of the piano was a Florentine, one Cristofori, who lived about 1709. He conceived the idea of having the wires struck with a rebounding hammer, instead of being scraped or plucked. A soft blow made the soft tone and a hard one a louder; hence the name. The soft pedal and damper was the invention of an Englishman named Broadwood; an Irishman conceived the idea of building it "upright," and Jonas Chickering of Boston worked out a lot of details and made the piano more like what it is to-day.

John Jacob Astor brought the first piano to the United States. This was in 1784. He had a lot of difficulty in keeping the wires from rusting during the ocean voyage, and when they got here the drier atmosphere of New York made the woodwork shrink and crack. This led to the making of pianos in the United States.

Philadelphia is the cradle of the American piano. The year before the Declaration of Independence John Behrent built a piano in that city. Ten years later New York started the industry, and that city now leads the world as a piano manufacturing center. A great business depression in 1825 drove a lot of piano makers to this country and resulted in a wonderful stimulus to the business here.

The iron frame on which the wires of a piano are strung sustains a tension of thirty tons. The invention of this frame was what made Steinway and his instruments. He worked and studied for six years in all the principal foundries of Europe; previously twelve tons had been about the limit of the frame tension.

A complete revolution in the style of pianos has taken place in this country since 1866. Up to that time nearly all were square pianos; now ninety-seven per cent are uprights. Until 1876 there were two "schools of piano building." One was the Boston, and the other the "New York school." Each had its own theories as to frame and action, and clung to them with obstinacy.

In Chicago the piano industry is the growth of twenty years. During the last decade that city has forged to the front, and it now ranks second to New

York with an output valued at \$5,802,718. New York's is a little more than double that. But in California, Massachusetts, Maryland and New York there has been a falling off of the amount of product during the last ten years. The returns of the last census show that the total value of all the pianos made in this country in 1900 was \$35,428,225. There were one hundred and seventy-one thousand one hundred and thirty-eight pianos made that year.

The position of the piano industry in the United States as early as 1851 is indicated by the statement of an English writer regarding the pianos exhibited at the international exhibition in London in 1851, that "England had far outstripped every other nation, with the exception of America, in the manufacture of pianos." Since that date, as shown by statistics given earlier in this report, the progress of the industry has been very great. At the same time the art of piano making has been brought to great perfection. Almost all the important inventions within the last half century, by which the tone and durability of pianos have been enhanced and increased, have originated with American manufacturers, many of these improvements being imitated in Europe as soon as the details became known. "No grand piano of foreign make has ever been publicly heard in the United States since the advent of Thalberg, now nearly forty years ago; but many first-class American concert pianos have been and are at present publicly used in the art centers of Europe by the greatest artists."

The manufacture in the United States has been favored by the abundance of wood suitable for sounding boards, as well as for piano cases. The president of the New York Piano Makers' Association remarked in an address some years ago: "Just as Italian and Tyrolese forests made Amati violins possible in Cremona, so American lumber has made it possible to bring piano making to its highest perfection in this country."

The history of the piano manufacture in the United States is characterized by the rise of two schools, the "New York school" and the "Boston school." It is curious to note how cities comparatively near each other were able for many years to maintain technical conceptions and customs in relation to piano construction so considerably at variance. The full cast-iron frame originated in Boston and was soon generally adopted in that city. Manufacturers in New York, however, refused for years to see its superior advantages. On the other hand, Boston manufacturers clung to an inferior piano action long after the improved action had been generally introduced into pianos made in New York.

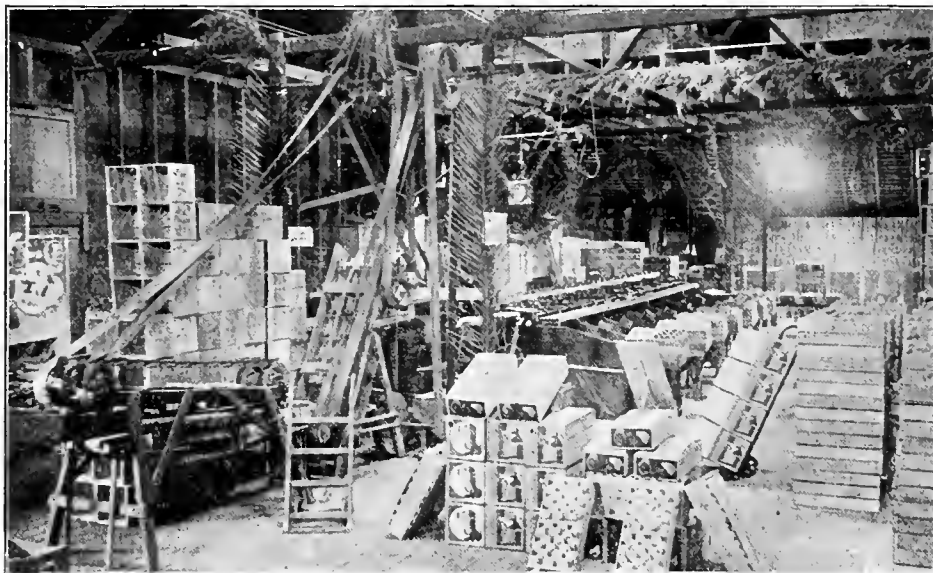
The Boston school was American, such traditions as it possessed being chiefly English, and its instruments were light in action, and thin, sensitive and

very musical in tone. The New York school, on the other hand, was essentially German in its antecedents. Its instruments were such as might be expected from musicians who "worshiped the lusty genius of Beethoven and Wagner." These differences were marked as late as 1876, but have largely disappeared since then.

To a barber is credited the invention of the organ. Two hundred years before Christ one Ctesibius, the proprietor of a tonsorial parlor in Alexandria, while waiting for custom, thought of a scheme by which a row of levers could be used to open and shut the

striker or "organorum pulsator." And it would be said that he "played with a delicate fist." It was not until the fourteenth century that the idea occurred to somebody to reduce the size of the keys so they might be played with the fingers. Then they increased the number of octaves to three and then to four, with corresponding increases in the size and number of the pipes.

The first organ built in the United States was erected by John Clark in 1743 for the Episcopal church at Salem, Mass. But William H. Goodrich of Boston



INTERIOR OF AN ORANGE PACKING HOUSE.

valves of a series of pipes. Before this some one had made a "panpipe," which was no more than a series of tubes of unequal length fastened side by side, and attached to a wind chest into which the operator blew. The pipes were closed with the fingers, one being left open at a time to emit the sound. Ctesibius's lever scheme did away with the fingering and made it possible to increase the size and number of the pipes.

The Alexandria barber fixed the levers into the shape of a rude keyboard, and in his instrument were all the essential features of the modern organ, namely: The pipes, the wind chest and the keys. It was eight hundred and seventy years after this that organs began to be used in churches. Then the development began, at first chiefly in size. It is recalled that one instrument used in Winchester cathedral in 951 had twenty-six pairs of bellows and required seventy men to fill it with wind. During all this time the keyboard remained practically the same—a row of not more than sixteen great levers, sometimes five or six inches wide, played by being struck with the clenched fist. The organist was known as an organ

began in 1805 the building of organs that were a credit to the country. Boston still leads the industry, with Chicago a close second.

The reed organ is different from other organs in that the sound is made by the vibration of a tongue of thin metal or wood inserted in the mouth of the pipe. This variation is a distinctly American invention, and Chicago is the home of the industry. The reed organ began as the accordion and developed into the melodeon; then into its present shape.

There are one hundred and twenty-nine organ factories in the United States with a capital of five million dollars, employing four thousand wage-earners, and turning out an aggregate product every year valued at about \$5,600,000.—*Boston Transcript*.

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THE word "teetotal" was unwittingly originated by a stuttering Englishman, who rose in a temperance meeting and said he was "in favor of t-t-total abstinence." The term "caught on," and has held on.

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THE mountains of Colorado are God's thoughts piled up; her plains His immensity spread out.

A SWEDISH BURIAL.

BY E. M. COBB.

IMMEDIATELY after a death the attendant physician issues a death certificate, which is taken to the priest who issues a burial permit. Except by special permission, all interments are made on Wednesdays and Sundays. The state priests perform all these ceremonies as well as baptism of infants, and marriage rites. Other marriages are considered illegal.

On these burial days the bodies are brought to the cemetery, placed in a row, each one surrounded by the respective friends. The state priest then comes, accompanied by servants who carry small vessels of white sand. The priest takes a tiny shovel of sand and three times pours it on the coffin, saying as he does so, (1) "Dust thou art, (2) to dust shalt thou return. (3) Jesus Christ our Savior shall bring you forth at the last day." Then the several coffins are borne by the respective bearers of the dead, to the graves and lowered. The sexton of the cemetery then takes charge. If the friends desire a hearse they must notify the sexton who will provide the same. This, however, is not compulsory. Many poor people never have a hearse.

To-day I visited Bro. Jensen's coffin factory, which is one of eight of the same kind in Malmö. The work is queer enough to us. All the coffins are made of pine, painted black, sprinkled with fine sand and allowed to dry. The finest ones have a few plaster ornaments, painted black, placed over the coffin. The style is the same for rich and poor. The prices range from \$1.50 to \$6.25. It seems almost incredible that such work can be had at such figures, but it is to be seen here every day.

No outer box is used in burial, but instead the coffin is lowered, covered with wreaths of natural flowers in summer or artificial ones in winter, and covered with earth.

Malmö, Sweden.

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THE JUNK MAN.

THOUSANDS of people throughout the country and in the city make a good and many make an opulent living through gathering scrap iron. There are eight large iron yards in Chicago where only car load lots are handled and the shipment from these places during the season varies from five to twenty-five cars weekly. Tons upon tons of old iron, steel, zinc, copper, brass and other metals are gathered from all parts of the country, brought to these great yards, assorted, broken up and sold to rolling mills or foundries and are converted into all sorts of machinery and sold again.

The junk business, although considered a petty one, is by no means so, and in recent years it has taken an important place among the salvage businesses of the great cities. The large yards are fed by smaller ones located throughout the city and by those situated in the country towns. A very large proportion of the old iron received comes from the rural districts and consists of cast off, worn out and broken farm machinery. Farmers are notoriously careless of their implements and they frequently keep their machinery out under the big blue shed where the weather soon gets it ready for the scrap heap. The great advancement and improvement in farm machinery has also been a boon for the junkers, as they are called, and many an old-fashioned machine, although nearly as good as new, has been sold to a junk dealer to give place to a newer and more modern implement with labor-saving devices.

The old iron is gathered in most cases by small dealers in villages. They go out with horses and wagons and gather up the stuff in the farming districts. One of these dealers can tell in an instant just what sort of iron or steel the farmer has for sale and he will make a bargain to suit the kind of stuff offered. The iron is taken to his shop in the village and after a sufficient quantity has been obtained it is loaded into a car and shipped into the city.

The iron shippers have dongola cars with a capacity of eighty thousand pounds which they use, although common cars with a capacity of forty thousand are often impressed into service. These car loads are finally dumped into the yards of the big wholesale dealers, where the enormous task of assorting, breaking and cutting begins. Large numbers of men are employed to get the scraps ready for sale. Each kind of iron or steel is put in a pile by itself and the different metals are all separated.

The summer is the buying season for the junk dealers and the winter the selling season. In the summer time the weather is too hot to allow the rolling mills and the foundries to work. The men cannot stand the heat, so they are usually shut down, or at least only such work is done as is absolutely necessary. During this time the junkers are all out looking for material. It is gathered in and made ready for the selling season, which begins in the fall, as soon as the weather begins to cool.

One of the most interesting heaps of scrap iron to be found in one of these yards is the breakage or miscellaneous iron. These huge piles, weighing many tons, consist in a great measure of farm machinery. Workmen with sledges and chisels break this stuff and assort it into piles, each pile containing a different sort of iron or steel.

There are plows, harrows, old reapers, parts of wagons, pieces of thrashing machines, seats from reap-

ers, portions of old corn planters, seeders, hay rakes and every conceivable sort of farm machinery in these piles.

In the piles denominated soft steel are to be found shafts, angle irons, eye beams, T's and punchings. The hard steel heaps contain reaper bars, hay rake teeth, plowshares, wagon skeins and springs. Malleable iron piles are made up of car bumpers, car couplings, wagon hubs and other such articles. Forge iron consists of log chains, bolts, nuts, shafts and axles. Pulleys, hangers, reaper wheels, boiler castings and boiler fronts and radiators are used in the cast iron heaps.

Boiler plates are designated as washer iron. These

and they are sold to canning factories and other like industries.

EGG LORE.

A BRITISHER advertised for an auk's egg. In a few days he received offers of hawk's eggs. Merely a matter of Cockneyism. "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs" is as old as the hills, a "fresh" youth giving advice to his elders. "He's a suck-egg dog" means a very contemptible person. "He's a bad egg," ditto. "Don't put all your eggs in one basket" is ancient. Mr. Carnegie revises it. He says, "Put all your eggs in one basket and watch the basket."



PLOWING ON THE SAN JOAQUIN RANCH ABOUT THREE MILES FROM SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA. THIS RANCH CONTAINS 109,000 ACRES.

large plates, running from one-fourth to one-half an inch in thickness, are used in making washers. Busheling scraps, as they are called, are made from sheet-iron. The sheets are cut with large shears with powerful jaws driven by machinery. Wagon tires are also cut in these great shears.

Nothing is allowed to go to waste by the junk men. From the large machine shops they collect the borings and turnings, which are dumped in heaps and sent to the mills for remelting. Boilers, frames of all sorts are also collected and fences, pipes, horseshoes and, in fact, every sort of iron that is known and every material and article made is to be found in one or more of the great tangled heaps of scrap iron.

Much money is also made in handling brass, copper, zinc and other such metals, and even lead is one of the staples of the scrap iron dealer. Rags and such stuff are also purchased in some shops and this also adds to the income of the junker. Another part of the business is the collection of bottles and some of the junk yards look for all the world like bottling works. The bottles are washed, the labels removed

"From the eggs to the apples" is equivalent to "from A to Izzard," "from Alpha to Omega." The Romans began their dinner with eggs and ended with fruits.

SUCH PIES AS MOTHER NEVER MADE.

WHAT pies are very conducive to sleepiness?—Pop-pies.

What pies were considered very annoying in olden times?—Harpies.

What pies do school boys usually dislike?—Copies.

What pies consider themselves quite swell?—Chappies.

What pies might bite you?—Puppies.

What pies might we sit under?—Canopies.

What pies are noisy and mischievous?—Magpies.

What pies prance around the water?—Kelpies.

What pies are placed on the table but never eaten?—Nappies.—*Elizabeth R. Burns.*

HOLLAND has nine miles of canal for every one hundred square miles of surface, 2,700 miles in all.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

VERY few people understand wireless telegraphy and from *Academy and Literature* we take the following:

There is nothing very mysterious about it, and there is no reason why it should not be within the mental grasp of those most uninstructed in matters of science, so long as they have sufficient imagination to comprehend the fundamental hypothesis on which all later theories of electricity are based. As is now well known to every intelligent, well-informed person, there is, between the planets, between star and star, filling up a seemingly boundless void, and there is also between molecules of all substances, whether solid, liquid or aeriform, something which is vaguely known as ether. Of course, this something, this ether, cannot be handled—it is not tangible; we can best infer it only from the fact that light, according to the latest scientific discoveries, is produced by extremely rapid vibrations in an elastic medium.

It is by means of this ether, however, that we are now able to telegraph without wires. It was shown by Hertz that if sparks are allowed to pass between two conductors of a certain shape, electric oscillations are set up which extend to a considerable distance in all directions. The effect is, in fact, very like that produced in a pond when one throws a stone into it. It may seem, at first sight, as if the medium in which those oscillations are produced might be the air. But if any object impermeable to air, such as the wall of a room or a house, is interposed in the path of such oscillations, they pass through it as if it were not there.

There can, therefore, be no doubt that the medium of transmission is the ether, and that we cannot only transmit signals through it in all directions, irrespective of intervening objects, but to almost any distance, provided we can only make the oscillations sufficiently violent.

The usual means of producing these oscillation-creating sparks is the Ruhmkorff, or induction coil, whereby a rather feeble current of a voltaic cell or battery is transformed into one of enormous intensity. It is possible to make coils that are capable of producing oscillations that will extend for thousands of miles, but they are somewhat impracticable, owing to technical difficulties. This, therefore, imposes some limits upon the use of wireless telegraphy.

This setting-up of electric oscillations, or Hertzian waves, may be likened to the waving of a flag by a signaler anxious to attract the attention of a comrade on a distant height. In the latter case, however, the observer has his eyes to help him, while the Hertzian waves are not perceptible by our unaided senses. As they are given off every time that an induction coil,

or the Wimshurst electric machine, or even one of the electric gas-lighters in common use, is worked, it is evident that they are passing through and around us every day, without our being aware of the fact. Something like an artificial eye is necessary, therefore, to fulfill the same office as the telescope which the observer of flag signals calls to his aid when the distance is too great for his unassisted vision.

This first assumed practical shape in the "coherer" invented almost simultaneously by Prof. Branly of Paris and Principal Oliver Lodge. It consists of a glass tube filled with metal filings which, though they offer a strong resistance to the passage of an electric current at ordinary times, have the singular property of becoming an excellent conductor when the Hertzian waves fall upon them, and of relapsing into their normal condition on receiving a light tap.

Signor Marconi conducted his earlier experiments with his "coherer," but he now prefers to use a soft iron core surrounded by a coil of copper wire, near which a magnet is kept in constant revolution by clockwork. The core is alternately magnetized and demagnetized, and a corresponding electric current is set up in the surrounding wire, of which one end is connected with the recording instrument and the other end with the earth. By the impinging of a Hertzian wave upon the apparatus a slight extra impulse is occasioned sufficient to set the recording instrument in operation.

There remains to be said how it is possible to confine the ether waves sent out by the transmitting station to those instruments by which it is intended that they should be received. It is reported that an enterprising Frenchman, who set up his own wireless apparatus, had become the unwitting recipient of messages passing between war ships of the British northern squadron.

There are many ways in which the problem may be overcome, and Principal Oliver Lodge has shown that with apparatus so simple as two parallel wires and a sliding ring connecting them, it is possible to "tune" an electric circuit so accurately that it will omit sparks in sympathy with another one of exactly the same adjustment with which it is not in contact. The Italian navy claims to have overcome the same difficulty by the substitution of a globule of mercury between two carbon plugs for the coherer, and of a telephone for the recording instrument. Signor Marconi is employing somewhat different means for achieving the same result.

There is ground to believe that, before a great while, the wireless system will transmit human speech over moderate distances, and replace our present clumsy telephoning methods completely. Scientists are now discussing the question whether ether may be utilized for the transmission of mechanical power, or

of light. Wireless telegraphy has brought us face to face with many new, almost romantic, problems by its use of ether as transmitting power.

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ON WRITING.

FROM the Philadelphia *Ledger* we take the following article which will be of great interest to many youthful Nookers although it probably will be quite disappointing:

We have received from an ingenious youth the following request for advice:

"I am very ambitious to be an author, and you

plishments needed, and the writing will be comparatively easy.

To become a "great" writer presents another difficulty; it requires genius, which, says Don Quixote, is granted by "the particular favor of heaven."

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HOW A PERSON DROWNS.

FEW popular fancies are of such wide extent as the belief that a person must rise to the surface three times, no more and no less, before he can possibly drown.

There is little ground for this supposition, although it has been almost universally believed in for genera-



A CEMENTED IRRIGATION CANAL IN CALIFORNIA.

will do me a favor by giving me some advice about the best way to prepare myself to become a great writer."

We are sorry that we have not at hand any infallible recipe for forming great writers; but as the advice is asked in good faith we shall give the best counsel we have.

The aspirant is advised to start with a sound, vigorous and acute mind of originality and power; to seize the rich spoil of the ages contained in the great books where the thought and the experience of great minds are stored; to master the subject about which he wishes to write; and to be sure, especially, that he possesses that "swarm of ideas" which Johnson attributed to Edmund Burke. This is a suitable preparation. The old reprobate, Sir Pitt Crawley, said to his charwoman, Tinker: "Save your fardens, old Tink, and the pounds will come quite nat'ral." So it is with authorship. Possess the qualities and accom-

plishments. The truth is that a drowning person may sink the first time never to rise again.

It all depends upon the quantity of water he swallows when he sinks and the size of his lungs. The human body in life naturally floats while the lungs are inflated. As long as one keeps the head above the surface of the water he can float, face up, without having to move a hand or foot.

But as soon as a person sinks he gulps and imbibes a quantity of water. If, after he has swallowed water, he has any air left in his lungs, he will rise again and will continue to sink and rise alternately until all the air is expelled from his lungs, when he will drown.

In most cases the frightened victim of an accident swallows enough water when he first sinks to leave him in an exhausted condition, but as there is still air left in his lungs he finds himself on the surface again. Each time he sinks, however, the supply of air in his lungs grows less, until ultimately there is no longer a sufficient quantity to support him.

TREES THAT SAVE HOUSES.

EVERYONE likes to see homes surrounded by trees, yet many people are afraid that by doing so they invite danger from lightning shocks. It will be, therefore, of general interest to learn that trees with leaves that are long-pointed or spear-shaped are lightning proof. This curious theory has been set down as a fact by a Canadian, John Hugh Ross. That it is disputed does not detract from its interest. "Willow trees are never struck," he states, with decision. "Willow and other long-pointed leaves droop in fine weather and to a greater degree on the approach of rain or electrical disturbance. Trees that are not upright in growth, but spreading or drooping, are seldom struck, but pines, oaks and Lombardy poplars are. These are all upright.

"Trees with thick, smooth upper cuticle are struck often, without regard to their height. Trees of this class should not be planted near dwellings. The coming of an electric storm may often be detected by the drooping attitude of certain plants and leaves; they are one of nature's many warnings of 'coming events.' Plants that I have noticed to droop before rain or electric disturbance are the wild oxalis, Canada or wood violet, wild vines, parsley, vetches and the dicentras. When the wild vine leaves droop take your umbrella with you. Poplars, not the silver variety; willows, sumacs, maples and the elm droop more or less. The elm, often sixty or eighty feet high, is rarely struck. Farmers leave it when clearing the ground. It is a thing of beauty and offers shade to the cattle and safety during a storm. The farmer does not understand why, but he knows the elms are rarely struck with lightning."

FEW MEN DYE THEIR HAIR.

HAIR dye among men has almost passed out of use, says the New York *Sun*. One barber, who has for years been employed in the best of the city barber shops, told a *Sun* reporter the other day that he had not been called upon to dye the hair or beard of a customer for twenty years.

"I remember," he said, "that the last time I had to do it was toward the end of the winter of 1882. Since that time there have been so few applications to have anything of the kind done that we do not now even make any preparations for the jobs, and I don't believe that there is a bottle of any kind of hair dye in the place.

"I can remember, however, when the situation was very different. In the old days men dyed their mustaches and even their hair on the slightest provocation. Red-headed men used to dye their hair as a matter of course, and as soon as the gray hairs began

to appear the customary resort was to the dye. But that is all changed now.

"There are, of course, many men who still dye their hair and beards, but they are not the kind that patronize the expensive barber shops. I think it would be found that most of them did it for business purposes.

"As it is hard for them to get certain kinds of work when they are gray-haired, they are compelled to resort to dye. But men have, as a rule, quite given up the use of it."

GIANT CACTUS.

THE Giant *Cereus* of Arizona and Northern Mexico is the largest growing member of the cactus family, attaining a height of sixty feet and a diameter of two feet or more. In the United States it is usually known simply as the "Giant Cactus." In Mexico they call it the "Saguaro" (the "g" has the sound of "w"). In proportion to their size, the Giant Cactus are among the heaviest plants known, the body being composed largely of water. So full are they that travelers nearly perishing of thirst have saved themselves by cutting out a large piece and shaping the bottom of the wound to catch the water or sap, which collects in a considerable quantity in an incredibly short time. One would scarcely seek to quench his thirst in this manner except in case of dire necessity, for the sap is not of a pleasant taste.

The flowers, usually white, though sometimes tinged with smoky blue, are borne in a circle of clusters near the top of the plant, giving the effect of its being crowned with a wreath of white blossoms. The blossoms are followed by dull red, edible fruit, quite like a fig or pear in shape. The native Indians make it a point to gather all these fruits for food and in addition manufacture from them an intoxicating beverage. To obtain these fruits, the Indians push them off one at a time, using a long pole, which is sometimes obtained from a dead trunk of one of these giants, for when dry the body splits up into thin strips the extreme length of the plant. The flower of the giant cactus has been adopted by Arizona as the territorial flower, but the sensational newspaper articles about the danger of its extinction are greatly overdrawn.—*Country Life in America*.

"If all the birds should die, not a human being could live on the earth, for the insects on which the birds live would increase so enormously as to destroy all vegetation."—*Michelet*.

THE average yield off an acre, about the Colorado sugar factories, is ten tons.



Aunt Barbara's Page

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF "SLIPPERS."

BY LIZZIE FORNEY.

WHEN I first came into the world my eyes were sealed shut, but I could hear all right. I was in a barn with my brothers and sisters. Our mother was there and took care of us and we were perfectly comfortable and happy. One day I heard talking and this is what it was: "Jennie wants the white one, Millie the gray, Tom the black and white one, and we want the one with the three colors." "Yes," I heard another voice say, "but what will we do with the black one? Nobody wants it." What did they mean? Just then my mother came and I forgot all else.

After a few days our eyes were open and we could see. We were in a box and we began to crawl around and wonder what was on the outside. I, alas, was too soon to find out. Presently two big animals—that is what we thought they were—came and looked down upon us and began to talk in the same voices we had heard before. One of them caught hold of my tail and pulled me around, I crying and trying to get away from him. Then he said to me, "You're an old nigger and we're going to kill you. We don't like black cats." I remembered what I had heard them say before and I cried very hard for my mother, but she had gone off somewhere and didn't hear me. What right had they to kill me because I was black?

Soon one of them said, "It's bad luck to kill a cat, so let's carry it off." So they thrust me into an old dirty sack that nearly smothered me, and I was carried a long way, it seemed to me, and I was almost famished for a drink. After awhile they stopped and took me out. I thought perhaps if I would call my mother very pitifully they would take me back, but cry as I would it did no good. They threw me down and ran away as fast as they could. O, how frightened I was! I couldn't see a living thing,—nothing but weeds and trees. I lay very still for awhile and by and by it occurred to me to try to find my way back home, so I went and went as long as I could. The hot sun shone down on me and I was almost starved, so I lay down again. After awhile I heard a noise which scared me at first but when I thought of where I was I supposed I might as well die one way as another, so I lay still.

The noise came closer, and soon I saw a wagon coming with a pretty little girl in it. She looked good and I commenced to call as loud as I could,—

and oh, joy! The wagon stopped and she came to me. "W'y, you poor little thing!" she said. "Who ever could be so bad as to take a little baby kitten off to starve!" She picked me up gently and took me home with her and showed me to her mamma. Then she got some milk in a cup and fed me with a spoon. At first it was hard work for I wasn't used to eating that way, and I couldn't swallow very well, but by choking and strangling a good deal I managed to swallow enough to satisfy me. Then she put me in a nice little bed where I went to sleep and forgot my troubles. Presently something woke me and at first I thought it was my mother, but it was my little friend who wanted to feed me again. I drank better that time but I couldn't help thinking about my mother and crying. That night Lottie—that is what they call her—took me right into bed with her, and when I got hungry and began to call for my mother she got up, lit the lamp, warmed some milk and fed me.

There are several other cats here and none of them black, but Lottie likes me better than any of them, even if I am a "nigger" cat. I don't think about my mother so much now, but watch for Lottie with her tin cup. Strange, isn't it? They call me Slippers because they say I have a little white slipper on each of my four feet. Now, I can only see four sets of white claws not a bit like the red slippers Lottie wears.

Some people think cats don't know much, but I want to tell you this: They know the difference between good treatment and bad.

I am only three weeks old but Lottie says that some day I am going to distinguish myself by catching mice and gophers.

Phoenix, Arizona.

"Are you almost disgusted with life, little man?"

I'll tell you a wonderful trick

That will bring you contentment, if anything can—

Do something for somebody, quick.

"Are you awfully tired with play, little girl?"

Weary, discouraged and sick?

I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world—

Do something for somebody, quick."

A LITTLE three-year-old miss while her mother was trying to get her to sleep became interested in a peculiar noise and asked what it was.

"A cricket, dear," replied her mother.

"Well," remarked the little lady, "he ought to get himself oiled."—*Chicago News.*

The Q. & A. Department.

How is etching done?

A soft metal plate is covered with a light coating of some kind through which the picture is scratched with a needle, making little gutters. The plate is then eaten out with acids leaving an impression wherever there has been a mark made with the needle. When prepared for the press the ink is rubbed into this depression and the paper forced on the surface with a heavy press. The depressions cause slight ridges in the picture and these show small shadows, which give the peculiar effect of an etching. Good etchings are very rare and high priced. Ordinarily but a few of them are printed from one plate. The plate soon becomes smooth and useless for this purpose. Cheap etchings are common; good ones very rare.

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How do furniture manufacturers put that smooth hard finish on their tables, etc?

The surface of the wood is first made as smooth as can be, then a filler is put on and it is again smoothed down. A coat of varnish is laid on as smooth as possible and when this is dry another coat is put on smoothly, and then it is polished, by hand, perfectly smooth and a third coat is put on, which is polished again with a polisher that is made and sold for the purpose. The secret of the whole business is in the number of coats and persistent rubbing skillfully done. The process will vary in different establishments but the idea here given is back of all of it.

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What is a good moth killer?

Put the goods in a closed box, first pouring in a lot of benzine. It will kill all insects present and keep others away. In case the articles cannot be boxed, moth balls, a tar product, will do the work. Any druggist has them, or can readily get them for you.

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What is peanut meal?

Ground peanuts. There is perhaps no nut kernel that may not be ground into a flour, and all of them are very nutritious. Try putting freshly roasted peanuts through a closely-set coffee mill, adding a little olive oil or good butter if needed.

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There is a large fern near our house which I desire to remove to our home. I would not like to destroy the plant.

Yes, this can be done if skillfully handled. Be sure to take up enough earth with the roots and do not put it in too warm a place.

What is the origin of Christmas?

Nobody seems to know exactly. It has been observed at different dates in different countries. Of course we understand that it commemorates the birth of Christ.

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Are the Chinese lilies sold by the florists any good after blooming in the house?

No. It is not known to the Nook how these bulbs are grown, but it is certain that they do no good after blooming them in water, as usually done.

❖

What city has the largest number of suicides?

According to reliable statistics San Francisco has that distinction, the ratio per 100,000 population for the decade 1890-1899 being 45.1.

❖

Who invented the lantern?

Alfred the Great is said to have made the first to protect from the winds the candles which they at that time burned to keep the time of day.

❖

Which is the oldest city in the world, and what is its population?

Damascus is claimed to be the oldest and has a population estimated at 140,500.

❖

When do oranges ripen?

In the winter of the East. People who live where they grow say they are best in February or March.

❖

How is California fruit sent East?

It is boxed or crated and sent through on fast freight trains, some of which run on passenger time.

❖

Where are the wooden Christmas toys made?

Mostly in Germany, but the manufacture of them in this country has been undertaken.

❖

What State has the most millionaires?

New York is supposed to have.

❖

How many farms are there in the United States?

The census report gives them as 5,739,657.

❖

Was Jefferson Davis a West Point man?

Yes, he was graduated in the class of 1829.

❖

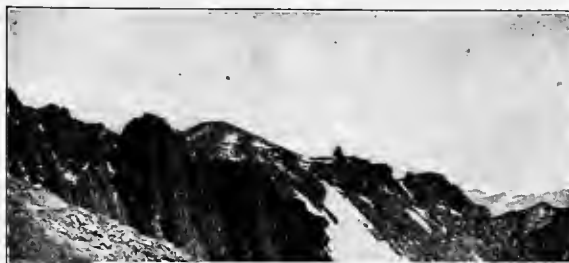
Will the Boston Ivy, as it is called, grow from seed?

Yes, very readily.



The Home







Department



HOUSEKEEPERS' NOTES.

HOT water and soda will remove most grease stains.

* * *

FRESH raw meat is the best bait for mouse traps.

* * *

LEMON and salt will remove stains from the hands.

* * *

A HOT cloth around the mold will help jelly or ices to come from it without sticking.

* * *

To remove rust from irons rub them when hot with a piece of wax tied up in a cloth.

* * *

IF black underwear, stockings or black yarn that is to be knitted is boiled a few minutes in milk the dye will not stain the skin.

* * *

HOLD a red-hot iron to the head of the screw for a short time and use the screw-driver while the screw is still hot to remove a rusty screw.

* * *

CUT glass should have the greatest care in handling. A wooden tub should be used for washing, and the water in which it is cleaned should never be too warm for the hands.

* * *

To keep out moths use alum. Wash over the crevices of store boxes with alum water and sprinkle powdered alum wherever it is suspected that moths may make their appearance.

* * *

A GOOD furniture glue that does not harden and which has long been in use in the family from which the recipe is got is easily made. Dissolve five cents' worth of gelatine and five cents' worth of acetic acid and bottle.

* * *

IF in making split-pea soup a teaspoonful of whipped cream is put in the tureen just as the soup is poured over, the improvement in flavor of the soup will be noticeable. This puree has sometimes a flat, even watery taste that is not at all agreeable, which the whipped cream entirely removes.

To make your light brilliant rub the lamp chimneys after washing with a dry salt.

* * *

To save darning and to increase the wear of children's stockings put a piece of wash leather at the back of their shoes. This will prevent the shoes slipping at the heel, and will add to the comfort of the little wearer.

* * *

BLACK lace may be washed in warm water to which a little borax has been added in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a pint. This lace should never be dried by the fire, as it will turn rusty. To sponge it use an old black kid glove.

* * *

TEA leaves are useful for other things besides brushing floors. When a few days old pour boiling water over them, leave till nearly cold, strain and use the water for washing paint. It takes off the stains quite easily. White paint may be cleaned by rubbing it with a flannel which has been dipped in whiting.

* * *

It is worth while to remember that the shine on the elbows and shoulders of a gown can be removed by gentle friction with emery cloth. Rub just enough to raise a little nap and then, in the case of cashmere or other smooth materials, go over the place a few times with a warmed silk handkerchief.

* * *

A SMALL wringer attached to the side of his mop-pail was noticed as part of the cleaning paraphernalia used by an office boy recently. It materially aided the quickness and neatness of his work, and suggested adaptable kitchen possibilities to a housekeeper who watched him cleaning a large floor space of marble with great rapidity.

* * *

WHEN cleaning water bottles do not use shot, as there is always the possibility of lead-poisoning resulting from this practice. A few grains of rice or a little very fine gravel will answer the purpose quite as well, for all that is wanted is something which, when the bottle is shaken, will rub off the dirt by scraping against the inside of the bottle.

CHANGES IN THE WHEAT BELT.

THE wheat belt is a movable region, and is in this particular different from the other sections of the country noted for their agricultural or mineral products.

New York has been noted for many years for its supremacy in hay and salt, Pennsylvania for coal and iron, Ohio for wool, Illinois for oats, Kentucky for tobacco, and so on, but the area of wheat production, which formerly included western New York and the States of the Middle West, has shifted and changed from time to time, sometimes extending north and at other times south.

Twenty years ago New York produced twice as many bushels of wheat as it does to-day. The average crop in Michigan has fallen off more than one-half and of Wisconsin nearly as much, but in the same period Nebraska has doubled, Minnesota has increased a third and Kansas has quadrupled its wheat supply.

Pennsylvania and Tennessee are two States which have remained stationary in their wheat product. Alabama, which was a considerable wheat-producing State twenty years ago, has ceased to be one, but the product in Texas has increased enormously during that time.

Virginia has increased; West Virginia has fallen off. Oregon has increased; California has declined. Illinois and Indiana, formerly two of the chief wheat-producing States of the country, have ceased to be such, the crop of Illinois in 1900 being less than one-third of what it was in 1880, and that of Indiana less than one-seventh of what it was in that year.

Kentucky has increased; Iowa has fallen behind the figures of those years in which it was one of the chief wheat-producing States. Washington has increased very largely, and North Carolina somewhat.

There does not appear to be any rule by which the product of wheat in any group of American States may be gauged by a standard of soil or climatic conditions. Forecasters of wheat crops give no reasons for the changes noted.

* * *

THE CHIEF REASON.

A PHILADELPHIA mother recently went a calling, accompanied by her five-year-old boy. A pretty child of the Fauntleroy type, more than one of the women she visited said complimentary things concerning him, all of which he took with due modesty. Before the afternoon ended, however, he revealed his ideas of maternal pride. One of the women said, jokingly, but with a serious face:

"My little man, I think I'll have to keep you here with me. I have no little boy of my own. Do you think your mother will sell you to me?"

"No, ma'am," he replied promptly.

"You don't?" she asked in affected surprise. "Why, don't you think I have money enough to buy you?"

"It isn't that," he answered, politely: "but there are five of us, you see, and she would not care to break the set."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

* * *

SUGGESTIONS.

BY LAWRENCE REINHART.

THERE are much misery and sickness in the world, caused either directly or indirectly by dirt, and gluttony in eating. It is surprising how ignorant many people are of this fact. By paying reasonable attention to cleanliness, as well as to our manner of eating, and what agrees with us, a great amount of unnecessary sickness and misery might be avoided.

Live right, and when not feeling just right, eat very little and take a liver pill. This is the precaution used by physicians and it often saves severe illness.

A plain, homely diet, common sense in our ways of living, and cleanliness, together with a modest, clean, pure and useful life, is the price of health, peace, and earthly joy.

Walkerton, Ind.

* * *

ALL USED KELLER'S.

PROFESSOR KELLER, of Normal college, author of "Bilder aus der Deutschen Litteratur," opened the annual German course with a class made up of girls who had just entered the fifth year, being transferred from the various high schools of Greater New York. His examination to ascertain how much or how little these new pupils had advanced in German literature found them deficient.

"You young ladies are certainly not sufficiently advanced for this class," he protested. "My method is completely dif—"

Then, with sudden irritability, "Which book did you use in your schools, anyway?"

"Keller's! they all shouted in concert.

Tableau!—*New York Times*.

* * *

THE Manitou mineral water is held in high repute by the natives themselves.

* * *

A WAGON load of beets doesn't seem to contain a barrel of sugar, but the sweet is there all right enough.

* * *

WHOSO lives in an irrigated country may have ducks and geese. They swim in the ditches.

THE INGLENOOK

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THE IRISH WIFE.

(Known as Earl Desmond's apology. In 1376 the statute of Kilkenny forbade the English settlers in Ireland to intermarry with the Irish under pain of outlawry.)

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land;
I would not give my Irish wife
For the queen of France's hand;
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
An outlaw, so I'm near her,
To love till death my Irish wife.

Oh, what would be this home of mine?
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that still will shine
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face!
What comfort in a mine of gold?
What pleasure in a royal life?
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not wed my Irish wife.

I knew the laws forbade the bans,
I knew my king abhorred her race
Who never bent before their clans
Must bow before their ladies' grace.
Take all my forfeited domain,
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife
Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my stars by night,
And, twin-like, truth and fondness lie
Within her swelling bosom white.
My Irish wife has golden hair—
Apollo's harp had once such strings,
Apollo's self might pause to hear
Her bird-like carol when she sings.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land;
I would not give my Irish wife
For the queen of France's hand;
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life;
In death I would lie near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife.
—Thomas d'Arcy Magee.

* * *

THE REWARD OF A SMILE.

RECENTLY there died at Union City, Tenn., an old negro. He was a hotel porter. He handled trucks,

hauled trunks, checked baggage, called out trains, carried men's grips, swept the floors, cleaned the cuspidors and met trains at the railroad station, drumming up patronage for his house.

The world at large never heard of this black man. He had little education, and there was nothing in his career to call general attention to him, more than there is about the ordinary sewer digger. His only object in life was to please his patrons and make a living. But about him there were two strong features, which brought him many friends—his cheerful disposition and his faithfulness to a trust.

So many friends did these two qualities make for him that the other day a small monument was placed over his grave, bearing this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of George W. Lee. Erected by his many friends, to whom he had been a faithful servant for thirty years. May he rest in peace."

The men who set up this stone in remembrance of a black man, a hotel porter, were white men. They appreciated his smile and his faithfulness, and for this they rewarded him with "tips" in life and with a monument after death.

The world shuns the pessimist and the traitor; it honors the man with the smile who keeps his word. George W. Lee, humble though he was, did not live in vain. The lesson of his life is obvious to all.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

* * *

AN ARMY CONVENIENCE.

AMONG the recent patent office grants is a patent for a combination tent and garment for soldiers' use. It is designed for service in the tropics or wherever they may experience the downpours of a rainy season, and a cape-like shield is made for each soldier by the folding of half a tent. Two of these pieces put together make a comfortable shelter of sufficient size to accommodate two men.

* * *

THE French postal department has lately installed a number of slot machines for the sale of postage stamps. There are separate compartments for stamps of the various denominations.

THE WINTER FLOWERS OF SANTA ROSA.

BY ADELAIDE M. KOONS.

"FLOWERS? There are none, now." said quaint old Mrs. Banks when I, a stranger, had sought her down the box-bordered path, past the rose trees and across the tiny lawn with its strangely assorted trees, a pine, a birch, and a waxen palm—oh, the delicious neatness and greenness of that little plot!—and had put my question to her. "There are none now, child."

I looked about me and thought of the old saying, "Nothing is but by comparison." With all this wealth of bloom, at this season, back in "little old Ohio" we would have thought—but this is Santa Rosa.

Great-eyed marguerites, like anaemic sunflowers, drooped beside their supporting stalks, as if to say: "We belong in a side-show, really, along with the other monstrosities. We would rather be a 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,' but we can't help ourselves. We are California daisies." After all, even a California daisy is modest.

Dahlias, pink and blowsy, thrust themselves forward like apple-cheeked girls at a country fair, nor had the grace to hang their heads. I have often wondered where wall paper designers got certain of their most atrocious motives, and as I stared intently at a clump of these flowers, blotched and striped in hard outlines, suddenly the mystery was revealed to me and I knew that I was gazing upon an old acquaintance in the flesh, or should I say in the flower?

There were carnations, set out in rows, like onions, and nasturtiums, and a wide row of the ubiquitous geranium, as usual, cheerfully doing its duty in that state of life to which it had been called, or flung—it is all one to the geranium. There were mignonette, sweet flower fairy, and sweet peas, gay painted butterflies just linked to earth by a tendril, and many another common flower whose sisters had long since fallen asleep back in the States beneath the dried leaves and flying November snows.

But ah, is it sweetness you want, draw down to you these clustering roses, hundreds of them, pink and red and white, and close your eyes and dream of the Orient, and the roses old Omar loved. Yet, somehow, I am not quite satisfied. These lavish blooms lack the rarity that should hedge a queen. They are more like the beauties of a harem. One gathers them by the dozen and forgets them too soon.

Farther down the street I came to a fence across which I could reach a mass of blooms, red and white and golden, and all the varying tones of mauve and purple, and strange unnamable shades of red and tan and tawny yellows. A dingy sign, askew in a window corner, informed me that this was the residence of Miss Cuopins, dressmaker, and I knew before I

saw her that she had wispy hair and a preponderance of nose.

"I was just admiring your flowers." I began by way of an opening. "There aint none now, to 'mount to anything," she snapped back, and the opening was closed. I turned again to the chrysanthemums. I thought them infinitely more worthy of attention than she was, and she no doubt cherished a like secret opinion of me.

They say this flower which is, as everybody knows, a native of Japan, was completely lost for two hundred years, nobody knows how. It is, or was, edible, a kind of cabbage, a tinted salad, of which the Japanese were very fond. Perhaps one reason, when the crop was light, they ate it into oblivion, all save a forgotten root or two, or perhaps its creamy tints suggested a too plain comparison with the sallow cheek of some royal favorite, and won for it its banishment. If so, long since it was restored to favor and, like most society favorites, has fads and fancies of its own. It begins its season when other flowers are piously observing their period of sackcloth and ashes, and if, like many another popular beauty, it seems to expend its existence to the acquirement of an elaborate coiffure and many frills, we must excuse it, for it is the style.

But those of us whose hearts are touched by simpler things will understand why I turned from all this gold and glitter to bend before a lowly flower and lift its baby face with gentle fingers. Who could be rough with a pansy?

Little blossom, long ago one called you Heartsease, and claimed for you the power to lay a spell upon men's hearts and bind them to tenderer thoughts. I wonder how he knew.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

TREES AND PLANTS OF ARGENTINA, SOUTH AMERICA.

BY DIANTHA CHURCHMAN.

LET us imagine ourselves, one beautiful spring day, taking a journey to the woods. The air is fresh and the roads excellent and we will go in an oxcart, native fashion.

Yonder pearly, dreamy light is where the horizon meets the Parana river. How beautiful! It seems as though heaven cannot be far away. Great beds of crimson portulacca, purple verbena and valerian border our way. This verbena is like the cultivated, only the roots are fragrant instead of the flowers. As we near the woods the air becomes fragrant with the espanilla bloom. This is a species of acacia. That vine with glossy leaves and delicate pink flowers is jalap. The vine and flower resemble the morning glory and the fleshy, radish-like root is used for medicine.

Here is a seibo tree with pretty, scarlet, bean-shaped flowers. And the vine you see in such abundance, climbing over trees, shrubs, rocks and banks, is the pipe vine, so named because of its quantity of pipe-shaped flowers. The flowers are cream-colored, and with the dark green leaves make a beautiful appearance.

The trees are mostly varieties of acacia. The wood from some of these trees is very hard and durable, especially *orandai* and *nandubay* which is almost as smooth and hard as iron. This is used for fence posts and will almost defy the assaults of time.

See this tall, slim tree with yellow fruit resembling

Some grow on trees. The natives call them air plants because apparently they subsist on air. They tie them to the iron bars of the windows and they will live for many months and bloom prettily.

Ashland, Oregon.

POOR EFFORT AT TRANSLATION.

THE English papers have lately been having fun with a new German-English and English-German dictionary. The best example of the work is said to be the translation of our word "gimcrack." According to the London *Daily Chronicle* four meanings have



AN ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, RESIDENCE.

the lemon. We will gather some to eat. They taste very pleasant.

And cactus? Why, this is their native land. Such a variety! They vary from the tiny rat tail with its pretty coral-colored flowers to the gigantic or tree cactus with flowers six inches across!

This vine-like plant with slender dark green leaves is sarsaparilla. There are some oddities too. Here is a shrub always growing under trees. True to its name, "sombre toda," it is always in the shade. The leaves are triangular with a thorn at each angle. And there are pitcher plants, with pitcher shaped flowers usually filled with water and covered with a lid. But perhaps the most beautiful, as well as singular in shape and color, is the numerous family of orchids.

been given for this word, which, when translated back into English, are: "The handsome girl," "the bad machine," "the ordinary handshake" and "a magician."

SURE.

TEACHER—"What is the force that moves men along the street?"

Tommie—"The police force."

THE story of "Shifles' Bob" next week. It turns out that way some times, only you never hear much about it.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

BY O. H. YEREMIAN, M. D.

IN the following letters I do not expect to give any extensive description of the different cities and historic places that I visit, but will simply write down the various daily matters that come to me, for the benefit of those Nookers who have had no experience in crossing the Ocean, and visiting the countries on the other shore.

If you have never taken an extensive trip you cannot imagine how many little things one often needs, when among strangers, and without the usual home conveniences. Thread and needle, some few buttons, pencils, paper, a few envelopes, a fountain pen (the most important of all), rubbers, umbrella, a cap, some string, some few home remedies—especially if you do not happen to be a physician—and many other little things must not be forgotten.

Having bought my ticket to Montreal via the Wabash and Canadian Pacific Railways, I show my steamship ticket to a custom house officer who has my baggage checked in such a way that it will go through undisturbed by the Canadian custom house. As I am boarding the train I am surprised as well as much pleased to find a friend taking the same train to New York, en route for India with Brethren Stover and Emmert. A pleasant farewell visit is enjoyed with him until we reach Detroit—our parting place. I am sorry to bid him goodbye, but wish him much success in his mission of love to the millions of India.

Toronto is reached by 8:45 A. M. Here we stop forty-five minutes. We finally reach Montreal at 7 P. M. and in a few minutes a bus conveys us through the narrow and crooked streets of this city to the docks of the Allan Line Steamship Company. Here lies the good ship "Bavarian," which is to convey us across the waves of the mighty Atlantic to the shores of England. The Bavarian is a new twin-screw steamer with a tonnage of 10,375. It is five hundred and twenty feet long, and fifty-nine and one-half feet wide.

Let us now take a peep at my stateroom, or cabin as it is called, for I am anxious to see how it looks myself. Passing by a crowd of busy men engaged in loading the ship with the freight it is to carry, we enter a long, narrow hall-way. Indeed it is so narrow that two persons can hardly pass each other in it. Branching out at right angles to this are many similar but shorter passages which lead to the staterooms. My room is number 85, and berth number 2. It is about nine feet in length, seven in width, and about eight feet in height. In this little space there are four beds, or berths as they are properly termed, a wash-stand and a ladder—for the berths are in two sets, one above the other, and to reach the upper one some may need a ladder. The berths are three feet wide and six feet

long. The room is lit by electricity, and is supplied with an electric call bell. Notwithstanding all this crowding, excellent ventilation was maintained through the entire voyage, especially in my room, for, fortunately, I was its only occupant.

At 6 A. M. on Saturday, we leave the Grand Trunk Railway bridge (one of the grandest bridge structures on the continent) behind us and commence our voyage down the beautiful St. Lawrence river. The scenery here is not excelled in beauty and variety by any other river scenery in the world. As we glide over its smooth waters both banks are plainly visible, and the view of the numerous villages and summer resorts breaks the monotony and makes an excellent prelude to the lengthy ocean voyage before us. Point Aux Trembles, Boucherville, Lorel, Three Rivers, Batiscan, and St. Antoine are some of the towns and villages that we see along the coast.

Breakfast is served at eight o'clock, and we find it equal to meals at good city hotels, both in variety and quality. Dinner comes at twelve, with similar excellence. Supper is served at five, and luncheon at 8:30 P. M. Quebec is reached at 6 P. M., and as we find them taking on more cargo I go "up town" with a fellow passenger. We find this "up" indeed, for the city is built on a ledge of rock similar to Gibraltar, and from two to three hundred feet above the sea level. Notwithstanding it belongs to England, Quebec is still decidedly French in appearance as well as language. It is an old city modernized with many new buildings. Most of the daily papers are in the French language, and many a sign is written in both languages. We do not leave Quebec till eight o'clock on Sunday morning, thus having an opportunity to see it by daylight. On Sunday evening we conducted religious services in the music room, at which quite a number were present.

Monday was a blue one indeed! It snowed and drizzled all day long, and, having entered the Gulf and received the impetus of the ocean waves, our ship began to roll, to the dismay of many passengers for it made them seasick. Fortunately, it did not trouble me much, except on Wednesday when an overloaded stomach made trouble. Tuesday and Wednesday were similar as far as weather was concerned. Thursday was much appreciated for it brought us sunshine. Friday and Saturday were misty and at times foggy. As a pastime the music room was very useful to us, while some read and others spent their time in playing cards, and other games, in the smoking room. On Saturday evening a concert was given for the benefit of the Liverpool Seaman's Orphanage. The proceeds amounted to twenty some dollars, I am told.

On Sunday I was invited by the Captain to preach in the Saloon, where the second as well as the third class passengers were invited and many of them attended. At 2 P. M. we see land off the northwestern coast

of Ireland. How goodly the mountains look! At seven we stop at Moville, Ireland, to leave some mail, for our ship is a Royal Mail Steamer. In the midst of a heavy fog we reach Liverpool at 11:30 A. M., Monday, November 3. We rejoice to get on land, and thank the Good Lord for our safe and pleasant voyage.

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WILD MEN.

Two men of science are exploring the island of Celebes, adjacent to Borneo, bent on proving the existence of that creation of the county fair and the "side show," the wild man of Borneo. Dr. Paul and Dr. Fritz Sarasin are the explorers who are hunting the wild man on his native heath.

When the two scientists landed at Macassar they heard stories of the existence of the wild men, and these they thought to be merely myths. It was said that a type of primitive man was extant and to be found in the unexplored wilds.

Their informants said the wild men were so shy and untamable that it was almost impossible to get near to them, even to catch a glimpse of them. The stories were not generally believed in Macassar, and the explorers thought at first that escaped criminals had taken to the mountains and had frightened the natives into believing them to be wild.

Upon further inquiries they learned that the wild men, or "wood men," were confined to a certain district and were subject to a rajah. They proceeded to this district bearing gifts to the potentate. Under the influence of a wise distribution of presents the explorers so worked on the rajah that he agreed to show them certain types of the wood men who were held in captivity.

He had a man, two women, and a child brought before the scientists, who decided at a glance that they belonged to a primitive race of man. These specimens, however, were half tamed and had been in captivity so long that they had lost many of the characteristics of their race. The rajah added that the real wild men lived in the mountains.

Protected by nature to a large extent, they live in the fashion of men of the stone age, without many of the accomplishments of gentlemen of that period. They defend themselves with stones, not even having learned the art of making the stone hatchet, which indicates that they are considerably behind the state of civilization in which our ancestors of the stone age lived.

They are cave dwellers, not having learned to build shelters and probably not caring to. They are monogamous. Culture is at such a low ebb with them that they cannot even count, and they do not know how to tell a lie. They are in such a primitive state that they have to tell the truth. Possibly their vocabulary is not sufficiently developed.

These stories of the rajah have interested the scientists, and they are now in the mountains trying to find the real "wild man of Borneo."

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HIS BIG FRIEND.

A crowd gathered on a wharf in San Francisco had an opportunity to see a dog rescue another dog from drowning, and go about his work as intelligently as if he had been the trained officer of a humane society.

A small terrier dog fell from the stringer of the wharf into the bay. He swam around for some time in a circle, and many plans were suggested for his rescue, but none of them proved practical. The little creature seemed doomed to a watery grave, for he was fast becoming exhausted. The female portion of the audience was much exercised, and gave many expressions of pity.

Just at the moment that all hopes of saving the terrier were given up, the bark of a dog in the crowd attracted attention, and there appeared upon the stringer, in front of the wharf, a large Newfoundland.

He saw the little fellow in the water, and with a low wail he ran to and fro along the wharf for a moment or two, and then, to the surprise of every one present, he sprang into the water, and at once swam to the terrier.

He seized him by the neck with his teeth, and after swimming about for some time, sighted the new seawall extension, about a hundred yards distant, for which he headed.

Upon landing his burden on *terra firma*, the Newfoundland gave two or three sharp barks, and seemed to be proud of what he had done. It was some time before the terrier was able to gain strength to walk away.

One of the witnesses to the strange sight patted the Newfoundland dog, and said, "This dog is mine, and I would not take one thousand dollars for him at this moment."

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"To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little, and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

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It's a matter of regret with the Nookman that he cannot accept all the invitations received for Christmas. It would be a pleasure if it were not impossible.

❖ ❖ ❖

OUR next issue will be Christmas Nook. There'll be a story in it.

ON A HACIENDA.—No. 1.

QUINTER and Ruby Gray, brother and sister, children of a mining engineer, found themselves in Old Mexico under very peculiar and interesting circumstances. Their father had been engaged by a mining company to superintend the Oro Mine, an American property in a Mexican State, and he had gone down there to live, accompanied by his two children, Quinter, a restless, but good boy, and Ruby, his younger sister. But a day or so after his arrival he was summoned North on some important business that had been previously overlooked, and he intended returning in a week or so, but was delayed nearly three months. He did not want to take the children with him, and so he left them on a large hacienda, trusting to their good sense and the kindly offices of the hacendado, or proprietor of the hacienda, that they should not only keep out of mischief and trouble, but also learn something of the country and the language.

Now a hacienda is nothing but a plantation, and as all Nookers know, a plantation is only a large farm. The man who owns the hacienda is called the hacendado, just as the owner of a plantation is called a planter. This story will deal with what they saw, and some of their experiences, while at the hacienda of Don Miguel, the owner.

Every hacienda in Mexico has a name, and our hacienda is named Santa Clara, and it is one of the places that has come down from the time of Cortez, and represents many of the large holdings in that strange old country. Santa Clara hacienda comprises about 75,000 acres within its limits, which are not very well defined. The buildings are enclosed by a high stone wall like a prison yard, and at the corners are towers, loop-holed for the use of guns in case one of the troublesome revolutions that vex the country should render it necessary, as it often does, to stand a siege. This walled enclosure is larger than several city squares, and inside are the houses for the family and the servants about the house. Outside the huts of the peons, or native workers, are built.

After the arrangements had been effected between Mr. Gray and Don Miguel, the children had been assigned rooms near together and the father took his departure. He gave them some good advice, kissed them good-bye, and the last they saw of him was riding down the road, past the arroya, or ravine, out of sight.

The interesting part of it was that the children did not know a word of Spanish, and not one of Don Miguel's family knew English, for Santa Clara was seventy-five miles back from the railroad.

The first thing done was to assign Quinter a servant, or a mozo, as he is called, and a maid for Ruby. The

name of the mozo was Pedro, while Dolores was the maid's name. Like all Mexicans they were both dark, with coarse, jet black hair and black eyes. Quinter was seventeen, while Ruby would be sixteen at her next birthday. Both Quinter and Ruby were fair, while Ruby's hair was long and golden, a never-ending wonder to the whole household, who had never seen its like.

On their first morning the two were up early, long before the household, and together they wandered about the place, seeing much that was new and strange, when Pedro came out and announced something in Spanish and stood waiting.

"What does he mean?" asked Ruby.

"Ask him and see," replied Quinter. So she did, in English. Whether it was the interrogation point in her tone, or something else, Pedro said something in which the word "cafe" occurred, and they took it to mean that breakfast was ready. So they followed him into the dining room, a great, bare room, where they were served with a cup apiece of strong black coffee, and two rolls. This they disposed of and waited. Dolores talked glibly, and Pedro stood waiting orders. Presently they grew tired and started out, learning their first lesson that a Mexican breakfast consists of coffee and rolls, and ends there. After breakfast the two wandered over the place, noting what they saw. At a distance Pedro followed, while Dolores, or Dolly, as Ruby called her, was let off duty. Neither the brother nor sister knew that they were breaking to pieces all the traditions of Mexican manners, running counter to the precious "costumbres," the customs of the country, which the average Mexican holds to with all the pertinacity begot in a country where things never change. One of the things that they learned was that the sexes are never allowed together without the presence of some older person, some duenna, presumably present to see that everything goes right. Senor Don Miguel had two daughters, to whom the young folks were duly introduced, and when Quinter and his sister noticed them in the sitting room, or what would be called such in their own country, they went to them and sat down. They did not, at the time, understand why Don Miguel's wife came and sat down with them, nor did they notice that the Senora, as she is called, did not venture away while Quinter was about. It was all a part of the costumbres. The Spaniard does not trust to any suppositions in the case. He or his wife is there to be sure of it.

At Santa Clara everything about the hacienda buildings is beautiful. The Mexican loves flowers, and tries to make his home surroundings as pleasant as possible. The house, like all Mexican houses, is built in the form of a hollow square, shut in on all sides. The interior enclosure is called a patio, and this is

usually decorated with growing plants. At Santa Clara there is a great palm tree in the center, and around about are strange flowering shrubs, and some of the most magnificent roses Ruby had ever seen. It is kept clean by the servants. The lower part of the house is occupied by the servants, of whom there is a host, and the other members of the household occupy the rooms on the second floor, all of which are reached from the portico that runs around the inside, and all the doors open out on the patio. It is an ideal combination for home privacy. One gets into the hacienda proper through a great gate guarded by a portero, and at night this is shut. There is little or no night work or evening gatherings in a Mexican home. Even in the cities nobody is on the streets at ten o'clock at night.

Politeness is a characteristic of the Spaniard and his immediate relative, the Mexican, and wherever Quinter and Ruby went among the peons they were met with the uplifted hat and a "Buenos dias, Señor," and "Buenos dias, Senorita," and this the two soon understood to mean "Good morning," and they agreed to use it the first opportunity. It was only a few minutes later that they saw Don Miguel coming on horseback, and they determined to air their first Spanish. So they stood aside, and as the hacendado rode up both exclaimed, "Buenos dias, Señor Don Miguel," and Don Miguel was delighted. He raised his sombrero, or huge hat, bowed, and aired his only English, "I very thank you, much, good-bye." That was all he knew, and honors were even. But the word was passed around that the Americanos were learning Spanish, and it seemed to please everybody who heard it.

Later in the day dinner was served, and our two friends met with their first introduction to a real Mexican home dinner. It was unlike anything they had ever seen before.

(To Be Continued.)

CHEMISTRY IN MODERN BUSINESS.

A CHEMIST renders very valuable service to a railroad company,—and incidentally to the traveling public,—by protecting his company against poor grades of steel in boilers and rails, and poor iron in wheels. Upon his analysis will depend the selection of water for boiler purposes, and coal for engines and blacksmith shops. Paints and oils are submitted to him for the purpose of detecting any adulteration, while babbitt metal and brass will be accepted or rejected according to his analysis. In short, the public little appreciates the scientific care taken for its safety, and knows little of the varied duties of the chemist of a great railroad company. In like manner, the work of a chemist in any great commercial industry could be shown to be equally valuable and necessary.

It might be interesting, at this point, to add a few of the numerous "fakes" and adulterations which the chemist exposes. Alcoholic liquors are found masquerading under all sorts of names. A "soot consumer" at twenty-five cents a pound may prove to be common salt worth, perhaps, two cents,—and "pure lamp-black paint" has been found to be two-thirds brick dust. A "butter compound" guaranteed to double the output of butter turns out to be a worthless digestive ferment,—and "freezing compounds" or "ice mixtures" are unsatisfactory and expensive experiments which chemists will advise the unwary to turn away from. Antimony sulphide bought in the open market has been found to consist mainly of charcoal, and in the endless list of food products the chemist may find a fruitful field to work in, for there it is that adulteration runs riot. These instances, together with the analyses for poisons, constitute a class of chemical work in which the spurious and injurious are detected in spite of the cleverness of impostors.—Howard C. Parmelee, in *December "Success."*

THE MOST VALUABLE PART OF THE WORLD.

THE highest-priced land in the world is that bounded by Wall and Broad Streets and Broadway, in lower New York City. A square foot of ground on a corner of Broadway and Wall Street can not be had for less than four hundred and fifty dollars. The most expensive land in London sells for three hundred dollars a square foot. The average price of land in New York City's financial districts is about one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Next in the scale comes the woman's shopping district from Fourteenth to Twenty-third Streets, on Sixth Avenue, and from Thirty-fourth Street to Forty-second Street, on Broadway. Here, land ranges all the way from sixty dollars to three hundred and fifty dollars a square foot. On the northwest corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street the latter price was obtained. The real estate man who can tell the future movement of population on Manhattan is in a position to realize a fortune. The growth of Brooklyn and Jersey City has checked the movement of the population north, and it is said the most valuable land on Manhattan Island will always remain south of Central Park. The lower half of the island will soon have nothing on it except office buildings, factories, and tenement houses.—*From December "Success."*

THE way of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord: but he loveth him that followeth after righteousness.—*Solomon.*

WHERE are you going to spend your holiday season? Suppose you come to Elgin and sit up with the Nookman.

SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTERS.

A CHICAGO paper tells this of the letter boys:

Messenger boys employed by the government are not beset by the same trials and tribulations regarding wages as trouble the youngsters who fill similar positions for private corporations. Thirty dollars a month is all one of Uncle Sam's special delivery boys can earn, and he must accumulate this eight cents at a time. It makes no difference how many letters he may deliver during a month or how hard he works, he cannot earn more than thirty dollars. If he should exceed this amount the balance goes to the credit of Uncle Sam. But most of the delivery boys in the Chicago post office touch the earning limit every month and are satisfied, for their pay is considerably in excess of that received by other boys performing a similar line of work for outside concerns.

Forty-five thousand special delivery letters are distributed over one hundred and ninety square miles of Chicago territory every month. Twenty-five thousand of these go through the stations and sub-stations located in different parts of the city, and the remaining twenty thousand are sent out direct from the post office. The rapid distribution of this bulk of important mail rests largely with one hundred and forty-four boys, who wear the caps and uniforms of the special delivery department. The work of these messengers makes it possible for the government to deliver a specially stamped letter to an address four miles from the post office within forty minutes after it has been received, and they are responsible in a large measure for the success of the department.

For each letter that a boy handles he receives eight cents. The government gets two cents and stipulates that no messenger shall earn more than his allotted amount. Thus a sufficient number of boys are employed to keep the aggregate returns from the special delivery service adequately distributed. These messengers work in shifts from seven A. M. to 11 P. M. One shift is on duty until three o'clock and another handles the letters until the hour of closing at night. Whenever it is convenient or there is any chance of saving time special delivery letters are sent out to sub-stations to be conveyed to their destinations from that point. But the bulk of them go direct from the general office. At four o'clock the last dispatch to outlying stations is sent out. At five o'clock another leaves the post office for more centrally located points. Then between five and six o'clock the entire city is covered by messengers. After six o'clock the delivery boys cover seventy-five square miles, and at nine o'clock the aggregate territory is reduced to twelve square miles. Between six and eleven P. M. there are but thirty-five messengers on duty, and on an ordinary night they handle three hundred and fifty let-

ters. On Saturday night the number is increased to about five hundred.

It makes no difference what the condition of the weather may be, these youngsters must deliver letters to any address as late as eleven o'clock. Within a radius of ten miles they are expected to use bicycles for transportation purposes, one of the requirements for entering the service being that a boy shall own a bicycle in good condition and a full uniform, costing twelve dollars.

With more than one thousand letters a day bearing special delivery stamps coming into the post office it would be impossible to handle them if each boy were given but one on a trip. The result is that when a boy starts out he may have two, three, or half a dozen letters to deliver and may make as much as fifty cents by traveling but a few blocks. But the aim of those in charge of the department is to make the earning capacity of one boy no greater than that of another and they endeavor to regulate distances as best they can.

Most special delivery letters are carried on bicycles, but in cases of extremely severe or unpleasant weather the boys are furnished with money for car fare on lines which do not recognize the government's messengers to the extent of giving them free transportation privileges. Thus in an average day's work a boy will ride many miles on his bicycle and also take several lengthy jaunts on steam or street cars.

The "first in first out" system is followed in the post office in sending out messengers. Each boy is supplied with a paddle bearing his number. When he comes in from a trip he surrenders this to the man in charge and it is placed on the bottom of a pile representing the boys who are in ahead of him. As soon as there is a letter to deliver the clerk takes a paddle from the top and calls the number printed on it. In this way the trips are kept straight and no one boy has an advantage over another.

In the special delivery service at the Chicago post office the ages of the boys range from fourteen to nineteen years, the average being about sixteen. No examination is required to enter the service beyond the usual questions pertaining to character, etc. After a boy reaches the age of eighteen he is permitted to take the examination for clerk, and scores of them are now filling such positions after having passed through the special delivery service. About fifteen per cent of the boys employed at present are colored.

They are governed by a military sounding set of rules, and it is expected of them that while on duty their conduct and manners shall be above reproach. The suspension system is employed for cases of dereliction which are not serious enough to call for discharge. The training is considered excellent, especially by business men by whom many of the boys are

employed after they serve their apprenticeship with the government. Several former messenger boys are now holding responsible positions in banks, others still are working for the government in more lucrative positions, while a great many special delivery boys are to be found in most of the large wholesale and retail houses of the downtown district. The opportunity for making valuable friends is great, and where a boy takes advantage of it he is apt to profit.

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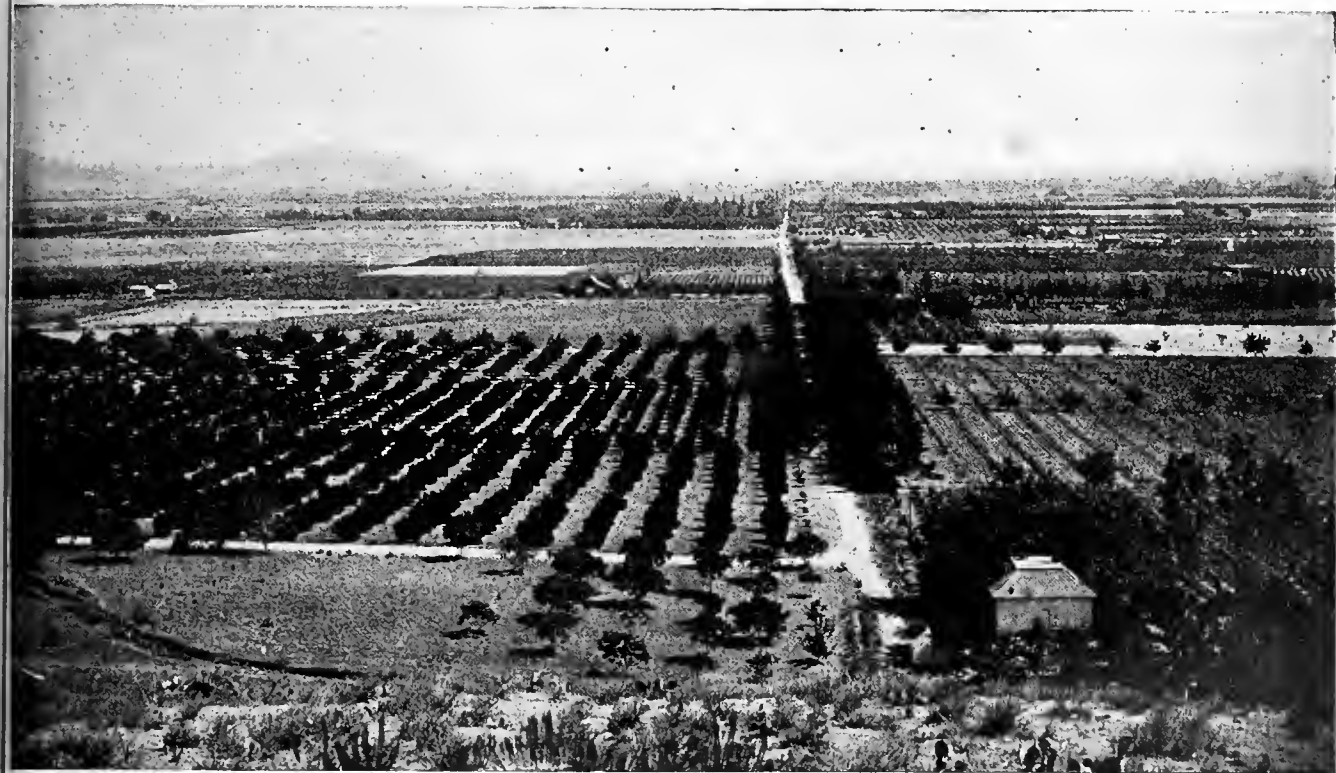
HUNTING THE WILD TURKEY.

WILD turkey shooting appears to be a very great mystery to the majority of sportsmen and to judge

stition, which is so firmly rooted in the minds of sportsmen, that the best calling can only be done with the wing bone of a turkey, is a very great mistake.

The fact is that men possessing the highest degree of skill usually do their calling with the mouth alone or with the mouth and fingers. The man often spoken of as the best caller in Arkansas, the turkey's paradise, produced the magic cluck by sucking his fingers sharply against his lips. The perfection he attained was the result of constant practice from babyhood in a country swarming with turkeys, so that his model was always before him. Any man taking it up late in life will probably succeed best with a turkey's wing bone.

Many men have fair success in producing the sound



SANTA ANA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

by many remarks and inquiries, many shooters long for a good turkey hunt as something greatly to be desired but impossible of attainment. As was said in last Sunday's American, turkey shooting is really very simple and all depends upon the securing of a good turkey caller as guide. Now it is not difficult to secure such men, but it must be borne in mind that most of them live in the backwoods and very few are to be found loafing around towns.

Another thing not generally known to turkey hunters is that there are many methods of calling which are good when skillfully used and that the turkey callers manufactured by sporting houses and put on the market are practically worthless. The old super-

by blowing on a leaf or blade of grass held between the thumbs. Others scratch their gun barrel with a nail fastened in a little wooden box. Any of these methods will fool young turkeys at times, but when you want the old gobblers you will be surer of your game if you hire a mountaineer who has called the birds to his muzzle-loading rifle from childhood. With him calling turkeys is likely to be much easier than writing his name.—*Chicago American*.

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THAT account of "How to Get an Education," is believed to be a pretty good thing.

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HAVE you the gobbler picked out?

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 NATURE
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 STUDY.
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STARS ARE BEING COUNTED.

THE royal observatory at Greenwich, which sets the clocks of the entire civilized world and keeps a strict surveillance of the heavens at all times, received the annual visitation of its board of visitors yesterday, says the *London Mail* of recent date. The annual report was read and the visitors inspected the entire establishment. In the work of photo-snapping the heavens the chart is now complete with the exception of one plate. This would have been snapped at seven o'clock this morning but for the cloudy weather. It will be nine months before the heavens will be in the right position for snap-shotting again. Two young men have been busily engaged on the negatives, counting stars with the aid of microscopes. In this way two hundred and twelve thousand five hundred and seven stars were counted in the year, and only the balance of an estimated three million remain to be ticked off.

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CATCHING LOBSTERS.

NOVA SCOTIA and Newfoundland have a monopoly in the canning branch of the lobster business of the world. Glass jars are used. The industry of shipping live ones has developed until there are now lobster steamers, equipped with salt water tanks, plying between here and New York and Boston. At these points the lobsters are transferred to salt water tanks and shipped to the inland markets. The lobster which you pay seventy-five cents for nets the fisherman from seven to ten cents. He catches them in traps set about a half mile from shore in water ranging from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet deep. The trap is a rude affair, made of lath. A live fish is used for bait. The lobster goes up an incline into the trap and gets his fish, but instead of going on his way looking for other prey to conquer he is held a captive and is soon started on the journey that all good lobsters take but once.

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HOW TO GET SLEEPY.

A PHYSICIAN, writing to a medical journal, declares that he finds peppermint water an efficient remedy for sleeplessness. This is a very simple cure, and it will not bring forth from the organs of professional opinion any declaration of unsafeness. It is added that a mix-

ture of spirits of chloroform and peppermint water given in hot water to the victim of insomnia will produce sleep, but perhaps in the case of the admixture the chloroform water may claim a decided share in relieving the trouble. It is at least easy to try peppermint water, and the theory of its action is believed to be founded on its effect in withdrawing blood from the brain by attracting a fuller flow to the stomach.

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LIGHTHOUSE ON THE DESERT.

THERE is at least one lighthouse in the world that is not placed on any mariner's chart. It is away out on the Arizona desert and marks the spot where a well supplies pure, fresh water to travelers. It is the only place where water may be had for forty-five miles to the eastward and for at least thirty miles in any other direction. The "house" consists of a tall cottonwood pole, to the top of which a lantern is hoisted every night. The light can be seen for miles across the plain in every direction.

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ISLANDS THAT HAVE DISAPPEARED.

SOME years ago Aurora Island, in the New Hebrides, entirely disappeared one night, leaving no trace behind. Seventeen years ago a new island made its appearance in Tonga, and was promptly "annexed" by a loyal British trader, who "boarded" it, waded knee deep in the soft scoriae to its summit, and proudly hoisted the union jack. Falcon island lived for about a dozen years, attained to the dignity of growing a few banana and cocoanut trees, and then one day disappeared as mysteriously as it came.

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VAST DESTRUCTION BY LOCUSTS.

THE Rocky Mountain locust, or grasshopper, in 1874 destroyed one hundred million dollars' worth of crops of Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska and Iowa, and the indirect loss was probably as much more.

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THE florists' lists of thirty years ago contained about 2,000 varieties of dahlias, and the whole number of varieties produced up to the present time is between 5,000 and 6,000. These are not all in existence, however, as many even of the most celebrated soon died out.

HOW WATER FREEZES.

BY FRANK E. POISTER.

IN a recent issue of the *NOOK* there appeared an article in which a few reasons were given why bodies of water do not freeze beyond a few feet in depth. One reason given was that water is heaviest at a temperature of forty degrees, and that the top layer of a body of water, reaching this temperature would sink and thus the whole body must reach this temperature before ice will form on the surface.

Another reason given was that a layer of ice once formed on the surface protects the water beneath from further congelation, because ice is a poor conductor of heat. Both reasons are good, but in them the phenomena of sensible heat only have been considered.

The word heat is used here in a relative sense. Heat is measured in units, the amount of heat necessary to raise a pound of water one degree in temperature being one heat unit. The force which holds ice together is called cohesion, and a certain amount of heat is necessary to overcome it.

Suppose we wish to change a pound of ice at thirty-two degrees to water at the same temperature. We must apply a little over one hundred and forty-two units of heat or as much as would raise a pound of water to a temperature of one hundred and forty-two degrees. This extra amount of heat used to change water from the solid to the liquid state is called the latent heat of fusion. Now, it seems reasonable that if one hundred and forty-two degrees of heat are required to melt a pound of ice, the same number of heat units will be given up by the water while freezing. In other words, the water must give up its latent heat of fusion. It takes a long time in severe cold weather to freeze bodies of water to any great depth because of the latent heat which must be given up. Were it not for this, in winter lakes and rivers would be frozen solid. In the spring, snow and ice would melt quickly and great floods would be the consequence.

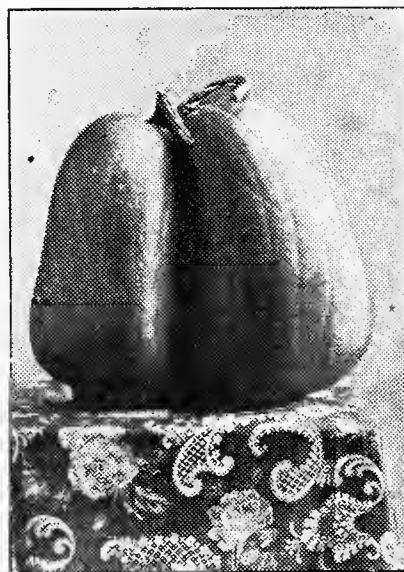
Morrill, Kans.

THE SPIDER MYSTERY.

How does a spider spin a thread from one bush to another at a height from the ground and then draw it so tight? asks a correspondent in *The New Century*. Everyone who has ever walked through a country lane early in the morning has felt the strained threads upon the face, and often these threads are many yards long, but the way in which it is done remains a mystery. He does not fly across, drawing the thread after him, for he has no wings. Neither does he descend to the ground and then climb the opposite bush, for this

would lead to immediate and hopeless entanglement of the gossamer filament. How, then, does he do it?

M. Favier, a French scientist, has discovered that a thread one yard long will support by its own buoyancy in the air the weight of a young spider. It would thus be in the power of a juvenile to spin a thread of that length and trust to air currents to carry it across and attach it to an opposite bush so that he himself could then pass over and draw it tight. But many of these threads, to judge from their strength and consistency, are not the work of young spiders, and, as every observer knows, they are often many yards long and drawn so tightly that the face is instantly aware of their presence when breaking them. The work is nearly always done in the night time, so that observation is difficult.



THE accompanying illustration is from a photograph of a double, or twin, Yankee pumpkin, weighing fifty-one and one-half pounds, grown by Mrs. L. M. Kob, East Main St., Garden Grove, Iowa.

A FREAKISH TREE.

AT Shillfried, near Matzen, a holiday resort much patronized by the Viennese, there is a tree which has the most singular characteristic of growing horizontally over the ledge of a deep hollow. The tree is about ten years old and two years since, as the result of a landslip, it fell into its present position, with its branches upward and downward, and so has grown ever since, flowering and leafing just as if the position were natural.

IF a green Christmas makes a full graveyard, read the *Nook* makes a contented mind.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

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Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Annum.

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AN ADMONITION.

Heed and remember, O aspiring youth,
 "Success in error means defeat in truth!"
 Better, by far, to linger at the base,
 If to achieve the height means soul-disgrace!

Susie M. Best, in December "Success."

STOLIDITY.

IT was a celebrated humorist who said that good fools were scarce, but there is never any lack of people who have no conception of the humorous side of life. It is not that they are always going to a funeral, but that in the original distribution of wit and humor they failed to get their share. There is a solemnity about such people that is mirth-provoking in itself. They can never see the point in anything until it is explained to them and duly diagrammed. They are not exactly pessimists, they are rather of the thick-skulled kind so that ordinary events reach them slowly and caricatures not at all. They are first-rate people at a funeral, and decidedly out of place, or at least not in harmony, with a June wedding. They are not to blame for they cannot help it, and they act as a sort of safety valve on the world's explosive levity.

SUSPICIOUS PEOPLE.

SOME people are so constituted that they are continually suspecting those around them. No good is ever surmised by people of this class. They are on the hunt for evil and have a nose for the unsavory things of life.

It is an almost perfectly general rule that those who have no faith in others are not themselves to be trusted. What a man thinks, that he is. There is

no getting around the fact. Those who suspect nobody are themselves free from evil. It was not spoken lightly when it was said in France that evil be on him who evil thinks. It must be a sorry condition of mind when one regards everybody about him as intent on wrongdoing.

OUR MENTAL CONDITIONS.

JUST as our mind happens to be, as a general rule, so our bodies sympathize. Let a man be given over to fault-finding and ill-temper and keep it up until it becomes chronic with him, and he begins to show it in his physical make-up. Doubtless, many a man's sickness is due originally to his mental condition. As he keeps on everlastingly worrying and fretting he finally becomes an invalid. One of the most healthful things is a good laugh. It is not only good morally, but it exercises a salutary influence on the physical being. Probably every reader has noticed that when things have gone wrong with him that his body suffers. The reason for this is that probably every part of his body has been thrown out of tune and the man becomes sick by reason of his mental disquietude. It would be much better for us if we would all learn to meet trouble lightly, to laugh away the impossible, and learn more and more to look upon the bright side of things. We would live longer and better for it.

ONE OF THE RESULTS.

ONE of the results of the recent coal strike and the threatened famine of fuel is the impetus given the invention and discovery of substitutes for the use of coal. Electricity, peat, oil, and many other means of house-heating have been more or less successfully worked out. The break in the strike will not altogether put a stop to this.

It would be a remarkable thing if it came to pass that the trouble of the coal operators and miners should result in a practicable method of heating without the use of coal to any great extent. Such a thing might come about and if it does it will go to show that out of apparent evil good often comes.

OUR CONTINUED ARTICLES.

TWO continued articles are now being run in the INGLENOOK. "On a Hacienda" is a story of life in old Mexico, and is correct in depicting things as they are in that quaint old country. The other, "How to Get an Education," may be read with profit by all. Both are thought worthy of a place in the NOOK, and attention is called to them.

GETTING AN EDUCATION.—No 1.

To the Nook Family: In this issue of the magazine is begun a series of articles on a subject that will interest nine-tenths of the constituency of the Inglenook. We speak for them a careful reading. They are the result of years of experience, and those who seek an education—and the number is legion—will do well to read carefully what is said therein. The Editor of the Inglenook will be glad to be of personal help to any one who may be moved to ask a question.

In the series of articles of which this is the first, there will be some plain talk to the man or woman seeking an education. By plain talk I do not mean unpleasant speech, but open discussion that will be helpful to those who need help in this line. What is written is the result of both experience and observation. The writer is a teacher, one who began in the common school where a big square stove hummed with its load of wood, and ended in a college recitation room where a class of men and women listened, note book in hand, and, it is hoped, learned something. In the course of his efforts as a teacher he often came in touch with men and women who, for one reason and another, started out late in life and struggled nobly in the unequal fight. Only those who, having reached man's or woman's estate without training, undertake to keep step mentally with a college class of apt boys and girls, know how difficult it is for them to acquire the habit of study, and the power to keep up. When some man or woman undertakes the task alone it is generally done without correct method or satisfactory result. If an education be pictured as reward in the open palm of a statue at the end of a long journey, the road to it is lined with the dead and discouraged as far as we can see. There is a reason for this. The parties who strove for the prize did not know how to get hold of it, they did not even know how to get within reach. So they either abandoned the pursuit or floundered hopelessly.

These articles are intended to tell how to get on with the work of getting an education. There are thousands of people who, for various reasons, have been debarred from a course at school. Some even make a boast of their deficiency in this respect, as though it were a credit to them, or anybody, to be ignorant. Then there are others, who, seeing for themselves their deficiency, earnestly strive to remedy it. It is to help this class these lines are written.

Now let us take a hypothetical case, and we will not go far afield to find its reality. A man has been denied by circumstances, in early life, the opportunity of an education, and wakes up some fine day when he is thirty or forty years of age to find himself put forward to a position where he will have to speak in public, and where he is not only expected to talk

sense, but to talk it measurably according to rule. Viewed from a secure distance it seems easy enough, especially when observing one who speaks or writes with the same ease with which he eats. But when personally brought face to face with the effort there are a hundred spectres in the way, and indifference becomes a reality, and terror and despair despoil him of what ability he may possess naturally. This man becomes a glib speaker who uses words to cover up what he does not know, but he never tells anything new for the reason that it is not his to tell. If he is a sensible man he wakes up to the desirability of doing something for himself, and to help him we write.

Or, a man, and just as often a woman, conscious of deficiency, takes up the matter of education or self-improvement for the very love of it. They have passed through the home school fairly well, stopped, and then through some chain of events the fates are continually forging about us, see the college from afar. They pass from the badly printed local paper to the crisp and uncut magazine. They have read the one or two books of the home and by some accident come to walk through a public library where thousands of volumes stare them in the face. Or they wander down the aisles of the art gallery and stand in front of some marble of the day of antiquity, and go away thrilled with a wish to understand and do. Or they go to the play and see the queen of tragedy portray human passion in a way never dreamed possible. They may see the speaker on the stand, faultlessly attired, talking in tones so modulated that they fall on the ear as the music of the brook gurgling over the stones, and eloquence fills the air and enters the hearts of the hearers. They may see the writer who does not even stop to write, but who dictates to one who, with flying pencil paints the story, the essay, the burning thought that stirs the heart in ten thousand homes. And having seen and heard they determine to learn for themselves, burning with the desire to know at first hand and to do for themselves. The world is full of such people. We say it unwillingly and mournfully,—most of them fail, and they fail because they do not have the will power or know the right way—either or both. We want to help the earnest and the willing.

Now, what is education? Here is a man who has read more or less intelligently a thousand books. Does that mean education? No, it does not. He may have a vast fund of information but that is not education. The fisherman may know the habits of every fish in the river, the trapper the life story of every bird and beast in the forest, and neither may know how to read a line of the Nook. Information has a tremendous value, but it is not education. A man may sing, paint, preach or what not and still be as barren of education as a Sioux Indian.

And here is another man. You tell him your story and instantly he sees every point. He notes where

you have failed to fill it out. He sees where you have overdrawn. He perceives where you are out of proportion, and more than all he sees the side not next to him. He sees through things, and he sees at once. He parallels the account in experience or history, and he postulates correctly. Moreover he does not do this in only one instance, but in all that come to him or to which he goes. This is education. Added to it as a gift of the gods is almost always the power to tell it measurably well to others.

Now, how did the man get his education? You answer that he went to school. Yes, but the school did not give it to him. It was a mighty help, but it

One peculiar fact about a bullet is that it will very often make a wound of entry smaller than the projectile itself, even in so brittle a substance as glass. This point was of vital importance in a noted New York case, where a woman was killed by a bullet fired through a pane of glass. Her husband was arrested, and part of his defense was that a ball from his rifle could not have killed her, because the hole in the glass was smaller than the caliber of his bullet. A series of experiments was made, in which bullets from a rifle of that size were fired through a pane of glass, making a hole so small that a bullet of natural size could not pass through it.



AN ARTISTIC DRIVEWAY IN CALIFORNIA.

was only a means. If his mind be compared to a forged blade of unground steel, the school would be only the grindstone and what happened can be produced otherwise, certainly more laboriously, but still creditably done in the end.

(To be continued.)

BULLETS LOSE WEIGHT.

IN actual experience by the local hospital surgeons, most of whom have had to deal with wounds made by lead bullets, mostly from revolver shots, it has been demonstrated that the entry point is usually as small as the bullet, and often smaller. The edges of the skin are folded in after the bullet and the flesh about the wound is not torn.

A leaden bullet will lose appreciably in weight by being fired, and the form of the barrel may tend to reduce its size. In a rifle some of the lead is taken off by the grooves. The friction also heats and tends to partially melt the outside of the ball, and because of this it changes its shape in the air.⁹

Another strange fact about a bullet is that it will often pass through intervening clothing, making a hole that can hardly be noticed, and yet carry on its point a circular piece of cloth. The carrying of bits of clothing, hair or dirt into wounds in such a manner greatly enhances the danger of peritonitis. Were it not for this latter contact the bullet would not be nearly so dangerous, as its rapid flight and heating makes it practically sterile.

CENSUS TAKING IN INDIA.

SOME quaint census stories are told by Mr. Francis, who has published the official account of the recent enumeration of the people of Madras. One man wrote himself down as "illiterate," which in census language means unable to either read or write. A third, finding a census number on the village temple, enumerated the idol inside. The description gravely ran: "Name, Gonesha; religion, Hindu; sex, male; civil condition, married; age, about two hundred years; means of subsistence, offerings from villagers."

ABOUT YOUR CROCKERY.

It is known only in a general way that certain styles and makes of "dishes" have a value greater than that paid for them. The people who do a business of dealing in such things make frequent incursions into the rural districts in attempts to find rare specimens of the ceramic art, and they are often rewarded, apparently out of all proportion to the cost, to them, of the specimens they find and pay for. It is altogether likely that in many a Nook home there are old dishes, teapots, pewter ware, or the like, of no considerable value, intrinsically, yet which are worth an alderney cow apiece if they found the right market.

The above is not to be taken to mean that any old dish has a value, simply because it is old, but that here and there are specimens that have a large money value in the eyes of collectors, and doubtless there are endless specimens of the kind lying around the older homes of the east, where such things have been preserved in the family for years, and have no especial value to the owners. What follows is taken from an exchange, and cannot fail to interest the reader.

The manner in which official china is sold at auction is another thing which few understand. Official china, the property of the government, cannot be copied, given away nor sold. As an instance of this, Mrs. Dawes, who was a bosom friend of Mrs. McKinley, was at one time quite anxious to obtain a Lincoln plate, but, although mistress of the White House, Mrs. McKinley was powerless to grant her wish, and she was obliged to purchase a Lincoln plate from a local curio dealer for the sum of thirty dollars.

This being the case it is next in order to explain why and how White House china is at times sold. In order to be sold, official china must be defective and be condemned by a special commission appointed for that purpose. That which constitutes a defect in official china would not, however, be regarded as such even by those who are wealthy and in high station. For state dinners and banquets the table service must be faultless. The slightest wearing away of the gilding around the edges, the most infinitesimal crack or chipped edge, scratch or wearing in any part of the colored design; things which one would hardly notice, is sufficient to render the piece unserviceable for state occasions. When this happens the mistress of the White House calls the attention of the steward to the matter and directs him to sell the china thus affected. The steward brings the matter before the custodian and a committee of employes of the White House is appointed to examine the china and condemn what they regard as unserviceable. As soon as this is done the steward gets an order to sell, the matter is advertised and the auction held. The same procedure is observed in the selling of furniture, carpets and furnishings of the White House.

Although the first lady of the land is powerless to give away a single piece of official china, she nevertheless has the power to order a thing sold if it fails to suit her taste. Curtains and rugs that have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars have more than once been put up at auction because the color failed to satisfy the taste of the mistress of the White House. Mrs. McKinley was quite fastidious in this respect, and frequently ordered things sold that to her thinking were not in harmony with their surroundings or were disagreeable in color.

Sales of White House material always draw an immense crowd and the bidding is often quite spirited. The attitude of the government on this subject is somewhat betwixt and between. Those who are sticklers for the preservation of old landmarks and antiquities have never hesitated to criticise the government for selling such material, holding that it ought to be placed in some museum or kept in the White House, but still a larger number of people, the majority, in fact, are in favor of such sales, as it gives them an opportunity to purchase things of great historical interest and value. Moreover, owing to the large attendance and spirited bidding at such auctions, the government derives no small amount of revenue from the sale of material, a large portion of which is too badly used up for museum purposes, and under different circumstances would have to go to the trash heap.

* * *

THE HEARTHSTONE.

THE following interesting article will give a good deal of the origin of the INGLENOOK:

The fire on the hearth is one of the oldest of human institutions, and has become symbolic of the traditions and associations which are dearest to the heart of man.

The primitive family gathered about the single hearthstone of the rude hut, and legends were told; the history of the race was preserved, while the unity of the family strengthened, and the good fellowship of the community was kept alive. To the modern the thought of the open fire has a twofold happiness of suggestion; of genial companionship when the hearth is shared with others, and of absorbed waking dreams when he sits alone.

Certain it is that by no other means indoors can the illusion of being in the presence of nature be so potently preserved as in watching the fire, and listening to the moaning and cracking of the logs, driven by nature's most capricious handmaiden to the final silence of "ashes to ashes."

After centuries of improvement in the way of heating houses, down through the time of the stove, the built-in-range, steam, gas and electricity—the open fireplace has come back into favor as a prominent part of

the decorative architecture of modern houses. Even where comfort is supplied by the steam radiator in one corner of the room, the instinct for the picturesque is satisfied by the often elaborately tiled and manteled fireplace built in the wall.

In spite of the fact that the open fire-place is one of the most ancient devices in history, the upright flue for carrying off smoke is a comparatively recent invention.

The original form was a large stone in the center of the hut, later the hall—on which the logs were burned, the smoke passing out of a hole in the roof immediately overhead. Soon the stone was raised above the level of the floor to escape the strong and constant draft from under the door. Later a central flue was brought down from a hole in the roof to within a safe distance from the flames. The black ceilings of some ancient raftered "halls" are due to this primitive way of carrying off the smoke. As late as the middle of the Nineteenth century some of the Irish peasants still lived in huts with the hole in the roof as described. The college hall in Westminster school had one of these raised hearthstones in the middle of the hall until recent times. About the earliest mention of a fireplace built in the wall, with upright flue, is in an account of a house in the old town of Cluny, France, in the Twelfth century.

Another fashion for the comfort of the fireside was an arrangement of screens, so placed as to make an ante-chamber of that part of the hall containing the hearth, and within this inclosure, protected from draughts, the family sat about in the long winter evenings, telling and listening to tales of ancient valor and wonder. In the Thirteenth century the kitchen became a part of the main house, and was no longer a separate apartment in which whole sheep and oxen were roasted. Then the fireplace in the main hall underwent modifications and was increased in size to accommodate the dual purpose of cooking and heating. Simplicity was combined with massiveness, and granite was the material most used. The keystone of the arch often had the family coat of arms cut upon it. Some of the fireplaces in the baronial halls of the Middle Ages were thirty feet long and ten feet high.

As late as the Sixteenth century the fireplace built in the wall and having an "upright flue" was a novelty and occasioned surprise. In an account of Bolton hall, Leland says: "One thyng I muche notyd in the hands of Bolton, how chimneys were conveyed by tunnels made on the syds of the walls betwyxt the lights in the hawle, and by this means, and by no covers is the smoke of the harthe in the hawle wonder strangely conveyed."

Although so long in being invented, they became very popular when once introduced. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth they were so highly appreciated that

accounts are found of apologies from a host when he could not supply all his guests with rooms containing them, and the ladies were often accommodated in neighboring houses where this luxury could be given them.

The limitations of the knowledge of the arrangement of draughts made some places near the fire more desirable than others, and an old book contains an account of a gift by Henry VIII of the revenues of a convent he had confiscated to a person who placed a chair for him "conmodiously before the fire and out of all draughts."

In 1797 Count Rumford, who wrote much on the subject of sanitary fireplaces, says in one of his books: "I never view from a distance as I come into town this black cloud which hangs over London without wishing to compute the immense number of chaldrons of coal of which it is composed; for could this be ascertained I am persuaded so striking a fact would awaken the curiosity and excite the astonishment of all ranks of the inhabitants, and perhaps turn their minds to an object of economy to which they have hitherto paid little attention."

In spite of many designs of elaborate accessories to the old forms of mantel and side jams, the more simple the fireplace is kept the more artistic is the effect achieved.—*Baltimore American*.



A GOOD MAJORITY.

A WELL-KNOWN surgeon in the Melbourne Hospital was imparting some clinical instruction to half a dozen students who accompanied him in his rounds. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said: "Now, gentlemen, do you think this is, or is not, a case for operation?" One by one the students made their diagnosis and all of them answered in the negative. "Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the free and flashing scalpel, "and I shall operate to-morrow." "No, you won't," exclaimed the patient, as he rose in his bed. "Six to one is a good majority. Gimme my clothes."—*Pearson's Weekly*.



THE Bedouin is in stature undersized, probably on account of the hardships endured through countless generations. His dark hair is thick and coarse, his nose aquiline, his features regular, and his beard and mustache scanty. His principal garment is a long cotton shirt, open at the neck, and often girt about with a leather girdle.



ALL the monthlies and high-class publications are ablaze with Christmas promise.



DON'T forget the poor! They'll say nothing. You must begin it.

WROTE IN JAIL.

A STORY is told in the Salt Lake *Herald* concerning A. W. Clapp, alias Marcott, the artist and correspondent who has gained notoriety throughout the country by converting his prison cell in the county jail here into a successful correspondence bureau, has been released and has gone farther west to continue the work that he has been carrying on so successfully in jail for the past year. Clapp was serving time in Salt Lake for obtaining money under false pretenses, but notwithstanding the fact that he wasn't outside of the county jail for a year, he wrote columns and columns of stuff for some of the leading journals of the country, on matters of interest that were going on in the West, and so far as the publishers knew he was traveling around gathering up the news that he wrote so copiously about. His little six-by-four steel barred cell in the jail was a regular newspaper office, and from early morning until late at night Clapp might be seen sitting at a typewriter clicking off stories for the numerous papers for which he was acting as Western correspondent. In this way he made from fifty to seventy-five dollars per month, got his board and lodging from the county and, as he often said, if he could stay there a few years he would come out a rich man and could afford to retire from public life. To those who have heard stories of his work, his accomplishments under the handicapped conditions he labored have been a mystery, but Clapp says it is easy.

Clapp has a novel record. When he came here, a little over a year ago, he was promoting an advertising scheme and was arrested for passing forged checks, which he claimed to have received in payment for advertising. After being brought here he was induced to plead guilty to a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses and received a sentence of one year in the county jail.

In view of the fact that two other charges of forgery were hanging over him, Clapp accepted the sentence gladly and no sooner had he been put in jail than he set about working up a correspondence with journals and papers throughout the country. To keep the publishers from learning that he was in jail, Clapp rented a box at the post office and each day had a boy bring him his mail to his cell. He soon had the correspondence of a dozen or more journals, mechanical, electrical and other kinds. He rigged up a typewriter desk that fastened to the bars of his cell, and there he would sit from morning until night writing his correspondence and grinding out short stories for various magazines. Clapp used an average of two dollars' worth of postage stamps a day and the postman never called at the jail, but he went away with a bag full of mail. One of the stationery stores in

the city printed a special letter head for Clapp and all of the prisoner's correspondence went out on paper bearing the heading, "A. W. Clapp, artist and correspondent." Clapp made a specialty of corresponding with railroad journals and sent in detailed stories of the many railroad improvements that were going on in the West. Illustrations drawn by himself accompanied these articles.

Of course the publishers never suspected that he was in jail and the orders he got for stuff were so numerous that at times he had to call upon some newspaper man on the outside to help him out.

How could he do it? This was the question that puzzled those who knew of the business he carried on in his iron barred cell. This is the way. He was furnished with all the exchange newspapers by the newspapers and news dealers in the city and his correspondence was, of course, all made up from clippings from these papers. On special stories that were not sufficiently covered by newspapers, Clapp would hire some person to gather the required data and furnish it to him. When any pictures were to be drawn he got some person to describe in detail the object or piece of work to be illustrated and his imagination, coupled with his artistic skill, did the rest.

In this way Clapp made a handsome salary even if he was in jail, and lived high even if he was on the ground floor of the rotary. He paid for special meals that were cooked for him and went out of jail with a good bank account to his credit.



BOILED THE PRAYER BOOK.

THERE was once an old English woman named Bethia Rummy who attended service every Sunday morning at St. Elzevir, distant some two miles from her cottage, on a hillside in Derbyshire. As regular in her provision of temporal wants as she was in attendance to spiritual necessities, her custom was to place a piece of bacon in a pot near the fire to be cooked against her return.

Then with her big prayer book wrapped in a snowy white handkerchief, Bethia trudged off to St. Elzevir's. One Sunday, however, she went late, and flustered to her usual place, just in front of the reading desk, and to her vicar's astonishment remarked as she unfolded the snowy handkerchief: "Lawk a daisy me! If I haven't biled the prayer book and brought the bacon to church."—*New York World*.



FROM TREE TO NEWSPAPER.

IN two hours and twenty-five minutes a growing tree in Eisenthal, Austria, was converted into newspapers. At 7:35 A. M. the tree was sawed down; at 9:34 the wood, having been stripped of the bark, was turned into pulp and made into paper; at 10 o'clock the paper was printed and sold on the streets.

THE SAUERKRAUT MAN.

THE regular and popular visitor to the German inns and taverns of the east side is the sauerkraut man. He brings his calling with him from the old country and finds a more profitable field in New York than in Berlin or Hamburg. His equipment is quite curious. He wears a blue or white apron running from his neck nearly to the ankles, and from his shoulders is suspended a circular metal box which goes half around his waist. It has three large compartments, two of which are surrounded by hot water. In one are well cooked frankfurter sausages and in

fair profit upon their goods. Others are free lances who visit every place where they think they can effect a sale.

The metal boxes are very ingenious and are made in Germany. The metal is some variety of pewter, and the fitting of the compartments and of the entire affair to the body is very accurate. The covers are so well hinged and snug at the edges that when the owner falls down he is not liable to spill any of the contents. The contrivance costs some three dollars in Germany, and about five dollars in New York. A few of the peddlers appeal to educated palates and carry with them cervelat, bock, reh, leberwurst and



HOW AN ORANGE GROVE LOOKS.

the other thoroughly boiled sauerkraut. In the third compartment is potato salad. He carries in his hand a basket in which are small plates and steel forks. One sausage and a generous spoonful of sauerkraut and potato salad cost five cents. All three articles are of good quality, well cooked and seasoned. He finds his best customers in the bowling alleys, where the exertion demanded by the game produces large appetites. Next to these are the taverns which do not supply food with their drink. Last of all are the halls and meeting rooms where different societies assemble. His nightly stock consists of fifty sausages, seven pounds of sauerkraut and as much more of salad. On bad evenings he takes only half as much stock as on fair ones. Some of the more fortunate peddlers have arrangements with clubs which pay them a very

vienna, as well as frankfurters. These fancy sausages usually bring ten cents instead of the regulation five.

The forks are washed after the customer has finished his little meal, and from repeated cleansing and use are as bright as silver. The plates, on the other hand, are so banged and bruised that they might be easily mistaken for crackle ware.—*New York Post*.

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SPANIARDS AS GAMBLERS.

IN Europe and the new world the most inveterate gamblers are the Spaniards and their descendants. Among African tribes the Haussas run the Chinese very close; and there are some Kanaka tribes in the south seas who push the hazard of gambling beyond the grave.

THROUGH CANADA.—No. 1.

BY H. M. BARWICK.

ALTHOUGH Canada borders our Union yet we hear very little about the country. The school boy learns the names of the lakes, rivers and cities only to forget them when he begins the race for wealth and honor.

When a proposal came for a tour through the Dominion of Canada I discovered a total ignorance on my part of any useful knowledge concerning the country, but, true to Yankee impulse, I was aboard the car after only three hours preparation. We left our Homeland at Detroit, Michigan, crossed the St. Mary's river by ferry to Windsor, where we boarded the great Canadian Pacific Railway. This line is one the great railroads of the world and deserves a bit of description.

After many years of fruitless dreaming, the Government began planning in 1867 for the construction of a line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. It became a political as well as a commercial necessity on account of the confederation of all the British provinces in North America at the date named. Mighty obstacles were in the way, such as capital, appliances and one thousand miles of unexplored, uninhabited hills and mountains, from the Ottawa river toward Winnipeg, Manitoba. Anyone who travels over that desolate waste to-day will admire the pluck and skill required to push through such a stretch of wild country.

After thirteen years of surveying, wrangling and expense, the people voted to give the road over to a private company which was to receive twenty-five million dollars and twenty-five million acres of land on the western prairies from the Government, besides many other favors, including many hundred miles which had been completed in Eastern Canada. From Winnipeg west across the plains, the work progressed on an average of three miles per day during the summer, but north and east of Lake Superior the obstacles were almost insurmountable. But finally, on a rainy morning, the seventh day of November, 1885, the last rail was laid. Since then the company has extended this through line by other divisions and connections until it now has about ten thousand miles in operation, and is reaping immense dividends from the traffic and the sale of its lands.

In late years the same company has reached its arms across the Pacific to Japan and China by a Steamship line. As the rich plains of the Northwest come under cultivation the freight traffic of this road becomes enormous. Many small towns of six to eight hundred people have from five to ten large grain elevators, each having a capacity of twenty-five thousand to forty thousand bushels of wheat, besides a hun-

dred or more private granaries built all over town.

This iron girdle has done much for the commercial uplift of Canada and the present indications are that a great influx and development will take place during the next decade, especially in the great grain belt of the Northwest.

Sixty-seven thousand entries were made at Winnipeg for this fertile land during the first nine months of this year. What next year will bring no one can predict, but anyone who knows the condition of things feels satisfied that a rush for land is being developed, such as seldom occurs in any country.

* * *

HORSE-CHESTNUTS AS FOOD.

THE horse-chestnut has been generally considered poisonous, and therefore unavailable as food. Nevertheless, it would seem to be not unlikely that in the near future it will be utilized to a large extent as an article of food supply, recent investigation having shown that it is actually harmless and most nutritious, though it contains a bitter resinous principle and an oil unpleasant to the taste.

That the nut is not edible, either raw, roasted or boiled, is undeniable; but a process has been perfected by which the bitter resin and the unpleasant oil are extracted from it, rendering its "meat" both palatable and appetizing. The meat, or kernel, is a solid lump of starchy substance, full of nutriment, being the food supplied by Nature for the baby horse-chestnut tree. Like all other nuts, this species is exceedingly rich in those elements which go to make flesh and blood, and to furnish fuel for the body in man or animal.

The process in question consists in a moderate roasting, to render more easy the removal of the outer shell, after which the meat is pulverized and placed in a closed percolator containing ethyl alcohol. The mixture is kept at a fairly high temperature for a number of hours, during which the resin is dissolved, the watery part drawn off, the alcohol driven out by distillation, and the residue of horse-chestnut kernels is powdered.

"Horse-chestnut starch," as it might be called, when thus prepared, is agreeable to the palate, entirely harmless, and most nutritious. If the process were performed on a large scale it would not cost much per pound of product, and it is believed by the experts that the manufacture of this new kind of food might be made very profitable if the enterprise were properly managed. The tree is a vigorous grower, and its profuse annual crop ought to make the planting of it in orchards a good investment:—*Saturday Evening Post*.

* * *

QUESTION for you, Nooker. Where's Christmas island on the map?

Aunt Barbara's Page

NOBODY ELSE.

Two little hands, so careful and brisk.
 Putting the tea-things away;
 While mother is resting awhile in her chair,
 For she has been busy all day.
 And the dear little fingers are working for love,
 Although they are tender and wee.
 "I'll do it so nicely," she said to herself--
 "There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampered up-stairs,
 For daddy will quickly be here;
 And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire,
 That is burning so bright and so clear.
 Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch.
 "He cannot come in without me.
 When mother is tired, I open the door--
 There's nobody else, you see."

Two little arms round daddy's dear neck,
 And a soft, downy cheek 'gainst his own;
 For out of the nest, so cosy and bright,
 The little one's mother has flown.
 She brushes the teardrops away as she thinks,
 "Now he has no one but me.
 I mustn't give way; that would make him so sad--
 And there's nobody else, you see."

Two little tears on the pillow, just shed,
 Dropped from the two pretty eyes;
 Two little arms stretching out in the dark,
 Two little faint sobbing cries.
 "Daddy forgot I was always waked up
 When he whispered good-night to me.
 O mother, come back just to kiss me in bed--
 There's nobody else, you see."

Little true heart, if mother can look
 Out from her home in the skies,
 She will not pass on to her haven of rest
 While the tears dim her little one's eyes.
 If God has shed sorrow around us just now,
 Yet His sunshine is ever to be;
 And He is the comfort for every one's pain--
 There's nobody else, you see.

—May Hodges.

THE BEST DAY OF ALL.

ON weekday mornings father had gone to work when you came down-stairs, but on Sunday mornings when you awoke a trifle earlier, if anything--
 "Father!"
 Silence.
 Then a sleepy "Yes."
 "We want to get up."
 "It isn't time yet. You children go to sleep."
 You waited. Then--
 "Father, is it time yet?"
 "No. You children lie still."

So you and Lizbeth, wide-awake, whispered together, and then, to while away the time while father slept, you played Indian, which required two little yells from you to begin with (when the Indian You arrived in your warpaint) and two big yells from Lizbeth to end with (when the Paleface She was being scalped).

Then father said it was "no use," and mother took a hand. You were quiet after that, but it was yawny lying there with the sun so high. You listened. Not a sound came from father and mother's room. You rose cautiously, you and Lizbeth, in your little bare feet. You stole softly across the floor. The door was a crack open, so you peeked in, your face even with the knob and Lizbeth's just below. And then at one and the same instant you both said "Boo!" and grinned, and the harder you grinned the harder father tried not to laugh, which was a sign that you could scramble into bed with him, you on one side and Lizbeth on the other, cuddling down close while mother went to see about breakfast.

It was very strange, but while it had been so hard to drowse in your own bed the moment you were in father's you did not want to get up at all. Indeed, it was father who wanted to get up first, and it was you who cried that it was not time.

Weekdays were always best for most things, but for two reasons Sunday was the best day of all. One reason was Sunday dinner. The other was father.—
Harper's Magazine.

* * *

A CROSS PARENT.

"MOTHER," said a little girl, looking up from her book, "what does 'trans-atlantic' mean?"

"Oh, across the Atlantic, of course. Don't bother me."

"Does 'trans' always mean across?"

"I suppose it does. If you don't stop bothering me with your questions, you'll go to bed."

"Then does 'transparent' mean a cross parent?"

Ten minutes later that little girl was resting on her tiny couch.

* * *

A MUTE APPEAL.

"MAMMA," asked Young Curiosity, "when deaf and dumb people cheer, do their fingers get tired?"
Xmas Lippincott's Magazine.

* * *

'LET not the tongue say what the heart denies.'

The Q. & A. Department.

What is a kohlrabi?

A vegetable of the cabbage family, with a loose head and a large, swollen stalk, the edible part. It can be grown anywhere where cabbage does well. The bulbous stalk is used for food, boiled about as turnips are, but mainly it is grown for stock purposes. The cultivation is the same as for cabbage. It is more in vogue among the German element than among other nationalities.

✦

How is the center of population calculated?

By imagining the United States to be a plane surface upon which people are standing with their weight averaged and the point where this plane would balance on a pivot is called the center of population. It will be seen that it is not hard to determine once the number and location of the population is known.

✦

What is the difference between a college and a university?

A college is a seat of general higher learning. A university is a collection of colleges, as those of law, medicine, divinity, etc. In this country many universities are only so in name.

✦

What is a "rotten borough"?

An English political phrase used before the reform bill of 1832 to designate minor civil divisions with few people, but which claimed the right to representation in Parliament.

✦

I have seen it stated that rain may fall and not a drop reach the earth. Is this possible?

Yes. It is not uncommon in the arid country for a cloud to precipitate in rain every drop of which evaporates in the warm air before it reaches the earth.

✦

What becomes of all the gold and silver mined?

Some of it is used in the arts and for coinage, but the most of it goes to India and to China and never comes back. It is used there for ornaments and for hoarding.

✦

Where did the dahlia originate?

It grows wild in Mexico, but it is an ungainly and not very beautiful flower. It has been developed into its present form by being harassed by cultivators.

✦

Where is the center of population in the United States?

In a field about seven miles southeast of Columbus, Indiana.

What is the difference between an ordinary plum and a prune?

There is no real difference, as you would express it, the prune being a variety of plum, but it will not do well in your part of the country, western Pennsylvania.

✦

Why will vegetables not grow in a mining country?

They will. But usually a mining country is mainly rocks, and people give themselves over to mining and buy their garden truck.

✦

How shall I carry a rose through the winter? It is planted outside.

Lay it down on the ground and pack corn stalks around it. Or if this is not desirable take straw, twist it into a rope and wind it into a coil around the bush.

✦

Why do cattle men have so much trouble with sheep raisers in the West?

Mainly it is a question of pasture. Cattle will not eat over a pasture where sheep have fed. Hence the war between the owners.

✦

What is the origin of Thanksgiving Day?

It was first observed by the early settlers in New England, and subsequently was made a national holiday by law.

✦

Is Sarah Bernhardt a Christian or a Jewess?

She was born in Paris. Her mother was a Dutch Jewess. She was baptized a Christian.

✦

Was Frances Willard an educated woman?

Yes. She was a college graduate and also a college professor at one time.

✦

Why cannot house-plants be grafted?

It is often done. You might try your hand at it and report results.

✦

What is the population of the world?

It is not known with any degree of accuracy what it is.

✦

What does the Nook think about perpetual motion?

It is impossible.

✦

Must a man be an artist to make halftones?

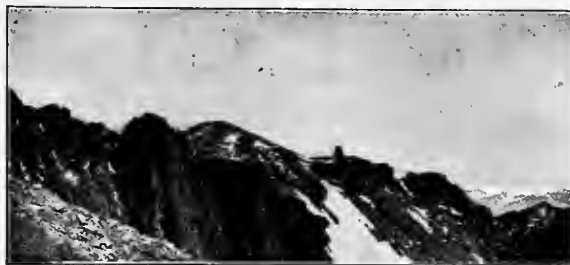
Not necessarily, but it would be a great help.

✦

What makes diamond-backed terrapin so expensive?

Their rarity and the demand for them.

The Home



Department

QUEER CHINESE DISHES.

A LIKING for Chinese dishes, like that for olives, is a cultivated taste. Most persons who try the well-known chop-suey and yockamai for the first time in Chinatown's restaurants are inclined to pass the articles by with a taste and look of disgust. But let one once acquire a liking for those dishes and he will be a devotee of Chinese fare forever after.

Americans accustomed to the concoctions which "mother used to make" must go to Chinatown with large appetites and indomitable wills if they would eat the food prepared by the slant-eyed celestials. It is not the ingredients composing the gastronomic curiosities that keep the home-loving American from partaking of them; it is the queer combinations that give one the idea that the preparations are the result of culinary nightmare. Yet the restaurants in Chinatown are so well peopled that they must needs remain open day and night to supply their patrons with dishes of true oriental flavor.

The most popular food in Chinatown is yockamai, with chop-suey as a close second. Both find a ready sale in the Mongolian restaurants and are eaten almost exclusively by the regular habitues of Chinatown. Yockamai is composed of egg noodles with a slice of pork and a slice of chicken.

Chop-suey is composed of pork, chicken giblets, Chinese beans, mushrooms, onions and celery. All of the ingredients are minced and seasoned with Chinese sauces and condiments, and chop-suey is a toothsome dish. Egg-chop-suey is the same as plain chop-suey with the addition of egg and minced Chinese ham.

It may seem strange to those who do not frequent the city's Chinatown to hear that an article is served in the restaurants there for which \$2.25 is charged. The bill of fare starts with rice at five cents a bowl and ends with si wo opp at \$2.25 a dish. Si wo opp is the most expensive food on the Chinese menu. It is evidently meant to be a work of art by the Chinese chef, as a day's notice must be given for its preparation. A boneless duck, with minced ham, mushrooms, celery and green onions, composes the high-priced and seldom-eaten si wo opp. Chinese salad, rice and tea are served with each order. Two other high-priced dishes, each of which requires a

day's notice to prepare, are also on the bill of fare. They are turn opp, which costs one dollar and fifty cents, and yon wo gung, price one dollar. Turn opp is a boneless duck stuffed with mushrooms, water chestnuts and ham. It is described as a peculiar and distinctly Chinese production, and one order is served, with rice and tea, for three persons.

Yon wo gung is the celebrated bird's nest soup of China, and the idea that the celestials eat the nests of birds should be set aside once and for all.

Yon wo gung is made of chicken and ham, but why a day's notice should be given in order that it may be prepared will remain a mystery.

Another soup of the oriental flavor, says the *Philadelphia Press*, is bamboo soup, which is composed of the tender shoots of the bamboo tree, canned in China. This is said to be a great favorite with casual visitors. Mushroom soup, another well-liked concoction, is made of imported dried mushrooms, eggs, Chinese water chestnuts, minced chicken and fresh pork.

❖ ❖ ❖

CHOCOLATE PIE.

BY GRACE MOATS.

TAKE three cups of milk, one small cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, and the yolks of two eggs, heat the milk, sugar and chocolate to a boil, add the cornstarch mixed in a little milk, then add the beaten yolks, remove from the stove and stir in a small piece of butter. Line a pie tin with crust and bake, then pour in the chocolate cream. Use whipped cream or the whites of the eggs beaten stiff for the top. This quantity will make two pies.

Altoona, Iowa.

❖ ❖ ❖

DESSERT FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY SISTER SARAH A. SELL.

TAKE four nice tart apples, pare, cut in halves, and roast on a pan in the oven. When done put in a dish. Bring one quart of sweet milk to a boil, beat together one egg and three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and stir into the boiling milk. When done pour over the roasted apples and serve with milk and sugar.

Newry, Blair, Co., Pa.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Dear Nookman:

PERMIT us to express our appreciation of the INGLENOOK. By "our" I mean our whole family. We read it from end to end and then look for more. Sister and I have been especially interested in the Home Department, and wonder if a suggestion would be in order. How would it be to tell how and why certain things must be done in cooking? The recipes and menus are all right, but we would like to know how to do the work. Are there not certain principles in cooking that can be explained in a simple way and make the work less superstitious? In other words instead of doing things because mother said so we would like to know the why of it.

With good wishes to the NOOK,

✧ GRACE EBY.

"I ENJOY reading the NOOK amazingly well as it furnishes a deal of information we seldom get anywhere else. The Virginia number was a treat. It seemed like living my early life over again."—*S. Click, Arkansas.*

✧

"I ONLY want to tell you how much I appreciate the NOOK. I think it improves all the time."—*Mrs. N. E. Lilligh, Illinois.*

✧

"I AM well pleased with the make-up of the NOOK, and enjoy reading its neat pages very much."—*J. A. Weaver, Idaho.*

✧

"I FIND the INGLENOOK very interesting. I have passed it on to others."—*Mattie C. Sheldon, California.*

✧

"THE INGLENOOK is right up to date and getting better all the time."—*William Johnson, Kansas.*

✧

"I LIKE to read the NOOK and wish you success in your noble work."—*Esther Horner, Ohio.*

✧

"WE think the INGLENOOK improves more and more."—*Alice R. Mohler, Mo.*

✧

"WE all like the NOOK."—*Emma Hass, Kansas.*

✧ ✧ ✧

THE LONGEST TELEGRAM EVER SENT.

Q. M. BOSSERMAN, of Bagley, Iowa, sends us the following selected item:

"The longest item of news ever telegraphed to a newspaper was the entire New Testament as revised, which was sent from New York to the *Chicago Tribune* for May 22, 1882. It filled sixteen pages of the paper.

CAPE BRETON COAL.

THE Cape Breton mines are the only ones on the Atlantic seaboard, either on the North or South American continent. The mines nearest the coast in the United States are those of the West Virginia field, which have a railroad haul of two hundred miles to Philadelphia and Newport News, the nearest tide-water. One of the companies operating in the Sydney field of the Cape Breton district has one hundred and forty square miles of coal land, which is one of the largest areas owned by any single company in the world. The shaft to its largest mine is fifty feet wide and has six compartments, so that a half dozen cages can be worked at the same time. One reason for having such a large shaft is to admit plenty of air to the mine, which runs out under the ocean for four miles. The output of this mine now amounts to six thousand tons daily—a big ship load. It was on this same site that the first coal mine in America was operated by the French several hundred years ago. Within a stone's throw Marconi, the wizard, has his great station for the operating of wireless telegraphy.

✧ ✧ ✧

PASSE PARTOUT PICTURE BINDING.

BY NETTA WHITCHER.

A NICE way to care for pictures is to bind a glass over them by means of a Passe partout binding,—narrow, ribbon-like strips of paper, gummed on the under side ready for pasting—that can be bought in several colors. Solid-colored wall paper makes a very good substitute. Have glass cut to fit the pictures, with pencil, ruler and scissors make strips of your paper, and with a bottle of mucilage you are ready to do your binding. For hangers insert narrow strips of muslin through small brass rings used in fancy work, and glue fast to the back of the picture.

The glass can be purchased cheaply at any picture framing establishment as they will cut the small glass out of scraps at almost cost price.

Monticello, Ind.

✧ ✧ ✧

THE CHAIN LETTER PROBLEM.

By Samuel Miller, the Originator of the Question.

By taking one hundred and fifty threes, and multiplying them together, and then multiplying the five cents gives a number which contains sixty-nine figures. If one were to take this amount in silver dollars and lay them in straight rows both ways and directly upon one another, they would cover the entire earth's surface to a depth of over five hundred tredecillion miles.

Craigsville, Ind.

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No. 51.

THE FLOCK IN THE MEADOW.

Is this not Palestine, the ancient country,
And are not these the shepherds in the fields,
Watching their flocks by night?

See how the quiet sheep come gathering
In gentle, shadowy companies,
Stirring often, like fields of innocent flowers,
In the soft Orient wind,
Appealing, one to another, silently
Against the mysteries of the falling dark,
Until the starry quiet comes over them
And deepens, and the wind dies, and they sleep.

Upon us, lying in the fields in all the dim,
Strange beauty of the night, there comes,
Out of its time, like a lily in the dark,
A little promise of dawn.

Increasing wonderfully into the very west,
Exquisitely growing and soon fulfilling itself
In the full tranquil glory of a star
That trembles with some unannounced joy.

Surely it is the ancient, sacred country,
And the dark shepherds in their dewy cloaks,
And the gray flocks, arisen, are looking forth
For the nativity.

Mildred I. McNeal, in Christmas Lippincott's.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

EVERY Nooker knows that Christmas is a festival in the Christian church, commemorating the birth of Christ. The origin of the day seems to be lost in antiquity. It was not, in all ages, kept on the 25th of December as now agreed upon. There was a time when the 6th of January was observed. Christian communities the world over very generally agree upon the 25th day of December as the day to be observed. As to the actual date of the birth of Christ we know absolutely nothing. Whether it is the result of a tradition, or a desire on the part of the early Christians to supplant the heathen festivals of that period of the year, with which they were surrounded, we do not know. But it is practically certain that it could not have been the 25th of December, because that is the time of the height of the rainy season in Judea, when neither flocks nor shepherds could have been in the fields at Bethlehem.

The day is observed duly in different parts of the world and in none does it extend over a greater period of time or is made more of in a festival way than in all Spanish-speaking countries. It has passed from a religious observance to a day of feasting and the giving of gifts. The scene of the nativity has been made the subject of many great paintings and is the inspiring theme of some of the oldest and greatest musicians. It constitutes a large part of Handel's great triumph, "The Messiah." It is to be hoped that the Nook Family will all observe it suitably, not only in regard to the feasting idea connected therewith, but also so as to not forget its deeper signification.

SUBSTITUTE FOR ANAESTHETICS.

DR. STEINER, a Dutch physician, recently made a serious discovery while traveling in Java. He chanced to stop one day at Sourabaya, where the Japanese maintain a large hospital for prisoners. His notice was directed to the fact that in the treatment of such cases as necessitated an anæsthetic the native physicians did not resort to a drug, but instead they were manifestly reducing their patient to a condition of stupor by compressing the carotid artery with their fingers. The Dutch physician was so much impressed with this primitive method of rendering the patient at least partially insensible to pain that he made a careful study of it. He discovered that this method of anaesthesia, although unknown to modern surgery, was in all probability in vogue among the ancients.

THE COSTLIEST BOOK.

PROBABLY the most expensive book known is that which the Ameer of Afghanistan has presented to the Shah of Persia. It is a manuscript copy of the Koran, the binding of which is worth \$150,000. This binding is of solid gold, two and three-quarters inches thick; the carvings, which are the work of an Afghan goldsmith, are incrustated with precious stones—167 pearls, 122 rubies and 100 diamonds of the purest water.

SHIF'LES' BOB.

BOB McCULLOUGH was a boy who never took very kindly to farm work. In fact his father predicted for him all sorts of dire miseries and troubles in the future. His mother added a few extra twinges of her own. It was not that the father and the mother were heartless but because they did not look at things from a boy's standpoint. They wanted him to stay at home and read or work when he wanted to go away to a neighboring singing-school or spelling-school. There was a continual difference of opinion between them as to the amount and character of work that ought to fall to a boy's share. From being found fault with at home, and talked about by the parents Bobby's reputation among the neighbors came to be pretty bad. It was not that his father and mother were heartless, but having only one boy and having forgotten about their youth they expected Bob, with his twenty years, to be as staid as they were at fifty.

Things went from bad to worse until Bob made a resolution one November day, when he was digging potatoes just after a cold rain, that he had enough of farming and that night he would be among the missing. And so it happened. The boy never stopped to think that his parents would be worried and grieved over his absence, and regarded himself as being a riddance in their eyes. It was two years before they heard from him through a letter dated and postmarked at Denver. In the meantime the old folks had never ceased worrying about it and rejoiced to hear from him. Nevertheless, in accordance with their perverse way of looking at things the letter that went back to him was not marked by anything so much as by its content of good advice. They expected more of him than would naturally be expected of any boy. A rebellion followed.

Things went along on the hill-side pretty much as usual and ten dreary years soon slipped by. Christmas was approaching and after a lonely dinner on Thanksgiving day Mrs. McCullough suggested the propriety of inviting Bob back home for Christmas. After the matter had been discussed pro and con it was decided to do so and the letter was written that night. In the fullness of his heart Mr. McCullough also stated that if Bob did not have the money to come back, or the clothes to wear that would be suitable to the occasion, rather than miss the home-coming he would remit sufficient to cover all expenses. Letters had been rare between the parents and the son, and he was looked upon as when they remembered him last—a shiftless boy.

In due time along came a letter stating that Robert had lately been married and that it did not suit him to come home, and he suggested that instead of sending him the money to come back, and also the means to purchase a suit of clothes suitable for the occasion,

they invest the amount in coming out to visit him. The request seemed so reasonable that it was favorably considered and Mr. and Mrs. McCullough decided on the trip.

They thought they would take the boy something to remember the old place, and they resurrected an old carpet-sack from the garret and this was filled with hickory nuts, walnuts, a bag of cookies and some old clothes that they thought might be available for shiftless Bob.

It is not necessary to recount the incidents of the trip other than at Chicago, after being taken forty miles out of the way on the wrong railroad, they got fairly started and one bright morning, exactly on time, they landed at Denver. The mother had the telescope which she had borrowed from the Brown's while the old man clutched the grip in which were Bob's hickory nuts and walnuts. They would not have been disappointed a particle if a ragged boy of twenty years had turned up to meet them, so they went, according to instructions, into the ladies' waiting room and sat down. Denver is a larger place than Scottsdale, their nearest mountain town, and instead of finding Indians and buffaloes on the streets, as far as they could observe, things reminded the old man of his one trip to Baltimore City thirty years ago.

Presently a man dressed in uniform and wearing a high silk hat addressed them with the inquiry as to whether or not they were Mr. and Mrs. McCullough. And receiving an affirmative answer he said that he had been sent by "my" Mr. McCullough to look them up. They were expected at the house and he would take them there. So gathering up the telescope and the carpet-sack, which the man was careful to deposit within the carriage, he mounted the box and away they went. Mr. McCullough discussed the situation with his wife on the road and decided if Bob were not too bad they would invite him to return home with them again. Presently the carriage stopped in front of a house, and the coachman, opening the door, invited them to dismount,—that they were at McCullough's place. What the two old folks saw was a large house with ample grounds around it, a portico, plate glass windows, with lace curtains, through which they saw palms growing, and they decided that Bob must have a job working for the man who owned such a fine house. According to instructions they touched an electric button, or rather the coachman did it for Mr. McCullough who was unaccustomed to such things. Presently a young lady with a queer white cap on her head invited them to come in and said she would show them to their room where they could remove the stains of travel before coming down to a late breakfast. They went and found it luxuriously furnished, something like what they had seen in picture books and stray magazines, but never before fully

realized. There were marble lavatories fitted with silver faucets for the hot and cold water, while the carpet, the pictures, and the furnishing generally caused Mrs. McCullough to whisper to Mr. McCullough that Bob evidently had found favor in the eyes of a very rich man. Mr. McCullough simply grunted and hoped that Bob would be able to hold his job. Like all parents the twelve intervening years since they saw him amounted to nothing and cut no figure whatever.

Presently the smart maid told them if they were ready breakfast was waiting, and that Mr. McCullough was down stairs. On arriving in the room they were met by a man dressed in the latest fashion, wearing a smoking jacket, accompanied by a woman dressed in silk, together with a little girl who was introduced to Mrs. McCullough as her granddaughter. Mr. McCullough, Sr., stuttered out something about wanting to see Bob, and Mrs. McCullough had nothing to say for she recognized the well-dressed stranger as the long-lost ne'er-do-well. After the greetings, which were very much one-sided, they sat down to breakfast, and between the silver, the linen, and the servants, Mrs. McCullough was simply dumbfounded, but the meal was finally finished, and they went into the library, where the "wuthless" Bob explained to his parents that they should rest themselves and look around town while he was gone for the day, and he apologized for the necessity of his presence at the Consolidated Mine at Silver Plume, which he was required to visit that day, but would return in the evening.

Mrs. Robert was a woman of sterling good sense, and with what her husband had told her, and what she had picked up from the correspondence, and the talk of the old folks in the course of the morning, made it clear to both of them that "wuthless" Bob was Mr. Robert McCullough, of the Consolidated Silver Mine at Silver Plume, and was regarded as worth something like a half million of dollars. The old man listened to it as in a dream, and when his son returned that evening, in the course of the conversation he asked Bob whether he remembered anything about the time the stick of wood he was chopping had struck him on the right ear, and whether the scar had ever disappeared? Mr. McCullough said he did and showed where the scar still was. The old man took a good look and sat down without a word to say.

It is not necessary to describe the hurried visit to a tailor, and one of the large department stores in Denver, and the prompt fitting out of Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Sr., for the Christmas dinner. They both looked exceedingly well in their outfit though they felt very ill at ease.

The day after Xmas, when they had in a measure accustomed themselves to the surroundings, Robert told them about some three or four farms he had along the

base of the mountains and suggested to his father and mother that they move to Denver and interest themselves in the development of these places, and as an inducement they were to live with him and have all they could make off the several places which were amply stocked and in good shape. Mr. McCullough, Sr. swallowed two or three times and looked at Mrs. McCullough. Mrs. McCullough explained how things were back on the thirty acres—that not all the corn was husked yet in the bottom field and, moreover, that



IDEAL HEAD OF CHRIST.

the old maid they had hired to take care of things in their absence had only agreed to stay two weeks. Then Mr. McCullough spoke up that it would cost a good deal to go back to straighten things up and he did not care to take money out of the bank where they had saved something like three hundred dollars in the last thirty years from their earnings on the stony farm on which they lived. Bob told him to go back, fix up matters, sell the old place or give it away, and come out to Denver and attend to the farms. He explained that his father might keep a horse and drive out to the places whenever he felt like it. And to cut a long story short that is the way matters stand now.

As to the carpet-sack full of hickory nuts, and walnuts, Robert, Jr. declared he had never eaten the like in all his western experience.

It is true that this story does not seem to be built along the prodigal son lines, but it occasionally happens in this life that there are also a mistaken father and mother.

TEACHING BY MAIL.

THE system of teaching in the best correspondence schools has been carefully worked out. One of the principal features is the use of specially prepared and illustrated instruction and question papers, in place of the text-books used in the ordinary resident school. The papers are written by men of technical education, selected because of their fitness for the work. Each paper is also edited by one or more specialists.

The papers are printed in pamphlet form, of from ten to one hundred pages, and can readily be folded and carried in one's pocket for study during spare hours. Each paper is complete, and contains all the instruction required for the mastery of the following paper. The writers assume that the student knows nothing about the subject in hand that has not been treated in a previous paper. The illustrations are features of these papers and they are freely employed.

It is the custom of one of the best of these schools, as soon as the pupil is enrolled, to send to him the first and second instruction and question papers, accompanied by directions for proceeding with the work, some "information blanks," and a supply of addressed envelopes.

After carefully reading the directions, a student studies the first instruction paper until it is thoroughly mastered. If he has any difficulty, he fills out an information blank, giving full particulars, sends it to the school, and proceeds with his studies. A written explanation of the difficulty he encountered is promptly forwarded to him from the school, and he is encouraged to write, at any time, for special information. After mastering the first instruction paper, he takes up the accompanying question paper, and he writes his answers to the test questions on one side of sheets of light paper, numbering each answer, and writing his name, address, and class number at the head of the first sheet. He forwards these answers to the school, in one of the addressed envelopes, and proceeds to study the second instruction paper. *Felix Gallagher, in December "Success."*

* * *

WORN OUT MONEY.

AMONG the attaches of the St. Louis subtreasury is B. C. Farrar, a son of General Farrar.

Mr. Farrar's is a singular work. He might, in truth, be said to study every day the peculiarities of money.

Mr. Farrar says the life of the average coin is fifteen years. This means, of course, that if a coin is freely circulated for fifteen years it becomes so worn that, the first time it comes into the hands of the subtreasury, it is taken out of circulation and returned to the mint.

Dimes predominate among worn coins, and half dollars lead in value.

The life of the average bank note is three months. Mr. Farrar says that when a bank note is freely circulated for three months it becomes so worn that, if it falls into the hands of the subtreasury, it is retired from circulation.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

* * *

GIVE SOMETHING OF YOUR OWN SELF.

THERE are innumerable channels through which the poorest of us can give more valuable gifts than Solomon with all his riches could bestow, or than those he received from the Queen of the South. We can give them not only on red-letter days, such as Christmas and New Year's, but on all the days of the year.

Kind words, little deeds of helpfulness, bright smiles, cheery, hopeful words, a cordial grasp of a discouraged hand,—such gifts as these are always in season, from January to December, and are always welcome. Yet how many hearts are hungering for them! To give of oneself is infinitely more generous, and often more necessary, than material gifts. "What can we do for you?" asked some good Samaritans of a poor woman whom they found lying on a wretched pallet in a bare attic. "What do you need most?" "People," was the startling reply. "Send some one to talk to me. I am lonely."

Oh, how the world hungers for the wealth which even the poorest of us can bestow,—sympathy, warm, loving helpfulness, cheerful encouragement! Money is not everything, and we make a mistake in thinking that it is the only thing to give; to give oneself is often of infinitely greater value.

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

We possess an elixir more potent than the fabled liquid of Solomon, one drop of which not only prolongs life, but also, like the dew that falls into the delicate cup of the lily, or the sunshine that carries radiance into the midst of gloom, beautifies and transforms it. This elixir,—love, sympathy, kindness, good will,—call it by what name we please,—whose inflow is wholly dependent on its outflow, is the potential fluid that nourishes life and glorifies humanity. If we keep the vase that contains it tightly corked three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, we may find, when we open it, on the three hundred and sixty-fifth, that the magic fluid has all evaporated.

The "little mother" who stands before a great toy store, fascinated by the ravishing baby "models," clothed in rich silks and furs, which seem to mock her rags, does not long for things for herself alone, but a tear steals down her pinched, careworn cheek as she thinks how beautiful her baby sister would look in one of those fur-lined cloaks and silken hoods.—*Orison Swett Marden, in December "Success."*

ON A HACIENDA.—No. 2.

QUINTER and Ruby were ushered into the dining room, and sat down in the places assigned them, and were ready for their first Mexican dinner. They noticed that the linen was spotless, and the china was evidently new and of a design strange to them. In fact it had been imported from Madrid, at great cost, and was a part of the household treasures of the Senora. The first course was soup. This was followed by vegetables and beef boiled together and wine was served with the courses. Behind them was a servant, barefooted, and quiet, and he had two coffee pots in his hands. "Solo?" he inquired of Quinter. And Quinter nodded, not that he understood at all what solo meant, but that he wanted the coffee. The servant poured out of one pot the strongest and blackest coffee he had ever seen. He poured slower and slower as he filled it up, but filled it to the brim. Then, when he came to Ruby, he inquired again, "Solo?" Ruby ventured about all the Spanish she knew,—“No, senor,” and the servant poured about one-third of the cup full of coffee from one pot, and filled the cup from the other pot with milk. Nobody smiled, or even looked amused. The Mexican is courteous, and took no apparent notice. Neither Quinter nor Ruby knew at the time that the waiter had asked "Alone?" when he was serving them. What they intended saying was "With milk," but how could they tell a thing they did not know?

Then came other articles, among them beans, and the Mexicans know better how to cook beans than Americanos do. They were black beans, and according to Mexican methods, must be cooked at least a day before their use. Otherwise "They are poison, if not so, Senor." Then came eggs, and at the last dulces. Dulces were sweet dishes, dessert, so to speak, and then all left the table.

Ruby prided herself on getting ahead of Quinter at dinner with the coffee episode, but before long he had an opportunity of getting back at her with interest. One of the things they never lost interest in was the life among the peons. There are six hundred peons, all told, on Santa Clara hacienda, and Quinter and Ruby were more interested in their ways, and their methods of living, than in the hacienda proper. A peon is simply a native Mexican, and a Mexican is a cross between the native Indian and the conquering Spaniard. The poor peon has a hard and unlovely time of it, but he is satisfied with his lot, perhaps because he does not know any better, and he belongs to the hacienda as much as the horses and cattle do. He cannot leave the hacienda while he is in debt, and when he dies his family inherit the debt. As a rule the peon is there to stay,

and the remarkable part of it is that he does not want to go away. The native Mexican, or the Mexican Indian, is the ideal home stayer. When they built the railroads in Mexico the peons worked just as long as they could get back home at night, when they could not get to and from their work daily they threw up their jobs.

Quinter and Ruby, the Americanos, spent much of their time with the peons. They live in houses without the hacienda buildings, and work when there is work for them to do on the place. They are the real Mexicans, and from them our two young friends learned much of their Spanish.

The father of Quinter and Ruby was a mining engineer, and the mine in which he was employed was seventy-five miles back from the nearest railway station. One cannot see Mexico as it is along the railroad, he must go back to where things have never changed since the days of the early Spaniards, and Santa Clara is just such a hacienda. There is a Catholic church on the place and every member of the household, and all the people living on the hacienda are Catholics. On a Sunday the natives will go to early services and in the afternoon hold their cock-fights. Had it been a large town instead of a hacienda perhaps there would have been bull fights. In the absence of bull fights cock fights take their place. Bull fighting and cock fighting are two of the national amusements of Mexico, while every Mexican is an inveterate gambler.

If Quinter and Ruby felt lonesome in their hacienda life, as they doubtless were, they did not appear so, more, perhaps, out of a spirit of bravado than of indifference. Everything was new to them and strange beyond question. Their activity was a continual source of wonder to the Mexicans. They were everywhere and on the go all the time. The real Mexican is never in a hurry and has acquired the habit of saying "manana," meaning to-morrow, to everything he has to do and every question that is asked him. Quinter and Ruby could not understand why it was that when a thing was to be done they should not do it, while the Mexican puts everything off until manana, which is, being interpreted, to-morrow.

One of the things that Quinter and Ruby were slow to learn was the afternoon siesta of the country. Perhaps our Inglenook readers do not know what a siesta is. Literally translated into English it is an afternoon nap of about two hours duration. Everybody goes to bed, or, at least, goes to sleep. In large cities business is suspended and some of the large business houses are locked up, there being practically nothing done for about two hours in the afternoon. Quinter and Ruby found it hard to understand why every afternoon the hacienda of Santa Clara apparently went to sleep for

about two hours. A Mexican does not care to be disturbed during his siesta, and to tell the truth of it, Ruby and Quinter soon learned to fall into the habit of the country, which after all is just about as wise a thing as anybody can do. It is a fact that in every country there is a good and sufficient reason for every practice that is universal in its observance. For about two hours in the afternoon the hacienda of Santa Clara was literally asleep, everything stopping. In fact all over Mexico time is of no account whatever. Anything that can be put off until *manana*, to-morrow, is so disposed of, and one of the things Quinter and Ruby learned was not to break the *costumbres* of the people, so they soon learned to fall into the siesta habit, which simply means going to one's room, or apartment, and taking an afternoon nap. Then gradually the hacienda begins to wake up and Quinter and Ruby with their unbounded energy of the North began their exploration of the place and its surroundings.

One thing that Ruby learned was that there was not a stove on the place, nor, indeed, one for hundreds of miles. All the cooking is done over a charcoal fire, and it is a marvel the extent and variety of dishes the Mexican cook can prepare over a handful of charcoal.

Senor Don Miguel's family were an interesting study to Ruby and Quinter. Their clothes were of the latest Paris fashions and everything about them seemed foreign to their surroundings. It was a sort of absurd imitation of a better class American home, and so it came that our two young folks found a greater interest among the peons. The peons have some well established characteristics of their own. In the first place the peon does not care to go far away from home, and there is no place for him to go where he would be received without he could show that the owner of his former place of residence has nothing against him in the way of debt, and the most of them, in fact all of them are hopelessly in debt. The system of peonage is simply modified slavery, and as acceptable to the peon and his family as it is to the owner of a hacienda. In fact when a hacienda is sold it always includes in the deed the statement of so many hectares of land and so many souls. That is to say the land carries with it the lives of the peons who live on it. And the strange part of it is that the Mexican peon is the strongest home lover in the world. This is the instinct of the Indian part of him, the Spaniard is naturally a rover, but the native Mexican Indian leaves home rarely. They are bound by all manner of ties to the home place where their parents have lived for possibly a thousand of years.

One thing that galled Quinter and Ruby was the fact that their *mozos*, or servants, kept hang-

ing about them continually. One day Quinter suggested to his sister that they give their shadows the slip and take a journey over the hills alone. She was as tired of the servants as he, and so one morning they set out on a journey of their own and enjoyed it hugely. They succeeded in getting away from home three or four miles down a deep ravine where there was a perfect jungle of wild flowers, creepers, and strange birds, among which were those Quinter recognized as seeing in a natural history book he had at home. As they penetrated the ever-increasing growth of trees and plants, the strange flowers loading the air with their perfume, they came face to face, before they knew it, with two armed men. Just then they did not know the facts in the case, but the bandits had captured them.

(To be continued.)

❖ ❖ ❖
MALTA.

BY E. M. COBB.

IN the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, fifty-eight miles south of Sicily, is a little dot of an island called Malta, hardly visible on our maps of small scale.

Amidst a furious storm our Captain Evans signaled a pilot who hastily answered our summons and guided us safely into a place "where two seas meet," into the adjacent harbor of Valetta. The billows roll and swell and spend their fury against the stout rocks as if all the pent up anger of the sea were being poured out in one blast upon the little island; and the artillery of the heavens echo and re-echo in mighty tones while the canopy is ablaze with illumination which makes the heavy clouds of inky blackness seem as a dark curtain of death lined with a border of gold cast over a fathomless watery grave whose walls are of solid rock.

When the dark night surrenders to the melting rays of a brilliant morning what a sight meets our eyes! We are surrounded by fifty men-of-war, above whose funnels rise the bold fortifications of enormous dimensions. This wonderful little fortress commands over one thousand pivot guns, is garrisoned by twenty thousand troops and supplied with provisions for one hundred thousand men for a period of seven years, plus one million tons of coal. These are replaced according to the rate of consumption so that this amount is always here.

Malta is the gate that leads to England's back farms. Its proximity to Egypt, India, South Africa and the British Isles themselves makes it of incalculable value to the kingdom as a coaling station, general supply store, garrison, fort, etc.

About two centuries ago she was taken by the French from the Turks. In this revolution a dis-

grace was laid upon the Ottomans in that their wives willfully deserted them and preferred the French as their future protectors. A penalty from the papacy was decreed upon the transgressors, that for the next two hundred years their faces must be shaded by a cowl, which is a long-fronted bonnet similar to our American Shaker bonnets, and they are to be seen here to-day, worn by all, whether their station be high or low. But they rejoice that a very few more years will end their punishment and they will be at liberty.

This is also a rendezvous for Catholic priests, there being about ten thousand here continually. Some of the monks came aboard and gave our captain a small box of snuff, hoping to get a backsheesh of two or three shillings, and promised to pray for

sands and thousands of people living in caves cut far back in the soft, rocky cliffs, of which the island is chiefly composed, who had actually never seen the light of day, and many had been born, lived and died, without ever seeing the outside world.

They are nominally a people; practically, semi-aquatic parasites, eking existence from the passers-by, for their island has no soil except that which is transported from Sicily and dispersed systematically by foresters. When the island is once covered with a forest it will be indeed beautiful. Their language is a conglomeration of Italian and Arabic, and their education a blank.

Valetta, their capital, is a most beautiful little city, well-built and surrounded by a moat about three hundred feet deep, and walled as of ancient



PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

us a safe voyage, and a strong wind in our favor. But a strict understanding is, no backsheesh, no prayers.

The native Maltese are said to surpass even the Turks in dishonesty, bribery, treachery, crime and falsehood, and they are exhibiting some of their skill on the unfortunate passengers who chance to halt here. For example, they bring on deck some beautiful canary birds for sale at fabulous prices, and after a reduction of some three hundred per cent, from the asking price, a bargain is made. But the drenching rain soon reveals the sad but stern fact to the purchaser that he is the possessor of a black Maltese sparrow painted yellow, and the strains of melody were pouring forth from a tin whistle in the vender's pocket. Similar frauds follow.

A few years ago when Lord Granville was governor of the island, being displeased with the sanitary conditions, he ordered a general renovation. Among other finds he states that there are thou-

days, the old gates still being hoisted by chains. One gate is now called Victoria and another Valetta.

All this is Malta of to-day, and not Melita of two thousand years ago.

The lighters have now filled our bunkers with coal, and we are off for England, where we shall re-embark for the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Merry Christmas to our Nooker friends.

Valetta, Malta, Nov. 16, 1902.

* * *

TOWN DEALS IN RABBITS.

TORQUAY, England, possesses a municipal rabbit warren, where over 15,000 rabbits have been trapped during the past year and sent for sale in the northern and midland markets.

* * *

FLYING fish have been known to jump ten feet above the surface of the sea.

THE JUST ARRIVED.

THE *New York Sun* tells an interesting story of the emigrant who has just arrived on our shores.

A Jewish immigrant from Roumania, one of those unfortunates in whose behalf Secretary Hay protested through his letter to the European powers, was asked within an hour after his landing at the Battery: "What do you expect to do for a living?"

The man, who was still young and vigorous, shrugged his shoulders, looked at the sky and then at his wife and little ones, and fervently answered: "Gott weiss" (God knows). Yet within forty-eight hours after he made this remark he had assumed a place as one of the merchants of the metropolis.

The first journey which the immigrant takes on American soil is made in one of three ways—he walks from the Battery to his new home, he rides atop of his luggage on an express wagon, or, if he wishes to be stylish, takes the Second avenue elevated cars to the station nearest his new address.

In former times, not many years ago, when immigrants were not so plentiful as now, a wagon load of "greenies" going up Broadway made men and women stop and stare. Seated on their trunks or canvas covered bundles, the long bearded immigrant, with his rosy cheeked wife and equally healthy looking children, constituted a picture that was always sure to attract attention. On Broadway the new arrivals attracted merely attention—respectful attention, if you please, which was quite in contrast with the strenuous greetings of the hoodlums of New Bowery or Cherry streets.

After what seems to be an endless journey, the wagon stops in front of a double decker, say on Forsyth street. The driver alights, enters the dark and narrow hall and, like the letter carrier in the tenement districts, shouts aloud the name of the friend or relative to whom the immigrants have been "consigned." Meanwhile the interesting party remain on the wagon, the center of a crowd which has gathered to look at them. The crowd has been there before, and therefore knows how it feels. It is a sympathetic crowd, and it does not wait long to find out where the "greenies" came from and who their relatives are. These formalities having been gone through, the crowd asks innumerable questions with Chinese license, and soon accepts the newcomers as members of the fraternity. The "Amerikaner" shake their heads and pity the man on the wagon. To each other they talk about the poor fellow, using such unintelligible terms as pushcart, policeman, license, rent and landlord.

These terms, how strange and unfamiliar they sound! Yet it will take but twenty-four hours for the embryo American to know them and their significance. Many a tear will be shed before his acquaintance with them ends.

The few minutes seem like so many hours, but neither friend nor relative comes down to greet the arrivals. "Cohen? Oh, yes, there was such a family here, but they moved away last month." This information comes from the housekeeper (janitor), who has at last come downstairs to see what all the excitement means. Further inquiries as to where "Cohen" moved to are fruitless. The housekeeper doesn't know, the butcher across the street doesn't know, and as for the other families in the house, they don't care, because the Cohens never got along well with them, anyhow.

What's to be done? The load of expectant humanity in the wagon do not know what is going on, but their anxious faces show they are beginning to suspect that there is some trouble. The driver, anxious to return to the Battery for another load, swears at the Cohens and looks daggers at the immigrants, while he threatens with many an oath to bring the "load" back to the barge office. This information interpreted to the newcomers strikes them like a thunderbolt. The wife and mother wrings her hands and the children cry with fear. A consultation is held by the "crowd" and it is agreed that the best thing to do is to send the family, baggage and all, to the Hebrew Sheltering House, on Madison street, where such cases are cared for until the "consignees" can be located.

We next find the family comfortably housed in the "Hachnotith Orchim," on Madison street, anxiously awaiting news from the missing Cohens. They are housed and fed and clad in American garb. An advertisement is inserted in one of the Jewish papers announcing the arrival of this family and requesting their relatives or friends to call for them at the Sheltering House.

Meanwhile the Cohens have called at the barge office, looking for their "cousins," and have discovered, after considerable trouble, their whereabouts; before sundown the family leave the Madison street house and are domiciled in the rooms prepared for them by their relatives.

In most instances there is little or no difficulty on the part of the immigrants in finding their American "consignees." The wagon brings them to the tenements, the relative comes downstairs to greet them, and life in America is begun by climbing four flights of dark, grimy stairs, clutching the slippery railing with one hand and carrying the luggage in the other. It does not take long before it dawns on the "greenhorn" that those tall houses he noticed while on the express wagon are not private mansions.

Two rooms, sometimes three, and rarely four, if he has some means, are to be his home—provided, of course, that he will earn enough to pay the rent. Seven, ten, fourteen dollars a month—these are big sums.

for the penniless man who has fled for his life from the home of his fathers; but he does not despair. What others have done he can do, too, and besides, his trust in Providence is unquestioned.

After a few hours' rest he is taken to a "mikveh" (bath house), and after a thorough cleansing he is dressed in the American clothing which has been prepared for him. He must be an American even to the collar and necktie. He leaves the bathing house a thorough American in spirit, and prays that God will make him quickly forget Roumania. The barber next takes hold of him, crops his unkempt and flowing beard, and trims the ringlets on his temples, so that they become less conspicuous. In America, he is told, one must be like other Americans. He enters into the new order of things with a spirit full of hope and optimism, for he is confident the Lord will provide.

The next day he begins his struggle for life. Thanks to the inhuman laws of his native land, he knows no trade, no profession. He may have been a merchant or a banker at home, but what is he to do here? He must begin at once to earn a living. Delay means starvation. He has one or two alternatives open to him. He can hire a pushcart for twenty cents a day, buy a few dollars' worth of fruit or other staple merchandise, pay the requisite sum for a license and thus begin at once to earn enough to keep body and soul together; or he may adopt the other alternative, namely, enter a sweatshop as an apprentice and earn two or three dollars a week. With this income, assisted by his relatives, a bare living is enjoyed. His choice will most often depend on the advice of his immediate relatives or friends, and they will be guided by the man's general condition, his mental abilities and the degree of "influence" which they can bring to bear in his behalf; for it must be remembered that it requires influence to be taken as a "learner" in a sweatshop.

Meanwhile his wife and children have not been neglected. They, too, have been dressed in American fashion and are making rapid strides toward complete Americanization. From the neighbors the mother constantly adds to her English vocabulary, and her Yiddish is soon interspersed with choice extracts of English origin, which the English-speaking stranger can barely understand.

The children are sent to the Baron de Hirsch school for immigrant children on East Broadway, and within one term of six months they learn to speak English sufficiently well to enable them to attend the public schools. The grown up children, if there be any, are apprenticed to some trade, or in a sweatshop, often in the same shop with the father.

At night they attend the evening schools, where their progress is astonishingly rapid. Within a year after their arrival many of these immigrants read and speak English with remarkable fluency.

ARE FOND OF SAUERKRAUT.

SAUERKRAUT is the latest craving of the American soldier stationed in the Philippines. They want it badly, exceedingly sour, and in large quantities. The trouble that has been caused by the fondness of the soldiers for numerous soul-destroying liquors made in the various islands of the Philippine group has been successfully faced, the havoc played by the hobo has been duly tabulated in the casualty list, but the scientific military authorities are at loss to know why sauerkraut should suddenly have assumed so threatening a position in the menu card of the army. Certain critics of the army, who are in the habit of scrutinizing every detail of the operations of the forces of occupation, are already be-



lieved to be investigating the sauerkraut atrocities.

There is another party, composed of various patriotic orders, who are deeply concerned over what they call the serious deterioration in patriotic spirit displayed in the use of a foreign dish. Perhaps the most bitter criticism comes from that portion of the community who regard with suspicion everything savoring of adopting German militarism; to them this furnishes a conclusive and final proof that the continental standing armies are soon to be copied here. In the meantime, the cry for sauerkraut continues. From Batangas to Bacolod, from Iloilo to Dagupan, comes the plaint of the private whose soul is consumed with a desire for the mysterious palatal bliss of sauerkraut. The Army and Navy Register comments on this latest manifestation of the effect of a colonial policy, and declares that the commissaries are filling the orders as fast as possible.

IN fasting feats the sect of Jains, in India, is far ahead of all rivals. Fasts of from thirty to forty days are very common, and once a year they are said to abstain from food for seventy-five days.

OH, Turk, beware of the day!

NATURE



STUDY.

CHOOSING PLANTS FOR INDOOR USE.

THE plants to choose for the house in winter are those which can best defy foes of heat and gas and coal-dust.

Palms and ferns make the most decorative greenery and enjoy the most popular favor. They are not troublesome to care for. If their native conditions are remembered and observed as far as possible in their new environment, these plants of the tropics will readily adapt themselves to the pleasant task of beautifying homes in our temperate zone.

Palms especially need warmth and moisture if their owner expects to succeed with them. Yet too much warmth and too much moisture are a bit worse than too little. Proper drainage from the pots containing them, a suitable deep and narrow shape for the pots themselves, a tepid sponge bath every other day for the leaves, and a good soil of leaf-mold, loam and sand—these will insure a healthy growth and a beautiful glossy greenness.

Palms seldom need repotting oftener than once in two years. The moisture they demand should be administered through the sponging of the leaves rather than through a copious watering of the roots. When the surface of the soil shows dryness is time enough for the watering-pot to play about the roots.

The sickly yellow leaves appearing on so many house palms are generally a sure indication of roots that are kept too moist. When the pot rests in a jardiniere the latter should be emptied frequently of the water which drains from the plant.

Ferns are always beautiful, but only a few varieties, notably the sword fern, thrive well in the house during winter. It is well to consult a florist before making a selection.



UNDER THE WORLD'S OCEANS.

AN enterprising Bostonian tried the experiment of sending a cable message around the world as soon as it was announced that the new British line under the Pacific was open for business. He wished to find out how long it would take to belt the planet with a dispatch under ordinary conditions of cable workings. His brief sentence was forwarded without any mark of urgency or any suggestion of exceptional speed, and it was accepted subject to delay and without pref-

erence over the current handling of business. This trial did not result in any surprising achievement.

More than thirty-nine hours passed before the citizen of the Hub of the Universe got back the words which he had addressed to himself beneath the seas of both hemispheres. That was not amazing speed. No doubt the cables will far surpass that feeble, halting gait when everything is improved by practice and adjustment. Puck said he could put a girdle around the globe in forty minutes. Possibly he never did it. But the cable companies ought not to require forty hours for the transmission of a few words from Boston and back again—a circuit of only 25,000 miles or thereabouts.—*New York Tribune.*



SARDINES ARE GETTING SCARCE.

ONE of the results of the past cold summer is a scarcity of sardines. The price of canned sardines has already risen nearly twenty per cent, and may go higher before the year is out. The world's supply of the best sardines comes from the west coast of France, and this year the waters there have been practically deserted by the fish. The only reason given for this is that the season has been so cold that the sardines have gone to some warmer region. The few which remained in the old haunts thus secured an extra supply of nourishment, and as a result grew to be very large and coarse, and not nearly so select as the smaller fish.

The small catch of sardines will result in a considerable decrease in the quantity of tins exported from this country to Europe for the fish to be packed in.



A POSSIBILITY.

It is suggested by Louis Roubourdin, a French writer, that in each of the new stars that blaze forth in the heavens from time to time, we see the destruction of a celestial body by a volcanic cataclysm. At any rate, he says, if part of the earth's crust underlying the ocean should give way, our earth would doubtless present in succession, to a distant observer, the same series of appearances that we witness in the case of *novae* or "new stars." First, there would be an outburst of blazing hydrogen from the sea-water, decomposed by the earth's internal heat, then fusion of the whole crust, reducing the globe again to a molten

state, and then the gradual extinction of its light owing to cooling. As cooling would first take place locally, we should have a variable star, the darkened portions being periodically brought into view by the rotation of the globe. —“*Success.*”

* * *

BIRDS EVER ON THE WING.

GENUINE nomads of the air are the birds of passage. They have no permanent homes and except at breeding times remain but a few short days in any given locality. Those that cannot endure the rigors of the northerly climate are almost constantly on the wing, bound either north or south—in the one case to escape the heat of a tropical summer, in the other flying from the rigors of a northern winter. There is hardly a week from March to November when flocks of birds are not moving from station to station. Robins go south from northern parts as early as Aug. 1—that is, they start from their nesting grounds—but they move very deliberately across the country. Orioles close up house-keeping early in August, and they spend a month in flitting about the country, in a happy-go-lucky sort of a way.

Interesting as birds are during their brief nesting season, they are more interesting during their travels. Their sojourn anywhere is very brief. The nearest to complete domestication is found in the case of the catbird. When treated well and familiarly he comes north about the first of May and does not leave us till some time in October. He is not all this while nesting or singing, but he is in the bushes ready for a pleasant chat with you if you have proved yourself a companionable friend. Robins are very irregular about coming or going and some of them are sure to be left behind all winter. Most of the birds are gregarious when traveling, probably for the sake of safety. A flock of very peaceful birds is compelled to add the additional protection of traveling by night. By day they generally are resting or feeding in some pleasant locality. In the spring they always are heard first in the early morning; in the autumn their good-by is heard at the approach of evening. All night they are on the wing.

It is a mistake to suppose that any of our birds care for home as a residence. They only stay in one spot long enough for a single purpose, either for rearing young or to collect food or to escape cold weather. These fellows that drop down on us in the early morning to dine from our mountain ash trees in August or September are cosmopolitans. Some varieties of birds will abound in a section one year and be very scarce the next. This is markedly true of grosbeaks and orioles. During 1902 the orioles have been mostly birds of pas-

sage, nesting probably farther north—but appearing in large numbers as birds of passage—eating plums and grapes and spoiling what they could not eat. A saucy flirt and handsome marauder, the oriole can do more mischief in a week of traveling than a flock of birds that are residents.

* * *

HAIR BUYERS.

EVERY autumn the hair buyers of Germany start out from Berlin to purchase the luxuriant tresses of the women and girls who live in the villages along the Spreewald.

In this region the inhabitants, who are of Slavic origin, preserve the language and many of the customs of the ancient vandals. The girls and women wear their heavy masses of silky hair rolled in great coiffures on their heads and are not averse to being shorn if the buyers offer a high enough figure.

The women are fully aware that human hair is a desirable commodity and always set a good price for their locks. The buyers are used to the business, however, and are good at driving a bargain, so there is a deal of haggling before the purchase is finally concluded. The buyers, when commencing operations in a village, always first endeavor to put the inhabitants in a pleasant humor. They invite the villagers to come to the inn where the buyers act as hosts and treat everybody to wine and schnapps. After a day or two in establishing themselves in the opinion of the townspeople as good fellows the buyers begin work. They pick out the women and girls who have the best heads of hair and offer them a low price for it. The women immediately name an exorbitant price. Then the trade is fairly begun and the buyers and the women talk and argue until finally a compromise is reached, the price is agreed upon, the village barber trims off the long, wavy locks and turns them over to the buyers.

The price of a head of good hair depends upon its quality, luster, and color, and the age of its wearer. The hair of girls between the ages of twelve and seventeen is deemed most valuable. A good head of hair is worth all the way from eight to twenty-five dollars. It is exported all over the world.

* * *

YELLOWSTONE BEARS ARE TAME.

NUMBERS of bears congregate around the dump back of the Canyon hotel in the grand canyon of the Yellowstone. They are unabashed at the presence of people and are fairly tame, although they retreat when anyone offers to handle them. One bear carried a tin can from the dump on his foot for over two months. There are probably thousands of bears in Yellowstone park, as the government prohibits hunting.

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A Weekly Magazine

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"True love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthenware;
It is a thing to walk with hand in hand,
Through the everydayness of this work-day world.
A love that gives and takes
Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle points;
But, loving kindly, ever looks them down;
A love that shall be new and fresh each hour."

* * *

THE COMING CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS in every Nook family! Christmas all over the world, wherever the story of the Cross has been told and heeded! What it really means may be lost in the merrymaking and good cheer that is abroad at this season. The deep significance of the occasion should sink into our hearts and influence our lives. Nearly twenty centuries ago the world was dark and unlit by God's personal presence. Pitying and loving the children of earth, he gave his Son that they might live in his light and love hereafter. We greet the ambassador of an earthly king with all the respect due his rank and his power. And on Christmas day we commemorate the birth of the King of kings. Yea, more, we are his by adoption, children of a King, it we are loyal to him.

Therefore it is meet that we should rejoice together over the day we set apart to specially remind us of his coming. He has passed from this earth with all its sadness and waiting to a land of rest, of love and light. We, too, shall some day see him, and we shall stand closer to him just in proportion to our befriending the poor and the more helpless of our fellow mortals. So while we rejoice over the birth of the babe in the stable of the wayside inn at Bethlehem, we may not bring him costly presents, but we can give him better than any gold ever taken from the mine by remembering others less fortunate

than ourselves, and by helping those who need help more than we do. When the end comes it may be that inasmuch as we did it to the least of God's children we also did it unto him. Remember the words of the Lord, that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

* * *

YOUR RESOLUTIONS.

WHEN the new year comes in the most of us have made our good resolutions for the future. And all the same, the most of us will as readily break them just the same as we have done before. Human nature has not changed much from the days of the long ago. Those who went before made the same good resolutions, and those who will come after we are gone will do the same, and all of us will see them wreck more or less completely on the rocks of circumstances.

Should we, therefore, not attempt any new order of things? On the contrary we should continue doing it. If we mean well we can not do too much resolving to do better in the future than in the past. God will judge us by our intentions in the matter, and the sin consists not so much in our falling down as in our failure to get up and try it all over.

Therefore let us make our good resolutions, do our best to keep them intact, and if we fail, as many of us will, it is simply another instance of our common frailty and an evidence that we are made of common clay.

* * *

BEING YOUNG AGAIN.

How would you like to go back and be a boy or girl again? How you would jump at the chance! Now let us see about all this! Anything else you want? You would like to have your friends along? That is to say you would like to be a curly-haired little boy on the floor, or a little girl again, with a big bearded man, or some old woman for your "helpmeet." Pretty boy or girl you would be. Or you would still like to own the farm. Consider the looks of the thing! A three-year-old child talking about deeds!

After all, we think you'll remain just where you are. You'll look better, and, the "day after," will feel better. But there is nothing in this prescription to prevent your making it pleasant for the really real young folks.

* * *

JUST A SUGGESTION.

If you want to make five people happy, send on five dollars and five names and addresses for the INGLENOOK for the coming year. Five families will likely read it and fifty-two times your gift will come around to them. It's cheap, but it's good.

WHAT and who do the foreign made dolls look like? Nobody, did you say? O yes, some of them look like people, for a Chicago dealer, some years ago, got a lot of photographs of the children he knew and took them to Europe and had his stock of dolls made to look like people. But for the most part, the average doll looks like nothing on earth or the waters under the earth.

❖ ❖ ❖

CHRISTMAS is a good day to forget the differences of station in this life. When you are out on the hillside it will not make the slightest difference whether you lived on the Avenue or on Back street. You may lie side by side for ages to come. Better cultivate a pleasant acquaintance now.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHERE does Santa Claus get all the toys he carries with him? Well, the Nookman isn't just sure, but he thinks he has his toy factory somewhere in Germany. At least that is where whole villages of people are making Noah's arks, animals and the like.

❖ ❖ ❖

A BAG of potatoes and a ham left on the poor man's back porch Christmas Eve are better than an hour's talk with him on How to Get Along in the World. This is not one of the proverbs of Solomon, but it is just as true as though it were.

❖ ❖ ❖

ON the Blessed Day the youngsters are to have full sweep. Possibly they will "pull the house down." Let them go! However, if there is a repetition on the twenty-sixth, well, you know what is the proper course and the dose.

❖ ❖ ❖

Do you remember what God has given you? Eternal life—free from sorrow, unrest and pain. This is his gift to you. What are you doing for him and his?

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OLD Governor Ritner, of Pennsylvania, is said to have observed that "a turkey is a mighty onhandy bird. It is too much for one and not enough for two."

❖ ❖ ❖

QUEER, but also true, that about all you will take along with you when you go over, is what you have given away while here.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHO ever missed what was given the poor all on a Christmas day? Or who lost by the souvenir put in the hand of a friend?

❖ ❖ ❖

WHAT are you going to do for your poor neighbor on Christmas?

❖ ❖ ❖

GOBBLE, gobble, gobble, but who?—assuredly not the turk.

❖ ❖ ❖

God bless everybody, says the Nookman.

SOMETHING OUT OF THE BOOK ABOUT GIVING AND DOING.

GIVE not grudgingly.

❖ ❖ ❖

CHARITY never faileth.

❖ ❖ ❖

EVERY one loveth gifts.

❖ ❖ ❖

My peace I give unto you.

❖ ❖ ❖

EACH according to his ability.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE gift of God is eternal life.

❖ ❖ ❖

A GIFT in secret pacifieth anger.

❖ ❖ ❖

CAST thy bread upon the waters.

❖ ❖ ❖

THE Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHATEVER is right I will give you.

❖ ❖ ❖

HE should give something to the poor.

❖ ❖ ❖

FREELY you have received, freely give.

❖ ❖ ❖

Go thy way and eat thy bread with joy.

❖ ❖ ❖

HE that giveth to the poor shall not lack.

❖ ❖ ❖

A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine.

❖ ❖ ❖

EVERY good and perfect gift cometh from God.

❖ ❖ ❖

A MAN that hath friends must show himself friendly.

❖ ❖ ❖

MANY waters cannot quench love neither can the floods drown it.

❖ ❖ ❖

BETTER is a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than an house full of sacrifices with strife.

❖ ❖ ❖

BETTER is an handful with quietness, than both hands full with travail and vexation of spirit.

❖ ❖ ❖

IN the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

❖ ❖ ❖

A GIFT is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it; whithersoever it turneth it prospereth.

❖ ❖ ❖

IN the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.

GETTING AN EDUCATION.—No. 2.

LET no man or woman enter the lists for an education with the idea that it is an easy acquirement. Let them disabuse their minds of the idea that through some unseen, and, to them, unknown, way the school has something to confer which, without it, they cannot possess. The subject, education, has made itself a field of thought for thousands of years among the wisest who have ever lived. Within the present age it has settled down to the schools and schooling, such as everyone may see about him. These are the means that are at present taken to teach people. The wisdom of the world has settled upon the fact that it shall begin with the little boy and girl who go to the primary school and there learn their letters, and pass through successive gradations to the university. At present writing the world knows nothing better than this, and those who pass from the little red schoolhouse on the edge of the woods to the ivy-grown university have all the means and appliances that the wisdom of the world deems important to the issue in question.

Not all, by any means, who have these opportunities become educated. There may be a lack of natural ability, or an indifference that does not support the growth we know as education. Probably not one person in ten who starts on the journey with every avenue open before him, the roads made straight and the means at his hand, comes out what might be called educated. Wherein he fails has but little to do with the particular case that we have in hand at present. We deal with the man or woman who starts out to make by hand, as it were, for himself, what the ponderous machinery of our school system is calculated to make for him. And first and foremost we want to give it as our opinion, based upon our experience and observation, that once the golden period of youth has passed it can never again be gotten hold of with the same ease and thoroughness in any part of later life. This, however, need not discourage the ambitious aspirant. He can get what he can get, if he will, but let it be distinctly understood that the writer holds the view that what one does not get in the forenoon of life is never picked up in the afternoon. There is but one youth with its flexibility and receptivity of mind, and once it passes it is gone forever. Nevertheless, it is entirely possible to acquire a fund of information and a mental training of natural powers later in life if one only goes about it correctly. We repeat that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred accuracy need not be expected in matters of minor detail. Here and there is some giant in intellect who begins late and yet gets it all, but he is an exception.

Most people imagine that if they had an opportunity of going to school they would soon pick up and get ahead of their more youthful aspirants. The writer does not wish to discourage any such people, but to him, as the result of painful experience, one of the saddest sights is to see a grown man, bearded and with a family, start to school with his books under his arm. His mind has lost its elasticity and pliability, it works well in some channels, slower in others and in others not at all. I can compare him to nothing better than the man of forty or fifty who undertakes to learn stenography. This article is being dictated to a shorthand writer. As I talk the pencil limns the words and the ear, the eye, and the hand are atune to instant perception and action. If the fingers of that hand that now writes were stiffened and set by labor, the ear dulled with age, the eye dimmed and the brain filled with the cares of a family, or in other words, if a mature man or woman would undertake to learn to do this thing the stenographer is now doing, not in one case in ten thousand would he succeed. There is a flexibility of touch, a quickness of manner, and an aptness that leaves one as he grows older just as the supple switch of the yearling growth of the tree disappears in the hard growth of the years that follow.

To go back to our man at school. He finds that when he sits in the recitation room his mind wanders away from his work, he has worldly cares and responsibilities that are pressing and the boy by his side has none of those—as an unsaturated sponge he takes up what he is brought in contact with. The older man has his mind full of other things and his thoughts wander, and he cannot buckle down to his work because around him stand a hundred things calling his attention away from it. He can no more become the apt scholar, accurate to a dot, than the middle-aged man can become a contortionist or an acrobat in a physical way.

The writer has in mind a familiar instance of this fact. When he was a college professor there came to his institution a man over sixty years of age. This man, strange as it may seem, went to college for but one thing—he wanted to learn to write. He had plenty of money and time. He did learn to write. He acquired his longed-for wish and was proud of it to the day of his death, yet, I noticed every line that this man wrote was in the jagged, cramped hand of age and never in the rounded outline of youth. To all who know, the writing of a boy or girl clearly tells its own story, and this man's production proclaimed the fact that his hand had lost its cunning, and though he did learn to write he wrote as an old man.

Our object in presenting this individual instance is to disabuse the mind of the reader of the idea that he may ever become the polished blade, or the elastic bow represented by youthful training. These lines are not written to discourage any one. Those who set about getting an education in middle life might as well understand their limitations in the start and know their weaknesses and short-comings and thus be better prepared to meet them, as they are. This by no means throws him out of the race, or prevents success, but it means hard work, buckling down to the task, and a persistence that most people lack.

Now what is the first thing this man or woman should do? In our next issue we will set forth certain facts the result of experience, of watching others, which will be of enormous value if earnest attention is given them by the seeker of systematic training of knowledge.

(To be continued.)

* * *

EASTERN CANADA.—NO. 2.

BY H. M. BARWICK.

THE country north of Lake Erie and further east is very much like our Ohio and other Eastern States, possibly a little more stony, but the farms and buildings bespeak industry, intelligence and thrift.

From Ottawa on east, lumbering and other industries supplant farming. Around Toronto the public roads, the clean farms, immense apple orchards and fine farm houses tell an unmistakable story, as they do in every country.

Toronto is the second city in size and business importance in the Dominion. Montreal, being much older and being closer to the sea, has had the advantage but the indications are that the energy and ambition of Toronto will some time surpass Montreal. The educational reputation of Toronto is first-class, while her manufactured articles can be seen all over Canada.

Of course quaint old Quebec has more history to the square foot than any other town. The death struggle for French supremacy in North America took place here when the brave Wolfe scaled the supposed inaccessible heights of the Upper Quebec and forced the French general Montcalm to a pitched battle. Both generals gave their lives to this struggle and the world knows the consequences.

They say that old Quebec is getting ready also to compete for the commercial supremacy of Canada. The old fortifications are being transformed into warehouses and the new railroads are refitting her for modern usefulness instead of being a musty patch of history.

The scenery is beautiful around Jack Fish Bay on Lake Superior about seven miles west of Ottawa. Between the thundering puffs of the monstrous engine, the creaking of the heavy loaded cars, the grating of the wheels as they slid from one side of the rails to the other around the sharp curves, the excitement of the passengers, etc., we said to our souls, Great is the skill of man to undertake and complete such a stupendous work as what we witness! But great as was his skill, it presents a puny comparison with the majestic grandeur of the work of our Cre-



THERE WERE NINETY AND NINE.

ator! Who can describe the beautiful sweep in, under, around, over and through the mountains, rocks and lakes?

At this place after a fifteen mile run of wild scenic beauty we are back within half a mile of the starting place at the beautiful "Horseshoe Bend."

It seems impossible ever to behold a grander picture than is afforded on this curve. The beauty of that half hour will form a pleasant memory while life lasts. My mind holds those hills, chasms, overhanging rocks, tunnels and the silvery stretch of water as vividly as the day we passed them by. How that old engine drew the twelve-coach load of human freight around such curves, on such narrow margins, without landing us in the bottom of the sea, is still a thought that makes us shudder.

* * *

DEAR Lord, we have not much to give but what little we have we give willingly. We ask no return or reward. Thou knowest what is in our hearts. We have done the best we could with what we had. Let us lay our love at thy feet.

* * *

WHERE will we be by another Christmas?

DIAMOND-BACKED TERRAPIN.

PERHAPS the majority of the Nook family have never heard of diamond-backed terrapin, while the Nookman will take it upon himself to guarantee that not one in a thousand of them would take kindly to a dish of prepared terrapin. In the first place its looks are against it, and the taste is a cultivated one. Nevertheless, to the epicure there can be no offering more satisfactory.

The diamond-backed terrapin is a turtle found along the lower Chesapeake Bay and in that neighborhood, and is in great demand in the city markets. If you were in Baltimore and wished to purchase diamond-backed terrapin you would find them to cost from fifty dollars to one hundred dollars a dozen, and even then difficulty might be had in securing the real diamond-back. To the uninitiated a diamond-back terrapin looks like any other water turtle, but the epicure knows the marks and cannot be deceived. It is against the law to take a diamond-back which measures less than five inches on the lower shell, and the larger and older they are the more they increase in price. Only the wealthy can enjoy the dish, and as stated before it is not either pleasant to look upon or to the taste. However, like eating olives or oysters, it is something that soon grows on one.

The female terrapin deposits her eggs, from twenty-five to thirty in number, in the sandy fields near where she lives. These are covered with sand, hatch out there, and if the average Nooker were called upon to tell what their greatest enemy is he would hardly guess that the crow is the most destructive enemy in the world to the diamond-back terrapin family. The crows hunt up the nests and destroy the eggs by wholesale.

When the terrapin hunter goes after diamond-backs he wades out into the waters of the marsh or the bay, armed with a slender iron bar, which he sticks down into the mud at intervals of about six inches. Early in the fall the terrapins go to the marshes and bury themselves in the soft mud to the depth of a foot or more. When the hunter's iron touches the back of the terrapin he reverses his instrument, and with a hook at the other end brings Brer Terrapin out of the water and passes him into a bag. The skillful hunter never makes any mistake when he jabs into a piece of wood or something that has not life.

The terrapin hunters put their catch in a dry and temperate room until they have enough to send to market. They also build pounds, or fences, in the water, and make an ideal place in which the terrapins are herded and fished out as wanted. These pounds are further divided into a number of compartments by wire netting, and in the different enclosures are kept turtles of different sizes.

The present month is a diamond-back month, that

is, they are in season now, and possibly some of our Maryland Nookers will be able to tell us how to prepare a diamond-back if he should ever happen our way.

* * *

KILLING THE BIG BLACK BEAR.

A BIG black bear is the trophy that all sportsmen who have been in the woods are after. Shooting deer is all right, and a moose, of course, is a sportsman's ambition until he gets one, then he must have a bear.

A large number of bears have come down from the woods so far this fall, and it seems as if Maine Bruin were either very plentiful or decidedly careless.

Hunters from out of the State especially like to get a bear. The stories of how the prizes are shot can never be proved out of the way, as a female with young does not wait for an instant if brought to bay or if she thinks the young ones are in danger, from attacking a man or several men, for that matter. Bear hunting, however, is not so precarious as the sportsmen often make it out to be. The killing often consists of merely running across one in the woods and shooting him before he can get away. Then dogs are often used in hunting bears. While the dogs by their barking and snapping are keeping the big brute excited the hunter has time to take a good aim and get his game. Bears are often found in their dens and smoked out. They are sometimes inclined to be ugly when this is done, but do not stand much chance against two or three 45-90's.

Practically all bears which are shot by sportsmen are brought out of the woods and either mounted whole or made into rugs, or the heads are set up with the mouth open to give them a fierce expression.

Bears are outside the pale of the law in Maine and may be shot, trapped or killed in any other way wherever they may be found.

Whenever a bear comes down from upriver the owner can always be found at the western depot. Perhaps he has a deer or moose along that he has to identify. After doing so he will always ask if it is necessary for him to prove property in regard to the bear, and he smiles proudly on the crowds which are always gathered around the wardens.

If the bear is all the game that he has, he will make a big touse about not being able to find the warden so as to identify his bear, for, of course, he wants to be sure that the bear isn't seized. He wouldn't have that happen for anything. Oh, no. Nor would he have the crowd remain ignorant of the fact that he got his bear.—*Bangor, Maine, Commercial.*

* * *

A GOOD book will make a good Christmas present.

* * *

THE goose is the English Christmas bird.

THE INGENIOUS YOUNG MAN'S GIFT.

"My young friend Dawkins," remarked Judge Crabtree thoughtfully, "is in trouble once more."

"What's the matter now—been trying to shave himself again?" inquired Major Dodge.

"No, it's something far more serious than that. My interesting young friend would rather have cut his throat while shaving than to have had his present trouble. He's an extremely ingenious young man. He was a shade too ingenious this time. He was also ever an impecunious youth. If Dawkins should find a five-dollar bill in his pocket, he would go around and demand police protection with the idea that somebody was trying to get him into trouble by playing the game that Joseph did with his brothers. Of course, the young man has got himself engaged to be married, and naturally he selected his employer's daughter. She and her family are very far from being impecunious, so the boy has had to keep up a bold front.

"The approach of Christmas worried Dawkins a good deal. He wanted to do the handsome thing by the girl and determined to make the effort of his life. There seemed to be no way but to save up. This was hard, painful, and unnatural, but he persisted, and the day before Christmas found that he had accumulated three dollars and forty-five cents. He had his heart set on a cut-glass cologne-bottle. He didn't know much about the cost of cut-glass cologne-bottles, but nevertheless he went around to the cut-glass cologne-bottle store with a jaunty air. He selected one which struck his fancy and asked the price. The salesperson replied that it was fifteen dollars. My young friend never moved a muscle, but said he would look at some better ones. As the clerk started to stand it back on the shelf it slipped from his hand and broke into about a hundred pieces on the marble floor. An inspiration filled the soul of the young man. He inquired what it was worth now. The other said he could have it for fifty cents. He paid the money, gave the young lady's address, and walked out, feeling better than he had since the day he found the dollar bill in his winter overcoat pocket.

"That evening he called on the girl, having first practiced a look of extreme woe before the mirror for use when she should announce that his beautiful present had arrived broken. But it had not yet been delivered when he got there; however, it was soon after, and as the young lady opened the box, her father and mother standing by, he gradually began to get his muscles of extreme woe into commission. The next moment he needed them, too, and those of surprise, consternation, and a few other things."

"Hadn't the store people sent what he ordered?"

"Oh, yes; precisely what he ordered. The pieces

were all there. And each piece was carefully wrapped in a bit of soft, white tissue-paper. My ingenious young friend hadn't felt so downcast since the day he found he had lost the pawn-ticket for his suit of evening clothes."—*Hayden Carruth in Lippincott's for December.*

* * *

OLD-TIME DINNERS.

"SERVING dinner in courses is comparatively a modern fashion," says Mrs. E. S. Bladen, in *December Lippincott's Magazine*, "first introduced in diplomatic circles in Washington, D. C., and imitated from France. Up to the date of President Polk's administration the course dinner among Americans had made no further progress than that of serving fish and soup separately. Soup was regarded as such a foreign frippery that a note written by General Winfield Scott, in which he explained that he was 'just sitting down to a hasty plate of soup,' covered him with such ridicule as to materially contribute to his defeat as a candidate for the presidency. Soup in the early days of the republic was considered as food for invalids or poor people only; later, when the social splendors of the Court of the Empress Eugénie attracted rich Americans in flocks to Paris, French table manners and customs pushed the old English dinner-fashions to the wall. It is doubtful, however, if soup ever found a place on the dinner-table of the wealthy Maryland or Virginia planter, unless green turtle, which was really a stew, might be so called.

"The object of an old-time dinner party was to eat, whereas that of the course dinner is to delight the eye rather than the palate, and yet who will say that the sight of a well-filled dinner-table, where an array of silver-covered dishes gives forth a bouquet of appetizing odors, fails to make an agreeable impression on all the senses."

* * *

TURKEY FOR THE PRESIDENT.

THE little town of Westerly, Rhode Island, has a reputation peculiar to itself. The people around Westerly say that they can raise not only larger but finer flavored turkeys than are fattened anywhere else in the United States. Rhode Island birds are not so corpulent as many of those grown in other parts of the country, but they have a delicious flavor which is believed to be caused partly by the climate and partly by the way in which they are fed.

The Rhode Islander does not try to stuff the bird merely to see how much it will weigh, but with corn, feeds different kinds of herbs, as well as bread crumbs and other cooked foods. If the bill of fare is given in the right proportions, the turkey is in condition to satisfy the most fastidious epicure.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLSNICKELER.

BY KATHLEEN.

THE old Dutch custom of "bellsnicking" on Christmas eve is still in vogue in some old-fashioned communities, though not to the extent that it once was. Also has it lost many of its old-time qualities. And while everybody knows all about Santa Claus, the patron Saint of the children, there are probably some benighted beings who never even heard of his forerunners, the bellsnickelers. It is difficult to ascertain where they originated, but undoubtedly the Pennsylvania Bellsnickeler is the American cousin of the German bugbear Ruprecht, and perhaps a forty-second cousin to Krampus, the Austrian terror to children. For on reading about the proceedings of Santa Claus in other lands we find that almost invariably he is preceded or accompanied on his annual trip by a grim and terrible individual whose purpose is to find out which are the good and which are the bad children. Santa Claus then distributes his gifts accordingly, the bad ones getting nothing but a bundle of rods unless some good angel intercedes for them.

While the object or motive was originally the same, the method of procedure of the Bellsnickelers is somewhat different from that of the bugbears of other lands. It is but natural that the American Santa Claus should possess that spirit of lavish display so characteristic of America, and requires therefore a greater force of forerunners than does the Santa Claus of the old countries. The Bellsnickelers travel in groups of half a dozen more or less. They are by no means uniform in size, color or manner of dress. Some apparently have traveled so far that their clothes are but a motley arrangement of tatters and rags. Others started on the journey in such haste that they got their coats and trousers on wrong side out. Some are black men, while others wear hideous masks. No party of Bellsnickelers is complete, however, unless there is a woman along, or at least the semblance of one. She is usually a very tall individual with a face as black as ebony, wears a skimpy calico dress and an ancient sunbonnet, and her efforts to appear graceful and ladylike are sadly hampered by the immense boots she has on and the rather scant dimensions of her skirt. Sometimes the Bellsnickelers are musically inclined, both vocal and instrumental music being rendered. For lack of a better instrument a cornstalk fiddle has frequently been pressed into service, the entrancing strains therefrom being bounded and limited alone by one's imagination. In the large towns the Bellsnickelers are arrayed in elaborate and grotesque costumes, their object being more to promote the mirth and merriment of the hurrying pedestrians than to fulfill the original mission of the old-fashioned Bellsnickeler,

that of frightening children into good behavior. In fact the Bellsnickelers of the present day have lost much of their old-time terrorizing power, to the evident relief of the children. We cannot explain why this is the case unless it is from the fact that the present generation of children do not require the discipline that was thought necessary for the boys and girls of old times.

However that may be, the old-fashioned Bellsnickeler was regarded with a very wholesome fear by the youngsters, especially the naughty ones, and a marked improvement was noticeable in their behavior as the Christmastide drew near. When the great evening at last arrived that the stockings were to be hung in the chimney corners, the children were in a state of mingled joy and terror. When the lights were lit and the coming of the Bellsnickelers momentarily expected, it was a very quiet lot of youngsters that kept pretty well in the background. The anticipated terrors were more than realized when the door opened and the awful party silently entered. The children from their retreat behind mother's chair stared wide-eyed at the fearsome guests. The visitors glare all around the room till finally their eyes rest on the trembling little ones. Then the woman with the boots on begins to talk to the children and in a very squeaky voice inquires if they have been good since last Christmas and if they have obeyed their Pa and Ma, etc? Of course mother has to do the talking for the usually busy tongues of Amelia Ann and Thomas Jefferson are strangely out of working order at this moment. With those eyes glaring at her Amelia Ann thinks of the long list of her sins and shortcomings—of the many times she had pouted when mother asked her to wash the dishes, of how she and Sallie Jones had played "Jack" on their slates at school when she should have been studying her lessons, of—but why enumerate any further when we all have an idea of the tremendous shortcomings of a girl of Amelia Ann's years, (nine going on ten). The conscience of Thomas Jefferson is equally busy and uncomfortable. The rolling eye of the black man pierces into the very marrow, and Tommie thinks guiltily of muddy tracks on mother's clean floor, of a forbidden swim last summer, in fact of all the maternal and paternal commands and admonitions that were lightly disregarded at the proper time, but which now rise up in awful array before him. He silently resolves that if Santa Claus forgives him this time and fills his stocking with good things that he will never forget to wipe his shoes before coming into the house nor disobey pa and ma again.

Sometimes if mother gave a good report the Bellsnickelers would scatter nuts and candy on the floor as a peace offering for the children. With a feeling of great relief the children watched them take their

departure and then proceeded to gather up the goodies, though even these had scarcely power to compensate for the fright. In the morning, however, with an overflowing stocking to examine, the Bellsnickelers seemed like a far-away dream, or rather a night-mare, and the good resolutions were sometimes forgotten before the next Christmas rolled around.

* * *

TROUBLE CURE.

THE *Saturday Evening Post*, under the title of Prescription for Trouble, has this:

Never since the first sick man grumbled have there been so many cures for the body known in the world as now. That man is the exception who has not been cut to pieces and mended up again. There are a dozen schools of healing for every disease. One

you never shall lift your head or look your friends in the eyes again.

What can you do? You are young and strong: is life over now and dead? No doctor prescribes for these hurts: no drug touches them. Yet there are homely prescriptions which do give relief.

First, don't disguise the wound to yourself. It is there, real; it may never heal. When Pope was an old man he wept bitterly at his mother's grave. Not all of the long years, he said, had healed the hurt of her going away.

Don't touch your wound. But your physical nerves are weakened, your vitality is lessened. Go to work there.

Is there any occupation or amusement which you especially relish? Take it up. Don't mind what the neighbors say. You will be surprised and perhaps a



THE LAST WORDS OF JESUS

physician attacks the liver, another the bone, a third the skin. They assail you with drugs, with heat, cold, mud, magnetism and prayer. They lock you up in a box and bake you, or turn a swarm of bees on you, or bathe you in purple light.

So much do we care for the body. But who cures the hurt soul? What patent medicine will dry tears?

You have worked hard and honestly in life, perhaps, and suddenly you are struck down on the road and thrown aside—a failure. Or the being dearest to you, your wife or the boy who was flesh of your flesh, your one care and hope in life, is dead—was put out of your sight, yesterday, in that cut in the muddy ground yonder. Never to come back home—never to speak to you or touch you again. What are you to do? The hours and days and years must creep on and on before you can go to him. Or perhaps the hurt is not a vital stab like that, but some mean, belittling shame, some vulgar disgrace that has fallen on you by no fault of yours. You think that

little ashamed to find how soon your pulses will grow regular and your thoughts sane.

Next, stiffen yourself to carry your grief alone. Don't drip the black flood hourly on to your neighbors. Be sure each of them has his own load to carry. Look for it. Give him a helping hand with it.

And after a year or two of this common-sense nourishment of yourself you will suddenly see that going through the vale of misery you have made it a straight road to the heights.

* * *

CHRISTMAS IN PORTO RICO.

THE Porto Rican boys and girls would be frightened out of their wits if Santa Claus should come to them in a sleigh drawn by reindeer and should try to enter the houses and fill their stockings. Down there Santa Claus does not need reindeer or any other kind of steeds, for the children say that he just comes flying through the air like a bird. Neither

does he bother himself looking for stockings, for such things are not so plentiful in Porto Rico as they are in cooler climates. Instead of stockings the children use little boxes, which they make themselves. These they place on the roofs and in the courtyards, and old Santa Claus drops the gifts into them as he flies around at night with his bag on his back.

He is more generous in Porto Rico than he is anywhere else. He does not come on Christmas eve only, but is likely to call around every night or two during the week. Each morning, therefore, the little folks run out eagerly to see whether anything more has been left in their boxes during the night.

Christmas in Porto Rico is a church festival of much importance, and the celebration of it is made up chiefly of religious ceremonies intended to commemorate the principal events in the life of the Savior. Beginning with the celebration of his birth at Christmas time, the feast days follow one another in rapid succession. Indeed, it may justly be said that they do not really come to an end until Easter.—*St. Nicholas*.



HOLLY HAS A HISTORY.

THE misletoe is the berry of Christmas for quite another reason. There is a sentimental attachment to it. It is called the kissing berry and legends surround it very pleasantly with this prettiest of all civilized customs.

Holly, on the other hand, rugged, prickly, bristly and ever picturesque, is more as a decoration, a sign, a standard bearer of Christmas.

In church history holly is quite famous and where the misletoe is left out in the cold holly is brought in and wreathed around the sacred altars. You can use holly with propriety anywhere, and really it is seen in every possible position, from that of cake decoration to the trimming of the bowl in which the Christmas infant receives his drop of water in baptism.

Holly is a species of evergreen. It lives out of doors in the coldest winter and it is found in the most arctic of countries. They have a very pretty holly oak in the south and this, as the holidays approach, is covered with red berries that look very attractive, for the frost comes on then and the snowflakes fall.

The growing of holly is quite an occupation in the north, and there are woods in Canada and along the lakes where it grows in profusion, offering a livelihood to many.

Holly cannot be gathered very early, for it takes the frost to redden the berries, but at the first cold snap the wagons are sent into the woods and all turn out to pick the stems that can be carried to market and sold.

Holly is picked in long twigs, half as long or fully as long as your arm. These are thrown into barrels and almost stamped in place so that a great deal of holly can be packed into one medium-sized barrel. Then the whole is loaded into carts and the holly is taken to the nearest railroad station, there to begin its journey into the world.

The people who gather the holly are the children of the woodsmen, for the tree does not grow very high and it is not hard work to get the branches.

The woodsmen also assist and it is they who get into the trees and hack the limbs which the women and children gather up, pack into barrels, and, finally, take off to market.

The holly pickers can work only a few weeks in the year. And in this respect they resemble the strawberry pickers. Their season is soon over, and then they must wait until next year.

The men who receive the holly in the great cities are similarly situated. Many of them rest a great many months in the year waiting for the holly season. They are called the wholesalers and they "job" the holly.

Holly is also sent to the florists direct and one firm of florists in New York city uses \$5,000 worth of it annually. Holly is easily handled, and as there is a great demand for it the dealers feel safe in buying it. The plant is one that does not spoil and the branches are as salable after three weeks or a month as they were the very day they arrived. For this reason the holly crop in the cities is a large one.



ARE FEATHERED VIRAGOE.

FEMALE sparrows are especially tyrannical toward their partners, especially at nest-building time, when they frequently attack their husbands fiercely on account of their laziness. At such times the female voice can always be detected, both louder and shriller than that of her mate, as she pecks and tousles him, until he beats an ignominious retreat. Hen blackbirds and thrushes are often very overbearing and even spiteful toward their mates when their houses are in course of construction.



TRADE IN SECOND-HAND CARS.

AN interesting and extensive trade in second-hand street cars has grown up with the enormous development of trolley lines and the introduction of better rolling stock. The great cities discard their equipment, which goes to some smaller town. But when cars are third or fourth hand and of good old age they are roughly banished from the street. People get them for next to nothing and use them for cabins or cottages.

Aunt Barbara's Page

MAGIC.

Three little kittens, out at play,
Scampering about the lawn one day.

Three little kittens, as white as snow,
Hunting for mischief, high and low.

A piece of stovepipe lying near,
Dropped by the rubbish man, I fear.

Three little kittens, with snow white fur,
Crept in at one end with contented pur.

Then a strange thing happened, as you'll agree,
And wonder how such a thing could be.

For out of the other end into the light
Crept three little kittens as black as night.

A. E. L. in *Youth's Companion*.

❖ ❖ ❖

NELLIE, THE SHEPHERD DOG.

BY CHARLOTTE BALLARD.

It was a fine family Nellie had, ten little squirming, squealing puppies. Oh, how proud she was of them! They were only a few days old. So far she had scarcely left them except she hunted up her mistress, and led her to the nest under the porch. She had stood wagging her tail and almost laughing in her pride, as her mistress took them one by one from their nest and placed them in her apron.

"They are beauties, Nellie," she said, patting the shaggy head, "but what will we ever do with so many?"

But Nellie did not seem to think ten were too many. She crawled back to her bed and her mistress placed the puppies beside her.

It had seemed strange to Nellie the last four or five days not to go out on the range with the sheep.

To-night she heard the quick soft tramp, tramp, tramp, of the hundreds of little hoofs, and the deep 'Ba-a-a!' of the old sheep and the shrill "Ma-a-a!" of the lambs, as the herd came in from the range.

Nellie looked at her babies. They were all sound asleep curled against one another warm and snug. She nosed them all gently to make sure they were all there and all safe. Then she crawled from her nest and trotted off to perform her usual duty of coralling the sheep.

It took quite a little time even tho' Nellie was an expert at her business. But she would not leave till the last sheep was inside the corral and the gate closed. Then she bounded away to her babies.

She crawled under the piazza and called softly to her little ones. Two only answered with their little squeaky whines. Where were the rest! They were too young to crawl. Something must have got them!

Frantically Nellie sniffed around to find out what had been near the nest. She could smell nothing but Tom, the stable boy's foot. Could he have taken her babies?

She went to the bank and looked over. Oh cruel, cruel Tom! There they were—her eight puppies under the cold dark water!

Down she dived and brought them up, one at a time in her mouth and laid them tenderly on the bank.

Something was wrong. They were cold and she knew they must be hungry, yet they did not move nor make a sound.

She called to them in her soft growling whine, and touched them with her nose. How terribly cold they were! She lay down beside them and tried to warm them, but they chilled her instead. What could she do? Perhaps her mistress could help her.

She bounded back to the house and gave three short sharp barks at the door.

"What's the matter, Nellie?" said her mistress opening the door.

Nellie looked into her face appealingly and whined.

"Is anything wrong with the babies, Nellie?" said the mistress.

Nellie gave a mournful howl and started down the piazza steps then paused with one foot raised and looked back at her mistress as if to say, "Oh, please do come and help me!"

The mistress threw a shawl over her head and followed the dog. Straight to the creek they went.

Nellie went to each puppy, touched it with her nose, then looked up in her mistress' face and whined.

"Oh, Nellie," said her mistress sadly, "I can't help you. They are dead."

"My poor Nellie," she said, and her eyes were full of tears. "It is no use. The puppies are dead. Come away. Come and take care of the others."

Nellie understood. She licked her mistress' hand. Then she licked each little dead puppy, as if in farewell, and slowly with drooping ears and tail, she followed her mistress back to the house.—*Pets and Animals*.

❖ ❖ ❖

The song the stars of morning sung,
Has never died away.—Whittier.

The Q. & A. Department.

What is the Nook's opinion about the Correspondence Schools? Are they any good?

In some instances, yes, in others, no. The practical experience is wanting, in some technical schools, say those that profess to teach journalism. Doubtless some good is done, but that anybody can learn to edit the INGLENOOK, or any other paper, through the mails is simply nonsense. Reverse the conditions, and imagine a clothing store clerk in Chicago "learning" farming by mail, when he has never been on a farm in his life!

❖

Is it right for a girl sixteen years old to receive the company of men without the knowledge of parents who object?

The above is the substance of a long letter. The NOOK will be brief. No. The girl who gets to "receiving" men when she is sixteen years old, no matter how innocently, is on the road to ruin. Moreover, a sixteen-year-old girl would be better engaged if she were helping her mother about the house and thus learning something of value to her when she gets more sense.

❖

What is the advice of the Nook to a girl without real friends, who desires to help herself?

The instance is one not uncommon, of a girl, orphaned, living with friends who do not want her. We answer, Let her secure a place as domestic in some good family, one that will treat her right, and there are just such places, and let her go there, behave herself correctly, keep out of doubtful company, be polite and helpful, and do the right thing generally, and she will win out every time.

❖

How does a railroad get its money for a ticket sold by another road?

The ticket traversing several roads has coupons, or parts, which are torn off by the conductors of each road traveled over, and on this coupon the road settles with the selling road. This is the short of it, but in practice the process is a long and complicated one.

❖

How do the steamships and transportation lines manage the food supplies of the vessels, that is, how are they bought?

A man is set apart for that, and with the advice and consent of his superiors all the supplies are bought where they can be had best and cheapest. It takes a very large amount, and the position of the purchasing agent is a very responsible one.

Why does not the Editor of the Inglenook print his name in connection therewith?

Here is the same old question again. The Editor does not print his name because he does not want to. He does not take either satisfaction or comfort in parading before the public. He has no fault to find with those who are ever on show. If it does them any good let them have it. The Nookman does not care a straw for posing before the public. *Cui Bono?*

❖

Is there any place where game is found in abundance, and where a couple of hunters can find it without too much hunting?

Of course there are places where game is more abundant than in other localities, but there is no place the NOOK knows where it will not have to be "hunted."

❖

Why is it that after a deep snow there are fewer abrupt changes of temperature?

It is because a widely distributed snowfall chills the air to a degree that does not respond readily to milder weather.

❖

What is the origin of the phrase "There is no fool like an old fool?"

We give it up. It is likely one of those things that the whole world knows for a fact, and says so.

❖

How can I secure a position as conductor on a passenger train?

If you know that little about it you will not be able to get it at all.

❖

Please settle a dispute for us: Is the 'possum ever hunted in daylight?

Not to our knowledge. The animal is strictly nocturnal in habit.

❖

Is anything made out of carbon oil but the oil used for lamps?

There are over two hundred other products made from the oil.

❖

Is Christmas day, as we know it, the real date of the birth of Christ?

It is almost certain that it is not the correct date.

❖

Do the Jews observe the dietetic law of Moses to this day?

Yes, the orthodox Jews do, and it is a good thing.

❖

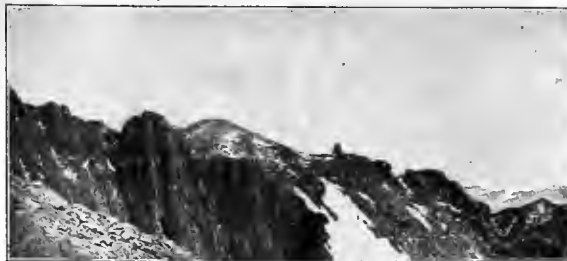
What does the railroad up Pike's Peak charge for a round trip?

Five dollars and it is worth it.



The Home







Department



SWEETEST SOUND OF ALL.

What's the sweetest sound—why, let me see!
 So many sweet sounds recur to me
 There's a tinkling rill and a mocking bird's thrill—
 There's the hum of droning bees;
 The dip of an oar toward a homeward shore,
 And the roll of swelling seas.

A summer breeze over ripening wheat;
 The strains that murmuring shells repeat,
 And ringing notes from many throats,
 That cause the heart to thrill.
 The patter of rain, when you wished in vain
 So long for the clouds to fill.

The tremulous strings of the violin,
 A vesper sparrow's evening hymn,
 And songs crooned low in the firelight's glow;
 But the sweetest sound I know
 Is the laughter gay, of children at play,
 Recalling the long ago.

—Methodist Magazine.



WHAT MANNER OF CHILD SHALL THIS BE?

Sitting alone in the twilight,
 And holding my babe on my knee,
 I ponder the old Hebrew question,
 "What manner of child shall this be?"

What shall come out of the future?
 And my spirit grows sick with dread
 Picturing possible pathways
 These pink little feet may tread.

Rosy, and chubby, and dimpled,
 They lie here at rest in my hand,
 While I tell how one pig goes to market,
 To feast on the fat of the land.

While another at home, sad and hungry,
 All supperless goes to his bed;
 And another pig, lost in the darkness,
 Cries "wee" for the home whence he fled.

Shall thorns or shall flowers line their pathway?
 Must they stagger, and stumble, and bleed?
 Ah, pink little feet, in the darkness,
 Who knows where thy wanderings shall lead?

Still we know that a Merciful Father
 Hath ever our ways in his hold,
 And the tenderest care of the Shepherd
 Is aye for the lambs of the fold.

Then do thou be their guide, blessed Savior,
 And lead them to heaven and to thee;
 So all shall be well with my darling,
 Whatever his life path may be.

HAPPINESS.

The poor are only poor,
 But what are they who droop amid their store?
 Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state:
 The happy only are the truly great.

—Edward Young.



PEACE BE ON THE NOOK FAMILY.

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.



Good old St. Peter at the gate,
 When I, at last, approach you, pray
 Do not unkindly bid me wait,
 Or roughly hustle me away—
 Nay, you shall swing the portal wide
 And, smiling, bid me hurry through,
 And I shall have a crown to wear—
 That is, if men get credit there
 For good things they intend to do.

—S. E. Kiser.



"Speak kindly, speak kindly; kind words never yet
 Brought hatred or discord or grief or regret."

LITERARY TALK.

ROANOKE, LA.

During the holiday season doubtless a great many Nookers will invest in literature, and a helpful suggestion or two may not be amiss. All of the well-known periodicals have blossomed out into Christmas numbers of more than ordinary value and interest.

One of the finest things in the typographical world is the December issue of *Country Life in America*. Perhaps it's the finest thing of its kind in the world, and those who love good pictures are certain to be pleased with it. It is a publication, as its name indicates, devoted to the best and most poetical side of rural life.

Everybody's magazine is a splendid Christmas number, and ranks high in the beauty of its make-up as well as in the interesting character of its contents. It would be difficult to tell which of the ten-cent magazines is the best for the reader. There is nothing wrong with *Everybody's*.

Success also outdoes itself this month, and is an extraordinarily good number. Where there are young folks about the house there is always a place for *Success*.

The December *Lippincott's* has its usual excellent story and in the other contributions a high degree of merit is reached, and the magazine is one that never fails to have something of more than passing interest in its pages. *Lippincott's* does not have pictures, their place being taken by contributions.

For a first-class cheap magazine, cheap only in price, the *Era* is to be commended. It occupies somewhat higher ground in the character of its make-up and is recommended to the Nook family as an excellent thing.

The *Review of Reviews* might be called the sum of the whole periodical output. While it has distinctive features of its own, its resumé of the literary doings of the world makes it one of the completest eclectics in the country. The *Review of Reviews* is the busy man's magazine, but it is never choppy and incomplete.

Those who run to music and the drama will be pleased with the *Criterion*. It occupies a field peculiarly its own, and what it handles is taken up and carried through in first-class style.

Those who are interested in the discussion of metaphysical and sociological questions will find in *The Arena* an exploitation of the more advanced subjects of interest of the day. It is always interesting and never more so than in the issue before us.

Our Nook family will not go wrong with any of these publications, though, of course, each must choose for himself that which he thinks he will like best. In each particular field there is nothing better than the publications we have named above.

UNDER date of November 26, Nooker J. I. Miller, of Roanoke, Louisiana, writes us that they have had no frost, and that everything in the garden looks as it does in May or June in the North. All kinds of vegetables are growing and he reports them as being enormous in size. Roanoke is in the rice country, and the threshing season is nearly over.

* * *

THE Nookman eats his dinner in the office. He has a small oil stove and what he gets up is sometimes truly mysterious, often wonderful and occasionally fearful. But it will go better for a while, as the direct gift of a good Nooker in Indiana has temporarily filled the larder, which is the same as a big pigeon-hole. And as for the butter, the far-famed Elgin Creamery article, known the world over, would not be fit company for it in good society. If some of our people could enter into competition with the famous Elgin butter we are very much afraid the Fox river article would suffer by comparison. But the question is how did the Indiana Nooker know what the Nookman wanted most and what was best for a lean and hungry editor man? Thanks.

* * *

THE census of 1900 shows that there are 13,197 negroes to every 100,000 whites, compared with 13,575 in 1890.

* * *

RECENT investigations enable New York City to point to her asphalt paving as the costliest on earth.

An Open Letter.

Dear Nooker:

Does your subscription expire with the year? If so please see to it that the renewal is in on time. If you paid to some agent, and he has not come around for your renewal, don't wait too long, or you may miss a number or two of the INGLENOOK. We would not like that, nor would you. The very thing you might want to see most would be missed in the numbers that failed to come. The thing to do is to hunt up your agent and renew, and if that is not feasible, then send in your subscription to-day, and be done with it. Then you are sure of the NOOK for another year.

* * *

MERRY Christmas to every one of you, and a Happy New Year to all. God bless all of us.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER 27, 1902.

No. 52.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE.

I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below;
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

Chorus.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
And the trials of life nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.
A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young and the gay and the best,
In the polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest,
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung:
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.
They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then,
My face is a well-written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen.
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,
As the sprays by the white breakers flung;
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

* * *

THE VALUE OF A STRUGGLE.

It is a curious fact in the history of nations that only those which have had to struggle the hardest for an existence have been highly successful. As a rule the same thing is true of men. One would think that it would be a great relief to have the bread and butter problem solved by one's ancestors so that one might devote all his energies and time to the development of the mental and spiritual faculties. But this is contrary to the verdict of history and the daily experience of the world. The strugglers, those born to a heritage of poverty and toil and not those reared in the lap of fortune, have, with a few exceptions, been the leaders of civilization, the giants of the race.—*Success*.

FLAG LANGUAGE.

THE black flag is a sign of piracy.
To "strike the flag" is to lower the colors in submission.
Dipping the flag is lowering it slightly and hoisting it again to salute a vessel or fort.
The yellow flag shows a vessel to be in quarantine or is a sign of a contagious disease.
A "flag of truce" is a white flag displayed to an enemy to indicate a desire for parley or consultation.

The red flag in our service is a mark of danger and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder.

A flag at half mast means mourning. Fishing and other vessels return with the flag at half mast to announce the loss or death of some of their crew.

Flags are used as the symbol of rank and command, the officers using them being called "flag officers." Such flags are square to distinguish them from other banners.

The white flag is a sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead under the protection of the white flag.

If the president of the United States goes aboard, the American flag is carried in the bow of his barge or hoisted at the mast of the vessel on board of which he is.—*New Education*.

* * *

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S DAINTY FAD.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S especial fad has a daintiness well in keeping with her personality. It is that of having her pocket-money made perfectly clean and bright before she fingers it. Whenever a check is turned into hard cash for her use the coins are scrubbed in a lather of spirits of wine, water and soap before being placed in her purse, and any change that may be tendered her when making purchases is taken charge of by the lady-in-waiting until it has been subjected to a like process of purification.—*Philadelphia Telegraph*.

ON A HACIENDA.—No. 3.

THE first thing Quinter and Ruby noticed was that they were met by two mounted men, armed, and of forbidding aspect. They rode on either side and halted them. One of the men spoke, "*De donde viene usted?*" Where do you come from? Quinter tried to explain, but of course, could tell nothing intelligibly. Ruby, with quicker mind, saw through the whole situation at a glance. The brigands had them. The outcome would depend on unforeseen circumstances, and all they had to do was to wait developments.

The men took them to a temporary camp, where half a dozen others were lying around, their horses hobbled near by. They were smoking cigarettes, and what seemed remarkable to our two Americanos they were greeted with the utmost politeness. It is a characteristic of the Spaniard, and the Mexican, that while they are bowing and expressing their delight at the honor of having met you, they will thrust a knife in you. Neither one of our young people knew this, and they rather enjoyed the situation. One or two of the bandits were picturesque looking fellows, and Ruby noted this.

What the bandits were discussing was whether it was better to allow the young folks to return unmolested, or to attempt securing money in some way. They knew the captives were guests of Don Miguel, and so were decidedly afraid of the outcome. Don Miguel was in good standing with the government, and that, in Mexico, means a great deal when it comes to dealing with wrongdoers in that country. Cupidity prevailed, and it was decided to hold them for a ransom. They mounted and started off in the direction of the mountains. The boy and girl walked beside the horsemen, and had a chance to talk together.

"Do you know what's up, Ruby?" asked Quinter.

"It means that we are captured and will be held for a ransom, if we are not killed outright."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Well I'm not in the best of spirits, but I'm not going to be scared. These fellows will keep us for what they can get out of it. If father were only here now!"

They rode on toward the mountains, slowly, and then one of them spoke up sharply, the rest of the bandits gathering about. The leader pointed across the dusty plain. Quinter and Ruby were in a position to see what was pointed out. Away across the level what they saw was a mounted man streaking away from them. The young folks did not see any significance. But the bandits saw a great deal. The rider was heading for the station of Alicante, where the Rurales were stationed. They knew, did the bandits, that the children had been missed, and that Don Miguel, suspecting the facts, had sent for the soldiers. Now in order that the Nook family may read intelligently, be it

known that when Diaz, the President of Mexico, entered upon his mission of straightening out the country, he found it infested with robbers, who held up the stages, stole all that they could lay their hands on, and were a general terror to the people. He desired to stop this, and took the unique method of organizing the thieves themselves into a military police. They had the alternative of abandoning their nefarious business, enlisting, or being hunted down. The majority came to the fore and were made into mounted soldiers. These are the Rurales, and there are several regiments of them. It should not be inferred when visiting Mexico and seeing the Rurales that every man is now, or once was, a thief, but the origin of the command is here given. These soldiers are stationed all over the country, yet so that they can be gotten together at any time. At Alicante was a lot of them, and when Don Miguel learned that the children of his friend had been captured by the bandit gang he was at first dumbfounded, then filled the ungovernable rage, he mounted one of the trusted peons of the hacienda, gave him a note, and started him to Alicante for the soldiers as fast as the swiftest horse on the place could take him. It was this man riding over the dusty plain that they had seen.

The bandits knew full well what it meant. Within twelve hours they would have the soldiers after them, and Mexico was not big enough to successfully hide away from these ex-bandits who knew every possible place of concealment as well as they, the robbers, did. There was a hurried discussion, all talking at once, and none of it intelligible to our people. One set of them wanted to turn the young people loose, another wanted to hold them and stand out for ransom, while the oldest wanted to kill them and run for it. It was finally decided to make for a barranca, a ravine, almost inaccessible, and there wait results. The intention was to steal away, one by one, when night came, and abandon the children to find their way back as well as they could. But it was the unexpected that happened. Don Miguel's messenger, instead of having to ride to Alicante, met a company of Rurales on their way to the hacienda, and delivered the note.

Immediately there was a scene that was inspiring to behold. Saddle girths were tightened, and the command swung into a long steady gallop in the direction indicated by the messenger, and in half an hour the leader saw a thin smoke hanging over the ravine, and he knew that he had trapped his game. There was going to be a fight, and as in all the fights in which the Rurales engage somebody was going to get hurt.

(To be continued.)



THE diodon and the tetrodon, two allied families of tropical fish, popularly known as globe fish, have the power to float and swim back downward.

HORSE TRAINING.

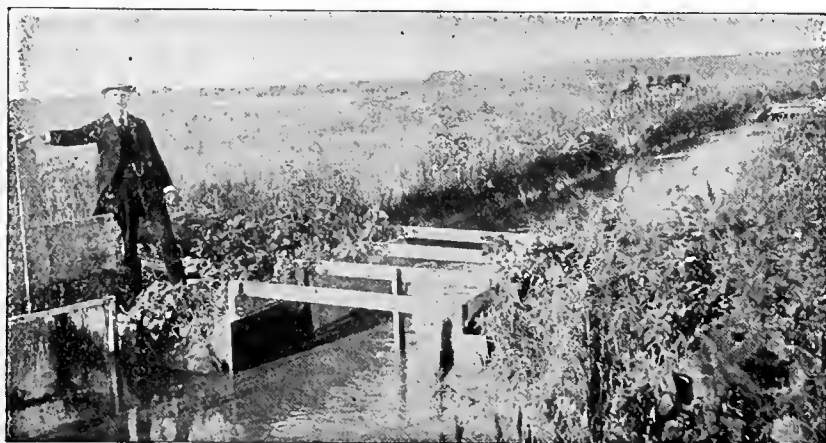
A WRITER in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* writes about range horses:

The development of the knotty little mustang of twenty years ago, weighing six hundred and fifty or seven hundred pounds, into a one thousand and fifty to twelve hundred-pound horse with good blood and style, has been accomplished so quietly that few people realize what has been done, even of western people.

The mustang unquestionably was a direct descendant of the first horses brought to America by the Spanish adventurers of the early part of the sixteenth cen-

farmers; trainers pick out the best and soon break them better than the average civilized horse is ever broken.

First, a wild horse must be taught not to fear the trainer. One end of a rope perhaps twenty-two feet long is tied around his neck; the trainer takes the other. The horse tries to jerk away and the noose tightens. The driver cracks a long whip right at the ear of the bewildered beast. Every time he plunges that whip snaps in his ear, every time except when he plunges toward the trainer. Then only does he get relief. Presently he will jump in that direction to escape the whip. In an hour he will walk up to the driver, even follow him.



TURNING WATER FROM MAIN CANAL INTO IRRIGATION DITCH.

ture. Probably the horses that started the race were larger and shapelier; horsemen believe that in-breeding degenerated the stock.

Nobody seriously undertook making a good horse of the mustang till about thirty-five years ago. About that time range horsemen began turning out the best stallions with the droves of wild horses, and breeding for the new blood.

The stallions soon went wild as the rest, for the veneer of civilization is very thin on a horse, and he reverts to savagery in short order. But the new generations of mustangs showed constant improvement. They are hardy, courageous, intelligent and reliable. If properly broken they combine excellent dispositions with plenty of spirit. But if broken by an ignoramus, your civilized mustang turns out either a spiritless, hang-headed, slouch of a quadruped, or else a regular equine devil, hating all men and fearing neither black-snake nor branding-iron.

These improved "westerns" are as wild as were the droves of mustangs fifty years ago. They are rounded up once a year for branding; that is all. For shipment they are herded into the cars and hauled to market. Speculators buy and peddle them out to

The most important lesson is learned. The rest is easy. In three weeks that horse will go in single or double harness or under saddle. Trolley cars scarcely break the monotony of existence for him, and automobiles are a mere incident.

A good team of range horses, bought at the block for twenty-five dollars each, will sell, after receiving diplomas from any proper institution of higher horse culture, for \$50 to \$100 a head. Several training establishments have been started here and at St. Paul. The business has attracted capital and some of the best trainers. The market for horses is constantly improving, and the range horse will soon be unknown, except through his civilized descendants. In the last few years hundreds of fine driving teams have been introduced in middle western cities from this stock.

THERE are no less than 3,262 different species of fish inhabiting the waters of America north of the Isthmus of Panama.

THERE are 165,000 Britons living in the United Kingdom at present who were born in the colonies.

UNCLE SAM'S COOK BOOK.

THE Navy Department, at Washington, has just issued a Cook Book for use in the ships and for the sailors. It should be understood that the diet of the soldier and the sailor is regulated by law. Here are some of the things that are provided. They seem good enough, as far as they go, for the Nook family, and that is saying a good deal:

Fish and clam chowder,	Turkey and chicken fricas
Fried, baked, and broiled	see,
fish,	Bacon and eggs,
Beefsteak,	Baked macaroni,
Pot roast,	Tinned corn fritters,
Beef stew,	Corned beef salad,
Mutton stew,	Smoked shoulder of pork,
Roast lamb,	Tinned mutton pot pie,
Roast turkey, chicken, goose	Bread pudding,
and duck,	Baked apple dumplings,
	Apple, peach, pear pie.

This sounds like a good enough bill of fare for anybody, and yet the government feeds the men in the navy at a cost of 30 cents per man a day. Variation from the bill of fare supplied out of the government rations is also provided by law by means of a ship's store. The ship's store is designed to do away with bumboat men and itinerant peddlers who always swarm about a ship lying in port and sell a poor quality of various supplies not included in the navy rations and incidentally a large quantity of bad whiskey. Under the new regulations a store is kept on the ship in which all sorts of fresh rations and dainties not found in the ship's ration are sold to the enlisted men of the ship's company at a slight advance over wholesale price, the profit going into the mess fund of the crew to be used as the men direct in buying supplies for the table. The ship's store is stocked before the vessel begins a cruise and as soon as it arrives in port the sailor who acts as storekeeper immediately goes ashore and procures a stock of vegetables, milk, and other supplies that cannot be carried on a cruise. Arrangements are also made with butchers and milk dealers to supply the ship's store every day with a sufficient quantity of their commodities.

The recipes have been deducted from a series of experiments made with articles of the navy ration. Only such as can be easily followed with the usual facilities found on board ship are given. Where time and space will permit more elaborate dishes may be prepared, but it is the aim of the navy cook book to aid inexperienced cooks in the proper preparation of the stores supplied by the government. The quantities of the ingredients given in all recipes are those required for one hundred men.

The new navy cook book ought to be of some value to all prudent housekeepers and especially those who would like to keep expenses of their families down

to thirty cents per day a head. The navy cook book, too, ought to be of value to hunters and fisherman, who generally include in their supplies about the same articles that the navy department furnishes its enlisted men.

Few housekeepers have a hundred men in their families, but by making the proper computations the exact quantity of ingredients to be used in making any of the navy dishes for any sized family can be arrived at.

HERE is one of the recipes, that, with proportionate reduction, may be enjoyed by the Nookers who have never seen the ocean. It is an old standby, and is not hard to appreciate.

PLUM DUFF.

Soak twenty-five pounds of stale bread in cold water and drain dry. Add twenty-five pounds of sifted flour, five pounds of suet chopped fine, three pounds of raisins, five pounds of sugar, four pounds of currants, two pounds of prunes, three tablespoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one tablespoonful of flour, five pounds of suet chopped fine, three pounds of raisins, five pounds of sugar, four pounds of currants one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, and one wineglass of vinegar, and mix all thoroughly with cold water. Turn the bags inside out, drop them into boiling water, render out slightly, and drop into dry flour, dredging them thoroughly. Turn the bags flour side in and fill them with the pudding, securing the opening firmly, drop into the copper in which water is boiling, and cook for at least two hours. If there is sufficient time, the pudding will be improved by boiling three or four hours.

THE COST OF GOOD WILL.

INTERNATIONAL courtesy is one of the most expensive of all the costly indulgences of the world powers, and there is apparently no way out of it, as it is an essential to the peace of nations.

The visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to the United States is a good example of the sums that are applied to the polite relations of one government with another. The little journey to this country cost the kaiser somewhere in the neighborhood of \$100,000, but it was considered worth the cost, as it put the two nations on a far better footing than they were before.

An illustration of the same spirit of courtesy is shown in the case of the relief ship *Resolute*, sent out by England in 1852. The ship was caught in the ice, and, being in extreme danger, was abandoned and was supposed to have sunk. But two years later it was found quite intact by Mr. George Henry, an American whaler, who brought it back to New York.

Being a derelict, and the British government abandoning its claim, it became, of course, the property of the finder. The American government thereupon bought it and thoroughly fitted it out at a cost of no less than \$200,000. Under command of Capt. Hartstene it was sent across the Atlantic and presented to Queen Victoria. It arrived at Southampton on Dec. 12, 1856, was visited by her majesty four days later, and formally handed over on the 30th.

When, twenty-four years later, the old ship was broken up a handsome desk was made of its timber and sent by the queen as a present to the president. It still stands in the White House in Washington.

The visit of President Loubet to Russia in April last was no cheap matter, either. Both countries paid pretty heavily for it. An immense portable dining room was constructed and put aboard the *Montcalm* before the president sailed. This was put together at Cronstadt, and in it the head of the French republic gave a luncheon to all the Russian royalties. The cost of the building alone was \$12,000. The presents which the president took with him for the Czar's little girls cost as much more. In Russia the great expense was the police precautions. An anarchist plot was discovered just before the president landed. It is said that between \$375,000 and \$500,000 was the cost of bringing up police and soldiers to guard the visitor. It is computed that during the last six or seven years France has bought \$1,800,000,000 worth of Russian securities, for which there is little or no market outside Paris and Brussels. It is to be hoped, for her own sake, that France has not paid this gigantic sum away merely for politeness' sake.

Just at present Great Britain is running up a big bill for fencing for the sole purpose of keeping the good will of the United States. The dominion government is out of pocket to the extent of \$125,000 in such a matter. For many years past there have been constant disputes between the cattle men of Canada and those of the United States about animals which have strayed across the border line. The matter is of just as much concern to one country as to the other, but Canada has willingly saddled herself with the whole burden. She is building a strong wire fence some 500 miles in length along the boundary line between Alberta and the State of Montana. This, it is hoped, will put an end to all bad blood.

The most striking example in recent years was the action of the United States when the news was received that the island of Martinique had been devastated by an earthquake. At the suggestion of President Roosevelt congress voted the sum of \$500,000 for the relief of the sufferers, although there was no actual precedent justifying the act.

The assistance from the United States was given far in advance of that from France, to which the island belonged, and while the deputies were still talking about what to do the help from America was on the way. The action won the approval of every civilized nation in the world, and placed American tact far to the fore.

Another case of American good will was shown during the recent famines in India.

A big subscription was got up among people all over the union to buy wheat for the starving Hindoos. No less than \$500,000 was raised from various private sources, and 5,000 tons of grain were purchased. So far the matter had been one of private charity, but at that point the government stepped in. Congress chartered, at a cost of several thousand dollars, the steamer *Quito*, and told the contributors to put their wheat aboard it. Rear Admiral Erben was sent to see the vessel off from New York, and all expenses were paid by the nation. As the *Quito* steamed down the river the British and American flags were displayed together, and hearty cheers given by a great crowd.

* * *

A STRANGE EPITAPH.

BY N. R. BAKER.

IN the little town of Cheraw, Chesterfield County, South Carolina, there is a very old church, built in 1766. It is named St. David's.

Among the queer old epitaphs still decipherable is the following:

"My name, my country—what are they to thee?
And whether high or low my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men,
Perhaps I fell below them all, what then?
It sufficeth, stranger, that thou seest a tomb,
Thou knowest its use—it hides no matter whom."

The inscription was composed, it is believed, by the man who was afterward buried beneath it. There on the banks of the famous Peedee, reposes the moldering clay of one at least who did not court the smiles of fame, one who did not even clutch at the last, and sometimes the most potent, device for heralding his name among his fellows. And yet he is to-day as well known as countless others whose bodies were laid away in the dim past, even though they, or their few friends, from love, sentiment, or a sense of duty, chiseled their names and deeds on imposing shafts of enduring granite.

Whistler, Ala.

* * *

JAPANESE cotton mills have no advantages over American mills, despite the fact that the average daily wages for men is fifteen cents and women nine and one-half cents.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

NOOKERS have doubtless read a great deal about the Doukhobors, a good account of which is given herewith. The story is taken from a Canadian exchange, written by a Mr. Hellyer.

They are a sect of recent birth, which broke off from the Greek church, and for this reason they have suffered the most bitter persecution, as is the case with all proselytes in Russia. Many of their religious meetings were broken up by the Cossacks, who would cut right and left with their lachets, inflicting terrible injuries. Many were sent to Siberia because they refused to serve in the army. The English Quakers first took an interest in them because upon one occasion when a few Cossacks were coming to attack them, instead of attempting to repel them, they simply cooked a good meal and left it for the Cossacks, going away themselves. On another occasion force was tried upon them in order to compel them to abide by the conditions of the country, and they replied by putting up their hands and saying, "Kill if you desire."

In the Northwest they are settled in four different districts, at Good Spirit Lake, Swan River, White Sun River, and on the Assiniboia River near Indian Head, Canada.

A Doukhobor village or community contains from one hundred to three hundred people. Their houses are situated on a street about twenty yards from one another. The occupied territory of the community is fenced in, but there are no partitions between the land of each family, which consists of a garden of about ten acres, situated at the rear of the dwelling place.

Their homes are plain wooden buildings, with a thick clay roof. They have simply one room, which serves as kitchen, parlor, dining-room and bedroom. Screens are placed around the bed if any stranger is a guest at their house. A regular Russian oven made of bricks is built in the interior of the house, and is used for heating and cooking. They do not use chairs, but have long seats attached to the walls, which they make themselves. Their meals are very simple, only one cooking a day taking place. Their food consists of a kind of soup and vegetables, which are kept warm in the oven for the different meals. Only one dish is used by the family, and each person has a spoon, no other utensil being employed to eat with. All meals are alike, there being no special meal on Sundays or feast days. They are very generous to strangers, supplying them with their best food, which consists of half-cooked black bread, onions and radishes, and a hard board is provided to sleep upon at night.

The younger men for the most part work for English-speaking settlers during the summer time, return-

ing to their villages during the winter months. The women and children do the cooking and sewing. All their sewing is done by hand, and they weave their own goods for the most part. The women are very fond of bright colors, particularly red, and this color is used even in their towels and aprons, samples of which they presented to Mr. Hellyer. The older men go into the fields and do the ploughing and general farming. The women yoke themselves as oxen on their own account, and Mr. Hellyer states that he has seen women shoving a wagon which was being pulled by a horse, in order to help the beast of burden. The most of them cannot conceive of using animals for work, and they assert that the wild animals have been rendered ferocious by reason of the sins of the world.

They consider that our modern Christianity is contrary to Christ's teachings. They believe in simplicity of dress, and would not use factory-made clothes, because they consider that people must slave to produce them. They believe that churches are unnecessary, and that the people should simply gather together in their own houses for religious worship. Music is considered an invention of the devil, and an organ would not be tolerated. The minister or missionary, in their opinion, should go about like St. Paul; he should not receive a salary, and food and clothes should be provided for him.

The literal ordinance of baptism and the sacrament are not observed by the Doukhobors; they are simply practiced in the spirit. The atonement of Christ is generally held among them, and the resurrection believed in.

In a general sense they do not believe in the Bible, as they abhor all books. Certain passages of scripture which support their belief are considered inspired, and others are considered to be merely the products of man. Some say that Christ is the Son of God, and others that he was a perfect man, and that they only follow him spiritually. Some of the people hold that he was imperfect in eating fish and meat, and others that as the Creator he had a right to do so. Some go further and claim that they are better than Christ, and members of the sect will claim that the Bible writers who speak of the eating of meat lie, stating that if God made the little lambs to be eaten then he must have been a devil. Many contend that unless a man is a Doukhobor he is a devil. Christ's second coming is eagerly waited for, their belief being that he will come bodily. Then there are some who believe that Christ has already come, and that we cannot see him by reason of our sins.

Poverty is rejoiced in, and wealth is not considered desirable, many rejoicing that they possess no money. Fasting as long as forty days has been indulged in by some members of the sect. For their

worship they gather together in private houses every day. The people in the house commence to sing, and as the others come in they greet one another with salutations. A psalm or a hymn is then sung, and a set prayer for the day is recited. The men and women, who are on opposite sides of the house, then shake hands twice, and the men kiss one another, the women doing the same. After one person has kissed another he makes a deep courtesy and takes his position. They leave the house singing another psalm, and go to their own homes singing.

The Doukhobors assert that they do not believe in any form of government, and will never submit to it. They regard Jesus as their only King, and do not consider King Edward VII. their ruler. Concerning the

CALIFORNIA'S SUGAR PINE FORESTS.

A PARTY of United States forestry surveyors has left San Francisco for Placer county, where they will begin the study of the sugar pine. This work which the United States Department of Agriculture will prosecute this summer and autumn in most if not all of the main sugar pine groves of the state, is a continuation of the surveys made three years ago by the forestry division in the redwoods of Humboldt, Mendocino and Santa Cruz counties, which was undertaken by the government and the redwood men conjointly.

The work in the sugar pines will be along similar lines, being the study of the standing forest, its rate of growth, the effect of destroying agencies, especially



ARTESIAN FLOWING WELL IN PEAT LANDS, FIVE MILES FROM SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA.

statement of "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," many say that if nothing is rendered Cæsar will not exist. They claim that they are Anarchists in the true sense of the word, and that Anarchists should not kill.

Regarding municipal government they hold it to be a ridiculous thing that a community should be ruled by one man or any set of men, and that a man should rule himself according to the spirit of God. They would not go into court for any consideration. If exasperated they would use their fists, which is considered a heathen custom, a hundred times sooner than to go into court. They would not arrest a murderer, they would leave his punishment to God.

While not totally disbelieving in education, they will not send their children to the public schools, lest they should become contaminated with others, and fall away from their religion. They would not be unwilling to have schools of their own, taught by Doukhobors. At present the parents educate their own children.

fire, upon it, the amount of standing timber and its rate of increase. The work of the bureau is to discover the best methods and ways of lumbering both for the profit of the mills and the preservation of the forest.

The expedition is made up largely of "student assistants," young men from colleges who are looking forward to forestry as a career.

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THE total value of the manufacture of bricks and tiles in the United States in 1900 was \$76,336,871, and of pottery \$19,768,670.

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LIEUTENANT de Clairmont, of the Philippine commission, reports the existence of an odd white race of people in the Island of Minoro.

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AN olive tree yields six pounds of olives when it is three years old. At the age of fifty it yields from twenty-two to twenty-six pounds.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIANS.

THE *New York Tribune* gives an interesting account of a sect known as Bible Christians.

Few know that there is a vegetarian church, a church whose chief tenet is that men shall eat no meat. This church has only one meetinghouse in America and only forty members here. In England it has only one meetinghouse and only seventy-five members. And yet it is a church nearly one hundred years old. Its American meetinghouse is in Philadelphia and its American leader is the Rev. Henry S. Clubb, an old-time friend of Horace Greeley.

In 1807 an Englishman, the Rev. W. Cowherd, of Manchester, founded this branch of the Bible Christians, and to-day, after the passage of nearly one hundred years, they are still existent, and are still almost unknown. In their two churches—the English one, in Manchester, and the American one, in Philadelphia—it is possible to see little children whose fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers and whose great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers never once in their lives tasted meat; little children as ignorant of the taste of meat as ordinary persons are ignorant of the taste of human flesh. For vegetarianism is the chief article of their creed.

With their century of abstinence from meat they afford a good example of the effect of vegetarianism on mankind. Their records, which appear to have been kept carefully, cover about three hundred cases, and show that:

The average longevity of a member of the sect is sixty-one.

He is not in his old age obliged to resort to false teeth.

His eyes in seven cases out of ten do not ever require spectacles.

His weight keeps close to the normal or proper weight his frame and height demand, never approaching either to corpulence or to emaciation.

He is singularly free from rheumatism and from dyspepsia. Dr. Cowherd, a Swedenborgian, a teetotaler and a vegetarian, held that meat eating was at the base of the crime of the world. It made men cruel, and because they slaughtered animals daily they were blind to the wrong of slaughtering their fellows by the bullet in warfare and by the noose in criminal law. It made men also thirsty for alcohol, and only through vegetarianism, he contended, could total abstinence be made universal.

The unique article of his creed requires its members to abstain from eating flesh, fish or fowl as food; from drinking intoxicating liquors of all kinds; from war and capital punishment and slavery. So rigorous is this article that it is hardly strange that the sect has not flourished.

Dr. Cowherd died in 1816, and in 1817 a band of

forty-one of his followers took ship for Philadelphia to found there, in emulation of the Quakers, a new religion in a new and free land. The leader of the band was a young man, the Rev. William Metcalfe, and the Metcalfes are still resident in that city.

But the emigration, in so far as it was a promulgation of a new faith, did not prosper. Many of the adherents of the creed fell away on the voyage to this country, but their leader did not lose heart. He settled in Philadelphia and opened a boys' school at 10 North Front street, and in the school room on Sundays he preached his faith. But nothing ever greatly prospered with him, and the faith did not prosper greatly, nor did the school. He, however, could not be discouraged. In 1821 he wrote a pamphlet on "Abstinence From the Flesh of Animals" that converted to vegetarianism that noted New Englander, Sylvester Graham, to whom the world owes Graham bread. In 1850 he organized the Vegetarian Society of America, and was elected its first secretary and appointed also editor of its magazine. In 1852, because he could not make a living as a minister, as a school teacher or as an editor, he obtained the degree of M. D., and in 1862 he died, poor, as always, but none the less honored and loved by the clean minded, simple-hearted folk over whom he ruled. For he had never deserted his church, and at the time of his death some two score adherents of it existed in Philadelphia and owned a meetinghouse of wood in North Third street, above Girard avenue.

They own to-day an expensive meetinghouse of cut stone in Park avenue, below Berks street, for in 1876 Henry S. Clubb became their pastor, and under his prudent guidance they prospered much. There are services at the church every Sunday morning.

The Bible Christians of Philadelphia are interested in the maintenance of a vegetarian hotel for poor, homeless men at 210 North Second street, where it is possible to live at a cost of one dollar a week. Five cents buys a bed and breakfast, and for two, three or four cents, according to the patron's means, a meal may be obtained.

The name of the hotel is the Gospel Help. It is four years old, and from the beginning, despite its incomparably low rates, it has been self-supporting, for the vegetarians of Philadelphia like to demonstrate through it the economy of their way of life, and hence they see that in its kitchen only the most scientific vegetarian cooking is conducted. The Gospel Help in its short life has served seventy thousand guests with lodging and four hundred and sixty thousand guests with meals. It has sleeping accommodations for seventy-five men, and in its dining room seventy-five can eat at one time. The following is its menu:

Two rolls or four slices of bread.....	1 cent
Peanut butter,	1 cent
Cup of coffee,	1 cent

Bowl of soup.	1 cent
Mush and milk.	2 cents
Oatmeal and milk.	2 cents
Stewed potatoes.	2 cents
Beans.	2 cents
Peas.	2 cents
Stewed tomatoes.	2 cents
Macaroni.	2 cents
Stewed fruit and sauce.	2 cents
Pudding.	2 cents

The place is clean. The beds, of wood or iron, are set in rows in long, bare, well-scrubbed rooms, and beside each bed there is a locker where clothes and valuables may be hidden away. There is a bath-room, a laundry and a number of shaving sets. Thus the guest, without paying anything extra, may bathe, may wash and dry his soiled linen, and may shave himself.

The founder of this hotel was Dr. W. L. Winner, who is a healthy and athletic young man, and has been a vegetarian all his life.

* * *

NEW LIGHT ON DIGESTION.

RECENT experiments conducted by a well known scientist have added much to the medical knowledge of the world. Dogs were the subjects chosen by the experimenter and it was found that the articles of diet which the animal was particularly fond of met with a great flow of the gastric juices and were accordingly digested better and more quickly. For purposes of observation the gullet of the dog was cut in sections and fixed to the neck, so that the food it ate fell through; the stomach of the animal was also divided into two portions, into one of which no food was allowed to enter, the other being supplied only with the food necessary to life.

If some tempting dainty was held before the dog and he evinced the usual signs of pleasure in the expected treat, it was noticed that at once the stomach juices sprang into play, although the food when swallowed did not reach the stomach at all. On the other hand, if he was fed with something which he evidently did not have any preference for there was no action of the gastric fluid.

Also, more curious still, when food was introduced, unknown to the animal, into the working half of his stomach it lay there absolutely dry and untouched by the digestive juices for several hours, even though the food were of the most digestible sort.

All of which proved conclusively that mere thought or favorable brain action of any sort concerning the food eaten not only assisted the digestion, but partly caused it. Professor Pawlow, who made the experiments, thinks this partly, at least, explains why men of letters are often dyspeptic. Their minds are busy with things far removed from their dinners when they are eating. The connection between the nerve which

sends the important message down to the digestive machinery below for more oil and the patient engineer of nutrition is cut off. So when unexpected orders for deglutition come piling in upon them they are not ready and the work is bungled.

* * *

JEFFERSON AS AN INVENTOR.

Not many people know that Thomas Jefferson was a great inventor. His inventions were all of articles of everyday use. He devised a three-legged folding camp stool that is the basis of all camp stools of that kind to-day. The stool he had made for his own use was his constant companion on occasions of outings. The revolving chair was his invention. He de-



AN ALFALFA EXHIBIT.

signed a light wagon. A copying press was devised by him and came into general use. He also invented an instrument for measuring the distance he walked. A plow and a hemp cultivator showed that his thoughts were often on agricultural matters. His plow received a gold medal in France in 1790. Jefferson never benefited financially by his inventions, but believed they should be for the use of everyone without cost.

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FIREFLIES are sold nightly by peddlers in the crowded quarters of Tokio and other Japanese cities. The insects sell for three rin apiece, a rin being equal in value to the twentieth part of a cent.

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THE postal laws provide that post office boxes shall not be rented to minors or persons of unsound minds, and that mail shall not be placed in boxes so rented if the parents or guardians object.

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 ABOUT ANIMALS.

THE average term of an elephant's life, although there is no precise information on the point, is seventy or eighty years. The elephant is not in full vigor and strength till thirty-five. The most ready way of forming an approximate idea of the age is by the amount of turn-over of the upper edge of the ear. In young animals, sometimes up to the age of eight or nine years, the edge is quite straight; it, however, then begins to turn over, and by the time the animal is thirty the edges lap over to the extent of an inch and between this age and sixty this increases to two inches or slightly more. Extravagant ideas are held as to the height of an elephant. Such a thing as an elephant measuring ten feet at the shoulder does not exist in India or Burma. Sanderson, who is admitted to be the best authority on the subject, says the largest male he ever met with measured nine feet ten inches and the tallest female eight feet five inches. The majority of elephants, however, are below eight feet and an animal rarely reaches nine feet, the female being slightly shorter than the male. The carcass of an elephant seven feet four inches tall weighed in portions gave a total of three thousand and nine hundred pounds, so an elephant weighing two tons should be common enough. The skin was about three-fourths of an inch to one inch thick.

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 BLOODHOUNDS NOT FEROCIOUS.

THE idea that the English bloodhound is a savage and particularly ferocious animal is a very common error, in no small part due, perhaps, to the blood-thirsty stories most of us have read in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The hounds mentioned by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, however, as used in the southern States, were cross-bred animals and related to the Cuban hound, with a blending of mastiff, bulldog and hound blood, and were quite savage and have little, if any, resemblance to the English specimen.

These dogs were first known in the West Indies in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when a number were imported, probably from Spain, for the purpose of suppressing the Maroon insurrection, but the natives were so inspired with terror at first sight of the animals that it was found unnecessary to make use of them.

Until some fifty years ago bloodhounds were often

used in England for tracking sheep stealers, and also by keepers and herders in all the large forests where poachers gave trouble. Some idea may be had of the value of these dogs in such a cause when I say that they have been known in England to follow their quarry across water. There are many theories regarding how the scent is carried on the water, says a writer in *Outing*, but the one most generally accepted is that it is held in the bubbles which remain on the surface of the water after the swimmer or wader has passed.

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 TROPICAL BIRDS.

THE brilliantly plumed birds of the tropical forests are exposed to many dangers, and if they were not gifted with queer yet useful instincts they would fall ready victims to their enemies. Chattering monkeys and big snakes steal and eat their eggs, while their fledglings are preyed upon by foes on every side.

But it takes a sly monkey or snake to get ahead of the mother tailor bird. She hides her nest so skillfully that her enemies cannot find it, no matter how hard they try. This she does by using her long, slender bill as a needle.

With the tough fiber of a parasite plant abundant in the tropics, she sews a dead leaf taken from the ground to a living one near the end of a slender and hanging branch, and between these leaves she builds her nest, where neither monkey nor snake can approach, because the branch will not bear their weight.

The Indian sparrow is equally ingenious. She makes her nest of grass, which she weaves like cloth and in the shape of a bottle. Then she covers the outside with fireflies to scare away the bats that prey upon her young ones.

The oriole of North America makes its nest of hemp, woven like a cloth. The pinc-pine of Africa is also called the felt bird, because it makes its nest in the style usually adopted by felt makers.

* * *

 LEATHER EATING ANTS.

It is said that in Rhodesia white ants destroy boots and articles of clothing left on tables or hanging on nails. The following is from a letter received recently from South Africa: "On awaking in the morning you are astonished to see a cone shaped object on the brick floor a short distance from your bed with two

holes at the top. On closer examination you discover that the holes have just the size and shape of the inside of your boots, which you incautiously left on the floor the night before. They have given form and proportion to an ant heap, and nothing is left of them except the nails, eyelets and maybe part of the heels."

GINSENG.

THERE are four principal kinds—the Kirin, Korean, American and Japanese. Miraculous healing properties are ascribed to the Kirin ginseng, and it commands a very high price, the best specimens being sold at two hundred to six hundred times their weight in silver. Only the wealthy, of course, can indulge in this costly drug, but such is the faith of all classes of China in the life-giving virtues of the plant, that even the poorer classes make tremendous sacrifices to obtain it, in cases of emergency. Owing to the immense demand and the limited supply in the wild state, the farmers near Kirin are doing a thriving business in cultivating ginseng, although it commands only a fraction of the price that is paid for it in a wild condition. Korean ginseng is next in cost, the prices ranging from \$2.07 to \$31.12 per catty (one and three-fourth pounds), according to size and quality. American ginseng is becoming more widely known and more popular every year. In the last few years the prices paid for it have more than doubled. In Chinkiang, American ginseng is in special demand. Almost everybody takes it in the spring as a tonic. The retail prices prevailing now are: Best, \$1.04 an ounce; good to fair, forty-one cents an ounce; fair to common, twenty to forty-one cents. The cheapest ginseng comes from Japan. There can be no doubt that a profitable business can be done in this article.—*New York Press.*

THE EYES OF THE SOLE.

WHEN the sole or other variety of flatfish emerges from the egg it is a normal fish in every respect. It swims straight up and down in the water, it shows an eye on each side of its head where eyes should be and the two sides of its body are colored alike. But soon after its birth one eye, that of the side on which the fish is destined to rest, begins to shift its position. It literally travels to the other side of the head and comes to occupy a position alongside its neighbor organ. Of old naturalists were inclined to believe that the eye passes through the skull to reach the other side of the body. Nowadays the process is known to be accomplished through a species of torsion or twisting of the head bones.

Soles and flatfishes generally begin life swimming in a sensible way, as do other fishes; but they are

none the less handicapped from the start, for, owing to the disproportionate depth of the body as compared with its thickness, the youthful sole or flounder soon shows a tendency to overbalance. It is like a crank ship, and heels over on its side, finding it easier to rest on the sand than to swim. As it lies on one side the lower eye is useless, of course, but the young fish is seen to make desperate efforts to use the under eye, twisting its head about as if to look around the corner of its own head. Thus the eye is pressed against the upper part of its socket, and the torsion ultimately ends in the conveyance of the under eye to the other side of the body.

THE EXTINCT NORTHERN "SEA COW."

IN the year 1754 the Bering explorers discovered gigantic species of rytinæ, or northern sea cow. These enormous manatees were similar in general habits to those of the South American coast and were from twenty to thirty feet in length and from ten to twenty feet in girth. They were very stupid, harmless beasts and lived by browsing on seaweeds and other marine growths near the land. The sailors were not slow in finding out that a sea cow steak beat seal meat "all hollow." From 1754 until 1768 they were the principal food of the sailors and explorers on our western coast. This being the case, it is not at all surprising that the northern sea cow, never a very numerous species, should become extinct in the short space of fourteen years. The last of the giant manatees was killed in September, 1768, a few months less than fourteen years after the discovery of the first one.

THE GENTLENESS OF SEALS.

HUNDREDS of seals made Nelson island, in the south Shetland group, look black as night as we approached. They disported themselves in the water and played up on the shore. In wonder, not alarm, they stared at us as we drew near in a small boat. We leaped on shore among them. Still they looked at us in dumb curiosity. I was as much impressed as were the seals and stared as hard at them in an answering wonder.

"Come, old fellow," said young Sobral, approaching one of the large seals with outstretched hand.

It edged away a few feet.

"Move on, then," he said, smacking it on the back with his open hand.

It edged a little farther away, looking over its shoulder with an injured air. But it made no attempt to seek safety. A mere plunge into the water would have brought freedom from any danger. Several leopard seals were shot by our party, and their fellows gathered around them, wondering why they lay so motionless and staring at us with wide, pathetic eyes.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

...PUBLISHED BY...

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 Whose deeds, both great and small,
 Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
 While love ennobles all.
 The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells—
 The Book of Life the shining record tells."

* * *

VALUE OF CHARACTER.

THE value of high character is something almost always underestimated by young people. They are apt to maintain that they can take a part in things they would not wish to see in print about themselves and yet retain their standing before the world. Such people make a mistake in confounding the terms character and reputation. The one of these, reputation, is what people say about us, the other, character, is what we really are. Very frequently they conflict. Reputation is easily acquired, while character is of slow growth and is not easily lost once it is formed. By hypocrisy and dissimulation one may pose before us faultless, and in good repute. But hypocrisy forms no part of character, nor can it ever do so. Character being what we are, must necessarily remain what it is, and we correct or change it from better to worse gradually and in fact we never can make it appear anything but what it is.

It has been said that everything we say and do, see and hear, becomes an integral part of our lives and that somewhere in the lumber-room of memory every impression survives. It is probable that this is largely, if not altogether true. It is the sum of all this that makes character, and it cannot be laid down as a garment, to be put on again as occasion may require. It is as much a part of us as the texture of our skin or the color of our eyes. If the above statement be true, and it undoubtedly is, we should hesitate to ever take within our make-up any picture

that will refuse to come down from memory's walls, or to have to do with an act that will haunt us the remainder of our lives. In other words our mentality is so constituted that, while we can readily take into the house anything that will pass the doors, it can never be taken out again entirely.

So the mistake that many young folks make in maintaining they can say and do things which will not effect them is an error of the worst kind, and the moral of the whole of it is to keep clear of these conditions that we would not be willing to have paraded as our property in the market-place.

We should consider how much there is in the world that is good and praiseworthy, for it is folly of the worst sort to consort with that which is vile or even doubtful.

* * *

GET SOME PICTURES.

THE NOOK would like to see all our younger folks interested in good pictures. A room full of pictures is a brighter and pleasanter place than a room hung all around with Sunday dresses, or strung with dried herbs. The pictures will get in their work unconsciously to the ones helped.

Now there are pictures and pictures. With a million of dollars at our command we could buy what could be delivered by the expressman in one load. With a hundred thousand dollars we could buy rare etchings and engravings that we could carry home under our arm. With nothing but a few cents we can turn our rooms into bright places indeed. Really there is little needed but good judgment and skill in mounting what pleases us.

Take some of the better art publications, those using the best three-color process, and with a good mat, some paste, and a little skill, there can be had the most pleasing results. It is something in which the individuality of the artist in us comes well to the fore. We choose our own subjects, and handle them in our own way. The result is our expression as to what is beautiful. We come to comparing, substituting, and our love and appreciation of the beautiful grow on us. To use a phrasing of the Nook, It's worth while.

* * *

THE COAL REGIONS

THE investigation of the conditions in the anthracite coal regions by the commission appointed for the purpose, shows a situation among the workers there that should make every readers of the INGLENOOK, who has a pleasant home, more contented with his lot. Whether the condition is inherent and impossible to avoid or is brought about by the harsh conditions imposed by man, the fact remains that a most unfortunate state of affairs has been uncovered. Wretchedness and poverty seem to to have taken up their abode in the coal country.

OUR NOOK family around Los Angeles, and in Southern California generally, are revelling in sunshine and can gather flowers and eat oranges from the trees. The mountains are green and the roads are not frozen up. In other sections the NOOK family are sitting around the great wide-open fireplace, while outside everything is snapping cold. The roses are in the cheeks of the young folks and the oranges are replaced by the mellow apples, and the jingle of sleigh-bells is on the road leading through the forest, where the branches bend down with their weight of snow. Which do you prefer? The NOOK will not presume to decide.

* * *

THE chances are that all of us will stock up with resolutions, to take effect in the New Year. The NOOK hopes that we may all "hold out," but it has its doubts. History is worth something, and it is said that it repeats itself. However, that is no reason why the resolutions may not be made.

* * *

IF we were called upon to say what particular feature of our civilization does the most to hold us together, the answer might well be, the observance of the Sabbath day. When the Lord's day is forgotten everything else is apt to go.

* * *

THE selection of books for people to read is very much like the making of a bill of fare for them to eat. We are governed by our personal preferences rather than by the likes and dislikes of others to whom we cater.

* * *

HERE at Elgin we are in the middle of winter, with an occasional sparrow in evidence. Will some of our Nookers in the far south tell what birds are singing about them?

* * *

IT is not so much the place we occupy in the world as it is whether we are moving onward or standing still. Souls either go up or go down.

* * *

DID you send the Nookman your love and good will? That's all he wants.

* * *

THE holiday season comes but once a year, and everybody is twice glad.

* * *

WHO buys all the goods shown in the windows of the stores?

* * *

CHRISTMAS in Spanish countries lasts two weeks.

* * *

DID you enjoy your Christmas at home?

JUST A THOUGHT OR SO.

Nothing lasts but love.

❖

The man who knows can afford to wait.

❖

We say and do our best things unknowingly.

❖

Who takes a delight in cruelty needs civilizing.

❖

Genius is nothing but the cream of common sense.

❖

It is a great thing to have your friends believe in you.

❖

Is it right that we should measure others by ourselves?

❖

An enthusiast is one who boils over at a low temperature.

❖

We shall never know our ideal life in the present existence.

❖

To understand really great men we must be great ourselves.

❖

One perfect June day of our lives brightens a month of its storms.

❖

He who doubts everybody and everything is not to be trusted.

❖

All men and women to know what life is must have lost a child.

❖

What a splendid thing it would be in life if none of us were jealous!

❖

The worst calamity that can befall a person is to lose his self-respect.

❖

The nearest an ideal life in this world is to have the love of our friends.

❖

Cheerfulness and helpfulness increase in store as they are dispensed to others.

❖

Nothing more quickly stamps a man as being made of base metal than self laudation.

❖

The higher form of love for our fellow-men is to love those who in no sense deserve it.

❖

Has the cat got your tongue that you can't speak good words when you ought to?

GETTING AN EDUCATION.—No. 3.

HITHERTO we have dwelt on the difficulties attaching to securing an education later in life. The lack of flexibility, the cares and troubles of mature life, the lack of ability to concentrate attention have been dwelt upon. Now supposing that all these are fully appreciated, and that the aspirant for an education understands clearly that the path between him and his goal is not altogether strewn with roses, what then shall be the course, and how shall it be carried out? These are important questions.

In the first place, let no man or woman undertake it if such have not time at their disposal. Nothing worth while ever comes of desultory and irregular work. Learning is not like digging a ditch, a work to be abandoned, and when taken up after a time, to be found where it was left. On the other hand there is a continual slipping back in times of neglect. Nothing but continuous work will amount to anything worth while. Therefore if the party seeking training is not in a position to set aside certain times for study, to religiously observe those times, allowing nothing to interfere, it might as well be abandoned in the start. Untold numbers of people fail here, as in all other fields of human endeavor, by taking the street of Good Intention, and forgetting, if they ever knew, that it has no end.

Not only should a certain hour be set aside for work, but it should be at such time and place that will guarantee the least interruption and intrusion. It is not conducive to success to sit in a corner, book in hand, and be crawled over by children, or interrupted every few minutes by questions and comment. It is still better to limit the time, and not overdo matters by taking upon one a greater task than can be successfully carried out.

The secret of all successful training is system. Nothing worth the name can ever be brought about in training, whether of the mind or the body, by spasmodic effort. Many a man takes a spasm of study, buys a book and sets to work. Inquire three months afterward what has become of the effort, and the chances are, by a large majority, that the very existence of the book is forgotten, and that the student is ready to deny his part in it. That anybody ever secures any systematic training is due to the fact of compulsion. In the case of the child he is "persuaded" at either end, the home and the school, to continue his work. When he asserts the animal side and takes to fishing and to rambling about the country instead of going to school, he is reasoned with in a way that he remembers. The widespread character of this inherent disposition to neglect system has led to legislation involving policing a city for truants, and arresting them, having a fine imposed on the parent who does not look on the matter of his children's education in the right light. Later

on he will take hold of his work with willingness, for he sees the desirability of it. So the older person who seeks training must set his teeth into his work in such a way that will hold. Therefore we will set forth the first requisite as one of quiet determination, the unworried intention of sticking to and standing by the work till one of two things happens,—either succeeding or determining the fact that it is not in him to succeed.

In this matter of success let it be remembered that there is no easy road to win out. It has been crystallized in the proverb that there is no royal road to learning. The man who digs a ditch or saws wood for a living has the same innate opportunity as the king or the legislator. He has the same time, and all men have the same amount of time, that is, they have all there is of it. Those who sing the song "I haven't time," might as well stand aside in the race for mental training. The "haven't times" are the foreordained failures.

There are no short cuts across fields in the pursuit of knowledge. It may be compared to a race course. Some are so constituted that they can take long and frequent steps, but the distance is the same, no more, no less, than the man with the crutch will have to traverse. Most unlearned men suppose that there is some secret and esoteric conditions that must be observed, something in the clannishness of the college, the "solemn shades of the academy" that is missing from his opportunities. We do not belittle the mighty help of the well-organized school. There is nothing better thus far devised. But that a man can only acquire an education through a school is all nonsense. Neither Nature nor the world of letters has any secret that is withheld from any seeker. All the difference is in the rapidity of approach. Now when the trip is taken alone what is the best method? Assuming that the reader who is interested has come to the conclusion from what he has read that it is possible for him to do this thing, and that from the very beginning he must set apart a time, and in a way that admits of no interference, where shall he take hold? This is an important question. We will point out a start and a method that seems to us good and for the best.

(To be continued.)

A TRIP TO A RANCH.

BY ANNA R. BOWMAN.

A RIDE of twenty-five miles takes us over a trail scarcely wide enough in places for our horses to step, up narrow passes, down into chasms, up and down we go; driving before us a burro train—packed with supplies—whose chief delight seems to be in getting their packs unbalanced, that they may have a chance to rest and browse while their loads are being readjusted.

There's an art in packing a burro, and some of these people who carry their all on the tough little animal have become quite proficient in it. Perhaps you would not suppose a lady would do such work, but the captain of this train is a lady, and she can compete with the opposite sex in packing, too.

We move slowly along, punching and driving "sir burro" who persists in cropping an occasional bunch of grass by the wayside. "Slow and steady wins the race," and by noon of the second day out we arrive at our destination, a small goat ranch, hid away in the mountain whose sides are covered with tall pines, yews and cedars.

The ranch is watered from a spring which, gushing out of the hillside, forms a small streamlet whose banks are masses of water cress.

Our inn is a log house with mother earth's own flooring, and white canvas window-panes, yet we think there might be even less of life's necessities if some people we know had to pack and drive the stubborn burro to get them. What would you think of carrying stoves and bedsprings on burros? Yet our hostess has such luxuries.

As the glorious sun slowly sinks behind the great mountain, the shepherd comes leading—not driving—his flock of fifteen hundred goats to the corral for the night, carrying in his arms baby kids too weak to walk. All the family turn out to corral and milk the goats, and the herder's day's labors are ended, unless a hungry lion from the mountain makes a raid on the flock during the night.

One day while rustivating at this ranch we took a bath in a hot spring which boils up out of the bank of the Verde river, and we found it hot indeed, besides being very strong in minerals.

But our "big day" is when we go out with the "cow boys" to bring in wild cattle. How we ride over narrow trails and rough country! And if one of the boys sees the shadow of an animal he is off after it instantly.

The wild cattle we brought in had been lassoed and tied to trees the day before and had worn themselves out through the night, so they did not fight much when yoked with gentle oxen who quietly led them to camp. Yet when they were unyoked in the pasture we felt safer with a wire fence between them and us, for some of them were furious.

Our cow boys proved to be very hospitable fellows, and gave us such a cordial invitation to remain in camp for dinner that we accepted, and now we have the highest respect for the culinary ability of the Arizona cow boy. They gave us a dinner, in short order, that was fit for a queen, and the *piece de resistance* was such tender, juicy beefsteak, known only to the Arizona ranger.

Camp Verde, Ariz.

NOT A CHINESE WORD.

"It's a mistake to suppose that 'joss' is a Chinese word," says a retired ship's carpenter. "I've traveled a good bit in the orient in my time, and among the odds and ends of interesting information I picked up was a knock-out of the genuineness of 'joss' as a Chinese word. Chinamen only know 'joss' when they come in contact with Europeans. A Chinese priest that I became chummy with in Hankow told me that there was no such word in Chinese. He explained that the word was a corruption of the Spanish word 'Dios' and had come into use through the missionaries. Many early missionaries, he said, were



HOMESEEKERS VISITING THE LAND.

Spanish priests, and their pronunciation of 'Dios' was speedily corrupted into 'joss' by native tongues and applied to the Chinese deities. It's only on the Chinese seaboard that the word is understood by Chinamen. In the interior, the priest told me, the celestials had no knowledge of it."

* * *

ONE of the secrets of getting along in the world is a pleasing manner toward others around us. In fact, it is often the case that politeness is worth more than real ability in getting to the front. If this is true, and it is, a combination of both will go a long ways toward helping one to a better place in the world.

* * *

SOME people take a pleasure in being sad and look upon melancholy as their peculiar possession. Like all habits it grows on one until the unfortunate possessor becomes a walking complaint against the pleasures and pleasures of life.

OTTAWA, THE CAPITAL OF CANADA.—No. 3.

BY H. M. BARWICK.

THIS is about as fine a city of sixty thousand people as can be found anywhere, and the visitor always carries away with him a memory of royalty, wealth and beautiful scenery. Two years ago one-third of the city was burned, but such was the activity of its people that now the entire burnt district is rebuilt, with finer buildings than it had before the fire.

The entire makeup of the city is first-class, and it is well kept. The buildings are imposing and artistic, but not of the "sky-scraper" class to be seen in Chicago or New York. The fronts of some of the business houses are elegant and elaborate, while within is found good taste, and a note of ability in every movement and remark.

The Parliament buildings are worth seeing. Each of the three principal ones required from five to six years in building, and the cost was seven million dollars. Nothing but stone is used in them and the architecture is very picturesque. The buildings are large and extensive, in every department, from whatever standpoint considered.

Pictures of historic events, and statues fill the large halls and galleries within, while without stand monuments to heroes and statesmen, and one worthy of particular notice is that of Queen Victoria. This was erected on the fiftieth anniversary of her reign, in honor of her peaceful and prosperous rule. She has a warm place in the hearts of her subjects.

The Canadian Congress is almost identical with our own, and is elected by the people, after much stump speaking and electioneering. All that the King does for Canada is to appoint the Governor General, corresponding to our President, and the people make and execute every detail of law. They pay no revenue to England and they seem, to me, to enjoy all the liberty that anyone would wish.

The people of Ottawa present the healthiest and most amiable appearance of any town people I have ever seen. Their street dress is fine, but tasty and sensible, while their rosy cheeks and dignified deportment command special attention. The secret of this is unknown to me unless it be that they have not been overwhelmed by the mad rush to make money that we have in the United States.

Ottawa and her people are wealthy, intelligent, sensible and obliging, and there is a scarcity of saloons that would be alarming to the Brewers' Association of our States.

Eaton, Ohio.

❖ ❖ ❖

MERRY Christmas to every one of you, and a happy New Year to all. God bless all of us.

FRUIT GROWING IN COLORADO.

BY S. Z. SHARP.

THE great fruit belt of North America is on the western side of the Rocky Mountains as the great rice, cotton and corn belts are on the eastern side. It is true that there are large peach orchards in the Southern States, large old apple trees in Virginia and Pennsylvania that produce eighty or more bushels of apples each, some years; there is an immense number of orchards in New York, Michigan and Ohio; western Missouri and eastern Kansas are called the country of "the big red apple;" yet, for quantity, rich flavor, great variety, constant bearing and fine color, the orchards west of the Rockies cannot be excelled.

With the exception of California and Oregon, fruit growing on the Pacific slope is yet in its infancy, still the quantity produced is enormous and much of it finds its way into European markets. Those who have never seen fruit growing in the valleys of the Gunnison and Grand rivers in Colorado can form no idea of what it is like, and many do not believe the facts when stated. One surprising fact is the great amount of fruit produced by a single tree or shrub. This is made possible by the rich soil, the abundance of water in Grand Valley, for irrigation, and the almost daily sunshine from the time of blossoming in April until the last fruit is gathered in November.

As an illustration of the quantity which trees here can produce, we cut a small apple twig, ten inches long, containing eighteen apples, and gave it to Eld. D. L. Miller as he made a hasty trip through this valley last summer. Another twig, two feet long, bearing fifty apples, we showed to Eld. D. D. Sell, of Plattsburg, Mo. The rich soil, plenty of water and almost constant sunshine make such products possible.

Mr. Wheeler, near Fruita, has a sixty-acre apple orchard, mostly five and six year old trees, which this year produced over seven thousand boxes of marketable apples, each box containing fifty pounds. Peach trees are expected to bear the third year.

While fruit crops here are shorter some years than others, there is never a total failure, and the fruit grower always counts on a paying crop of some kind of fruit each year.

At the fruit exhibit in St. Louis this fall, the largest apples came from Grand Valley, Colorado. As we pass along the streets of Grand Junction we notice in a show window eight apples in a row, close together, over which a yard stick is laid and these eight apples measure the full yard. The Wolf River

apple does even better here than that. The Ben Davis and the Missouri pippin drink in the sunshine all summer until they turn to the deepest red, the latter turning almost black. There is a mineral ingredient in the soil that gives the flavor to the potato at Greeley, to the cantaloupe at Rockyford and to the fruit in Grand Valley which gives them a national reputation. It also brings them the largest price in the market. In spite of the immense apple crop this year in the east, such apples as Jonathan and Wine Sap readily command a dollar per fifty pound box F. O. B. here at Fruita, and shippers from Chicago, St. Paul and Denver come to buy.

As yet we are free from most of the pests that infect most other fruit regions. The San Jose scale, the curculio, the pear blight, the "black knots" of the plum trees, the "yellows" of the peach trees, and the fungus so destructive to the apples in New York, all have as yet been kept out of Grand Valley. Four years ago some large fruit growers introduced the codling moth by bringing in fruit boxes which had been used for fruit in other States. These boxes contained worms which produced the moth. Now we have to spray the apple and pear trees. Other kinds of fruit do not seem to suffer from any enemies. Even the moth may be kept in check by spraying the trees. Mr. Payton, living near Grand Junction, one of the most successful fruit growers in the valley, states in the *Grand Junction News* that out of a crop of five thousand boxes of apples there was not over a boxful of wormy ones and his crop netted him nearly a dollar a box.

This part of Colorado is also noted for the variety of fruit produced. Apples, pears, quinces, peaches, plums, prunes, apricots, nectarines, almonds, cherries of all kinds, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, currants and grapes all seem at home here and produce wonderful crops. On account of its lower altitude Grand Valley is said to be the only place in the State where the fine European and California grapes are grown. They are fine. Clusters a foot in length, weighing from three to five pounds are exhibited. The strawberry season is much longer here than in countries where the crop is destroyed either by rain or drouth. Having plenty of water for irrigation, the grower can produce paying crops much longer—often from four to six weeks. Even after that vines of certain varieties will continue to blossom and produce some berries till autumn. My friend, Mr. Milo Sharp, began marketing strawberries in May, yet he brought a few boxes of fresh berries to market the latter part of September or first of October.

The fruit crop of Grand Valley, surrounded by high mountains, is free from hail storms.

Fruita, Colo.

ONLY ONE CURE IS KNOWN.

"YAWNING is about the best cure I know of for the hiccoughs," said an observant man, "and I have stumbled on the truth quite by accident. It was proved in my case a sure cure and by reflection I am convinced that it is a perfectly logical result, a result explainable, too, on physical grounds.

"All kinds of remedies are resorted to by men who suffer periodically with hiccoughs, like stopping the ears and drinking a glass of water slowly and without a stop, or by holding the breath or counting or thinking intently on some subject, and in many other ways. I have tried all of these remedies and at times have been fairly successful in checking the hiccoughs. Again, I have seen each one of these remedies fail. In my own experience, so far as these remedies are concerned, drinking a glass of water slowly and without breathing is the most satisfactory. But it is torturing enough. On the other hand, the yawn is not only efficacious, but it is absolutely without any of the torturing features. There is, as I said before, probably a good physical reason for the yawn being a good remedy for the hiccoughs.

"The hiccoughs is described as being a modified respiratory movement, a spasmodic inspiration, consisting of a contraction of the diaphragm, accompanied with closure of the glottis, so that further entrance of air is prevented. The impulse of the column of air entering and striking upon the closed glottis produces the sound peculiar to the ailment. It is reasonable to assume that anything that would relieve the contracted state of the diaphragm and would reopen the closed glottis, or partially open it, so the air could enter in a normal way, would completely relieve the situation. It would seem that the yawn which is nothing more than a deep, long breath, would bring about this result. While the yawn is supposed to be an involuntary movement, due to drowsiness, it is yet a fact that a man can yawn at pleasure. This being true, it is easily within a man's power to cure the hiccoughs by resorting to the very simple practice of yawning. Of course, I cannot say that in all cases of hiccoughs the yawn will prove a good remedy. But I believe in all ordinary cases, where the annoyance is not aggravated, the yawn will do the work. At any rate, my own experience has convinced me of the fact, and, besides, there are the physical conditions to which I have referred."

LARGE quantities of American coal are called for in the region of Palestine.

LONDON alone reduces to ashes a million cigars a week.

AN UNUSUAL BUSINESS.

A MAINE letter in the *Chicago American* tells of a queer calling. There is probably no other enterprise in the whole wide world just like the business conducted by a pair of live Yankee boys, named Williams, at their small, odd camp at the foot of Little Squaw Mountain.

The Williams brothers are photographers, and their present novel business was the direct outcome of a start in a small way of tramping through the game region and taking pictures of groups in sporting camps. The thought occurred to them that it would be a great deal more convenient if the hunters should come to them instead of their going to the hunters. So it was that they established their novel "studio," which is proving a big source of revenue.

Many sportsmen, particularly those who are in the woods for the first season, like very much to have a photograph of themselves in their hunting togs, beside their game and with the camp for a background, to take home to show and expatiate upon to their less fortunate friends. They can go to the Williams place and have any kind of a picture taken, with as much game as they choose; in short, have a picture made up exactly to their order.

The boys have built a structure in the shape of a hunting camp, but have made three different arrangements of fronts, or, rather, the fronts on three sides are all different. These fronts are the "backgrounds." Then for game they have about a dozen stuffed deer of all sizes, a moose or two, strings of stuffed birds and several full equipments of hunting costumes.

They can take a party of the most callow tyros, dress them up, put guns in their hands and pose them in front of the camp with a big string of deer and a moose hung up behind them, and when the photograph is taken and finished it appears to be one of the most successful parties that ever went into the Maine woods for game.

There are always "supers" enough within call to pose as guides, and so the picture can be made complete. Even the sign over the camp door is a matter of but a few moments' work with a ready brush, and it can be "Camp Chesuncook" or "Nimrod's Home," or any old kind of a camp.

There are many so-called hunters who never get nearer the big woods than the Williams studio. The artists have a fine equipment, finish their work nicely, and many of their pictures have been reproduced in high-class periodicals as the real thing.

There is another class of popular views, and many a picture is taken of a hunter sitting upon a fallen forest monarch, with his smoking rifle in his hand. The said forest monarch has the hair all worn off

from one side from dragging back and forth to a little glade near the studio, and repairs are frequently needed to keep the hay from coming out from his well-dried hide. It costs fifty cents extra for a picture on a fallen forest monarch.

The Williamses recently filled an order for twenty-five hunting scenes for a railroad guide book. They propped up the old stuffed moose in half a dozen positions in the woods and took snaps of him; they arranged the deer in groups, and singly they grouped all the idle loafers about the place in guide's togs, in many poses, and worked the paraphernalia of the place in all sorts of combinations. So ingenious were the results that when the pictures were made in half-tones and artistically brought out, no one could detect the fact that they were not what they purported to be—actual studies from life.

This spring the Williams brothers added a line of fish to their properties, and took a number of fishing parties. By means of a large collection of cleverly whittled wooden fish they could fit out a fisherman or group with strings of big ones just to their order.

* * *

THINGS SCIENCE HAS FAILED IN.

It is common to talk about the wonderful strides made by modern science, but looking at the matter from another point it is really astonishing how many things most desirable for human welfare remain to be done.

Modern science is always being praised. Sermons and pamphlets and magazine articles vie with each other to laud it to the skies. It is said to have achieved so much. We are bidden to look at its achievements and to wonder. There is the telephone, the telegraph, the electric light, the Roentgen ray, the steam engine, the huge steamer, and the thousand and one other discoveries of the day. We think that life is revolutionized from that which our fathers lived, and that we have reason for great pride, and, indeed, for thankfulness.

But there is something to be said on the other hand. Modern science has worried and hurried us; it has driven us and excited us into a state which is ever at fever point; it has huddled us together in towns where there is scarce breathing space, and has not yet succeeded in bringing the air to us; it has made us more comfortable in our everyday life, relieving us of exertions and laying luxuries around us, but it has robbed us of romance. So far, though modern science has been our benefactor it has demanded its toll, and we have paid it, and in the glamour of its smile we have forgotten the tribute it has exacted. So that we but rarely think of the shortcomings of modern science.

We are so eager-eyed in viewing its accomplishments that we do not see its failures. The world

which lies at its feet seems to us to be so vast that we forget the greater world which holds it in scorn. And there is such a greater world. The telephone, the electric light, the steam engine form, after all, but a small portion of the world in which we live. Modern science has affected our actual living life, so to speak, much less than we are apt to imagine. In eating, drinking, sleeping, love-making, quarreling—we differ but little from our ancestors of many centuries past. Look at the wonders of astronomy, says the disciple. Let us look at them. Galileo declared the modern scientific basis of the solar system; Newton announced the law of gravitation. Since then how meager have been the results in astronomy. To discover a planet, and name it, is not an achievement which has any striking importance for humanity at large. Similarly is the discovery of argon in the atmosphere of any positive value to any one? Modern science has a knack of declaring some truth with an impressive solemnity. But the really interesting facts it leaves to conjecture. What would we give to know if Mars is really inhabited, and if there were at one time great peoples on the moon? Those would be of interest and importance, but modern science chooses to be silent.

If we come to our own earth, we find that there are many little things which either baffle science or are ignored by scientists. As civilization advances we need more and more to have huge buildings, either for industries or for residence. Yet so ordinary a luxury as ventilation seems to be outside the skill of the scientist. He can fit up pretty buttons with bells and indicators; he can arrange wonderful lights, making the night to rival the day. These are the fruits of electrical study and research, and herein modern science glories. But the provision of fresh air through the passages of huge buildings seems to be outside human skill. Draughts in winter and stifling heat in summer characterize our great halls, and even judges appeal in vain for fresh air and protest to no purpose. Consequently our streets are packed with pallid faces, and illnesses are developed which counteract largely the good influences of surgical and medical advance.

Even in lowlier ways, science has shortcomings. Is there anything more clumsy than a shoe? There are leather stitches and nails. The twentieth century can hit on no better system of dealing with soles and heels. The Roman soldier of the Legion and the American business man of to-day have almost precisely the same footwear, and clumsy footwear it is, knowing but little of the shape and comfort of the foot. The same applies to umbrellas, surely the most insane instrument ever invented. The best umbrella is no better than the original article invented two hundred years ago in Queen Anne's time. It only keeps the hat from getting wet.

STRONGEST JAIL ON EARTH.

GRAHAM County jail at Clifton, Arizona, is unique. It comprises four large apartments hewn from the solid quartz rock of a hillside. The entrance is through a box-like vestibule built of heavy masonry and equipped with three sets of steel gates. The floor of the rock-bound jail is of cement and the prisoners are confined exclusively in the larger rooms. Some of the most desperate criminals on the southwest border have been confined in the Clifton jail, and so solid and heavy are the barriers to escape that no one there has ever attempted a break for freedom. The notorious Black Jack was there for months. The wall of quartz about the jail is fifteen feet thick. Clifton is one of the great cop-



WHEAT IN THE SOUTH PLATTE VALLEY.

per mining camps in Arizona and has the reputation of being as depraved a community as yet exists on the frontier of civilization. In summer the mercury there frequently rises to 120 in the shade and in the winter it never goes below 40 degrees.

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ASK "WHY?"

If boys could learn at school all about education, that would only leave them very dull persons. The object of their education at school is to give boys mental alertness and an eternal curiosity, and its real test is whether it leaves them always saying to themselves, "Why?" I do not know whether you have ever thought about it, but all the great discoveries of the world have come because some one has asked that question. The records of industry show nothing more clearly than that all real mental skill depends on asking questions. The answer is sure to follow. The real mental capacity is not displayed by the man who answers the question, but by the man who asks it.—*From Bishop Creighton's "Thoughts on Education."*

CHANGING A RAILROAD'S NAME.

JOHN RATTENBURG, master painter of the Rock Island system, is in Denver for a novel purpose. He is entering upon the work of changing the name of the "Great Rock Island Route" to "The Rock Island System," over the entire property of that company. At first glance such an undertaking would not seem so very great, but only a moment's thought is necessary to see that it will take a long time to accomplish the object and that the cost will be up in the thousands.

When the railroad consisted of only one hundred and eighty miles of ill-laid track, all running in one State, the name "The Rock Island Route" was adopted and for many years served its purpose, bringing fame to the little terminal point which is now only a way station on the great system. But when that road grew into a powerful organization, with nearly seven thousand miles of track, the name was not comprehensive enough, and a few weeks ago the edict went forth that hereafter "The Rock Island System" would replace the old trade mark.

That little order meant that every piece of stationery in hundreds of offices, window signs, literature, advertising matter, box car names, and dozens of other accessories of the system would have to undergo a change as soon as possible. The master painter has only a part of the work to do. He must transform the name on the windows and doors of the offices and on signs at stations and on the billboards.

To-day he will begin work at the western terminals of the line and transform the name at Denver and Colorado Springs and then he will work his way east, stopping at every small station and every billboard.

The corporate trade mark is made to embrace all the various lines which have recently come under the dominion of the Rock Island, and the change was made much of a necessity by the manifold names which could be so much more easily used under one title.—*Denver Post*.

BUNDLES IN WASHINGTON.

AMONG all the departments in Washington the most strict is the Treasury. A citizen may carry anything that he likes into the treasury building, but when he undertakes to carry anything bulky out of the building he is apt to get into trouble if he does not explain with readiness.

A visitor to Washington the other day carried a fairly large package into the building. Nobody said a word to him about it when he was going in, but when he started out with the package he was held up, made to open it, and to explain all about himself and his business.

The good sense of the rule is apparent. At the capitol it is against the rules to carry any sort of a bundle into the building. The fear is that somebody will carry in a bomb. The rule was never enforced rigorously until the Senate took up the Sherman repeal bill. At that time the public mind became so influenced against the delay in the Senate that violence was feared, and the rule was put into active operation and continued for some years.

Then it dropped out of sight until the Spanish war excitement came on, when it was again enforced, and it is still enforced rather strongly, although during the last session of Congress a few cameras were allowed in the building.—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

CREMATION.

ALTHOUGH the burning of the dead has the sanction of very ancient usage, it lapsed from use for centuries. It appears to be in process of restoration. True, it has made but little head against the custom of burial, yet there is an increase every year in such proportions that we may look for a wide adoption of it within the next quarter century. There are in this country but twenty-six crematories, yet this is against but two eighteen years ago and the number of cremations is two thousand five hundred or more a year. When statistics were first collected on the subject, eighteen years ago, the annual cremations numbered sixteen. It is because they are common and have ceased to be an occasion of comment that an impression may have been created which is contrary to this fact of growth, but the truth is that about fourteen thousand incinerations have occurred in the United States, which, added to the large number in Europe, certainly indicates an increase.

SHE WAS SET RIGHT.

THE following story told of Pere Monsabre, the eloquent French preacher, is interesting:

One day, just as he was going to preach, a message came to him that a lady wanted to see him. She was worried about an affair of conscience; she felt like she'd like to see him, etc. After much waste of time she came to the point. She was given up to vanity. That very morning she had looked into her looking glass and yielded to the temptation of thinking herself pretty.

Pere Monsabre looked at her and said quietly, "Is that all?"

"That's all."

"Well, my child," he replied, "you can go away in peace, for to make a mistake is not a sin."—*New World*.

Aunt Barbara's Page

"MY THREE LITTLE TEXTS."

I am very young and little;
 I am only just turned two;
 And I cannot learn big chapters,
 As my elder sisters do.

But I know three little verses
 That my mamma has taught to me,
 And I say them every morning
 As I stand beside her knee.

The first is, "Thou God seest me."
 Is it not a pretty text?
 And "Suffer the little children
 To come unto me" is the next.

But the last one is the shortest,
 It is only "God is love,"
 How kind he is in sending
 Such sweet verses from above.

He knows the chapters I can't learn,
 So I think he sent those three
 Short, easy texts on purpose
 For little ones like me.



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

ON a frosty day, the past winter, in a bitter, cutting wind, a horse was tied to a post by the sidewalk in a busy town. His hair was wet from hard driving. The robe with which he had been covered had blown off towards his head, and was lying partly under his front feet that were pawing and stepping, trying to get away from the danger that was threatening his life. Scores of people were passing and re-passing on the sidewalk, many of them boys and men. Some of them gave a passing glance at the suffering animal, but no one made a move to cover him, though there was pathos and prayer in the eyes turned towards them, asking aid that was not given. An invalid sitting in a carriage not far away, had sent her little girl to make a small purchase in a store where she had to take her turn at a crowded counter. When at last she returned with the package, she was sent to see if she could get the blanket that was under the feet of the horse and throw it over him if possible. By gently patting his ankles with her mittened hand, he lifted first one foot and then the other while she pulled out the robe, he whinnying softly, as if asking her to do more than that, but he was too big and tall for her to throw the heavy robe over him. A gentleman seeing her efforts, stepped forward with smile and gracious words, did the kindly service while the child looked on, waiting to thank him when it was satisfactorily done—the robe

tucked under the harness straps so it would not blow off again. "Is it your horse?" asked the gentleman. "Not ours," was the reply, "but it hurts mamma to see anything suffer." So with a smile and a "good bye" he stepped to the sidewalk and passed on, while the child returned to her mother who was soon driving towards home. With the law of the land ready to enforce the law of kindness, it ought not to be a difficult task to induce humane and tender treatment of animals who serve us faithfully, so far as they know how, and ask no reward or service except food, care and kindness. The mute appeal for it in their meek eyes should touch every heart, asking as it does for what they cannot ask in words. Kindness to animals should be taught to children in the earliest years of life by never permitting dog or cat to be dragged around, squeezed and mauled, when for love of the child they will meekly submit to it without scratching or biting. A pretty badge for boys and girls bearing the words—"Their protector," or "I defend them"—might be an inducement to aid young minds in thinking of kindness and tenderness towards animals, and taking the badge away for neglect of duty, and restoring it again when the matter is well kept in mind and lived up to, as a matter of no light importance, and one that helps in forming a fine character.—*Selected.*



OUR DOG, BINGO.

BY IDA C. SHUMAKER.

SOMETIMES Bingo was quite naughty and had to be punished. I remember one time he deserved punishment and did not get it. This is what he did. One day he was missing. We hunted everywhere, calling him again and again, but no Bingo came. Where could he be? About that time we had occasion to go upstairs into the best bedroom, and there—what do you suppose we saw? Something that made us think of Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf. There lay Bingo, in the nice clean bed that had just been freshly dressed, all covered up, head and ears,—save one mischievous-looking eye. Did he jump out of bed and run away when he was discovered? Not he. He looked at us intently, winking that eye with a particularly knowing expression. As for us—well, did we burst out laughing? Guess! Would any boy or girl in this wide-awake family of Nookers have had the hardness to punish him under such circumstances?

Meyersdale, Pa.

The Q. & A. Department.

What is the Nook's idea of predigested food?

At present the world is having a run of foods, predigested and otherwise, and as the original cost of them is low, the profits large, and the desire to sell them very great, there is an endless number of them. There is no end of catchy advertisements, and many people are led to believe that they must eat them to be well. The INGLENOOK can lay down no rules to govern all, but it is safe to say that we may eat all we want, of all we can get, as long as it does us no harm. It is a matter of the make-up of the individual. If you are well do not experiment on yourself. Let "well enough" alone.

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Why is the American silver dollar worth more than a Mexican dollar of greater weight?

A long story. Briefly, because, in the main, of the credit of the United States and the further fact that the American dollar can be changed for a gold dollar good the world over. This cannot be done with a Mexican dollar because that government cannot make its silver issue good in gold. There is not a gold dollar's worth of silver in a silver dollar, but what is lacking is supplied by faith in the power and will to make it good on call.

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What is a "run" on a bank?

If five hundred people have money in a bank, and get scared and all want it out at once, this makes a "run." The bank has the money loaned out, invested in one way and another, and has probably not enough cash to pay off all depositors in a day or so. The custom in the case of a run is to borrow the money from someone and begin paying. When people find they can get their money out they generally stop demanding it.

❖

What makes tobacco so different in price?

Its availability for various uses. That for chewing tobacco is different from that intended for smoking. Color, quality and character differ widely and make a wide difference in the price of the raw and prepared weed. Different parts of the world produce different qualities of the plant.

❖

Is the powder used in cannon the same as that used in firearms?

No. A different make is used. For some big guns the powder resembles in shape an iron bolt nut with a hole in the center, the whole being some inches around and resembling a small cake.

What is the reason why there is an apparent difference in temperature when it does not show on the thermometer?

It is because of the presence or absence of humidity in the air. Where the air is dry perspiration evaporates and there is less discomfort than when everything is moist and sticky, in cases very much like the heat of a steaming teakettle. A breeze cools one, but no fanning will change the thermometer a degree. An oven heat can be stood much better than a sticky heat.

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Does the Nook believe in corporal punishment?

Well, Solomon said yes, and as far as our observation extends it helps mightily at times. Furthermore, the Nook believes that any one who has not had at least one good larruping has missed his deserts.

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What is the rule where one man or set of men have the opportunity, and another the money, when it comes to a division of profit?

As a rule perhaps half the spoil would be claimed and allowed him who furnished the money. It is subject to a matter of contract, of course. The terms are generally dictated by the man who has the cash.

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Could I make money by cracking nuts and selling the kernels?

Hardly, we think. Where it is made a business it is done by machinery, and you could not compete successfully in the market at large. It might be done in a small way with the local stores.

❖

I have a Chinese sacred lily. Can I keep it and bloom it out of doors in the garden next spring?

Yes. Keep it in a cold, dark place and plant it out after all the danger of frost has passed, and it will bloom for you once, but not be of any good again.

❖

How do the Jews look on Christ?

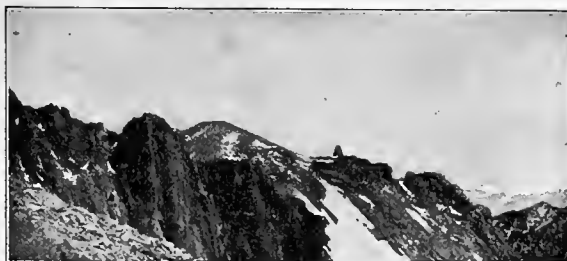
As a very good, uninspired Jew, bent on reforming Judaism. They, the Jews, say Paul was the real founder of Christianity, but Paul only preached Christ and was therefore but an instrument.

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From what quarter do the blizzards come? Is the word a slang one, or is it good English?

When a real blizzard is on it seems to come from any way you face it, and it shifts and swirls in every direction. The word is good English.

The Home



Department

TO KEEP SPARE-RIBS AND BACK-BONES.

BY M. G. E.

To two gallons of water add one pint of sugar and one quart of salt. Let come to a boil, drop in a few pieces of meat at a time and boil ten minutes. Set away to cool, then pack the meat in a jar and pour the brine over. This will keep for a long time. For venison add two ounces of salt-peter.

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RECIPE FOR "PUTTING DOWN" MEAT.

BY KATE HOWARD.

TAKE fresh tenderloin or any lean pieces of the hog, or beef, cut in slices for frying, salt and pepper to taste, roll in flour and fry brown. Put in an open jar, laying it carefully. Put a weight on the meat and cover with melted lard. When cold add more lard. The larger the bulk the better.

Cambridge, Ind.

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ECONOMY GEMS.

BEAT one egg, add to it one cup of milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two cups of flour and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.

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MARBLE CAKE.

BY SISTER M. E. EATON.

ONE cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, four well-beaten eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Take out one cup of this batter and mix with it four tablespoonfuls of chocolate dissolved in a little milk. Cover the bottom of the pan with white batter, drop upon it in places spoonfuls of the chocolate batter forming rings, then another layer of white batter and so on until all is used. Bake in a modearte oven.

Baltimore, Md.

BEEF PICKLE.

BY SISTER KATIE SHIDLER.

To one hundred pounds of beef take six pounds of salt, two pounds of sugar, one-half ounce of saltpeter and four gallons of water.

Ashland, Ohio.

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A GOOD POT ROAST.

BY SISTER OMA CULLEN.

TAKE two medium-sized onions, minced fine, add a pint of tomatoes, take a good piece of boiling meat, suited in size to your family, and add enough water to cook. Simmer gently till done, salt and pepper to taste. When done remove the beef and thicken the juice with a tablespoonful or two of flour. Serve with the beef.

Holmesville, Nebr.

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BEEF LOAF.

BY MARY C. BLOUGH.

TAKE one pound of Hamburg steak (good beef chopped fine), two eggs, one cup of cracker crumbs, one cup of milk, salt and pepper to taste, mix and shape into a loaf and bake one-half hour or more. This is also very nice made into cakes and fried.

Pittsburg, Pa.

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BABY FOOD.

BY SADIE K. IMLER.

TIE one pint of flour very tightly in a little salt sack and drop it into enough boiling water to cover it. Boil four hours and when done remove and peel the starch off. Grate three teaspoonfuls and dissolve in cold milk. Have one pint of milk boiling and stir in quickly, Sugar to taste. It will now be ready for use. Put in a bottle and give to the baby. You will find this very nourishing to the little one, also very convenient.

343 N. Charlotte St., Lancaster, Pa.

LITERARY.

The Eternal Verities, by D. L. Miller, Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

This is a volume of 370 pages, by a successful writer of the Brethren church, known everywhere to most Nookers.

The scope of the book is to establish the truth of the Bible by historical evidence collected from all available sources. The author first gives a historical sketch of the Old and the New Testaments, followed by a history of the Bible and its books. The relation of prophecy to the subject is given, and Christ and his mission follows, the volume being closed by a fitting of the present conditions of the Holy Land to the Book and its references to the land where the scenes are laid.

Practically there is nothing new in the book, nor could there be in this, or any other work on the subject. If there is anything in the world that has been threshed over it is the internal and external evidences of Christianity. Perhaps human ingenuity, as far as present discovery goes, could add nothing new to what is already on the shelves of the library. That is the very point on which *The Eternal Verities* turns. The author has collected, collated and rearranged the substance of many volumes into one, and he has done it in his own peculiar style, one that makes easy reading of an abstruse and popularly uninteresting subject.

He who would go beyond his daily Christianity into the shades of history should know something of the scenes, the circumstances, and the lines along which the story is laid. The author gives these in his own familiar way, and the book he has made is a good one.

The best part of the book is his own account of what he personally saw in the Holy Land. This is also one of the eternal verities, that what one does himself is better done than the result of piecing out the work of others. Nevertheless, the book is a good one and occupies a place of its own in our somewhat scant stock of real literature. Our readers should buy this book and read it. It has the merit of being of more than passing value, and will put many a reader in possession of historical facts that otherwise he would likely never get hold of. While intended for and available to all, the ministers of the church can add it to their library, everyone and everywhere, with the certainty that they have a book worth the buying, reading and preservation.

THE native Indian tribes of Alaska number 29,536, a gain of 4,182 in ten years.

MANCHESTER, England, has more public houses than any other city in the kingdom.

GAGGLE GOO AS A BUSINESS WOMAN.

THE girl is growing, and can talk a little and understands much. She has a small steel box the city bank gives out, and has an account there. The box is so arranged that it is easy to put money in, but only the key at the bank will unlock it when the deposit is made monthly. It is a box with a capacity to "borry in," but it absolutely refuses to "borry out."

We turn over to her our loose cents and a semi-occasional nickel. Seeing her father take the change out of his vest pocket to give her for the bank, last week she noticed the vest hanging on the wall, got a chair when nobody was looking, and fed \$1.80 into the bank before she was headed off in her business career. There's a prejudice against this way of getting money, and the law is hard against it. No arrest followed, but the vest is hung higher.

DO YOU WANT TO TRAVEL?

THE editorial management of the INGLENOOK desires to help its friends as much as possible, and to that end will render such assistance in the way of suggestion and direction as may be possible to those who expect to travel. The Editor has no tickets to sell, no passes to give, but will give information relative to excursions, lowest rates, shortest routes, etc., on request. This represents no business interests whatever but is simply a matter of offered assistance and courtesy between the NOOK and its friends. State where you want to go, when, and how many of you, and the reply will follow, if the editor of the INGLENOOK is informed of the facts.

WHAT THEY SAY.

"WE very much enjoy the visits of the NOOK, and it is a first-class literary magazine such as we can recommend and appreciate."—*Nancy Underhill, Colorado.*

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"THE Colorado number of the INGLENOOK is a decided success. Its statements I know to be fair, reliable and comprehensive."—*S. Z. Sharp, Fruita, Colo.*

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"WE like the INGLENOOK very much. I consider it an instructive, entertaining magazine and wish it success."—*Maggie B. Bail, Pa.*

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"SUCCESS to the NOOK."—*J. I. Miller, Louisiana.*

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MRS. BARBARA MOHLER CULLEY, Elgin, Ill.



