

SUMMER WOOF FOR WINTER WEAVING.

Sometimes when the north wind is blowing And we look through the pane at the snowing...

When violet vapors have hidden The cold, naked hills, and bidden The pale evening star at their guest...

As we sit in the freight's gleaming, The apron in the backlog brings dreaming, Of the summer's low-voiced monotone...

So ever the Past doth enamour; The shen of its exquisite glamour May illumine the bitterest day...

THE SHACKLES OF A FRIEND.

Bayard spoke abruptly: "Do my chosen work for me; I had to give it up at my father's death. You know our studies in social science prepared us equally for writing upon the problems of industry."

Harrison sat looking at the worn spot in the carpet. Apparently he had not heard his friend's quick appeal. After a moment, he said:

"If I were to take that position at Harvard, I wonder if I should be bored." He spoke meditatively; then he roused himself.

"I wish I knew more about the future," Bayard said. "You know, sometimes I think it would be for me to make a decision if I had to earn my own living."

There was a suggestion of bitterness in Bayard's lip when he replied: "You are hardly wise in saying that. It is that particular condition which has made any choice impossible for me, and—" He did not go on; he felt Harrison's inattention.

It was not an unusual occurrence, this half hour of heated egotism on the part of the man who had not yet made a free choice, and the sympathetic interest on the part of the man who could no longer look forward to making one.

As they sat in the twilight, there was a subtle distinction of different worlds about them, although they both had the appearance of college-bred men who had learned life as well as theory in their twenty-five years.

A still greater difference, however, was noticeable in the light of the fading day—the difference in the color of the two men. Harrison was browned with the light of outdoors. Withal, his worrying over his future work and the danger of blundering upon some career which would bore him, he was able to take his doubts a blunderback and boating. He had never to think of any decision affecting his bread and butter, nor worry that his inactivity—while he waited for the decision—might cause privation in his immediate family.

Bayard, for all his strong features and fine physique, was a decidedly pale with the pallor of close office work and late nights of planning for more work in order to increase his income.

Sometimes the pallor, such as he showed, marks the death of ambition; sometimes it marks the beginning of a final struggle—the last game before the breaking day when excitement is tense beyond words.

Yet, with the force of such an actor, even in a trying scene, he appeared at ease in every line of his figure. Just now the light in his eyes betrayed him; it swept across the room almost with fury; he longed to throttle the struggling egotism of the man who did not know enough to appreciate his freedom.

The twilight slipped out of the room, and made it almost impossible for the two men to distinguish the simple furnishings—a couch, a table and book case. Harrison's voice rose to petulance as he discussed this and that advantage and disadvantage of some one or another of his openings in law, in business and in the literary world.

He was looking for a panacea for his subjective ills, and Bayard patiently went over the ground with him. When they agreed, Harrison looked interested; when they disagreed, he became abstracted, but no less eager to take up the argument when a pause came.

"If you will do as I say," said Harrison, earnestly, "you will work on the modern battlefield of industrial warfare, and you will do what only a man who is free from dependence upon some employer can do—strike straight from the shoulder. You are sincere in your advocacy of the working class, think how you will set people to thinking—because you as a capitalist come out for the truth." He spoke intensely, and the intensity had its effect; a look of real affection sprang into the eyes of his friend.

"I think you are the only person in the world who understands how important this all is for me."

Bayard made no reply; he rose and lit the single gas-jet by the window, tied the torn lace curtain out of danger from its flaring, and then went back to his seat by the table. He picked up a folded paper that lay on it, and then in a voice quite unlike the ringing one of certainty in which he had just spoken, he said:

"Harrison, I hate to obtrude my own affairs upon you when you come to me for advice, but I have been wondering if you have had the time to consider the proposition I made the other day in regard to investment in the Gold Leaf mine."

Harrison looked a little blank; it took some effort to tear himself from his own problem; then he hesitated—"I am not quite sure I understood what it was. We had been talking about this Harvard position, you know, and my thoughts were on that. With the words, his mind went back to its favorite realm. By the way," he said, "I'm convinced that I ought to go on there and talk the matter over with some one before I refuse."

Bayard rose and walked the length of the small room; he walked slowly, but his hands were clenched; the right one in which he held the folded paper, was white about the knuckles.

"The shares that I hold in the property have gone up, and I have inside information that they will keep on." He spoke as though his companion had asked for exact information, instead of showing complete indifference. "I should like very much to hold on to them myself, but I have been advised to take a few weeks' rest. I can't unless I get the money from this. I have

nothing else to realize on, and you know that my salary must go to the others at home, who think—I can't be thankful enough for that—that I am drawing much more."

His manner was aggressive; he seemed to make this confession as a last throw of the dice, hoping to win the thing he hated—money. Then he gave the money value of his shares, and in corroboration of what he said, offered the paper to Harrison.

His friend waved it aside. "It is just this way," he said, "and I know you will understand." He smiled as though it were hardly necessary to make even the slight explanation he intended. "I make it a point not to invest in properties of which I am ignorant; stocks and bonds I know something of; mines are really an unknown quantity."

He smiled again as though expecting some appreciation of his business-like methods, and then added: "Of course, you know I should like to do it as a friend, but it involves a matter of principle, and you are one of the people who agree with me that reason ought to rule in these things."

A dull red crept over Bayard's face and left it almost dead white. For a moment he looked like a man who had received a deadly insult; then pity took the place of anger, and he laid the paper, which he had been holding out, upon the table, and looked at his watch. Harrison followed his example, and expressed surprise that it was almost eight, and he had yet to dress for an evening affair at the beach.

"I'm sorry not to oblige you," he said. He spoke with a little feeling as though he were refusing an invitation for dinner; then his voice gained enthusiasm. "You will never know," he said, "how much good it does me to talk over my affairs with you."

Bayard looked deep into his eyes and held out his hand. "You know what 'Nietzsche' says: that a man may lose his friend's shackles, though he cannot free himself. I've looked to you to do my work. Perhaps, after all, I'm the egotist."

Harrison did not perceive the unintentional implication, nor realize that the man before him had won out in a battle between terribly hurt pride and a real understanding of a friend. He left with hurried abstraction, and a comfortable sense of having paid an obligation by acknowledging it.

An hour or two later, in evening dress, he bounded up the boarding house stairs to Bayard's room. He noted with a smile that a light was still glowing through the transom. His eyes were aglow, decision spoke in every line of his face; different man looked out from every line. He knocked and opened the door at the same time, and spoke rapidly to Bayard, who sat at the table, with his back to the door.

"I had to come back to tell you that I am going to give up this everlasting struggle and take your advice." He turned, he went over to the table. A half-finished letter lay before him, his hand held a pen stiffly, his head bent over, as though he had fallen asleep while writing. While wondering if he should wake the sleeper, Harrison noticed the pallor of the hand and then of the face. The truth came to him on the instant; the man who understood him was dead. The beginning of the letter then forced itself on his consciousness while he was recovering himself to do those things which must be done.

"My dear Clement," it read, "I know you have many demands upon your generosity, but I am going to ask you to consider the enclosed for investment. Frankly, I have like to keep this stock, but I need the money, and if you—"

Harrison left the room and knocked at the first door on the corridor, where a light showed through the transom. A young woman opened it. The light behind her made a halo about her head; her hair was hanging in great masses on her shoulders; she held a book in her hand; afterward Harrison saw the title and recognized it as Bayard's copy of "Nietzsche." Evidently the imperious knock on her door had carried with it some premonition of evil, for the girl's eyes were wide with expectation.

"Mr. Bayard—" said Harrison, irresolutely, "where can I get some one to go to him?"

Before the words were out of his trembling lips, the girl had darted down, the hall and into the room where Harrison's friend sat at the table. Without a sound she dropped the book on the couch and knelt down by the chair, so that she could look into the face of the man who sat there so still. She did not touch his hand; all her power was concentrated in her gaze, which would have pierced steel had it been that. Then, trembling, she turned to the man at the door without rising from her knees.

"It was worse than the doctors said. He should have rested before. He had so much to carry—so many cares. Today he said he had a friend who would buy his stock, and then he could go."

She spoke directly, as though she were called upon to explain the stillness of the man by whom she knelt. Her voice was very low, but clear to sharpness. Then she put her arms out appealingly to the other one: "You are the one he was expecting, aren't you? Why didn't you come before—just a little while before?" she said it piteously with the first break in her calm. You could have saved his life."

—By Charlotte Teller, in the *Pilgrim*.

The "Sleeping Sickness" in Africa.

According to a statement issued by the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, no less than 68,000 persons have died of the curious sleeping sickness which has ravaged Africa, 10,000 having perished within the last five months.

Notwithstanding all efforts on the part of the British authorities, there has been no abatement in the spread of the disease in Uganda. The sleeping sickness made its appearance in that region two or three years ago. A commission sent from England, headed by Col. Bruce, has decided that the disease is scattered by a fly called *tsetse*, but no antidote has yet been discovered.

Another commission is said to be in prospect to see what can be done to prevent the spread of the plague. Segregation seems impossible, and a relief is in sight. The first symptom of the presence of the disease is headache, with swelling of the glands of the neck, followed by protracted sleeping on the part of the patient. The disease runs its course in from six weeks to two years.—*Scientific American*

—Mr. E. B. Green, of the Altoona Edison Electric light company, and who is a son of F. Peabody Green, of this place, has discovered a scheme for thawing out frozen water pipes by means of an electric current. It was used in a residence in Altoona a few days ago with a very successful result, 250 feet of service pipe being thawed out in eighteen minutes.

To Be a Chestnut King.

Pennsylvanian is Turning Waste Land to Wealth. Grafting Prize Chestnut Bearing Trees on Stumps of the Old Native Growth. Scientific Propagation Which May Promise a State Problem.

What does a highly profitable experiment in reclaiming the waste lands of Pennsylvania is being tried by C. K. Sober, a wealthy lumberman of Lewisburg. He is covering the mountain slopes with a hardy growth of Paragon chestnut trees grafted on the stumps of the native chestnuts.

The notion of grafting cultivated chestnuts on the native stock came to the lumberman when a boy on the farm from seeing his father graft apple trees. His father laughed at the idea. Six years ago the nuts, when a man of fifty, was able to carry out the plan.

He purchased 600 acres of land in the Irish valley, eight miles from Shamokin, at a cost of \$50,000. Half of this land has been turned into a model stock farm. The other 300 acres are given up to the chestnut groves.

The Irish valley is a beautiful and fertile depression walling in to the east and west by parallel spurs of the Alleghenies. The hillsides were originally covered with oak, pine and chestnut. More than two generations ago the pine and oak and some of the chestnut were cut down. A second growth of chestnut sprang up which was standing when Mr. Sober purchased the ground.

This was his plan: In the fall of the year some of the trees were cut down. The following spring young shoots of suckers sprang up from the stumps. These suckers were grafted with stumps of the Paragon chestnut, a nut originally grown by W. L. Shaffer, of Philadelphia, from a foreign nut carelessly tossed in his yard by a passer by. It is about five times the size of the average American chestnut and its equal in flavor and texture.

The nut is about the same size as the large Italian chestnut, which however, is coarse and tasteless. It was selected by Mr. Sober because it is more prolific and bears sooner than the European or Japanese nut, and is less troubled by the chestnut weevil. Thirty-two selected chestnuts were selected and nuts are frequently found large enough to cover a silver dollar. Forty-five average nuts fill a quart measure.

On the stumps, which are cut as smooth, as possible, the suckers are allowed to grow for a year, attaining an average height of five feet. In the second spring they are cut back to three or four feet to keep the buds from becoming dormant. On these suckers the Paragon suckers are grafted. Crown grafting is too slow and laborious, and the cleft graft, which was originally used, has been entirely superseded by the tongue or whip graft.

According to this method both sucker and scion are cut diagonally and the two diagonals fitted together. The joints are secured by a wax and the joint is covered with wax prepared after Mr. Sober's formula. A drop of wax is also put on the crown of the scion for protection from the rain and dew.

When there are several suckers on a stump, those springing from a point nearest the ground are grafted because they root better and are less liable to damage from wind and frost. On a stump not more than two suckers are grafted. The grafts are put in thickly, not more than ten or twelve feet apart if possible. This produces a bushy crown sooner and averts danger of complete loss.

As the trees grow and begin to crowd one another the poorer specimens are cut down to give the stronger room.

The cloth holds the joint firmly. Mr. Sober did the first grafting himself. Since then he has employed eight or ten nurserymen for five weeks each spring to do the grafting. Each nurseryman averages about 250 grafts a day, and in the chestnut grove there are now between 75,000 and 100,000 trees, ranging from one to six years. Each tree is about the size of a six-year-old tree, but his work can be traced. So careful are the men in their work that 90 per cent. of the grafts are successful.

In the early years of the work much loss was occasioned by broken grafts. This danger was minimized by making the diagonal cuts on both sucker and scion longer, and by adding more wax and mastic. The cloth holds the joint firmly, hastens the union of the wood, prevents rain from getting into the cracks, and is in itself a mechanical support. The growth is remarkable, a month old graft often attaining a height of two or three feet.

The first year's growth is likely to be fan-shaped, in which case it is cut back to make a bushy top. The next year the tree begins bearing. This two-year-old tree is about should high and bears two or three pints of nuts. By the time the tree is five or six years old it attains a height of from eight to twelve feet and bears several quarts.

Each year the yield increases until the tree is about 25 years old, when it is fully matured and bears about five bushels annually. The original tree is long-lived, and there are many specimens in existence which bear prolifically at an age of over a century.

The Sober chestnut groves are subject to several dangers which call for strict vigilance on the part of the farm hands. These dangers are fire, the curculio or weevil, and thieves.

As protection against the first, fire lines have been marked around the groves. There are wide avenues denuded of timber and burned over. A watch is kept constantly, and the farmhands are fully instructed as to their duties in case of fire.

The only time that fire has actually menaced the grove was in the winter of 1901, when fire started on an adjoining property. All the houses on the place were unoccupied, and armed with pitchforks and rakes, cleared a space two rods wide of every bit of brush and scored the soil deeply. They were prepared to back fire, if necessary, but a timely rain rendered this unnecessary.

The next greatest danger is the chestnut weevil, which produces the fat, white grub so often found in chestnuts. It is a beetle about half an inch long, with long, sharp mandibles of which enables it to penetrate the nut, where it deposits its eggs. After the nut falls the grub finds its way into the ground, where it burrows and remains until spring, when it comes forth as a beetle.

To guard against this enemy a flock of game chickens has been put in the grove, and numbers of sheep and goats will be placed there after the completion of the fence, for which miles of wire are already on the ground. The game chickens are especially fond of these grubs and scratch hundreds of them out of the ground. The sheep and goats assist by keeping the grass and undergrowth closely cropped.

As a further precaution all native chestnut trees in the locality which produce the chestnut weevil are cut down. Insect traps invented by Mr. Sober are hung in the grove at night. This trap is a lamp set in a pan of oil with reflectors so placed

that insects flying apparently toward the light fall into the oil. Thousands of insects so caught are soaked out in the morning and burned. When the chestnuts are gathered in the fall the burrs are heaped together and burned to destroy any grubs remaining in them.

Nut thieves have been guarded against by the building of several towers in the grove, where men with loaded guns watch constantly during the harvesting season. A tower will soon be built on the prominent barn and provided with an acetylene searchlight, the rays of which will sweep the grove at night. As a further precaution the men who harvest the nuts, first gather those on the extreme edge, working gradually toward the center. The effect of this vigilance has been to minimize a loss which at first was heavy.

The gathering of the nuts is an operation both interesting and expensive. Unlike the common American nut the Paragon nut does not ripen on the tree. About October 1st, the nuts are mature and the burrs turn yellow. The harvesters are then sent out with baskets and bags armed with thick gloves for handling the burrs. The trees are shaken until the burrs have fallen. The bags and baskets are then filled and the burrs dumped in a great heap to ripen. In the course of a few days, when the burrs have opened, the nuts are harvested. The burrs are then destroyed.

The price of the nuts varies during the season; the earlier the crop the greater the profit. Very early nuts bring as high as \$12 a bushel and none has been sold for less than \$5. Seven dollars a bushel is an average price. The crop this fall aggregated 300 bushels.

In addition to the cost of establishing the grove, which involved an expenditure of several thousand dollars, the annual outlay for maintenance is also heavy. A force of eighteen Italians is kept on the premises throughout the year. As none of these men earn less than \$1 a day, the bill for labor alone is at least \$6,000. Other expenses add to this amount.

While the primary outlay is large and the cost of maintenance heavy, the great inducement to Mr. Sober is that the so-called waste lands of Pennsylvania may be made among the most valuable in the State. The income from the Sober grove this year amounted to \$1,500 for the 300 bushels of nuts harvested, if figured at only \$5 a bushel, and this will increase rapidly from now on. In two or three years the land will be self-supporting.

In five years Mr. Sober will reap a handsome profit from his investment. At first sight the income assured when the grove has reached maturity seems almost incredible. There are in it 75,000 healthy trees, each capable of bearing five bushels at maturity. With the nuts worth at least \$5 a bushel, the income would be enormous.

It is supposed only 20,000 of these trees become good trees, and that they average not more than two bushels apiece; suppose also that the price drops from \$5 to \$2 a bushel. Even then there will be an almost incredible annual income, and C. K. Sober will be the pioneer chestnut king of the country.

Will Clean Up Panama.

Sanitary Corps to Precede the Diggers Down on the Isthmus.

When the Senate of the United States ratifies the Panama treaty the army of the United States will take immediate possession of the canal strip, ten miles wide through Panama, and exercise its authority in compelling the use of a complete sanitary system. If emergency does not compel this country to take possession of the territory sooner almost the Isthmus will be one of the largest medical corps fully equipped which ever left any country in time of peace to administer to the wants of its people. In other words, profiting by the experience of France on the Isthmus and by its own experience in tropical climates, the United States proposes to establish sanitary regulation in Panama, such as has already been put into operation in Cuba and the Philippines, for the safety of its soldiers, of the laborers to be employed in building the canal, and of the people.

The equipment of this expedition will include all supplies known to be of value to the medical profession in tropical regions. The supply ships will carry hospital tents, immense quantities of medical stores and last, but not least, large supplies of mineral water, which the soldiers will be compelled to use preparatory to establishing condensation and distilling plants on the Isthmus for furnishing a home supply of pure water.

Not only does the government medical department feel assured that it can counteract much of the prevalent disease upon the Isthmus by the introduction of sanitary methods among the people but it is intended also to make merry war upon the deadly mosquito, which scientists have come to believe transport more diseases, or as much, at least, as any other source. Nets will be provided for protection and in addition kerosene oil in large quantities will be poured on the stagnant lakes and ponds, especially near the inhabited places to effectually put an end to their existence.

In commenting upon the improved methods in the army for practicing medicine purposes the other day, an army officer said: "Ten years ago you could no more make a soldier believe that boiled or distilled water was necessary for his good health than you could make him believe that an army mule could fly. Nowadays when an order is given to drink nothing but pure water a soldier will hustle around and inconvenience himself a bit to get it. Only in case of extreme thirst will he take a drink from a running stream."

"It will be easy comparatively speaking to enforce the proposed discipline in sanitary regulations on the Isthmus. The United States does not propose to build the Isthmian canal upon the bones of her soldiers nor upon those of laborers employed in its construction, nor upon those of the people of Panama, if it is to help it. If science can do anything to prevent it fewer lives will be sacrificed in this great work than upon any similar piece of work undertaken by any nation in the history of the world.—Chicago Daily News.

Nearly Suffocated by Coal Gas.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson E. Feister, of Jersey Shore, had a narrow escape from fatal suffocation by coal gas on Thursday night. They slept in an upstairs room and in the next room a coal stove was burning. In the morning when they awoke they were both very ill as a result of escaping coal gas which came into their room through a crack under the closed door.

Mr. Feister fainted three times after rising and both husband and wife were ill all day. A pet dog which was sleeping alongside of the stove was almost dead.

PLEASANT FIELDS OF HOLY WRIT.

Save for my daily range Among the pleasant fields of Holy Writ, I might despair.—Tennyson.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

First Quarter. Lesson V. Luke v. 1-11 Sunday February 7, 1904.

JESUS FORGIVES SINS.

Capernaum was by adoption Jesus' own city. He made it the centre of his mission. He preached more warmly there than in any other place. He recognized it as his residence by paying his tax there—"using," as a quaint writer says, "a fish's mouth as the purse from which he took the coin for the tax-gatherer." It was the matter of caprice that Jesus went there. It was the centre of population. There were nine large cities in proximity. And the combined population of the district approximated three million souls. Comparatively remote from the ecclesiastical centre of Palestine, the prestige of the new Teacher and his doctrine was correspondingly less. There Jesus "rebathed the masses." There was an irresistible attractiveness in Jesus. People flew to him like iron filings to a magnet. He healed, or loosed and fishes, that brought the populace to Jesus; and so a city exalted to heaven is brought down to hell. It is an utter desolation, as indeed is the whole region. One little, leaky boat floats on Galilee, where once a godly fleet rode at anchor. Jesus' words, "Woe unto thee, Capernaum!" seem to wake the echoes of a complete desolation. Once when Jesus, in the very house where he was seeking repose, was besieged by an audience completely choked up the courtyard, and the very approach to it, a stirring incident occurred. Four men, one or more of whom may have had a personal and happy experience of Jesus' power to heal, picked up an afflicted friend as he lay upon his mat, and brought him joyously and confidently to the great healer. They were not dashed to the ground. They heard the ordinary approach hopelessly blocked. They did not lay the sufferer down in the street, or even return with him to his dwelling. They were the kind who take the kingdom of heaven by storm. They carried the paralytic up the outside staircase to the flat roof. They dug up the hard, sun-dried earthen roof, enough to admit of their lowering their friend into the room below. There were helping hands reached up from the astonished auditors, below, and the sufferer was gently and safely landed at Jesus' feet. A mute, but powerful appeal, that! Jesus' first words were indescribably comforting: "Son, be of good cheer." But there is a surprising change in the formula. It is not a rebuke to dismission of sin. It is a categorical authoritative mission of sin. The startling words could not escape the inquisitorial coterie of scribes and Pharisees. It was not intended, they thought. It was Jesus' gauntlet at their feet. They picked it up, but not in audible words of dissent. Omnipotence unrelieved his unspoken words as Jesus said: "Omnipotence knows nothing of degrees. One thing is not easier or harder to than another. It is equally as easy to forgive as to heal, and vice versa. But that you may know that I have authority and power to do both, I will also say to this utterly poor fellow, 'Arise.'" He spoke, and it was done. No wonder the people said, "The audience dispersed." "We have seen strange things to-day." "Our eyes were opened and our hearts were glad." "We never saw it on this fashion."

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

An admirable example this, of strong and practical human sympathy.

"Art though stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee lie."

This gathering up of those who have been felled to earth by adversity, disease, and sin; this carrying them in the arms of a strong faith to Him who is mighty to save—"tis angelic work!"

Power of combination—see that, too, in this stirring word-picture. No one of these four believers could alone have carried his friend to Jesus. The four together did it with ease. The children of this world are wiser in this respect. It is the age of combination in every sphere. Much spiritual force is frittered away in sporadic effort. Let Christians "get together" for the accomplishment of definite ends.

Persistence is fully illustrated here. No one of the four got weary in well-doing, or let go his corner of the mattress. Faint hearts would have failed at sight of such obstacles. But these believers were not made of such stuff. They did not once look back. They ran their furrow to the end of the field. This is the quality that wins in every sphere; in religion no less than in art, literature, commerce, exploration and all.

Conventional rules were broken and set at naught that day. The sermon was interrupted. Plaster came rattling down on the heads of the auditors. Property was injured. But what of that, so a sinner was saved? Welcome any mode that really brings the sinner to the golden mercy-seat. Public worship is a means to an end, not an end in itself. It is a ladder to convey us to the treasury of grace. Rare ritualism grows very dextrous in gliding up and down the ladder; but it never takes one anywhere.

What God does is well done. The healing was complete. There was no tedious convalescence. The man hitherto so powerless sprang to his feet. The hands that the moment before were shaking like aspen leaves now rolled the manress in the smallest possible compass. The man who himself was a burden now carries a burden And this was in the sight of all.

The transforming power of grace is just as conspicuous to-day. Judged by its effects upon individuals, communities, and Nations, it must be confessed Divine. As the walls of that Capernaum home echoed to shouts of glory to God, so shall the whole earth be finally filled with praise.

Jesus saw faith in the four carriers and the sufferer carried. So also he saw the malicious thoughts of his enemies.

CHILD-STUDY AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL METHODS.

Plato somewhere says that wonder is an essential condition to knowing. Attention is arrested and interest stimulated by the description of the unusual. Philip Brooks once came to the defense of the average Sunday-school book. He said you must in-

dulge children in their ideals and even their dreams and fancies. It is by that very means you lead them to the real. The child mind fairly feeds and thrives upon the wonderful. And there is no richer repository of fact than the Bible. For variety, picturesqueness, quickness and intensity of movement the Scripture stories are unsurpassed. They are old, but perennial. Many of them are golden hooks on which ethical lessons of first importance can be hung.

Peppermint and Celery

Two Products by Which the City of Kalamazoo, Mich., Has Been Made Famous and Comparatively Wealthy.

The first thing that strikes a stranger entering Kalamazoo, Mich., is a strong odor of peppermint. And this is not to be wondered at, because fully 95 per cent. of the peppermint used in the United States and three-fourths of all used in the world is prepared for the market right here.

"Peppermint King" Todd has his big laboratory a little way from the Union passenger station, and that is why the visitor's nostrils are greeted by such a pungent odor as he leaves the train. Kalamazoo has long been noted for its celery, and the fact that such great quantities of this fine vegetable have been raised there has overshadowed everything else, but A. M. Todd, who discovered a new method in distilling peppermint thinks there is something else in Kalamazoo besides celery.

It has been several years since Albert M. Todd made his valuable discovery and since that time he has been gradually growing richer and richer from his peppermint trust. Today he is rated as one of the richest men in the city and is called a millionaire. Southern Michigan is a rich field for the well-known herb, and large quantities are shipped in from all directions to be re-condensed to oils and essences by the secret process in the Todd laboratory which secures the stomach aches of the whole world.

Here is made the foundation for creme de menthe, the great after-dinner drink; the flavoring for candies and innumerable other things which peppermint forms an integral part. From the aromatic plant that grows in rich profusion in the fertile soil of the State he has conducted his study and made his name famous wherever the word is known and where medicine and confectionery are about.

Mr. Todd guards the secret of his process well, for it stands him in hand to do so. Before he made his valuable discovery there were numerous little establishments for the preparation of this valuable oil and essence but his process so far outshone every other that it was only a little time until he had a monopoly and he has long been known as "Peppermint" Todd by the people of that section of the country. The laboratory is a large brick structure and it is not hard to find from the fact that the smell of the pungent plant is a sure guide.

Mr. Todd is one of the public-spirited citizens of the town, and has been in politics more or less. He was elected to the State Legislature on the Union Silver ticket in 1896. He owns considerable property, and is interested in the upbuilding of the city, and Kalamazoo is one of the best cities in Southern Michigan. It is pre-eminently a city of homes, and many of them are palatial. It was settled by New Englanders, and this sturdy stock has been the evidence from the very beginning. Some of the best-known families and some of the wealthiest people are of Eastern origin—the sons and daughters of early pioneers. But the city has a large foreign element as well—a later importation. This element is largely Dutch, and these people are interested to a great extent in the cultivation of celery, an occupation for which they are remarkably well fitted. The Hollanders, trained from infancy in their own land to track gardening, have the patience required in raising celery, and they care for the vegetable, foster it, pet it, and make it grow better than the less patient and more nervous Americans.

Little fortunes are made in celery raising, too, but they come through hard work, care and attention. It is said that many poor Dutch families arrive in Kalamazoo with scarcely enough to keep them alive and in one year they have little bank accounts. Of course, they are frugal and all that, and take good care of the pennies, but they live well and soon buy little homes, and gradually from year to year they become rich. Today there are many Dutch families in Kalamazoo which might be accounted rich. Prominent business and professional men, financiers, educators and others here can trace their beginnings from the celery beds that surround and even encroach on the very city. The sons and daughters of the early Hollanders who came in wooden shoes and other quaint costumes are taking important places in social, business and professional life, and this element forms one of the most stable, the most conservative and worthy in the municipality.

It took ages to make the rich celery beds of Kalamazoo. The city and surrounding country is low in the valley made by the Kalamazoo river, and the decaying vegetable matter of centuries has made the soil of the greatest fertility. The soil is a rich, black loam, of the peaty consistency, but far richer and more productive. With care and attention to business three crops may be raised a year on the best ground.

Men, women and children work at the business, and it is estimated that the annual output of celery brings in the sum of \$1,000,000. A strange fact about the business is that it is a very difficult matter to get good celery in Kalamazoo. People naturally think that when they arrive in the city they will find crisp, succulent and tender celery in every home, in all the hotels and in the grocery stores, but this is not a fact. The reason is not far to seek. The celery raisers sell the best part of the crop and keep the less choice for home consumption. It is estimated that nearly one-fourth of the population of Kalamazoo is supported by celery-raising. The city has a population based on the recent city directory of about 32,000, and is steadily growing each year.

Eight Girls Are Dead.

And Three Dying from Poison in Cooking School. White Partaking of Canned Beans and Meat