

# THE SCALLOP INDUSTRY

## Proves a Source of Wealth to Nantucket Fishermen

### HARD BUT NOT PERILOUS

Little Capital Required to Engage in the Business—Means Employed to Deceive the Buyer—Sea Water Four Dollars a Gallon—Inspection Vigilantly Carried Out.

Comparatively few persons outside of the Commonwealth have any adequate knowledge of the importance of the scallop fishery of Massachusetts, yet it is safe to say that no single industry within her borders yields so big a profit on the capital invested or possesses greater possibilities for future development. In proof of this, if proof be needed, it is necessary only to point to the situation in the fall and winter of 1905-1906, when 200 Nantucket fishermen "cornered" the scallop markets of New York and Boston and reaped in less than three months a clear profit of between fifty and seventy-five thousand dollars, says the New York Herald.

Yet, unlike other "corners" with which the public is more or less familiar, this one served a good purpose, for it called official attention to what has since been described as "the alarmingly progressive depletion" of this lucrative industry and set on foot determined, scientific efforts for its improvement.

The time was, not so many years ago, when it was possible to gather hundreds of thousands of bushels of scallops on the shoals along the coast of Massachusetts, north and south. Today, although many scallops are taken at Edgartown, and a few at New Bedford, Cotuit, Hyannis and Chatham, quaint old Nantucket, the little "sea girl isle," with 30 miles of ocean between it and mainland, is the chief source of supply. From these waters tens of thousands of dollars worth of scallops are still taken yearly, and there is great encouragement for the future in the recent report of the Commissioners on Fisheries and Game that "the opportunities for development are alluring," and that in a few years the value of the annual catch should be increased tenfold.

Scallop fishing is an occupation involving considerable hardship, but little real danger for those accustomed to the life. The open season extends from November 1 to May 1. Imagine yourself in an open boat in the waters of Nantucket Harbor, the thermometer threatening the zero point, your clothes soaked and frozen, cutting ice cold shells in a wind that sweeps in biting gusts from the north or west or east and seems to chill the very marrow in your bones, and you have a fair picture of the scallop fisher in pursuit of the precious mollusk in the winter months. Of course the amount of fishing done during this season depends in large measure upon the ice.

Little capital is required to engage in the business of catching scallops. A dollar bill contributed to the town fathers, provided you are a citizen, will get you a license. If you are not a citizen neither love nor money will buy you the right to fish within the limits of the town. After you have your license you will need a cutboat—the type of scallop boat now chiefly used, though there are a few swampscot dories and old fashioned whale boats still to be seen in the Nantucket fleet. A suit of oil clothes, three dredges, with the necessary amount of line, a cutting board, three or four bushel baskets, a few pins and other minor articles and your equipment is complete. The original cost is comparatively trifling and the same outfit will last for many years, with but little outlay for repairs.

When a scalloper returns to the shore with his catch he is met at the wharf by the inspector, whose duty it is to see that the scallop laws are lived up to in every particular. He is extremely vigilant, this Nantucket inspector, striving every day to earn the license fees with which he is paid for his services, and his only complaint is that there are no infractions of the law, a condition which, he fears, may lead the authorities to regard his office as a sinecure and abolish it altogether.

The scallop fisher enjoys the distinction of being the only honest purveyor of "watered stock" of whom there is any modern knowledge. The housewife often wonders what makes the large, luscious looking scallops she has just purchased from the city dealer shrink to half their size in cooking. The explanation is simple. The scallops are shipped in small bags, called "packages," these packages hold seven gallons, but instead of filling them with scallops the wily fisherman puts in four gallons of scallops and three gallons of water. By the time the consignment reaches the New York or Boston market the scallops have completely absorbed the water, and lo and behold! when the dealer opens the package he finds seven gallons of the finest looking "eyes" that one could wish to see, and paying four dollars per gallon for water.

# SCHOOL FOR WAITERS

Text Book Contains a Thousand Bits of Instruction for the 40 Who Serve 700 Men.

Chicago, Ill.—A school for waiters is the latest innovation at the University of Chicago. Here are some of the instructions from its text book: Avoid appearing to slam things down on the table.

Most customers desire some part of their meal first. Do not scuffle, talk or drop trays. Always place a drink to the right of a customer.

A waiter should never leave any customer after serving till he knows he has the necessary silverware to eat with.

A cereal in the morning should be served right away, whether the rest of the order be ready or not.

An egg with a broken yolk should not be served at all.

Good scholarship will not make up for a deficiency in service.

To be a good waiter it is essential that you should be quick, but also that you should not appear to hurry.

Waiters should remove used dishes as soon as the customer is through, but be sure that he is through, and avoid giving an impression that you are in a hurry for him to finish.

There are a thousand and one other gentle reminders for the forty student waiters who serve their 700 fellow-students at the men's commons. They are compiled in a pamphlet of eleven pages by Thomas L. Barrell, manager of the restaurant. He says there has been a vast improvement in the service since the orders were issued.

## REVIVALISTS HYPNOTISTS.

People Are Converted by Suggestions Says Chicago Professor.

Chicago.—Religious "revivals" were classed with hypnotic suggestions resorted to for their "unnatural, unswayed" results by Prof. Edward Scribner Ames, of the University of Chicago, in a lecture on "The Development of the Personal Religious Experience" at the university. Prof. Ames declared that revival converts were likely to be undesirable additions to the church.

"In no respect is there greater agreement among the psychologists of religion than that the methods of revivals are essentially methods of hypnotism," said the speaker. "The fixing of attention, the manipulation of the subjects through a series of suggestions, the final mandatory exhortation to surrender and to identify it by a simple motor response—all these are the well known methods of hypnotism."

## LITTLE WATER VAPOR ON MARS.

Professor Campbell Unable to Detect It—Atmosphere of Planet.

San Jose, Cal.—People on the planet Mars, if any live there, breathe an atmosphere which is almost destitute of moisture. This is the conclusion of W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory, who returned recently from making observations from the summit of Mount Whitney, the highest point in the United States. "Water vapor on Mars does not exist in sufficient quantities to be detected by the spectroscopic method," says Professor Campbell. "This does not prove that life does not or cannot exist on Mars. The question of life under these conditions is a biological problem rather than an astronomical one."

Professor Campbell added that his observations disproved the theory that the canals of Mars were made by man.

## HOW MUTES GIVE PASSWORD.

Secrecy Preserved Through Actuteness of Doorkeeper at Convention.

Louisville, Ky.—The national convention of the deaf mutes at their session here was unusual in many ways but the most novel feature was the password.

The sign language is a difficult one in which to keep secrets, and when I came to a password the doorkeeper of the silent brotherhood was perplexed. To solve the difficulty he had a small box with one side knocked out.

The newcomer thrust his hand into the box while the doorkeeper peered into it to see if he performed properly the digital movements that mark him as one of the elect. If the applicant wiggled his fingers properly he got in, but if he didn't he was barred.

## "SCISSORS" BAKER IS DEAD.

Once a Reporter and of Good Family—Worked with Mark Twain.

Boston.—Clinton Humphrey Baker, known as "Scissors" Baker, a knife and scissors grinder who frequented the downtown office district, was found dead from heart disease at a Washington street lodging house.

Baker, who was a lovable old man, was once a reporter, having worked with Mark Twain on "The Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise." His great-grandfather was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and his father was with Fremont's expedition.

## Dog Swam All Day in Well.

Barnesville, Minn.—Nearly fished and in a state of exhaustion, Grover, a little water spaniel belonging to Barney Howlett of this city, was taken from an inclosed well, containing seven feet of water, after swimming for eighteen hours without rest. Howlett was crossing the field in which the well is located, and the dog was not missed until late that night. Next day, while looking for him, he heard his muffled barks and whining and freed him from his predicament.

# Recompense

The winter twilight was stealthily creeping in through the latticed window, making dim the objects in the simple yet cozy room. There was no sound until the clock on the mantel struck 4, and then the sweet-faced lady who sat in the rocker facing the west window rose and walked to the farther side of the room.

"Come, daughter," she said, speaking to a young girl who sat behind a large desk writing rapidly. "Leave your books a few moments and come with me to watch the sunset. One sees it best from Claron Hill and walk there is brisk and invigorating."

"Yes, mother, just let me finish this thesis first. Professor wants it in tomorrow, and I do so wish to please him, I'll be right along."

But in her interest the daughter forgot the mother waiting and let her go alone to Claron Hill. Along the snow-covered path the mother slowly went, not heeding the beautiful winter scene about her. The trees, their strong, armlike branches laden with myriad glistening snowflakes; the gloriously clear blue sky, now tinged gray in the far east; the cold, exhilarating wind—all alike had lost their wonted charm for her. What was the use of a great, beautiful world in which to live when one's own flesh and blood did not return the most natural of affections—that of a daughter's love for her mother?

Great throbbing tears rolled down the mother's face, for the thoughts that forced them were a strange intermingling of the bitter and the sweet.

"Ellen!" The words came involuntarily from her lips. "How I have worried for you—ever since your father died! You were a wee, tiny thing, so sweet and so pretty. Shall I ever forget how thankful I was to have you left when he was taken away! Since then, how I have nursed you, cared for you, worked for you, to give you the advantages that would have been yours had your father lived! Have I succeeded? Yes—too well, for I have made myself a slave to you. You consider all things first, but of all—your mother."

The sobbing woman had reached the summit of Claron Hill. Before her was spread the beautiful sunset, and as she gazed upon its glory in deep admiration her sorrow somewhat lessened. Rich, changing hues filled the western sky. First, all was deep red blood; slowly the red shaded into faintest pink, and again into yellow. Creeping from behind a sombre cloud stole a rosy glow, enveloping all in softest light, till a purple haze settled over the low hills and darkening valleys. Then, like a garment turned, the purple revealed its lining of silver gray and a peaceful, lovely night set in.

To the woman on the hill summit this silent communion with infinite beauty brought happy hope, and she turned from it with lighter step, well knowing that he who provided all that splendor for his own glorification and the worship of man would care for her and let her hope be realized.

The day of realization came in the baby June. Claron Hill was a beautiful crown of growing wildflowers which sent up their sweet fragrance, like incense, to the clear, cloudless sky. Of all lovely days in June, that day must have been the best. It was commencement at college, and Ellen—her Ellen—was to graduate with highest honors. How selfish she had been to think herself neglected even for a moment when Ellen had been working so laboriously these last four years to win these honors that she—her mother—might feel the great pride of owning such a brilliant daughter.

In the large crowded hall she felt that every mother's eye enviously beheld her when she clasped her daughter to her breast after the exercises. Entraptured, her cheeks flushed with a bloom like youth and her eyes sparkled with joyful tears.

"Why, mother, how pretty you look!" the daughter exclaimed, drawing her arm through hers and leading her into the festive college grounds. But it was in the evening that the mother realized her dearest hope. Together she and her daughter walked to Claron Hill, and when they reached the summit the world was wrapped in the sunset's afterglow. Still, while it lasted, the mother lifted her face to her daughter's and the thin lips quivered and her eyes were wet.

"Why, mother—mother, darling!" the daughter whispered, and gazing upon the sweet face she noted for the first time its numerous lines of care and worry, the sad men on every feature. A great pang seized her. She drew the slight form closer to her, raining kisses upon the gray head until the mother looked up in surprise. It was the daughter who spoke again.

"Darling, I have neglected you; I have been so selfish. You shall never be left alone hereafter. Forgive me."

And while the happy revelation of a love deep as her own crept into the mother's heart, the afterglow ebbed into gray and night laid its heavy hand on all without its grasp until the rising sun chased it away and brought to these two another day full of love, hope and glory.—ALVA MARIE PETERSON.

## Game Laws for Indians.

Three thousand copies of the Oklahoma game laws, printed in the Choctaw and Cherokee languages, have been sent to southeastern Oklahoma for distribution among the Indians. The Oklahoma Indian believes that his right to hunt is based only upon divine laws.

## TRUE VALUE OF FISH AS A DIET.

Food From the Sea Destined to Play an Important Role.

For ages past, says the New York Herald, fish has been used as food by people living on the seacoast, near rivers and on the borders of lakes. Little by little its consumption spread to districts further distant from the source of supply, and it may now be said that, thanks to the preserving facilities and the rapidity of transportation, the consumption of fish has become general. It is beyond doubt that in the future, when the technical processes of fishing have been perfected, when pisciculture and all that concerns the use of fish as food have been more thoroughly studied, fish will play a much more important role in alimentation.

This is certainly not a matter for regret, for the flesh of fish, when from the anatomical point of view is in no way distinguishable from the flesh of mammiferous animals, is eminently nutritious. By its chemical composition and especially by its richness in nitrogenous matter (in certain kinds of fish) also in fat it constitutes a food of great value. This is very clearly shown by the analysis made by Dr. Almen, of Upsaal, and especially by those made by Dr. Bailland, of Paris.

The latter, experimenting with the principal fish sold at the Halles, has deduced from the results obtained some general indications which show very clearly the composition of the matter examined.

The proportion of water in fresh fish is very variable, since it ranges from 59.80 to 85.80 per cent. There is a direct relationship between the water and the fat. Fish which contain the least water are the richest in fat, as for example the shad, fresh water eels, mackerel and salmon, which have from 12.85 to 25.63 per cent. of fat in a normal condition, and 35.68 to 62.20 per cent when dried.

The fish with the least fat which, like pike, flounders, whiting, cod, perch, skate, sole and tench, contain from 0.14 to 0.81 per cent of fat in abnormal condition and 0.90 to 3.90 per cent when dried, are also the richest in nitrogenous properties. When dried they give as much as 94 per cent of nitrogenous matter, that is to say, in comparing the analysis of non-fat fish with that of potatoes, it is seen that the proportion of water is almost the same on both sides and that the nitrogenous element in fish is represented fairly accurately by the similar figures for the amylaceous matter in potatoes.

## The Sun Not Burned Out.

It has been stated by such authorities as Kelvin, Newcomb and Ball that the future of the sun's activity will be comparatively short—not more than 10,000,000 years—and some have even suggested that the sun's activity already shows signs of waning.

So far is this from being the case that only one-fourth of our supply of energy has been expended, and three-fourths are yet in store for the future life of the planetary system. This opens up to our contemplation a decidedly refreshing view of the future, and will give renewed hope to all who believe that the end of mundane progress is not yet in sight.

Not only should the future possibilities of scientific progress be vastly extended, but there will in all probability be the most ample time for the further development of the races of beings inhabiting this planet. According to this view, the evolution of our earth is still in its infancy, with the zenith of its splendor far in the future.

## The Oldest Diamond Field.

In a report of the Geological Survey of India there is an interesting account of the Panna diamond fields of Central India, says the Indian Pioneer. Historically this country is believed to be the original home of the diamond, and from them it is supposed that the famous Kohinoor was extracted some three and a half centuries ago, the earliest diamonds dating some 25 years previously.

Retired from the field as a precious stone producer to any extent or value, but from the account given it should be worth the while of a small syndicate to take up these diamond fields and work them systematically, though it is said that neither in lustre nor price do the stones found compare with the yield of South Africa.

The methods, however, now in vogue mean merely superficial treatment, following the lines which have been in vogue for centuries, with the probable result that the strata containing the most valuable deposits of stones are not reached. From a geological point of view there are said to be diamond-bearing conglomerates over several areas, which would admit of deep shaft sinking and systematic mining under competent control being carried on profitably.

## Power of the Voice.

Eighteen miles is said to be the longest distance at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand Canyon of Colorado, where one man shouting the name "Bob" at one end was plainly heard at the other end, which is 18 miles away.

# Time Clock Nest On Hen's Work

Jersey Eggologist Has Great Scheme to Show When "Improv'ed by Age" Begins.

The great egg-eating public will always be more or less interested in affairs appertaining to and touching on hens and their product. Eggologists all over the country are taking advantage of this fact, now that eggs are apt to attain famine prices owing to the recalcitrant conduct of hens of laying age.

When these learned brethren attempt to assail our intelligence with the pronouncement that the time is approaching when we will classify eggs with friendship, wine and cheese, however, we begin to sit up and gasp. Prima facie, we are prone to argue eggs are not improved by age, though we will admit tentatively that eggs are strengthened by age.

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## Must Be Stored Fresh.

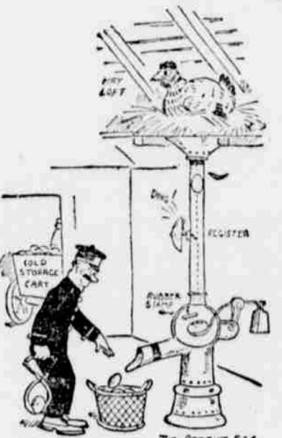
If you will permit us to qualify the premise, retort the eggologists, we will persist that an old egg, if properly aged, is a perfectly good egg. In other words, we can prove scientifically that a three-year-old egg is often better than a ten-day-old egg.

When an egg is born, run on the eggologist's, it is a sweet and toothsome thing to the human palate. When an egg is put in cold storage it enters into a condition of inertia. It goes neither backward nor forward. It maintains its standard of quality. Be it in storage for one, two or three years, an egg that is put in fresh comes out fresh.

## Use Dating Stamp.

"Presto!" cry the eggologists. "We have solved the whole blamed egg problem. Our researches have taught us that it is now only necessary to assure the public that our cold storage eggs have gone into storage fresh. We can do that by a system of stamping."

George Henry Smith, the Cedar Grove eggologist, suggests a very simple stamp, to wit: Born April 1. Taken out . . . Stored April 1. The "taken out" line may be left blank, as who can tell when an egg



will come out of storage? That all depends on the state of the market. It may come out ten years hence. All we require is an assurance that it has not been out too long, for though a new-born egg has not decreased in quality while in storage, the moment it gets out of storage it becomes again a creature amenable in temporal vicissitudes.

Some skeptic may scream out, "How in thunder are you going to get the egg fanciers to clock an egg honestly?"

Simple, lad, simple. Just as easy as hitting the ground after falling off a couple of Singer Buildings.

## Let Egg Stamp Itself.

Fold a patent egg-stamping nest. When the egg comes into the world it falls gently through a cushioned pipe, drops lightly as a feather on a time stamp and passes out through another cushioned slot into a basket, at the same time ringing a bell, which summons a collector. It is then only up to the collector to get that egg into immediate storage unless it is required for immediate consumption.

In fact it would be no great task to equip a composite nest with this device. Forty hens could be laying eggs from time to time, each egg reaching its designated cushioned pipe and descending gently to the time clock.

The veriest dub of an inventor, say the eggologists, can turn out one of these contrivances. Then let each State Legislature pass a law making it a misdemeanor, or felony if you will, for any egg raiser not to have his henry equipped with a time stamping device.

# \$75 FARM PROFITABLE

Sets Out Apple, Plum and Cherry Trees and is now Comfortable.

Fort Collins, Col.—Less than eight years ago, Rev. C. E. Mogg, a Pennsylvania minister, invested \$75 in raw land from which he is now reaping a rich harvest of money. The land consists of a fifteen-acre tract three miles north of this city and a quarter of a mile from the terminus of the electric line.

Fifteen years ago it was appraised at \$1.25 per acre, being considered worthless except for grazing. Little over seven years ago the Rev. Mr. Mogg bought the tract for \$5 an acre. He set out 2,000 cherry trees, 700 plum and 250 apple trees. The land is not irrigated, but there are reservoirs near by which afford some underflow, and can be reached by the deepest roots. It is now valued at \$1,000 an acre.

The cherry trees, which are not yet all in bearing, yielded 1,000 crates, one-third of what the orchard will produce in a full crop. One thousand crates of plums have thus far been shipped, and this represents about one-half that crop. Apples are just ripening, and will also yield well.

The net profit on the tract this season will probably be \$3,000. The owner is still an active minister, and the revenue from his Colorado orchard on an original investment of \$75 is so much "easy money."

# COLLEGE WOMEN BEST WIVES AND MOTHERS.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—"The college-bred woman is better equipped, mentally and physically, than her sister who has not been to college.

"The college woman makes the better and happier wife and mother.

"The college woman is more helpful, both in her home and in aiding to uplift humanity in general."

Such, in effect, Miss H. Cary Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr College, told the brainy and good looking members of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, at their convention at the University of Cincinnati.

Miss Thomas is chairman of the committee that has gathered statistics about college women in the United States. In her report, she presented figures which she said proved conclusively:

That 778 out of 1,000 college women enjoy excellent health.

Only eight college bred women out of a thousand have ill health.

When women and men are educated together there is no greater number of marriages between them than when they are educated apart.

College women marry stronger men than women who have never sported gown and mortarboard.

College-bred women choose their husbands more evenly than other women do. They choose wealthier husbands, on the average; the husbands of college women earn one-third higher salaries than the husbands of women who never learned to conjugate "amo."

Each college-bred mother who has been to college has three and six-tenths children on the average, which is to say that ten college-bred mothers have thirty-six children.

Ten women who have not been to college have thirty-five children, an average of three and five-tenths each.

## THIS A MARRYING JUDGE.

Only One of Her Sex to Sit on Bench—She Likes Ceremony for Others.

Beloit, Kan.—Judge Mary H. Cooper is the only woman probate judge in the United States. Judge Cooper was appointed by Governor Hoch upon the death of her husband, who had been probate judge of Mitchell County, Kan.

"What part of the work interests you most?" she was asked.

"The issuing of marriage licenses and performing the marriage ceremony," she answered.

"Is your service different from most of the others?"

"Yes, I believe it differs slightly. For instance, I have eliminated the word 'obey' for the bride."

## Childless Man Cautious.

Kansas City, Mo.—Henry Kollar, a real estate man, who died recently at his home, 501 Gladstone boulevard, did not want any controversies over his property. Neither did he care to have some unknown claimant take the estate. So in his will Kollar included this provision: "I have no children and so far as my knowledge extends, I never have had any; yet, to guard against any mistake on this subject, I bequeath to each person who shall legally establish that he or she is a child of mine, the sum of \$10." Mr. Kollar left an estate valued at \$100,000.

## New Lake Full of Eyeless Fish.

Silver Lake, Ind.—Three miles southeast of this city a subterranean lake has burst its confines and has submerged the highway to a depth of 20 feet for a distance of 100 yards. The newborn lake seems to be filled with eyeless fish.