

rollers, which crush them to such an extent that skins are broken, and the separation from the stems easily accomplished by the next set of machines.

"After the stems have been removed by these ingenious machines, the mass of partly crushed grapes, known as 'must,' goes into large kettles, where it is heated in order to loosen the color in the skins of the grapes and to free the sugars and flavors. From this mass of 'hot must' are made the 'cheeses' that go into the presses. These 'cheeses' consist of about two thousand gallons each of grape-must roughly enclosed in heavy cotton cloth. A number of these 'cheeses,' with lattice-work racks between them, then go to the presses, where a pressure of about a hundred and ten tons squeezes out the juice. In one factory in the Chautauqua district the presses discharge over 140,000 gallons of juice every twenty-four hours during the season.

"From the presses the juice is conducted to the Pasteurizing kettles, in which it is heated to a temperature sufficiently high to kill all the yeasts and ferments. Then it is run into bottles or carboys holding five gallons, which, of course, are also sterilized, and kept in these bottles until the entire grape crop is pressed, after which the juice is rebottled in various-sized smaller bottles for marketing.

"The greatest value of grape-juice in the dietary is as a delicious, refreshing beverage, one which meets the human need for a satisfying drink, but which does not inebriate. It is consumed for its flavor rather than for its nutritive qualities, but, nevertheless, it has considerable food value and, compared to most beverages, is very high in nutrients.

"It contains a small percentage of protein and fat, but its chief food value lies in its sugar (or carbohydrate) content (about 20 per cent). It is also rich in mineral salts, chiefly calcium, potassium, sodium, and phosphorous, and has a fuel value of about 430 calories per pound. The advantage of grape-juice as a source of sugar and of energy lies in the fact that the sugar is a natural one and is easily assimilated. It is valuable, therefore, for people with weak stomachs who must get their nutriment from those foods which do not tax the organs of digestion. It is as a beverage, however, that grape-juice is at its best. It is delicious, convenient, and satisfying, and lends itself to such easy manipulation on the part of the housewife that it is coming to be widely used for all kinds of social affairs. Its purity, cleanliness and healthfulness make it an ideal beverage for the children—it nourishes them as well as delights their palates.

"One should be sure, however, as is the case in purchasing all food-products, that the bottle of grape-juice is backed up by a responsible firm and that the particular brand of juice has been proved by expert investigation to be pure, clean, and free from artificial preservatives. A careful reading of the labels on the bottles will generally give the pur-

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chaser an idea of the purity of the contents."—From the Literary Digest.

IDLENESS

Idleness is having its summer time. The park bench is its waiting room. It would be well for the city if there were registration of all hands. Every man from 15 to 65 should work or show cause.

The preparedness of a nation was never accomplished by its army of idlers. That looming majesty of darkness finds something yet for idle hands. But it is not the something that eliminates the mollycoddle. His sovereignty is of mischief.

Next to putting a strong man into the grave of a useless and senseless war he does his mischief majesty the most honor by putting a young man to the discard.

And he has them under his guardianship. Pool hall loafers, sidewalk eyes, street corner intruders, park bench slumberers, all are the summed up insolence of his sloth and expression of his cunning.

They are a disgrace to the commonwealth, to the city and the home. They are more a disgrace to themselves.

The underlying sin of the world is refusal to work. Work is religion. It is worship. It is Godlike.

"My father works and I work," was the challenge of the Nazareth carpenter.

Sit out youth in idleness and come to the hell of old age with no knowledge of the eternal birthright of work. Self respect is the crown upon the soul brow of toil.

Who ever heard of the Brotherhood of Idle Hands?

Idleness has nothing to unite. It has no courage to share. It has nothing, for it is a perishing parasite.

The paradise of idle hands is a Flophouse winter and a Slophouse summer.

The elevator of existence is "going down" for him who is at ease in being a creature. He might be a creator. And that is the nobility of work. The creature has two hands. They are soft and generally with the telltale forefinger stains. They are idle hands, capable, flexible, but weak and without grip upon a job. Nothing sticks to them. He exists off the dole of a loan or a beggardly gift. In the bottom of the pocket, the pocket that has anything, are the "makings" for a "pill." There is no coin of the realm of manly earnings, the making of independence.

The creator of things has two similar hands. But they are ready. They are willing for a pen or a plane. It is as important to put back trees into the open spaces as to take them from the forest for the housing.

There is work, plenty of work for the workers. There is nothing doing, absolutely nothing for the idler. He says so himself.

A man got up one day from his loafing, and pushing his way into an office building put his hands to a scrub brush. It was the longest day of his life. It was the best day. He had been an office man, and to work under feet was not food for pride. He made a break with his false friend who leered at him as he went. Today that man is on his feet and knows the escape he made.

Are you willing to work? "Yes, but let me tell you—" Never mind the "but," the hard luck story. Are you willing to do anything now? "Yes, if—"

The explanation is plausible — to himself.

The most self-appraising individual is often the idle handed. He justifies every flab of his useless existence. Somebody is keeping him down. He is martyr to doings of others. "If he could only get the ear of the pres-

dent." Self pity, great conceit, marvelous capacity, un-examined misunderstanding, glow in his well spun tale.

Work is not by proxy. Nature has no understudies. Whatsoever is sown shall be reaped. Parsley is not harvest of parsley. Witchgrass is not seeded by barley. But the danger for every field and before every farmer is the intrusion of the noxious weed. Up-rooting of soil sapper is necessary.

Idleness must be discredited. "Go to the ant, you sluggard." Learn how industry makes mountains and builds canals. The idle rich and the sloth-

ful poor are consumptives. They are emanating from their own short breathing.

Idleness may keep the body hanging around old age. But no man counts after he willingly puts down his right to live—a chance to work. Honorable old age and all needy motherhood should be pensioned. The best workers have not always accumulated. Who ever thought of pensioning idleness?

Satan's garden has idle men. When God has a job to be done he picks a worker.—Dr. A. C. Stevens, in the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

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