

CRANBERRIES FROM BOG TO DELICIOUS JELLY

How the Annual Crop of a Million Bushels is Grown and Picked.

One of the most important preliminaries to the Thanksgiving dinner is the fall picking of the crop of cranberries, which reaches now a good round million bushels of blushing red fruit. And what an ocean of sauce and mountain of jelly such a quantity of berries can make, but it is easily disposed of by the American people, for probably 400,000 bushels are used for the Thanksgiving festival alone.

The genesis of the cranberry is not as well known as that of other features of the Thanksgiving dinner. Everybody knows all about the turkey. Nor is there any mystery about the celery, the mince meat that goes into the pies or any of the side vegetables that add so much eclat.

But the cranberry comes a distance to the vast majority of the consumers. It is seldom used on the farm. Cranberry culture is not usually carried on in a small way by a farmer in connection with other produce cultivation. It is a separate business that requires plenty of land, and what is even more important, water.

It was at Cape Cod that the cranberry was first cultivated in the United States, and soon came the discovery that in flavor the cultivated cranberry was far superior to its wild brother.

From this point the cranberry has spread all over the United States, but it is a selfish berry, and demands for its own exclusive use all the land devoted to its culture. Thus it is not possible to get a crop of cranberries one year and a crop of something else

gradually being abandoned in the larger bogs in favor of the new "rock-scoops."

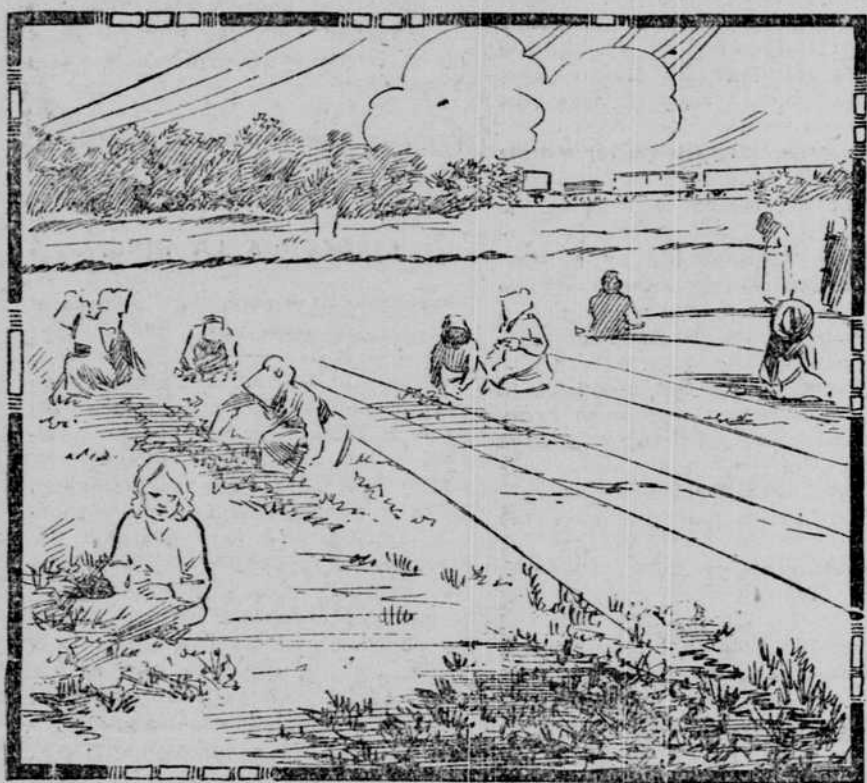
The scoop looks like a rake, with a box attached, and is made of hickory. It has long teeth, and the operator pushes it along through the vines, having it carefully adjusted so that it does not tear the vines or miss any of the berries. As the scoop picks the berries from the stems it empties them into a box, and the method is so quick that one man can pick 25 times as many berries in a day as was possible under the old hand system.

Machinery also helps when the time comes to take the berries indoors, remove the leafy waste, and grade them according to size and quality.

There are to each bog several convenient buildings, so placed as to reduce to a minimum the need of carrying the crop from place to place.

The genius that does the work is a mill or grader, a two-story machine run by hand and the force of gravitation.

The berries are received by the operator as they come from the bog. The stems are mostly caught by the "green," and the finer rubbish is blown off by a revolving fan. Now the berries fall on a long table having a succession of slots and grooves under the strong pieces. The grooves are opened all their length at the bottom, the space between their sides widening by degrees, making four changes. The berries dropped on the table roll promptly into the longitudinal grooves. The pea-shaped ones are disposed of first,



Women Pickers at Work in a Cranberry Bog.

the next out of the same piece of land.

Sand and peaty ground form the ideal soil for the cranberry, and instead of fertilizing, the grower is obliged to give the vines or bushes liberal coatings of sand.

It takes money and patience to prepare a bog, and the man who puts his capital in the venture deserves a fair return for his product. It costs not less than \$300, and as high as \$500 an acre, to get the bog ready. Then five years must elapse before there is any crop sufficient to give a return. But after this it is all profit, for the shrubs live and bear endlessly, getting better all the time.

Nothing could be simpler than planting cranberry bushes. A small handful of twigs is twisted together, and thrust deeply into the sand. They need no tending, but take root at once, and within a year send out runners. The planting is done in rows eight or ten inches apart. Gradually the spaces between the rows fill up, and soon the whole bog is one field of growing cranberries.

Flooding the bog answers the dual purpose of giving the cranberry the moisture which is an essential part of its life, and protecting it from frosts of early autumn.

There are two ways of picking the berries. One is the old-fashioned, the other the new.

In the primitive method all that is needed is a picker with nimble fingers. He or she sits or kneels in the moist sand, plunges both hands, with fingers slightly spread, till the hands become a sort of rake, into the green vines, and with a quick movement strips the berries from the vine, and tosses them into a pan. When the pan is filled it is emptied into a larger measure containing a third of a bushel. The size is uniform, and the picker is paid by the pail.

The old-time method of picking is

HOW WARRIORS MET DEATH Commonplace Ends of Some Famous Soldiers.

Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, after half a lifetime of desperate fighting, hated by those he had subjugated and tortured, died in Spain of typhoid fever, neglected and despised by those whom he had benefited.

William the Silent survived numerous conflicts and campaigns, only to be assassinated after he was victorious; and nothing was to be gained by his enemies from his death.

Washington survived the perils of the wilderness, the dangers of Indian warfare, all the bullets and balls of a score of revolutionary battles, and the hardships of a seven years' campaign, to be killed by his doctors.

Napoleon, apparently bullet proof and believed by his followers to bear a charmed life, died almost alone of a cancer.

Lord Clive, the English conqueror of India, twice escaped self murder in his youth by his pistol's missing fire, and died of a cancer.

Ignace Jan Paderewski.



Recent photograph of the famous pianist.

BUSINESSMEN AT YALE.

FACULTY AND STUDENTS TAKE TO COMMERCIALISM.

University in Feeding, Lodging, Lighting and Department Store Enterprises—Activity of Students Varied and Profitable.

New Haven, Conn.—The Yale students are resorting to many enterprises to supply at least additional money for college expenses.

The Yale dining hall, outside of the dormitories themselves, was one of the first business enterprises started as a money making concern for the college. It now serves 1,000 persons at every meal and has a waiting list of 200.

The Yale cooperative store sells everything from a pin to a pony. The college runs its own heating and lighting plant to the exclusion of outside corporations, and the dormitories house 3,000 men.

Recently an order went forth from the college officials prohibiting the selling of light fixtures and student lamps on university property except at a store recently fitted for the purpose on the campus.

The province of the popular dog wagon, or all night lunch, has recently been invaded by the opening of two lunch rooms for students, one on the academic campus and one at the Sheffield Scientific school.

The enterprises conducted by the university through its faculty and corporation, such as the dining hall, dormitories, lighting and heating plants, lunch rooms and cooperative store, are purely business propositions of little interest in themselves save as they represent the entrance of the modern commercial spirit into educational institutions and because the merchants protest against what they consider the usurpation of their field of trade.

The entrance of the undergraduates into college commercialism is interesting because of the unusual nature of the occupations chosen and the way in which these enterprises supplement those chosen by the college.

STEALS LIDS OF MANHOLES.

Indiana Woman Introduces Innovation in Thieving.

Indianapolis, Ind.—An innovation in the way of thieving is credited by the police to Rosa Josephs, a woman of 28, who has been sent to the workhouse for stealing lids from sewer manholes about the city's streets. It is charged that the woman stole four from the streets on the South Side, and it is suspected that more missing lids might be traced to her efforts in this line.

The police were mystified by the first report of the thefts. The lids seemed to have taken wings. Finally Detectives Simon and Hauser were detailed on the case. They suspected that the lids might bring a fair price at a junk shop, and after calling at several shops located one. It was found that Mrs. Josephs had sold this lid, and others which she had sold were afterwards located. In all four were found. The lids are worth one dollar apiece, but were sold by the woman for 20 cents each.

Buried in Embers 19 Days.

Cat Found Alive by Men Repairing Burned Building.

Portland, Ore.—F. E. Beach is mourning the tragic death of his cat that had outlived being buried for 19 days when his store was damaged by fire several months ago.

The feline on that occasion had been buried in the charred debris and was found by workmen who were removing the charred timbers from the basement. Thinking the cat was dead the men threw the body on a pile of rubbish prepared for the garbage men.

Soon after its limbs were seen to move. The cat was then placed in the sun that it might revive. It lay around in a comatose condition for several days. It was offered food, but partook of the milk very sparingly. Its hair had been singed off its body and its eyes were blinded by the fire, but it gradually exhibited signs of life, until Mr. Beach began to have hopes of its living.

authorities, the whole forming a commercial Yale which supplies the needs of educational Yale.

Students conduct a suit pressing establishment, run a laundry, tutor other undergraduates and as agents represent mercantile houses, selling articles of every description.

A daily newspaper and monthly magazines, scientific, medical, legal, literary and humorous, all conducted by students are well patronized and pay their backers handsomely.

When the train rolled into the union station this fall bringing Yale men back to New Haven the returning students were accosted on the platform by two students who solicited the privilege of carrying the baggage of their Yale acquaintances to the campus. The pair had hired two express wagons at three dollars a day and secured nine-tenths of the student trade, much to the chagrin of the regular expressmen.

Teams and licenses for the week cost \$45, while the two took in more than \$1,000. When this was divided both had enough to carry them through the college year.

Another enterprise giving every promise of success is the Yale student laundry, started this fall. Two students take orders for laundry work, selling a ticket for a specified amount of work upon which they reap 20 per cent. profit when the money is turned over to the laundry concern for which they secure the orders. Upon other than cash orders they get 15 per cent.

The University Suit Pressing company, incorporated, ranks among the most successful of the business propositions of the undergraduates. The students conducting it have a place of business not far from the campus, employ experienced help to clean and press the clothes and boys with handcars to collect and deliver daily.

Since its inauguration this concern has proved far more satisfactory than the business places conducted for students by outside merchants. Work is more satisfactory and the prices are not so high.

The proprietors do little more than

May Wear Any Style of Corset.

Iowa Supreme Court Decides in Favor of Pretty Actress.

Des Moines, Ia.—Actresses who refuse to wear tight, models who are fickle about the style of their corsets, and baseball players who are given to jumping contracts are upheld by the Iowa supreme court in a decision handed down the other day, the opinion written by Justice Weaver.

It is in the case of a corset company against Helen C. Crosby, in which \$10,000 is demanded because the pretty actress broke her contract to pose in the "curve" corsets at Sioux City, and went to wearing "straight fronts."

The case reached the higher court, which said she was entirely right. Her objection to her contract was that the company insisted on an advance man whose reputation or character she did not know. In his opinion Justice Weaver takes occasion to lament the decision of another state, which enjoined Lillian Russell from appearing in one

company because she had jumped her contract with another on the ground that the tights they required her to appear in were too cold.

Justice Weaver says that court's action was an "uncharitable conclusion." He also refers to the case of the Philadelphia baseball club against the far-famed Lajoie, who was compelled to bat home runs for Philadelphia though his heart was centered in the success of a rival team.

The supreme court in Iowa would be inclined to give him a free pass. In writing his opinion the justice goes into a lengthy dissertation on corsets, which discloses he has made a study of the question at bar.

Resembles British Premier. A statue in Wells cathedral, England, representing "The Fruit Eater," is almost an exact copy of the features of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The statue is carved on a capital in the nave of the beautiful church and is about 600 years old.

THIS BRIDE SCORNS SCIENCE.

Stops College Professor from Making Food Tests with Husband.

Berkeley, Cal.—Prof. M. E. Jaffa, the nutrition expert of the University of California, has lost his star subject for nutrition experiments, and is inclined to blame Cupid altogether for the loss. E. M. Tidd formerly an attaché of the university, who won Jaffa's regard by the diligence and zeal with which he carried out Jaffa's directions regarding what food to eat and how to record the results, has deserted the cause of science. A bride in the Tidd household is responsible. The bride would have none of Prof. Jaffa's "messes" as her husband's food.

"He was the greatest subject I ever had," quoth Prof. Jaffa, "because he took a genuine interest in the experiments, and used intelligence in the work. He ate just the things that were laid out for him, kept close watch on the results, and so his data was very useful."

When Mrs. Tidd found that her husband ate the things that Prof. Jaffa prescribed for him she declared that the programme must be changed. She was prepared to cook Mr. Tidd three excellent meals a day, including all the meat and potatoes and vegetables and fruit and bread that a healthy man needs. She could see no sense in Mr. Tidd's eating for Mr. Jaffa, in the interests of science, and so declared herself. Mr. Tidd gave up the programme.

Tidd has resigned his place as university attaché also, and now is enrolled on the list of policemen in Berkeley.

SETS WORLD SMOKING RECORD.

Gardener Pulls at Pipe One Hour and Fifty-three Minutes Without Stop.

London.—At the pipe smoking competition at the Brewers' exhibition in Islington the world's record for a nonstop smoke was broken by a Highgate gardener named Culling who kept an old briar root pipe alight an hour and 53 minutes.

Each of the numerous competitors took his pipe and was supplied with an eighth of an ounce of tobacco, and at the word "Go" the matches were struck. Six seconds were allowed for lighting, and after that no relighting was allowed.

The second place winner kept his pipe going an hour and 50 minutes and the third one an hour and 35 minutes.

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Emperor in Remarkable Health.

The emperor of Austria belongs to that category of persons who through out their lives never even suffer from headache. The approach of age is not visible. This miracle may be explained by his manner of life. The emperor, who formerly smoked ten to 15 strong Virginia cigars daily, now contents himself with two light ones; he drinks "daily" about two glasses of beer and some light wine; he sleeps much and great care is taken during his sleep that cold is avoided. His majesty has lost only three teeth.

King's Rules for "Bridge."

King Edward is a scientific bridge player and cares little for high stakes. He loses philosophically, never loses his temper, but has certain rigid rules in playing. They are never to play with a man under 25 or a girl under 21 or an indifferent partner and never to take refreshment during the play. He takes bridge seriously and plays it for the interest of its problems.

THE PRICE

By FLORENCE S. THOMPSON

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Claudia knocked three times lightly on the study door, making a slight pause after the first tap, then hardly waiting for the low-voiced "Come," from within, she pushed open the door.

"Oh, it's you," said Pauline, glancing over her shoulder from her seat in front of the open fire; then she smiled and added: "I ought to know your knock by this time, but somehow I never fall to look inquiringly when the door opens."

"As if anyone but me is ever admitted into this—I should say—unholy of unholies," eying Pauline's cigarette with some severity. Pauline laughed and moved the chair beside her a fraction of an inch.

"Have one?" she asked, extending a case from the taborette at her other side.

"Thanks, I believe I will," said Claudia, promptly, taking the chair and the gold-tipped cigarette at the same time. She loosened her furs, stretched out two small feet to the fire, and for a few moments there was silence. Then Claudia, after a glance around the room, said, gloomily: "I don't see how you take all this so calmly."

Pauline came out of her reverie suddenly. "All this what?" she asked, quietly. "Oh, don't pretend," Claudia was inclined to be cross. "These—er—flesh pots, you know," with a circuitous sweep of her hand around the room.

Pauline turned slowly in her chair, and followed with her eyes the wave of Claudia's hand, taking in for the first time critically, as it were, the room's luxurious appointments: its velvet rugs and costly draperies, its pictures and bronzes, and books. She became conscious suddenly of the languorous odor of roses that encompassed her. Then having made the circuit her eyes rested for a moment on herself as revealed by the long panel mirror at one side of the fireplace. She studied, half curiously, that face that looked back at her—the grave, sweet lips, the violet eyes and brown hair; her eye followed the lines of her slim figure in its loose negligee, and rested a moment on the patrician fingers of the hand that held her cigarette. Then, after flicking carefully the ashes from the cigarette, she turned squarely and faced Claudia, looking earnestly at the fresh, lovely young face, now half mockingly revealed against the rich furs.

"Tell me, are you happy, Claudia?" she asked, abruptly.

Claudia stared a moment, then caught her meaning. "Why, yes," she said, slowly. "I have a good husband, a dear little child, a cozy home, and all that sort of thing, if that's what you mean. I'm not unhappy, nor even discontented, but—"

She sighed a little. "Sometimes I wonder why it has been given to you to be what you are—contented, admired, envied, loved—" Pauline raised a protesting hand.

"Don't interrupt," said Claudia, in sudden vehemence. "Why were you chosen to be one of the elect? I always knew you liked to write and all that—so did I. You and I were girls together, with the same aspirations, but I never dreamed you would write—like you do, you know. Why, actually I've obtained a sudden astonishing prestige because I know you intimately. I'm not the rose, but I live near it, and all that," and Claudia made a face.

"Now, why can't I write when I desire to as intensely as you do? I couldn't put any feeling into anything—half bitterly—"to save my life. And why, I want to know, can you? In short, why are you the traveler, the distinguished author—the only Pauline Courtney Trevor—the celebrity?"

Pauline was silent awhile, then with sudden irrelevance: "How long have we been separated, Claudia?"

"It's ten years since you went abroad," said Claudia, "and you've been back—let me see—two years."

Pauline stared meditatively at herself in the long mirror, and Claudia lit another cigarette, then turned to look at Pauline half curiously. Her long silence seemed pregnant with meaning. Presently Pauline began to speak with low-toned passion.

"Did you ever stop to think, Claudia, that these—" She paused, and as she sent another swift glance around the room, half smiled, "these flesh pots were bought with a price?"

Claudia drew back the least bit uneasily.

"What do you mean, Pauline?"

"That they were bought with my heart's blood," in sudden weariness, and leaning her head back against the chair.

"It costs something to be a celebrity," Claudia waited.

"You were at our wedding," she went on, presently. Claudia said nothing. "And when I came back two years ago, alone—" she smiled at Claudia—"you asked no questions; you knew when the hour and the mood came I would tell you all there is to know. I had two children," she went on, swiftly; "they are dead now."

"Oh, Pauline," in shocked reproach, "you never told me."

Pauline lifted her head and Claudia said no more. She waited awhile. Pauline stared for an instant at the glowing tip of her cigarette, and then went on: "I had written in a girlish way for years—as you did—but what I knew of life and the meaning it held. What did I know of its pain or—" she waited a long second—"its joy. I know—now."

Claudia laid a caressing hand for an instant on Pauline's cheek and waited for this mood to pass. "Do you remember my first book, 'At the Close of the Day'?" Claudia nodded. "That was the price I received for my babies."

"Oh, Pauline, I did not know. Dear heart, don't tell me any more," and Claudia, with tears in her voice, would fain have exorcized the demon of memory she had evoked. But Pauline went on relentlessly:

"The other—the book that went into edition after edition—"

"I know," interrupted Claudia; "Across the Fears," was the price of—" Pauline moistened her dry lips and the cigarette crumbled into gray ashes in her trembling fingers—"my husband's infidelity." Claudia put soft, entreating fingers on Pauline's lips.

"Don't, my child," she said, suddenly years older than the worldly-weary woman. But Pauline drew the hand away.

"He had grown tired of me, you know, after awhile. I saw. I tried to win him back. I was kind when he grew careless. I tried to understand, and I forgave him his weakness because I thought he still loved me, love and fidelity in man's code of honor, of course not being synonymous terms. But he did not care, and when I saw that my forgiveness was a bore rather than otherwise, there was nothing left to do but to give him—the freedom he craved."

She was smiling again, a smile that broke Claudia's heart to see.

"Tell me, Claudia," she said, suddenly, "would you change with me now—would you give up the husband and baby to be 'Pauline Courtney Trevor'—the celebrity?"

"Oh, no, no!" and Claudia sobbed



"Would You Change with Me Now?"

some of the anguish of her heart away. Then she rose, wiped her eyes, and kissed Pauline.

"Pauline," she whispered, "if you could, you know—would you change?" Pauline walked slowly to the window, and behind the lace meshes of the curtains, rested her head on the pane and looked out at the snow coming in thick, heavy flakes, silently and impetuously down. Then she turned and came back and laid her hands on Claudia's shoulders. The eyes of the two women met and understood.

"No, Claudia," she said, simply.

JEWS ARE ACQUIRING LAND.

In Europe They Hold 248 Times as Much as They Did 40 Years Ago.

The anti-Jew faction in Russia declares that even with the present restrictions the Jews have managed to acquire a large portion of land, for which the following figures are quoted in the Jewish magazine, the Menorah: "Within the Pale the real estate of the Jews advanced from 16,000 dessiatins in 1860 to 148,000 in 1870, 370,000 in 1880, 537,000 in 1890, and to 1,255,000 in 1900."

"In the kingdom of Poland the Jews held 16,000 dessiatins in 1860, 148,000 in 1870, 370,000 in 1880, 537,000 in 1890, and 1,255,000 in 1900."

"In European Russia outside the Pale Jewish landholding is said to have increased 248 times in 40 years in the following proportion: In 1860, 3,000 dessiatins; in 1870, 18,000 dessiatins; in 1880, 96,000 dessiatins; in 1890, 262,000 dessiatins, and in 1900, 745,000 dessiatins."

According to these statistics the total holdings of the Jews throughout the Russian empire, which only amounted to 70,000 dessiatins in 1860, reached in 1900 the high figure of 2,381,057 dessiatins, out of which the Jews own as their property 1,445,000 dessiatins, while the remaining 936,057 dessiatins are rented by them as tenants.

The Burglar's Seasons.

Capt. Spencer, senior prison missionary of the church army, tells a story of a certain convict's philosophic view of his existence. "Well, my man," asked Capt. Spencer, "what do you do when you are out of prison?"

"Well," said the convict, "in spring I do a bit of pea picking, and in the summer time I do a bit of fruit picking, and in the autumn I do a bit of hop picking."

"Oh!" said the captain, "what happens after that?"

"Well, now, mister," replied the convict, "I may as well be honest, and tell you that in the winter time I do a bit of pocket picking!"

The missionary furrowed his brow in amazement, asking finally, "And what happens then?" The convict answered laconically, "Why, here I am doing a bit of oakum picking!"—London Daily Mail.

To Save Lives of Infants.

The empire of Germany has contributed a large sum of money to aid in the formation of an institution to be devoted to the saving of infant life, the mortality of infants in Germany being surpassed in Europe only by that of Austria and Russia.