MAKING CANDY EASTER EGGS

MEN AND MACHINERY TURNING OUT MILLIONS FOR NEXT WEEK'S AMERICAN SUPPLY

PUTTING EYES ON THE MARSHMALLOW CHICKS

COPPER NESTS WHERE MOST OF THE MILLIONS OF EASTER EGGS ARE LAID

DECORATING CHOCOLATE EGGS

O give me the egg that is sweet all the year.
That never can addle, that never can spoil,
That comes to our hands all ready for use,
That needeth no poaching, that needeth no boil.

SO, says some old-time jingle-monger, and a world of folk, little and big, responded, "Aye, aye."

It is true that in Russia on Easter Monday lovers still give to their mistresses, relatives to each other, and servants to their masters, ordinary eggs gaily ornamented; and the meanest pauper in the street, presenting such an egg with the words "Christos Voccresse!" (Christ is risen), may demand a salute even from the Czarina. And for days afterward the people may be seen carrying around in their hands these Easter tokens, as the custom has been longer than anyone knows.

In England the hen's egg is as sacred to Easter as the hot cross bun is to Good Friday, while German children want nothing better than the decorated eggs they are taught to believe rabbits lay for them. Not so young America. This youngster, with his inborn thirst for novelty and hunger for sweets, no longer finds Easter complete without the egg that never can addle and never can spoil, that needeth no poaching and needeth no boil.

This is the era of the candy Easter egg, and not only of the candy egg, but the candy rabbit, and candy hen—in fact, the candy everything that has any connection with Easter. So has the candy fashion spread that today Easter is a close second to Christmas in the consumption of sweets, and a hundred million pounds is a modest estimate of the amount manufactured in the United States for the Easter trade.

For days and weeks and months—ever since Christmas—armies of men and women and children have been busy getting ready for this great candy feast day.

Eggs Laid by Machinery.

Two million eggs a day is an average lay for one big New York factory alone, and with a dozen more factories there and hundreds throughout the country, the number of millions grows so big as to lose all meaning.

Of these eggs there is an endless variety. There are those that the jingle-monger refers to in another stanza as "solid and strong as a rock, you can suck it and suck it and leave not a trace"; there are others of the finest French cream; there are those too little for the tiniest of humming birds to lay, and others too big for the biggest ostrich.

Most of the millions are laid by machinery, in great copper nests that go round and round, while men with ladels pour in a syrup that hardens gradually and evenly upon whatever has been put in as a center or nucleus. Perhaps the center is a little oval of yellow cream candy, or of jelly-bean stuff, it makes no difference what, so long as it is the shape of an egg; for with all the revolving of the copper pans and all the pouring in of syrup, the shape never changes, and when they are done, they are all not only the same shape, but the same size.

Because they are made by machinery, the most of the millions of Easter eggs are cheap, and the small boy can buy them long after Easter out of glass cans in the grocery stores at a penny a piece, or five for a penny perhaps. But for every million of these, there are 50,000 wonderful hand-made eggs, and here is where the real art of making Easter eggs comes in.

Handmade Eggs.

The making of the egg itself is easy enough—to the candy-maker; but there are only a few skilled workmen who can put on the finishing touches, the wreaths of flowers, birds and rabbits and words of greeting, that stand out in relief as if carved upon the surface of the egg.

Years and years of practice have given these workmen, who are mostly Italians in the big factories, the knack of doing this thing that looks so simple and is so intricate for any but the cleverest fingers.

Instead of a chisel this Easter egg sculptor has a little paper funnel filled with icing, white or colored as he chooses. It is thin enough to take any form he pleases, and thick enough to stay that way. With no other pattern than the one stamped on his brain, the artist works; and out of the magic funnel, which he presses gently with his thumb, come Easter lilies, roses, chicks in a nest, rabbits drawing baskets of flowers—whatever he wills. He can duplicate a design as exactly as if he were a machine, and often must, for every egg he makes is to fill a certain order bought from samples.

The Artistic Sort.

Nor is even this the height of Easter egg art, which is reached in the making of the big shells of crystallized sugar with a peephole that gives a glimpse into fairy bowers where men and maidens have nothing to do but enjoy the embossed landscape. When the artist turns out a hundred or two of those other eggs in an hour, he can only make one of these, and that a small one, in an hour; and the largest of them takes him three. The child who gets such an egg as this on Easter morning is lucky, for it costs $10 to buy the best of them.

The shells are cast in a mould in halves, and in the lower halves the trees and flowers and figures are placed like a miniature stage setting, each with due regard for perspective. Then the upper half is bound on with a gold band; and on the top is placed a bunch of flowers—candy flowers, of course, but as perfect as any that ever grew in a garden.

And here is another task for the candy artist. There are days when he does nothing but work in a candy garden, bringing into bloom a gorgeous array of blossoms, that grow under his fingers petal by petal as fast as the eye can follow the end of the magic funnel. Bowls of icing stand at his elbow, tinted in rose shades and the hues of violet and jonquil and every other flower of Spring. For each there is a separate funnel, and before him stand rows and rows of little metal buttons fastened to a board with long pins. If it is to be roses, he fills the funnel from the rose-tinted bowl, and ten minutes later every button has perched upon it a tiny full-blown rose.

Working on Novelties.

But with all the variety of eggs there is an ever-increasing demand for other novelties, and all day long the modeler sits at his table, working in wax and plaster, coaxing from them new designs. Every season must have something different from the last, and the walls of the modeler's room, covered with tiny plaster casts, attest the fertility of his mind. At times he strays far from Nature, and at no time farther than at Easter, for no real chickens and rabbits do many things this model-maker has them doing. Hares on their hind legs playing fiddles, chickens harnessed to egg-shell chariots, and a score of queer conceits have come in answer to the never-ending cry for something new.

Again, there are times when these candy things come very near to Nature, and never more so than in one of this season's novelties, a little marshmallow chick rolled in yellow sugar that is just the color of a wee chick's first fluff. Even when you take it in the hand, the illusion remains because it is so soft and downy.

This novelty is hand-made, from the time the marshmallow stuff leaves the cooking kettle till its little head eyes are dropped on with a funnel and its bill tipped with color from a brush.

It is one of the most surprising things about the making of candy, to find how much of it is done by hand. Even the candy novelties that sell at five cents and a penny pass from hand to hand for decoration after they come from the machine where they are moulded into shape; but with the system found in the factories, where each person does only one thing, the candy figures pass along in trays like regiments of soldiers, each worker adding a picture, a dab of paint, another little candy part, and all so rapidly that they keep up with the machines that have the first part to do.

Work as fast as they may, it takes these men, women and machines three months to make enough candy for Easter Day.

How the Criminals Outwit the Detectives

MANY of the mistakes of detectives are those of mistaken identity. Some time ago a man belonging to one of the best-known and wealthiest families in the country was greatly surprised and more indignant when he was arrested by a detective who thought he had captured a criminal who recently had escaped from prison. Profuse explanations on the part of the captured man, says the Chicago Tribune, were followed by equally profuse apologies on the part of the detective, so that the incident closed without ill will on either side.

A mistake with a more tragic result occurred in England in 1878. The mistake arose in connection with the famous Edlingham burglary, when two men were brought before the Newcastle assizes charged with the robbing of the vicarage. It appears that when the vicar interrupted his unwelcome visitors they shot at him, so that the charge of attempted murder was added to that of burglary. The two men, Brannaghan and Murphy, who were charged with the crime, were convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment, as the evidence seemed to be convincing beyond the shadow of a doubt. They served seven years of their term. Then two other men confessed that they alone were guilty of the robbery.

Superintendent Butcher, one of the most astute detectives Scotland Yard ever possessed, was sent down to investigate the mystery. The chief of the local police, who had been in charge of the investigation at the time of the robbery, had died meanwhile, but some of the subordinates who had assisted him were placed on trial, it being alleged that they had concocted evidence willfully, upon which evidence the two men were convicted. After a long trial the jury found them innocent of willfully manufacturing evidence, but the judge, in summing up, pointed out that there had been grievous mistakes in judgment on the part of the police.

De Tourville, one of the most terrible of the European criminals, escaped punishment for a long time because of the mistake of a detective. The death of a woman at Scarborough, by what De Tourville declared was the accidental discharge of a revolver, was investigated by a detective from London, but so frank and open appeared the conduct of the great criminal, and so flourishing was his appearance that the officer was misled and reported that he was convinced that the affair was an accident.

When, a few years later, the death of the wife of De Tourville was being investigated—he murdered her by hurling her over a precipice in the Alps—the body of the woman who had died at Scarborough were exhumed and examined. It was found that, far from killing herself by accident, she had been murdered by someone who had shot her in the back, so that a slight examination would have established the fact. The mistake of the detective at the time of the Scarborough crime had terrible results, for in the time De Tourville was allowed to go free he committed two more murders.

Sherlock Holmes constantly insisted that nothing in a room where a crime had been committed should be touched, and this appears to be a good rule, judging from a mistake made by an intelligent police officer in Ireland. This policeman was placed in charge of a room in which a murder had been committed to see that nothing was disturbed until his superior officers arrived. He found the time passed slowly amid such melancholy surroundings and proceeded to console himself with a pipe. He lit a candle which he found on the mantelpiece, and finding a crumpled up piece of paper on the floor he used that for lighting his pipe.

As he was afraid that his superiors would object to his smoking while on duty, he opened the window in order to let out the smell of the tobacco and in order to see them when they approached, so that he could put his pipe out in time. It was discovered later that in indulging in the innocent pleasure of a pipe of "tobacco" he destroyed three of the most important clues.

The length of the candle which he had lighted would have indicated the time when the murder had been committed, the paper with which he had lighted his pipe, judging from the charred remains, had been left there by the murderer himself, and the policeman had forgotten whether he had found the window locked or unlocked when he opened it to let out the smell of smoke. Furthermore, the keen-nosed detective who was put on the case smelled the odor of the tobacco smoke, and not knowing whence it originated, spent a lot of valuable time in tracing it down.

The fear that they are wasting time over trifles or are being made the victims of jokes often leads the police to err on the other side.

Some years ago one of the most cruel murderers ever known almost escaped because two policemen refused to investigate charges of whose truth they were in doubt. A man running along behind a cab came up to two policemen and gasped out that a murderer was riding in the cab with the remains of his victim.

Out of breath from his exertion and too excited for a connected story, the police officers were inclined to think the man either crazy or drunk, and therefore turned a deaf ear to his allegations. If the pursuer had not persisted in following the cab and had not met later on a less sceptical officer the remains of the murdered person might have been placed in a safe hiding place and the murderer have gone undiscovered.

Detectives may arrest the wrong person sometimes, but more often they allow a criminal to go free for fear of holding an innocent man.

Charlie Peace, the noted English criminal, used to laugh over the number of times he had passed a watchful policeman with a cheery "Good night" without arousing his suspicion. Charlie's frock coat and silk hat and his apparent knowledge of the neighborhood lulled to rest any suspicion that the officer might have at seeing him out at such a strange hour.

One Summer afternoon an exceptionally well-dressed stranger was seen to enter the front gate of a house in a wealthy neighborhood. He walked to the door and tried to open it with a key. As he could not do so he went around to a window, and pushing it open, climbed in through it. It was a suspicious proceeding, but as the man was dressed in the height of fashion the officer on the beat thought that it was the owner of the house, who, having forgotten his key, had used the window as his means of entrance. However, the officer thought it best to watch the place for a while to see if anything out of the way might occur.

A short time later, emerging from the front door, the stranger stopped as if some one had spoken to him from within, and, saying: "Yes, Bess, I have my key this time," he lifted his hat and walked slowly away. Some hours later when the real owner of the house returned the policeman learned that his first suspicions had been correct, for the well-dressed stranger had walked off with the jewelry and everything of value that he could lay his kid-gloved hands upon.

Although the detectives of Paris are known the world over for their excellent work, the French officials of the smaller cities sometimes make ludicrous mistakes.

The police in a small seaport town of France were aroused to action a short time ago by a communication from headquarters. A batch of six photographs was inclosed in the communication, with instructions that the original of them was hiding in their locality and was urgently wanted. Of course, all of the six pictures were those of one man taken from different points of view, according to the Paris system.

The Paris authorities were astonished a few days later on receiving notice from the zealous officers of the little town that they had succeeded in landing five of the men and were sure to capture the sixth desperate criminal within a few hours.

Within the Law.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"See here!" said the indignant citizen, "when I passed this corner you were soliciting alms because you were blind. Now you are asking help because your legs are paralyzed."

"Well," replied the mendicant, looking up, with an injured expression, "there ain't any law in this country to prevent a man from changing his occupation, is there?"

Whine, Whine, Whine!

Kansas City Star.

If you're trying to make people do the way you think they ought,
Irrespective of their wishes or their rights;
If in stirring to annoy folks with a lot of useless law,
You are beaten in a lively set of fights;
If the public steps upon you, and slaps sharply on your face,
And your sneaking bigot methods fail to win a single case,
Do you take your thorough whipping with real dignity and grace?
No—you whine, whine, whine!

It's a case of whining, whining; it's a case of hawt and yowl;
It's a case of snivel, snuffle, it's a case of yap and growl;
When the people stand against you, do you gamely fall in line?
No—you talk about "the law says this" and whine, whine, whine!

When you try to get petitions, with a swarm of signatures,
And the people jeer your idiotic game;
When the populace, in legions, say you have no right to live,
And announce that Lemon is your proper name,
Do you bow to public judgment, shown and verified by test?
Do you cease to be a nuisance and a wretched, tiresome pest?
Do you stop your useless nagging—do you give your face a rest?
No—you whine, whine, whine!

It's a case of whining, whining; it's a case of wail and moan;
It's a case of baby-crying, in a sickening monotone;
And, though beaten, thrashed and sneered at, Easy Mark all down the line,
Still you talk, and talk and blubber—and you whine, whine, whine!

As Votes Were Cast in Ancient Greece

WITH everybody's interest aroused in the great political questions of the day and the various candidates for the Presidency, it may be of interest to know at this time that the institution of voting and balloting for candidates for public offices and for other purposes concerning the welfare of the people is by no means a custom of modern times, but dates back as far as the classical ages.

In ancient Greece the people had a way of ostracising, or "shelling," a troublesome man out of the city.

When two rival politicians had become so violently opposed to each other that their feud threatened the public peace or rendered the passage of good measures too difficult, the voters were called upon to decide which of the two should leave the city. Every citizen who chose to vote put into a large metallic urn a small shell upon which he had written the name of the man whose banishment he preferred.

If 6000 votes in all were cast, but not otherwise, the shells were examined. The man who had received the most votes was condemned to ten years of honorable exile.

The historian Grote was of the opinion that this method often resulted advantageously, and saved Athens from civil wars.

In some ancient Mediterranean states there was a variation upon the vote by shells. The voter wrote the name of his candidate upon an olive leaf. This was called petalism, or leaf voting. Just as the shell method was called ostracism, from a Greek word signifying a little shell.

The great jury, hundreds in number, which condemned Socrates to drink the hemlock, voted in another way. Those who desired his death cast into a brass box a little ball of metal or stone, which was either black in color or pierced through the middle.

Those who voted for his acquittal threw into the same box a white ball, or one not pierced. There was a small majority of black balls, and thus he was doomed to die.

At the present time, in civil elections, the same simple method is often used. A defeated candidate is referred to as having been "blackballed." This way of voting was probably one of the earliest attempts to secure secrecy.

The Romans had some interesting modes of voting. When a law was submitted to the people to ratify or reject, each citizen received two small, square, smooth pieces of wood, called tabellae, or tablets. On one of these was written the letter A, which stood for "antiquo," I reject. On the other were two letters, U. R., which stood for "Uti Rogas," part of the Latin sentence, "Ego hanc legem uti rogas jubendam censeo," "I think that this law should be ratified as you propose"; or, in other words, "let it pass."

One of these tablets the voter put into a large bronze urn provided for the purpose which he could do secretly if he wished. The question was decided by a majority of the votes.

In similar manner the Judges in a court of Justice gave their decisions, after hearing the testimony. To each Judge were given three tablets, one marked A, which meant, absolvo, I acquit; another was marked C, which meant condemno, I condemn; the third was marked N. L., standing for non liquet, that is, it does not appear, meaning, I am in doubt.

With these tablets the Judges voted. When the votes were all in, if there was a plurality of absolvos, the accused was set free. If the condemnos prevailed, he was condemned. If the non liquets had it, it was about equivalent to a disagreement of the jury.

The object of all these simple expedients was to give the voter perfect freedom by making his vote secret. But at an early period unscrupulous politicians found means both to intimidate and bribe the voters. Long ago as the trial of Socrates, B. C. 399, voters were bribed in what the Greeks styled dekads, or tens.

Greek students turning to the dictionaries will find, in composition with the work deka, which means ten, a number of verbs, nouns and adjectives which tell a melancholy story of Grecian politics; for they indicate that bribing voters ten in a lump was quite familiar to the Athenians.

It is to be feared that corrupt voting is almost as ancient a practice as voting itself. This may be inferred from a considerable number of ancient methods for preventing fraud.

In some countries of Southern Europe, instead of voting by shells, leaves or tablets, which could be concealed about the person in great numbers, and put into the urn surreptitiously, the voters were required to use wands or rods five or six feet long. These were deposited in a long box through a small slit in the lid.

As no man could conceal a stick six feet long, the voters were prevented from casting more than one vote.

Even at the present day the people of Greece vote with black balls and white balls, as their forefathers did, although with special precautions against bribery and fraud. The duty of voting is invested with solemnity by opening the polls in the church and on Sunday.

Entering the edifice, the voter sees before the altar as many boxes as there are candidates to be voted for, each box being divided into two compartments, one painted black and the other white. A clerk comes to him with a wooden bowl full of bullets, from which the voter is given as many bullets as there are candidates.

To conceal from the bystander how he votes, the elector thrusts his hand down a long funnel and drops one bullet into each box. If he wishes to vote "Yes," he puts his bullet into the white half of the box, if "No," he puts it into the black half.

In order to protect the freedom of the papal elections, and to put an end to the scandalous disorder which frequently accompanies them, Pope Nicholas II decreed, in 1059, in future the election of the Roman pontiff and the administration of his see, during the vacancy, should be the exclusive right of the cardinals of the Roman church. In 1179, Pope Alexander III solemnly confirmed the decree of Nicholas, which prescribed that a two-thirds vote should be necessary to a valid choice.

Meanwhile no statute existed compelling the cardinals to seclusion while they performed their duty as electors. Honorius III was elected two days after the death of his predecessor, in consequence of the strict seclusion to which the cardinals then submitted. Gregory X was chosen only after a vacancy of two years and nine months, because the electors were not shut up.

These two extreme cases induced Gregory X, in 1274, during the council at Lyons, to decree a strict seclusion thenceforward. Pope Gregory XV decreed that the cardinals in conclave should vote by secret ballot.

The paper ballot in this country was first used in 1632, to get out of office Governor John Winthrop, who had become unpopular. The party opposed to Winthrop were confident of a majority if the people could vote without fear.

To this end the freemen of the colony were required to vote with paper ballots.

The voters were required to come in at one door with their votes ready written, lay them down on a table before the court, and then pass out of the building by another door. Absentees could send their votes by proxy, and blank votes were counted as negatives.