

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

STATE TREASURY FLOURISHES.

Increase in Taxes and License Money Indicates Prosperity.

Salem—If the business done by the departments of the state government, and the reports of those departments may be considered as barometers of the general prosperity of the state, then the state at large is in a very flourishing condition. Chief Clerk F. K. Lovell, of the secretary of state's office, states that in some divisions the work of that department has increased over 50 per cent in the past year. After deducting insurance fees, which have been paid to the insurance commissioner since March 1, the secretary of state's office has paid into the treasury from October 1, 1908, to September 30, 1909, fees amounting to \$63,334.58, as compared to \$53,052.96 from October 1, 1907, to September 1, 1908.

Automobile licenses issued for the first six months of 1909 reached the total of 1964, as compared to 643 for the same period in the preceding year. Cash statement of the state treasurer for the nine months ending September 30, 1909, shows a larger balance in the common school fund than ever before in the history of the state. The first mortgage loans now amount to \$4,534,434.62; school district bonds, \$186,825; certificates of sale of state lands, \$548,586.02; a total irreducible school fund of \$5,269,845.64. The agricultural college fund amounts to \$189,819.03, and the university fund to \$95,136.75, a total educational fund of more than \$5,500,000. There was an increase of first mortgage loans during September of about \$54,000.

The treasurer's cash summary shows cash on hand January 1, 1909, \$892,147.44; receipts, \$2,392,514.36; transfers, \$34,743.55; disbursements, \$2,657,482.73; cash on hand, September 30, 1909, \$627,179.07; total, \$3,319,536.15.

FISH MONOPOLY BROKEN.

Interests of Late R. D. Hume to Be Sold at Public Sale.

Marshfield—The monopoly of the fishing rights held for so many years by the interests of the late R. D. Hume will soon be broken, as the entire estate is to be sold at private sale this month. After Mr. Hume's death the fisheries and cannery were closed, but were opened for a short time this fall. On account of the approaching sale, the fisheries were closed after 400 cases of canned salmon had been shipped. Since they were closed, the Union Fisheries company is said to have made a haul with seines which netted 1800 fish. The gasoline schooner Gerald C., which was formerly owned by the Hume estate, has been sold, and has made her last trip to Rogue river. She will be taken to Astoria.

For over 30 years R. D. Hume controlled the fishing rights, owning both sides of the river for 12 miles up from the bar. He had his own fish hatchery and cannery plant, and made a fortune out of the business. The people in the Rogue river valley assert that it is the finest fishing stream in the country.

Squatters Make Filings.

Marshfield—About 40 men have filed homestead claims in townships 24 and 25, range 9. It was unsurveyed land, the survey of which has been accepted, and those who filed were persons who had squatted on the land some years ago. There was little opportunity for new homesteaders, for the reason that scrip has been placed on all of the land by the Northern Pacific and other large interests. Those who filed for homesteads claim that they have a squatter's right, and some declare they will take the cases to court to defend their claims.

Bend Sends Exhibit.

Bend—A well-assorted exhibit of the dry-farming products of the Bend country has been dispatched to the forthcoming dry-farming congress at Billings, Mont. The samples of the local irrigationless productions are entered in the congress by the Bend board of trade, with whom John I. Springer, freight and passenger agent of the Great Northern railroad, arranged for the display. This is the first official publicity work done by the Hill interests in Oregon.

Roseburg Signs Contract.

Roseburg—All members of the Roseburg committee signed the contract for construction of the Roseburg-to-Cooz Bay electric railroad. Messrs. Kuetner and Haas, of Portland, with whom the contract is made, will build the line. They are expected here in a few days, and will then post a bond in the sum of \$100,000 for construction of the road within two years. Surveyors will be put into the field at once.

Debate Topic Is Chosen.

University of Oregon, Eugene—With Superintendent A. M. Sanders, of Albany, president, and Professor E. E. Decon, of the mathematical department of the University of Oregon, secretary, the Oregon High School Debating League starts on a prosperous year. The league now contains practically every four-year high school in the state.

Albany—One of the biggest shipments of sheep ever made from the Willamette valley was loaded at the Albany depot. Approximately 2500 sheep were loaded, and the shipment filled 24 single-deck cars. A special train will carry the sheep to Portland. The animals were collected in Linn and Benton counties by W. D. Brown, of Corvallis.

Large Land Tract Sold.

Oregon City—H. A. and J. L. Kruse have sold 140 acres of land near Wilsonville to George McBride, a son of Supreme Court Justice McBride, who will plat the property into five-acre tracts. The price was \$125 per acre.

WORK ON CEMENT PLANT.

Big Enterprise at Oswego Will Soon Be Under Way.

Portland—Advices have just reached Portland from S. B. Newberry, the eminent cement expert, that samples of raw material from which the Portland Cement company will manufacture cement at its plant at Oswego have stood a tensile strength of 630 pounds when only seven days old. At the age of 28 days, the same product has tested 780 pounds. An inch cube briquette, consisting of one-fourth cement and three-fourths sand, tested 280 pounds in seven days and 392 pounds in four weeks. These tests are regarded remarkable from the fact that no cement in the world, not excepting the foreign manufactured product, will excel this record. The same samples also withstood the steam boiling test, which is the most severe test that can be made. The Portland Cement company, which consists of Portland, Salt Lake, Ogden and Los Angeles capitalists, next month will begin the construction of its 1500-barrel plant at Oswego. It is expected that the plant will be completed and in operation in about fifteen months. Its cost, completed, will be approximately \$1,000,000.

Bank Issues Paper Money.

Eugene—The First National bank of Eugene will soon put into circulation \$33,000 worth of its bank notes in \$5 denomination. On account of the influx of Eastern people here, who have been in the habit of handling paper money, and who prefer it to the gold, the bank has planned to meet the demand. The exchange requires the signature of T. G. Hendricks, president, and P. E. Snodgrass, cashier of the bank, to each note, and the bankers are now busy with the 6600 signatures that they must make before the notes can be put into circulation.

Bourne Promises Aid.

Oregon City—United States Senator Jonathan Bourne was the guest here of the Commercial club at a smoker that was attended by all the prominent business and professional men of the city. The affair was very informal. Senator Bourne promised to do what he could to bring about desired improvements, such as the removal of the rapids at the mouth of Clackamas river and the construction of a federal building at Oregon City.

Y. M. C. A. Forms in High School.

Eugene—A Young Men's Christian Association has been organized at the Eugene high school. The officers of the new organization are: Francis Yoran, president; Harold Young, vice-president; Ernest Scott, secretary; Charles Hard, treasurer; Ernest Armstrong, editor.

National Bank for Bandon.

Washington—The application of J. W. Roberts, of Pierre, S. D.; H. L. Houston, A. McNair, O. A. Trowbridge, E. E. Oakes and P. E. Stearns to organize the First National bank of Bandon, Or., with \$25,000 capital, has been approved by the controller of the currency.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, 98c; club, 89c; red Russian, 87½c; valley, 91c; fine, 89c; Turkey red, 89c; forty-fold, 92c.

Barley—Feed, \$26.50; brewing, \$27.50 @28 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$27.50 @28 per ton. Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$14 @17 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$18 @19; alfalfa, \$14; clover, \$14; cheat, \$13 @14.50; grain hay, \$14 @15.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 36c; fancy outside creamery, 33 @36c per pound; store, 29½ @34c. (Butter pat prices average 1½c per pound under regular butter prices.)

Eggs—Oregon, 33 @34c per dozen; Eastern, 28 @30c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 14 @14½c; springs, 14c; roosters, 9 @10c; ducks, 15 @16c; geese, 9 @10c; turkeys, 17 @18c; squabs, 11.75 @2 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 8½ @9c per pound.

Veal—Extra, 10 @10½c per pound.

Fresh Fruits—Apples, new, \$1.25 @2.50 per box; pears, \$1 @1.75 per box; peaches, 75c @1 per crate; cantaloupes, \$1 @1.50 per crate; watermelons, 1c per pound; grapes, 75c @1.10 per crate, 10 @15c per basket; casabas, \$1.25 @1.50 per dozen; quinces, \$1 @1.25 per box; cranberries, \$9 per barrel; huckleberries, 9 @10c per pound.

Potatoes—Buying prices: Oregon, 60 @65c per sack; sweet potatoes, 2c per pound.

Sack Vegetables—Turnips, 75c @1 per sack; carrots, \$1; beets, \$1.25; rutabagas, \$1.25 per sack.

Onions—New, \$1.25 per sack.

Vegetables—Cabbage, 1 @1¼c per pound; cauliflower, 50c @1 per dozen; celery, 50 @75c per dozen; corn, \$1 @1.25 per dozen; eggplant, \$1.25 per box; garlic, 10c per pound; horseradish, 9 @10c per pound; peppers, 5 @6c per pound; pumpkins, 1 @1¼c; radishes, 15c per dozen; sprouts, 8 @9c per pound; squash, 1½ @1¼c; tomatoes, 50 @60c.

Cattle—Steers, top quality, \$4.25 @4.35; fair to good, \$4; common, \$3.50 @3.75; cows, top, \$3.25 @3.35; fair to good, \$3 @3.10; common to medium, \$2.50 @2.75; calves, top, \$5 @5.25; heavy, \$3.50 @4; bulls, \$2 @2.25; stags, \$2.50 @3.50.

Hogs—Best, \$7.25 @8; fair to good, \$7.50 @7.75; stockers, \$6 @7; China fats, \$7.50 @8.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4 @4.25; fair to good, \$3.50 @3.75; ewes, ½c less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4 @4.25; fair to good, \$3.50 @3.75; spring lambs, \$3 @3.50.

Wool—1909 Willamette valley, 20 @24c; Eastern Oregon, 20 @23c; mohair, 1909, 23 @24c.

GREAT FAIR IS CLOSED.

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition Ends With Many Ceremonies.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 18.—At midnight Saturday the 150,000 electric lights of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition were extinguished, closing the prosperous life of the world's fair of 1909, which, from every standpoint, was more successful than its most zealous friends had dared to hope.

The final moments of the fair were as dramatic as its beginning on June 1, when 40,000 people gathered at the natural amphitheater and waited for President Taft's signal. The last day had been devoted to saying good-bye. The sun shone bright, the flowers were never more beautiful, and the whole exposition looked as new and fresh as on the day of the opening.

The attendance was large, and, while the carnival spirit possessed the young, there was sorrow for the passing of the brilliant show.

The exercises of the closing hours began at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon with a display of Japanese fireworks. The exposition band paraded from building to building, serenading each. The United States Government building was reached at 5:30 o'clock, its daily closing hour. A cornet sounded "taps" and the band played "Auld Lang Syne." The flag was hoisted down, the life-saving crew on Lake Union fired 21 guns, and the buildings' doors were locked.

At night a great throng of people assembled at the natural amphitheater, beside Lake Washington, and listened to a classical concert by a band which played waltzes for the frivolous and Chopin's funeral march and other somber pieces for the sorrowing. At 11:30 o'clock the exposition officials and employees marched from the Administration building to the amphitheater to await the stroke of midnight.

On the stage, Josiah Collins, chairman of the committee on ceremonies, presided, and spoke briefly. President J. E. Chilberg made an address of thanks and farewell, and exactly at 12 o'clock opened a switch that darkened the whole fair. A single bugler blew "taps," and then in darkness, but for the stars overhead, the vast audience sang "Auld Lang Syne," the vast audience by the hand. The street lamps were lighted and the people went home.

On the Pay Streak the celebration was noisy, but orderly, and closed with fireworks, the last pieces being "Good Night," "Good-Bye."

FERRER WAS ONLY AN EDUCATOR

Sought Revolution Only in Education, Say His Friends.

London, Oct. 18.—"Francisco Ferrer was my personal friend," said W. Teherkesoff, Russian liberal and newspaper writer, today. "He was the modern Pestalozzi of Spain. He was ardent with enthusiasm, yet regular and a hard worker. This was the secret of his success in creating in Spain, especially in Barcelona and Catalonia, a great popular movement for free national day schools.

"I first met him and his beautiful young wife four years ago at Brussels, in the home of the great geographer, Elisee Reclus. Professor Ferrer then said:

"It is evident that I shall not be allowed to conduct our national schools in Spain, but here in Brussels or in Paris I shall continue my pedagogic work. Capable and devoted friends will take my place in Spain."

"Professor Ferrer hastened back to Spain, owing to illness there of a little niece."

MAN IS TOSSED BY RHINO.

Adventure of Roosevelt's Porter—Much Big Game Killed.

Nairobi, B. E. A., Oct. 17.—The Roosevelt party arrived here this afternoon from the north of Guaso Nyiro. All are well. A porter accompanying the party was tossed by a rhinoceros, but he is recovering.

Colonel Roosevelt has killed three more elephants completing the group intended for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. He has also killed a bull elephant for the American Museum of Natural History, in New York.

Other game bagged included a rhinoceros with excellent horns, a buffalo, a giraffe, an eland, a zebra, an ostrich and an oryx.

Some skins have been preserved for the Washington museum.

Kermit Roosevelt killed two elephants and an exceptionally large rhinoceros.

Barrie Offers Sacrifice.

London, Oct. 18.—J. M. Barrie, novelist and playwright, did not enter suit for divorce, it is now asserted by his friends, until Gilbert Cannan, whom he named as co-respondent, took a solemn pledge to marry Mrs. Barrie after the decree had been granted. Moreover, as Cannan is not well provided with money, Barrie made a handsome settlement on his wife before he filed his petition for separation, making her financially independent. Throughout the whole affair Barrie acted with the greatest generosity although he was grievously afflicted.

Presidents Meet.

El Paso, Tex., Oct. 18.—The long-expected meeting between President Taft and President Diaz, of the Republic of Mexico, occurred here today. Outwardly it was attended with a display of soldiery, a flare of trumpets, a boom of cannon and a pommy of ceremony suggesting supreme authority, but in the actual handclasp of the two executives and in the exchange of courteous words that passed from lip to lip there was simple but cordial informality.

Storm's Fatalities Grow.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 18.—The total death list of the destructive wind storm of Thursday was increased today by the belated reports to 46. Eleven more dead were discovered.

The Redemption of David Corson

By CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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WE announce with a great deal of pleasure a serial that is somewhat exceptional, even in these days of active fiction. It is a story of unusual power, of wonderful pathos and yet dealing with practical, every-day life in a way that stirs the soul and teaches a lasting lesson.

The story begins with a description of the home and life of David Corson, a young Quaker, whose career has been so peaceful and uneventful that when a traveling mountebank and his beautiful assistant, Pepeeta, visit the town, the glare and glamour of tinsel and excitement lead David to turn his back on the old life and plunge into the wide world he had only read about previously. David is entranced by the beauty of the peerless girl. He is led into a mad whirl of pleasure by the mountebank. Finally, he induces Pepeeta to desert her husband and flee with him. A rivalist brings David back to a sense of his misspent life. It is a marvelous life study. Everybody should read it.

CHAPTER I.

Hidden away in this worn and care-encumbered world are spots so quiet and beautiful as to make the fall of man seem incredible, and awaken in the breast of the weary traveler who comes suddenly upon them, a vague and dear delusion that he has stumbled into Paradise.

Such an Eden existed in the extreme western part of Ohio in the spring of 1849. It was a valley surrounded by wooded hills and threaded by a noisy brook which hastily made its way, as if upon some errand of immense importance, down to the big Miami not many miles distant. A road cut through a vast and solemn forest led into the valley, and entering as if by a corridor and through the open portal of a temple, the traveler saw a white farm-house nestling beneath a mighty hackberry tree whose wide-reaching arms sheltered it from summer sun and winter wind. A deep, wide lawn of bluegrass lay in front, and a garden of flowers, fragrant and brilliant, on its southern side. Stretching away into the background was the farm newly carved out of the wilderness, but already in a high state of cultivation.

In this lovely valley, at the close of a long, odorous, sun-drenched day in early May, the sacred silence was broken by a raucous blast from that most unmusical of instruments, a tin dinner horn. It was blown by a bare-legged country boy who seemed to take deplorable delight in this profanation. By his side, in the vine-clad porch of the white farm-house stood a woman who looked toward a vague object in a distant meadow. She was no longer young. As the light of the setting sun fell full upon her face it seemed almost transparent, and even the unobservant might have perceived that some deep experience of the sadness of life had added to her character an indescribable charm.

"Thee will have to go and call him, Stephen, for I think he has fallen into another trance," the woman said, in a low voice in which there was not a trace of impatience.

The child threw down his dinner horn, whistled to his dog and started. Springing up from where he had been watching every expression of his master's face, the shaggy collie bounded around him as he moved across the lawn, while the woman watched them with a proud and happy smile.

Unutterable and incomprehensible emotions were awakened in the soul of the boy by the stillness and beauty of the evening world. His senses were not yet dulled nor his feelings jaded. Through every avenue of his intelligence the mystery of the universe stole into his sensitive spirit. If a breeze blew across the meadow he turned his cheek to its kiss; if the odor of sparrowmint from the brookside was wafted around him he breathed it into his nostrils with delight. He saw the shadow of a crow flying across the field and stopped to look up and listen for the swish of her wings and her loud, hoarse caw as she made her way to the nesting grounds; then he gazed beyond her, into the fathomless depths of the blue sky, and his soul was stirred with an indescribable awe.

But it was not so much the objects themselves as the spirit pervading them, which stirred the depths of the child's mind. The little pantheist saw God everywhere. He bestow the gift of language upon a child, but the feelings which that language serves only to interpret and express exist and glow within him even if he be dumb. And this gift of language is often of questionable value, and had been so with him. All that he felt, filled him with love. To him the valley was heaven, and through it invisibly but unmistakably God walked, morning, noon and evening.

To the child's wandering dreamily and wistfully along, the object dimly seen from the farm-house door began gradually to dissolve itself into a group of living beings. Two horses were attached to a plow; one standing in the lush grass of the meadow, and the other in a deep furrow traced across its surface. The plowshare was buried deep in the rich, alluvial soil, and a

ribbon of earth rolled from its blade like a petrified sea billow, crested with a cluster of daisies white as the foam of a wave.

Between the handles of the plow and leaning on the crossbar, his back to the horses, stood a young Quaker. His broad-brimmed hat, set carelessly on the back of his head, disclosed a wide, high forehead; his fannel shirt, open at the throat, exposed a strong, columnar neck, and a deep, broad chest; his sunburned and muscular arms were folded across his breast; figure and posture revealed the perfect concord of body and soul with the beauty of the world; his great blue eyes were fixed upon the notch in the hills where the sun had just disappeared; he gazed without seeing and felt without thinking.

The boy approached this statuesque figure with a steady tread, and plucking a long spear of grass tickled the bronzed neck. The hand of the plowman moved automatically upward as if to brush away a fly, and at this unconscious action the child, seized by a convulsion of laughter and fearing lest it explode, stuffed his fists into his mouth. In the opinion of this irreverent young skeptic his Uncle Dave was in a "trance," and he thought such a disease demanded heroic treatment.

For several years this Quaker youth, David Corson, had been the subject of remarkable emotional experiences, in explanation of which the rude wits of the village declared that he had been moon-struck; the young girls who adored his beauty thought he was in love, and the venerable fathers and mothers of this religious community believed that in him the scriptural prophecy, "Your young men shall see visions," had been literally fulfilled. David Corson himself accepted the last explanation with unquestioning faith.

The life of this young man had been pure and uneventful. Existence in this frontier region, once full of the tragedy of Indian warfare, had been gradually softened by peace and religion. In such a sequestered region books and papers were scarce, and he had access only to a few volumes written by quietists and mystics, and to that great mine of sacred literature, the Holy Bible. The seeds of knowledge sown by these books in the rich soil of this young heart were fertilized by the society of noble men, virtuous women, and natural surroundings of exquisite beauty.

None of these reflections disturbed the mind of the barefooted boy. Having suppressed his laughter, he tickled the sunburnt neck again. Once more the hand rose automatically, and once more the boy was almost strangled with delight. The dreamer was hard to awaken, but his tormentor had not yet exhausted his resources. No genuine boy is ever without that fundamental necessity of childhood, a pin, and finding one somewhere about his clothing, he thrust it into the leg of the plowman. The sudden sting brought the soaring saint from heaven to earth. In an instant the mystic soil of the unsanctified young reproach with one hand and hoisted him at arm's length above his head.

"Oh, Uncle Dave, I'll never do it again! Never! Never! Let me down!" Still holding him aloft as a hunter would hold a falcon, the reincarnated "spirit" laughed long, loud and merrily, the echoes of his laughter ringing up the valley like a peal from a chime of bells. The child's tear was needless, for the heart and hands that dealt with him were as gentle as a woman's. The youth, resembling some old Norse god as he stood there in the gathering gloom, lowered the child slowly, and printing a kiss on his cheek, said:

"Thee little pest, thee has no reverence! Thee should never disturb a child at his play, a bird on his nest nor a man at his prayers."

"But thee was not praying, Uncle Dave," the boy replied. "Thee was only in another of thy tantrums. Thee supper has grown cold, the horses are tired and Shep and I have walked a mile to call thee. Grandmother said thee had a trance. Tell me what thee has seen in thy visions, Uncle Dave!"

"God and His angels," said the young mystic softly, falling again into the mood from which he had been so rudely awakened.

"Angels!" scoffed the young materialist. "If thee was thinking of any angel at all, I will bet thee it was Dorothy Fraser."

"Tush, child, do not be silly," replied the convoluted culprit. For it was easier than he would care to admit to mingle visions of beauty with those of holiness.

"I am not silly. Thee would not dare say thee was not thinking of her. She thinks of thee."

"How does thee know?"

"Because she gives me bread and jam if I so much as mention thy name. Uncle Dave, was it really up thy very valley that Mad Anthony Wayne marched with his brave soldiers?"

"This very valley."

"I wish I could have been with him. 'Tis an evil wish. Thee is a child of peace. Thy father and thy father's fathers have denied the right of men to war. Thee ought to be like them, and love the things that make for peace."

"Well, if I can not wish for war, I will wish that a runaway slave would dash up this valley with a pack of bloodhounds at his heels. Oh, Uncle Dave, tell me that story about thy hiding a negro in the haystack, and choking the bloodhounds with thine own hands."

"I have told thee a hundred times. 'But I want to hear it again.'"

"Use thy memory and thy imagination."

The child, bounding forward, the tired procession entered the barnyard. The plowman fed his horses, and stopped to listen for a moment to their deep-drawn sighs of contentment, and to the musical grinding of the oats in their teeth. His imaginative mind read his own thoughts into everything, and he believed that he could distinguish in these inarticulate sounds the words, "Good-night. Good-night."

"Good-night," he said, and stroking their great flanks with his kind hand, left them to their well-earned repose. On his way to the house he stopped to bathe his face in the waters of a spring brook that ran across the yard, and then entered the kitchen where supper was spread.

"Thee is late," said the woman who had watched and waited, her fine face radiant with a smile of love and welcome.

"Forgive me, mother," he replied. "I have had another vision."

"I thought as much. Thee must remember what thee has seen, my son," she said, "for all that thee beholds with the outer eye shall pass away, while what thee sees with the inner eye abides forever. And had thee a message, too?"

"It was delivered to me that on the holy Sabbath day I should go to the camp in Baxter's clearing and preach to the lumbermen."

"Then thee must go, my son."

"I will," he answered, taking her hand affectionately, but with Quaker restraint, and leading her to the table.

The family, consisting of the mother, an adopted daughter, Dorotea, the daughter's husband Jacob and son Stephen, sat down to a simple but bountiful supper, during which and late into the evening the young mystic pondered the vision which he believed himself to have seen, and the message which he believed he would have heard. In his musings there was not a tremor or a doubt; he would have as soon questioned the reality of the old farm-house and the faces of the family gathered about the table. He was a credulous and unsophisticated youth, dwelling in a realm of imagination rather than in a world of reality and law. He had much to learn. His education was about to begin, and to begin as does all true and effective education, in a spiritual temptation. The Ghebers say that when their great prophet Abraham was thrown into the fire by the order of Nimrod, the flames into which he fell turned into a bed of roses, upon which he peacefully reclined. This innocent Quaker youth had been reclining upon a bed of roses which now began to turn into a couch of flames.

(To be continued.)

Telling Cocoa from Chocolate.

The consumer often wonders what is the difference between cocoa and chocolate. Both are manufactured from the identical bean, but in cocoa the butter has been extracted and chocolate has other substances mixed with it. Cocoa is thus more easily digested, but not so rich and alluring. The butter when extracted is sold to druggists for various purposes, chiefly that of a skin-food.

The first process in the manufacture of chocolate or cocoa is cracking the bean, which is done by machinery and air. The blast of air blows the shells out, as they are lighter than the meat, and thus, after cracking, the separation of the fragile shell from the nutritive nut is absolute.

The bean is roasted and ground into a paste by hot machinery. This is the only "cooking" the chocolate gets. At this point the differentiation takes place between cocoa and chocolate. The latter consists of cocoa-meat, vanilla and sugar. Various machines (steam-power, not electric) crush up the vanilla bean with the cocoa bean and sugar.

Chinese Graduate at West Point.

Among those who this year receive diplomas of graduation at West Point Military Academy are two Chinese youths—the first of their race to win the honor.

During their four years' course they mastered English, Spanish and French in addition to the ordinary military and educational courses. The young men entered the academy through a special arrangement with the government, their home government paying all expenses.

During the year 1908 no fewer than 2,254 different books were published in the United States. This number is 366 less than during the preceding year.