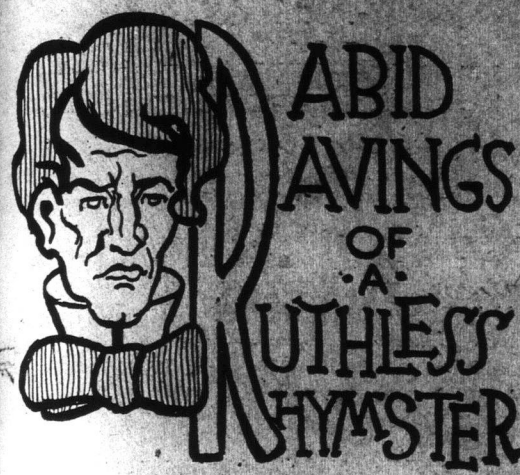




ABID AVINGS OF A RUTHLESS MYSTER

FIVE HUNDRED

(By C. L. A.)

The drawing-room was table-strewn,
Of ladies had been full since noon.
Mid conversation's measured croon,
They played Five Hundred.

Many a bluff of high degree
Was made and play'd 'twixt lunch and tea.
With finished art, as you'll agree,
They played Five Hundred.

The hostess, gown'd regardless quite
(As such one CANNOT look a fright),
Had sat up planning half the night
For this Five Hundred.

And every table in the place
With oil had got a shining face,
And was laid out forthwith to grace
This swell Five Hundred.

The hostess thought that no one knew
(In confidence, I tell it you)
The winner's prize cost only 2
For this Five Hundred.

It looked as if it cost a pile.
Mere man would take it with a smile.
But, could it woman's eyes beguile?
Not at Five Hundred.

"We only need one trick, Miss Gaye.
I think we'll win. Miss Sharpe, your play.
Oh—HANG the Joker, anyway!"
Now, that's Five Hundred.

"Six on the Hearts." "I pass it by."
"May one bid five? If so, I'll try."
"Good Heavens, No! It's yours, Miss Sprye."
Yep, that's Five Hundred.

The hour grows late, and still they play.
And husbands, home at close of day,
And wives and dinners far away,
And curse Five Hundred.

Darkness falls, a laggard tread
His husband hears, and bows his head.
"Home: "Oh, Jack, I'm nearly dead!"
We played Five Hundred."

"My goodness; seven! How time flies!
"Poor boy, you're famished, I surmise.
"That snob, Miss Toodle, won the prize.
At the Five Hundred."

And hubby hasn't much to say.
But does he curse this game they play,
And does he wish it miles away?
About Five Hundred.

THE EARLIEST CHRISTIAN HYMN

To say that a hymn is the earliest known to Christianity, carries it back well toward the lifetime of Christ's apostles. That is precisely the record of the hymn of which three stanzas are given below. Its pedigree is not disputable. It was written by Clement of Alexandria, one of the most interesting of the earliest Christians, since he was the first to bring all the culture of the Greeks and all the speculations of the Christian heretics to bear on the exposition of Christian truth.

Clement's most active years were from 193 to 211 A.D., during which period he produced a considerable body of literary work. It has been conjectured that he was an Athenian by birth, but an Alexandrian by education, and it is definitely known that he passed from a state of heathenism to Christianity.

Not the least interesting of the facts about Clement of Alexandria is that he looked upon Christianity as a philosophy rather than as a religion. He believed the Scriptures to contain the revelation of God's wisdom to men, but Clement evidently believed Christ a great teacher rather than a divine being.

The hymn printed herewith is found in the third of Clement's ten books. The first four have come down to the present day almost complete.

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth,
Through devious ways;
Christ, our triumphant King!
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord!
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife!
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

Thou art wisdom's High Priest!
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love.
And in our mortal pain
None call on Thee in vain;
Here Thou dost not disdain
Help from above.

Eggs and a Dairy

By RIDER HAGGARD

In view of the fact that conditions on Vancouver Island, from the standpoint of agriculture and farming generally, are somewhat similar to conditions prevailing in rural Denmark, the following article which Mr. Haggard wrote for the London Times, may be of interest to many readers of the magazine.

A very interesting society which I visited in Copenhagen is the Danish Farmers' Co-operative Egg Export Association. Eggs in Denmark, I may observe, receive an individual attention which is lacking to them in this country. Thus I noted with interest that the first I chanced to eat for breakfast in Copenhagen bore the distinguishing number of 72,334. To what this enumeration referred I cannot say, but I may add that it was a good egg.

This Egg Export Association numbers 45,000 members, belonging to 550 local societies which supply the eggs. Every egg is stamped with the society's and the member's number, so that if necessary it can be traced back to the fowl that laid it. If by chance an individual member of one of these societies should supply a bad egg he is hunted down and fined 5 kroner (5s. 6½d.), whether the fault be his or that of the fowl. For in this matter, under a kind of employers' liability arrangement, a man is held to be responsible for the misbehavior of his hen. Ten million score of eggs pass through the hands of this society in the course of a year. This sounds a great number—one scarcely to be realized by the human mind. It bewilders as do the distances that, according to astronomers, lie between the earth and the remotest suns. However, it may be taken for granted, unless I made a mistake of an "o" in my notes.

When these countless hosts of eggs arrive at the depot in Copenhagen they are graded by skilled women (Denmark is full of skilled women!), who pick them out like lightning by the aid of their expert eyes. Of the best 120 weigh about 18½lb., and 120 of the worst weigh about 14½lb. A certain number of these arrive broken, for even in Denmark such accidents will happen. That nothing may be wasted, these are set aside and sold locally. They are used for omelettes. The intact eggs are then "candled"—that is, arranged in trays or racks over powerful electric lamps, from whose searching light nothing can be hid. If they are bad they betray one kind of opacity. If they have been set on, weird embryos appear. To the egg that lamp is a kind of judgment day. For the good egg it has no terrors; this declares itself at once by a halo-like luminosity which it is impossible to describe. The bad egg, however, becomes an object of more interest to its neglectful despatcher, who must pay the fine of 5 kroner. Such a person, I was informed, very rarely produces a second bad egg. The good eggs that have passed the test of the shining lamps are conveyed away, and after each of them has received the approbation of the society in the shape of its trademark, a stamp of an ornamental character bearing in its centre the letters D.A.A.E., are packed by more skilled women amongst wood shavings in boxes containing either 900 or 1,440 eggs—that is, eight or twelve hundred. This stamp of the Egg Export Society is very indelible, as I know from experience. Having by accident pressed it on my hand, notwithstanding repeated washings, for over two days I went about guaranteed as a good egg.

In the basement of the building are cement vats filled with the strongest lime-water and, I think, some other secret ingredients. Each of the vats contains from 5,000 to 7,000 scores of "pickled" or preserved eggs. These are placed in the lime-water about March and sometimes kept there for ten months, when they are taken out, "candled," and sold. In the year 1910, 10,000 cases, each of which contained 1,440 eggs, were thus laid down. At the time of my visit these "pickled" eggs were fetching from 8s. to 9s. per long hundred, delivered free on board ship. Like the fresh eggs, or the most part they go to England. It occurred to me that the enormous weight of

all these thousands of eggs would cause them to crush in the tanks, but it appears that the lime-water gives them sufficient support to prevent this catastrophe.

This Copenhagen egg establishment is but one of 10 such packing-stations that are scattered over Denmark. The manager informed me that the business began in 1895 and was growing every year. It started with little or no capital—indeed, farmers had to wait four weeks to be paid for their eggs. Now it has a reserve fund of £15,000, which is used as working capital. The central society settles the price of the eggs, which is fixed at a figure sufficient to clear a profit. In 1909 this profit amounted to £10,000, of which half was paid to the local societies for distribution among their members, while the other half is placed to the reserve fund. This reserve fund, however, is not allowed to accumulate for more than six years, after which it is distributed, six years' reserve being always kept in hand. Speaking generally, the business is run on sound lines and is very prosperous.

I may add that I did not observe that the Danish farmers pay any particular attention to their poultry. At least, those that I saw were for the most part of the ordinary farmyard breed and rather small. Still, hens should be judged by the eggs they produce, and these appear to be numerous.

On my way to the Island of Falster in the south of Denmark, whither I went to visit the Kammerherre Tesdorff and to study the growth of sugar-beet and its manufacture into sugar, I stopped at Haslev to see the famous Trifolium Dairy. This dairy, around which the town has sprung up, has three branch establishments at Faxe, Dalmose, and Maribo, but I understand that the Haslev depot is by far the most important.

In truth it is a wonderful place. But, I believe, at a cost of £40,000 some ten years ago, in another ten years the accumulated sinking fund will have paid off the total capital expenditure. Meanwhile, the balance of profit distributed after allowing for this sinking fund is distributed half-yearly among the co-operators, who, for the most part, are large landowners living within a distance of about 12 miles. I forget exactly how many cows supply the milk that is dealt with at the Trifolium Dairy, but I think they number about 12,000. This, however, may include those of which the milk goes to the sub-factories, though I am by no means certain on the point. The amount of milk which comes to the dairy is enormous. Again I cannot remember the exact figures, but I know that quite a hundred women are, on an average, employed to handle it—to say nothing of many other persons, male and female. From the drippings of the cans alone 200lb. Danish of milk are collected daily, and at the time of my visit in the autumn the weekly output of butter was about 14,000lb. Danish, besides other products such as cheese, of which huge quantities are manufactured. In short, the business is immense, and so far as I am aware, unequalled by anything of the same sort in England, which buys its output.

Trifolium is a long, low building with the usual platform on which are delivered the full cans that come in by rail or cart. Director Damant, who kindly showed me over the establishment, took me first to a place where samples of milk are tested twice a fortnight to ascertain their fat percentage. This is done in glass tubes arranged on electrical lyrotated machines, but the exact process I cannot explain. Here, too, sacks of chopped mangolds sent by the members are analyzed for their sugar values. (I wonder how many English farmers test their root crops in this fashion, and profit by the knowledge so obtained in order to grow them better.)

The milk on arriving in the dairy, where the noise is terrific, is weighed in a tin vat, and runs thence into an apparatus where it is heated by steam to 50deg. Celsius (or 122deg. Fahrenheit). Thence it goes to the great separators. After separation the skim is taken away in pipes, most of it to be sent back to the

farmers for pigs' food, while the cream is reheated to about 100deg. Celsius (212deg. Fahrenheit), then cooled immediately and pumped into vats in another room, where it stands 24 hours to ripen before being made into butter on the following day. In this room young women, clothed in white dresses and wearing high sabots, were engaged in mixing a carefully prepared lactic-acid culture which is used to sour the cream before it is churned. From this chamber the cream travels into another, where it is churned in five huge steam-driven churns, the production of butter being regulated according to the market price. On the further side of this room are two cement troughs filled with cold water, in which the butter lies for half-an-hour to gain texture. After this it is worked on circular steam-operated machines, by which it is washed, salted, and moulded. The surplus cream is exported to Germany and there made into butter.

In an adjoining gallery the worked butter is packed in tubs for export to England. These tubs when filled are of three weights—namely, 100 kilos, 50 kilos, and 25 kilos. It is easy to trace any one of them, in the event of its contents proving unsatisfactory, by means of a numbered label placed upon the butter, to which has been added from 2 to 3½ per cent of salt in accordance with the requirements of its destined market. The parchment paper used in the packing is specially treated with sulphuric acid and sugar to make it tough and waterproof. Near by is a butter store that by means of special machinery can be cooled in summer and warmed in winter, and also a place for the thorough cleansing of the tubs. Further on stands the engine-house, where a 100 horse-power machine which has worked daily for ten years, supplies power, and another machine produces cold air. Also electric light is generated, and there is a control board from which the temperature of all the different departments is regulated.

Passing the boilers and the place where the cans are cleaned by being inverted over steam pipes, I came to yet another department, where the skim milk is delivered into great tanks. Of this skim 90 per cent is returned to the farmers, who pay for it at the rate of 1 ore (or half a farthing) the pound, the rest being used in the manufacture of cheese. This I saw in progress, the men working the cheese in the vats with their hands. Some of the whey that exudes from it is taken by the farmers, who pay for it at the rate of 25 ore (3d.) per 100lb., and use it to feed pigs. This whey, or a portion of it, is separated to extract the last drops of butter-fat, which are churned into a second-class butter. Sundry sorts of cheeses are made, either from skim milk or skim mixed with whole milk, one kind called Norwegian cheese being brown in color. This is done up into pound packets covered with silver paper, and calls for 30 ore (3½d.) the pound retail. Another, called Swiss cheese, is a sort of imitation Gruyere—I think Ementhaler is its name—and each of these cheeses weighs 150lb. and is worth 100 kroner. (£5 10s. 6d.). Then there are the cheese stores, one of them hot, and another containing 300,000lb. weight of old cheese. The contents of these stores in 1909 totalled 1,500,000lb. Danish.

Also I visited a repairing shop and another where the milk-cans are mended. I understood that the wage of the head man in this department is between 4,000 and 5,000 kroner (£221 13s. 4d. to £277) per annum, with food, lodging, light and fuel—a high salary for Denmark. Lastly, there were the laboratory where tests of butter, cheese, etc., are carried out every day, the bathrooms for the staff, and above them the cooper's shop, where the casks are manufactured.

Such is a brief account of the most marvelous place of its sort that I have seen in any land. I can only say that its arrangements, organization, and scientific attention to detail filled me with wonder. To see it alone would have been worth a visit to Denmark, showing as it does what can be done by intelligently directed co-operation.

How Portland Cement Received Its Name

Cement was used long before the dawn of authentic history, but Portland cement is a distinctively modern invention, says the Cement World. The ancient cements were invariably of the class we call "natural"—that is, made from natural raw material used just as it was taken from mother earth, without alteration or admixture. Portland cement, on the other hand, is always the result of a carefully determined and scientifically proportioned artificial mixture.

The cement used by the ancient Romans, for example, was made by grinding volcanic lava. This was first obtained for the purpose on the slopes of Vesuvius, near Pozzuoli, thus giving origin to the name "Pozzuolana" or "Puzzolan" cement, of which small quantities are made to this day. In making their mortar and concrete, the Romans mixed the ground lava with a certain proportion of slaked lime, and for their aggregate used sand and gravel or broken stone, just as we do today. They mixed their concrete in batches, and, as shown by the impressions plainly discernible in the remains still standing in the Roman forum and other parts of the Imperial City, they erected wooden forms similar to those in use now, into which the concrete was poured and allowed to set.

During the Middle Ages, hydraulic cements fell into comparative disuse, and it was not until the eighteenth century that a demand for them was revived. But up to the time of the invention of Portland cement, early in the nineteenth century, the demand was met chiefly by importations of Puzzolan cement and "Dutch" cement, or trass, from the Continent, both of which were made by the simple grinding of a natural rock of volcanic origin.

Portland cement was invented by Joseph Aspdin, a bricklayer and builder living in Leeds, the principal manufacturing town of Yorkshire. In his first experiments he used for raw material the mud scraped from the roads near his place.

As the roads were clayey and had been macadamized, the mud was really an artificial mixture of limey and clayey materials—the essential basis of the modern process of manufacture. Mr. Aspdin, we are told, first produced his cement in 1811, but it was not until 1824 that he patented his invention. On October 21, 1824, under the royal seal of King George the Fourth, letters patent were issued to Joseph Aspdin for his invention of "an improvement in the modes of producing an artificial stone."

Mr. Aspdin gave the name "Portland" to

his cement, because of the resemblance in appearance between the artificial stone made from it and the natural stone found in the famous Portland quarries on the southern coast of England. These well-known quarries, of which there are over fifty in number, are situated in Dorsetshire, on the Isle of Portland, a peninsula jutting out into the English Channel.

The Portland stone is a white or creamy, hard, closely compacted limestone of the oolitic variety, the best quality being found in the top bed and in the northeastern part of the peninsula, the poorest in the southwestern part. For centuries this stone has been a favorite building stone in England for cathedrals, churches and public buildings. Among the prominent structures built of it might be mentioned St. Paul's Cathedral, finished about 1700; Goldsmith's Hall; the west towers of Westminster Abbey; and the Eddystone Light-house, built by the English engineer, John Smeaton, in 1759.

SIZED UP

A square deal is as broad as it is long.—Chicago News.

Millenniumville News

[This budget of news is supplied by our own correspondent. We do not accept any responsibility for his statements, as we pay him a large salary with the distinct understanding that he is to take the consequences of his own loquacity. For the benefit of intending punsters, we may state that our correspondent is six feet in height, weighs 200 pounds, and once thrashed John L. Sullivan.]

Up to the time he was elected reeve of this town, a year ago, Doc Spyres appeared to be a normal human being, despite the fact he was a doctor, with normal tastes and normal ideas and the normal amount of ordinary horse sense. His actions during the past twelve months, however, would lead one to believe that he escaped from a lunatic asylum when the keeper was playing solo. Millenniumville has been needing better streets ever since the first shack was erected in the town. In years past the council has talked over the matter annually, and the practice of talking and talking and talking has become quite popular, each recurring council feeling that it should not exercise untoward haste in disposing of the matter. Last year the citizens of this town took pains to elect a council of men, not old women, who would, it was hoped, get down to business and "do something." Now, at last week's meeting, when everything was brought to a head, and when it remained only for the reeve to add his vote to the bylaws providing for new streets, Doc Spyres refuses to sign the bylaws. He states that, notwithstanding the council's approval of the scheme decided upon, he personally is not in favor of it. He also objects to the council's selection of the man who is to drive the team that will do the street repairing and grading. The council decided to appoint old Joe Gump, the town pauper, but Reeve Spyres, who seems to have suddenly gone crazy, wants to import an "expert" teamster from some other place. Never mind, wait until next election!

A rather unusual incident marred the bridge when Mrs. Pottington Jones gave last Thursday evening. So far as our correspondent can learn, while the evening was going along smoothly as an oily sea, Mrs. Miwurd-Thynkvett and Mrs. Reales Tate, who were partners in one of the rubbers, became involved in a heated discussion. Strangely enough, the subject was not bridge, nor even harem skirts, but real estate. Mrs. Miwurd-Thynkvett had happened to state incidentally that in buying a lot one must always make a second payment before one could legally re-sell the property. Mrs. Reales Tate took exception to this. "You may know something of sugar-cured bacon, my dear," she said (Mrs. Miwurd-Thynkvett's husband being a pork packer), "but you haven't even a faint notion of real estate transactions." This raised an Irish that may have lurked in Mrs. Miwurd-Thynkvett's English blood, and, your correspondent has it on good authority, she made some sharp retort and fastened her bejeweled hands in Mrs. Reales Tate's hair. Bad blood had been brewing between the two for some months, it is said. Mrs. Pottington-Jones was able to separate her two lady guests before any casualties resulted.

Ted Wintres, who left Millenniumville in the days of the Klondike rush, and who was not heard of again, returned unexpectedly last week with King Solomon's mines in his pocket. Ted was bursting out with enthusiasm and made a bee line for the old home to see his old mother again. Doc Spyres had the pleasant task of informing him that poor old Mrs. Wintres joined the Great Majority last spring.

As an illiterate person might say, news are scarce this week. One of our respected citizens has threatened to horsewhip me in the public street, however, and I may have something interesting for next Sunday.

CORRESPONDENT.

THE GRAVE OF CARE

We buried Care in an open grave,
And high, and we sang the songs,
The laugh and the song and the cheer we gave
Rang out to the Hill of Gods.
We buried Care with a right good will,
And never a sigh gave we,
And over the mound we danced our fill
And planted the seeds of glee.
It's many a day since the seeds were sown
In a single mirthful hour,
And up from the mould they all have grown
With many a charming flower.

There are Blossoms of Cheerfulness, Buds of Mirth,
Sprigs of the Merry Heart;
There are perfumed flowers of the Joy of Earth
And blooms of the Better Part.
We water them all as they grow and grow
With the tears of our revelry,
And hour by hour they nod and blow
To the beautiful sunlit sea.
So sing, oh, sing me a carefree song
And take me—I wot not where,
So the sun be warm and the day be long
And the flow'rs on the grave of Care.
—C. L. Armstrong (of Victoria) in April Smart Set.

A FIGHTING CHANCE

The advanced English class had been reading "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and had reached the dramatic line where it said, "A plashy tramp caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod."

"Put it into your own words," asked the teacher of a promising-looking student. "Why," he replied promptly, "the dirty tramp got a hold of his sore ear."