The World for a Week

THE trouble over claims between England and Germany on the one hand and Venezuela on the other has culminated in the seizure and destruction by the two former powers of almost the entire navy of little Venezuela. This action is really no infringement upon the Monroe doctrine. On the contrary, the two European nations have been wholly in line with the stand of the United States in the application of the Monroe doctrine. The interpretation given to the doctrine by President Roosevelt is "We do not ask under this doctrine for any exclusive commercial dealings with another American state. We do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power." Some weeks ago, the present actions of England and Germany were outlined to the authorities at Washington, so that unless their seizure of the customs offices develops into an indefinite occupation, Venezuela will not gain any support from the United States. Her action against citizens of England and Germany and her refusal to pay the just claims for damage, has laid her open to this retaliation by the powers concerned.

Ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed died at Washington on December 6, after a very brief illness. Mr. Reed was born at Portland, Maine, on October 18, 1839. He was elected to the forty-fifth congress in 1876 and served continuously until the close of the fifty-fifth congress, when he retired from public life and took up the practice of law in New York. He was one of the most famous speakers who ever presided over the house of representatives.

Miners have had their innings this week in the testimony before the court of inquiry, and the stories told are anything but pleasant. Some say that wages, in cash, have not been paid to them in eighteen years, the company store and debts to the company eating the salary up, even when a miner made as much as $70 a month. There were other stories, too, of evictions and hardships which may or may not be general experiences, but which show the dark side of the life of the miners.

Winter settled down upon the country in earnest this past week. In the northwest there was quite a fall of snow, the thermometer dropped below zero in the twin cities, and the east suffered intensely from a cold wave and blizzard.

The greatest destitution for thirty years now prevails in London. Winter came earlier than usual and the free soup kitchens which have never been opened until December were thrown open early in November in response to the appeal of the destitute. The police have found more bundles of frozen humanity in the streets than they can keep track of. The men and women without work and money find it too cold to sleep in the parks as is their wont, so they have to walk almost day and night to keep from freezing.

King Edward has at last rebelled from the invasion of his privacy by newspaper reporters and artists. He has issued orders that while state apartments will be open hereafter, not one of the private apartments in any of the palaces shall be open to visitors or newspaper people. He says that these apartments ought not to be made subjects of general inspection.

Alfred E. Buck, United States minister to Japan, dropped dead while hunting with the mikado on Dec. 4. Mr. Buck was born in Foxport, Maine, in 1832 and had occupied his present post since 1897.

It is reported on what seems to be good authority that Queen Wilhelmina and her husband, Prince Henry, will make a tour of the United States this coming spring. She will leave on a Dutch man-of-war in March, going to the East Indies, and from there to San Francisco. The trip across the American continent will be made incognito, so that the features which made Prince Henry of Prussia's visit like a royal progress, will be lacking. She will tour Yellowstone Park and visit Niagara Falls. She will also call upon President Roosevelt informally.

Thomas Nast, the well-known cartoonist, who was consul-general to Ecuador, died there of yellow fever on Dec. 7. Nast's last cartoon, printed in a New York paper, showed him greeted by Yellow Jack upon his arrival at his post. He was of Bavarian birth, but came to the United States in 1846, when he was not quite six years old. His education was gained in the public schools and while quite young he showed a decided talent for drawing. In 1860-61 he went through the Garibaldi campaign in Italy representing American and British newspapers. Altogether, he was the most famous cartoonist that the United States has produced.

Dr. William Keen, the noted surgeon of Philadelphia, who was called in to perform an operation upon Midshipman Aiken to remove a clot upon the brain, formed as the result of a football accident, has made a striking plea for vivisection. He said that had he been asked to take the case before 1885 he would have thought that the pain in the forehead which Aiken complained of was the cause of the spasms which affected the right arm. Had he made an incision on this spot, he would have missed the clot and the patient's life would have been sacrificed. By experiments in vivisection, however, he had located in animals the "arm center" and over that spot he made his incision, finding the fatal clot which was safely removed and the patient's life saved. The anti-vivisectionists have denied that surgeons gain anything of importance in these experiments upon animals, but Dr. Keen says in the most emphatic manner that had he not learned from vivisection where the brain centers are that control certain members, he could not have performed this and other operations successfully.

The French government through its embassador has sent a historical painting to the city of Detroit. It represents King Louis XIV. giving to Chevalier de Cadillac the letters patent for the founding of the city of Detroit. The scene is laid in the palace of Versailles and represents the king surrounded by his ministers and his secretaries of state.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, formerly dean of Wellesley college and later dean of women at the University of Chicago, died suddenly in Paris on December 6. Mrs. Palmer was making a tour of Europe with her husband, Professor Palmer of Harvard university.

New Haven, Conn., has been having a suggestion of coal riots since the cold weather came on. One firm in the town was known to have received a supply of coal and about 100 men, women and children rushed to the yards to buy. When the firm refused, they became riotous. When the employes finally shut them out of the offices and yard, they went to the police station to beg the police to get coal for them. This could not be done, of course, and there is fear that more serious riots will occur.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is famous as a practical inventor as well as for being a member of the famous Vanderbilt family, lies critically ill with typhoid fever at his home in New York. Complications affecting his heart make his recovery very uncertain.

Since Nov. 17, when an earthquake shook southern Utah, there have been daily shocks felt in the extreme southeastern portion of the state. In one place the shocks have been so severe that the public schools have been closed for several days.

The First Church Bells.

The city of Nola, in Campania, was the first where church bells were used. This was about the year 400 A. D.

MADE in MINNEAPOLIS

CANDY.

THEE boys and girls may be seen almost any day trudging to the candy store with a penny clasped tightly in a chubby fist. Most children know the joy of such a journey; often they have stood in wide-eyed admiration before the "penny" showcase, taking huge delight in gazing at the toothsome displays, their eyes lingering lovingly upon each sweet mound. But scant notice is taken of more expensive sweetmeats—only the least bit can be bought with a penny! With an important air and at peace with all the world, the youthful purchasers trudge home again with their peppermint sticks, in blissful ignorance of the source of their delight—the candy factory. Indeed, few grownups know much of this Minneapolis industry, the most interesting of all to the children.

It is a very enchanting place, the factory. Four floors high and taking up a fair portion of the fourth of a square block, it seems to promise much for the mysteries within; the long line of wagons backed against the curb, and the well-fed boxes and pails peeping through dusty panes, are no less suggestive than the faintest of fragrant odors. Passersby sniff and sniff again; and if it were permitted, they would accept this alluring invitation and flock to the factory as bees to a honey-pot.

A flight to the upper regions, a sudden entrance under a big barndoor, and the vast workroom on the fourth floor is revealed. The first impression is that of a medley of machinery, "witches' pots," and neat stacks of washboards; while floor, washboards, and even the workmen are powdered as if by a flurry of snow. By and by the medley resolves into copper boilers, piles of shallow wooden trays, and starch, which seemed to be everywhere. In this room three kinds of candy—bonbons, gumdrops and marshmallows—are made, except the finishing touches.

The process in each case is practically the same. Into the great boiler, a copper kettle three feet in diameter, reserved for bonbons, are put just the right quantities of sugar, water, cream of tartar and glucose—an indispensable material in candy-making. It is a thick, colorless, syrup-product of corn, made in Chicago especially for the manufacture of candy, and brought to Minneapolis by the carload. The word "glucose" means "sweet," but it is tasteless except for a slight flavor of nuts. When the attendant finds the candy is done by testing it in cold water, he removes it to a machine near called a "cream-cooler and stirrer," which at first glance might be taken for an old-fashioned cider-press. The upper part of the machine is the "cooler"—a rectangular box filled with pipes into which cold water is pumped. The syrup, now called cream, runs out at the bottom in "waterspout" streams as clear and silvery as melted glass, and flows into the "stirrer," also a deep, rectangular box. It is now a creamy mass of "fondant" which is vigorously stirred by a boy with a spade, then placed upon marble slabs and again worked with spades. Before it is ready to be molded into various forms of dainty bonbons, it is remelted and flavoring and vegetable coloring added.

Then comes the most interesting part of the work, molding or "casting." First a figure, the shape and size of the bonbons to be cast, is cut out of plaster of paris. Then a shallow wooden tray, about twenty-eight inches by fifteen inches, is filled with starch, into which the plaster bonbon is pressed until the tray is covered with prints. These prints are filled with plaster of paris, and when it has hardened—lo! out come a number of "dummy" bonbons, which are fastened in neat rows upon a board for a pattern. Patterns may be of any design, but all are made in the same way. Across the busy room from the cream kettle stands a marvelous machine called the "Mogul," which "prints" the molds and fills them with cream. The pattern is fixed near the center of the machine, and as shallow trays filled with starch pass under it in a never-ending procession, it stamps its design upon each with a regular up-and-down motion. The molds are carried along to the "depositor," a receptacle holding the liquid cream and having a row of tubes at the bottom. The molds pause under the tubes, and from each there falls a drop of syrup; a row of prints in the mold is filled at the same time, the mold being pushed forward until all are filled. There are different sizes of tubes for different designs, and the mouths of each size may be made larger or smaller by the twist of a crank. Having been filled with cream, the molds are stacked up and left till the cream has hardened.

The great "Mogul" performs another feat yet more wonderful. When the bonbons have hardened, the trays are carried to the other end of the machine and set upon two arms. These arms, with almost human intelligence, lift the pile of trays, permitting two drag-chains to carry the bottom tray into the machine. By lifting a lid in the top a drama of things instead of people is closed: As each tray enters in turn it is whipped up on one end, thus throwing the candy and starch pell-mell into a moving sieve. The starch falls through, and by a revolving set of blades is carried up to fill the trays again. Meanwhile the candy is carried into another compartment, where a long, cylindrical brush swings above the sieve; it brushes the candy off and blows the starch below at the same time. Only bonbons and gumdrops can be run through the "Mogul," as marshmallows are too soft. Gumdrops are made in almost the same way, with this difference: Cornstarch is added to the sugar, glucose and water; then when they are molded and ready to harden, they are stacked in the drying room in a temperature of 150 degrees, which uncomfortably reminds one of the tropics. There is a greater difference in the making of marshmallows. Gelatin is used in the place of cornstarch; and instead of being stirred with a spade, as bonbons are, the syrup is taken to the "mixer"—a machine shaped like a barrel on its side. An apparatus within revolves and beats the marshmallow syrup until it is light and puffy as frosting. This delicious looking batter is run into molds by hand, as it is too thick for a machine.

Very naturally there are bonbons and bonbons. The kind described above is called "mixed"; the better grade contains no glucose, consisting simply of sugar, water and a small quantity of cream of tartar, with vanilla flavoring of course. This is called dipping cream, and is "doctored"—that is, the quantity of ingredients is varied—according to the goods required. All the best candies are cast by hand, then taken to the dippers. Several girls sit at a long table, each having before her a small copper kettle heated by steam. The kettles contain various colors of cream—chocolate, maple, lemon, etc.—and into these the white bonbons are dipped, then placed in beautiful tempting rows. Another kind of dip is the "crystalline dip." When the bonbons emerge from this treatment they sparkle with tiny sugar crystals.

The "pan room"—doubly suggestive to girls who dislike dishwashing and boys with grimy faces!—proved to be a region of delight instead of a bugaboo. The "pans" are not shiny dishpans and wash basins at all, but are eight immense copper bowls with yawning mouths, raised to an easy height and tilted so one may work conveniently. One is the polisher, the ridges on its inner surface giving hard candy a smooth finish as it whirls. Around the outside of seven are coils of steam pipes. Into these bowls are put quantities of plain candy; water and sugar are sprinkled over them, and sometimes coloring also; the great bowls whirl around, forming brilliantly-colored cascades within; and when the pans have ceased there is the candy all colored and sugar-coated.

The pans are used, too, for making that variety of sweetmeat called "jaw-breakers," dear to Johnny and a source of torment to Johnny's mother, who fears for the health of his teeth. "Jaw-breakers" are little black balls, hard as the proverbial rock, which look like striped marbles inside. Caraway seeds are placed in a pan, and coat after coat of differently colored sugar whirled on, each coat being allowed to harden in turn. In a farther corner of the pan-room, perhaps candy hearts of delicate tints and tender inscriptions, most attractive as valentines, may be in process of construction. A large wooden bin holds a lump of candy "dough" possessing this peculiarity: It is not cooked at all. Its ingredients, powdered sugar, glucose, and a gummy material resembling starch ready to use, are mixed by hand. The dough is rolled out in large sheets like pie-crust, the inscriptions stamped upon them, and finally the hearts are cut out with a sort of biscuit-cutter.

A descent to the lower regions, the third floor, reveals a veritable wonderland—the penny goods department and the home of chocolate creams. A small-sized book could barely do justice to "penny land." Each alluring sweetmeat is made in its own particular way, so there are ways almost without end. Out of the buzzing mixture of machines, people and steaming kettles, was seized this one fact of absorbing interest—the way stick candy is striped. A huge roll of soft lemon candy is laid on the table, and narrow strips of white cream are stuck upon it lengthwise at intervals. The workman pulls out one end in a long, thin rope, twisting it as he pulls. The rope of candy is then cut off and rolled until it takes the required spiral form.

Chocolate creams have a department all to themselves, befitting their high place in the popular affections. The centers of the creams are made in much the same way that bonbons are, then they are ready for the chocolate-coating machine. Dozens of them are put upside down into flat wire baskets which the machine lowers into a brown pool of rich, savory chocolate. The melted chocolate is kept in motion so the drops may be thoroughly coated. When all have received a chocolate bath, the baskets are drawn up and a tray placed over the top. In a second the creams are whisked right-side up and away to the refrigerator to cool. Beyond the refrigerator is a room which might easily be imagined as the workshop of Santa Claus. It is kept cool by frosted pipes, and is moreover a treasure-house of sweets. Here are dipped the best chocolate creams, the work being done by hand as in the case of expensive bonbons. Almost half a hundred girls are engaged in this department, dipping the creams, ornamenting them with nuts, little silver balls, and fanciful bits of colored sugar, and finally backing them carefully into boxes with cardboard and wax paper.

Down a winding stair and fairyland, or a very real bit of it, is left behind. Yet there lingers in the twilight of the vast storerooms, the witchery of sweet odors, and the complacent airs of stacks and stacks of fat barrels and boxes, and pails, a suggestion of the wonderful which inspired a greater appreciation for the works of man.

—Mina B. Price.

QUAINT BLUE-COAT SCHOOL.

Ancient Institution of London Moved Into the Country After Three Centuries.

The quaint institution known as the "Blue-Coat" School of Christ's Hospital, is no longer one of the interesting features of London; it has been moved into the country. On March 16 the bishop of London preached at Christ church, Newgate street, the sermon bidding a formal farewell for the parish to the boys who through succeeding generations since 1552 have been a part of the congregation. On Sunday, April 13, the Blues were to sit in their Christ church seats for the last time. The hatless boys with long blue robe, yellow stockings and leather girdle who have typified ancient London to many a visitor from the New World, must henceforth be sought in the fields of Sussex. After 350 years in the heart of a city, the school will be grudged its fresher air only by confirmed antiquarians.