

If she then taught in my school I should pay her in full what her certificate entitled her to have and which she would be paid if any one else employed her, and then I should not consider her an honourable girl, or worthy of any respect if she did not pay me back in full, what I had spent upon her. But she would and she would grow and develop in strength of character while doing it, just as I expect the girls I am now training to grow strong and self-reliant, by managing for themselves now, and to know how to support themselves by the time they are fifteen years old. And I am expecting to *succeed*.

M. HATCHER,
Salvation Army Major.

THE PAPITA, OR POPAIYA.

By REV. N. L. ROCKEY.

ITS DIETARY VALUE.

MY first real introduction to this wonderful fruit was seeing an invalid "who could not eat anything" almost live on it. I had once before met it and tasted it with disgust, putting it down as something nauseating and to be avoided. The reason was that the lady who served it, permitted it to be "chopped into little cubes and served with sugar on it." Bah! I can feel my disgust yet. It was later that I learned the lusciousness and dietary value of the papita fresh from the tree or properly ripened off the tree. I have known very few sick who would refuse it in this state and eaten with or without a little salt, served fresh cut.

ITS CULTURE.

There are some localities where it does not seem to come to anything like perfection and needs study and coaxing, but most places where frosts come seldom or very light it can be grown, and even poor ones are welcome in the sick room if properly served.

My first venture in growing it was in Shahjahanpur from inferior bazar specimens' seed. I had trees but no fruit. I did not then know that some trees are "male" and some "female", or how to distinguish between them. Probably my fruitless trees were all male,—bearing long tasseled small flowers sprouting out far from the stem, instead of upright bell-shaped blossoms in the stem of the long leaves.

My next venture was at Sitapur where I fell heir to a large tree several years old that bore fair fruit. That cold season I visited Madras and ate there a piece of a very fine melon; my hostess told me that they came from Bangalore. I begged the seed—about a dozen in all, sent them to Sita-

pur; the *mali* planted them immediately in February and by December I had as beautiful a lot of trees and fruit as I have ever seen, but unfortunately it was the season of the great freeze, '04-'05, and all were destroyed to the ground. As I was leaving Sitapur, I did not try again until I came from furlough to Gonda.

On arrival here in 1907 I immediately wrote to a friend at Bangalore for seed and since then have never lacked for fruit in its season, which may be from six to nine months a year. I cannot understand how some years they ripen from October on and again not till February.

I later greatly improved my stock by getting seed from some of the islands of the Eastern seas, which I understand were introduced there from the Sandwich Islands. I have had the pleasure of supplying many friends with seed of these improved varieties, many of whom have had conspicuous success.

I certainly advise everybody to make the attempt of growing papitas and suggest that if possible they get their start from Bangalore and up-country seed grown side by side, but so distinguished that when they come they may be recognized and one or two of the most vigorous males of the Bangalore ones kept for the fertilization of plants for future propagation. I consider it wise to get new seed from the south every second or third year to plant along with the acclimatized.

"But," some one says, "how do you grow them? What kind of soil and treatment do they require?" I am sure that I can't tell you. I simply put in my seed and, like Topsy "They just grewed."

A writer in the Pioneer said that he had his best results from growing them in a mixture of rotted manure and leaf mould. I plant part of my seed in flower pots and after they are six inches high transplant where they get plenty of sun and a fair amount of water, in ground prepared as for an ordinary vegetable garden. It is my opinion that they depend more on the climatic condition of the atmosphere than on the soil. I am the more convinced of this because my very trees that produced such luscious thick-fleshed fruit last year, this year have thin fruit of very poor taste and general appearance. Famine conditions are prevailing here and nothing, even with plenty of irrigation, is doing very well.

THE FINAL WORD.

I can imagine nothing more refreshing to be grown about hospitals, and nursing homes than these trees, both for the dietary value of the fruit and its cheer-bringing clusters of melons and the general gracefulness of the tree itself. I imagine that even the green fruit can be very tastefully prepared as an invalid diet of great value but I have not proved it, nor can I suggest the manner unless it be as stewed pumpkin seasoned with butter or cream.