

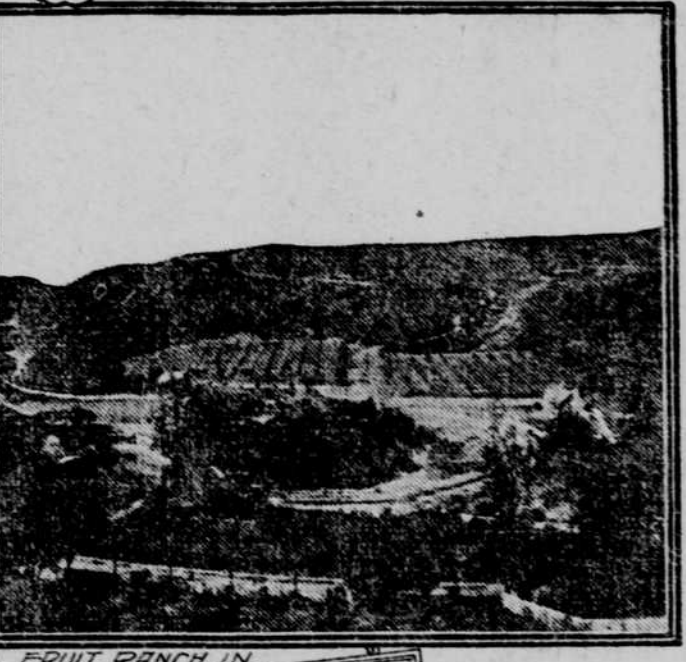
# The UNITED STATES APPLE CROWER to the WORLD

It is not too much to say that the American apple—yellow or green or rosy, but rich and mellow, always—is the most widely known and most highly esteemed product of Uncle Sam's domain in the estimation of the great majority of the people over seas. We hear much talk of the extent to which American inventions and utilities have won their way around the world, and it is literally true. All up and down the highways of the earth we find strange people using Yankee safety razors and kodaks and enjoying the music of American-made phonographs. But after all it is the American apple which has done more than anything else to carry conviction as to what a bounteous realm is this premier republic of the new world.

And, speaking of the apple, it must not be supposed that any measure of its prestige is due to the mere fact that it is a food, whereas some of the other things which we export to the tune of millions of dollars a year are luxuries, pure and simple. The United States is food purveyor to the world with other staples than the hatching products of our orchards. Why if it were not for our wheat and corn, for instance, half of Europe would go hungry just as were we not for our cotton, thousands of employees of foreign cotton mills would go idle. But with all due respect to these facts it may yet be declared that the American apple is in a class by itself. The old world owes her tobacco and



A PROFITABLE ORCHARD



MODEL FRUIT RANCH IN THE SOUTHWEST



A HEAVY BEARING TREE READY FOR THE PICKERS



A FAR FLUNG ORCHARD

potatoes to the new world, likewise, but these she has succeeded in transplanting to her own soil. For the appetizing apple at its best, however, she must still come to the land of the Stars and Stripes.

There does not seem to be a very clear record of just when the American export trade in apples had its beginnings, but probably it began on a small scale almost as soon as the lovers of the good things of earth discovered what a precious boon is the neatly spheroid with its refreshing, thirst-quenching propensities. The lands over seas have acquired their enthusiasm for American apples partly because they have already had the best grade of the fruit served to them. There are two explanations of this. On the one hand there is the consideration that only a good grade of apple of certain varieties has the keeping quality to permit of its exportation—a transfer that means that weeks and more likely months must intervene between the time the apples are picked in Amer-

ica and the time they are eaten under foreign skies.

The second consideration, and it is equally important, is that the sale of American apples abroad, extensive as it is, does not come to the aid of the most conservative European epicure to concede that America must be a wonderful place after all.

But it would be a great mistake to convey the impression that it is only the apples from Oregon and Washington which are freighted over land and sea to win praises in foreign tongues. The greatest apple shipping port in the world is Watsonville, California, and countless apples have gone forth as silent missionaries from the great orchards of the middle west and particularly from the Ozarks which long ago attained a proud position as a fountain head of the stream of apples that annually overspreads the world. The most famous apple growing region in the east—the picturesque Albemarle highlands of old Virginia—is likewise a heavy contributor to the larders of moneyed foreigners. From this historic section of the Old Dominion come the famous Albemarle pippings which bring prices ranging up to \$10 a barrel and which are such favorites

In England that the tight little isle takes the lion's share of the crop. This is the apple which was so favored by the late Queen Victoria and which is likewise the especial favorite of Britain's new king.

Since this country has assumed the role of purveyor of apples to the civilized world, a great change has taken place in the methods of harvesting the choicest grades of apples. No more is there resort to the old haphazard method of detaching one boy to climb the tree and shake the limbs while other lads gathered from the ground the fruit which, in all too many cases, was more or less damaged by the fall. Nowadays when keeping qualities are as desirable as flavor in an apple, each apple is picked at its prime—that is when it has attained perfection of color, but before it has commenced to grow mellow—and is carefully packed in box or barrel from which it will emerge in perfect condition after months of cold storage.

It was because of the difficulty of obtaining apples that had been packed with extreme care that many large buyers, particularly those buying for foreign markets, some years ago inaugurated the practice of buying the apples on the trees and themselves attending to the picking and shipment. The plan has proven so satisfactory to both growers and buyers that it has been paid for the fruit "on the trees" in a single orchard. Of course, the grower does not get as large a lump sum as he would for the packed apples, but his net return is as great or greater and he saves himself no end of trouble and worry and controversy. The apple buyer who purchases an apple crop on the trees in this fashion may bring in his own expert pickers to harvest the fruit or he may merely employ the labor in the neighborhood.

It is sometimes declared that a considerable portion of the American people has to put up with what are, in effect, second-grade apples, while the proudest products of our orchards go scooting past our doors enroute to castles and hotels and mansions beyond the Atlantic. Of course, this is true, only in a measure. Immense quantities of all the high-priced varieties of American apples are consumed right here at home, although it may be admitted that the bulk of the supply for the populous eastern cities comes from the orchards of New York, New England and other districts that are close at hand. But, by the way, it may be added that the apple-growing industry in New England is taking a great "brace" as regards the quality of the fruit produced. Stony hillsides, particularly in Connecticut, are, under the advanced methods of cultivation, being made to yield heavy crops of huge delicious apples and if the sort of thing keeps on the time is coming when New England apples will vie in the markets of the world with the prize specimens from the west coast.

A noticeable characteristic of the American apple growing industry in all sections of the country is found in the immense numbers of people who are entering the field. There seems to be something of a general mania to take up fruit raising which exceeds in extent the stampede of a few years ago to get into the poultry-raising business. A good many of the newcomers have had little experience in fruit raising, or indeed in farming of any sort and those who are laboring, as many of them are, under the delusion that fruit-raising is an "easy money" proposition requiring neither experience nor hard work, would seem doomed to a rude awakening. On the other hand many of the men who have lately taken up apple raising as a serious business are shrewd business men of energy and determination who will win out in the end, even if they do stumble a few times at first. What is more, a number of them have the capital back of them to stick at the game and this is important inasmuch as the apple industry is liable to prove a waiting game, not only with young trees which have not reached the bearing stage but also to some extent with mature orchards when a late frost or other inauspicious conditions may ruin a crop and allow the grower no chance for a profit until a full year hence.

Some of the apple growers have expressed fear within the past year or two that this immense influx of apple producers will serve to in time glut the market and force down prices. The best-posted authorities, however, take little stock in any dire predictions in this direction. They point out that not only is apple consumption bound to have a natural increase proportionate to the growth in the population of the country, but, more significant still is the circumstance that the American people are learning to make more extensive use of this supremely healthful fruit, serving it in a variety of new forms which will make the fruit what is ought to be—a staple on every American table.

There were points of resemblance between Mrs. Hammond and the lilies of the field; she had married a young man with a good salary, but she herself had never earned a penny in her life, nor had she been blessed with well-to-do parents.

"We have a joint account in the National Fountain bank," she announced to one of her friends, when she had been married a few months. "It is such fun to pay bills by check."

"What do you mean by a joint account?" asked the incredulous friend. "Do you put in equal sums?"

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When they had run out the lady opened her eyes. "Doc," she gasped, "you're a good fellow, ain't you? I know you know there's nothing the matter with me. I want a day off act. Can't you fix it?"

"I sure can," he answered, wringing her hand sympathetically. "I ain't a doctor—I came in on his ticket. We'll fix it."

# THE SCHOOLMA'AM GIRL

By MICHAEL J. PORTER

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Gideon Rush noticed the girl before they reached Chicago, though he was a shy, hard-working young man who had really noticed few women in his day.

But even Gideon could be pardoned for looking again at the "schoolma'am girl," as he quaintly nicknamed her.

None but a school teacher would have that air and that pencil. And she was so young and so good to look at that Gideon was reminded of little girls who played at various games, like keeping house, and going visiting, and teaching school. She was a school teacher; and yet the title wasn't distinctive enough. It did not classify her. She was all girl, too—young and sweet and happy. So "schoolma'am girl" it was.

Gideon, who was going out to Oregon to grow apples, saw that the schoolma'am girl had a ticket much like his own—a green one as long as his arm.

Was she going west, too, maybe to Oregon? But no; that was impossible. He would lose her at Chicago, where she would change to one of the other hundred trains that shuttled away in every direction.

It was dark when they rumbled into the bedlam called Chicago. She seemed so little and alone and grave—some of her bright cheerfulness had departed—that Gideon said a regretful farewell with his eyes. And she answered the same way.

Gideon hurried into the sticky mid-summer night, because everyone else was hurrying; found a modest restaurant in the glare and clutter; hurried through a meal and trotted back to the great station as the uniformed man at the gate was bawling his train.

He found his tourist sleeper. Half-way down the aisle he paused, de-



Rebelle Against Dining Car Charges.

spite the pushing procession behind him, his eyes wide open and his heart thumping; for there, comfortably disposed in her seat, was the schoolma'am girl.

Next morning Gideon and the schoolma'am girl had spoken to each other almost before they knew it. By noon they had decided to make common cause against the frightful charges of the dining-car with their united lunch-boxes. By evening, Gideon had told her the story of his life, and confessed that he had \$2,200 with which to buy an apple orchard.

The schoolma'am girl was equally frank. She told him that her real name was Serena Blythe, but that all her friends called her "Bun." She had come into a heritage of school teaching in a New England town at sixteen. She had expected to stay there always. But her father's health had made a change imperative, and he and her mother had gone west the previous year. Now they had made a home in northern California and had written her to come.

Together Gideon and the schoolma'am girl discovered that Giesburg, Oregon, and Edenville, California, were really not far apart.

"Why, we shall be neighbors!" said Gideon. "I can run over after supper most any evening." They both laughed at this slender joke; but it did seem cheering that the two little black dots were separated only by a few score miles of mountain ranges and rivers.

Just then the train started; so did Gideon. He rushed up the steps of the car, treading on the toes of the conductor, and nearly knocking over the porter, dropped his suitcase in the vestibule, and marched up the aisle.

"Bun," he said, quietly, and sat down beside her.

She turned, with a sudden catching of breath. There was joy in her dewy eyes. Unconsciously she stretched out her hand and Gideon took it in his own.

"Oh!" she sighed, with a tremulous smile, "it seemed so lonesome. But the train—we're leaving Giesburg. Where are you going?"

"With you," he replied, simply.

"But—" she struggled to release her hand. "You can't!" Her eyes fell on the trunk-check between his fingers. "Your trunk's back there—your orchard! Why, Gid—"

"We will come back to them, little schoolma'am girl," he said, "when the honeymoon's over."

Blushing, she let her hand lie in his.

# BOTH OF THEM WERE FRAUDS

Actress Feigns Sickness to Have a Day Off and Man Posing as Doctor Helps Her.

In a Cleveland theater the house physician has a seat given him for each performance. He is supposed to be there every evening. Naturally there comes a time when the play begins to pall on him. One evening not long ago the stage manager of a local playhouse rushed down the aisle to the doctor's seat and whispered: "Come back at once—the leading lady has had an attack."

In the lady's dressing room all was confusion. "What'll we do, Doc?" cried the stage manager.

"Have you poured water on her head?"

"Yes—a whole bucket—out of the one that says 'Not to be used except in case of fire.'"

"Then don't pour any more—I fear you have made a fatal mistake. Run out to the drug store and get this filled."

When they had run out the lady opened her eyes. "Doc," she gasped, "you're a good fellow, ain't you? I know you know there's nothing the matter with me. I want a day off act. Can't you fix it?"

"I sure can," he answered, wringing her hand sympathetically. "I ain't a doctor—I came in on his ticket. We'll fix it."

Why It's Done.

"Did the mother of the bride cry at the wedding?"

"Yes, indeed. That was the only way she could attract attention to her new gown."

Practical Value.

First Baby—My papa is a captain of finance.

Second Baby—Huh! I can go you one better. My papa is a floor walker.

# KING AND HIS PEOPLE

Most members of the royal family have had from time to time many interesting and amusing adventures when going about in disguise. They are able to escape for a little while from the rigid etiquette and ceremony that normally surround them, and to enjoy a degree of freedom very welcome to them.

King George as prince of Wales had many adventures in different parts of London in various disguises, which enabled his majesty to obtain a close insight into the different phases of life among many of his subjects. Pearson's Weekly says:

One of the most interesting adventures King George has had in disguise was a visit his majesty paid to a big railway goods yard some years ago on an occasion when there was an enormous pressure of heavy goods traffic. The king, then duke of York, went to the yard at 11 p. m., accompanied by a member of the royal household. Both were dressed in the garb of working men who were waiting in the yard until midnight on the chance of being taken on for the night shift if the work was specially heavy.

Only a few of the railway officials were aware that the heir to the throne was standing among the squad of hungry men eagerly and anxiously waiting the arrival of the foreman, who might pick out some of the most robust among them to aid in shifting the mountain of goods from the trucks to the clearing sheds during the night.

For nearly an hour the prince watched the work proceeding in the big yard under the white glare of the arc lamps with immense interest, and chatted to the men about him, entering thoroughly into the spirit of their rough but good humored chaff. A few minutes before midnight one of the railway officials who was aware of the presence of the prince came up to his royal highness and stood by him. A minute later the foreman arrived and after casting a searching glance over the squad before him,

proceeded slowly to pick out a dozen men, who were then marched off to work.

The prince walked out of the yard except the prince and his companion, who were escorted to a little while later by the railway official. The latter had stood by his royal highness in case the foreman should have selected him for the night shift. The foreman was not informed of the identity of the prince, but had simply been instructed not to take on the two men beside whom the railway official was standing.

Queen Mary has, indeed, had almost as many adventures as the king in disguise.

Some years after her marriage the queen made a series of expeditions about the east end of London, visiting all the poorest quarters as an ordinary lady visitor, her guide frequently being the present bishop of London.

The queen also a little while later visited the poorest quarters of Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool in the guise of a nursing sister, which enabled her majesty to go to the worst quarters of these towns with little fear of being subjected to any rough or unpleasant treatment, for the sisters are almost invariably treated with respect even by the roughest characters in these localities.

## TORPEDO FISH LIKE A SKATE.

A recent addition to the division of fishes in the new national museum in Washington has in the entire collection, according to the Philadelphia Public Ledger, it is the electric ray, known in the language of the scientists as *Narcine brasiliensis*, harmless enough as to name, but capable of repelling its enemies in a manner peculiarly its own, which gives it its common title of the "torpedo" fish.

The electric ray is of the skate variety, with

a broad, flat, nearly oval head and body, and a tail something like that possessed by the majority of well-known fishes. Its mouth is on the under side and it can only feel the way to it when feeding. But the real curiosity about this fish is the fact that it carries its own storage battery with it on all its wanderings and that it has the power of recharging the thousands of little cells when they become exhausted, using its power over and over again. There are really two batteries. They are located where one would naturally expect to find the breathing apparatus of the fish, to the right and the left of the beady black eyes and back. They are kidney shaped, occupying perhaps one-third of the upper part of the body.

When at peace with itself and the rest of the world the torpedo fish swims around at leisure or rests in shallow water, burrowing in the sand at ease, but if attacked the battery is discharged and the enemy is glad to call it a drawn battle if it can swim away. It gets its prey by using its batteries to supply the necessary current to kill, but it must first complete a connection with the object of its attack. Men have speared these torpedoes in shallow waters and have caught them in nets, but on handling them have been very glad to let them go and avoid further shock. Fishermen have been repeatedly knocked down by a contact with them. The species is common along the south Atlantic and gulf coast.

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# HE BELIEVED IN HONESTY

Country Cousin Thought It Was His Duty to Tell Editor He Was Being Slandered.

A special writer had been called by a newspaper editor to do a short article for him, and a country cousin of the editor was waiting for him at the station. The editor, who was a man of high standing, was waiting for him at the station. The editor, who was a man of high standing, was waiting for him at the station.

office the next day to deliver the article personally, as the editor was in a hurry for it. While they were there the editor asked the writer how much he wanted for it.

"Oh, say \$100," was the answer.

"All right," said the editor. "Do you mind taking this order down to the publisher's window and getting your check?"

The free lance took the order and

stepped out of the office, leaving his cousin with the editor. Before the editor could make some commonplace remark by way of conversation, the cousin leaned over and said, mysteriously:

"Say! He's my cousin, an' all that—but I believe in honesty. That fellow's skinned you proper. It didn't take him more'n two hours to write that thing. I was right there an' saw him doin' it. He didn't put in more'n 50 cents' worth o' time on it, an' I don't believe I'd ought to forgive him in such a

course o' dishonesty by keepin' still when I see him bunko you."—Chicago Evening Post.

The Do-or-Die Spirit.

James Barnes, the author of "Naval Actions of the War of 1812," has in his possession an autograph letter written by Captain Lawrence of the "Chesapeake" just before the disastrous fight with the "Shannon." Part of the letter, addressed to "James Cox, Esq., Merchant of New York," reads as follows: "Should I be so unfortunate as to be taken off, I leave my wife and children to your care, and feel confident that you will behave to them the same as if they were your own."

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when, "as you know," he replied, "I was very ugly." But, my dear, I came to see the star that he is now.