

JOHN HENRY



ON GASOLENE AND KEROSENE

BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch: In Paris, eh? Give my regards to the Moulin Rouge, won't you?

I notice what you say in your letter about buying a couple of French automobiles in Paris, one of the same being for me.

I'm glad to see you have such a sweet disposition, Bunch, but nix on the Bubble.

Not for yours, hastily. I've caught all the diseases to date except the automobilious fever.

While walking around the city streets I have been making a deep study of whiz wagons, Bunch, but no close was the machinery to my outposts at the time and so eager was I to get out of the way that perhaps I am prejudiced.

The automobile is the rich man's wine and the poor man's chaser.

It keeps our streets full of red, white and blue streaks all the livelong



So Close Was the Machinery.

day, and if the weary pedestrian is not supplied with a ball-bearing neck his chance of getting home is null and void.

As far as I can figure it out, the safest part of the machine is the chauffeur, because he knows which way to jump.

Oh! how I admire those chauffeurs who point the machine at you and dare you to get out of the way.

We have no word in the English language which is brash enough to sit on a busy barouche and cut loose.

That's why we had to reach over to Paris and pull a word out of the French.

Chauffeur is the word we grabbed, and I think we ought to give it back at the first opportunity.

Did you ever notice one of those particular guys when they try to chauffeur?

His mouth looks like a hot waffle. The first careless cart we ever had in this country was called the "Coroner's Delight," because the only man that met it on the road went back home in sections, and, incidentally, on a shutter.

The motto of the automobile is; "Bump others, or they will bump you!"

And the automobile face! Can you tie it?

The automobile face is caused by the fact that faces can't ride as fast as machinery; consequently, the muscles between the lips and the mouth become overtrained and lose their cunning.

If you wish to buy an automobile for yourself and become a chauffeur, do so, Bunch, and Peaches and I will miss your boyish laughter about the house, and we will sit by the fireside in the twilight and talk about what you

might have been if you hadn't gone out of our lives so abruptly.

I don't wish to discourage you, Bunch, but if you have a bundle of spare coin, why don't you invest it in a building lot in the suburbs?—a lot which runs not backwards or forwards, and which bites not like an adder nor stings like a serpent, and upon which no coroner can sit for any length of time without getting the lumbago.

Speaking of gasoline naturally brings us to kerosene.

We have been getting along nicely out here in the country, with the possible exception that Peaches has tried to assassinate all the mosquitoes in the neighborhood with almost fatal results to herself.

Peaches seems to have labored under the impression that the proper way to assassinate a mosquito is to throw a bomb at it and then cross the fingers and hope for the best.

At any rate, she read somewhere in a book that the kindest way to assassinate the mosquito is to coax a bunch of them up in the corner and throw vitriol in their faces, which generally causes them to be ashamed of

themselves and makes them lead less bloodthirsty lives.

Well, Peaches tried this idea, but it so happened that my best pair of trousers were hanging in the same corner which she picked out to work her third degree on the skeets, with the result that my trousers departed this world in great haste, while the mosquitoes put their stingers up their sleeves and ran away, laughing wildly.

Then I took Peaches out in a vacant lot, far from the bosom of her family, and explained to her the scientific difference between mosquitoes and a pair of nine-dollar trousers, to all of which she listened with much patience, except when I swore too loud.

But she was not discouraged—nay! The next day she read in a paper that kerosene oil was the only genuine and reliable way to overcome the mosquito, so she went after them by the oil route.

The article in the paper didn't give full instructions how to use the kerosene, so Peaches thought it all out for awhile, and then she poured about half a gallon of oil in the bathtub and waited.

I think she expected the mosquitoes to walk into the bath-room, undress, grab the soap and plunge into the kerosene oil, where they would perish miserably without even getting a chance to throw up the sponge.

But none of the mosquitoes in our house felt that it was necessary to take a bath, so that scheme failed, while worse and more ravenous and more pitiless grew the hunger of the pests which were using us for a meal ticket.

Then somebody told Peaches that the right way to apply kerosene oil was to put it in a sprinkling can, then dash up behind the enemy and sprinkle them on the lumbar region.

To see Peaches chasing a bevy of mosquitoes around the parlor with fire in her eyes, a carpet-sweeper in her left hand and a sprinkling can full of kerosene oil in her right hand was a

sight such as these eyes of mine never before beheld.

If the fire from her eyes ever reached the kerosene—holy smoke!

On the level, Bunch, if there was any place in our house which Peaches didn't sprinkle with kerosene it must have been a few of my collars and cuffs which hadn't come from the laundry yet.

For two days, Bunch, it rained kerosene in our household.

For breakfast the toast was scented with kerosene, and it floated like a rainbow on top of the coffee.

For luncheon the codfish cakes behaved like a leaky lamp, and the shredded onions lost all their courage and wanted to leave the room.

For dinner the corn beef looked like a roast on John D. Rockefeller, and the delicate blossoms of the sauerkraut were all shriveled up, and tasted like the Ohio river near Parkersburg.

In the meantime, Bunch, the mosquitoes are having the time of their lives.

They thought we were giving a Mardi Gras for their benefit, so they sent out invitations to all their friends, with the result that our little family lost more blood than is spilled in a South American revolution.

Peaches has abandoned the kerosene idea, and is now fumigating the house with something which falls on the insulted nose like a hard slap on the face, so I am writing this letter out in the barn.

My theory about the mosquito is that he has humanity stung, going and coming.

Yours done in oil, JOHN.

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Had Poor Opinion of Dr. Hall.

Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked's experience with a would-be convert which he related to his congregation in New York bears close resemblance to an occurrence which the late Rev. Dr. John Hall spoke of several years before his death. A man came to him and said that he had resolved to renounce his faith and to devote the rest of his life to the conversion of the Jews, although all his friends were of that persuasion. He told of the eagerness of hundreds to follow him and wanted to have the management of a mission, if the church would pay the expense of maintaining it. Dr. Hall said he would consider the matter, made inquiry as to the man's character and when he called for an answer declined the offer with thanks. The man seemed to be disappointed, used disrespectful language and said to the Scotch maid who showed him to the door: "He's a hard man to do business with."

three years' record of 405 pounds of butter fat per year, was making no effort to perpetuate her superior qualities but was selling her calves at \$2.50 each. This is certainly a ruinous practice to the dairy business.

The cow buyer cannot get enough really good cows to supply his purchasers, as but few of the best cows are for sale. The dairyman himself must raise the heifer calves of his best cows and not depend on anybody's offerings to replenish his herd. He has the breeding stock, the feed—cheap feed—and the equipment. Calf-raising is a natural part of his business. It is absurd to suppose that as a rule he can buy as good cows as he can raise. The reasons are plain. He needs to retain but few calves each year and can sell the less-promising ones. He knows the parentage of the calves and need save none but those from high-producing mothers. It is far easier to sell inferior stock (to the butcher) than to buy cows that are excellent producers.

A prominent dairyman of the state says of his grade herd: "The heifers we raise from our best cows are better milk producers with their first calves than are the average mature cows we can buy." Several of our most progressive dairymen have said practically the same thing.

Yet in the face of all this, hundreds of dairymen make no effort to save their best heifer calves, and they think they have a reason. They say

it takes too much milk. This question was carefully investigated with 48 calves by the Illinois experiment station. Twelve calves at a time were tested at four different times. It was found they could be successfully raised on 150 pounds of whole milk and 400 pounds of skim milk. This milk was fed at the rate of ten pounds per day until the calves were 50 days old, when it was gradually lessened one pound per day for ten days and then no more was fed. No substitutes for milk were used. Only ordinary grains which the farmer produces, and a good quality of legume hay were fed, showing that the dairyman can raise a calf in this way with almost no extra trouble. Several of these calves are now cows in milk and good producers, indicating that they were not injured by this method of raising.

The sale value of the milk fed these calves was as follows:

150 lb. whole milk @ \$1 per 100 \$1.50
400 lb. skim milk @ \$0.30 per 100 1.20

Total \$2.70

And these prices of milk are liberal, especially as they are paid at the farm, and no money or labor is expended in hauling the milk to market. It is not so expensive to raise a calf as the dairymen have thought. The grain and hay consumed by the heifers of high quality will give much better returns than the same feed fed to cows.

Raising the heifer calves of good high-producing cows, is a great fundamental requisite for the best and easiest improvement of the dairy herd. But those calves will take their qualities from both parents, and it is equally important that the calf shall

have good parentage on the male side.

An inspection of dairy herds will show that many times comparatively little attention is paid to the quality of the sire. In a recent visit to the dairy region of northern Illinois, the writer noted six herds in which the heifer calves were raised for future cows, but in which the sires used were miserable little scrubs, veritable runts and weaklings, obtained by simply saving a grade calf from a poor herd. Of many other sires fairly good as individuals, nothing is known of the

actual milk production of their female ancestors.

With a herd of 40 cows, as here illustrated, each cow represents one-eighth of the future herd each year, and the whole number of 40 cows represent forty-eighths of the herd, and the good well-bred sire represents one-half or forty-eighths of all the quality and qualities, character and characteristics, the capacity for milk production, and everything else, transmitted to the calves which are to constitute the succeeding herd.

A fine dairy sire can be bought for \$150, and with 40 grade cows at \$200 per head, the herd costs \$2,400. The bull costs only one-seventeenth of the investment, yet he will improve the future herd as much as the other sixteen-seventeenth. The extra \$100 put into a good sire is the best investment in the herd.

Forty-one animals are purchased; one animal will influence the future herd as much as the other 40. It is worth while, then, to give much extra time and study to the selection of that one, the sire.

From generation to generation the succession of well-selected sires goes on increasing and intensifying the improvement of the herd. In this way the sire becomes three-fourths, seven-eighths, fifteen-sixteenths, etc., of the herd. In fact in a few years the sire is practically "the whole thing."

So the sire may be much more than half the herd whether judged by the quantity, strength, quality or accumulated effect of the characteristics he transmits. It is literally true that the sire may thus, within a few years, at slight expense, completely transform a dairy herd and more than double its profit.

Every man who has had any extended experience or observation in the use of a good pure-bred sire from high-producing dams at the head of a dairy herd, will agree that this sire was of peculiar value and great economy in building up the herd. The records of dairy breeding have proved it conclusively a thousand times over. No man who studies the facts can doubt it. The evidence is to be seen in the heifers of every such sire, and in their contrast with heifers lacking such parentage.

Loose Shoes.—The horse's shoes should be kept tight. A loose shoe greatly tires the horse that has to wear it, especially if he has to work on hard roads. It is often a cause of lameness. Loose shoes can be prevented by taking the horse to the blacksmith's occasionally and having him examine the shoes to see if they need tightening.

Mow the Pasture Weeds.—It is a good thing to mow the pasture weeds at the beginning of summer, so that the cows will not get a chance to eat them even if they so desire. This will help keep the milk from having a weedy flavor and will also give the grass a chance to begin to supplant the weeds.

A Paying Tree.—A New York farmer has a "Sweet Bough" apple tree that has not yielded less than three bushels each year for 19 successive years. Last year the fruit was just as delicious as the first time it bore.

Selecting a Breed.—Select a breed and stick to it. You will be just as well repaid in improving and developing a good lot of fowls as well as you would in improving good live stock.

Exercise the Brood Mare.—The brood mare should have a few hours' exercise in the yard or on the road every day. It does not pay to keep her confined.

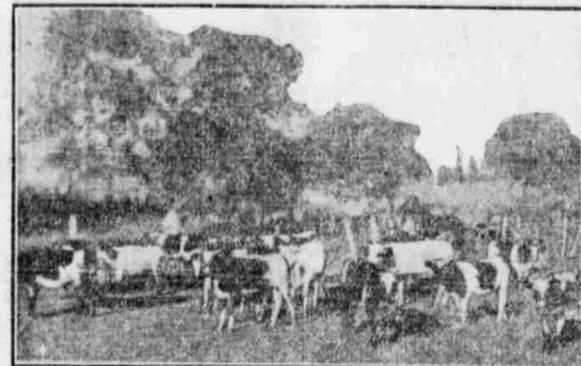
Provide Shade.—Shady nooks are relished by the laying hens.

DON'T SELL THE DAIRY HEIFERS—RAISE THEM

Use a Good Sire and Improve the Standard of Your Herd
—By Wilber J. Fraser, Chief in Dairy Husbandry, Illinois University.

Many dairymen are not raising their heifer calves. Instead the herd is replenished by buying cows. Four professional cow buyers sold about 7,000 cows in the vicinity of Elgin, Ill., alone, last year; besides this many cows were shipped in by the dairymen themselves. On many dairy farms the heifer calves, good, bad and indifferent, go for veal. Where this is done it means there is no provision for perpetuating the dairy herd or the best cows in it.

The dairyman from whom the Illinois station bought cow No. 1 with a



A Shrewd Young Financier's Clever Deal in Picking Up These Sacrificed Heifers at from Two to Three Dollars Apiece.

three years' record of 405 pounds of butter fat per year, was making no effort to perpetuate her superior qualities but was selling her calves at \$2.50 each. This is certainly a ruinous practice to the dairy business.

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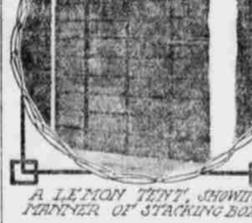
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HANDLING OUT THE LEMONS

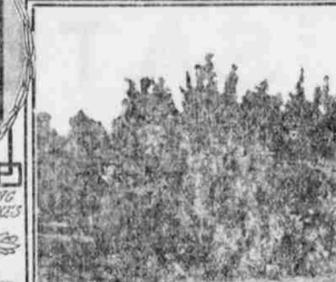
STATUS OF A GROWING INDUSTRY



A LEMON WASHING MACHINE AND CERTAIN SORTING TABLE



A LEMON TENT, SHOWING MANNER OF STACKING BOXES



A LIMBON LEMON TREE NINE YEARS OLD



A LEMON STORAGE HOUSE

The American lemon industry has become permanently established on a firm foundation within the last few years, the seasons since 1904 having proved unusually profitable. It commenced to assume a commercial aspect 25 years ago, but for a score of years it was a question whether it would become established permanently or whether the American supply of lemons would continue to be derived, as in the past, from foreign sources.

The lemon is grown in the citrus-belt of California, where at the present time the annual production is from 3,000 to 4,000 carloads, which represents approximately 100,000,000 pounds, or from one-third to two-fifths of the total quantity used in the United States. There are imported annually into the United States about 150,000,000 pounds of lemons, mostly from the island of Sicily. If this amount of fruit were expressed in terms of the California method of packing and shipping it would represent more than 1,750,000 boxes, or about 6,900 carloads.

In the early days of the industry there were no precedents to follow that were applicable to the handling of the lemon in California. The pioneer growers made many mistakes. Each step forward in the culture of the groves and in the handling and shipment of the fruit was gained by costly experience. Groves were frosty areas, on ungenial soils, in localities dependent upon an inadequate supply of irrigation water, or on soil that was overcharged with alkali. The growers had to learn about the handling of the soil, the irrigation and fertilizing of the crop, and the maintenance of soil fertility by cover crops and other sources of humus. The methods of pruning have only recently begun to emerge from a chaotic condition. The losses from decay until recently were so large and so universally expected that the California lemon was generally supposed to have poor keeping qualities, and dealers were cautious about handling the fruit.

The American lemon industry is located principally in southern California, which includes the counties south of the Sierra Madre mountains. The most important region north of these mountains is in Tulare county.

The lemons imported into the United States are grown principally in Italy, the fruit coming mainly from May to September from the island of Sicily, with a small quantity from the vicinity of Naples. A few lemons are imported from Spain, Mexico and the West Indies. The industry is being developed to a limited extent in Cuba and Porto Rico.

The lemon is shipped from California every month of the year. The distribution is regulated somewhat by holding the fruit picked in winter and spring in common storage for several weeks or months before shipment. The lemon tree when handled properly is ever bearing, a tree containing at any time fruit in all stages of development from the blossom to the ripe lemon. The fruit ripens most abundantly during the late fall, winter and spring, the heaviest harvest occurring from February to June in the coast

region and beginning in November and December in the inland regions. It is the aim of the lemon grower to have the harvest as heavy as possible in the summer, when the fruit is in greatest demand, and he endeavors to influence the season of bearing to some extent by pruning and by irrigation, though not to the extent attempted by foreign lemon growers. The most profitable months in the lemon market are during hot weather from May to September, the condition of the market at any time during this period depending on the temperature at the point of consumption and the supply of imported fruit. The shipments from California are largest from March to July, about 60 per cent. of the crop going forward during that period. The shipments in the last few years have been greatest in the months of May, June and July. The fruit shipped in the spring and summer may include winter and spring lemons that have been stored, as well as the fruit that is picked during the spring and summer months.

The lemon is picked, irrespective of the degree of maturity of the fruit, when it reaches the approximate size desired by the market. If it is allowed to ripen on the tree the fruit is likely to be overgrown, coarse in texture, lacking in acidity, and of poor keeping quality. In order to judge accurately, each picker is provided with a ring to be used in testing the size of the lemons. If the fruit is to be held several weeks or months before shipment, the ring generally has a diameter of 2.5-16 inches, which allows for considerable shrinkage while the fruit is in the storage house. If the lemons are to be shipped soon after picking, the ring usually has a diameter of 2.1-4 inches. With size rather than maturity as the leading factor in determining when the fruit shall be picked, the lemons vary in color from dark green to yellow, and in texture from the thin skin of the tree-ripened lemons to the coarse green lemons that grow on the outside branches. It is necessary to pick a vigorous-growing grove once a month, on the average, in order to avoid having a large proportion of over-sized lemons. In picking the fruit the picker cuts from the tree with shears or clippers the lemons that do not pass through the ring. He also picks the smaller lemons that have ripened on the tree and have reached full growth. The fruit is placed in picking sacks slung over the shoulder of the picker, and is hauled in boxes to the packing house. The handling of the fruit in the grove is done with extreme care to avoid cutting it with the clippers, stem puncturing it, or bruising it in other ways.

The handling of the fruit after it reaches the packing house is a series of complex operations requiring skill and experience. The fruit has to be cleaned, graded and colored or ripened uniformly before it is ready for shipment. In addition, it may be desirable to hold it in storage for several weeks or months for better market conditions. A lemon storage house is shown in our illustration.

If the children look with suspicion at a caller it indicates that they are accusing the caller of having come because he heard the ice cream freezer.