

UNCLE SAM'S MOST WONDERFUL YEAR FOR CROPS

ESTIMATED MONETARY YIELD ONE BILLION DOLLARS GREATER THAN EVER BEFORE IN THE HISTORY OF THE NATION

WASHINGTON.—If America is waiting for good crops this year to bring about the dawn of prosperity greater than she ever has known before she will have her fondest hopes realized. The government's report of acreage and probable harvests shows beyond peradventure that the yields of grain and cotton will be big—some of them record crops. But bumper years in grain and corn and cotton frequently have brought low prices. It will not be so this year. Outside of America the harvests of the world will be smaller than usual. As a consequence the agriculturists in this country will receive a thousand millions of dollars more for the products of their fields than they ever realized in a single year before. The total value of the four great staples—wheat, oats, corn and cotton—will be greater this year by nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars than they have been in any year of this country's history.

Never before have the great corn fields of America yielded such bounteous harvests as they are going to this year. The government's esti-

To recapitulate the way the record runs in this year's increase in the value of the four great staples, so that the eye can take it in at a glance, here are the figures:

Cotton\$290,000,000
Cotton by-products 27,000,000
Corn 500,000,000
Oats 61,000,000
Wheat 109,000,000
Total\$987,000,000

Beside these the crops of hay, alfalfa, potatoes, tobacco and the other products of the soil are either no less or else far greater than usual. Experts estimate that the added wealth that these will stow away in the pockets of the American farmer this year will be not far from \$100,000,000. Add this to the total of the three great cereals and cotton, and the total is a thousand millions of dollars—the vast sum by which the national wealth will be increased this year.

The farmer will not get it all. He will pay out vast sums for labor, for machinery with which to plant new crops, for new buildings in which to house them and his other belongings, for luxuries and comforts which he has gone without when crops were poor and prices low.

Getting the crops to market will bring the railroad and steamship lines a tremendous flood of added revenue over the leaner years. The farmer no longer stores his grain in the fields as he used to years ago. He sends it first to the elevators that rear their huge bulk beside the railroad tracks. There he holds it until he gets the price he thinks it ought to bring. If he wants to borrow money meanwhile the slip of paper that the grain warehouse gives him is good collateral for all he wishes. Then when the flood of wheat and cotton moves eastward and southward to the ocean gateways, where the great ships are waiting to take it across the seas, more money is put into circulation, millions of it. Against this time when the endless trains will begin to journey to the grain ports on the lakes or to the cotton cities on the gulf for the money for the moving of the crops is being heaped up now in the great financial centers of this country.

CONSUMPTION IS KEEPING UP WITH PRODUCTION.

America exports only about 2 per cent. of her corn. She sends seven-

Szechuen railroad that is now being financed by great European and American interests will open up territory in China that is larger in area than Germany and Switzerland combined. It has a population greater than that of all the United States, 125,000,000. Western Asia is being developed by a railroad extending from southeastern Europe to Bagdad and the Persian gulf. Hitherto this great territory has received its cotton goods by caravan from Aden and the Red sea. The opening up of these two great territories is among the things that are likely to keep the price of cotton up, no matter how much is raised during the next few years. Five years ago, when the government's cotton crop report estimating 12,162,000 bales was published, the price of cotton dropped to 6½ cents a pound. This year this same production is regarded as very moderate. Thirteen million five hundred thousand bales is the record crop.

But the cotton fibre alone is not all that comes from the plant. Twenty-five years ago the farmers used to shovel the despised cotton seed into the bayous, bury it in the earth, try to burn it—anything to get rid of it. Now the cotton seed oil industry of this country is worth \$100,000,000 annually, to say nothing of the other by-products, cake meal and hulls.

FAILURE OF OLIVE CROP GOOD THING FOR AMERICA.

Last year the European olive crop failed. The devout Moslems of Turkey and Asia Minor would not eat butter or lard. There was little olive oil to be had. They bought cotton seed oil by the shipload. Now they like it better than olive oil and they don't care whether that crop fails or not.

Every line of industry throughout the country feels the quickening impulse of good crops and good prices. It touches impartially the little sod house far out on the Dakota prairie and the palace of the millionaire on upper Fifth avenue. The section hand putting in new ties on the railroad feels it, the toilers in factories, the clerks in cities—there is no life so remote that it is not affected when the crops are abundant.

With this tremendous increase of a thousand million dollars in the value of the products of the earth in the United States this year there should begin an era of prosperity such as

Angel Paradise

By George Edwin Hunt

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Lonesome Linthicum and I sat in comfortable leather chairs before the open fireplace in the club rotunda. The talk had been of Paradise—Paradise, Arizona, where Lonesome had spent some years as cow-puncher and miner before he made his stake. In his hand was a letter from Big Bill Jernigan, an old comrade of those days, now known as the Hon. William Jernigan, member of congress from the sovereign state of Montana. Lonesome was reminiscent, and when Lonesome is reminiscent it behooves his friends to keep silence and give heed. I knew my cue, and this story was my reward:

The Hon. William Jernigan! Think of it! Old long-legged Big Bill Jernigan! Well, there's heaps worse at Washington. Did I ever tell you about the time Bill and I made faces at each other? No? It happened at Paradise. You remember what Saturday was at Paradise. Town full of punchers and miners, the punchers and miners full of liquor and devilment, and the bartenders full of business. Bill and I had been up all night, bucking Three Fingered Pete's faro game, and were far from well. Bill made the bets and I played look-out for us. Things broke bad, and along about ten o'clock in the morning we quit and were standing at the bar. Bill had a frown on more than a foot thick, and at that I think mine had his beat a block. So it was just perfectly natural that nothing either of us said would suit the other. I expressed a desire for corned-beef hash and red pepper for breakfast, and what Bill said about my gastronomic ideas was scandalous. Then Bill said he saw a fellow in a stock company in Denver the winter before that was a better actor than Edwin Booth. I never knew Edwin Booth, but I resented Bill's slur on his memory most deeply. Finally Bill said he could rope, throw and the more steers in ten minutes than any man in Arizona, and that settled it.



Stood There a Moment, Calmly Surveying Things.

I retorted some acrimonious, Bill was not polite. Diplomatic relations were busted, and one of us called the other a liar. I don't remember which one it was, but that makes no difference now.

The room was full of the boys, some playing cards and some at the bar, where Three Fingered Pete and Dutch Henry were serving drinks. When Bill and I stepped back and dropped our hands to our guns, they all respected our feelings and acted according. Dutch and Pete flopped to the floor behind the bar. Seven or eight of the boys broke for the safe.

Now, make no mistake—but you won't, because you know those boys. They wasn't afraid; you couldn't scare those fellows. But they had sense. If Bill and I had a difference of opinion, that was our business, not theirs. And if we wanted to settle it by shooting holes in each other, that also was our business. So they ducked.

I knew there wasn't any use trying to fool around and shoot Bill in the leg or arm. I'd seen Bill shoot when he thought he had to shoot, and under those circumstances Bill shot straight and quick, mind you, mighty quick. So I decided the only thing that would leave me behind to herd the elusive maverick and eat the base-born hominy and hog was to beat him to it, and I had a sneaking notion that I was just a little bit quicker on the draw and pull than he was.

We stood there maybe ten seconds—it seemed to me like an hour—looking each other in the eye, both crazy mad. Well, my nerves would have twisted up in little knots in about five seconds more, and I would have probably done something foolish and Bill would have potted me, but just before I blew up a voice at the saloon door said: "Hello!" soft and sweet, and "retardo" on the "lo."

Now, if that had been a man's voice neither of us would have paid any attention to it, or else we would have both turned in and licked the everlasting daylight out of him for interfering with two gentlemen who were trying to settle a scientific difference—according to how mad we were. But it wasn't. On the contrary, quite the reverse. I saw Bill's glance waver, and I knew Bill couldn't shoot a man that wasn't looking, any more than he could wear a stiff collar; so, my curiosity being some aroused, I turned toward the door.

I almost hate to tell you, it was so lovely. There on the top step, just

inside the screen door, was the sweetest, cleanest, prettiest girl baby you ever saw. All dressed up in a white lawn suit, with a blue sash, white half-hose that showed her dimpled knees and fat little legs, white shoes, and a white bonnet with a lace frill around the front, tied under her dimpled chin with a big white ribbon. Gee! but she was the prettiest little thing that ever struck Arizona, bar none. I took one look and said: "Angel, angel!" You see, I went daffy at once.

"Hello!" she repeated as she looked round the room. "It is a game? Oh I see, I spy!" Then she paddled over to the end of the bar, pointed one fat little finger at Pap Johnson behind the ice-box, shouted gleefully: "I spy!" and ran to Bill Jernigan. She slapped old Bill on his chap-covered legs and said:

"One, two, free for you! Now you are it! All the res' is home free."

Then she threw both arms around Bill's left leg and waited for the boys to come "home." You ought to have seen Bill. He looked at me sort of dazed like, then looked down at the baby, then looked away far off somewhere, and said in a faint whisper: "Well, I'm darned!" And if he said it once he said it 20 times. Just stood there like a human hitching-post and phonograph combined and said: "Well, I'm darned!"

The boys all gathered round from their safety corners, looking as sheepish as if the teacher had caught them chewing gum, but I was too much interested in Angel to pay any attention to them then. I always was fond of dogs and children and things like that. I knelt down, so as to get somewhere near on a level with that little white bonnet, and asked:

"Whose little girl are you, honey?"

"Mamma's," was the prompt reply. "I'd bet a stack of blue on that," said I. "But what's your name?"

"Anna Louise, thank you."

"You're welcome. All right. I'll believe that, even. Anna Louise goes with me, but Anna Louise what?"

"Nuffin. Jes' Anna Louise."

"And where is mamma?"

"Oh, she's right over there;" and she waved her hand vaguely across to embrace "most three-quarters of the compass. Then she proposed breathlessly: "Let's play 'Lunnon Bridge.' It's the mos'est fun!"

We told her we would like to but that we had forgotten how.

Bill then swung her up on the bar and gravely asked her what she would have to drink. She wanted soda-water and we all took the same, although some of the boys objected.

When the drinks were all in hand I got on a chair and made an eloquent, ornate and highly popular speech, in which I said that never before had I seen the wisdom of naming our thriving municipality "Paradise," and that at times it had seemed to me the party or parties naming it must have gotten mixed on their Scripture or else have waxed sarcastic; but that now a great light, the bright white light of truth, had busted in on my alleged intellect, and illuminated the inmost recesses of an ever sluggish mind ("Hear, hear!" from the boys). An Angel had come to Paradise, I said, a sweet little angel straight from heaven, or St. Louis, or somewhere. Her given name might be Anna Louise, as she told us, but if so it was a mistake. Angel she was, and Angel she must be. And inasmuch as she had no other name, according to her own statement, a statement I presumed no gentleman present would doubt (loud cries of "No, no!" from the boys), I took the liberty of giving her the name of the fair city she had honored with her presence, and proposed a toast to "Angel Paradise."

Well, you never saw a toast excite such enthusiasm—certainly not one drunk in soda-water.

As we finished the drink, the door opened with some violence, and a chap rushed in, clad in spats, a white waistcoat, a stiff collar, a derby hat, and some other useless outer habiliments. His glance fell on Angel, and he yelled: "Me child, me child!"

Angel stood there on the bar, waving a chubby hand, and said: "Hello, pop!"

After he had calmed down, he introduced himself as Mr. Hawthorne of Boston, who was touring Arizona for his wife's health. He explained that he had stopped at the Cowboy's Retreat for a few hours' rest, and Angel had wandered away.

So Bill turned to Angel and said: "Come, sister, get on my shoulder, and it's us for mamma." Then he swung Angel up and strode out of the saloon.

Papa introduced us to mamma and explained we were friends of his that had found Angel and looked after her. They were just starting for Tucson in the hotel surry, and we were soon forced to say good-by to our little Angel Paradise. The blessed little baby patted old Bill on the cheek and said: "I love 'oo," and then, seeing I looked disappointed, which I was, she graciously said: "An' 'oo, too. An' all of 'oo," as she took us all in with a wave of the hand. And the last we saw of her she was flirting mamma's handkerchief from the back of the surry as it disappeared in the dust around the bend.

On our way back to Pete's, Bill put his arm around my shoulders and said:

"Lonesome, I'm some fond of red pepper on hash myself."

I grinned a little and he went on: "And Lonesome, come to think it over, that fellow was a rotten bad actor, anyhow."

We had reached Pete's and were just going in when he squeezed me a little:

"Furthermore, Lonesome, when I was talkin' about ropin' steers I expected you in my mind all the time." And we never did finish that fight.



mate is nearly three and a quarter billion bushels—and nine times out of ten the government guesses considerably under the actual figures when all the records are made up. The biggest yield of corn that this country has ever known was in 1905, less than three billion bushels. The average price last year was a little more than 50 cents a bushel. Corn for December delivery is selling now at 65 cents a bushel. Figuring the value of the present crop this price would make its value total the vast sum of more than two billions of dollars—2,000 millions of money. When the figures of the government's estimate of the bumper crop of corn came out the other afternoon there was a hush in one of the big Wall street grain brokerage offices. Then a man spoke up: "Great heavens! there isn't loose money enough in the world to corner that crop." Corn alone will make the American farmer not far from \$500,000,000 richer this year than he was last.

BUMPER CROPS SURE FOR BOTH COTTON AND WHEAT.

Take cotton, too. Last year's crop was 11,581,829 bales. The average

price was a little under 10 cents a pound and its total value a little more than \$579,000,000. The indicated crop this year, according to the government's experts' reports, will be at least 12,000,000 bales. It is likely from the present outlook that this crop will be marketed at not less than 13 cents a pound, \$65 a bale, \$780,000,000—over \$200,000,000 more than last year with but a small increase in the yield.

The wheat crop this year will be at least 663,000,000 bushels, and experts say that it is not likely to fall below \$1.10 a bushel for a long time to come. That means \$729,000,000 worth of wheat will soon be on the way to the elevators. Last year's harvest was 660,000,000 bushels, and it brought \$620,000,000, so the American wheat farmer will have \$109,000,000 more to spend from that source than he did the year before.

The reason wheat is worth more than a dollar a bushel, which used to be a price that the farmers dreamed of, is not because the crop in this country is especially short. It is but a little below the record crop of 1905. But there has been a shortage in the wheat crop all over the world for

twelfths of her raw cotton to foreign lands. The domestic consumption of corn is more than keeping pace with the huge increases in production. Millions of bushels go to feed and fatten the cattle and hogs whose beef and pork, grown on the western prairies and slaughtered in Chicago, feed the inhabitants of every corner of the globe. But one of the chief uses of corn has sprung up during the last decade and has grown into an immense industry. Millions and millions of bushels are made into glucose, which is the basis of sugar. Most of the candy that America eats is made from sugar that comes from corn. The people of this country are consuming it in other ways, too—ways that were unthought of a few years ago, when corn bread and muffins were all that came out of the bakers' ovens. An enormous number of breakfast foods are made out of corn today. Almost every month sees some new preparation of this sort. Instead of eating corn in some form once a week, as we used to do, we now consume hundreds of thousands of bushels every morning at breakfast, disguised by baking and sugaring so that most of its resemblance to its original form and taste has been lost.

The railroads of America spend in prosperous times nearly a billion and a quarter dollars a year in new equipment, in keeping the old in repair and for the vast quantity of supplies that they need. When the cars are full and there are none idle they buy freely. Factories of all sorts from one end of the country to the other work full time and overtime to supply their needs. New lines are built, opening up virgin territories and bringing them nearer to the markets. Wages are good and there is work for all.

EVER-GROWING MARKET FOR AMERICAN COTTON.

It is predicted that the price of cotton will not fall materially below 13 cents a pound for a long time to come. Cotton consumption is increasing faster than the lint is being raised. The steady increase in population all over the world, of course, makes an ever growing market. Many of the millions of China clothe themselves in cotton cloth whose fibres grew in the southern United States. The Hankow-

this country has never known before—a period of plenty greater than any other country on earth has ever enjoyed.

Quaint Injunction in Will.

The quaint testamentary injunction of an 18th century gardener and botanist was last evening observed for the one hundred and eightieth successive year at Shoreditch parish church, when what is known as the "vegetable lecture" was preached by the vicar, the Rev. E. R. Ford. In 1729 Thomas Fairchild died at the age of 63 years, and bequeathed £25 to the church wardens of Shoreditch, stipulating that the interest should be paid each Whit Tuesday for the delivery by a selected preacher of an address on "The wonderful works of God in creation, or the certainty of the resurrection of the dead by certain changes of the animal and vegetable forms of creation." Fairchild had extensive gardens in the days when "the Hoxton hamlet" was noted for its productions, and he introduced many varieties of foreign fruits and flowers. In the borough council's small public garden in Hackney road, close to the church, is a tombstone recording the injunctions as to the lecture.—London Evening Standard.

French Conservatism.

Conservatism is not the most brilliant of the attributes of the French, nor is its most charming; but it is the most reassuring. So long as it continues to be what it has been in the past, the strongest continuous force in French public life, the question of the durability of the present Republican regime sinks into insignificance, since it guarantees the durability of the traditional France—a consideration of vastly greater importance. In the domain of private life, also, French conservatism, while it approaches at certain points dangerously close to what we call old-fogyism, is not without redeeming features. Nowhere is home life richer, fuller, more wholesome, more replete with beautiful, unabashed expressions of mutual support and affection; nowhere does the individual enjoy a more genuine material well-being and nowhere is he guided by a sner and snarlier philosophy.—J. F. Sanborn in Atlantic.