

CITRUS FRUIT CULTURE IN CUBA BY I.A. WRIGHT

DURING the first week in February, 1910, the Cuban National Horticultural society, an organization the membership of which is almost exclusively American and Canadian, held its fourth annual meeting in Havana. In connection, a horticultural show was open; among the exhibits were citrus fruits from every section of the island. The fruits were large, juicy, clean, thin-skinned, heavy, beautifully colored and delicious in flavor. Florida had sent across grape fruit and oranges from famous orchards of the peninsular state, to facilitate invidious comparison, and the comparison, when made, showed that Cuba can produce citrus fruit of first-class quality, and, moreover, that she is doing so.

Citrus-fruit culture is the principal interest of American and Canadian settlers throughout Cuba. Cubans and Spaniards are growers of no citrus fruits save pineapples—the grape fruit and orange groves belong to the English-speaking colonists. Orange and grape fruit culture is the business which has been boomed mercifully by land companies advertising largely and sometimes unscrupulously all through the United States and in Canada during the past ten years. Their customers, arriving in Cuba, have insisted upon growing nothing but grape fruit and oranges, even in regions where other crops would assuredly have proven more immediately profitable if not the better investment in the long run.

For instance, there are Americans and Canadians growing citrus fruits in the heart of Vuelta Abajo and in other parts of Pinar del Rio province on lands that might be made to produce tobacco of the qualities which have made western Cuba famous the world around for this one crop, were the owners willing to co-operate with Cubans on the partidario system, according to which the newcomer furnishes the requisite capital and the native furnishes the skill no less necessary to success in the delicate undertaking. It is a notable fact that few Americans or Canadians who themselves do the actual work in their



VIEW OF HAVANA AND WATER FRONT



TYPICAL "COLONY HOUSE" OF CITRUS FRUIT GROWERS



CITRUS FRUIT ESTATE, ISLE OF PINES

there are worn-out fields, sun baked through years, which wear, however, to the inexperienced eye, the aspect of virgin, though lightly wooded or savannah lands; there are also other sections—desolate palm barrens—where no man save the sort who purchase real estate "sight unseen" would think of attempting to grow anything. There are, too, south of the mountain range, on the plain which drops gradually from its skirts to the Caribbean sea, certain sandy, gravelly reaches, poor in plant food. It is here, however, with proper fertilization and care, that growers are developing orange and grape-fruit groves.

These lands will produce the trees, if food to support them is supplied in the shape of fertilizer, and the trees will bear citrus fruit of the very best quality—bright colored, weighty, full of juice, inclosed in smooth, thin rind. No fair-minded person can longer doubt that they will do so after seeing fruit of the quality which growers located at Taco Taco exhibited at the latest horticultural show in Havana. These gentlemen had, however, the money to keep their trees properly nourished. Many others who have failed to succeed as they are succeeding owe that failure to the fact that they did not have the money to do as much for their groves.

Some land companies doing business in western Cuba deny overtly or by implication that fertilization is necessary, but no prospective owner of a citrus-fruit grove in western Cuba can afford not to include in his estimate of expenses the cost of fertilizing early and often in amounts properly augmented as years pass. Fertilizers in general use in the groves of the region mentioned cost, on a fair average, about \$15 a ton.

This is the situation in the Isle of Pines, as well as in the western and central mainland of Cuba. "The soils are all poor in plant food compared with the average soils in the United States, and the gravel ridges are especially so," states Mr. H. C. Henriksen, secretary of the Cuban National Horticultural society, referring particularly to the Isle of Pines, "but I have never seen the effect of good fertilizers so sharply outlined as in these very soils, and from experience in Florida and Porto Rico I would predict an abundant crop of fruit of superior quality wherever the groves are properly treated."

The vital question in these regions is, then, whether the owner is able to afford proper treatment. He will, save in exceptional cases, where the soil is too "American" for any use whatsoever, get his crop provided he has the money to supply enough fertilizer.

For there are richer lands in Cuba than those on which Americans and Canadians are developing their groves in western Cuba and the Isle of Pines. Along the Cauto river, to mention but one locality, there are exceedingly deep, fertile, virgin soils which need no fertilizer to produce citrus fruit groves. Such lands must, at the very commencement, be cleared, at some expense, of the thick woods that cover them, and groves, once planted, must at all costs be kept fairly free of weeds. Secondary crops—corn, for instance—may be grown between rows without detriment to the trees; in fact, it would seem wiser to do

so than otherwise, for, exactly the opposite of the case in the west, these far eastern lands need to be reduced.

They are almost too rich, and the fruit of trees they produce, particularly young trees, is apt to be coarse-skinned, too big, and pithy. These defects, nevertheless, time remedies, for as groves age, they lessen the supply of plant food. Eventually it will become necessary to fertilize the trees, and then growers, by selecting their fertilizer, can control the quality of their fruit.

They have, meanwhile, acquired their grove without the expense for fertilizer the grower in the west has been put to in order to produce his. He, on the other hand, has been to less expense than the man in the east in the matter of clearing, and he has not had to sit up nights weeding to keep his grove from disappearing under a tangle of tropical vegetation.

The obvious conclusion, is therefore, that six is one-half dozen. Groves in both eastern and western Cuba will produce trees and good fruit, but neither will do so for any owner not willing to pay the price under one head or another in cash and also in hard work.

It is conservatively estimated that no man should undertake even a five-acre grove anywhere in Cuba unless he has at least \$5,000 where he can lay his hands on it. If he is a lively, capable man he will probably not need that amount of money, but no matter what his ability he should be able to command at least that sum before embarking in the citrus fruit business here. He may need it all, and more.

While no complete statistics are available, it is the writer's impression that in western Cuba, including the Isle of Pines, the acreage of oranges is more than that of grape fruit, while in the east it would seem that the grape-fruit acreage is the larger. The older groves seem, usually, to be orange groves; the younger the grove the larger the proportion of grape fruit in it.

Problems of transportation to market demand careful study from all growers, prospective or established. Groves situated at a distance from railway lines are handicapped at the start, for although there are many good roads in Pinar del Rio province, and all over the Isle of Pines, every foot of haul counts, and where the roads are not excellent, it counts heavily, most especially in wet weather.

Americans and Canadians have plunged headforemost into citrus-fruit culture in Cuba. They are building up against odds, by their indomitable courage and optimism, an industry into which preceding owners of the lands they hold did not venture. The Spaniards and Cubans did not so venture may have been because they were blind to the possibilities, lacked specific knowledge, or the energy required; or possibly they were outmatched by adverse conditions in past decades. Then again, it may be they were deterred not by these things at all, but by a true understanding of basic conditions here; by a realization of difficulties in the way of competing, not to say controlling, in the markets where the citrus fruit of Cuba must be sold; and, especially, by a keen appreciation of more profit to be made more quickly and inexpensively elsewhere. In fine, they may have been governed by caution, which does not notably distinguish the Anglo-Saxon when engaged in opening up fields to him new.

New to him, he is noted, but in Cuba's case not in themselves either new or untried. This island is not a virgin wilderness in toto. It has been under the domination of white men for 400 years. Not all these white men were idle and incompetent. They appreciated the country and in developing its resources—not to the fullest extent possible nowadays, to be sure, but as far as was possible to them in their times—they made fortunes.

The Spaniards devoted all the energies they had for agriculture in Cuba to sugar cane and tobacco in the eastern and central provinces, and especially to tobacco in the west. For four centuries they held fast to these two products, thus demonstrating that they were possessed of no more versatility than the American and the Canadian who, in Cuba, insist upon discovering no future save in citrus fruit.

From tobacco and from cane the Spaniard, and the Cuban with him, has wrested the "wealth of the Indies." Rich as a Cuban planter—planter of cane and tobacco—wielder of oranges and grape-fruit—is a significant English phrase. To attain to the wealth and the ease it implies has been the ambition of the adventurous and the avaricious from 1492 to the present time.

he patteth his belly with pride and salth, behold, I am a six-cylinder motor; even a lallapalooam I in my pride. When lo, the sheriff campeth on the front door of the shop and swieth up his substance in a night and a Missouri mule hauleth off the available assets to the auction. The auto is a mocker and the touring car is raging and whose is deceived thereby should soak his noodle in lye. Vessels of wrath fitted into destruction are the devil-carts that eat man's time and sap his securities and in the end turn

over in a ditch and make his family into hamburger steaks. Woe is his name who dallies with them; even pants he is called in the marketplace who twists the brass wheel and winketh with the other eye at fate.—Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

Patient.
"He's very patient with her."
"So?"
"Yes; he never even loses his temper when his wife brags about her aristocratic ancestry."

ALL OVER NEBRASKA

For Killing His Sister.
Dixon County.—The dog, which tried to protect the sister from the hands of her brother, William Flege, kept her dead body away from the hogs after she had been killed by her brother, according to the testimony of the hired man, Albert Eichtenkamp, in the preliminary hearing of the case of William Flege, charged with the murder of his sister.

Flege was bound over to the district court and his bail fixed at \$15,000, which was furnished by his two brothers, his brother-in-law and himself.

The hired man told a straightforward story of the killing as he said he saw it with his own eyes. He said that he saw Flege and his sister come down from the porch and walk to the front gate. He said they were quarreling and when they reached the front gate the dog interfered and Flege kicked him so that he ran under the porch.

Eichtenkamp said that he saw Flege grab his sister by the shoulder and just as he was entering the barn door he heard a shot, and turning, saw Louise on her knees. He said that he walked a little farther into the barn and then heard a second shot, and when he again turned he saw Louise lying on the ground.

The hired man said he went to the fields to cultivate corn and when he returned Louise was still lying in the front yard and that the dog which had tried to protect her when alive was still guarding her while dead.

Capital Removal Association.
Hall County.—At a meeting of representatives of the several cities in the central part of the state last night an inter-city organization under the name of the Capital Removal Association was perfected, with Willis Cadwell of Broken Bow, president; C. W. Bringer of Grand Island, vice president; Willard F. Bailey of Kearney, secretary, and Joseph A. Hayes of Central City, treasurer. In the brief constitution adopted the purpose of the organization is set forth to be "to secure the removal of the capital of Nebraska to such a location in the state as will best serve the interests of all of the people of the state without reference to any special location, it being expressly agreed by the members thereof that the association shall not favor the interests of any one locality."

Pioneer Lawyer Dead.
Douglas County.—Judge George Baker Lake, for many years a leading jurist of this state, died at his home in Omaha, aged eighty-four years. The intense heat was partially responsible for his demise. He is survived by his widow, one daughter, Mrs. Joy Morton, and a son, Mr. Frederick W. Lake. He came to Nebraska in 1857.

Securing Harvest Hands.
Dodge County.—Farmers about Fremont are adopting a new means of obtaining harvest hands. They are applying in considerable number to the Y. M. C. A. employment bureau, and their wants are being supplied in large part. One farmer had a man at work half an hour after he telephoned in his request for help.

Trampled by a Beast.
Cuming County.—Carl Johnson, a well known and wealthy farmer living east of West Point, met with a serious accident while attempting to drive a cow into his cattle shed, the animal turning upon him with her fore feet, fractured three ribs and inflicted other serious injuries. Mr. Johnson is 80 years of age.

Woman Accidentally Poisoned.
Red Willow County.—Mrs. Perry Cathcart of Driftwood precinct, drank carbolic acid in mistake for citrate of magnesia, and died the same night.

Burlington Spending Cash.
Phebus County.—Burlington expenditures for work and materials incident to 1910 improvements in Holdrege may considerably exceed \$100,000. The large coal chute, built to replace the one destroyed by the March fire, is now practically completed. It represents a cost of close to \$12,500.

Rev. H. W. Lampe Returns to Korea.
Dixon County.—Rev. Henry W. Lampe and his bride started for St. Paul, Minn., where they take the Canadian Pacific for San Francisco, and will leave that city August 9 for Korea, where they engage in missionary work.

Pauper No More.
Otoe County.—George Newburn, for many years a resident at the county poor farm, has fallen heir to an estate of \$2,000, which was left him by his father, who resided in Lozano county, Nebraska. The estate was discovered by the county attorney who was looking up some other matters. Newburn's wife has been living in Nebraska City, taking in washing.

Organize Health Board.
Red Willow County.—At a meeting of the county commissioners of Red Willow county, a county board of health was organized. The rules of Nebraska state board of health were adopted for present necessities.

Good News for Teddy.
Kearney County.—Mr. and Mrs. Chris Nelson of near Upland are the parents of three baby boys born July 27. Their weights are respectively 6 1/2, 5 and 2 1/2 pounds, are perfectly formed and are strong and healthy.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Chinese Take to Smoking Cigarettes



WASHINGTON.—America has taught the people of the Chinese empire to smoke cigarettes. In a report to this government on foreign trade by Consul General Charles Denby of Vienna, in which he described the class of foreign markets which may be created by American enterprise, and then supplied the consul general says:

"One of the most conspicuous examples of such a market is the demand for cigarettes in China. Ten years ago the cigarette was an article used in China by a small number of people, chiefly foreigners. The field attracted the attention of a group of American manufacturers who examined into it and decided to introduce the cigarette to the Chinese people by American methods. The result is that now the cigarette is popular throughout the empire."

The international opium conference to be held at The Hague next fall will have a very general representation of the powers, according to the latest information reaching the state department.

In reporting to this government on opportunities in Malaysia for rubber-

growing enterprises, Consul General James T. Dubois at Singapore, cited as follows an instance to show how the investing public is sometimes taken in in the exploitation of the rubber industry there:

An estate was sold to promoters for \$150,000. The syndicate got an old planter who knew the estate to put a flotation value on it. He named \$250,000. The promoters were not satisfied. Another expert examined and reported. His price was \$350,000.

British and American gold was pouring into the country and the get-rich-quick spirit was born. Another expert was called in. He was told of the former valuations and that they were unsatisfactory. He valued the estate at \$500,000.

Just at this time, rubber took a big jump in the London and New York markets and another expert was asked to report and he placed the flotation price at \$750,000 and the syndicate in order to have it in round numbers made it an even \$800,000 and floated it at this price.

People fought for the stock, the share issue was oversubscribed and many of them immediately sold at a good advance. All this was done within a few months without the slightest improvement on the property except the natural growth of the few hundred acres of Para plants which had recently been planted.

Trained white supervisors on the rubber estates are in demand, the consul general reports, and there is a scarcity of labor and consequent high wages.

Heads of Navy Are Annoyed By Women



JOHN HAY had a saying that the ideal diplomatic service—if any government ever succeeds in having one—will be composed exclusively of unmarried men. Mr. Hay had no experience in naval matters, or he might have included the navy in his maxim.

There probably is no branch of the government service, the Washington Post says, where petticoat influence is so strong as in the navy. Ask any ex-secretary of the navy about it and he will tell you how the navy women in a thousand different ways, sometimes unconsciously and occasionally deliberately, annoy the navy department.

He will tell you how they scheme to obtain desirable posts of duty for their husbands or sons and how they annoy the department with requests for a change of orders when their husbands are transferred from an easy job in Washington to sea duty on the Asiatic station or some other far-away tropical post. The recent row at the Boston navy yard, which cul-

minated in the court-martial of two officers, illustrates the prominent part women play in navy circles.

Almost everybody knows of the mutual ill feeling existing between the navy women and the department. Every once in a while something happens to widen this breach. Only a few days ago Ensign Charles M. Austin, son of Representative Richard W. Austin of Tennessee, was deprived of an especially desirable berth by the navy department merely because he got married. He had been detached from the dispatch boat Dolphin at the Washington navy yard and ordered to Japan for duty as a student attaché at the American embassy at Tokyo for the purpose of studying the Japanese language. On the way to his new post of duty he stopped at his former home in Tennessee and was married to a girl he had known for many years.

This was too much for the unromantic departmental authorities, who suddenly decided that a married ensign would not make as good a student of the Japanese language as a bachelor. Accordingly his orders were revoked and instead of spending his honeymoon in Tokyo he will have less interesting service at the naval training station on the Pacific coast. He will, however, have his wife.

Girl's Good Looks Are a Bar to Work



AFTER losing four positions within a year just because of her beauty, Mary Todd has left Washington and will try her fortune elsewhere. Miss Todd set out to be a stenographer. Her employer got mixed up in his dictation and included phrases that did not have been part of the correspondence. As a shopgirl the floorwalkers strolled too often near her counter. As a milliner she aroused the envy and jealousy of customers.

Miss Todd has been living in Georgetown for a little more than a year. She came here from a small Pennsylvania town, well equipped to work, with money enough to wait until a reasonably good position was open to her.

"Yes," she said, half-angry and half-amused, "I have been overwhelmed with offers of marriage as well as of employment. But these offers do not appeal to me. Most men forget that I have my own sweetheart, and if I were inclined to consider a second time it seems that mine should be the privilege of inviting his attentions without having them thrust upon me."

"At first I did not take such things seriously, but since then I have known other girls who have shared the same fate, merely because they are more beautiful than their colleagues. 'I have worked in offices where there were 17 girls, and by the end of the third week I was embarrassed by repeated offers of company, pleasures and the like by various men in the office. This gave rise to some bitter passes between some of the other girls and myself. 'I hope to be married by the autumn of next year, but until then I wish to do something.'"

Sad Red Men Must Ride on the Wagon



POOR Lo has suffered many privations at the hands of the national government in the process of civilizing him, but the hardest blow yet must be no more "fire water" sold on the ceded lands of Minnesota. Lo will take his seat on the water wagon at once.

The order includes several ounces if he carried out to the letter would even prevent the sale of liquor in St. Paul and Minneapolis, which stand on ceded lands.

Under state laws the counties embraced in the order—Becker, Cass, Clay, Hubbard, Mahanomen, Norman, Beltrami, Itasca, Polk, Clear Water, Red Lake, Crow Wing, Wadena, and Ottertail—have enjoyed the license system of the state and Lo, who dearly loves his fire water, has been able to procure it without restriction. By the new order he will have to do dry.

at Brighton, where we sat at a table and looked at the ocean" he asked. "Well, when you all went away I walked around to the bar and got one for five. A shame to charge you five cents more just to sit down and look at the ocean, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I'd rather pay the extra five than have to stand by the bar and look at the bartender if he was anything like some I have seen."—New York Press.

Message for Satan.
"In my dream," said the dusky story teller, "Satan had me an' wuz showin' me over all de place what he has specially reserved for sinners, an' it sho' wuz a sight ter behold. Dur wuz a griddle here, an' a griddle dar, an' lo's or my of friends wuz truin' on 'em an' makin' de biggest sorter hole-berls." I thought every minute dat my time wuz comin' next, an' I'd come give up in despair when Satan turned 'round an' said: 'Go back ter de world' an' tell yo' folks 'bout what you seen; but ez fer peopel, you is too good a man ter roast.'—Atlanta Constitution.

The Kind Needed.
"Dear me," said the first young woman, taking her initial lesson in golf, "what shall I do now? This ball is in a hole!"
"Well, let me see," said her companion, rapidly turning the leaves of a book of instructions, "I presume you will have to take a stick of right shape to get it out."
"Oh, yes, of course," was the somewhat cynical reply. "Well, see if you can find one shaped like a duck and brush."—The Sunday Magazine.

Epistle to the Joy Riders

Look Not Upon the Buzz-Cart When It Is Red and Giveth Stinkum to the Breeze.
The automobile is a fine bird that it sucks blood. It has a song that lures men to destruction and women to vain pride that corrodes their happiness. Look not upon the buzz-cart when it is red and giveth stinkum to the evening breeze; for it chaweth

scads and ducats like a bay baler; also mazuma and sesterces, and rocks and dough it lappeth up like a house afire. When the devil-wagon champeth and swootheth, flee to the mountains of the Hepstidam and crawl in a hole; or the old boy will get you and carry you to the poorhouse. Man goeth forth in the morning chugging and shaking with pride; a halo of blue smoke circleteth him as a wreath,