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PAUL ORLENEFF AS CZAR PAUL I.

Peaceful Uncle Sam Has a Tiny Sputtering War on His Hands This Minute

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thereby being summarily hurled over the heads of various officers of higher rank in accordance with the theory of President Roosevelt that special service deserves special reward. Now, after nine years' absence from the Philippines, General Pershing has been returned to those islands for the purpose of completing the work of tranquillizing the Moros which he began at the time of his former service.

The natives of Moroland should be classified as Malays. They are superior in intelligence and general ability to most of the Peoples of the Philippines. They have had a certain degree of education prevalent among them. Many of them have followed the purpose of completing the work of tranquillizing the Moros which he began at the time of his former service.

All went boldly to the governor and demanded to know what was the intention of the American government with relation to him. The governor could not answer

this question. All insisted on going to Washington for his answer. In this he was discouraged. It was firmly demanded of him that he pay his taxes and that he give up his plural wives. He took to the brush and furnished a merry chapter in the story of war that will some day be written in relation to these Moros. In the end he was surprised by an American scouting party and he and his sons were shot to pieces. His father-in-law, Datto Piang, whose blood is half Chinese and who has a consequent turn toward money making, succeeded him, and gets along better with the Americans, and is amassing a fortune through the monopoly which he has upon carriers for whatever expeditions set out in the Cotabato Valley.

The capital of the Moro provinces is Zamboanga, the most beautiful city of the Philippines. Located on the southern tip of Mindanao upon a tropical coral sea, laid out in accordance with the ideas of its Spanish founders, influenced strongly by the Orientals who make up one-half of its population, and made a spotless town through the sanitary effect of the military which occupies it, Zamboanga is a town almost without a rival.

Here are the headquarters of General Pershing. Here resides his wife, who was, as a girl, Frances Warren, daughter of the Senator from Wyoming. From this point General Pershing is attempting to radiate

American civilization throughout Moroland. He sympathizes with the viewpoint of his isolated people and is attempting to bring them to American methods of government with the least possible bloodshed. While it is held that this thing is rapidly being accomplished, and with the least possible harshness.

The present trouble was precipitated when General Pershing decided upon disarming all the Moros. After long experiment it had been found that there was no possible provision by which these people could be prevented from lawless and bloody outbreaks so long as they were possessed of arms. When the order went forth, all the friendly tribes, after having the matter thoroughly explained to them, came in and surrendered their rifles, for which they were adequately paid. The outlaws, however, around Lake Lanao, in Mindanao, and around Bud Dajo, in Jolo, refused to give up their arms and took to the brush. The war of the last few months has resulted from the attempt to deprive these renegades of their arms.

On December 1 First Lieutenant Hearne, commanding Company B, 24 Infantry, stationed at Camp Taglibi, nine miles from the town of Jolo, got into a running fight with the Moros, which kept up for ten miles through the jungles. As a result of this fight twelve Moros were killed

and Private Gustav Deuchmann, of Company R, lost his life. December 5 Captain John W. Baker, of the 24 Infantry, was captured temporarily in a wild region of interior Jolo. The Americans had learned to fear particularly the wild rushes upon their camps that these Moros frequently make. While a scouting party is bivouacked at some quiet streamside for lunch the fanatics break from the brush near by and rush the camp like so many wild bulls. Permanent camps are surrounded by high fences of barbed wire to prevent this, yet it happened December 6 that a scouting party, and his following were not thoroughly surprised, as these American troops never left their runs out of their hands when encamped in Moro country. So the onrushing Moros were met with a deadly volley from the American rifles. The result was the killing of fifteen natives. Two American soldiers and one native scout were killed in the engagement.

In a similar engagement December 14 the execution was even greater. A stronghold of the Moros was attacked by a scouting party, and before the outlaws were disarmed forty-two of them had been killed. In this battle the sailors from the gunboat Pampanga took part in the engagement, and Ensign Hovey was killed and two sailors were wounded. It was ten days later that the siege of Bud Dajo took

place, with the result of dead and wounded as already stated, and with a capture of four hundred prisoners. January 11 came the fight on Selt Lake, already described. So slow is news in reaching the outside world from this isolated community that the reports of later engagements, which probably have taken place, are not yet in hand. But this record of a single six weeks of fighting in Moroland shows that this government has upon its hands a very merry little scrap, and that the pot is still boiling.

"There may be more trouble in Jolo," says General Pershing in a communication just received from him, "but I do not expect it. Most of the opposition to disarmament is dying, and we have the majority of the arms in the district. The government pays for these at a fair price. We allow the Moros to retain their kribes and bolos, but they must keep them at home. I believe even the Jolo Moros are coming to realize that the deprivation of his arms is in the progress of his people.

"In Zamboanga and Cotabato districts we have not the slightest difficulty in enforcing disarmament. In Zamboanga there are still a few outlaws, but the troops are hunting them down, and the forces will be kept in the field until the last outlaw is captured.

"Heretofore outlaws has not been stamped out, but this time it will be. Cotabato is too peaceful to warrant any fear

The constabulary deserters are causing some trouble, but we have captured many of them and will get the balance in short order. Lanao has for years been the home of irreconcilable outlaws. It is a district which is almost impenetrable in some parts. In its mountains and jungles outlaw bands have found an impenetrable home. But the day of the Lanao outlaw is past. Troops are in the field conquering difficulties whose extent is almost incredible. These bands will be captured and outlawry will be stamped out. The natives themselves are coming to sympathize with us against this lawlessness and to lend their influence toward putting an end to it.

"The troops under General Pershing who are engaged in this campaign are 2,000 strong. There are the 24 Infantry, the 24 Cavalry, four companies of scouts, three companies of constabulary, one field battery of artillery and one provisional battery. The gunboat Pampanga is constantly in the waters near the seat of trouble, and lends aid whenever opportunity offers. Practically all of these men are seasoned troops, such as give a most excellent account of themselves in action. Their officers are all veterans of much Philippine warfare, and it is a relentless and most efficient campaign that is being prosecuted and pushed toward a culmination.

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SPEAKING CONSCIENTIOUSLY.

Senator La Follette, during his recent visit to Philadelphia, said to a reporter, apropos of a flagrant piece of hypocrisy:

"Why, the man's as bad as a Newport groom I heard of the other day.

"This groom stood beside his master while a veterinarian examined a costly cob. The veterinarian at the end of his examination pronounced the cob incurable and took leave. Then the master, sighing heavily, turned to the groom and said:

"Well, James, what am I to do with the poor beast, now?"

"Conscientiously speak, sir," the groom replied, "I think you'd better part with him now to another gentleman, sir."

WELL KEPT.

Apropos of the downfall of Ernest Terah Hooley, the English promoter, Senator La Follette said the other day in Washington:

"The English law doesn't allow a man as much rope as the American law. A very wealthy American once said to an Englishman:

"Oh, yes, you have a good trade here in England, perhaps, but, as far as Napoleons of finance go, why, I have never once met a Napoleon of finance in all my visits to London."

"No, probably not," the Englishman replied. "You see, we keep our Napoleons of finance in jail."

THE MODERN VERSION.

Orville Wright, at a tea in Dayton, was describing the perilous monoplane that is built only for speed.

"Contemplating these frail 200 horsepower monoplanes," he said, "one understands an anecdote that is circulating in aerial circles.

"You are putting the cart before the horse," one aviator said, impatiently, to another.

"The other answered, 'be modern, be up to date. Don't say I'm putting the cart before the horse—say I'm putting the fall before the flight!'"

NOT A VACATION.

"I met William Morgan Shuster at a dinner at the Savoy in London," said a Chicagoan.

Shuster, a handsome, smooth-faced young fellow, was rather bitter about Russia. And no wonder, eh?

"Talking about Russia, he said he thought it a fine place to keep away from, 'although,' he added, 'I must confess that a great many fine, liberal-minded people have from time to time taken a knocking there.'"

Now Here's a Little Farm in the Buckeye State That Booms Profit Sharing

Ohio Man and His Contented Partners Make Their Twelve Acres Pay 165 Per Cent Every Year.

BY SHARING his profits with his employees and thus encouraging them to put forth their best efforts, Martin L. Rutenik, farmer, of Schaaf Road, South Brooklyn, near Cleveland, makes on an average \$12,000 clear profit each year from the twelve acres he has under cultivation.

The larger the profits the more the employees get. There are eighteen men employed on the farm, and for ten years they have been sharing with Rutenik in the profits. Each workman invests money in the farm, and they receive the same percentage of profit, according to their investment, as the owner. This makes them contented, they work harmoniously together, and the profits are correspondingly increased because they effect many economies in operation, with which they would not bother were they not interested personally in swelling the returns.

How much money an acre can Ohio farm land be reasonably expected to return? This is a question that state are struggling of farmers to answer by showing a net revenue of \$20 an acre. Others can make profits of several hundred dollars. It remains for Rutenik to lead them all. Year after year his farm has produced a net revenue of \$1,000 an acre, which is considerably in excess of what the land owners figure that it should for. Its owner himself figures that it is probably worth 600 to the acre, but he extracts nearly double that sum from it each year.

Rutenik owns eighteen acres of land, about twelve acres of which he has under actual cultivation. Of this amount a little less than three acres are under glass in the form of hot-houses. By intelligent application of fertilizer, water and brains he keeps the twelve acres producing nearly every day in the year. When the chilly blasts are blowing outside the three acres are pumping hot air while snow swirls above greenhouses, and the glass vegetables are growing beneath the glass. When the balmy days come thousands of plants are transplanted to the other nine

acres, where they grow and flourish under careful treatment during the entire summer. Other crops are immediately started under the glass again, every square foot of land being used continuously.

Rutenik started at his project in 1883 as a sixteen-year-old boy just out of school. His father bought the land and the boy started to learn the business. For the first two or three years from \$300 to \$500 a year was lost on the venture. Then it began to pay, and a year or so later young Rutenik bought out his father's interest and has since run it alone. After buying the farm the young man built the greenhouse. It, too, failed to show a revenue for several years, but the gardener kept on and soon learned how to manage things. In the learned how the place began to turn in money and extensive additions in the way of greenhouses were made, until about ten years ago the plant was completed in about two acres, but Rutenik says that \$12,000 a year is a fair average for recent years.

Fertilization is a question to which Mr. Rutenik has paid a great deal of attention, for it has been in building up his farm to a point where it would bear luxuriant crops that his chief interest lay. The soil is so mellow that one can ram his arm to the elbow into the mucky material. At the start Rutenik and his father applied stable manure to the land, using about two hundred tons a year, until it was raised to an average of eight hundred tons a year, which has been the amount applied annually for the last two or three years. Very little commercial fertilizer is used, lettuce being the only thing it is applied to, and that for forcing purposes only. He pays \$1 a ton for manure laid down on the farm, and has two teams drawing from the city stables continuously. Every acre of land gets from fifty to seventy-five tons of manure applied to it each year. After the crop is harvested it is ploughed under for the humus it provides.

The greenhouses were built by the farmer himself, aided by his men. Concrete walls were set, and on these the metal supports are placed. Regular greenhouse sash, procured from the manufacturers, are glazed with panes 15x20 inches in size. A ventilating system for raising the sash near the roof is installed in each house. Beginning about October 1 steam is kept in the boilers continuously until

about May 1. Sudden changes in the temperature are watched carefully by the day and night firemen, and heat is applied when needed.

Over 225,000 lettuce plants are being set this month in the various greenhouses. The produce will be ready for market in November and December, when fancy prices will be paid by the hotels and restaurants all over the country.

The one aim of Rutenik is to supply produce when the other fellow hasn't got it for sale. For the past month the plant has been almost idle, for Rutenik does not attempt to compete with the farmers who are selling tons of produce on the markets every day. His corn crop he marketed weeks ago, when corn was bringing 25 cents a dozen ears. During the past week farmers have received as low as two or three cents a dozen. Rutenik does not care for this class of trade, for it would not pay him to carry stuff to market at that price.

Over two hundred thousand celery plants are now being bleached at Rutenik's farm, ready for the fall and winter trade. It will be marketed from now on. A heavy mulch of manure is placed between the rows of celery to fertilize the ground and to retain the moisture. When it comes time to bleach it, boards are set at each side, instead of sand being banked up. This makes the celery clean and attractive and does not take so much care to make it presentable to the buyer. Rutenik's strong selling point is to make everything look as attractive as possible at the smallest cost. This means bigger profits and better satisfied customers.

Who ever heard of a man making \$300 an acre each year from rhubarb? Rutenik does it and does not even attempt to harvest the crop which comes about September 1. There is too much fruit and too many vegetables on sale to make it profitable, so he does not attempt to harvest it. Fifty tons of manure go on each acre each year. Pieplants last about five years each and are then renewed.

Rutenik does not believe that a man can successfully raise vegetables for the market on a large scale and attempt fruit growing too. He says that fruit growing is a business in itself, which needs different methods to handle and requires a lot of special study. Neither does he believe that a market gardener can raise berries and small fruits for the same reason. He had several acres devoted to them, but ripped

them out several years ago, declaring that they were too much trouble to bother with, and that he could make more out of lettuce, tomatoes, celery and cucumbers.

"How much land a man has who wants to take up farming or vegetable growing?" Mr. Rutenik was asked.

"Well," he replied, "I am of the opinion that ten or twelve acres is more than the average man can handle. Probably from three to five acres, farmed by modern intensive methods, would bring more for the investment than a larger acre. For berries and small fruits probably five acres would be about the right amount. For general farming he would need from fifty to one hundred acres, according to the character of the soil."

For general farming this man does not believe more than \$10 or \$100 an acre should be paid to furnish proper return on the investment. For garden land perhaps \$20 or \$30 an acre might profitably be invested. Rutenik counts more than the price of the land in the management of any sized tract of ground. Another man would probably fall far short of \$1,000 an acre a year were he to take over the management of this twelve-acre farm on Schaaf Road.

"To be a success in this or any other business it is necessary for a man to keep constantly abreast of the times," says Mr. Rutenik. "He must observe the results of his work and try to make a better showing each year. I believe in a man being conservative and going slowly with his experiments. I believe also that he should keep constantly at them, aiming to improve and provide a better stock to sell.

"This back-to-the-soil movement is a fine thing if taken in earnest. The trouble is that many a city man gets the fever, goes to the country, and about a year later tries of his venture and throws it up. Why, it takes five years for a man to get broke to a nail in country life. A man employed in the city learns to do things. He is a specialist, and seldom attempts to run all features of a business. On a farm it is exactly the reverse. He must know everything from repairing a mowing machine to rotation of crops and a million things besides. For a man who does apply himself earnestly to the problems there is a reward waiting, just as surely as there is in most of the big business houses of the country who really want men who know how to work. The country wants no half-hearted enthusiasts. I will not

say that there is any more show for the poor man in the country than in the city, for the same elements which spell success in Cleveland mean the same thing out here on my farm. The man who is a failure in the city sometimes makes a go of it in the country. The country, however, should not be made a graveyard for those who have failed miserably in the city. After all, hard work is real genius, and means success on the farm just as it does elsewhere."

An evidence of Rutenik's business ability is seen in the installation, at a cost of \$1,500, of a refrigeration plant. It is just complete, and is to be used for the cooling of vegetables pulled on hot afternoons but not marketed until the next morning. He found a considerable waste from wilted lettuce and other products and figured that it did not pay to raise stuff to let it be ruined before he could sell it. He studied the problem carefully and decided that a refrigeration plant would do the work, so promptly installed one. He expects it to pay for itself in a couple of years' time from the saving it effects. It is of the latest type and is operated with a five-horse-power gas engine.

The care with which every detail on the farm is looked after is seen in a system for steaming the ground in the greenhouses. Owing to the presence of so much manure a great deal of bacteria is found constantly in the soil. Worms and bugs of all kinds abound until it is given a thorough steaming. Large pans, ten feet square, are inverted and forced down over the soil. Live steam is pumped in and the ground thoroughly baked, killing every germ, just as water is sterilized by boiling. This makes the soil mellow, in addition to killing the myriads of germs which would otherwise infest it.

To the thousands who are eager to move to the country or to acquire small suburban places about large cities this man's work proves an inspiration. Success may not come in as great a measure, yet by intelligent application a good living may be secured from a small tract of ground. It does not make so much difference how much ground is available as to how it is worked and the amount of intelligence used in directing its manipulation. It is in the rich agricultural land about Moroland were in the hands of men like Rutenik, and a smaller number of middlemen existed, there might be a noticeable drop in the cost of living.