# FOLKS IN THE MAINE FORESTS.

## HUNDREDS OF MEN WHO LIVE LONELY LIVES THERE.

### Winter Occupations That Keep Them for Months From the World—Gum Picking, and Special Kinds of Lumbering—The Trapper's Love of Solitude.

WATERVILLE, Me., March 29.—Few people realize the number of men who are employed during the winter months in the Maine woods, in addition to those in the camps of lumbermen. There are hundreds of them. They are little known or heard of by people in the outside world, although their products all get to market. Among them are the gum picker, the hoop-pole gatherer, the axe-handle man, the ship-knee gatherer, the hemlock bark peelers, the Indian and the trapper.

The gum pickers go into the woods in the fall and remain there till spring, working as industriously every day as the men in the lumber camps. They are a very quiet and busy lot of men and their zig-zag snowshoe tracks may be seen through the woods of northern Maine and their camp fires glow in many a lonely glen far to the north.

Gum picking is anything but an exciting business and affords lots of time for thought. There is no rush or worry about it, yet it is as speculative as trading in Wall Street.

Spruce gum is always marketable and brings a good price, $1 a pound being a standard quotation, yet an extra fine article frequently brings as much as $1.50 and has sold at $2. But this last price is only obtained for the particularly large and clear nuggets.

The gum pickers always go in pairs. Two chums who enjoy each other's companionship, whose likes and dislikes are similar, go together to the centre of a good gum country, far away from everybody else; sometimes building for themselves a rough log cabin, and at others occupying a deserted logging camp, which they can make comfortable by a little work.

Beds of spruce boughs are made and any person who has ever slept on one can realize the comfort they take. The fireplace is repaired and the two cronies are ready for their business of the winter. If a man is fond of woods life there is no way of passing the winter months more pleasantly than at gum picking.

The outfit of the gum picker consists of warm clothing and a suitable number of changes of underwear, a pair of snowshoes, a pair of climbers such as telegraph linemen use, a V-shaped chisel, made especially for this business, with the handle so made that it can be fastened to reach high up on the trees; a large jackknife, a gun, fishing tackle, and last, but by no means least, a liberal supply of pipes and plug tobacco.

Outside of his tobacco the gum picker is most frugal in the way of supplies, for he has to haul everything many miles on a moose sled, and any one who has ever labored on a pair of snowshoes with one of these will understand that the gum picker will not load it more heavily than is necessary. He takes plenty of pork, beans, flour, coffee and molasses, and if he has good luck with his gun and rod he can live in woods luxury for the sum of 75 cents a week.

He has a steaming breakfast of beans, baked in the ground, and has his morning smoke while the dishes are being washed and the housework done. He is then ready for the work of the day.

He straps his gun to his back, his gum bag is thrown over his shoulder, with his lunch of biscuit and pork in it, his snowshoes are strapped on, and, with his gum chisel in his hand, away he goes for the work of the day, leaving a trail of smoke from his pipe.

He sees a tall spruce, from which the gum has been oozing for many years until, clarified by the sun, it is rounded out in rich nuggets that wait his coming. Off come the snowshoes and the climbers are put on. The picker climbs the tree and chips and taps and nibbles like a gigantic woodpecker.

It is no uncommon thing for the gumpicker to find a tree so well loaded with gum that he cuts it down. It is not an unusual thing for an expert gumpicker to take ten pounds of gum of good quality from a single tree. This is not an everyday occurrence, but the average yield gives the industrious picker good wages, and more.

Some of the older men in the business plant their gum. That is, they go around through the forests with an axe and wound the trees, which allows the gum to ooze out, and in a few years it is clarified and ready to be picked. The round, amber-hued nuggets are what the gumpicker hunts for especially.

The State of Maine gum is always in demand, for, although the New York gum is often more inviting to the eye, the confirmed gum chewer declares that there is nothing in the whole resinous domain for flavor and "true yanking qualities" that can equal a hunk with the centre like the red of a dying coal, severed from the seam of a gigantic live Maine spruce.

The Maine hoop-pole man has to work much harder, yet his life is just as unconventional and he has just as good a time as his friend the gum gatherer. He follows along in the wake of the lumberman and cuts from the hillsides the small growth that no one wants. He has a horse along with him, as it is necessary to haul home the cut of the day at night.

The place selected by the hoop-pole man for his winter's work is some deserted chopping, on which small birch and ash have grown up where once stood the towering pine and spruce. These saplings are cut on the hillsides and in swamps and hauled to the camp. The hoop-pole man passes his evenings fashioning the hoops from the rough saplings with a draw shave and piling the shavings on the roaring fire as he works.

Some of the harvesters just haul the poles out in the rough; that is, just trimming them of the branches. These sell for about one cent each, but when they are split and shaved they can be sold at from two to four cents each.

This is work that keeps the axe busy by day and the draw shave busy by night, but when two men are together and have a good pickerel pond nearby to draw from, it is not such a bad life after all. The bean hole is kept warm all the time and the men take turns at doing the cooking, for chopping these small saplings in swamps and floundering about in the deep snow all day is quite hearty work and demands plenty of eating.

About the middle of March, the hoop-pole man breaks camp and goes to the market with his goods. As soon as a lot of poles have been sold, each one is marked with red chalk a few inches from the end.

[illegible]

knees are not plenty and therefore bring a high price on the market. Since the hackmatack trees have been killed by a borer, this industry, like the building of wooden ships, has decreased, yet there is a big demand for good knees and many men go to the woods each winter after them.

The prospector goes through the forest aisles armed with an axe, his eye alert to catch a glimpse of a juniper, hackmatack or tamarack tree. As soon as one is found he digs away the snow from the base of the tree to see if it has the proper crook.

Then the tree is sounded with the axe to see if it is solid inside. If the tree is found to be all right the root is dug out with the axe and smoothly hewn out to the proper shape. This is hard work; in fact, it is the hardest work that is done in the Maine woods.

Another single-purpose man is the one who goes to the woods for the hemlock bark for the tanneries. This industry formerly belonged to the farmers and there was a time when nearly every farmer in the State realized a good sum from his crop of hemlock bark. Now all the bark comes from the forests. The larger part of the bark comes from Penobscot and Hancock counties, and the tanneries have moved that way very largely.

The Indian who cruises the woods for basket stock is another of the woods specialists. The basket stock is easily got, but when the Indian starts out for birch bark for a canoe he is sure of a long trip, unless he is fortunate enough to find a birch that has been overlooked. A birch tree without knots or limbs, and with bark broad enough for a canoe, is rare and the searcher thinks himself very lucky if he does not have to follow his nose for a good many days to find one.

Many people have an idea that trapping in the Maine woods is obsolete, but this is by no means the case. Each year many hunters scout the Moosehead, Chesuncook and Alagash regions in search of furs and their lines of traps extend along scores of streams in this northern wilderness. Each year many thousands of dollars' worth of furs are sold at Greenville, Guilford, Kineo and Fort Kent and the hunters realize snug sums of ready money by means of their traps.

They are not by any means a hard-working lot of men. They travel leisurely along their line of traps, frequently taking a week to make the round. They have but one trouble, and that is when they visit a trap and find the snow stained with blood and the single paw of a beaver held between its jaws, the indisputable evidence that a friendly bob cat has passed that way and relieved them of their game.

The trappers are the cranky class of the many picturesque folks that each winter go into the Maine woods. It is money for them to get away from everybody, and this continued shunning of companionship makes them cross when they know that any one is within a score of miles of them. Another trapper within a few miles of them is gall and wormwood to them.

## SQUEAKING SHOES.

### Cause of the Noise—Once the Swell Thing—Shoes Get Tired.

"What is it that makes my shoes creak?"

The little shoemaker looked up and smiled for a moment and then went on for a time with his tapping. It was an old, old question and it was not easy to answer it with anything new.

"Take them off, first one, then the other," he said, "and I'll see if I can fix 'em—while you wait."

Off came one shoe and the owner of it sat down with his stockinged foot over his knee to watch the squeak-curing process. The shoemaker simply pulled the shoe over an iron last and drove four or five nails straight up the middle of the sole, covering perhaps three inches. Then he flanked this row with two on each side.

"Try that," said he.

The man tried it and found himself walking around the shop with one silent shoe and the other a mass of squeakings. So the process was repeated on the noisy foot covering and the man went off down the street in silence and in comfort.

The next day, when he had more time the man sought the shoemaker for more information.

"Once," said this man of last and waxed string, "people seemed to think you had not given them their money's worth if the shoes you made or mended for them did not squeak. That was about the time that swells were reluctantly giving up hair oil and similar things.

"It is usually easy enough to make shoes that will not squeak and all but the cheapest kinds are supposed to be anti-squeakers. The noise comes from the chafing of the two pieces of leather that compose the sole, not counting the welts. If left to themselves these pieces will sooner or later part sufficiently to make a space about the point where the ball of the foot comes, where there is not perfect contact—and this is where the noise comes from.

"The cheapest shoes should be the noisiest, for the leather their soles are made of is tanned in hemlock bark. This makes what we call red leather. It is rough and harsh. The next grade is Union, a combination of hemlock and oak bark for tanning giving it its name. The next highest grade is white oak, and with this we have the least trouble so far as squeaking is concerned.

"When the public made up its mind that its shoes must not squeak, we had to stir about and find something to put between the soles. For the cheaper grades we use leather chips and for more expensive shoes we have cork, and then there is this specially prepared tar paper. We put a little of any of these materials between the two soles and there's an end to the squeak usually. Sometimes, however, the chips of the paper get out of place or are ground into powder and then the creaking is heard from.

"It is very strange how some shoes will wear for six months without a murmur and their owners will tread life's pathway in peace and comfort. Then, without the slightest apparent reason for it, they will set up such a din that the wearer's life will be made almost unendurable if he be a nervous man.

"It seems almost as if they were tired and wanted a rest, and I honestly believe shoes do get tired. Sounds odd, but I'm satisfied it is a fact. Chuck a pair of shoes into the closet and let them alone for a couple of weeks and see how comfortable they'll feel when you put them on again."

## JERSEY SHORE DYNAMITERS.

### Huge Blasts That Make Windows Rattle in Manhattan.

The dynamite scare which followed the explosion in the rapid transit tunnel in Park avenue has not reached the Jersey shore, if one may judge by the blasting that goes on day after day in the neighborhood of Woodcliff and Shadyside.

Opposite Riverside Drive below Ninety-sixth street there are two stone-crushing plants at the base of the Palisades, which are scarcely high enough at this point to be worthy of preservation. At any rate the boundaries of the interstate park designed for the preservation of the Palisades do not extend far enough south to take them in. Hence the stone-crushing plants are allowed to proceed unmolested with their work of destruction.

[illegible]

# CONSUMERS' LEAGUE A BOTHER

## MERCHANTS MOVED AT LAST TO MAKE PROTEST.

### Their Employees, Too, Say It Hampers Them and Does No Good for Anybody—Appointment of Its President as Sanitary Inspector Objected To.

The good women who founded the Consumers' League of the City of New York never intended that the organization should be regarded as a nuisance by anybody. On the contary, the league was organized "to ameliorate the condition of working women, shopgirls and other employees in and about shops, stores and workrooms in the city of New York, and to secure conditions which shall conduce to the physical and moral well-being of all such employees."

Those most actively interested in the work of the league, and particularly its President, Mrs. Frederick Nathan, believe that the organization has not fallen from the high estate wherein it was created. There are others, however, who believe that if the league hasn't outlived its usefulness it ought at least to change its name. It is suggested that the organization might be appositely rechristened the League for the Promotion of Interference in Other People's Business. The exigencies of perfect frankness require that it should be here stated that those who make this suggestion are mere men, and it cannot be expected that they can have a proper appreciation of the motives of gentler natures which take to ameliorating things as they take to afternoon teas.

Of course the women of the league insist that men who hold such notions about the organization really don't know what they are talking about, and that they are, besides, extremely impertinent. But these particular men are held in rather high esteem in the community. In fact they are commonly referred to as the men who are very largely responsible for the city's commercial greatness. They have had experience with Mrs. Nathan and the Consumers' League and they assert, rather in sorrow than in anger, that the organization has become a decided nuisance.

Mrs. Nathan, they insist, is a high-minded woman, particularly qualified to adorn the home, and if she didn't have a charming one of her own they'd chip in and buy one, even two, for her to adorn, if she'd only permit the Consumers' League to cease to consume her energies. But Mrs Nathan is to be neither flattered nor frightened nor cajoled. She doesn't intend to sell what she considers her birthright for a mess of pottage. No siree!

It happens that the League, in working out its destiny, must take a particular and special interest in the women employed in the great department stores. In the League, as in other organizations, what is everybody's business is nobody's business. So, as President of the League, Mrs. Nathan makes it her business to visit the department stores frequently to look after the welfare of the girls and women employed in them. On these visits she asks questions, sometimes of the employees and sometimes of the employers. It is because of the character of her questions that the rechristening of the League has been suggested.

Among the League's reasons for being is to secure for the women employed in department stores fair wages, reasonable hours and good physical conditions. The merchants and the laws of the State seek to accomplish the same things and the Department of Health, which is responsible for the enforcement of such laws, is rather of the opinion that the department store employees would be fairly well looked after if there were no Consumers' League. The owners of these stores and the employees themselves are sure of it. And it happens, strange as it may seem to Mrs. Nathan, that the employees of the department stores don't like Nathan methods any better than their employers.

A good instance of the estimate in which the Consumers' League is held by employees of department stores was furnished only a few days ago. Mrs. Nathan went to a certain store and asked to see a member of the firm. He had long ago found out that there was no use in his talking to Mrs. Nathan, so he sent one of the young women clerks to talk to her. When he told the girl what he wanted her to do he added:

"Now, you show Mrs. Nathan every possible consideration. Let her see everything she wants to see, and answer all her questions to the best of your ability. She may try your patience, but don't show that she does. Get along the best way you can with her and report to me afterward."

In about half an hour the young woman came back to report. To her employer she said:

"Mr. Blank, there's absolutely no use in trying to explain things to Mrs. Nathan. She simply comes around to find fault and will utterly ignore all the good things done by the firm for the employees. All the girls guy her, and I can hardly be civil to her. When she comes again I wish you would get somebody else to talk to her."

"All right," said her employer. "You have had your turn, and if she comes around again I'll ask some of the other girls to see her."

The fact that the women and girls in the big stores are not particularly desirous of Mrs. Nathan's official attentions makes no difference to Mrs. Nathan. The employees are indifferent only because they don't know any better. Mrs. Nathan will teach them.

There are Consumer's leagues in other cities—notably one in Boston, where the merchants and the leaguers are in such perfect harmony that Mrs. Nathan quotes their success in her reports as showing what might be done. But the results only impress her and she remains unaffected by the difference between her methods and those pursued in Boston. Mrs. Nathan's society prints a list of stores which are recommended to purchasers as being worthy of support. This she calls a "white list" and, by inference, those not on the list are unworthy of support. The merchants, even most of those on the "white list," do not agree with her and object to the whole procedure. In Boston the league has no "white list."

The latest move of Mrs. Nathan to facilitate her efforts for the league was to get herself made a sanitary inspector of the Health Department to serve without pay. She told Commissioner Lederle that she could be of so much service to the department, you know, if she were only made an inspector. She would then wear an inspector's badge, you know, and would be a real official and have authority and go right into the stores and do things. In displaying that badge she could ameliorate with a vengeance.

[illegible]

to persons appointed as Mrs. Nathan was appointed to employ annoying and blackmailing tactics upon the proprietors of stores and factories. Maybe Commissioner Lederle didn't think of the bad precedent he was establishing when he appointed Mrs. Nathan a sanitary inspector without pay.

Some of the merchants are thinking of forming a League for the Improvement of the Condition of House Servants. As soon as the details are perfected and the organization is in working trim, the President will make a house-to-house canvass for the purpose of finding out the true condition of house servants of New York. In the course of his visitations he will call on Mrs. Nathan and ask, among others, the following questions:

"Madam, what salary do you pay your cook?"

"Do you give her every other night off?"

"If your breakfast hour is at 9 o'clock, do you pay her extra if the meal is served at 7?"

"On occasions when you entertain, do you pay her for working overtime?"

"Do you send her to the country in the summer for a vacation and pay her wages while she is gone?"

"Do you pay your butler as much as a waitress, and if not, why not?"

"Do you provide a gymnasium for your servants, where they may swing dumb-bells and carrot on the flying trapeze?"

"Do you provide easy chairs in your kitchen so that your cook may sit while she is [illegible]?"

[illegible]

# HEAVY DEMAND FOR BASKET SHARES at 50 Cents

## Steady Increase of Interest in the Great Organization Which Now Overshadows the Basket-Making Industry of this Country.

Reason for the great and increasing demand for shares of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Co. is not far to seek.

It is due to popular approval of the Company's plans and to popular comprehension of the Company's great future.

Previous publication of the great scope and money-earning power of this Company's field of operations has been made in this newspaper. Whole communities have become interested in the undoubted power of the Company's automatic basket-making machines to completely revolutionize the basket industry. It is safe to say that every county in every State in the Union has representation among the present shareholders.

This company is composed of shareholders who are participating in increase of values as the various allotments of shares are taken up. The present allotment at

## 50 Cents a Share

**(Par Value $1.00, Full-Paid and Non-Assessable)**

is being subscribed more rapidly than any previous allotment.

This is because it is plain to all that the shares of this Company, which will control the prices and product of an important and growing industry, must steadily advance as the Company's plans develop into action.

### Facts for the Consideration of Investors.

The actual yearly demand exceeds Two Billion Baskets.

Value at wholesale, Eleven Million Dollars.

The net profit on this volume of business last year was $1,387,000.

The Baskets were all made by hand.

Each Mergenthaler-Horton Company machine does the work of twelve men.

The saving in labor by the use of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machines amounts to more than TWO MILLION DOLLARS ANNUALLY.

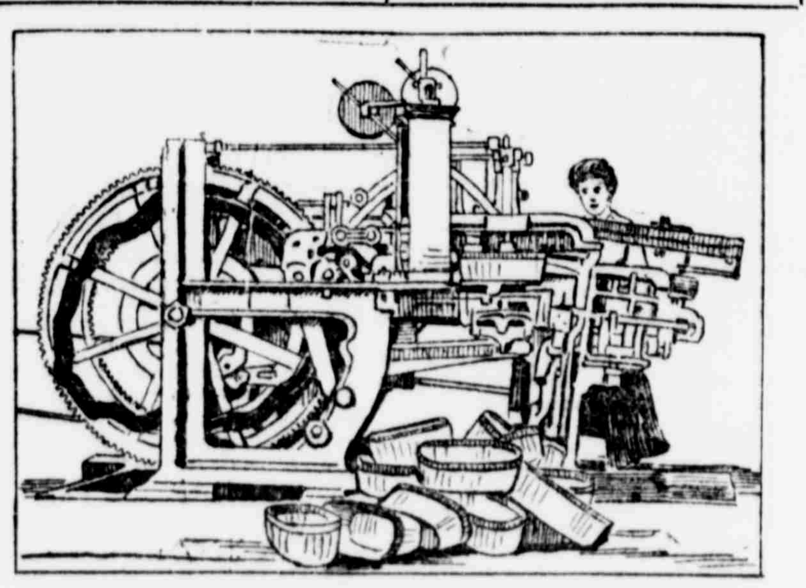
This gives earnings for the company of OVER THREE MILLION THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, OR OVER THIRTY-THREE PER CENT ON THE ENTIRE CAPITAL ON THE PRESENT VOLUME OF BUSINESS.

This volume increases at the rate of over 150,000,000 per year.

The machines may be seen in operation at the Robison Basket Company's factory, Painesville, O., where over thirty are installed; at Elmira, N. Y., at the machine shops of Emmett Horton, one of the inventors, and at Sodus, N. Y., where they are also in operation.

The practical working of the machines is now shown in every office of the Company.

The Company will not sell or lease its machines, but will equip and own and operate basket factories all over this country.



ONE OF THE MERGENTHALER-HORTON MACHINES IN OPERATION.

PRESENT SELLING PRICE OF SHARES,

## FIFTY CENTS A SHARE.

PAR VALUE $1.00. FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE.

The Directors of the Company reserve the right to reject any subscription.

Subscribers to the stock of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket-Machine Company may send or bring their subscriptions to any office of the Company. Checks, drafts, and money orders should be drawn to the order of CHARLES R. BARLOW, Treasurer. No subscription accepted for less than 50 shares.

## OTTMAR MERGENTHALER'S EXACT WORDS.

### The Famous Inventor's Opinion of the Basket Machines now Owned and Controlled by the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Co. Full Story of Mr. Mergenthaler's connection with These Machines.

Ottmar Mergenthaler, inventor of the Linotype Machine and inventor of one of the Basket-Making Machines of this Company, made the following statement about one year before his death:

**"This machine is as much a revolution in basket-making as the Linotype has proven to be in typesetting, and I do not see why a company owning and controlling the patents should not receive an immense revenue."**

Mr. Mergenthaler continued to take the deepest interest in the Basket Machine, and the last efforts of his life were in connection with the Machine and watching its operation.

The patent on the Basket Machine invented by Ottmar Mergenthaler was issued to his estate December 31st, 1901, and is numbered 690,322. Copies of this patent may be secured on application to the Patent Office in Washington or by calling at any office of this Company, and each copy bears the assignment of all right and title in the patent to the Horton Basket Machine Company, which Company has been absorbed and is controlled by the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Co.

**NOTE. Beyond the fact that several directors and a number of shareholders of the Mergenthaler Linotype Co. are shareholders and officers in the above mentioned Horton Basket Machine Co., now absolutely controlled by the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Co., there is no connection whatever between the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Co. and the Mergenthaler Linotype Co.**

The foregoing is an official statement of facts made by authority of the Board of Directors of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Co.

(*Signed*) CHARLES R. BARLOW, Treasurer.

### ALL THE STOCK IS COMMON STOCK.

There are no preferred shares, no bonds, and no debts. Early shareholders now see their shares double in value. New subscribers will see their shares double in value, and still the limit of price for these shares will not be reached, because just as surely as the Linotype Machine pays its shareholders twenty per cent. on ten millions of capital, just so surely will the Automatic Basket-Making Machines, which save three times as much labor as the Linotype, earn dividends which will make the shares of the Mergenthaler-Horton Basket Machine Company sought for at prices which are beyond present computation.

## MERGENTHALER-HORTON BASKET MACHINE CO.

### CAPITAL, $10,000,000.

| OFFICERS: | TRANSFER AGENTS: |
|---|---|
| Pres., - - H. H. WARNER. | The Corporation Trust Co. of New York. |
| Treas., - CHARLES R. BARLOW. | |
| Sec'y, - SIDNEY B. WHITLOCK. | |

Executive Offices, 287 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

| | |
|---|---|
| BOSTON, Atlantic National Bank Building, State Street. | CLEVELAND, New England Building, 129 Euclid Avenue. |
| PHILADELPHIA, Mutual Life Insurance Building, 1001 Chestnut Street. | PITTSBURG, 901 Empire Building. |
| WASHINGTON, Van Doren Building, 1331 F St. | ST. LOUIS, Bankers' Finance Co., 507 Union Trust Building. |
| BUFFALO, 937 Ellicott Square. | SAN FRANCISCO, 507 Hearst Building. |
| CHICAGO, Continental Nat'l Bank Building, 218 La Salle Street. | |

## SHUNNED BY TRAMPS.

### A Region in Mississippi That They Avoid for the Best of Reasons.

*From the Chicago Tribune.*

"Pennsylvania Dutch" and I spent two weeks in Baltimore and then we fell in with a friendly brakeman, who gave us reserved seats in an empty box car bound for Memphis. There we left the train and started to beat our way down the river on the way to New Orleans.

I don't know how it is now, but ten years ago no tramp who had any experience on the road could be persuaded to follow the river due south. All the hobos who knew their business struck off for the east at the station north of Water Valley, Miss., and walked it for more than sixty miles before they went back again to the Mississippi. They were bound to get a good ways south of Greenville, where the State convict camp was located, for hobos there ran a hundred to one chance they would be picked up by the police and sent out to the convict camp, perhaps for years.

[illegible]

let him know, and that it would break my mother's heart to have her little Willie locked up in a jail or sent out to the convict camps. That I and my little playmate "Dutch" had run away from home, and were going down to spend the winter with my aunt and uncle in New Orleans, and that I was suffering from consumption, and was so weak "Dutch" had to carry me most of the way. Finally I broke down and wept. In those days I could give any emotional actress on the stage a running start and beat her to death on the weeping game. I wept the trickle, and "Dutch" came in with a few lines at appropriate intervals. The Justice of the Peace looked at us as if he didn't know what to make of it. Beside him stood a big man with a long black moustache and a pair of mean black eyes, who seemed to be superintending the whole job. He and the Justice held a little consultation together, and then the Judge cleared his throat and spoke:

"If you boys will agree to clear out of town within fifteen minutes and stay out I'll let you go."

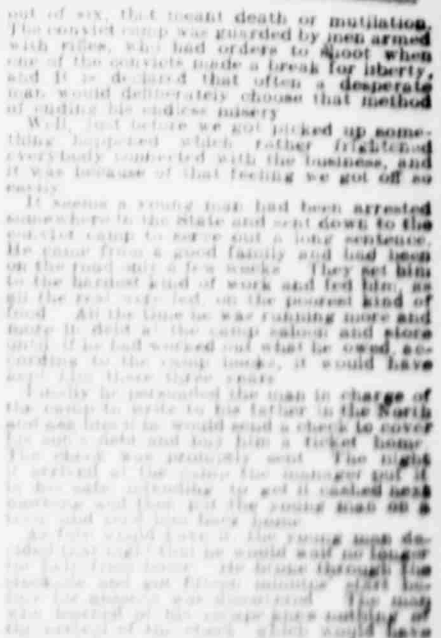
[illegible]

out of six, that meant death or mutilation. The convict camp was guarded by men armed with rifles, who had orders to shoot when one of the convicts made a break for liberty, and it is declared that often a desperate man would deliberately choose that method of ending his endless misery.

Well, just before we got picked up something happened which rather frightened everybody connected with the business, and it was because of that feeling we got off so easily.

It seems a young man had been arrested somewhere in the State and sent down to the convict camp to serve out a long sentence. He came from a good family and had been on the road only a few weeks. They set him to the hardest kind of work and fed him, as all the rest were fed, on the poorest kind of food. All the time he was running more and more in debt at the camp saloon and store until, if he had worked out what he owed, according to the camp books, it would have kept him there three years.

[illegible]




[illegible]