# THE JOURNAL

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## FAR FROM A SETTLEMENT

The Peking cables indicate that the powers are still in disagreement as to the amount of the Chinese indemnity. After discussing amounts ranging from $600,000,000 down to $300,000,000 and against the remonstrances of our government fixing it at $337,000,000, there is no agreement, and, if the indemnity is really determined there yet remains the inevitable wrangle as to how China shall pay; whether China shall issue bonds to the full amount, the powers to give a joint indorsement or guaranty of payment, or whether China shall issue her own bonds to each government separately, each government giving its own guaranty. Our government is disposed to make its own settlement with China for the amount of its claim ($25,000,000) in cash.

After this point is settled there remain for settlement the treatment of China's revenue so that the bonds can be paid in installments and the question of the reconstruction and extension of the commercial treaties with China and sufficient guaranties against another anti-foreign uprising with the attendant massacres. The chief revenue of China is from the salt tax, the likin or interprovincial transit tax and customs dues, the latter being the only tax honestly collected and turned in, as it is under foreign supervision. These questions will involve much strenuous dictation to China, as is obvious.

Meantime the partial evacuation of Peking by the foreign troops, for the purpose of inducing the imperial government to come back from its exile, is regarded with great pleasure by the Chinese people and has hastened the declaration of the dowager empress, who still controls the emperor, that the court will return in September. The powers have deliberately encouraged the Empress Tze-Hsi to return by their very complacent treatment of the Chinese Jezebel. She has at no time relinquished one of her impudently claimed prerogatives. All the edicts for the year past have been issued in her name. The powers have not ascertained whether she or the Emperor Kwang-Su is sovereign, but the strong inference from the attitude of Tze-Hsi is that she proposes to reign and direct as long as she lives and to receive foreign recognition in spite of the fact that she openly encouraged and directed the Boxer uprising and the massacres and persecutions of the foreigners and directed the participation of the Chinese imperial troops in the hideous revel of blood and rapine.

The head center of the bloody work of last year is apparently to be recognized in the seat of power by the powers. The Chinese people will be told that the departure of the foreign troops from Peking means that they are vanquished by the superior tactics of Tze-Hsi, who, beyond doubt, hates the foreigners with her old and cruel hatred.

She is said to be now willing to adopt moderate reforms and it is even reported that she has studied to some purpose that interesting book, "China's Only Hope," which unfolds the plans of reform of the viceroy Chang Chih-Tung, who would have China for the Chinese and China in possession of all western agencies of development and progress and all material for defense by sea and land which foreign nations have, without dependence on the foreigner. He wants China self-contained and progressive, and commanding the respect of the world. Chang's book has been read by millions in China and has had the effect of influencing many intelligent Chinamen to see the folly of worshipping the Past. The dowager Empress would certainly prove her reputed wisdom if she would carry out Chang's ideas. His preliminary move would be to secure for China a powerful navy and a well disciplined army to prevent foreign meddling and at the same time have all needful commercial intercourse with foreigners and secure the best ideas they have to offer.

Meantime China is destined to occupy very close attention during the next three or four months, for the civilized world is anxious to see how the powers and China will extricate themselves from the confusing tangle of to-day.

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Fred Briggs, convicted of putting in operation one of the slot gambling machines, is said to have threatened the saloonkeepers that if they testify against him and he is convicted, he will get even by seeing that the saloons are closed at 11 o'clock each night, as required by state law, and that they are kept closed on Sunday, and the saloon men are said to be very much disturbed about it. Briggs seems to be a very influential citizen in this community, and if he can bring about the closing of saloons at 11 o'clock, and can keep them closed on Sunday, it is to be hoped that he will receive proper encouragement to go ahead and carry out this threat.

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The report that Mr. Lowry has sold his street car stock is denied; but we will venture the statement that if he will ride for a week on one of the old threshing machines that run on the Kenwood line he will want to sell it.

## CONGRESSMAN DALZELL'S VIEWS

Congressman Dalzell, in an interview on Saturday, reflected the views of uncompromising protectionists who are opposed to altering the tariff of 1897 by the deletion of a single dot, and who characterize reciprocity treaties as "free trade." The dominant argument of Mr. Dalzell is that any tariff revision and any concessions through reciprocity to a foreign nation mean only lower wages for American workingmen.

He is very much in the wrong, for it is evident that, now that we have entered into strong competition with the whole industrial world, our success, already most gratifying and alarming to Europe, depends upon our readiness to concede something to other trading countries that we may also get concessions so that our trade can be extended abroad. If we make no concessions we are not likely to get any in return, and, walled out of foreign markets, the most important to us, our enormous manufacturing productive capacity will be handicapped by enormous overproduction greatly in excess of anything the home market can consume. That means a halt in production and the throwing of men out of work.

Already we have free-listed articles which are not produced in this country, and, as Mr. Search, the president of the National Association of Manufacturers, said in his speech in Detroit last week, if we are not reay to adopt a policy of mutual concession, "we must expect not only the loss of privileges we now enjoy, but also open retaliation as a punishment for our selfishness." Mr. Search also said that present conditions in our foreign trade impose upon us "the duty of readjusting our commercial relations with other countries upon such basis as shall insure freer intercourse without any sacrifice of material interests by either party; to put it in a word, reciprocity is the one factor that is of the utmost value to us in the present stage of our export trade."

Mr. Search is as sound a protectionist as can be found in the country. He declared in his speech that our protective system must not be abandoned, as indeed it must not and will not be, but it is a matter of vital industrial importance that it must be modified as trade conditions and the nation's industrial forces require, and it is certainly no advantage to the workingman to have any curtailment of the industrial activity of our country. The permanence of good wages in this country is dependent upon the continued activity of our industrial forces. The larger the export trade in our manufactures, the larger the contribution to the earnings of American wage-workers, and the mutual concession policy is thus demonstrably in the interest of the American wage-worker.

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There is an old maxim somewhat to this effect, that when rogues fall out honest men will get their due. The quarrel between the slot-machine gamblers and the faro, roulette, poker and other brands of gamblers, involving also the saloon men, seems likely to produce some results not altogether unimportant to the community. The court and its officers are certainly entitled to the praise of the community for the manner in which the last Briggs case was conducted. It is said that the attorneys for Briggs may file an affidavit of prejudice against Judge McGee, and, possibly, the cases may be removed to some other court. But it is not likely that removal would be of any advantage to the defense, for Judge McGee has set an example in the handling of these cases which suits the public, that is, the law-abiding side of the public, and no other judge, if he should be so inclined, could afford to depart very far from it; nor is there any reason to believe that any member of the Hennepin bench would be so disposed.

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The Third regiment of the state militia are on the warpath. They are charging through the woods in the central part of the state, making forced marches and raiding the cook's tent like a lot of veterans. The heaviest engagement they have had thus far was with the inhabitants of a deserted lumber camp where they ventured to spend a night. The list of casualties has not been received.

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The Cuban radicals seem to have discovered at last that Uncle Sam still has control of the ball.

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***Religious Controversy*** While some of our great religious bodies are struggling, among other questions, with that of the "elect infant" and trying to pull his unfortunate little non-elect brother out of the bad hole into which he was thrust in the seventeenth century, the people who make the most fuss about this ancient declaration are the very ones who, even in this present day of enlightenment and progress, are likely to condemn vigorously and in a similar way the infant who wakes at 2 a. m. and gives tongue after a fashion that makes all the people in the flats across the street stir uneasily in their sleep. Yet in spite of all his playful little ways, "there's nothing too rich for the baby," and he is slowly but surely coming to his own.

Meantime our southern brethren are stirred over the question of hades. It seems as if a concerted attack was being made in the southland upon the sheol of the fathers, but the place does not lack for defenders. The southern character is conservative, and does not easily give up old established institutions. A poet in the Atlanta Constitution springs to the defense of the Bad Place as follows:

It doesn't matter what they preach,
Of high or low degree,
The old hell of the Bible
Is hell enough for me!

'Twas preached by Paul and Peter—
They spread it wide an' free;
'Twas hell for old John Bunyan,
And it's hell enough for me!

If this is intended as a flippancy, the poet is likely to discover that the last line of his last stanza contains eternal truth. At any rate let us hope for the best.

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An Eau Claire man gave up a baby turtle from his stomach. Only a baby can digest things like tortoise shell combs.

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Miss Laura Baker Culver, daughter of a rich banker at North Granville, N. Y., received an old custom last week by eloping with papa's coachman. There is a whole lot of what some of our friends call "malicious animal magnetism" about a coachman.

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A naval cadet of the senior class stood a freshman on his head and a court martial rapidly gathered and sent him home. Uncle Sam seems to be in real earnest on the hazing question.

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When the small boy gets to stubbing around all day in the happy vacation time, pa begins to think that he is the father to a centipede by the demand for shoes.

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Nat Goodwin says he wishes the country would take him seriously. Why ruin a glorious reputation for fun? There is too much seriousness now.

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Oxford university is to make Professor Briggs an LL. D. The lines of heretics have fallen in pleasant places in this era of good feeling.

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Iri Hicks, the almanac sharp, predicts a drought for the rest of the season. There is certainly considerable dry humor about Hicks.

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What makes the Grinnell people so mad is that ex-Brother Herron is so willing to forgive them.

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The ravens fed Elijah but Dowie seems to depend on the raven maniacs.

## MINNESOTA POLITICS

Two dark horses are looming up in the field of congressional candidates in the new ninth district. Polk county has kept remarkably still on the subject, but the impression prevails in other parts of the district that Halvor Steenerson will in due time enter the race with the backing of Crookston. Steenerson is a strong campaigner, and is well known all over the Red River valley. His candidacy would split up Grindeland's strength to a considerable extent.

The other favorite son hails from Beltrami county. He is W. F. Street, the county attorney, who leaped recently into fame by beating the big lumber companies in the Beltrami county tax case. The Bemidji Pioneer gives it out that if Street can be induced to enter the race, he will be presented by Beltrami county as her choice for congress. It is understood that Street would like to try for the state senate instead. Beltrami has been newly attached to the Red River valley counties, and when it comes to a congressional fight, would be a 100 to 1 shot; but stranger things have happened, with a big field of candidates. Street would stand a much better chance, however, if he were to go after the seat in the senate now held by Ole Myran.

The situation as to candidates for congress in the ninth now stands as follows:

Actualities—A. Grindeland, Marshall; S. G. Comstock, Moorhead.

Possibilities—Ezra Valentine, Breckenridge; W. W. Calkins, Ada; Halvor Steenerson, Crookston; W. F. Street, Bemidji.

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The Princeton Union wants to know:

Why don't Hennepin, Ramsey and St. Louis counties put the Torrens law into effect? The remainder of the state would like to know something about its workings before the next session of the legislature.

The reason is that an amendment tacked on the law by a country member, Allan J. Greer of Lake City, postponed the operation of the law until Sept. 1.

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Senator Somerville's townsmen are bound to push him into the congressional race. The Sleepy Eye Dispatch declares that the senator has only to say the word and he will attract a powerful following to his support.

—C. B. C.

## AMUSEMENTS

**Vaudeville at the Metropolitan.**

"I have traveled all over the world and found but two classes of human beings—men and women," observed Lady Mary Wortley Montague in one of her celebrated talking fits. It would not have been "questioning too seriously" if her ladyship had added, "What pleased the masses in one place pleased them in another." Argal, when a craze seizes upon the fun-loving public in New York it will later seize upon the denizens of other localities and rage with the same fury. That is why the Metropolitan has been packed at every performance since high class vaudeville took possession of that playhouse.

The bill for this week is worth all that have preceded it. There is not a bad moment from the delicious musical act which starts the performance to the wonderful acrobatic turn which concludes it. In short, the bill affords an endless variety of entertainment which is contributed by high salaried people who have come out into the west with the stamp of metropolitan approval.

Mary Norman, the society entertainer, who heads the big show, paints true to nature for the past part. She does not caricature broadly, but burlesques in a refined way that imparts individuality to the characters she assumes. So clever are her conceptions and so convincing her portrayals of certain types that every one recognizes them as old acquaintances.

Miss Norman "takes off" the typical upper crust girls of Boston, New York and Chicago in a manner beautiful to see. The Boston "blue stocking," with her face corrugated with scientific astringency, in an effort to fathom the "ungetatibility" of the fathomless, her pedantic, ponderous words, her eyes severe and lips of formal cut, is one type. The haughty New York belle, taking soda water with mama—languid, shallow, sighing for "dear old London"—quite English, is another. But the breezy Chicago girl at a dance, with her good humor, her love of mischief, her fearless disregard of the proprieties, her salad and coffee—she is the girl for Miss Norman, who is an Iowa girl herself and therefore caught her first glimpses of the jeunesse doree in Carter Harrison's town. Miss Norman also sings flat in beautiful style.

The sketch, "Two Girls and a Man," by Harry Mills and Lizzie Evans, is a star feature. Miss Evans is one of those easy, blonde laughers with a tremendous amount of vitality, and when she essays the role of a typewriter girl who has "been 'round a lot," she sets the house in an uproar. Her work in two roles, one that of a "nice" girl, was finely differentiated.

A clever sketch was contributed by Mabel Fuller, Mollie Moller and Dan Burke, entitled "Over the Pike." The girls appear first as country gawks anxious to go on the stage. Burke is a vaudeville artist who instructs them. The young women's voices blend beautifully, and the act should be altered to give them a chance to sing. More melody and less talk is the idea.

Weston and Yost provoked incessant laughter by their "conversazioney" and singing stunts.

The musical specialty of "Mallory Brothers and Brooks," three colored people, was greatly enjoyed. They played upon a variety of instruments in entertaining fashion.

John World and Miss Hastings, in an eccentric singing and dancing sketch, were received with great enthusiasm. The polyscope pictures were the best yet offered and proved a most pleasing diversion.

The eccentric acrobatic act of the two Rozinos, performed on a trick billiard table, closed a highly enjoyable performance.

—W. A. D.

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**Rubbing It Into Perry.**

Fargo Forum.

And now comes the report that Comrade Perry of the North Dakota Record—that awful old pop at Ellendale—always ag'in everything that is—gets a $12 pension—from that imperialistic, autocratic, domineering and dastardly government—run by McKinley, Mark Hanna & Co.—that slipped the constitutional moorings of our fathers—and things like that—and sets the ship of state adrift—so far from the ideas of fathers—that it's only once in a while—the country gets close enough to shore—to give Perry a pension.

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**Great Growing Weather.**

Madison (S. D.) Outlook.

Those who are in a position to know, and our own observation tell us that South Dakota is to-day enjoying the greatest period of prosperity and business activity that the state has ever known, and everywhere the young cities of the state are now building anew, and substantially, and putting on more palpable growth than has been known before for ten years.

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**Concerning Quay.**

Philadelphia Press.

It is Senator Quay's misfortune that when he makes a declaration likely to be of public benefit no one, not even his closest friends, will take him seriously.

# Minneapolis Journal's Current Topic Series.

## Papers by Experts and Specialists of National Reputation.

## THE OPPORTUNITY AND THE MAN.

### XVII.—J. HOWARD HALE

(Series under the direction of President Andrew S. Draper of the University of Illinois.)

Copyright, 1901, by Victor F. Lawson.

From early boyhood J. Howard Hale has been known as a hard worker. His father died when he was a mere lad, leaving his mother in meager circumstances. The small farm was not overproductive, and young Hale soon learned what it was to shoulder grave responsibilities. He had very limited opportunities to attend school. He was a keen observer, however, and rapidly accumulated a store of information as he came in contact with others. Blessed with a strong constitution and a will power that was not easily swayed, his own experiences in his youthful days were a substitute for university lectures. These first encounters with adverse conditions, developed a character well fitted to conduct the great enterprise that he now manages and controls.

About thirty-three years ago he conceived the idea of transforming some of the abandoned New England hill farms into berry beds and peach orchards. He began in a small way at first, testing varieties and studying the underlying principles of fruit-growing. Having demonstrated that the neglected and forsaken Connecticut hills on the old home farm would produce as fine peaches as were grown anywhere in the world, in company with his brother he borrowed money and planted his first commercial orchard in 1880. Mr. Hale never for a moment thought there was any doubt about final success of his venture; but the good old deacons, themselves engaged in tobacco culture, who were responsible for a $2,000 loan of the church funds, felt so uneasy about the money that they requested the prospective fruit-grower to give better security than a first mortgage on the farm or to pay off the debts at once. Young Hale did not tell them that he then had his first good crop of peaches on his trees, but asked them to wait two months and he would give the desired security. In August and September $7,000 worth of peaches were sold from the farm that the neighbors thought was not good security for $2,000. The deacons were paid the full amount of their claims.

**A Great New England Peach Farm.**

This was young Hale's first real encouragement from the money point of view. For three successive years the crops had been killed by late spring frosts. Here again the resolute qualities of the lad stuck out. His early experience with the push cart, borrowed from a neighbor and afterward bought for $1, in which he delivered his fruits in the local market, was of inestimable value in buoying up the spirits of a boy, whom the neighbors called a wild dreamer. When the little cart was loaded, as it often was, it took lots of push to start it; hanging back would not budge it an inch, but an everlasting push kept it moving slowly ahead. This, young Hale discovered, was the only way to get ahead, and that lesson of push, learned from experiences with the old hand cart, has stimulated and carried him over many discouraging and trying periods.

Since the first big crop was secured and the mortgage lifted and other debts paid, many larger crops have been gathered. Today the old Hale farm, in the family's hands for over 250 years, is in better condition, more productive and of far greater value than ever before. The once abandoned hilltops, covered with rocks and overgrown with underbrush and birch, are now cleanly cultivated and studded with great peach orchards, which during the latter part of May present one grand bouquet. The delicate pink of the peach blossom on nearly a hundred thousand trees planted on terraces, in contrast with the green wooded background of higher and rougher hills, and the rier and valley fields below, have made the Hale farm famous throughout New England, to say nothing of the car loads of luscious fruits produced later in the season. The little push-cart has long since given way to more modern means of transportation. The Hartford street railway has run a sidetrack into this farm and the fruit is packed in cars, constructed for the purpose, and rushed by electricity to the steam railway, nine miles distant. This is the first fruit farm in the United States to adopt the trolley car for handling fruit direct from the orcard.

**Growing Peaches in Georgia.**

Having thus made a fair start in Connecticut, Mr. Hale wanted to extend his orchards. After visiting every peach-growing section in this country, he located a tract of about 2,160 acres in central Georgia, near Fort Valley. On this immense plantation he has developed the largest individual orchard in the world. Over 250,000 trees are fruiting and younger orchards are coming on each season. Trees are set with perfect regularity thirteen feet apart, and the orchard is laid off into blocks 1,000 by 500 feet each way. The avenues are thirty feet wide and the cross streets twenty-six feet wide. The former are named after the great peach producing states, California, Michigan, Ohio, Maryland, Delaware, New

J. HOWARD HALE.

Jersey, Connecticut, Georgia, etc., while the latter are called Downing, Wilder, Warder, Thomas, Barry, Gold, Bailey, etc., after renowned horticulturists. Thus the whole system is unique. From the main packing sheds stretching away for two miles is one great forest of peach trees.

Mr. Hale has systematized every detail of this industry. During the height of the season in June and July over 800 persons, about equally divided between white and black, are employed, and they camp on the place. The first bell rings at 3 o'clock in the morning, which serves as a signal to the superintendent that the stable man is at his post feeding his horses and mules. At 4 o'clock, through the gray of the morning, the merry procession starts through the orchard, singing. From morning till night the plantation echoes the refrains of the negroes, happy and contented, hidden among the foliage. The trees are headed low, and all the fruit, even on the oldest trees, can be picked from the ground without a ladder. The pickers are divided into gangs of about twenty, each with a foreman. Every picker is numbered and furnished with a bunch of cards bearing his number. When he begins picking he drops a card in the bottom of the basket. All fruit must be picked according to a standard of ripeness and variety. If a basket is too ripe, too green, or in any way deficient, it is detected at the packing-house and the numbered card in the bottom is given to the field superintendent, who is constantly in the saddle. He gallops away to find the offender and brings him to task.

**Packing Peaches for the Market.**

By 5 o'clock in the morning the wagons begin to bring the fruit into the packing shed, and there is a constant stream of fruit pouring in all day long. The baskets, set upon the platform, are immediately taken by the assorters, who divide the fruit into three grades in long canvas trays stretched upon a table before them. On the opposite side of these long tables hundreds of white girls of the most refined classes, including school teachers, musicians, artists and others, pack the fruit in small four-quart baskets. Six of these baskets constitute a carrier or crate. Every peach must be up to standard size, without blemish, and in a perfect state of ripeness before being placed in one of these baskets. A general foreman keeps close watch in the packing shed, and before the lid is nailed on every crate is inspected by an expert, who makes sure that every piece of fruit is what the guaranty carries with it, in a perfect condition and the same all the way through. If a single peach is found containing a bruise or blemish of any kind, the entire crate is returned to the packer, and as a penalty it must repacked. The girls handling this fruit become very expert and from 80 to 100 crates a day is considered a good pack, although some experts pack from 175 to 200 crates. Each carrier contains from 100 to 210 peaches, depending on the grade. Each packer handles during the day from 20,000 to 30,000 pieces of fruit, in addition to handling the baskets and carriers. Every basket, crate and even the cars are labeled with Mr. Hale's red label.

Last summer a northern man who was visiting this orchard timed two of the expert packers, a man and a woman. Each removed three baskets and the middle partition, handled 132 peaches, and set the carrier aside for shipment in two minutes and twelve seconds. The same day another expert, who was packing cantaloupes, handled forty-six melons and packed them ready for market in twenty seconds. The boys who nail the lids upon the packages also become experts. One lad drove six nails in nine seconds, while his competitor drove the same number and set the package aside in ten seconds. The fruit is passed directly into refrigerator cars from the shed. Less than an hour elapses from the time the fruit is plucked from the tree until it is in cold storage. During the rush of the season a car is loaded every hour through the day. It is a rare sight to see an entire express train carrying the products of a single orchard. The cars are iced five times after they leave the orchard before the reach the northern markets.

**Music for the Fruit Packers.**

During the heavier part of the packing season, Mr. Hale noticed that many girls left the sheds at night in a rather melancholy mood, and decided to try a new plan to stimulate and give them new life the latter part of the day, when the hours seemed longer than usual. Here he exhibited his ingenuity, and, much to the delight of the packers, the following afternoon about 2 o'clock a band, consisting of the star players of the neighborhood, was placed upon the platform in the shed. They were instructed to play any kind of music they chose the early part of the afternoon, but to have strains of a lively character later, and at the close of the day nothing but the genuine old southern hoe-down would suffice. When the quitting hour arrived the band was playing the liveliest tunes known to the leader. As a consequence the girl packers left the sheds every afternoon in a happy and contented frame of mind, rested and refreshed, in condition to enjoy a good night's sleep. At the same time, much to the surprise of Mr. Hale, he found that while the music rested his employes and made them much more cheerful, the average pack was 30 per cent greater—enough to pay for music and leave a profit.

On a plantation of this character, especially during the ripening season, work never stops, even on account of heavy rain. The negroes are faithful to their calling and will work along, singing merrily, picking fruit in the pouring rain. Mr. Hale is always mindful of their welfare when working under conditions of this sort, and last summer a friend saw him in the orchard in a heavy rain, distributing coffee and sweet cakes to his faithful servants, about 10 o'clock in the morning. The stimulating effect of the coffee and this kind act of the master himself was apparent at once throughout the entire orchard, where these gangs of men were at work, and the count at night revealed that there was a great increase in the number of packages picked from 10 to 12 o'clock.

**Accommodations for the Workers.**

There are nearly forty miles of graded roads in this orchard, and one can drive all day long through vistas of peach trees. The railroad was constructed in 1895 through the heart of the estate by the Central Railway of Georgia. All details of management are planned and given out by Mr. Hale from his Connecticut office, he going to Georgia only during the packing and shipping season. In addition to the two packing sheds, there is a large, well-equipped evaporator established, in which all fallen fruit and fruit of an inferior quality speckled or bruised, is thoroughly prepared and dried. The Red Label Hotel is another interesting feature of this orchard. It is built according to modern plans and accommodates about 250 employes. It is managed on a co-operative basis and the young men and women secure their meals at actual cost, paying nothing for room and other accommodations. Some of the young men club together, secure a cook and provide their own meals.

Willis Boyd Johnson

# An Old Maid's Flag Raising. *By James Buckham.*

Copyright, 1901, by James Buckham.

The little white house of the Partridge "girls" lay basking in the summer sunshine. It seemed the very embodiment of orderly thrift and domestic peace. The bit of green yard was as clean and tidy as if it had been swept and then every separate grass-blade dusted and set in orderly array. The two glistening paths that led, one up to the front door and the other along the side of the house to the "kitchen stoop," were enclosed by slender round posts, through which ran a single strand of wire. The posts and their connecting wire were painted a fresh, lustrous green. There were also six green posts along the sidewalk in front of the house, strung together by a green wire; and at each corner of the yard and each corner of the two paths, stood a large whitewashed stone, so dazzling white that it made the eyes ache like new-fallen snow. The entire premises had a look of immaculate neatness that made them seem sacred, like some fane or little temple; and indeed they were sacred to the Partridge sisters, who had descended from a long line of old-fashioned New England worshipers at the shrine of home.

Inside, the place was as neat as outside. Nobody ever found the Partridge "girls" in a muss. Even when they cleaned house they did it so stealthily and with such amazing rapidity that no one room was suffered to be out of apple-pie order for more than ten consecutive minutes.

It was a marvelous little home, this of the Partridge sisters. The minister once said that it was a composite of Puritan conscience and New England sentiment, and that there was only one thing more impressive than its severity, and that was its sweetness.

In such a home as this, it would seem, one might retire and be at rest from all the cares and strifes and troubles of the uneasy world. There were not a few who envied the Partridge sisters their little patrimony and their little home—the one just equal to the other, with an exactness beautiful to contemplate in this world of exasperating misfits.

Yet there is no corner of old earth, however remote and peaceful, where some trouble does not find its way. The skeleton in this quiet closet was chronic difference of opinion between the sisters, a trouble that is almost sure to rise between two persons of the same blood and sex who are compelled to spend most of their time in one another's company. With the Partridge sisters this mental divergence seemed to have no root in divergence of principle. It made practically no difference what the opinion was, so long as it was held strongly by either sister, the other felt bound to disagree with it. Jane and Ellen could be of one mind on but one matter, and that was purely congenital—the passion for neatness.

The June sunshine rested like a benediction on the Partridge cottage. The roses in the front yard and the sweet peas in the back yard were in bloom. A golden robin was singing in an elm across the street, and the Partridge canary was vying with him from his cage in the open window. Jane and Ellen were out in the yard, weeding their flower beds and roaming hither and thither, after the manner of hens, to pick up infinitesimal bits of litter between the grass-blades. Suddenly Miss Ellen straightened up and gazed curiously at something that was coming down the village street. It was an ordinary lumber wagon with the box removed, and far in the rear an extra axle and pair of wheels. Something long and white and tapering was stretched from the forward axle of the wagon to the extra axle and wheels trailing behind.

"What in the world can that be coming?" asked Miss Ellen.

"I presume it is our new flag pole," replied Miss Jane, the elder sister, quietly.

"Our new flag pole?" cried her sister, shrilly. "What do you mean, Jane Partridge? Who said we were going to have a flag pole?"

"I said so," answered Jane. "I ordered it, and it's coming. I didn't say anything to you about it because I knew you would object beforehand, and I thought you might as well do your objecting afterwards—'twould save time. I wanted to have it here in time for the Fourth of July. I've been thinking for some time that we ought to be more patriotic than we are, and I couldn't think of any better way for two lonely women to show their patriotism than by owning a flag and flag pole. We can't go to war; we can't vote; we can't speak in town meeting, and we can't fire a gun on Independence Day. But a woman has just as much right to fly the stars and stripes as a man, and you and I are going to do it, and we are going to do it for the first time on next Fourth of July."

Miss Ellen Partridge listened to this long explantion from her sister with a set face. "Old maids have no call to be patriotic!" she snapped, when Miss Jane concluded. "It ain't their province—it's no woman's province. I won't have a flag pole in this yard, Jane Partridge, and you may as well understand that first as last. They shan't bring that thing in here if I have to fight 'm with a broom and scalding water. A flag pole's a dangerous thing to have around a house to begin with. The first big wind it may snap off and smash the roof in, just as the college flag pole broke off and smashed the fountain, over to Chester. It's more dangerous than a big tree, because it hasn't any roots. Patriotism!—huh! I guess we show patriotism enough, considerin' our privileges, by payin' our taxes"

By this time the long flag pole, attended by a crowd of boys and village loafers, had arrived opposite the little cottage, and the four men who were perched on its trunk dismounted and proceeded to unfasten the chains that bound it to the wagon. Miss Ellen strode to them. "You are not to bring that thing in here," she said, firmly.

The man in charge of the flag pole turned with a grin; but, seeing the expression of Miss Ellen's face, his grin died away in a look of astonished perplexity.

"What in tunket am I to do with it, then?" he demanded. "I was told to bring it here."

"I don't care what you do with it," retorted Miss Ellen. "All I know is, it isn't coming in here."

"It's paid for," protested the man, as a final shot.

At this juncture Miss Jane Partridge came stalking majestically down the little side-path. She had borne with her sister's petulance—even as she used to when they were children—just long enough to be assured that it was of the inflexible sort. It was now time for the elder sister to act. She brushed Miss Ellen aside and laid her hand on the pole. "I ordered it," she said. "I paid for it, and I paid for its settin' up. You may bring it in and set it where Ishow you."

Miss Ellen turned abruptly and went into the house. She climbed to the garret and got the large brown satchel that her father had owned. Then she gathered together a few articles of clothing and the dearest of her own special treasures and keepsakes and put them into the bag. This done, she marched out of the front door, satchel in hand, and started for the village depot. Miss Jane was in the back yard, superintending the erection of the flag pole, and did not notive her sister's departure.

Miss Ellen reached the depot and sat down in the vacant ladies' waiting-room. She had not the slightest idea where she was going. There was no relative to whom she could flee from her sister's tyranny. She thought that she would take the first train, in either direction, and travel until evening. Then she would know better what to do.

It was late in the forenoon when Miss Ellen reached the depot. The station agent had gone to dinner and his office was locked up. Noon came, then half-past twelve, and still no train and no station agent. Miss Ellen fastened her distracted mind upon the situation, and presently remembered that no train stopped at Lyndonville between 11 o'clock a. m. and half past 5 p. m. What would the station agent think when he came back and found her there!

She went to the window and looked back up the hill toward the village. Between Putnam's blacksmith shop and the store, she could just see, on the other side of the village street, the lowly roof of the cottage where she and her sister had dwelt for forty years. Something white and slender was just wavering up behind it. It rose higher and higher, and finally stood firm and straight; and Miss Ellen saw that it was the top of the new flag pole. Jane, then, was still busy with her triumph. She had not discovered her sister's departure—or, perhaps, she did not care.

Miss Ellen went back to her seat with tears in her eyes. From where she sat she could look into the ticket office and through the locked glass window; and on the wall facing her she saw a steel engraving of Abraham Lincoln. How vividly it brought up the days of the civil war, when her younger brother had marched away with the first regiment of Vermont volunteers! The tears rained faster down her cheeks as the flood of memory swept her farther and farther away from her own petty grievance. She remembered the crushing news from the front; the bringing home of her brother's dear, torn body; the picture of Abraham Lincoln, which they found hidden in his bosom; the funeral in the village church, with the picture of Lincoln, wreathed in flowers, lying on the dead soldier's breast. And around him and the Martyr President were wrapped the folds of the stars and stripes!

Again Miss Ellen rose and went to the window. A cheer swept faintly down the hill. There was a flag flying from the new flag pole over the cottage. Patriotism—had she none of it in her loyal heart—and she the sister of such a patriot as the soldier boy who slept under the faded Memorial Day flag in the village cemetery?

With a sob Miss Ellen caught up her satchel and breasted the hill. "Jane was right," she whispered. "I am glad she got the flag pole and the flag. Dear Robert! it was my flag-raising, too. If heart's feeling counts for anything, it was my flag-raising, too!"

# Daily New York Letter.

BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL, No. 21 Park Row, New York.

**Landed Estates.**

June 10.—Multi-millionaires each year appear to be running more and more to the idea of landed estates. Edward H. Harriman, whose personality is so well known to the public through the recent Northern Pacific corner, is the latest to acquire possession of a magnificent country home. There is nothing pretentious about the home itself, but the estate surrounding it, which Mr. Harriman has just acquired in the counties of Orange and Rockland, this state, is about the largest private preserve in the United States. No less than fifty square miles of land in these counties are now owned by Mr. Harriman, who, in following out this idea, has gone far ahead of the example set by William C. Whitney, H. Walter Webb, W. Seward Webb, the Lorillards and many others. Mr. Whitney's preserve in the Berkshire country of Massachusetts, with its herd of moose, elk and buffalo, is a wonderland of nature. The Seward Webb property in Vermont is known far and wide, as are the Durant and H. Walter Webb estates in the Adirondacks. But even these properties can hardly compare in size with the tract over which Mr. Harriman is now ruler and landlord. For fifteen miles Mr. Harriman can drive in a straight line without going off the land he owns. The estate is in excellent shape; roads are macadamized and the property well cared for. Mr. Harriman has been taking this property up piece by piece, from a few hundred to a few thousand acres at a time, and his purchases have extended over a period of several months. It is intimated he will transform the property into the most magnificent private park in America, exceeding in beauty as well as in size the similar properties of the Rockefellers on the Hudson, the Lorillards in Tuxedo and the Havemeyers at Mahwah, N. J. All these estates have cost their owners much more money than Mr. Harriman has spent, but the latter has just come into possession of the ground and has had no time as yet to make any improvements. If it be Mr. Harriman's intention to become one of the greatest landed proprietors in the New world, he has an excellent start, for in point of acreage and monetary worth his Hudson river district preserve exceeds those of many European noblemen.

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**Mr. Morgan's Gifts.**

J. Pierpont Morgan continues to maintain his reputation for being a wise as well as generous giver. Just after his departure for Europe announcement was made that Mr. Morgan had agreed to supply the additional $125,000 necessary to complete the purchase of the interests threatening the destruction of the Palisades, and now comes the further announcement of valuable gifts to Cooper Union. These gifts consist of costly European collections of textile art, embracing the lection of Madrid, and the Baron collection of Paris. No description has been received of what the donations include, other than that they are the collections named; yet from the character of other gifts Mr. Morgan has made to the Union, it is confidently believed its Museum for the Arts of Decoration will now be superior not only to anything of the kind in America, but it will also take high rank among the European collections of the kind. This makes the third valuable collection established in Cooper Union by Mr. Morgan. Several years ago he donated $10,000 with which to found a library of books on art, while the collection of precious stones and minerals in the natural history museum, valued at $200,000, also came unsolicited from him.

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**A Broad Gauge Policy.**

Colonel Willis L. Ogden, who is one of the principal men in the citizens' union campaign, has greatly feared that many persons would enter objections to the anti-Tammany campaign on the ground that if successful the fusion administration would try to run this cosmopolitan city as would our numerous ancestors who landed in the Mayflower. Mr. Ogden has therefore taken great pains to assure the public that the men opposing Tammany Hall in this campaign are not actuated by any desire to enforce regulations of an azure hue. He says they are in favor of a liberal interpretation of the laws according to the conditions of New York city. Mr. Ogden is not alone in this stand, for all the republican organization leaders have already stated it to be their desire to run the city on a broad-gauge plan. They know full well the temper of the people of New York, and if the anti-Tammany elements sincerely adopt this plan and give evidence to the people that they really mean to run a liberal administration if successful, their position in the campaign will be immeasureably strengthened. The great majority of New Yorkers, while they do not regard Tammany corruption as a fundamental principle of a liberal government, have no use for reform or reformers. The average New Yorker cannot see why a liberal administration cannot be given without corruption. Such an administration they want, and if the fusion elements can offer it, they will make an exceptionally strong bid for power.

—N. N. A.

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