

APPLE PICKERS IN WEST FINDING A GOLD MINE

SPOKANE, Wash., September 19, 1907.

APPLE pickers in Washington orchards are having the time of their lives. The total average is near the 100,000 mark, and the trees are heavily laden and wags' fingers than ever before in the history of the industry. The crop is estimated by growers and inspectors to be worth from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000 this season, and of this more than \$2,000,000 will be paid for fruit packed for export. The bulk of the crop is made up of Spitzbergen, Newtown pippins, Winesap, Jonathan and other winter varieties, which can be shipped anywhere, the chief markets being the Yukon, Alaskan, Spokane and Fraser valleys in the order named.

Most of this fruit will be sent to Atlantic coast markets and England, France, Germany, Australia and the Orient. New York, Boston and Chicago are the chief distributing points east of the Rocky mountains, and from these the jobbers and dealers in various parts of the west, east and south are supplied. The apple is the favorite of Americans and Austrians, while the Englishmen are fond of the various varieties of pippins, which also have reputations in Denmark and Sweden and other parts of Europe.

Stated commercially, the crop of Washington this year is a matter of 5,000,000 boxes, each containing fifty pounds of apples. The fruit was grown in thirty-seven counties, those having more than 7,000 trees being Yakima, 1,218,000; Pierce, 299,000; Whitman, 200,000; Cowlitz, 165,000; Knap, 154,000; Whitson, 100,000; Columbia, 80,000; and Thurston, 78,000. The crop would fill 8,323 cars of 30,000 pounds each, or make 2.0 trains of thirty-three cars each. Laid end to end the boxes, eighteen inches in length and twelve inches high, would stretch 1,420 miles, and if piled up they would make a shaft 917 miles high.

Pickers do not pack barrels in this country. They are too unwieldy. Pine boxes are used, and they reach the growers and packers "knocked down," the price being 12 1/2 cents each, to which must be added 1 cent for nailing. As a rule pickers and packers are paid by the day, the wage scale ranging from \$2.25 to \$3, though in some instances the pickers are paid by the box for the entire orchard, which contains from 80 to 100 trees to the acre. The average cost of picking, packing and package to the grower is 25 cents, but it is not unusual for shippers or commission men to buy the products of the orchard on the trees, paying from \$1 to \$1.25 a box and doing all the work.

As Washington apples are now handled in the highest priced markets of the world every care is taken with the packs, the fruit being selected and of uniform size, color and flavor. They are hand-packed after grading, and every precaution is taken against bruising, and they are free from stains and pests. Every apple is wrapped in paper to prevent contact. Only the highest quality fruit is selected for export, and for this the growers receive at least \$1 a box more in the foreign markets than they do on the local markets, where competition is not so keen. Bostonians will readily pay the top price for big red apples, the New York market is best for Winesap and Spitzbergen and Chicago wants flavor more than color and size.

Fruit infected with the codling moth or San Jose scale is confiscated and destroyed wherever found, and to give the consumer every protection against these pests and insure freedom from disease F. A. Huntley, state fruit commissioner, has an experienced horticulturist as inspector in each of the big apple districts. The legislature at its last session also enacted several laws to insure better fruit, among the provisions being the following:

"All boxes, crates, baskets or packages containing fruit offered or transported for sale within this state shall be marked with the name of the variety (or if the variety is unknown the said box, crate, basket or package shall be marked 'variety unknown'), and with the name of the actual locality or district where grown, and no such box, crate, basket or package shall bear the name of any other locality, place or district other than that in which said fruit was actually grown."

That there is "big money" in apple orcharding, an industry yet in its infancy in the state of Washington, and, in fact, throughout the northwest, becomes apparent when it is known that trees average five boxes each every season, and that in many of the older orchards containing from fifty to seventy-five trees it is not uncommon to harvest from fifteen to twenty boxes. The younger orchards are set with from eighty to 100 trees to the acre. A thousand dollars gross the acre is not uncommon in the western part of the Spokane country, where apple growing has assumed a commercial importance second to none in the district. Forty and fifty acre orchards containing from 3,000 to 4,800 trees are not rare. These are more than twice the size of the biggest orchards in Massachusetts, which has an orchard of 1,700 trees at Haysville, declared to be the largest in New England. However, big orchards are not the rule, as there is money in five and ten acre tracts, which, with the practice of irrigation, have been made heavy producers. Thousands of acres of land tributary to Spokane have been put under the ditch in the last few years and thousands more will be added as quickly as the material and men necessary to do the work can be assembled. It has been demonstrated that a twenty-acre orchard properly tended under irrigation will net more profit than the 100-acre fruit farm in the east. These small tracts are being rapidly occupied by men, who, while working in Spokane and nearby towns, find time to care for their orchards.

While there have been good and poor years in the history of the apple industry in the United States, the records show the export business has been one of gradual expansion, and while the growth probably has not been so great as it will be during the coming few years it has been encouraging. The number of barrels of apples exported to Europe was 239,232 in 1881, and in 1882 this increased to 395,594. The number had increased to 782,219 barrels in 1884, and in 1888 the export business amounted to 1,407,499 barrels, and this increased in 1893 to 2,219,846 barrels and 913,000 boxes.

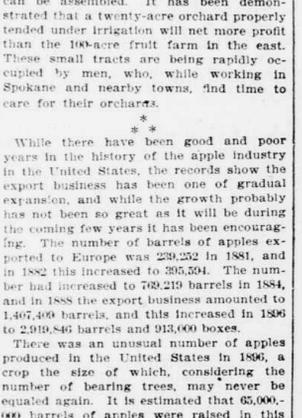
There was an unusual number of apples produced in the United States in 1906, a crop the size of which, considering the number of bearing trees, may never be equalled again. It is estimated that 65,000,000 barrels of apples were raised in this country during the year. Naturally, such an abnormal crop caused the exportations of apples to be high, and it did not again equal this record until in 1903-4, then the exports amounted to 3,429,763 barrels and 413,356 boxes. It is estimated that the total will reach 4,000,000 barrels or 12,000,000 boxes this year, and it will continue to increase more rapidly than ever before in the annals of the business.

It is not in apples alone that Washington has come to the front as a fruit producing state. Reports compiled by State Fruit Commissioner Huntley and submitted to Gov. Albert E. Mead show that in addition to almost four full townships of apple trees the state had at the beginning of last year 949,299 plum and prune trees, 764,956 peach trees, 500,633 pear trees, 243,459 cherry trees, 30,689 apricot trees, 23,862 English walnut trees, 15,185 almond trees and 6,888 quince trees, and that thousands of trees have been planted since the statistics were gathered for the foregoing statement.

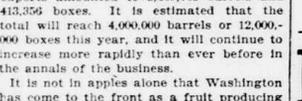
WITH THE CAMPERS ON THE UPPER POTOMAC, WHERE HEALTH AND FUN ARE FOUND AT SMALL EXPENSE



CANOE LOCK



THE CANOE IS THE POPULAR VEHICLE



CAMPER AND CITY FRIEND

EVER visit the camps of the upper Potomac? Probably not. So many persons in Washington and in other cities never do anything but sleep, eat, work and sleep again. People are forever looking over their glasses and seeing romance and the like only in foreign lands and far-off parts. It is too true that there are many Washingtonians who do not know their Washington. Let some men get out of their own neighborhood where they cannot read the legend on a street lamp and they are lost. Such persons should wake up. They are losing time. The years are slipping by and they are letting pass opportunities for wholesome pleasure in which recreation and instruction are combined.

Go to the canvas villages along the Potomac, see the brown skins, bright eyes, ruddy cheeks, brawny arms and happy faces of the out-of-door folks and you may be tempted to do likewise. There is health in it. It is alluring. It is also cheap. There is no rent to pay. There are no gas bills. There are no saloons. There is no temptation to play the role of the heavy spender or the ponderous swell. It is the simple life with a lot of charm mixed in with the simplicity.

and a cook tent. Sometimes a single tent is occupied by a group of men—a club—usually with an Indian or a near-Indian name. There may be two or ten in this club. Some of them may be youths and others advanced beyond that. Another camp will comprise a man and his family—a wholesome-looking wife and a covey of bronzed children. Still another camp may contain a group of clubs or families. You can find almost any sort of camp you look for if you explore all the out-of-way places along the higher Potomac.

It would be tedious to compile a directory of the camps, but believe the writer they are there. One is not apt to catch a glimpse or more than a glimpse of these sequestered places by looking out from the trolley car, or while whirling along the Conduit road in an auto. Travel along the towpath of the canal and here and there a vision of a fleecy white tent will come to you, betrayed by a breach in the foliage.

Where the tents are most numerous is about High Island dam. This dam curves from shore to shore of the river, here about a quarter of a mile wide, and holds the river in check to feed the Georgetown locks of the canal. Over the dam the river pours and boils and fumes and sprays and eddies with a boom that fills the air for miles around with the sound of surge. Below the dam, the river is thick-strewn with giant rocks and islets covered with the green of sycamore and willow. High Island, a jungle-grown land, lies below the dam and Snake Island and Sycamore Island above.

It is in the deep woods along both shores of the river between High and Sycamore Islands that the largest number of camps may be found. Some of them are rather plain and others approach the sumptuous, but all are homelike and hospitable.

Anyhow, if you do not care to visit the camps, you can still enjoy the beauty of the country. Watch the passing boats and the working of the locks. The view in the canal picture is looking up-stream and shows a lock closed for a down boat.

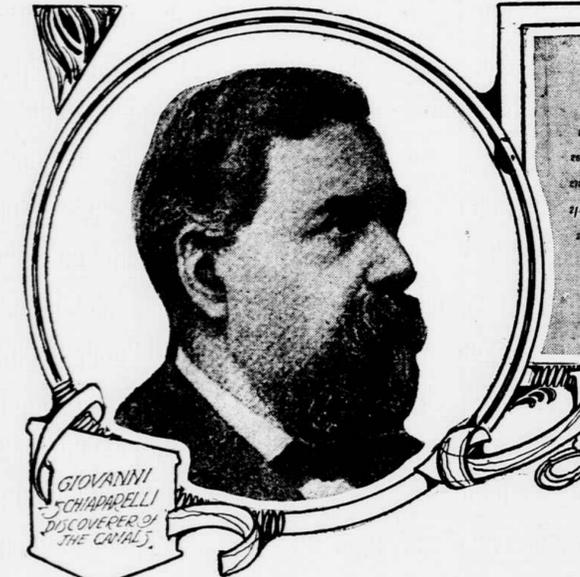
The tenting idea is not a new one, but year by year it takes hold of more people. And when it does take hold it is with a hard grip. The idea has been developed until now a very respectable number of camps and campers are strung along the river both on the Maryland and the Virginia side, from the Chain bridge to Great Falls. A "camp" here means a single tent or a group of tents. Sometimes a lone camper tenants one tent. Now and then the lone camper has two tents—a living tent

depends. A man pays for what he eats, but with an out-door appetite he is apt to eat a great deal. Much of what he eats is country produce, bought in the country at country prices. If he works in the city, as most of the up-stream dwellers do, he must pay car fare between camp and city. But long practice has inured him to this hardship, for the railroads along the Potomac banks are not more in the habit of furnishing free transportation than other lines which all Washingtonians know well.

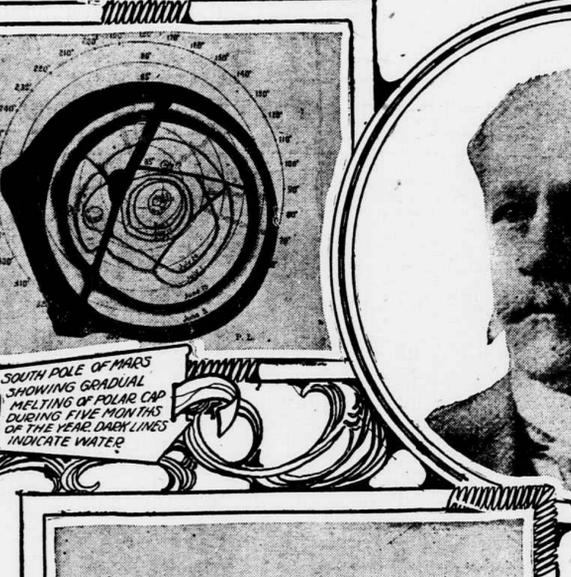
The board bill usually is small, but that depends. A man pays for what he eats, but with an out-door appetite he is apt to eat a great deal. Much of what he eats is country produce, bought in the country at country prices. If he works in the city, as most of the up-stream dwellers do, he must pay car fare between camp and city. But long practice has inured him to this hardship, for the railroads along the Potomac banks are not more in the habit of furnishing free transportation than other lines which all Washingtonians know well.

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THEORY THAT OUR NEIGHBORS ON PLANET MARS ARE CALLING BY WIRELESS THRILLS WORLD OF SCIENCE



GIOVANNI SCHIAPARELLI DISCOVERER OF THE CANALS



SOUTH POLE OF MARS SHOWING GRADUAL MELTING OF POLAR CAP DURING FIVE MONTHS THROUGH WHICH DOTTED LINES INDICATE WATER



PERCIVAL LOWELL WHO SAYS THAT MARS IS INHABITED

ONCE again the astronomical world has been thrilled, and this time it is a thrill which the layman may enjoy. It is the thrill which follows the thought that some day we will be able to exchange greetings with our planetary neighbors, and that proof of their presence there appears to be accumulating.

Prof. Percival Lowell of Lowell observatory, Flagstaff, Ariz., photographer, geographer and typographer of Mars, has just returned from South America, where, in the Andes mountains, he has been making observations and taking photographs of the planet during its opposition. We were comparatively "near" the planet then—some forty millions of miles away, but quite close astronomically speaking. Prof. Lowell, who has always held the belief that Mars was inhabited, comes back brimful of enthusiasm for having obtained what he regards as absolute proof that his theory is correct.

heavenly neighbor named for the god of war. One night a few weeks since an operator in charge of a lonely wireless telegraph station on the North Atlantic coast caught three distinct "taps" or flashes on his instrument. He could not recognize the call as any he knew, nor did he appear to have intercepted a message, for the flashes were not repeated. The next night the "taps" came again almost at the same hour, and when the thing happened again the third night the operator did some energetic thinking.

There was something about those mysterious signals which seemed uncanny. They did not sound to him like any other he had heard before. So he told another man at a station farther down the coast, and to his surprise the second operator, too, had received the same signals at the same hour. And up and down the coast the news ran, only to be confirmed by every man who worked a wireless "key."

Prof. Pickering of Harvard when he took his famous photographs of the moon in Jamaica. The observatory stood at the top of a hill, with the long tube of the telescope running downward about 135 feet to a smaller enclosure in which were fixed the lens and a mirror attachment. The photographic plates were placed under the lens in this lower building, and by the aid of the mirror the observer who sat in the house on the elevation saw the reflections of the planet.

Prof. Lowell's last expedition was a sort of "checking up" on earlier observations. In the first place, he had satisfied himself that the planet had an atmosphere through certain variations in the light about it. Then he watched the "south polar cap," a great white field on the lower axis; saw it fade away and reappear regularly as though controlled by the seasons. As the cap disappeared its outer edge was bordered by a deep blue line, and when the blue line faded out the canals came into prominence. The explanation was soon forthcoming.

ROBINSON CRUSOE LIFE OF AN ENGLISH AUTHORESS

Special Correspondence of The Star. LONDON, September 18, 1907.

MISS Beatrice Grimshaw, who attracted a good deal of attention by her lively stories of the doings of a South Sea Island princess called "Vallu" went back to her beloved South seas recently to get more literary material. According to a letter just received by a friend in London, Miss Grimshaw has been spending a month in the metropolis of Vavan Island, somewhere around Tonga, but has now tired of the dizzy delights of that fashionable watering place, where white women have been seen quite often, and has retired to an abandoned house on an island off Tonga, which has no other human inhabitants whatever. She says:

"I have been making a serious study of canoeing, and am getting on pretty well, so I shall be able to get over to the mainland when I want. Swimming is restricted because of sharks. The common and the hammer-head shark are frequent. The waters I used to bathe in at Otea (vavan), so I never went in without a few native girls, who splash and shriek enough to frighten away a whale. Last bath I sighted something queer near a patch of coral; swam in shore, got a canoe and paddled out to look and behold a sting-ray six feet long, navy blue, with large white eyes, and a whip-lash tail armed with a poisoned sting, which it can drive right through your arm or leg. This pleasant beast looked up at me intelligently, and then slunk into a cave in the coral. I didn't go in there again, in spite of its modesty."

"You can picture me when this reaches you living a Crusoe life on an island of an acre or two, with my companions being the cocoanut trees and the land crabs. I look forward to it very much; it will be a new experience."

Should Miss Grimshaw tarry long among the Tonga Islands she will have a literary companion to help her enjoy being lonesome. That veteran author and editor, Oliver Baughnidge, who has traveled 20,000 miles in his last twelve years, intends taking up his permanent residence there. He is now on the eve of another journey to India to execute a special commission for an elaborate work on the native princes. "When I have finished that," he says, "I shall settle down on one of the Tonga Islands, where the natives are of remarkable beauty, and I shall live a la Stevenson."

It is not at all likely that any literary aspirant will be moved by this to seek the lowly vale of contentment and obscurity rather than the dizzy heights of popularity. I doubt if shining literary lights generally would endorse Miss Mother's opinion that fame and happiness are incompatible. Marie