

TONS OF FRUIT ROT

Lack of Help in California Orchards Causes Waste.

Decrease in Number of Chinese Leaves Growers Without Hands in the Busy Season—Great Dilemma.

To the California orchardists the labor question is now the absorbing problem. One county alone (Santa Clara) has a hundred square miles of bearing trees, the biggest fruit drier in the world, the biggest fruit packing house in the world, and the biggest fruit cannery in the world.

The past season that county supplied for the market 40,000,000 pounds of canned fruit, 80,000,000 pounds of dried prunes, 30,000,000 pounds of green fruit, 18,000,000 pounds of dried apricots, and many hundred carloads of berries, tomatoes, asparagus, potatoes and other vegetables.

In this state the public schools do not commence the fall term until late in September, the object being to permit the children to work in the orchards.

Men do not take kindly to picking prunes, as the work requires that one should get down on hands and knees on the plowed ground, abounding in lumps of dirt as hard as stones, and pick up the prunes one by one.

At Campbell, five miles south of San Jose, is the largest fruit drier in the world. It used this year 25,000 trays three by eight feet. Work began about the middle of August with apricots, and has but fairly closed.

Canners paid last year from \$20 to \$25 per ton for apricots and a little less for peaches. For drying purposes apricots ranged from eight dollars to \$15 per ton and peaches from three dollars to \$15. The growers have not made any money, but the packing companies and the canners have and will make even better profits on the stock now undisposed of, as there has been a steady increase in demand of late.

Insanity Among Women. A German scientist, Prof. Zimmer, of Berlin, has of late devoted considerable time to the investigation of the causes of insanity among women, and has come to the conclusion that if women are admitted into competition with men the inevitable will be a tremendous increase of insanity among the women.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Kate—"Fred proposed to me last evening! What do you think of that?" Constance—"Really, I don't know what to think. It doesn't seem possible, does it, dear?"—Boston Transcript.

Instructor (in despair)—"Well, at least you can tell me where the Magna Charta was signed?" Student (cheerfully)—"Oh, yes! King John signed that at the bottom."—Harvard Lampoon.

Street Car Speed—"Ever notice," asked the Street Car Philosopher, "how the speed of street cars is regulated by our frame of mind?" "In what way?" "Notice how slow a street car is when you are in a hurry to catch a train—and how fast it goes when you run to catch it."—Baltimore Herald.

A Soft Answer.—Mrs. De. Pink—"I am amazed, sir, that you should propose to my daughter. Why, she is just out of boarding-school, and you have not known her a week." Young Man (a smart fellow)—"True, madam, but I have known you for some time, and everybody says your daughter takes after you."—N. Y. Weekly.

Too Busy.—"You seem to have lost interest in the mothers' meetings," suggested the woman who aimed to make the world better. "Oh, no," replied the young matron who had been a regular attendant for some time. "I haven't lost interest in them, but I'm a real and not merely a theoretical mother now, and I haven't time to go."—Chicago Post.

Book Sailors.—Bobby—"You have always shown a predilection for sea tales, haven't you? I know you always used to be reading them when you were in college." Dicky—"Yes, and I still like them as much as ever. By the way, on that sea voyage I took this year I was very much astonished to find how unfamiliar the sailors were with sea language. They didn't look a bit like the sailors the books tell about."—Boston Transcript.

An Urgent Case.—Lady—"Doctor, I wish you would call around and see my husband some evening when he is at home. Do not let him know that I asked you, because he declares he is not sick, but I know he has consumption or something." Doctor—"I am astonished, but I will call. What are his symptoms?" "He hasn't any except weakness. He used to hold me on his lap by the hour, and now even the baby tires him."—N. Y. Weekly.

ASIATIC TRAIT OF MEXICANS.

Chicago Educator Makes Some Interesting Discoveries on Recent Trip in Mexico.

Prof. Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, told one of his classes last summer that a careful study of the Mayas, a tribe of Indians in the interior of Yucatan, led him to believe that upon the back of every baby born in the tribe would be found a purple spot.

If the Mayas can be proved to be of more ancient origin than supposed, and if subsequent investigation shows that they possess other physical peculiarities in common with Asiatic tribes, the evidence will go far toward supporting the theory that this continent was originally peopled by migrations across Bering straits, according to Prof. Starr.

Prof. Starr is convinced that Mexico holds the key to the problems which have so long baffled students of American archaeology.

"The Telephone Girl Secure." Women have to fight for an even chance with men in other lines," said one of the officials of the New York Telephone company the other day, "but in our business they are in no danger from male competition. It would be simply impossible to run a telephone exchange with male operators. Who ever heard of a 'hello-boy'?" There is trouble enough with boys answering the phone in offices, and there is no danger of their being used in place of girls in the telephone exchanges.

Thistledowns in China. This country is not the only one where unconsidered trifles are snapped up by the manufacturers and put to practical use. In China the down of the thistle is gathered and mixed with raw silk so ingeniously that even experts are deceived when the fabric is woven. It is also used to stuff cushions as a substitute for eiderdown, and a very good substitute it makes.

GREAT GAME REFUGE

Park Reservation in Massachusetts for Migrating Fowl.

Place Where Shooting is Prohibited and the Birds May Alight, Rest and Be Feasted on a Suitable Object Lesson.

The readiness with which all wild creatures react to protection by man is well known. Pretty much all things that wear feathers or fur would regard man as a friend rather than an enemy, if he would but give them the opportunity, and it is only the universal human desire for killing that makes birds and mammals wild. A familiar example of this tameness under protection is seen in the game of the Yellowstone Park, much of which is no more shy than the cattle in our fields.

All this, of course, opens great opportunities for observation and pleasure to people who control or are near considerable areas of protected land and water, says Forest and Stream.

Such areas are happily growing more numerous in these days. Reservations are being set aside in states and territories, and parks established in counties and towns and cities; and where this is done, the wild birds and animals are quick to take advantage of such places. Such parks are protected; not always very well protected, perhaps, yet the difference between promiscuous pursuit at all hours of the day and night and the occasional shot of the sneaking poacher is a wide one, and the wild things recognize the difference.

It is only a year or two since a flock of wild geese cleaving the air with arrowy flight during their migration across New York city, called down by the voices of some domesticated geese in the Zoological society's park in the Bronx, were induced to give up their journeying, and are now daily seen by the visitors to that interesting place.

One place of this kind—a refuge and a resting spot during the migration—is found in Spot Pond, lying within the area of a park reservation in Massachusetts, surrounded by the towns of Malden, Medford, Melrose and Winchester. Shooting is prohibited there, and the birds come there, alight, feed, rest and remain, thus teaching to sportsmen and naturalists a lesson which might well be remembered and acted on. This, in fact, is a game refuge, such as was first advocated, if we recollect aright, by Mr. Willard G. Van Name, of New Haven, Conn., a number of years ago.

Spot Pond, we are told, is a resting place for a great flock of sea gulls which pass the night on its waters and in the morning resort to the seashore to feed, returning again to the pond. Here, too, are said to be no less than 1,500 black ducks, as well as many others of different sorts, many of them probably sea ducks, for it is well known that, during the autumnal migration, the coots, old squaws, goldeneyes and other truly marine ducks, are often found in fresh water lakes far from the sea.

The superintendent of the park states that the aquatic population of Spot Pond is constantly changing. Almost every day fresh flocks arrive from the north, and other flocks take their departure for more southern waters. The noise of the birds' wings and their cries are heard at night and in the morning, and they have added a new feature of interest and attraction to the neighborhood. And not to the neighborhood alone, for we are told that people come long distances to the shores of this lake to view the interesting assemblage.

If a series of such refuges could be established up and down our seacoast, it would be a great thing for sportsmen and naturalists alike. More important than that, such refuges would do a valuable educational work in the sections where they were established, giving to people who know nothing about wild life the opportunity to rear broods whose presence in the neighborhood would be useful to sportsmen because they would attract birds to the region during the seasons when shooting is permitted.

The world moves. Game protective ideas advance. There have never been so many people anxious to have game—and life generally—preserved as now. We believe that the result of all this effort will be seen in the increasing supply of living things.

Ugly Women Are Talented. An American scientist has come to the conclusion that the tendency of too much education or intellectual development in women is to make them lose their beauty. He instances the Zoro women of India. They are supreme. They woo the men, control the affairs of the home and the nation, transmit property and leave the men nothing to do. The result, he says, is the scientist, that they are the ugliest women on earth.—Chicago Chronicle.

Norway is now connected with Sweden by four railways.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The total export of wool from Australasia in 1900 was 565,568,600 pounds; value, \$88,500,000.

The Bank of England has a pair of scales so accurate that an inkspot on a piece of paper visibly affects the balance.

The first electrical fire engine run with power secured by tapping street railways or electric light wires is in successful use in Rouen, France.

Lyons is still the center of the French silk business; it figured for \$4,823,500 in 1901, the total production for that year having been \$106,150,000.

Sig. Pino claims that his new invention, the hydroscope, will enable one to see clearly any object in the water down to the bed of the sea, and practically at any depth.

An Italian journal published at Mantua reports that near that town about 10,000 starlings were caught at once in the nets spread by some "hunters." The total extermination of birds in Europe is only a question of time, unless the Italian government can be persuaded to take measures against it.

The bricks made at Cape Town, South Africa, are so poorly made that they have to be plastered with stucco to keep them from being destroyed by the action of the weather. A builder declared that he could sell a million of the hard vitrified bricks like those made in the United States, every week, if he had them.

Work is soon to begin on an electric power plant which is to be operated by turbines run by the waters from the Puyallup glacier, on Mt. Tacoma, in the state of Washington. The current will be taken to Seattle and Tacoma. It is claimed that this will be the first time a glacier has been harnessed to furnish power, but this is not true, for there are such plants in the Swiss and French Alps.

PLENTY OF SUFFERING.

Colored Woman Went to See the Chairman of the Committee on Woman's Suffrage.

Senator Bacon, of Georgia, the chairman of the committee on woman's suffrage, had an experience a few days ago that he will not soon forget. Upon leaving his committee room with several friends he found a well-dressed and intelligent-looking colored woman, with something of the air of a "new woman" of the twentieth century, relates the Washington Star.

"Is this the room of the committee on woman's suffering?" she inquired, addressing the Georgia senator.

Being assured that it was the committee on woman's suffrage she inquired further:

"Can I see the chairman of the committee?"

She was informed that the chairman of the committee was before her.

"Well," she said, "I want to see if I can get some help for our women and children?"

Senator Bacon, who is a typical southerner and the embodiment of courtesy to every one, regarded his visitor a moment in silence, and then asked in what way help could be given the women and children for whom their spokeswoman pleaded.

It was a new idea to him that the colored women and children of the south wished to vote.

"There is a great deal of suffering among our women and children, and I heard that this was the committee to come to," said the visitor, "to secure help for them."

Senator Bacon courteously explained that this committee related to the question of women's right to vote, and that "suffering" did not mean "suffering." His visitor asked him if he knew where the suffering committee was located, and then, learning that she was from Tennessee, he suggested that she confer with the senators from that state.

WOMEN DOCTORS OF PARIS.

Some of Them Have Attained Eminence in the Face of Fierce Prejudice.

For many years the medical men of Paris violently opposed the granting of licenses to practice to women. They held that the profession of medicine was not suited to women and that women were not suited for the profession. But after a long and determined struggle the women have won the day, says a London report.

While 20 years ago only seven women had taken their medical degree, the 3,600 physicians now established in Paris include 57 women. The latter all have busy and remunerative practices. Two among them hold semi-official posts. These are Mme. Bres and Mme. Perree. The former is medical attendant to the Chatelet theater, where she looks after the women of the company and the children who often appear on the stage; the home of French extravagance, Mme. Perree has the same position at the state playhouse of the Odeon, the "Second Theater Francais." She is the wife of a comedian who acts at the Palais Royal under the name of Raymond, says a London report.

GIRLS PLUCK DUCKS.

Do the Work on the Large Farms of Long Island.

Most Attractive Spectacle When They Are Busy—Make Good Wages and Are Good Looking.

The duck girl is an important person on Long Island, where farmers make a specialty of raising ducks on scientific principles. Her work consists in picking the White Pekins and other fancy breeds before they are shipped to the New York markets. Nearly every man in Speonk and Eastport is in the duck-raising business; and the young women, with few exceptions, work as pickers.

The largest farm in Eastport turns out from 17,000 to 20,000 ducks in a season of about nine months. The flocks of plump, snowy ducks which roam around it would delight the lover of pastoral scenes. The incubators, feed cutters and modern appliances for duck culture are interesting; but the most attractive spectacle of all is the duck girl, says the New York Times.

A number of girls are employed on this particular farm, and are kept busy from early morning until sunset. They receive five cents apiece for every duck they pick. Proficient hands make from four dollars to \$4.50 per day. One of the girls recently broke the record by picking 100 ducks in ten hours. Her cousin, who is left-handed, made a good second with 96 to her credit. Novices find the work extremely hard. They complain that it produces a numb sensation in the two first fingers and thumb, and at times the entire hand feels paralyzed. But their experienced companions help and encourage them until they grow accustomed to the picking process, and they soon become wonderful dexterous.

Their ages range from 14 to 25. The majority of them have rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and that beauty which is an accompaniment to perfect health. A few of them are really lovely; and if rumor can be trusted, the Long Island swains consider the duck girls as perfect ducks in the most endearing sense of the word.

They have few amusements, as there is no theater within comfortable traveling distance, but they exchange with each other, and indulge in dancing, music, card-playing and other diversions. In summer there are occasional picnics and the boarders to amuse them, and in the winter evenings they enjoy the mild dissipation of the church social.

Collectively speaking, they are very intelligent girls, with frank, unaffected ways. They cannot discuss the latest problem play or psychological novel, but they read the Sunday papers, subscribe to magazines of interest to women, model their apparel after the stylishly cut garments of their city friends, wear their hair in the newest "dip" or "ponpoulour," and are in no sense primitive.

They are splendid housekeepers, also, and can bake, wash, iron and sew in the most approved manner. What they don't know about ducks is not worth knowing. They talk learnedly of "light crops" and "heavy crops," the bad effect of rain and cold on the young brood, the relative merits of the various duck flocks, and the good points of the pure White Pekin, Aylesbury, Rouen and Cayuga breed.

Every now and then a spice of romance is introduced into their lives. Last year, for example, one of their number, who was given to girlish pranks, wrote her name and address on a scrap of paper and fastened it to the neck of a duck she had just picked. A Washington street pouter found the paper, and the next time he visited Long Island he hunted for the writer, impelled merely by idle curiosity. He promptly fell in love with her, and six months later they were married. The former duck girl is now the mistress of a handsome house in New York city.

For many months after her marriage the fresh-killed, dry-picked ducks that reached New York markets bore names and addresses, much to the bewilderment of the market men. No second romance has resulted, and the girls have concluded that the saying "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place" is absolutely true. But on the whole they are very well content to continue their labors on the Long Island farms. There are more strenuous and less pleasant occupations than duck-picking.

Indian Servant Girls.

A new solution of the servant girl problem is being discussed in the large cities of the west. Indian girls, from special training schools, are being employed as servant girls. It is said that the Indian girls who have been properly trained are found to be perfect embodiments of satisfactory domestic service. Five thousand or more Indian girls have been engaged from the various Indian schools of the southwest to act as domestics in the homes of wealthy people in Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis and Denver. Most of these girls are from the Chilocco and Haskell Indian schools. The Indian girls are physically strong. They are, as a rule, faithful, polite and unobtrusive.—Buffalo Enquirer.

Typewriting Barred.

In view of the score as to the permanency of typewritten records the Italian minister of justice has ordered that no typewritten document will be accepted as legal in Italy.—N. Y. Sun.

WESTERN WOMAN HUNTER.

Colorado Diana Who Has Brought Down Much Big Game with Her Rifle.

A Colorado woman, Mrs. G. H. Stoiber, of Silverton, who is well-known in social and club circles, has won a wide reputation as a huntress of big game. In the last season she has killed scores of animals and has few superiors as a rifle shot among either men or women, reports the Chicago Chronicle. She has the distinction of having taken out the one big hunting license in Wyoming last season. That she was well aware that she would get full value is shown by her report to the game warden of Wyoming of a large bull elk and two big bears.

Very little has been said of the killing of this big game in Wyoming by Mrs. Stoiber, but her friends are enthusiastic and she is quite a heroine to them. One of the bears is a particularly fine specimen. It is said that he put up a vicious fight, but the merry woman stood her ground and calmly pumped the bullets into him until he gave up the battle.

"Perhaps brain, like many human bears, had little faith in a woman," said one of Mrs. Stoiber's enthusiastic friends today. "If he did he found out his mistake, as his human species have done time and again. This bear was encountered by Mrs. Stoiber in a tangle of brush and rocks. He was a big, fierce brute and one that few of the mighty hunters, including President Roosevelt, would have cared to tackle. He glowered on Mrs. Stoiber. She simply examined her rifle and cartridges, saw to it that her knife was handy in the event of an emergency, and then fired her first shot.

"A cry of rage came from the bear. He gathered himself for a charge and came down upon his enemy, growling and tearing the brush from his path. Mrs. Stoiber did not flinch. She held her ground and sent another bullet tearing into the huge animal. He staggered and fell and she shot him again. He arose and made one more desperate attempt to reach her. She took careful aim and sent a bullet crashing into his forehead. That was the finishing shot. Where is there a man who could have done better?"

It is said that only two shots were necessary for Mrs. Stoiber to bring down the second bear. Her friends say that the shot of which she is proud is the one that brought the big buck elk to his death. The king of the forest was started up by her dogs. He turned and faced them for a second and then with head high and nostrils distended he bounded through the forest in search of safety. Mrs. Stoiber was calm. The "fever" did not attack her. Coolly raising her rifle to her shoulder, she took deliberate aim and fired. The bullet found the heart of the big elk. He lunged forward and fell dead.

SPAIN'S KING NOT A WEAKLING.

Reports Reflecting Upon the Character and Conduct of Alfonso Emphatically Contradicted.

Not long ago the young king of Spain became an object of general pity because of the persistently published stories of his alleged mental and physical infirmity. It was related in detail how he conducted himself like a spoiled child, and how it was frequently necessary to restrain him to prevent some act of folly.

Now, Bellamy Storer, former United States minister to Spain, who was in Madrid until a short time ago, and therefore had the best opportunity to learn the truth about the young king, asserts that a most emphatic contradiction should be given to the "boulevard slanders" directed against the king, states the Albany Journal. He says he saw the king but a few days ago, and observed that he had grown much taller since last July, that he had broadened and become full chested, that he was in all respects a picture of manly health, and that his face reflected only happiness.

As the press of this country was quick to express sympathy for Alfonso when he was so persistently represented as a physical and mental weakling that the stories could not well be discredited, so it will be equally quick to express its pleasure over the information that he enjoys bodily and mental health and vigor, and therefore is fitted to be a successful and benign ruler.

Likewise it is pleasing to note that Mr. Storer says that Spain is again fairly prosperous and her people are happy. A few years ago Spain was for a time our enemy, and there was naturally much bitterness against her in this country; but all that is of the past now, and no nation is a more sincere well-wisher to Spain than this.

Scandinavian Trees Coming.

The exodus of Scandinavian emigrants to the United States continues to be the greatest in 20 years. The hard times at home and the more stringent laws for the conscription of soldiers, together with the reported prosperity in America, are responsible for the universal movement.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Canadian Trees for Germany.

A representative of the German government has been sent to Canada to ascertain what trees can be profitably transplanted into Germany. He has already decided that white pine and cherry, spruce and black walnut would flourish on German soil, and experiments are to be made with those trees.—N. Y. Sun.

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