



GATHERING OF TRAVELERS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

ANNUAL CONVENTION TO BE HELD IN PORTLAND OF AIMS AND ACHIEVEMENTS

ONE of the most important commercial organizations in the United States, the Travelers' Protective Association of America, will hold its National convention in Portland June 3 to 7. Bringing as it will delegates from almost every state and territory of the union and made up as this convention is of active men who cover an inconceivable amount of territory in a year, the importance of this gathering to the city of Portland and the state of Oregon, especially on the eve of the Lewis and Clark Centennial, is manifest. Not only is its membership made up of commercial travelers—as buyers or sellers for wholesale or commission houses or manufacturers—but their employers actively engaged as wholesale dealers, importers, commission merchants and manufacturers are also eligible. All these elements are welded together into an effective organization that works not only for the betterment of its members, but also in the general interests of commerce. Organized in Denver, Colo., June 2, 1893, the association gained a membership of 125 the first year and has since grown to the present membership of over 20,000.

Objects of the T. P. A.

The T. P. A. is a fraternal organization with the added feature of accident insurance. Its objects are:

First—To secure the repeal of all municipal, county, state or territorial laws imposing or enforcing a license tax on commercial travelers.

Second—To secure recognition from railroads and obtain as favorable terms on transportation and baggage as are given to any other class of travelers, and to adjust all differences between railroads and commercial travelers on a fair and equitable business basis.

Third—To secure hotel accommodations commensurate with price paid.

Fourth—To elevate the social and moral character of commercial travelers as a profession and to bring about the better acquaintance of members.

Fifth—To provide a benefit fund in case of death by accident or injury by accident.

Sixth—To secure business connections for unemployed members.

The National headquarters are at St. Louis. The National officers, all of whom are expected to be present at the Portland convention and whose photographs are herewith reproduced, are as follows:

President—Sam P. Jones, Louisville, Ky.
Secretary—Louis T. La Beaume, St. Louis, Mo.

First vice-president—Neil McCoull, New York, N. Y.

Second vice-president—H. F. Foske, Baltimore, Md.

Third vice-president—John F. Johnson, Baltimore, Md.

Fourth vice-president—Louis Ochs, New Orleans, La.

Fifth vice-president—George N. Kingsbury, Providence, R. I.

National board of directors—W. N. McCoull, St. Louis, Mo.; F. W. Crandall, St. Louis, Mo.; C. W. Saunders, Richmond, Va.; C. E. Holland, Houston, Tex.; B. G. Thompson, Evansville, Ind.

National attorney—Henry T. Kent, St. Louis, Mo.

Chief surgeon—A. Y. L. Brokaw, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

National chaplain—Rev. A. A. Morrison, Portland, Ore.

What Association Has Accomplished.

The T. P. A. deserves credit for accomplishing one reform that has benefited every traveling man in the United States—that of inducing the railroads to issue mileage books which are interchangeable with other lines. Its efforts, continued through twelve years, have resulted in a great improvement in the hotel service of the country. The commercial travelers have always paid more for their accommodations than any other travelers, and have often been taxed by grasping landlords twice as much for service as was paid by other travelers. As the result of the work of this association the traveling public secures the service that it is willing to pay for. In hotels in small towns, the traveling men pay more for their accommodations, and many hotels now have special tables and suites for the commercial men. At the same time the general traveling public has profited by these reforms.

At the present time, through the efforts of John S. Harwood, of Richmond, Va., chairman of the legislative committee, a bill has been introduced into Congress providing for a Department of Commerce, which has a good prospect of passing, and which if secured promises to be of great advantage to the commercial interests of the country.

In addition to its work for commercial interests, the T. P. A. membership is united by close fraternal bonds, none the less elsewhere although the organization has no ritualistic ceremonies. It does a great amount of charity in a quiet way, and the payment of \$5000 on accidental deaths of members and other accidental benefits has made easier the way of many an afflicted household.

The association has divisions in the United States as follows: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon and Washington, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Wisconsin.



D. M. DUNNE,
Chairman Executive Committee,
Portland, Oregon.



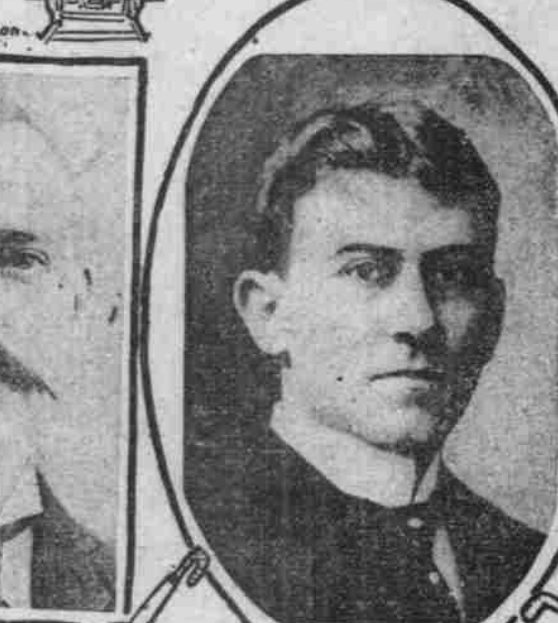
E. SHELLEY MORGAN, Sec.,
Oregon & Washington Division, Portland, Ore.



A. H. SMITH,
President, Oregon & Washington Division,
Portland, Oregon.



J. W. McDONALD,
St. Louis, Missouri, Chairman.



SAM P. JONES,
National President,
Louisville, Kentucky.



LOUIS T. LA BEAUME,
National Sec., St. Louis, Mo.



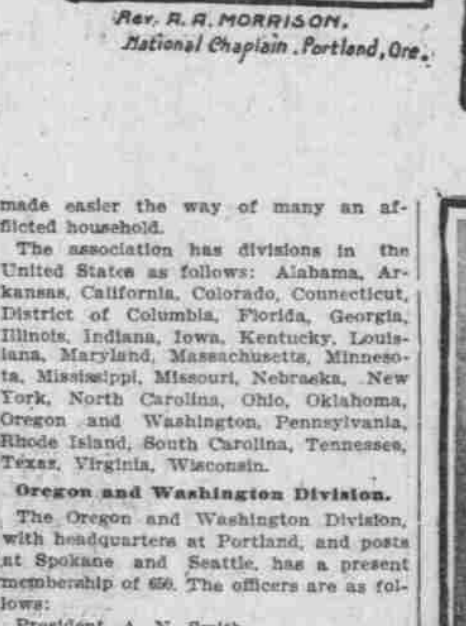
Rev. A. A. MORRISON,
National Chaplain, Portland, Ore.



B. G. THOMPSON,
Evansville, Indiana.

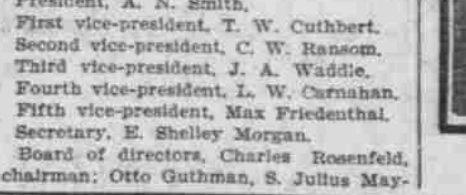


C. W. SAUNDERS,
Richmond, Virginia.



F. W. CRANDALL,
St. Louis, Missouri.

W. H. MCCONKIN,
St. Louis, Missouri.



C. S. E. HOLLAND,
Houston, Texas.

OREGON'S MODEL GOLD-MINING CAMP

JOSEPHINE COUNTY CAMP WHERE WHISKEY HAS NEVER BEEN USED

OREGON is a great state. We are all proud of it. Our climate is unsurpassed for comfort and health. Oregon pine goes to building of cities, towns and farmhouses in 20 states. Oregon salmon carry the name of our great river around the world. We send millions of bushels of wheat beyond the seas. Our fruit has taken first prize at a World's Exposition. We have sheep and cattle literally upon "a thousand hills." We have horses, so many, that when there is no foreign war in progress, we make "cholesterol" beef out of them for export to the Old World. We have, too, the yellow gold, and it is of a Southern Oregon mining camp I will tell you.

The site of this camp is upon the eastern slope of two small mountains that rise from a narrow valley, side by side, and connected by a low saddle, over which the sun sends its last declining rays throughout the camp. These mountains are veined with quartz, and in the quartz the gold is found. The ground of the valley is their base carries gold in nuggets freed from the quartz, and a few miles from a great giant hydraulic plant is in operation. On the hillside beyond is seen the work of the pocket hunter. He marks

a separate letter, and must wait his turn. The forest is here, everywhere primeval except for the clearing away of trees that were in the way of roadmaking and building, and of the cutting of timber for the mine, and wood for the mill and family use. In the clearing made for building, only such trees as were immediately in the way were felled. This has left the appearance of a wooded park, with cottages and less pretentious cabins, scattered here and there with little regard to alignment. There are about 35 in all. One of them, that occupied by the resident manager of the property, is larger than the others. There are, besides the mill and cottages, a store and hall building, a messhouse and dormitory for unmarried men, a schoolhouse and blacksmith shop. The use of the hall, and a piano, is given free to the young people each month. There are two or three religious services held and presided over by the manager and his wife. I attended the being well entertained by the "reading and discourse," listened to the "Holy City" sung by an underground miner, in a manner that would have pleased an exacting audience in any church of Portland. Here

is a nonsectarian Sunday school. And here is a public school with about 20 pupils. The community numbers about 200, made up of 20 families, and 30 or more married men. The camp has a music teacher, three pianos, and a number of other musical instruments. The book-keeper at the store told me that more than 200 newspapers, magazines and other periodicals are taken in the camp. He tells me, too, that more than \$100,000 worth of life insurance is carried in the camp, which is three times more than the average which is carried the country over. There is connection by telephone and stage with Leland, the nearest railway, 15 miles distant. The miners' wives, and daughters have a reading club. A public library is in contemplation. The men have good wages and a regular monthly payday. Work goes on continuously every day, every night, yes, every hour from year's beginning to year's end. The 15 great steel stamps pound upon the quartz with a rhythmic thunder, which echoes through the near and distant mountains. More than a thousand tons of rock is crushed and ground to powder monthly. The ledge from which the quartz is taken was discovered by a "pocket hunter," and the camp is but four years old.

Look up to the mountain side. See the dark mouths of the tunnels. They reach away thousands of feet, and into the mountain's very heart. Let us go in. It is dark, and one unaccustomed to it will stare carefully, and look anxiously from side to side, but there is really no danger and no inconvenience met with if one has the light of a candle, except a little water under foot. See, there in the distance a half dozen candles glimmer as pale stars almost hidden by cloud or fog. We hear the sound of a machine drill. Chuck, chuck, chuck. It speaks as fast as the tick of a watch. The drill is driven by power from the engine at the mill, where the ore is being crushed.

Now we are again at the mouth of the tunnel. The sun has left the valley, and the camp, and is seen only in its reflection from snow-capped mountains to the eastward, and its halo of gold and crimson in the western sky. Happy children, freed from school, are gathering wild flowers on the mountain side beneath the fragrant pines and cedars, where lovers walk at eventide, and on Sundays, while the breeze, spreading through the branches, sings a lullaby to all fears for the future. Here come the men from the tunnel. They stop to listen. Boom, boom, boom boom, boom—boom, boom—boom—boom. Yes, there were ten "shots." All the blasts have exploded. This proves their work to have been well and faithfully done. Their eyes are now accustomed to the light, and they look about them to enjoy this little span of daylight that is their portion. They start off by twos, threes and singly down the trail, toward their homes or the messhouse. One turns aside into a by-path. A little gold-haired girl of 9 or 10 years, and a flower-haired baby are coming up the path to meet him. We hear the father's greeting, "Hello, children!" and we know a paternal softness has touched his heart when we see him stoop and take the little one in his arms. All these blessings, these happy, hard-working miners have.

There never have been any printed or written rules regarding liquor, but from the first any one known to have brought liquor to the camp, or to have drunk it, was no longer wanted. The gold camp of which I have told you is popularly known as the Greenback, but is legally designated as the Victor Junior Gold Mining Company's mine. It is situated in the northwestern part of Josephine County, Oregon.

C. A. ROHRBACHER.

WHERE WE GET BANANAS

PEN PICTURES OF JAMAICA, A MOST BEAUTIFUL ISLAND OF THE AMERICAN TROPICS

IT HAS been through the American appetite for fruit that the most beautiful island of the American tropics has been made habitable for the civilized. Before the advent of the banana industry the island of Jamaica was, as it still is in many parts, religiously, morally and physically "black." It bears the imprint of the sons of Ham, the sons of slavery—sloth and other things belonging to the downtrodden race which will not be necessary to recount.

To the Northerner it seems strange to find the ship from America or English ports boarded by a man as black as sin, with the intelligence of a serpent and as harmless as a child. The new arrival cannot quite get over the fact that the custom house officer is a "nigger" in every sense. Then, when the quarantine doctor comes alongside with his boat of gayly uniformed blacks, the American looks at the top of his white helmet with the certain expectation of soon beholding a white face upturned to those above. It is as a shock to find white eyeballs and ivory teeth showing in sharp contrast to the inky skin of the doctor's face. It is useless to look for white men. Outside of Kingston they are as scarce as polar bears in New York.

Port Antonio, the principal fruit port on the coast, is naturally one of the first places of interest to the lover of the tropical garden. It is here that the fruit-growing industry has advanced to a great commercial enterprise. Here all steamers stop and enter or clear, if they are to carry away the gifts of the sun gods.

To describe this one town would take more space than that allotted to an ordinary newspaper, but it is typical of all the other settlements along the shore as far as St. Lucia, at the western end of the island. Tall cocoanut trees line the shores and hillside, their tops, high above the burning sand, rustling softly in the trade wind. The colorings of the hilly slopes beyond defy description, and the bright sunshine makes a paradise of the little hole of blue water and its surroundings. Far away in the southern distance rise the huge mountains, peak above peak, into the dense masses of vapor which drifts along the tops, until the land finally vanishes in the white and blue.

The next port where the cargo is to be made up will probably be Annotta Bay or St. Ann's. All along the shore of the island the fruit shippers have run their telephone wires, and they can keep track with accuracy of all the bunches of bananas ready for shipment. The line is usually covered six or seven places, and the number of bunches is marked for each town. The ship which can carry from 10,000 to 20,000 bunches will find her cargo all laid out for her, unless some accident happens. Then the surplus fruit which must go North is crowded into cars and pushed for the port of clearance, where it will find its way into her hold in time for her to get to sea on schedule.

Bananas are measured in bunches and the bunches measured in "hands." For instance, a bunch of nine or ten hands of bananas will have nine or ten projections of fruit averaging a dozen or more, alternating down the opposite side of the main stem, making a total of more than a hundred bananas on the stem. The smaller bunches have sometimes as few as six hands, or 60 bananas, on the bunch, and will, consequently, sell for less than the bunch of 10 hands. A cargo will average about 11 a bunch.

All tropical towns are somewhat similar in aspect, but these fruit ports are especially interesting. The huts, or houses, with their thatched roofs and dusky inhabitants are very picturesque, but not clean. The women are seen about the yards washing clothes or doing other chores, sometimes even breaking stone for the roads, sitting complacently with pipe in mouth and stone and hammer between their knees slowly dwindling in size under their easy strokes. The men do very little indeed, and it is against the religion and practice of the Jamaicans women to marry for this reason. When married, the English law makes their property available to their husbands, who, consequently, will not do any work while it lasts. Unmarried, they are their own masters, and if the lover who is the father of many children does not attend to business he will find his place assured by some more willing back and will have to look elsewhere for a home. This strange state of affairs has been the bane of the missionaries, but there seems to be no remedy for it, for a woman once free will not enter slavery again. With the coolie—the imported Indian who works the sugar plantation—the

moral ties are entirely different. The East Indian punishes marital unfaithfulness with death, and looks down with scorn upon the negro, and will not under any circumstance mix with him.

In the gardens the natives are grapefruit, oranges, bread-fruit, which is the principal fruit of the natives, and a half dozen kinds of apples under different names, all entirely tropical. Tamarind trees are in abundance, and the papaya, the excellent melon which grows in a tree-top, and which resembles a huge pear, is to be had for a sixpence.

Women Help to Load Ships.

Falmouth lies in a bay easily seen from the sea, and its clustering huts and houses, with here and there a church spire pointing upward, make a bright picture. Montego Bay is probably the prettiest spot on the island next to St. Lucia. It is next in size to Kingston as a town, and the stores are interesting. Lying some 15 miles to the westward the ship usually makes it the last or next to last stopping place, going to St. Lucia, first to take in a few thousand bunches that the little town produces. Here, as in the other Northern Jamaica ports, the women do the work of loading the fruit into the surf boats, the men only rowing out to the ship and transferring the load to the hold.

To sell intoxicating liquors a license is necessary in all these towns, and it has to be displayed conspicuously; but Jamaica rum is to be had at prices varying from 2 to 3 shillings a bottle, even in the first-class establishments.

As a winter resort, Jamaica certainly ranks high among other West Indian places for the American. It has good water, good law and good liquor, the three things a true New Yorker or Chicagoan most needs. The habits of the table must necessarily be changed if good is expected from a sojourn within the tropics, and for quantity and variety the fruit of the island excels. One may eat 15 varieties of fruit a day and be better for it, and there will be no exhausting fevers or bowel complaints to mar the good work of reconstructing a worn-out or overworked system. For nervous diseases the climate is the best in the world.

When the Canal Is Built.

With the passage of a canal bill the island of Jamaica will become of great interest. Besides its importance as a naval base, it will probably furnish most of the labor for the giant cut through the isthmus. The despised black man of great size and exceeding strength will be looked to as a factor to enable the dream of the commerce-lover to be realized. The scorned Jamaica "nigger" will be the man behind the hoe who will make the cut.

How this drain will be met by the fruit-growers of the island plantation it is hard to see. The population, however, is numerous and prolific and might supply many thousands men. The Jamaican negro is large, strong and finely built, and the next even more necessary for the purpose, is peculiarly immune to the tropical fevers of the isthmus. Coolies, South American negroes, whites, negroes from the States, all were tried in way to her hold in time for her to get to sea on schedule.

One of the peculiarities of the fruit-growing Jamaican is his speech. It is a language of his own, made up from the English pronunciation of the broad "a," the peculiar soft intonation of the neighbor across the way in Cuba, and the nervous tongue of the Frenchman. It is quite incomprehensible to the stranger, and at one moment the visitor will be asked, "he is speaking Spanish," the next French, and the next real "nigger." It takes some time to get used to the jargon. With it all, the native is politeness itself. With such an abundance of fruit it is strange that bananas are almost the sole exportation. Oranges sell for a shilling a barrel for poor ones and \$1 a barrel for good ones, yet very few are shipped in comparison with the bananas; the bread-fruit is seldom, if ever, exported, and grape-fruit that sells for tuppence for the choice and a penny for the general run finds its way to the States only in small quantities. This is strange when one remembers that a quarter of a dollar is the usual winter price for a prime grape-fruit in New York, and there is no loss in transportation. Grape-fruit is fed for the civilized and the native will seldom touch it. T. J. HAINS.

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