Among Men who Work with Hand or Brain

Fishermen Poorest Paid of the World's Workers.

By Hollis W. Field.

CONSIDERING his hardships, his privations, and his dangers, the fisherman who takes tribute of the seas in high latitudes is poorer paid for his labors than is the man in any other calling in the world.

But once a fisherman, always a fisherman—until one day, with the return of the fleet to the home port, when all the village is crowding at the wharves, and the tides are in and the favoring wind is on shore, some schooner in the line shows its colors at half mast for the lifeless body that somewhere in the wastes of chill seas drifts chartless toward a port that never may be reached.

In value this harvest by the sea fishermen mounts to tens of millions of dollars every year. Tens of thousands of men know no other means of livelihood, and to the great mass of them the dangers of the deep are as commonplace as the probability of death in any other form in any other walk of life. In the grizzled veteran of the fishing port there is a certain contempt for the shore and its monotony. On shore there is heat and cold, wet and dry; Sunday and the six other days of the week. He may have spent 10,000 days and nights at sea, but in its pulsing tides, its shimmering horizons, its phosphorescent deeps, its drowning mists, its storm, and wrath, and calm are mysteries which he never hopes to sound.

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Do Much for Welfare of World.

Considered from an economical point of view, the sea fishermen contribute widely to the welfare of most civilized nations. Where a nation itself does not have its fisheries, it will be found importing fish and contributing largely to that industry on foreign shores. The dried cod and halibut, the dried herring and bloater, the sardine and the salted mackerel are known wherever civilization has imposed the breakfast table, and in many of these countries these fish products are adapted in material way to the support of religious forms and institutions. The codfish of the Newfoundland coasts, for instance, is known and valued in almost every Roman Catholic nation in the world.

But for the fisherman who goes down to the sea in his schooner craft, beaten by the winds, and tides, and storms, pelted by rain, and snow, and sleet, scouting in his dancing punt and dory, lonely, eating his "salt horse," reeking of the fishy smells, and scorning that food which comes to his lines and nets fresh from the sea, he is a heroic figure which even a close acquaintance does not dwarf.

Simple minded, unsuspicious, gentle in his powerfulness, an easy prey to the grasping landsman, who so frequently strips him and sends him to sea again because of the stress of his poverty, the American type is not to be differentiated from his European brothers. Whether American, British, Scandinavian, Danish, or Dutch, the fisherman is a product of his environment; and his environment is such as makes the weakling impossible to survive, while it is a developer of the strong.

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British Best and Irish Worst Paid.

Out of this strength of body and character, building his knowledge and craft and judgment, separated from his home and friends for weeks, and even months at a time, finding his hardships the routine of every day and his dangers a matter of course, this figure among the world's workers has only a pittance for all of these. With his $390 a year he is better paid in Great Britain than anywhere else in the world, perhaps, just as the Irish fisherman, with his average of $50 a year, is one of the poorest paid of them all.

Taking Great Britain and Ireland as an example of the value of fish as food, too, statistics show that in the united kingdom with its proverbial "beef eating Englishman," the per capita consumption of fish and flesh is forty pounds of fish to 108 pounds of flesh food. Of the nationalities which make an industry of fishing to a considerable extent, the earnings of the individual fisherman at his calling may be tabulated as follows:

	Fishermen's earnings.		Fishermen's earnings.
England	$390	Spain	$ 75
France	210	Ireland	50
United States	245	Sweden	200
Denmark	200	Norway	125
Canada	505	Italy	55
Holland	250	Portugal	60
Germany	250	Russia	50
Belgium	250		

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One Out of Every 1,000 Drown.

One man out of every 1,000 fishermen in this tabulation will be drowned every year, and while men have grown from boyhood to the estate of grandfather following the hazardous calling, in whatever fishing port the fleets may be welcomed home, it is expected that flags at half mast shall mark the missing ones who have disappeared. At the wharves will be women, in doubt whether they be wives or widows, and children who wonder whether they be orphans or are to welcome a father home.

Not infrequently, however, a schooner comes in with its flag at half mast for missing ones who may be on the wharf to greet its coming—men who, in stress of heavy seas and fogs, were lost from their schooners, and yet floated in their dories safely until picked up by some great steamer or by some other fishing boat, which finally landed them home.

Of all the fishing countries of the globe, the dominion of Canada is in the lead in the magnitude and value of her fisheries. She has 5,600 miles of Atlantic coast fishing, 7,200 miles of it on the Pacific coast, and within her borders are 51,000 square miles of water rich in harvests of fishes. More than $25,000,000 worth of fish is taken every year by the fishermen of the dominion government, and much of the fishing by the United States fleets is off the Canadian boundaries, as in the cold seas the harvests are greater and better.

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Perils on the Newfoundland Banks.

In the taking of cod, halibut, and mackerel off the Atlantic shores the Canadian and American fishermen find the dangers and the hardships of their calling as great as they exist anywhere in the world. It is the coast of fogs and storms, and through the fogs the giant steamships of the world cut their blind way right through the fleets of fishermen, day or night, as they ply their nets and lines.

In the dense fogs that hang over the "banks" many a dory has been separated from its schooner, drifting until, in the sudden burst of tempests, it has gone to the bottom with its crew of two men. Or else out of the fog some great liner suddenly pitches, cutting dory or schooner in two, sending all to the bottom, with only the man on the bridge of the steamer to know their fate—and he keeps his lips sealed close as the secrets of the sea itself.

The fog and the liner—these are the twin dangers of all dangers to the "banks" fisherman, who, sleeping or waking, must have an ear and an eye always for the leviathan of the deep, churning with its 30,000 horse power engines, and probably against time. One-third of the "lost" fishing vessels are cut down by giant steamers.

Gloucester is the port of ports from which the American fisherman goes in the tempting of the fates. There are 400 boats in the Gloucester fleet, with twelve or fifteen men to the schooner, the dories eighteen to twenty feet long, "nested" on the decks and lashed fast for the trip outward.

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Trawling Brings Best Results.

Trawling is the manner of taking the cod and halibut, a trawl being a long main line, anchored on the bottom at either end, and having short lines with baited hooks fast to it at intervals. These trawls are placed from the dories, that are manned by two men each, and which put out from the schooners to the fishing ground. The trawl lies over a windlasslike roller at the bow of the dory, and from one end of the trawl to the other and back and forth again the fishermen go, taking the fish from the hooks and rebaiting the barbs, until the dory may be filled to the gunwales with the slimy freight. Through these piles of fishes a jellylike substance forms, until the boatload is one slimy mass, making a veritable deck of fish, over which the waves may break in considerable force without dislodging a single creature in the mass.

The northern boundaries of the Gloucester fishing grounds are the grinding icebergs, and it is in the edges of the ice off the Iceland coast that the biggest halibut are taken, some of them weighing 300 pounds. It is no small job in a rough sea to take one of these monsters aboard, even after it has been clubbed into seeming submission, and many a dory has spilled its crew into the sea in their efforts to do so. A month may be required to fill the schooners of the fleet; two hours at the wharf will unload the boats; ten days will suffice for the equipping anew of the fleet, and it is off again.

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Mackerel the Solomon of the Sea.

The mackerel long since became too wise for the trawls and complaint is made that the swift fish is becoming entirely too knowing for the nets that may be 1,000 yards long, 100 feet deep, weighing 3,000 pounds, and requiring ten men for the handling. Yet under propitious circumstances such a net and such a crew in the chase may land 20,000 pounds of mackerel at a single haul.

The school of fishes will be sighted at night by the phosphorescent glare of the waters as the fishes swarm through it. Rowing silently in the dark, with the net ready for dropping, the school is overhauled, the net swung around rapidly and closed; then from its great, purse shaped confines the fishes are taken out as rapidly as possible with scoop nets. The work must be done silently and swiftly, and at the best thousands of the creatures escape by diving below the line of leads at the bottom of the net 100 feet down.

The mackerel are due off the coast about May 20, and they are gone in two weeks, possibly to the waters of the orient.

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Newfoundland Home of Fisherfolk.

Newfoundland is the home of the fisherfolk for generations. With a total population of 100,000, there are 55,000 men and boys engaged in the fisheries of the coast. Its cold, rockbound seas yield 150,000,000 pounds of dry codfish annually, one-fourth of which is consumed by the people and the rest sold to the four quarters of the globe. Three generations may be seen represented in the mending of a net and children 7 years old are expert in sailing the punt from which the fishes are caught. The two classes of fishermen are the line men and the trap men. The trap men find their best fields off the coast of Labrador and there, living in boats or in shacks on the shore, they have a community life for the season.

The line man, fishing off his home shores, is a lonely worker, and the madhouse at St. John's is full of his kind. His earnings are far below the possibilities of the trap man, and frequently his season's catch is mortgaged before the season has opened, in order that he may have salt beef for his food and salt for the packing of his catch. And once in debt, he may be always in debt; his average of $305 a year by no means represents cash which passes through his hands as a universal medium of exchange.

But overworked and underpaid as he is, the fisherman necessarily has become a disciple of the simple life. He is an exponent of it in all his relations with his kind. He parts with his family and his friends at the wharf with no show of parting grief; if there be grief it has been spent in the home itself. His cheerful patience is unfailing and supreme. And if his trip shall be his last—well, he frequently is of the faith which says, simply: "Thy will be done."

The Story of Smith: He Won on the Races

By Henry Oyen.

IF you read the daily newspapers, as the average American does, you probably have read stories of the "good things" that occasionally crop up in the great and crooked game of horse racing. Often as not these "good things" are not good. Half of the time they fail to win out. This is the story of a good thing that was "good," of a good thing that went on and won, as per the schedule arranged by the men who bet on the race, and of the consequences—principally the consequences.

It is, mostly the story of one man. His right name may not be used, for this is a true story and he is still living, so he will be Smith to this story. Read the story, you who delight in having a little bet on the races occasionally. Perhaps it will interest you. It may get you to thinking. Then you will surely see that it doesn't pay to gamble even if you win. Even it may convince you that it costs to win.

Smith lives out on the west side in Chicago. Up to two years ago he was as near a model young man as one will find anywhere in this day and age. He never drank to excess, never smoked cigarets, never dissipated in any way, was entirely honest, and "attended to his business"—that of clerking in a grocery store. So well did he attend to business, and so model were his habits, that even on the small salary of a store clerk he saved up enough to set himself up in the business.

It had been a long, hard, uphill climb for Smith. He began work early, with few prospects and with a mother and a younger sister dependent upon him. He staid with one employer from the day he began to work until he went into business for himself, and when he opened his own store he took with him many of the customers, who had come to know him and like him at the old place. O, he was a model for the average young man to pattern after Smith was—up to two years ago.

It was then that he got his first "good thing." A friend of his gave it to him, one of the kind of friends who come to you and tip off "good things" and show up afterwards if the good thing wins out.

Smith bet $2 in a west side poolroom and twenty minutes later was paid $42 for the little ticket that he held. It quite took Smith's breath away, the sudden and big returns. He had been accustomed to having his money invested for weeks and months at a time before anything came from it, and then he seldom received over 10 per cent net on the total investment. And here his money had been multiplied by twenty-one before he could have smoked a cigar.

Then came the question that comes inevitably to the man who wins on a horse race for the first time: "What's the sense of working."

Smith fell into the ways that are followed all the time by a good number of young men in this country. He became an "easy bettor" first. Then the "system playing" flashed its lure to him and soon he was an inveterate victim of the pony habit. Week after week, month after month, Smith would have a little bet on the races. He wasn't a heavy player, only a few dollars a day, so he lasted longer than do most young men of moderate income who take up the ruinous pastime of picking the six best bets of the day. He played along, just a little behind all the time, but not enough behind to cause any serious crash.

He wasn't so completely under the spell of betting but that he could conduct his business properly until the first big good thing came home. That was the ruin of Smith. He won and lost everything. A sure-to-win tip was circulated extensively in certain circles. It was the best thing that had ever been fixed—a cinch, unfailable. All good things that are circulated extensively are this but this one was different. It won. Along with other people who were on the killing good and strong was Smith and he won $1,750.

If he had lost this time, he might still be running the prosperous little grocery store over on the west side, making shoe string bets on the races, with his inevitable ruin still just a little ways off. But he won. After that he knew there was no use in working. He scorned to stay in the stuffy little store and handle cents where he might be out seeing life and handling dollars. He couldn't stand prosperity. He turned the store over to his clerk for the consideration of $1. He gave the friend who handed him the tip $300. Then, with his $3,450 and the little account that he had in the bank, he set out to be a plunger—to see life.

Probably the story of Smith would never have been told if the writer had not dropped into a small shop on a west side street a few days ago. A man drove a coal wagon past in the street and the shopkeeper volunteered the information, "there's Smith."

It took him just one year to "go to the bad" after making the big winning. He "saw life" for a year, then he took to driving a coal wagon. He needed to eat and "life" refused to yield him anything. His store was gone, his good reputation, the reputation built up through years of hard work was gone, his mother and sister were broken hearted, and, worst of all, his own self-respect was gone entirely.

Of course it is easy enough to say that Smith was a fool. If the reader is addicted to betting on horse races he will, of course, be quite sure that no such fate will ever befall him. And Smith, likewise, was sure of himself, before the big winning.

The fact is, there are more men ruined each year through race gambling than any other agency, with the possible exception of drink. The kind of men who are ruined are not stable boys, jockeys, owners, or any of the men connected with racing. It is the clerk, the wage earner, and the small business man who falls a victim to the seduction of the betting ring.

Ever think of this phase of it, you fellows who go out to the track with your money? Here are a lot of suckers working themselves hald getting together enough money to make a bet, losing it and going back to get some more, and there are the race track men, with big diamonds in their shirt fronts and not working. Peculiar coincidence, isn't it? Better give it a thought, and then decide that you won't be one of the sucker crowd that plays the part of provider for the men with the jewelry.

Riches in Huge Gardens in the West.

By Day Allan Wiley.

IT is a common thing in the west to see a corn field a mile long, but in California they raise onions by the mile. In the Santa Clara valley is a patch of these vegetables a mile square. They are raised for seed and not to eat. The United States is supplying most of the world's onions, for from the seed farms of California are being sent the supplies for the onion raisers in nearly every country on the globe. The onion seems to take a special fancy to the soil and climate of California, and there can be seen more varieties than elsewhere in the world. About twenty-five varieties are raised to supply the foreign and domestic gardeners with seed.

Not only the biggest onion patch, but the biggest vegetable patch in the world is also situated in the Golden state. There is one farm which contains no less than four square miles of peas, carrots, lettuce, cabbages, tomatoes, beets, celery, cucumbers, and parsnips, besides the indispensable onion. The latter takes up about one-fourth of the space.

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Over 1,000 Varieties of Lettuce.

The lettuce beds alone contain over a thousand varieties. Many different kinds of tomatoes are, of course, raised, as well as several varieties of celery, but people in different parts of the country are particular about lettuce. For instance, the kind which suits New York is not popular in the south. The plants which are sent to Philadelphia in the winter are entirely different from the kind which go to New York. The people of New Orleans eat a variety which is raised especially for them.

A few more figures as to the size of the various beds will give an idea of the bigness of the place. The pea beds comprise 325 acres, carrots 200 acres, while the lettuce gardens combined would make what the eastern farmer would call a good sized place—250 acres alone. The same space is devoted to radishes. When you see a hundred square feet or so in the east covered with tomato vines or potato hills you will realize the vast scale on which gardening is carried on in this section of the United States.

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Flower Borders for Gardens.

California gardeners have an eye for the beautiful as well as the useful. Between the vegetable patches are planted rows of various kinds of flowers. In fact, the sections of the farms are marked off by floral borders. For instance, between the tomato and the cucumber may be seen a row of gorgeous poppies. Next to the lettuce beds is a border of white sweet peas, making a pretty contrast to the green of the vegetable.

It is not an uncommon thing to see strips of roses lining walks which have been made between the different patches, for flowers grow so luxuriantly here that expensive varieties can be used for ornamental work.

The artistic idea has been carried out on an elaborate scale in this way, but the vegetable beds themselves are ornamental, especially when they are flowering. Celery and lettuce form an attractive spectacle just before the plants are ready to be gathered, the greenish hue being almost uniform, so that at a distance the lettuce field presents a great mass of solid color.

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Millions of Pounds of Seeds Sold.

The hugeness of these garden farms is especially illustrated during harvest time. When it is stated that over a million pounds of seed alone comes from the farms in the Santa Clara valley, and that several hundred onion plants, for example, are required to make one pound of seed, an estimate can be made of the magnitude of the work. About one-half of the quantity of seed mentioned comes from the onion. When the plant is ready to be gathered the Chinese, who do most of the work on these farms, swarm into the fields by the hundreds, cut off the tops of the plants, and put them into baskets. Then they are taken to the drying lot, where they are spread out on large sheets and exposed to the sun. Sometimes these sheets cover an acre of ground, so large is the crop.

When the pods are dried they are ready to be thrashed, just as wheat is thrashed, and the machine used is similar to a thrashing machine and is run by a steam engine. It separates the seed from the chaff; then the seed is carried into bags.

But before being sent to the gardeners the seed has to go through several other processes. First it is dusted by running it through a fanning mill, then it is put in vats of water. Here the good seed sinks to the bottom, as the imperfect seed is lighter and always remains on top. Consequently, when the water is drained off, the good is separated from the bad. After washing, the seed is again spread out to dry in the sun, then raked up, run through the fanning mill again, and put into sacks containing about a hundred pounds each, to be shipped.

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500 Men Work in One Garden.

In gathering the seed of the other vegetables and preparing it for market the same processes are employed as with the onions. On the four mile farm mentioned the hands include 500 Chinese, in addition to 20 American and German foremen and superintendents. Every man of this force is required, and during every month of the year there is plenty of work for each one.

Most of the vegetable beds are laid out in November, when the ground must be plowed, harrowed, and planted, all the planting being done by hand. Just as soon as the green shoots appear above ground the Chinese are sent out into the different beds to thin the plants, while they are also cultivated with plow and hoe. There is a constant war against weeds, and to get rid of these is one of the biggest pieces of work which the seed grower has to attend to. Weeding and cultivating must be kept up steadily, until the plants are ready for harvesting.

In these great gardens are continually springing up curious vegetables, which are a cross between known species. Then, too, the foreman will notice a freak tomato vine or perhaps onion shoots. It may be of a different color from its fellows, or the leaves may be shaped differently. He pulls out a little paper tag from his pocket, ties it around the plant, and, thus marked, its growth is watched. Upon all of the larger farms are plant laboratories, where experts are experimenting with new species to determine if they are worth raising. These freak plants are taken to the laboratory and placed under the eye of an expert, who watches them mature and analyses the seed to find if it is any better than that of the other species. For instance, if he finds a variety of lettuce which is large and tender, its seed is planted by itself and an effort made to propagate it on an extensive scale. It is in this way that nearly all of the new fruit and vegetables, of which so much comes from California, is created.

Money in Sight for a First Class Mixer.

By George Blanchard.

"MIXING on commission" is one of the newest lines of employment in Chicago. So far it is a side line in its suggestion, but it is not impossible that the evolution of metropolitan life one of these days may call for a "mixers" classification in the small ads. of the Sunday papers.

One of the large employment finding institutions received its first call for "mixers" on commission the other day. A well dressed, professional appearing man was shown into the private office of one of the managers of the bureau, explaining that he was a physician of the regular school, new to Chicago, and that he needed the help of the employment machinery.

"Of course, I can't advertise in the newspapers or otherwise," he said, in explanation. "I am a stranger here, and have opened an office and established my home in a style that demands an income from the start.

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Doctor Wants Good "Touts."

"My idea is this: I want to get from thirty to fifty young men of wide acquaintance, good family, and mixing with the better class of people, simply to take up a side line in 'touting' me, as they say at the tracks. You know there is seldom a meeting of two persons under any circumstances where something is not said about the health or ill health of some one. Certainly it is a subject that a good mixer could bring up anywhere.

"Get me fifty young men who know how to mix and who will undertake the job I have for them and if they don't pick up more than enough money for clothes, cigars, and a good many 'cold bottles' in the course of the year it will be their own fault.

"For instance, one of these young fellows meets a woman friend some evening and he asks why her sister, perhaps, is not present. 'O, she has been ill for a week or more,' explains the friend. The young man has sympathy in a moment. There are further explanations until he knows enough of the general situation to speak of a similar illness of some friend or relative of his, not known to the speaker, and who has been brought through one of the worst forms of the disease by the skill of Dr. Soandso—naming me. There will be opportunity for speaking of me and my personality, and the natural concern over the illness of the person will be sufficient to justify my young man to write my name and address on the back of one of his cards.

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Lack of Tact Might 'Queer' Things.

"You will appreciate that not every person can be trusted with such a job, for the reason that a lack of either judgment or tact in a considerable gathering might queer the whole scheme and suggest my exposure. Still, if a young man has been sick himself enough to have missed some time before, or if some relative of his has been ill in the same way, his gratefulness for the recovery might be quite reason enough to account for his telling everybody whom he could reach all about the recovery and how I brought it about. You see that in a thousand ways this mixing idea can be worked successfully to all concerned.

"I will give a commission of 10 per cent of the first year's bills collected of each person sent to me by these mixers, an account to be opened with each of these new patients and payments made as the bills are collected the first of each month. If a patient once comes to me, I can hold him. I have a creditable establishment all round, I am up to date in general practice, and know my business. I have a good thing for the right kind of young men who will mix industriously and wisely in my interests."

At last accounts the employment concern had not rounded up the necessary individuals, but so far as the physician is concerned the opportunity is still open. The estimate of the physician is that each man of the fifty should be able to send forty patients of a class spending on an average of $25 apiece on doctor's bills, this average coming from the fact that many of the individuals represent whole families.