

GEORGE KLUTH'S FARM



GEORGE KLUTH

GEOURGE H. KLUTH is perhaps the youngest farmer in the state of Oregon. He is but 17 years of age and has a farm all to himself. He cultivates and the product is under his entire control from the time it comes out of the ground until it passes into the hands of the consumer.

There may be younger farmers than George Kluth, but he has the distinction of owning his own place. There is no mortgage hanging over it. George is a true agriculturist and he grows only the best crops. To be sure, his holdings are not large or extensive. He has but one acre. This, however, is made to do its duty to its owner and the crops he raises are the best that can be produced.

Master Kluth's farm is located on Government island, but a few miles out of Portland. The land was born on the same stretch of land. A year or so ago his father presented him with a full acre of land with the warning not to get into debt or become lazy. Out of both of these things he has kept himself thus far safely emerged and at present is on the high road to prosperity. This year he raised 100 sacks of potatoes on his one-acre farm. His stock was of the best quality, very regular in shape and even in size.

Already the young man has learned the lesson of good sorting and packing—a trick that many producers never learn. This is his trump card for his stock recently sold at the highest price paid in this market, so well were they sorted and packed.

Those who purchased the potatoes of the young farmer say they were of superior quality. Mr. Kluth Sr. is an old-time rancher of Government island and has no small reputation for raising good potatoes himself. By those who have examined the potatoes of both son and father it is said that the younger man was the better producer.

Early in the season the lad goes into the field with a horse and plow, such as every farmer can be seen to do. He prepares his ground for the reception of the seed. These are very carefully selected and placed, and from that time forth the young man is engaged in tending his crop. So carefully does he look after his one acre of potatoes that the weeds have absolutely no show to live. They appear, of course, but their extinction is sure and swift.

When the time comes for the harvest everything on this one-acre farm moves like clockwork. The potatoes are dug in a systematic manner, care being taken that none is allowed to spoil. The time comes for the harvest of the crop. It is all turned into money. After digging the potatoes the youngster carefully places them in small piles after which they are just as carefully

AT THE PLOW

PLANTING POTATOES

DIGGING



DRIVING TO MARKET

gathered and later sorted as to size before being placed in sacks for the market.

The process of harvesting his crop over, young Mr. Kluth begins to look around to see what potatoes are selling for. Inquiries are made at various houses for quotations and the papers are eagerly scanned for news of the crop and the market. Any item bearing on the potato situation is just as eagerly gone over as the best markets for the product are discovered in the same manner.

Not like the ordinary producer of potatoes is George Kluth, however. He does not place potatoes of large size on his small one-acre farm. His pack is even all the way through. They are potatoes with a reputation.

As a trader the young man is not to be outdone. He is a trader all the way through. The man and the minor finance of the produce market are known to him and he cleverly steers clear of all the shoals in the trade.

"He is a born trader," says W. H. McCortland, a neighboring farmer. "He is a born trader," says W. H. McCortland, a neighboring farmer. "He is a born trader," says W. H. McCortland, a neighboring farmer. "He is a born trader," says W. H. McCortland, a neighboring farmer. "He is a born trader," says W. H. McCortland, a neighboring farmer.

Going to school is a task that young Mr. Kluth really likes. Unlike the average youth, he really wants to go. When the school season is on he is always in attendance. After school hours the lad makes a hurried trip to his home and in as short a time as possible is again back in the field of potatoes.

A remarkable story is told by potato buyers of this city in regard to the young man. As soon as the potato seed begins to sprout and is above ground the young man goes very carefully over his holdings. He is looking for vines that are not hardy. These he looks over with a microscope. If they are good for anything, he considers, as others have before him, that it takes more to raise a potato than a peanut stand successfully. It is quality that is always the aim of the young man. To raise the best potatoes that can be produced is the motto of its youthful owner. Something just as good as the other fellow raises is not good enough for George Kluth. Something better is what he is striving at and something better he has thus far produced. This is his thought, "Any one can raise potatoes, but it takes a good man to raise the best."

A potato that does not come up to the George Kluth, Jr., standard is not a potato that will be marketed by that young man.

And American Wonder or a Rural to a Pearl, or to distinguish any two grades of potatoes is a wonder in itself. Just how this task is accomplished there are no words to say. It is done, that's all. Ordinarily a farmer or potato grower goes to his field and can see only potatoes. No matter to the ordinary grower of potatoes whether he has a dozen kinds of potatoes on his ranch all mixed together. They are potatoes. That's all he cares.

To Oregon's youngest farmer there is more in the growing of potatoes than just to be raising them. Thus early in life he has come to the conclusion that it pays to do your best. He considers, as others have before him, that it takes more to raise a potato than a peanut stand successfully. It is quality that is always the aim of the young man. To raise the best potatoes that can be produced is the motto of its youthful owner. Something just as good as the other fellow raises is not good enough for George Kluth. Something better is what he is striving at and something better he has thus far produced. This is his thought, "Any one can raise potatoes, but it takes a good man to raise the best."

To be said to be a George Kluth potato it must have no irregular shape and the color must be just right.

It is said to be that this raising of first-class potatoes does not come without great work. Experiments are many on this Columbia river ranch. Before the acre was secured the young man secured the father's farm. Here he became acquainted with the various kinds of soils and found which produced the best potatoes. It was found that a certain acre would produce the finest potatoes, to the "queen's taste," but if this variety were planted in another part of the farm it would not have as good quality as the first place.

There was a certain spot of land which produced the famous Burbanks to perfection. This is the site selected for the location of the George Kluth, Jr., ranch. Since coming into possession of this strip the soil has been put into the best possible condition.

Right here may be told another story of the success of George Kluth, Jr. He uses the proper kind of fertilizer. He knows the proportion that should be used on the ground, and he gives it no little or too much. Everything is done on this ranch in the right proportion. The amount of seeds to the acre is carefully figured and just what treatment the ground needs is always secured. There is neither too much plowing or too little. It's just enough. Not too much hoeing or too little.

Potatoes must be fully matured to leave the George Kluth, Jr., ranch. The quality and quantity of the crop raises are at stake. After both of these the proprietor looks with an eye trained for the work. The fact that the produce of his ranch is of superior quality is raised by his father is noteworthy. George Kluth, Sr., has the reputation of producing a stock that has a quality out of the ordinary. To be the owner of raising the best potatoes by his own hand for 22 years is a task that does not worry the elder Kluth. The boy seems not only to have the knowledge of his father when it comes to raising fine potatoes, but some of his own, too. The fact that he raised the best potatoes and knows better than his elders just how to market them is in itself a token of his character.

CRIMINALS BE TRAPPED BY MANS

From London Answers.

REPUTABLE sources of trouble and anxiety to them, but they cannot be more so than the hands of many criminals are to them. Detective Macintyre had once a mysterious prisoner in custody concerning whose name he had some knowledge. The man was actually chafing at the bars of his cell to see if he could discover any clue to it in his movements. The prisoner quickly betrayed himself. He was actually chafing at the bars of his cell to see if he could discover any clue to it in his movements. The prisoner quickly betrayed himself. He was actually chafing at the bars of his cell to see if he could discover any clue to it in his movements.

Little, delicate, slim fingered white hands are generally supposed to be the hands of a woman of refinement, subtlety and vacillation. They are, it has been noted, a peculiarity of the male prisoner. Palmer, Fritchard and Lamson all had beautiful hands—soft and white. They were all men of refinement and subtlety, but in their grim work there was at least no vacillation.

Many criminals are, however, by no means slow to show their hands in court. Bennett, the murderer of his wife on Yarmouth sands, kept his hands well down from observation while taking his trial. It is said that a weekly looking person would hardly have dared to murder a rather strong woman in such a fashion. As a matter of fact, Bennett's hands were a large, powerful pair, with long fingers, capable of a terrible grip, and he did not care to display them.

The left handed man is at a disadvantage compared with ordinary individuals in one sensational case, in which a man named Patch was accused of having shot a gentleman named Bligh, the doctor. It is said that the crime was committed by the work of a left handed man. But Patch, who was suspected, stoutly maintained that he was right handed, and no witness could be found to say which hand he ordinarily used. The prosecutor of the crime was himself left handed and so had put the weapon in her left hand.

Left handedness is more common among criminals than among ordinary persons. So is ambidexterity—the power to use both hands equally well. Why it should be so none can tell. It would not be fair to left handed or ambidextrous persons to infer that they are more disposed to crime than others.

Left handedness which has been unexpected has frequently placed detectives in an awkward position. Melville, the terror of anarchists and foreign political criminals generally, once had his own nearly on short by it in the early years of his work. He was on the track of a peculiarly desperate offender, who had succeeded in baffling him for a considerable time. The famous detective came upon him unexpectedly when there was no help near, and when he would have to rely solely upon his own promptness and strength to effect his capture. The man grasped his right hand in an iron grip. But the man was left handed, and the revolver was whipped out and presented at the detective's head almost before he realized it. He did so just as time—a dash it said, but it was "a neat thing."

A fortunate ability with the hand appears peculiar to criminals—even to those whose crimes have not been such as to make them notorious. In the murder of the Jermyns in their home near Norwich, was a farmer, but he performed in court a feat which almost showed the skill of a conjurer. While the trial was proceeding a number of slips of paper were produced against him. At a later stage of the proceedings they were not to be found. They were of the highest consequence to the prosecution. They were even discovered in Rush's hat, which he had carried with him into the dock, concealed beneath the lining. How he managed to get hold of them and hide them there under the eyes of all around him was a mystery.

Next to the professional poisoner, the forger's hand is apt to be the best. Pickpockets and swindlers come third. Sergeant Ballantyne, the prosecutor of the cleverest barristers that ever addressed a jury. His power with them, even in apparently most hopeless cases was unrivaled. In a certain murder case the sergeant examined himself most vigorously on behalf of his client, in whose favor there were one or two mysterious circumstances, and secured his acquittal. The case was then referred to the sergeant and he, who was so powerful at the impudence to bustle back into court and present himself before his counsel.

"You did wonderfully well, sergeant," said the judge, "but you are a lawyer, not a man of law." The sergeant looked for an instant at the hand he extended, and then, bending forward, he looked at the hands that were beneath the contracted, shaggy brows, and said: "You would need a much cleverer barrister than I am, sir, to induce me to shake hands with a man of your profession."

A distinguished solicitor, engaged in the defense of a recent notorious criminal who ended his days on the scaffold for the good of society, said that one of the things that had attracted his attention with the case was his client's insistence on shaking hands with him at every interview, necessitating his washing them at the earliest opportunity. There are hands that one does not care to shake.

Land Frauds in Indian Territory

THE national council of the Creek Indians has prepared a petition to congress asking relief from the grafter who are busy with the Indian land. The grafter is known as "nigger lands."

The negro owners are descendants of the slaves once owned by the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians, but freed by act of congress in 1866. In the allotment proceedings they are known as "freedmen." To distinguish them from the Indians the government regulation stand on an equal footing, except that they are permitted to sell their surplus lands at any time, whereas the Indian is hedged about by restrictions which can be removed only by the consent of the secretary of the interior.

In the last two years more than 10,000 negroes have received a quarter section apiece of the finest farming lands, under an unrestricted title. This has drawn to the territory all the expert crooks in the United States.

The grafter works the following scheme to get the land from the negro. He bargains for a certain amount of the land, say 40 acres, for a certain sum of money. Taking advantage of the grafter's ignorance, the grafter makes out the papers for the entire tract of 160 acres or more. Of course, the seller makes a kick when he finds out what has been done to him, but it does him no good. He is simply taking against the grafter, and nobody will believe a nigger." Besides, there is a general disposition to take the view that, as he got pay for 40 acres and still has the rest of the land, he is not to be made a homestead case. The grafter is not to be made a homestead case. The grafter is not to be made a homestead case. The grafter is not to be made a homestead case.

Great Trade in Pecans.

Austin, Texas, Letter in New York Sun.

Some idea of the magnitude of the pecan nut meat industry may be had from the fact that in San Antonio alone there are 1,700 members of the Pecan Shellers' union, a labor organization composed of men engaged as regular business in the shelling of pecans and extracting the delicious kernels.

Not all of the pecan shellers in San Antonio belong to the union. There are several hundred other men, women and children in that city who get a living from the pecan nut. There are branches of the Pecan Shellers' union in Austin and several other towns of the state.

The pecan nut shelling season lasts from October 1 to July 1. The new crop of nuts begins to come in about October 1, and from then until January 1 the business of extracting the kernels is very active. The kernels are shipped in large lots to New York, St. Louis and other cities; where they are used by confectioners in the manufacture of candies.

Pecan shelling is a comparatively new industry. It had its origin, so far as it is becoming a recognized business, is concerned, a few years ago when a candy manufacturer of New York visited Texas.

He ate some of the candy made and sold by Mexican street vendors in San Antonio. Pecan kernels form an important ingredient in this candy. As an experiment he arranged for a small shipment of pecan meats to be made to him.

The kernels were received in due time and the highest art of the candymaker was employed in their use. The pecan nut shelling business was instantly and other orders for pecan kernels were placed.

That was the beginning of an industry which now gives employment to several thousand men in Texas. A big demand for the pecan kernels in every large city in the country.

Character in Pencil Sharpening

From the New York Sun.

THE way in which a pencil is sharpened is an unfailing index of character," said a woman.

To prove that she can in this way decipher character, and also to demonstrate how she does it, she asked that a number of pencils be collected and submitted to her, stipulating that the more pronounced characteristics of the owners should be known to the one presenting them.

The first pencil examined was one of the cheap kind. On one side the cutting was done with many short, careful strokes; on the other there was a deep, hasty slash and several other irregular and carelessly made. None of these touches the lead, which was left large and blunt.

"This," said the reader of pencil points, "belongs to a person of contradictory character. Careful as to minute details, and also parsimonious in business matters, he or she, though I think this is a woman, will on an impulse, spend lavishly."

"Not artistic, though she would be greatly surprised to be told so—I assume the pencil belongs to a woman—she likes fine furnishings, fine, handsome materials, rich combinations and because of this she fancies herself a person of taste, but she does not know how to combine and separate in a way to make these things she loves attractive accessories."

"How do I reach this conclusion? To begin with, this pencil is of the cheap, harsh sort, which no highly organized person would care to use."

"The careful way in which it is cut on one side indicates the extreme characteristics, as to business matters, I have pointed out: the long, careless cut, a tendency to spend at times, in an unthinking, unpremeditated way. The irregular cuts which follow this show a love of excellence, but no sense of proportion, of that fine fitness which constitutes beauty. In this respect?"

"The person who has secured the pencil answered that it belonged to a widow who successfully conducts the business pertaining to a fleet of sailing vessels left to her by her husband, and that the intention was correct."

The next pencil examined was dark brown, of a standard make and evenly cut with a long, strong point, but little sharpened.

"This," said the woman, as she rolled the point between her thumb and forefinger, "belongs to a painstaking, exact person. Every cent, nay, every mill, must be where it belongs, not so much as a matter of economy as of business."

"Everything with him is accomplished according to well-established processes. As to imagination, he hears about it, and sometimes vaguely wonders what it is."

The pencil belonged to a bank teller who has grown old in the service of the institution with which he is connected.

The next one considered was a bright yellow pencil that had been cut with deep strokes starting from each of its six sides. These cuts were not evenly spaced, but the lead for an unusual distance straight and bare.

Physician Says Learn to Smoke

From the Chicago Tribune.

LEARNS TO SMOKE.

This is the advice of Dr. Valentin Nalpassee, lecturer in the Paris college of medicine and physician to the French embassy in Persia.

Dr. Nalpassee is one of the strongest of the anti-tobaccoists. He wants Americans and Europeans to learn to smoke, because he declares that the nicotine in the pipe, which is a hygienic habit, is a most valuable agent for the cure of various ailments. He urges Americans to sit at the feet of the orientals and learn all over again how to smoke—to learn again without the pangs and gripings of the first time to learn to smoke, healthfully and hygienically. For he believes that tobacco can be smoked without harm or injury to the smoker—although he does not commit himself as to cigar.

In the confirmation and reinforcement of his counsel Dr. Nalpassee offers the results of his varied experiences in the Asiatic countries, his observations and conclusions. He says that the pipes and polea are intimately associated in this wise made mind. The best pipe for insuring the smallest possible inhalation of nicotine, he thinks, is a long, slender pipe, like the chibouque, which was in honor formerly among the Turks. This chibouque, unhappily out of fashion today, is composed of several successive tubes, each of which is inserted into the end, and was of unquestionable value in arresting the passage of the nicotine ere it reached the lips of the smoker.

Out of all the weapons comprising the arsenal of the well equipped modern smoker none can rival the old classic, the gracefully elegant nargile. In this curious and elaborate apparatus, which is made of silver or of a very fine, light metal, the vapor is conducted through a tube across a basin filled with ordinary water, or, better, rosewater, and arrives at the lips of the smoker by a second tube.

From time to time the oriental interrupts his fumigations to drink from a diminutive cup a few drops of coffee, thus neutralizing the slow intoxication which can otherwise be produced by prolonged use of the strong and bitter tobacco, known as tombaku, which is employed in the nargile.

Thanks to these devices in constant use all through the Orient, Dr. Nalpassee affirms, the noxious action of the tobacco is almost entirely annihilated, so that were the nargile or ghailin in use in the occident, together with the oriental tobacco, smoking never would be debased into a hurtful practice.

Every sort of tobacco, according to Dr. Nalpassee, acts on the organism according to its quota of nicotine. Analytical studies have shown that the tobacco of the Orient contains but a minute portion of this noxious element. On the contrary, the products of other countries show a much larger proportion, beginning with that of Hungary, which has about 1 per cent of nicotine, thence to that of Brazil, Havana, Maryland and Virginia, which varies from 2 1/2 to nearly 7 per cent of nicotine. The tobacco from the Georgia region is the strongest of all, with a proportion of nicotine reaching almost 8 per cent.

The doctor thinks the young man of the west should never smoke save for

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