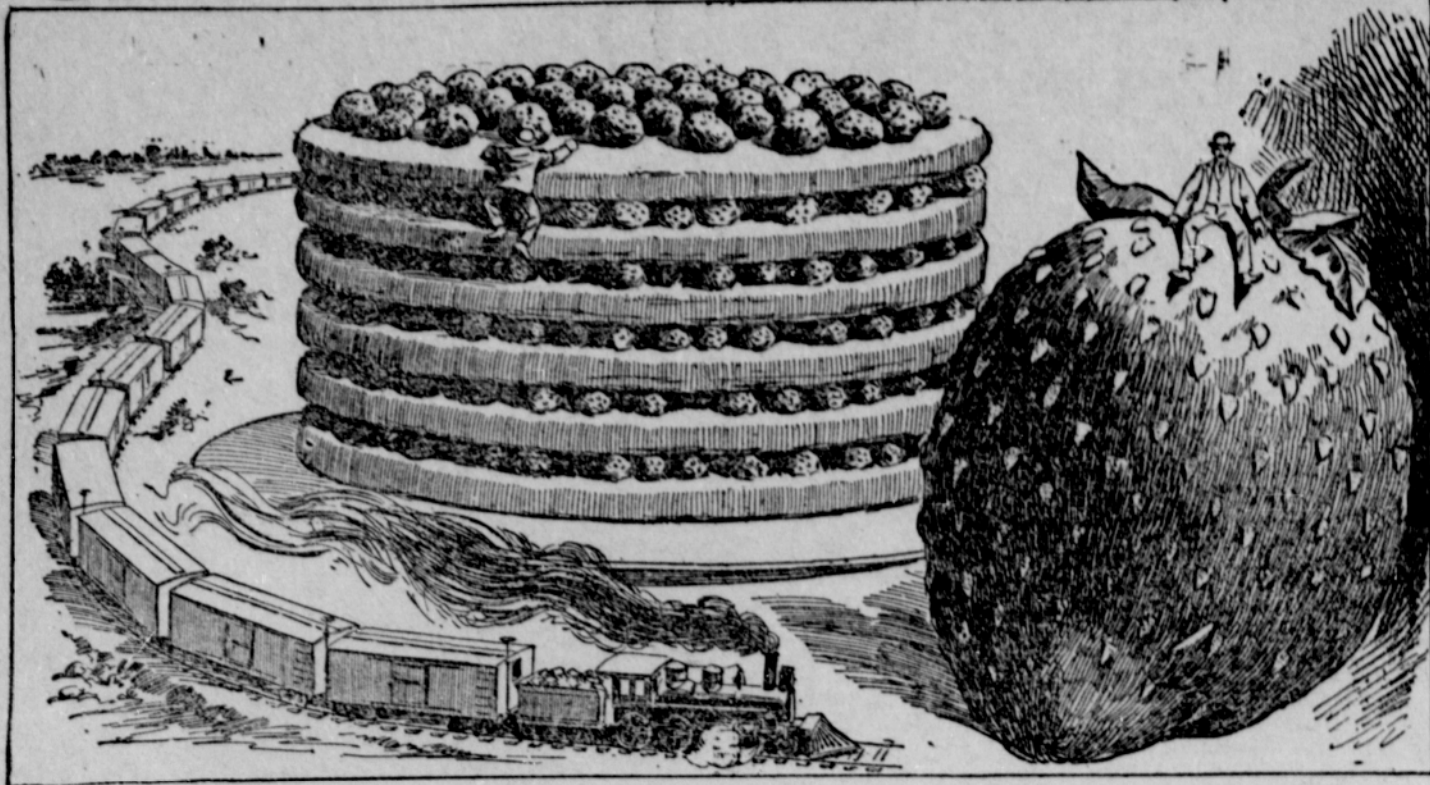


STRAWBERRIES CHICAGO EATS



CHICAGO eats strawberries. A monster shortcake four miles wide and a fraction over seven miles in length, in weight 504 tons and containing 168 tons of strawberries, would be her daily consumption if all of the berries shipped to the windy city were made up in shortcake. But they are not, although most of them no doubt find their way between crusts which are served with sugar and cream. It would take a freight train of twenty-five cars to move the cake. The shortcake estimate is made on most liberal basis—allowing many more berries than are generally found in Chicago cakes. The weight of the berries is figured at one-third. The cost of the berries alone—at wholesale prices—is \$23,000, and it costs on an average \$2,000 per day to ship these berries to Chicago.

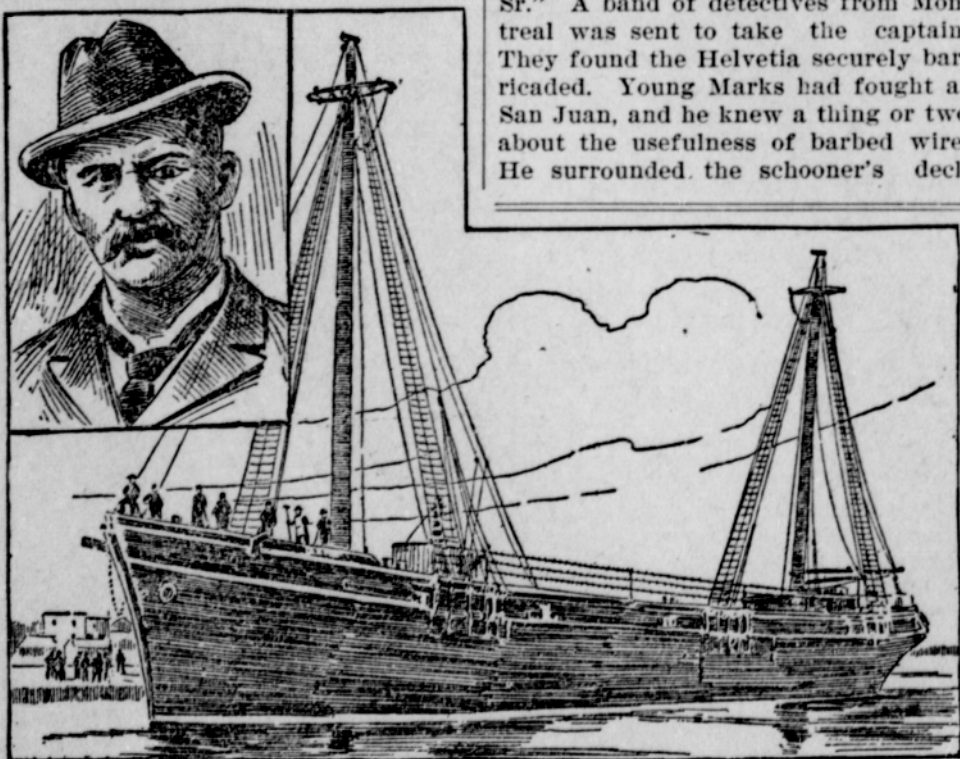
Chicago eats more strawberries to the person than any other city in the world. She consumes almost as many berries as does New York, because she is nearer to the greatest strawberry market and is able to get them fresher and better. She also has the advantage of getting the best berries grown in all the world. Chicago is the greatest market, not only for the Indiana, Illinois and Michigan shippers, but also Arkansas and Tennessee. She practically takes all of these three greatest crops. She pays prices ranging from \$1 to \$3 per crate, owing to the season. She never becomes glutted. This can only be said of one other city in the United States—New York. The Chicago strawberry season, starting with Florida berries and closing with northern Michigan, is about seven weeks. There is nothing in the vegetable world that so demonstrates the phenomena of the zones as do strawberries. Their march north is just as regular as clockwork and can be figured on almost to the hour by the strawberry brokers. The most remarkable feature of the strawberry production is the small acreage. Strawberries can be raised almost anywhere, but the acreage of land that produces the berries that are marketable and profitable is surprisingly low. Ten acres will furnish employment for fifty-five men and women during the season and each acre produces a net revenue on three weeks' picking of something over \$300, or \$3,000 for the patch. Each acre each morning gives about thirty-five to forty crates. The farmer picks, sorts, boxes and crates and hauls the berries to the special express stations, where the special express trains are waiting. He pays 10 per cent to his Chicago "strawberry broker," pays 14 cents for his crate, 36 cents for the picking, 33 cents for the shipping into Chicago—a total of about \$1. He will average about 50 to 60 crates on each acre. The pickers are "professionals," many of whom start with the season in Florida and work through to the last crops in Michigan. They live in tents and cook their own meals. By scientific culture the American strawberry is constantly becoming larger and larger.

HE BEAT TWO NATIONS.

Skipper Marks Defied America and Great Britain.

Captain George Marks, of the American schooner *Helvetia*, is a man who successfully defied the authorities of two nations, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. When he collected his little bill for \$650 from the owners of his boat, Canadians of Valley Field rejoiced with Americans. Fireworks, which had been bought for the Queen's birthday anniversary, were set off in honor of the doughty captain's victory. The little Canadian village had never heard such cheers as rent the air when Captain Marks, his wife and his soldier son walked down the gang plank in possession of a good roll of Dominion bank bills. Captain Marks' picturesque defiance of two nations aboard his stanch *Helvetia* sufficiently refutes the theory that "steam spoils romance at sea."

Captain Marks is a plain American



CAPTAIN MARKS AND HIS SCHOONER HELVETIA.

citizen. He reached Valley Field, Canada, early last winter with a fleet of eighty vessels, which were passing through Canadian waters on their way to the great lakes. The whole fleet was caught in the ice, and there it had to remain throughout the winter. While the vessels were locked up in the ice the company which owned them went into liquidation, and a receiver was appointed, who finally sold the entire fleet, the *Helvetia* going to a Cleveland syndicate. Crews and captains of all the ships were paid off, with the exception of Captain Marks, who says that he was told his account was not in shape and would be got ready as soon as possible, and that then he would receive the money.

Captain Marks' crew left for their homes. His wife, who had been cook, remained with her husband, and weeks went by without the agent returning to pay the captain his money. He went to see the United States vice consul, who said he did not see that he could do anything under the circumstances. Captain Marks then engaged a local crew, his son having arrived, kept on

living on the vessel and awaited developments. The syndicate paid for provisions for Marks and his wife, but declared that they were not responsible for any salaries.

Until his salary was paid Captain Marks was determined not to leave. The owners sent Captain Packer and a crew of five men to take charge of the *Helvetia*. Packer explained his mission. Very emphatically Marks declared that he would stay where he was until he got his money.

Captain Packer telegraphed to Cleveland for orders. He was told to lay the matter before the United States vice consul, Mr. Gorman. Mr. Gorman put the matter to the Washington authorities. He was directed to instruct the opposing parties to proceed in accordance with the law.

The *Helvetia*'s new owners then engaged counsel in Montreal and swore out a warrant for "the arrest of George Marks, Sr.; George Marks, Jr., and Jennie Mitchell, wife of George Marks, Sr." A band of detectives from Montreal was sent to take the captain. They found the *Helvetia* securely barricaded. Young Marks had fought at San Juan, and he knew a thing or two about the usefulness of barbed wire. He surrounded the schooner's deck

in the arrest of the captain, but he replied that such an action could not be friendly toward a United States citizen or to the government itself, and he therefore did not propose to take any hand whatever in the matter.

Completely discouraged, the lawyers for the vessel owners went to Valley Field with the amount Captain Marks had demanded, in Dominion bank bills. It was counted out to the captain and a receipt taken for the claim in full. Friendly relations are again established between the Marks family and the governments of Great Britain and the United States of America.

HEAD OF THE SUGAR TRUST.

H. O. Havemeyer, whose References to Trusts Created Interest.

The testimony recently given before the Industrial Commission by Henry O. Havemeyer, the king of the sugar industry in the United States, created much general comment and interest. The last remaining prominent man in the famous sugar refining family, Mr. Havemeyer delights in the honest simplicity that characterizes many Americans who have won enormous wealth as entrepreneurs. Mr. Havemeyer in his testimony referred to the very humble start which his family made in 1802. The poor emigrants found out that by boiling sugar (and being honest) they could make a neat profit. The two immigrants were brothers, and they worked hard and spent nothing. Thus, when they died, they left a fine business house and factory to the cousins who succeeded them. Henry O. Havemeyer is a son of one of these cousins—F. C. Havemeyer. The latter was a graduate of Columbia and his son, Henry O., was educated at home and abroad. Mr. Havemeyer, while interested in art, letters, and music, has devoted his best efforts to the tremendous business of which he is the heir and is now the head.

Stevenson and the Beggar.
An American who visited the Stevensons at Samoa relates that the Samoans have a practice of begging. They boldly ask for whatever they may covet wherever it may be found. The novelist became tired of this practice, and therefore said one day to a Samoan friend who had acquired from him a necktie, handkerchief, and some other trinket, "Is there anything else you want?"
The Samoan made a hasty survey of the room.
"There is the piano," suggested Mr. Stevenson, ironically.
"Yes," replied the native, "I know, but," he added, apologetically, "I don't know how to play it."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Woman Gravedigger.

Not the least interesting among the new occupations for women is that which has been opened at Vienna. There, in the "gayest city in the world," is a woman gravedigger. She is the first professional woman gravedigger in civilized Europe.

DOTS IN THE PACIFIC.

MYSTERIOUS ISLANDS THAT ARE HARD TO LOCATE.

Clipperton Has at Last Been Definitely Placed—Well Worth Looking For—Its Elusive Neighbor that Is Still "At Large."

Much attention has been given of late to what we may call the strange case of Clipperton Island. It is not more than three miles in circumference, and it lies in the western Pacific, something like 800 miles west of Mexico. In the wide expanse of the Pacific ocean it shows like a mere speck, so small as to be of no value, seemingly, save as a refuge for a few of the army of beach combers "who have burst all bounds of habit and have wandered far away" in the course of their downward progress. But the ownership of Clipperton Island has of late been claimed by no fewer than four countries—Mexico, the United States, France and Great Britain; and when it is added that the island is a favorite haunt of sea birds, and that many tons of valuable guano are waiting to be picked up, the reason for this unwonted solicitude, even in an era of land-grabbing, will be apparent.

Clipperton Island is of interest in another direction. It is one of those numerous stretches of land set in the midst of the seas, sunny and otherwise, which, after their first discovery, for many years elude all endeavors to locate them again. It has now been, as it were, nailed down in one particular spot in the ocean—that is to say, its exact position has been finally determined by warships sent out for the express purpose of searching for it and settling all doubts as to its existence—and the only thing remaining now is that the question of ownership should be settled. It happens that there is another island about 400 miles southwest of Clipperton, and rich in the same deposits that make that place worth possessing, for which adventurous mariners are at this moment looking.

As late as July last a vessel named *Moonlight* left Altata, Mexico, on a voyage in search of this latest mysterious island, and spent fifty-two days of fruitless labor toward this end. Her captain failed to find the place, and, fearing that his provisions and water would run short, returned home to report that either the rough charts of old Captain Martin and his associates were in error or else that some strange seismic phenomenon had caused the lost isle to disappear years ago, perhaps, for all that mortal soul knows. Spice is added to this romance by the fact that another "Frisco" captain located the place definitely a year or two before, and found a small colony there, which colony is still on the island, shipping guano in their own schooners, manned by numbers of their own party, to the leading ports on the Pacific slope of North and South America.

Quite a number of expeditions have of late been made with the object of wresting this valuable secret from the handful of men in whose possession it is, and of participating in the spoils; and one of these days we will, no doubt, hear of a sanguinary fight for the supremacy between the present colonists and a party of marauders. Although the stories told about the unknown island vary considerably, they all agree that it exists somewhere about 400 or 500 miles southwest of Clipperton, in a low coral atoll covered with the richest phosphates. The place also has its legends of pirates' treasures, which may or may not have had any foundation in fact. One of the expeditions of recent date, which have been fitted out to look for the island, was the Vine expedition. That vessel's owner claims to have secured his knowledge of the place from the old sea captain named Martin, above referred to, who died some years ago, and who left an old chart among his belongings, which told of a small island in the south Pacific, not down on the regular charts, enormously rich in guano.—New Zealand Herald.

Tea on the Terrace.

On the whole, the terrace of the House of Commons is the finest in England. The view from it is most imposing. Near on the left is Westminster bridge, and the spectator may watch the traffic of the bridge, and hear its roll or rumble, while he is in the quietude of the terrace. Between the broad arches he may perceive the graceful outlines of Waterloo bridge. At night the long rows of lighted lamps in all directions are reflected on the river. This is the spot where the tea parties well known in London society are held. To have "tea on the terrace," as the phrase goes, is the natural ambition of every one. It is of the utmost convenience to the member to be able to show this attention to his friends, and especially to his constituents and their families. On a summer's afternoon the collection of these tea parties amounts to a reception given by the Commons to London and the constituencies. The mixture of tea tables is typical of the local character. Here will be a table with some of the most fashionable persons; near it will be one where a labor

member is entertaining his family; next will be one where a philosophic member is receiving learned ladies. The whole scene is one of diversified animation and vivacity seldom equaled elsewhere.

Cure for Stammering.

A gentleman who stammered from childhood almost up to manhood gives a very simple remedy for the misfortune. "Go into a room where you will be quiet and alone, get some book that will interest but not excite you, and sit down and read two hours aloud to yourself, keeping your teeth together. Do the same thing every two or three days, or once a week if very tiresome, always taking care to read slowly and distinctly, moving the lips, but not the teeth. Then, when conversing with others, try to speak as slowly and distinctly as possible, and make up your mind that you will not stammer. Well, I tried this remedy, not having much faith in it. I must confess, but willing to do most anything to cure myself of such an annoying difficulty. I read for two hours aloud with my teeth together. The first result was to make my tongue and jaws ache, that is, while I was reading, and the next to make me feel as if something had loosened my talking apparatus, for I could speak with less difficulty immediately. The change was so great that everyone who knew me remarked it. I repeated the remedy every five or six days for a month, and then at longer intervals till cured.



It has lately been discovered that the large iguana lizards of South Australia attack and kill lambs on the sheep-pastures. They had previously been known as depredators only in poultry-yards.

A singular result of the recent experiments of Professor Angelo Mosso on the physiological effects of high altitudes is that a mountain ascent may produce such a flattening of the lumbar curve that a man may be an inch and a half shorter on the summit of Monte Rosa than when he is in the valleys beneath. The height of Monte Rosa, the second loftiest peak of the Alps, is 15,215 feet. The cause of the shortening is partly the exertion of climbing. The human stature always diminishes slightly during the day.

The Chinese method of producing artificial pearls by introducing some foreign substance into the pearl oyster is open to a difficulty; the oyster sometimes expels the object from its shell. A French experimenter has devised an improvement. He makes a hole in the shell and introduces a little bit of mother-of-pearl. The oyster cannot get rid of this, and deposits the nacreous layers on it until it becomes a pearl. About two years suffice. A small true pearl may be used. The subject was fully discussed before the French Academy of Sciences.

In order to prove to the satisfaction of the members of the Linnean Society, in London, that he had really caused a buzzard to hatch and rear a chicken from a hen's egg, Mr. A. F. Crossman recently exhibited a series of photographs showing the hatching and subsequent feeding of the chicken by its strange foster-mother. Mr. Crossman thought it very wonderful that the maternal instinct of the buzzard had overcome its liking for chicken flesh, but another member of the society produced records to show that eagles had hatched out goose-eggs and then tenderly reared the goslings.

The Washington Monument, the loftiest stone structure in the world, has, according to the description given by N. M. Hopkins, in the Scientific American Supplement, an ideal installation of correct lightning conductors. The apex of the monument is an aluminum pyramid, from which eight half-inch copper rods extend down to the base of the stone pyramid forming the top of the structure. At that point they bend inward through the masonry and pass down the interior of the shaft. The eight conductors are all connected on the outside of the pyramid by a heavy rod, and they are all gold-plated. Two hundred platinum-tipped points, connected with the conductors and all pointing skyward, cover the pyramid. The conductors connect directly with the tops of four iron columns which support the stairway and elevator. At the base of the monument the iron columns are connected by copper conductors with the bottom of a well twenty feet below the foundation of the shaft, the well containing several feet of water and fifteen feet of sand. Severe electrical storms do not affect the monument.

Royal Typewriter.

The Queen of England and the Czar of Russia own beautiful typewriters of white enamel and gold, with keys of ivory. The Queen Regent of Spain is said to use one for her correspondence. In so ceremonious a court as that of Spain, where phrases are long and weighty, it must be a welcome labor-saver.