

ROMORA UP TO DATE

THE fruit season was at its height. Every cannery was running at full blast, the shipping sheds were loading and shipping carloads by the hundred every day, the drying grounds looked like acres of varicolored patchwork with their trays of dark and light fruit, and the orchardists were scouring the highways and hedges for "hands" to keep up with the demand.

The packing house at Rancho Pico swarmed with a motley crew gathered from the four corners of the earth, in the effort to handle the crop without a waste, for a few days of sudden and intense heat had ripened everything in double-quick time. A crew of Japs, working in the prune orchard, were hauling loads of dusky purple fruit to the west room to be dipped, spread, dried and graded by a lot of brawny Swedes. In the cutting room, a wiry little Dago was sweating and swearing over a band of low-browed Digger Indians, as he weighed out the fruit to them, and sent the filled trays to the bleachers. At the main entrance stood a train of fruit wagons, waiting for their respective loads of peaches for canning and shipment, while from the vineyard came "goose-necks" with their freight of grapes to be pressed into raisins. Everything was going swimmingly.

Above the rich brogue of the teamsters, the splutterings of the Japs, the guttural grunts of the Indians, and muttered cussings in every current tongue, arose the commanding voice of young Smithers, the manager. With a "fi-a" to the Chinamen in the loading shed, a "get a move on" to a gang of young boys at the packing tables, a threatening gesture toward the Diggers, he kept everybody on a rush while his watchful eye covered every detail, from the bookkeeper in the office to the mule in the "goose-neck."

"We're going to get through all right, Tamaki," he said to the Jap boss, who combined the properties of intelligence, office, general foreman and sub-lessee, in his own shifty person.

"Men ver scarce, though," he answered, as he turned to steady a load of trays that were being switched on to the track.

"Yes, but we're full-handed for once," with a glance over his congress of nations.

Then Tamaki, seeing the iron hot, came nearer. "Ver sorry," he said, in confidential tones, "but I just came down to tell you boys think have to have little more money. So much hard work, and hot weather."

"But they're getting a dollar and a half a day," said Smithers, "a ruinous rate for such a lot of—" He remembered just in time that this was not an occasion for crossing swords.

"Yes, I know," the little brown man answered, imperturbably; "but boys say they quit, no get dollar sixty-five."

Smithers looked at the little grinning Shylock, and thought how easy it would be to throttle him on the spot, but he also thought of the sixty Japs picking fruit and the necessity of getting it harvested at once, so he kept his hands in his pockets, saying as coolly as he could: "Very sorry, too, but boys get no more money from me."

"I 'frad boys quit," taunted Tamaki; "fine crop, too. Too bad lose 'em."

Then Smithers, knowing the scarcity of white men as laborers, and remembering how lucky he had thought himself to get this band of Japs when other growers were losing tons of fruit because labor was so scarce, choked down his wrath, and said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Tamaki; I'll give one sixty-five the rest of this week, if you'll see that they work hard and earn it," hoping to get out of the woods by then.

And Tamaki, seeing the "boys" had never thought of objecting to their regular one dollar a day, pocketed the prospect of his extra sixty-five cents per capita with a chuckle.

Two days later a rush order came in from the East for a heavy shipment of fresh fruit. Every department that could be cut down without too great a sacrifice was curtailed, and every available hand on the place was turned to picking peaches. In the midst of it all, Tamaki appeared in the office with a downcast countenance.

"Ver sorry, Mr. Smithers," he began; "ver rush, I know, but boys think have to quit."

"What's the matter now?" Smithers called from behind his desk.

"Boys think too hard work. They think like to go to hop fields, get more money."

Smithers, in the midst of a column, did not look up.

"I think maybe stay little while for one seventy-five," he added, dubiously.

"Not a cent more, d'ye hear?" Smithers roared, as soon as he had reached his total. The cool-headed man of a few weeks before was now the hag-

gard, heavy-eyed victim of overwork, overworry, and the intolerable heat. And as the shrewd Tamaki looked after his retreating figure, he wondered how much farther he might dare to toy with his endurance.

"Is Mr. Smithers in?" a clear, high voice rang above the gruffer sounds, and before the overwrought Smithers had time to smooth out his forehead or temper, the voice gurgled, rushing up to him: "Oh, Mr. Smithers, I've been trying all morning to get you on the telephone. I hope you are feeling very good-natured and neighborly this morning, for I want to ask a little favor of you."

Smithers looked up blankly, but without noticing his woe-begone appearance the voice rattled on: "I'd like to borrow about five hundred trays from you if you can spare them, and your sprinkling cart, our roads are getting so frightfully dusty, and a dozen or two cutting knives, you always have such quantities on hand, and—Why, what in the world has happened? You look as if you had reached the last notch of endurance!"

"Something near it, I think," answered Smithers, with a sallow smile.

"That damn Tama—I beg your pardon, Miss Smythe—that—"

"Oh, not at all!" she interrupted, taking in a good, long breath, "and if you could send over some pickers!" adjusting a turquoise stud in her blue shirt-waist, "we'd be so much obliged. We are getting along famously, don't you know, I think it's such fun to run a ranch. Do you have any trouble in getting men?"

"The scarcity of men is not so bad as—"

"Oh, yes, of course," the high, clear tones remarked, "isn't it a perfect shame? But do you know I was about to forget my main object in coming over, such a tragic thing has happened. My dear little Dandy, you know he has always been used to the park roads, has gotten something in his foot; do you suppose you could loan me a horse for a few days?"

Smithers made some sort of a dumb sign the lady was pleased to take for an assent.

"Oh, thank you so much," she gushed, "you know we had a fire in the Jap camp, which damaged the trees and implements to some extent."

"What did he do about that?" the man asked, curiously.

"Paid it, of course," she answered, gayly.

"Then is it possible you did not come out behind, after all?" Smithers asked, in amazement.

"Why, we did better than any of you," she answered, "for while those Japs stayed, they worked like beavers, and got through in almost half the time, which made our harvesting cost less than yours, or anybody's. The actual cost of our labor was about 85 cents a day."

"Well, I'm glad this is the last of those gold-blamed wimmen folks," sighed one of the injured old codgers, as he saw the train pull out a few days later.

"But it's not," said Smithers, joyfully.

"What! They's not comin' back next year, be they?" he snapped.

"One of them is," Smithers answered, proudly. "Sybil is coming back to run my ranch for me."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Lived Through an Antarctic Winter.

Undoubtedly the penguins live on the edge of the ice-pack in winter time. A curious proof of this is that during a heavy gale in the bay near Cape Adair, the ice field broke up suddenly and the flocks drifted northwards into the ocean, carrying off one of my sledge dogs. We naturally looked upon the dog as lost, but a week later the sea was frozen as far as the eye could reach, and three months afterwards that dog returned to camp from over the ice, and he was fat! Now, three dogs can kill a seal, but one dog can not; and this dog had evidently been living on penguins out at sea at the edge of the ice-pack.—Prof. C. E. Borchgrevink, in Leslie's Monthly.

An Irish Bull.

Thomas Barry, a Boston lawyer, was recently examining an Irish witness in a suit growing out of a street-railroad accident. Here is the result of Lawyer Barry's suggestion that the witness should tell the story in his own words: "Well, the man fell in th' str-reet as the car-r passed; thin th' car-r stopped, an' we all ran out. The cr-rwd gathered ar-round th' man and shouted: 'He's kilt! He's kilt!' Then O' jumped in, pulled a dozen of the spalpeens out uv th' way, and yells at 'em: 'Yes thick heads, yez! If th' man's kilt, why in hivvin's name don't yez stand to wan side an' let him have a breath of air-r?'"—Brooklyn Eagle.

Smithers agreed, with a sudden fear lest Miss Smythe might drop in upon him to borrow the money to pay them. There were others who complained of the demoralizing effect of these women who ran their little ranch for the lark, and many ranchers found trouble in getting help when it was known Miss Smythe was paying two dollars a day, but "Let it go" Smithers always said to them. "This year will freeze them out, for at the end of the season they'll have to sell their ranch in order to pay their Japs."

At the close of the harvesting season Miss Smythe and her friend wound up their country life experience with a house party of friends from the city. This, of course, necessitated the borrowing of tents, hammocks and chairs from Smithers, until he was forced to accept their invitation to be one of their number, having nothing left in his own domain either to sit or lie upon.

"And do you know," Miss Smythe confided to him, as they talked of her departure, "this has been such an awfully jolly outing, I'd really like to come up here to live."

"But haven't you found it a rather expensive experiment?" Smithers gasped.

"Expensive?" Miss Smythe echoed in surprise.

"Yes, expensive," Smithers repeated. "If I may ask the question, haven't you found the price of labor overbalances the profit on the crop?"

Miss Smythe threw back her head and laughed. Her mouth was very pretty when she laughed, he noticed.

"Poor Damtamaki!" she exclaimed, "you can't think what a little idiot he is, for all he thinks he is so shrewd." And saying that, she laughed again.

Smithers laughed, too—at his own expense, and waited for her to go on.

"His men did splendid work for us," she explained, "because he was getting so much money, and I kept telling him he could not do so well if we turned him off. And what do you suppose he charged us for picking our crop?"

Smithers discreetly refrained from guessing.

"Nine hundred and four dollars," she told him, and again she went off in a gale of laughter.

"Is that the joke?" Smithers asked, wishing he could regard his own disbursements with the same levity.

"Oh, no," she gurgled. "The joke is that I put in a little bill of nearly three hundred dollars for lost time, breakage of boxes, warping of trays, and damage to machinery from the leaves and dirt sent in in the prune boxes."

"Did he pay it?" Smithers inquired.

"Of course he did. I had drawn up a contract providing for protection against unnecessary loss, which I made out right there was a fire in the Jap camp, which damaged the trees and implements to some extent."

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ANOTHER AWFUL DISASTER.

Mount Pelee Claims 2,000 Additional Victims—Tidal Wave is Feared.

Castries, Island of St. Lucia, B. W. I., Sept. 6.—The Royal Mail steamer Yaro arrived here this evening from the Island of Martinique. She brings the report that a violent volcanic eruption occurred there the night of September 3, and that about 2,000 persons are said to have perished. Large numbers of people are leaving the island.

Paris, Sept. 6.—The Paris edition of the New York Herald publishes a dispatch from Point-a-Pitre, Island of Guadeloupe, French West Indies, dated September 4, which says that constant detonations heard there that night indicate a terrific volcanic eruption on the island of Martinique. Thick black clouds were seen to the southward of Guadeloupe, and the heat at Point-a-Pitre was intense. The population was said to be greatly alarmed, fearing a tidal wave in the event of the collapse of Martinique.

The minister of the colonies, M. Doumergue, is placing \$100,000 at the disposal of the governor of Martinique to relieve the distress in that island. He has urged the governor not to congregate refugees at Fort de France, but to distribute them in the south, where their necessities can be most easily supplied. Recognizing the danger of a tidal wave at Fort de France, the colonial minister has instructed Governor Lemaire to adopt all the measures necessary to enable the inhabitants immediately to evacuate the place in case of necessity and seek refuge on the heights above the town, where food depots should be established. The minister has also recommended the establishment of observatory posts whence the least signs of fresh out breaks of Mount Pelee can be reported.

Heard in Venezuela.

Paris, Sept. 6.—In a dispatch from Carupano, Venezuela, the correspondent of the Figaro says:

"Violent detonations were heard here from 10 o'clock in the evening of September 3 until 3 o'clock in the morning of September 4. The sounds came from the north, and were identical with those heard during the night of August 30, during the volcanic eruption on Martinique of that date."

WEST VIRGINIA STRIKE ENDS.

Miners Return to Work Upon Advice of Their Chief Officer.

Huntington, W. Va., Sept. 6.—The coal strike in West Virginia is practically at an end. At a mass meeting of miners from all the coal fields along the Norfolk & Western railroad here this morning, the miners unanimously agreed to end the strike provided the operators would take back all the old miners, and they have signified their intention of doing this. The miners have agreed to return to work next Monday. It is reported that President Mitchell of the United Mineworkers advised the strikers to return to work. He realized that winter was near at hand and that the miners in this field could not hold out much longer, as almost every one was dependent on the union for food and clothing. It is thought the strikers at the New River and Kanawha fields will soon follow today's action.

The Pocahontas mine continues to burn out, but the operators think that they will soon have it under control.

INTERNATIONAL BANK.

A Great Institution to Operate in Latin-American States.

New York, Sept. 6.—Plans were made today at a meeting of the directors of the Mexican Trust Company bank for the formation of an international banking institution, capitalized at \$10,000,000, and designed especially to operate in Latin-American countries. The scheme involves the consolidation of the Mexican Trust Company bank and the Corporation Trust Company. The combination is to be known as the International Bank & Trust Company of America. The directors of both the merging corporations have signed the consolidation agreement, and the stockholders of both companies have already signified their approval of the plan.

Will Land at Monterey.

San Francisco, Sept. 6.—The men of the Fifteenth infantry regiment, en route from Manila on the transport Meade, will be disembarked at Monterey, where a post is about to be established, and where the Fifteenth will be stationed. The Meade is out 27 days from Manila by way of Nagasaki. She is, therefore, due about September 13. The naval hospital transport Solace is out 34 days from Manila direct, and is expected to arrive here in about 10 days. The Buford, which put in at Honolulu, should arrive Sept. 9.

Compulsory Arbitration Law.

Pittsburg, Sept. 6.—Governor Stone has indicated to friends his purpose to call an extra session of the legislature in an effort to end the strike, which he is said to believe can be effected in less than 30 days. The plan proposed is a compulsory arbitration law, providing for the arbitration of the strike whether the strikers or operators are willing or not. Provision will be made to compel both sides to accept the award.

BIG CROP OF CORN

United States Can Supply Entire World This Year.

CROP WILL BE 2,589,951,000 BUSHELS

This Exceeds the Entire World's Crop of Last Year—Harvest Continues Till Snow Comes—Prices Good.

Washington, Sept. 8.—In the history of the cereal production there has never been such an enormous crop of corn as is being gathered in the United States this year. It will aggregate 2,589,951,000 bushels, or more than the entire corn crop of the world for 1901. The corn raised in the United States will be sufficient to supply the needs of the world for this and next year, even should there be a total failure in 1903, says the New York Sun.

Corn harvesting is now in progress in the United States, and not until snow flies in December will this enormous task be ended. Even then farmers further South will not have finished husking the golden ears standing in their fields of brown. They know it makes little difference so far as prices are concerned. A record of sales of corn in the past 10 years shows that the highest prices are obtained in late fall and winter, and that prices are 25 per cent below the average immediately after the gathering of the crop begins in the early autumn.

Last year the corn burned as it stood ripening in the fields just a few weeks before it had matured, but this season there have been no droughts in the corn section. Nor have there been any floods of a general nature. The weather, in fact, has been ideal for corn growing. The stalks have grown rank, the ears have spread and lengthened until 12-inch ears and 15-foot stalks are not uncommon in the corn belts.

The crop of 1901 fell short of the expected yield by 40 per cent. This year it goes ahead of the predicted yield by 10 or 15 per cent. Eight states last year did not raise enough corn for home consumption. The exports fell short 8,000,000 bushels. The yield was only 16 bushels to the acre, and 4,000,000 acres were not cut at all. In 1896 the average yield was 28 bushels to the acre, except in Kansas, where it was 10 bushels or less to the acre. The acreage of corn this year is much larger than last. It is 3 per cent more or 102,869,928 acres. This large acreage is due to the fact that three and one-half million acres of wheat, sown the preceding fall, had been frozen out and were ploughed up for corn. Consequently, these 3,000,000 acres, which are largely in Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa, will not yield their owners much profit, if any. The cost of the wheat ploughed up was \$6 an acre, and the cost of the corn \$5. The yield must, therefore, be above 30 bushels and yield 40 cents a bushel to profit at all. This is improbable. So 3 per cent of the corn crop will yield nothing above the expense of sowing and gathering it.

The principal corn states are those of the Middle and Central states. The summers are too long for good corn production in the South, and it is too droughty in the far Southwest for certain yields. Illinois is the leading corn state, but Kansas, Iowa, Indiana, Missouri and Nebraska are big corn producers.

HUNT HEADS THE TICKET.

Present Democratic Governor of Idaho is Again Nominated.

Pocatello, Idaho, Sept. 6.—The Democratic state convention completed its work last night. It ended in a victory for Governor Hunt, who won his re-nomination on the first ballot. Joseph H. Hutchinson, of Ada county, was nominated for congress on the third ballot.

The platform reaffirms and endorses the principles of the Kansas City platform and sets down hard on trusts.

Adams of Washington county was nominated for lieutenant governor. The ticket was completed by the following nominations:

Supreme judge—F. E. Fogg.
Secretary of state—C. J. Bassett.
Auditor—John C. Callahan.
Treasurer—E. P. Colman.
Attorney general—Fred D. Culver.
Superintendent of public instruction—Miss Permeal French.
Mine inspector—John H. Norquist.

Cronje will Forgive and Forget.

Cape Town, Sept. 8.—General Cronje said in an interview that during the war he had lost from wounds and disease 20 relatives. He expressed himself as prepared, however, not only to forgive, but, as far as God has given him the power, to forget.

Carpenters Win Their Strike.

New York, Sept. 8.—Eight thousand carpenters of this city won their strike for an advance of 50 cents a day and started to work this morning.