

Colonel Travers' Lemons

By H. M. EGBERT

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"Well, sir, you can take your two-dollar offer for lemons to the most infernal hot climate you know—and you know where that is!" snorted old Colonel Travers over the telephone. He hung up the receiver and turned to his daughter Molly. "That scoundrel Lemaitre offers me two dollars a box—two dollars for my lemons," he snorted. "I told him, sooner than come to such a price as that I'd let them rot on the trees."

"But, father," the girl protested, "you know you tried the commission agents in New York last year, and they said there was no demand for Florida lemons, and they actually sent us a bill for storage charges."

"They're all in league," the colonel snorted. "That rascal Lemaitre wouldn't dare to offer two dollars on the tree if he didn't know that the packers and commission men hold the whip over us. But I'll let the crop spoil, I'll cut down my trees and grow pineapples—yes, sir, I'll do that!"

Molly sighed. Her father was very hot-headed, and two weeks' confinement to his room, following a fall from the mare, which broke his leg, had not improved his temper.

"What is Fleming going to do?" snorted the colonel presently.

"Why, father, as head of the Lemon Growers' association—"

The colonel went off again. What he said about the young New York man would certainly not bear mentioning. Yet he cast secret glances at Molly all the while. He knew that



That Scoundrel Lemaitre Offers Me Two Dollars a Box—

the capacities for temper which he displayed were latent in the girl. Once he had evoked them, and he had been afraid of her ever since—and respected her the more, too.

All had gone well with the young Massachusetts man's lemon grove. He had bought it two years before and had at once realized that the packers and commission men between them held the control of the product. He had lost no time in forming a Lemon Growers' association to keep up prices.

The first year had been a phenomenal success for the organization. Even the colonel, who hated the scheme asavoring of socialism, had been inclined to become a member. But the second year there was a glut on the market. Prices broke. Half the members fell away, anxious to make what little they could rather than sacrifice their crop for the good of the association.

The colonel was particularly bitter against Fleming because in some way he associated the fall of prices with the new organization's doings. As an independent he, in turn, had borne the brunt of a good deal of criticism among his neighbors. That was certainly a bad time for Fleming and Molly to fall in love.

When Molly told her father he was furious. He stamped out of the house to his neighbor's boundary, and, seeing him at work among his trees, shook his fist at him.

"Don't you ever dare to cross my line again, or I'll set the dogs on you, and horsewhip you into the bargain!" he yelled.

Bitter recrimination followed, tears from Molly that evening, when the colonel told her, and then Molly's own outburst which cowed her father.

"I am willing not to see John Fleming again as long as you live," she sobbed. But I won't promise to give him up, and I think you are the most hateful old man I've ever known!"

The colonel chewed that over his pipe. "Hateful old man." She was waiting for him to die to marry that scoundrel! He changed a good deal the next summer. A coldness had sprung up between himself and his

daughter, and he would give a good deal to have been able to recall his edict. But he was too proud to do so. Secretly he thought a good deal of young Fleming.

Fleming had never crossed his line. The two men passed without speaking. If Molly ever broke her promise, the colonel knew nothing of it.

A week passed. He chafed at the illness which kept him indoors. He had obstinately refused to have his crop picked. The commission men were as bad as the packers, he swore; he would let the fruit rot on the trees, and cut them down that winter for lumber.

He knew that a second year of failure would mean bankruptcy. The two dollars Lemaitre, the packer, offered him would save him. But he was too stubborn to make the compromise of \$2.25 which Lemaitre reluctantly offered.

That was in February. On the 20th of the month a norther came sweeping down through the middle West. When it sent the temperature of Louisville to ten above the weather bureau began to telegraph warnings. When the colonel heard the telephone ring it marked 15 above in Nashville. Molly told the colonel so.

"We'll get a gang and light smudges," answered old Travers. "I'm going to save that crop."

"Then you'll sell, father?"

"No, I'll let it rot on the trees. But I'll have the satisfaction of letting it ripen before it rots," he answered.

The telephone rang again. It was 20 above in Jacksonville, the lowest known since the "great freeze" of '95, which put back the orange area for 300 miles southward.

"It's 37 outside, father."

Almost immediately Lemaitre called him up on the telephone.

"Colonel Travers," he said stiffly, "it's 38 in Tampa. We might have time to save half your fruit with smudge-fires. I've got a gang ready to work at my expense if you'll sell at a dollar a box."

"Confound your impudence!" roared the colonel. "Tell him that, Molly!"

Molly softened it somewhat. But it was now 35 on the veranda. Three degrees lower and the frost would nip the tender trees. Six or seven degrees, and not a lemon would be worth anything but the flavoring in the rind.

"It's too late to do anything," the colonel groaned. "But I'm not going to let Lemaitre make a penny out of me by any of his thievish tricks. What's that in the groves, Molly?"

Molly went out and returned. "Nothing, father," she answered.

"I thought I heard a man calling. You're sure it isn't Lemaitre's gang?"

"Quite sure," she answered.

"The telephone rang again. It was Lemaitre. "Your last chance, colonel," he called cheerfully. "I can get a third of your fruit picked before it's damaged. It's 33 outside my packing-house. The gang's waiting. Fifty cents a box."

Molly hung up the receiver in time to restrain her father from doing himself bodily damage in his effort to get out of his chair.

It fell to 32, to 30. It fell to 28 that night before the norther disappeared. Next morning was bright and warm. But the colonel knew that his crop was irretrievably spoiled.

"Still, it's a comfort to know that Lemaitre hasn't got any of it," he soliloquized.

In another week he was to be allowed upon his feet. Meanwhile he learned that the frost had been general throughout the lemon districts. Prices had gone up 50 per cent. The Lemon Growers' association had roped all the growers in the county and was doing fabulous business. The shortage had enhanced prices sufficiently to bring affluence to all who had been forehand enough to save their trees by fires.

"I'd have cleared \$7,000, Molly," said the colonel wistfully to his daughter.

When he was allowed out he limped toward his lemon groves. As he anticipated the leaves were wilting from the upper branches. But the trunks were strong and sturdy, and the lower branches showed promise of remaining sound. The colonel was not slow in discovering the reason. Round the roots of the trees were wrapped burlap protectors. And not a lemon remained on the twigs.

Colonel Travers turned upon his daughter in fury.

"Who's been here?" he shouted. "It's that infernal Lemaitre. Where are the lemons, Molly?"

"Come here, father," said the girl. She led him into the barn. There, piled high from the floor to ceiling, were crates and crates of the fresh fruit—\$7,000 worth, and not a lemon spoiled.

And in the midst of the crates, bending over them and examining the fruit, was—Fleming!

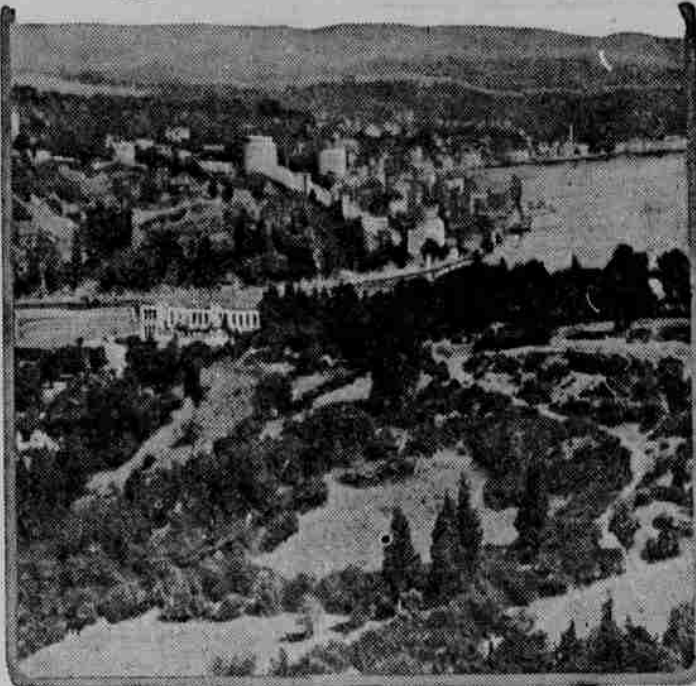
The young man turned around upon the astounded colonel.

"Sorry to have disobeyed instructions, colonel," he said, "but you see I couldn't let you lose all that money to gratify a whim. So I—well, in short, the day before the freeze, when it looked as though a norther was expected, I got together a gang and clipped the fruit for you. And I believe we saved your trees, too. I hope you don't mind, sir."

The colonel's face, which had borne a terrifying scowl, suddenly softened. There was an expression on his daughter's which made him suddenly think of his wife, who had been dead 12 years.

"John, I'm an old fool," he said humbly. "I beg your pardon. John—come to supper tonight, and we'll talk over my joining the association."

WONDERS of the BOSPORUS



NARROWEST PART OF THE BOSPORUS

TO the wonderful history of the Bosphorus the great war is but adding another chapter, for its story runs back through the centuries into the age of myth.

Concerning this strip of water that separates the continents of Europe and Asia the National Geographic society says: One writer states that there is perhaps no other locality in the world surrounded by so many historical souvenirs and adorned with so many varied gifts of nature; another that God, man, nature and art have together created and placed there the most marvelous point of view which the human eye can contemplate upon earth; still another remarks that upon this planet there is no other stream so wonderful—that its equal can be found, if at all, only upon some other star.

Dr. Edwin A. Grosvenor remarks that there is hardly a nation in the civilized world whose blood has not mingled with its waters; hardly a faith, hardly a heresy, which, by the devotion of its adherents and martyrs, has not hallowed its banks. Associations, the most dissimilar, the most incongruous, the most distant, elbow one another in every hamlet and village. The German emperor, William II, in 1889, disembarked at the same spot which tradition makes the landing-place of that other leader, Jason, with his Argonauts in that sublime voyage of the fourteenth century before Christ.

Deep, Narrow and Swift.

The physical features of the Bosphorus are described by the same author in striking terms. He says that in its swift flow it is a river, and in its depth a sea—yet many a sea is less profound and many a river spreads wider and has a less rapid current. Its average depth is about 89 feet. At no point in the channel is the depth less than 147 feet.

So sharply do its submarine banks descend that large vessels, hugging the land too closely, though in deep water, often run their bowsprits and yards into houses on shore. The Strait of Gibraltar, which wrests Africa from Europe, is sixteen miles wide; even the Dardanelles expands from one mile to four. But at its widest the Bosphorus is only one and four-fifths miles. The length of the Bosphorus is less than seventeen miles. Each Asiatic side indenture finds a convex bend on the European side; each European bay is met by an Asiatic promontory.

Tradition goes back to a time when, countless ages ago, titanic forces here rent Asia and Europe asunder; when the pent-up, resistless waters of the Black sea tore through valleys and leveled mountains, in their sudden southward rush to the Mediterranean. The volcanic origin of the region confirms this tradition.

Great Place for Fishing.

Seventy edible varieties of fish sport in the waters of the Bosphorus. They are mostly migratory. The strait is the only line of communication between the Black sea and the Mediterranean, their summer and winter homes. In their migrations countless shoals succeed one another at intervals of days, and never did the men in the crow's nest of a battleship scan the horizon more earnestly for an enemy than the lookouts for the fishermen peer into the deep for signs of a fish migration. As soon as the advanced guard arrives, a signal is given, and immediately the Bosphorus becomes black with fishing boats. So regular are the fish in their habits and so unchanging in their ways, that Aristotle's account of their movements penned twenty-two centuries ago, is still an accurate description of the varieties and their migrations.

A hundred years ago Constantinople and the Bosphorus hung in the balance. Doctor Grosvenor relates how, after the treaty of Tilsit, Emperor Alexander of Russia had insisted to Napoleon upon the absolute necessity to his country of the possession of Constantinople. He declared there was no price so great, no condition so hard, that it would not be gratefully accorded by him for the city's acquisition. Napoleon gazed in silence, earnestly and long, at the map of Europe, of which he was at that moment the autocratic

WHERE SHE GOT BOUQUET

Madeline Careful to Obey Instructions Forbidding the Picking of Flowers.

Her name was Madeline. She was colored dusty black, as lean, flat, angular as a lath, and she was about seventeen years old. The distinguishing feature about her face was her eyes; they were large and round and white, and they invariably expressed the last degree of startled innocence. Madeline worked days for Mrs. Judge Gentry. She went home nights. One morning she appeared with a large bouquet, which she presented to Mrs. Gentry before she began work on the breakfast dishes.

To Mrs. Gentry the flowers seemed somehow familiar. "I'm very much pleased to think that you should bring me such nice flowers, Madeline," said the white woman. "Does your mother grow them at your home?"

Madeline became, if possible, more innocent. "No'm, my mammy washes; don't grow nuthin'. I jes' picked dat bouquet outen a white lady's yard."

With a few questions Mrs. Gentry established the fact that the flowers came from the yard of her friend Mrs. Gordon in the next block.

"Did Mrs. Gordon give them to you for me, Madeline?" she persisted.

"No'm," countered Madeline, "but she ain't said I couldn't pick 'em."

"Well, what did she say?" went on Mrs. Gentry.

Madeline gave close attention to her work. "I dunno jes' what she say. She wasn't there."

Mrs. Gentry spent a busy 15 minutes in an effort to impress upon Madeline the difference between mine and thine. Madeline agreed to everything, and professed her complete understanding and appreciation. And the next Thursday morning she appeared with another, larger bouquet, which she presented with an air of guileless nonchalance.

"You didn't take these beautiful flowers from Mrs. Gordon's yard, did you, Madeline?" Mrs. Gentry asked, striving to mask her suspicion with kindness.

"No'm," returned Madeline. "Yo' told me not to take flowers from white ladies' yards."

"Did some one give you these?" continued Mrs. Gentry.

"No'm," answered Madeline, "no body didn't give 'em to me."

"Then how did you come by them?" Madeline's eyes expressed the last degree of innocence. "I jes' seed 'em, and I jes' picked 'em."

Mrs. Gentry was determined. "Did you go again into some white lady's yard and take her flowers?"

"I done said yo' told me not to take flowers from white ladies' yards," replied Madeline, conclusively, "and I ain't never no mo'. I jes' picked dis lyah bouquet outen a culud lady's yard. Yessum."

Details Can Wait.

A patriotic Welshman was asked what emblems and distinctions he thought the new Welsh battalion of the British army ought to wear. The traditional emblem of Wales is the leek, but he thought this probably would be inappropriate. Mr. Lloyd-George has recently put forward the claim of the daffodil as the Welsh national flower, but that seems to lack historic confirmation, so it was agreed that it was most likely that the Welsh guard would wear a distinguishing badge of the Prince of Wales's feathers. But Wales has other emblems; the red dragon of her flag, for instance. That might be used, and as for cap band, the national color of Wales is a dark green. But probably these nice little details of parade and ceremony will not worry the new guards very much. They will be born into the all-leveling uniform of khaki, and there will be plenty of time to arrange the other little details of scarlet and buttons.

Invective Carried Too Far.

An unusual suit for slander, brought by a clergyman against members of his church, is reported by the Michigan Law Review as follows:

"Plaintiff, a minister of the Gospel, and defendants were members of the Colored Baptist church. During a campaign for state prohibition plaintiff opposed the adoption of the constitutional amendment to that effect. Defendants, at various conventions of said church, made statements to the effect that plaintiff was a rascal, a whiskey agent, a disgraceful saloon puller, etc., and introduced resolutions expelling him from membership. Held, that the occasion was qualifiedly privileged, and that in the absence of malice being shown no action could be maintained; but that the statements made were so intemperate and the epithets applied so vile as to be alone sufficient to carry the question of malice to the jury."

Holds Wife Is Kitchen Boss.

The wife holds full sway in the kitchen and the husband has no right to invade these premises and interfere with her work. This point was settled in a divorce suit decided by Judge Morrow at Portland, Ore.

On the grounds that he "butted in" and criticized her kitchen work, Mrs. Sarah V. Reese received a divorce and \$300 alimony from William B. Reese. These were the main contentions for the charge of cruel and inhuman treatment made by Mrs. Reese.

Go to It.

Bill—Have you a class for chiro, o-dists in your vocational school?

Jill—Oh, yes; and every one wants to go to the foot

SAVE LIVES AT SEA

Lighthouse Keepers Worthy of the Highest Praise.

Arduous Duty, Demanding Extreme Self-Sacrifice, Cheerfully Performed—Examples of Bravery That Are Without Equal.

Although the pay is small and the life often lonely, the lighthouse service attracts as a rule an excellent class of faithful men, willing to take large risks in doing their duty and also in helping those in distress. There are many cases of faithful service and bravery.

There are a number of woman lightkeepers. One of these, the keeper of Angel Island light in San Francisco bay, reported that after the machinery of the fog signal was disabled on July 2, 1906, she "had struck the bell by hand for 20 hours and 35 minutes until the fog lifted," and that on July 4, when the machinery was further disabled, she stood all night on the platform outside and "struck the bell with a nail hammer with all my might. The fog was dense."

A widely known woman lightkeeper was Ida Lewis, who died about three years ago. She lived at Lime Rock lighthouse, on a ledge in Newport harbor, for 57 years, her father having been appointed keeper when she was twelve years old. She was keeper of the light for 32 years. There are reports of her having rescued 13 persons from drowning. On one occasion it is said, she saved three men who were swamped in attempting to pick up a sheep, and then she rescued the sheep also.

Because of the difficult life, keepers at isolated stations are granted shore liberty and leave 72 days a year, and crews of light vessels 90 days a year.

The first lighthouse on this continent was built by Massachusetts, in 1715-1716, on an island in the entrance to Boston harbor.

The first class light and fog signal stations are located at the more prominent and dangerous points along the seaboard, and on a well-lighted coast such stations should be sufficiently close that a coasting vessel may always be in sight of a light. The smaller lights are placed to mark harbors, inside channels and dangers. Along the navigable rivers numerous post lights are maintained to indicate the channels.

For New York harbor and immediate approaches alone 268 aids to navigation are required, including 46 shore lights, two light vessels and 36 lighted buoys; there are 192 buoys of all classes and 37 fog signals, including sounding buoys.

Among the lighthouses of the country may be found examples of great engineering skill and of dignified and simple design. Some of the tall lighthouse structures are of beautiful architecture, suited to the purpose, and set off by picturesque location on headland or rock overlooking the sea. The tower must be built to give the light a suitable height above the wa-



One of the Cape Hatteras Lights.

ter, and hence tall lighthouses are required on low-lying coasts.

A light must be 200 feet above the sea level to be seen from the deck of a vessel 20 nautical miles distant. Beyond that distance the curvature of the earth would prevent a light at this elevation being seen.

Hitting a Brother Barrister.

In the Stokes trial A. B. Boardman, Stokes' attorney, said:

"My client is tired of lawyers. They have cheated him enough, and now he prefers to put the matter before a jury."

"I hope," said Joseph H. Choate, the opposing attorney, with that everyday smile and suave tone so well known, "that my brother has done nothing to forfeit his client's confidence," and even the grave justices had to smile, while Boardman bit his lip.

Calculation.

"She said she would be content with love in a cottage," said the young man with a calculating mind.

"That's a fine sentiment."

"Perhaps. But I can't help wondering whether a cottage is the best her father intends to do for us."