

A DAY WITH THE CRANBERRY PICKERS.

THANKSGIVING DAY and the cranberry are one and inseparable in the United States. During the year the cranberry has as steady a market as the cabbage, but in the month of November the demand for it is phenomenal, a little less than one-half the year's crop be-



A YOUTHFUL WORKER IN THE FIELD.

ing disposed of in the thirty days. This year the total yield is estimated at 1,000,000 bushels, and over 400,000 bushels will be needed for Thanksgiving.

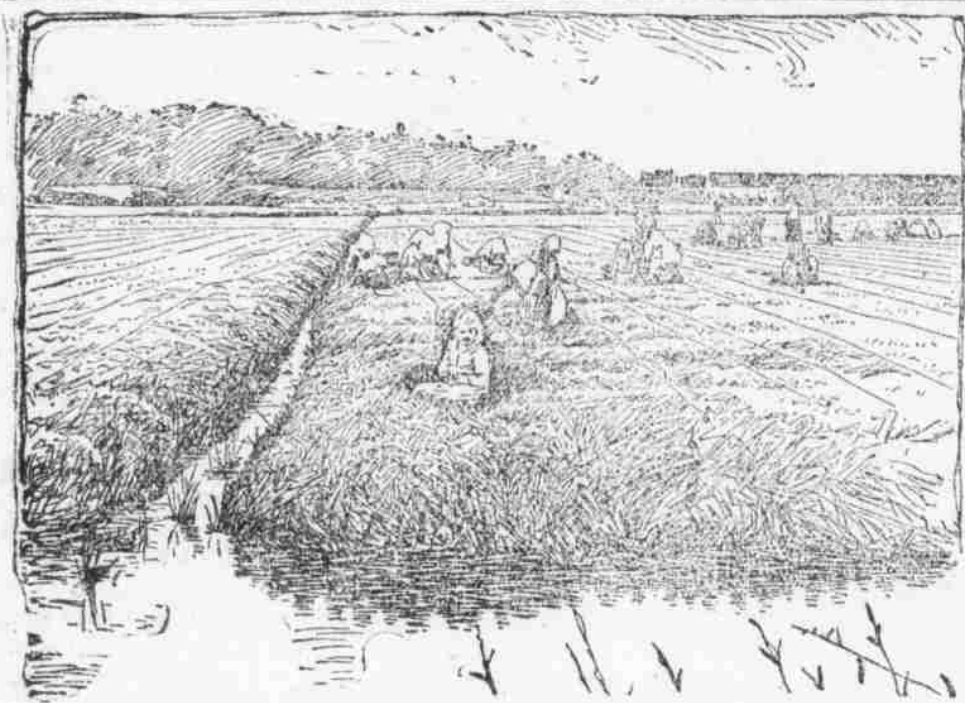
The cranberry grower is a sharer in the general prosperity of the times, his vines yielding him nearly twice the crop of last year. From Cape Cod,

interim of five years elapses before the yield is really profitable. After that each year should give a larger return on the investment. No rotation of crops is necessary, and the shrubs live and bear and increase endlessly.

Planting a new section of bog is a simple process. A small handful of twigs is twisted together and thrust deep into the sand. They take root immediately, and within a year put forth new uprights and begin to send out runners. The planting is eight or ten inches apart in rows. Gradually the space between fills up, and in an old bog the shrubs grow as thickly as buffalo grass. All they require then is weeding, sanding and flooding.

Flooding is necessary not only for the growth of the plant, but to protect it from the early frosts of autumn. It is no unusual sight to see a half-hundred pickers at work in one section of a bog, while the adjoining section is under eighteen inches of water. Beneath the transparent covering the berries are seen, the water only intensifying their brilliant covering and the deep green of the surrounding leaves.

Picking cranberries is a task for nimble fingers. The picker, sitting or kneeling on the damp sand, plunges both hands, with fingers slightly spread, into the vines, and with a quick movement strips the berries from the stems and tosses them into a pan beside him. When the pan is filled it is emptied into a pail holding one-third of a bushel. The size is uniform and the pickers are paid by the pail. The berries are finally put into crates holding a bushel each. Before they are ready for market, however, they are winnowed of leaves and



CRANBERRY FIELD, WITH PICKERS AT WORK. (The field is irrigated from the ditches at regular intervals.)

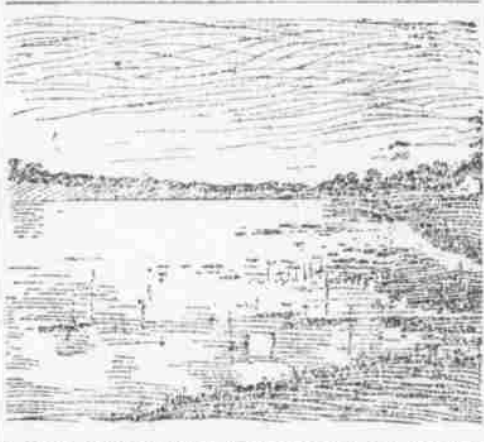
where American cranberries were first cultivated, to the remote island of Kodiak, Alaska, the northern and westernmost point where the fruit is grown, the same reports of a bountiful harvest are given.

Of all familiar fruits it is safe to say that there is none of which so little is generally known as the cranberry. Originally it grew wild, as, in fact, it does to-day in several of the States bordering on the Canada line, in the salt marshes of the coast States, in the glades of the Alleghenies, and as far south as Virginia and the Carolinas. Unlike the strawberry, the wild cranberry is distinctly inferior to its cultivated relative. Both grow on a small, hardy shrub, about six inches in height. The fruit takes its name from the appearance of the flower, which, just before expanding into perfection, bears a marked resemblance to the neck, head and bill of a crane. Hence the name "craneberry," which usage has made into cranberry.

Sand and peaty ground form the proper soil, and instead of fertilizing, the grower is obliged to give the vines or bushes liberal coats of sand. The ground must be low, as it is kept under water much of the time. The marsh, or bog, as it is variously termed, is so

weeds, and are ready for the consumer.

The first cranberries come from the Cape Cod bogs. There picking begins early in September and lasts until severe frosts put an end to the season. The Long Island and New Jersey berries reach the market about two weeks later, or about the middle of September. In the Middle States and the



A BOG COMPLETELY FLOODED BY WATER (The plants and berries are beneath.)

West the crop is not quite so early. Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Northern Iowa are cranberry States. The West consumes practically all its own product, and also a part of the Eastern yield. The Western berry rarely finds its way into the markets of the East. In the east States the cranberry is a remarkable favorite, and without it a mere turkey would be considered anything but a piece of resistance on the New England day of days. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New England consume more than half the entire annual crop. New York City alone requires 250,000 bushels a year.

For these berries the producer will average a minimum of \$5 a barrel. The consumer pays at retail from five to ten cents a quart, generally the latter price. The price is governed by the abundance of the yield. Sifting these figures it will be seen that a large amount of money goes to some one between the producer and the consumer, but it must be borne in mind that cranberries, like apples, must pay the price of long storage. Sometimes, when the producer can afford it, he puts away a large part of his crop, and lets it remain in storage until the last of December or the middle of January, when, as a rule, the price advances. There have been times when cranberries brought \$8 and \$10 a barrel.

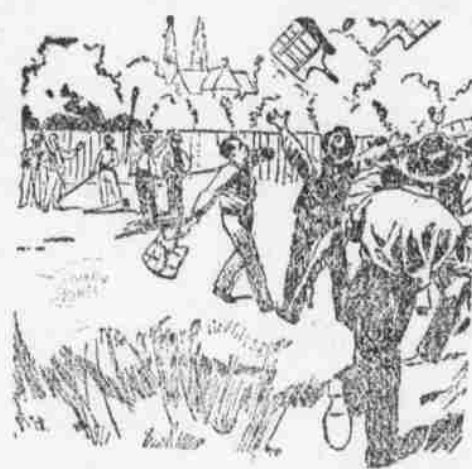
There is a popular idea that cranberry growing is a sure road to wealth.

One of the sages among growers, Mr. E. L. Brown, of Calverton, Long Island, calls cranberries a "young man's crop." This means that a man who chooses cranberry farming as a road to affluence must be willing to wait, and to work steadily and with perseverance while he waits. A few years ago a wealthy resident of Detroit, stirred by the glorified accounts of cranberry profits, invested \$250,000 in an attempt to raise the berries on a large scale. He abandoned his enterprise at the end of the second year, losing almost his entire investment.

Profitable as cranberry raising may be, under right conditions, to cultivate the berry successfully means that the grower must often carry a heavy burden of care and anxiety. So it is simple truth to say that in this year of bountiful harvest, of all the thanks expressed on the appointed day, those of the man who grows cranberries will be even greater and more fervent than the appreciation of the thousands who delight their palates with the boon companion of the turkey at the Thanksgiving board, the crimson product of the cranberry vine.—Charles Culver Johnson, in Harper's Weekly.

Disk Throwing Game of the Swiss.

The mountaineers of Switzerland are fond of outdoor sports—competitive tests of strength and agility. Among



these sports that of "hurnussing" seems to be the one least known outside of the little Republic, but an attempt is about to be made to introduce it into the United States. The "hurnuss" is a small disk, about two inches in diameter, much thicker in the middle than at the ends.

When the game begins the "hurnuss" is laid on the raised end of a beam, whose other end rests on the ground, the disk being placed so that its rim projects over the beam end. A sharp stroke with a rudderlike stick on the projecting end of the disk sends the latter high up into the air. The players are divided into two parties, hit-

ters and catchers, the endeavor of the latter being to intercept the flying "hurnuss" by throwing short handled flat shovels up into the probable line of its flight, and then catch the intercepted falling disk with the hands.

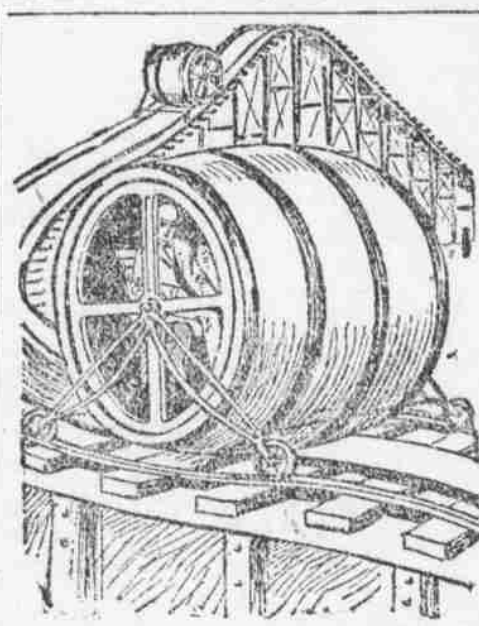
To insure to the catchers a point the catching must be done within a marked space, beginning about twenty yards from the hitters, widening more and more without limit ahead. If the "hurnuss" be not caught it counts a point for the hitter; if caught, one for the catchers. Whenever the disk falls three times in succession outside of the marked space the hitter is "out;" also when the "hurnuss" is caught. So soon as all the hitters are out the catchers take their places. Whichever party makes the most points is declared the winner.

How difficult it is to catch a "hurnuss" may be guessed from the fact that the small disk is often pitched twenty yards high and 200 yards away; yet practiced players manage to bring it down by throwing their queer shovels up in the way of its flights.—New York Herald.

Ride in a Barrel.

A new thing in the way of pleasure railways is promised for the coming summer season. It is nothing less than a ride in a barrel. The device is shown in the accompanying cut. Railways of this kind may be erected during the coming spring at Cape May, Atlantic City, Asbury Park and Coney Island.

The barrel flyer is the invention of the late M. C. Campbell, and one of



REVOLVING BARREL FLYER.

them was built at Ritterville Park, near Allentown, as an experiment, and many thrilling rides were taken over it.

Prosperity on the Farm.

The world-wide scarcity of staple foods means high prices for city consumers, but for this country the scarcity has its cheerful side in the prosperity of the farmer. Corn was badly

States a good beginning. California fruit profits by quicker freight service and by the short apple crop. Eggs sell at high prices. Horses three years ago were shot as "varmints" in Montana; now, because of the Boer war demand, they are worth \$40 to \$50 apiece at the ranch. Long Island farmers are getting double prices for potatoes, which are a paying crop from Maine to Michigan. Land has ad-



EVERYTHING GOING UP.

—From the Philadelphia Record.

hurt by the drought, but the smaller yield is worth more money than ever, and some old corn is still to be marketed. The same is true of wheat. Beet-sugar production, prosperous in Colorado and Nebraska, makes in other

vanced in value; its owners are buying stock, making improvements. Agriculture, the basic industry of all, was never in a more flourishing condition than in this country to-day.—New York World.

THE WORLD'S LOVER.

Oh it is well to love,
But just to love alone
Is not enough by half!
Love that is never shown
Is as the gem imbedded in
The hard, uncovered stone:
He makes the world his debtor and
Comes justly to his own
Who lets his love be known.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

Sillicus—What do you consider the proper age for a man to marry? Cynicus—In his dotage.

Hoax—I once knew a deaf mute who made a fortune. Joax—Another proof that silence is golden.

Dentist—When did your teeth first begin to trouble you, sir? The Victim—When I was about one year old.

Wigg—They say Crosefist is making a lot of money, but he won't admit it. Wagg—Afraid he'll give it away, I suppose.

"What is a promoter, Jim?" "Well, a promoter is one of those fellows that can sell you a colander for a wash basin."

She—I don't see why women should not make as good swimmers as men. He—Yes; but you see a swimmer has to keep his mouth shut.

Borax—How are you progressing with Miss Breezey? Do you find it plain sailing. Samjones—Oh, so-so. About 17 "nots" an hour.

"I've never been able to save anything," complained the poor man. "You have probably saved yourself a lot of worry," replied the rich man.

Blobbs—Newrich likes to make a vulgar display of his wealth, doesn't he? Slobbs—Yes; it's the regret of his life that goldfish are not good to eat.

She—It is said that nearsightedness is increasing. He—If it should become universal women would be able to wear shoes large enough to be comfortable.

First Tramp—What do they mean by Fabian inactivity. Second Tramp—Dat's de first I ever heard of dat kind, but whatever it is I have great respect for it.

Nell—I hear you and Maude are no longer friends. Bell—No; you see, she said she was afraid her new hat wasn't becoming to her. Nell—Well?—Belle—Well, I agreed with her.

Little Mary was discovered one day by her mother vigorously applying the oil can to the kitten's mouth. On being reproved she replied, "Why, mamma, kitty squeaks so awfully when I pull her tail."

Towne—Nurich has begun to blow about his family tree lately. Browne—Yes, he's just discovered that he had one. Towne—But is it any good? Browne—As trees go, yes, I believe it's rather shady.

The beggar—Kind sir, I am penniless. Can you not give me some financial assistance? The Kind Sir—Why don't you go to work? The Beggar—By Jove! I never thought of that. Thank you, sir, for bringing the matter to my attention.

DYNAMITE IN A MINE BUCKET.

Two Men Descending With It When the Explosive Let Go.

There was a fatal explosion under very peculiar circumstances at Slope No. 2 of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad company at Pratt City. Two negroes, who were descending an air shaft, are dead, and the bucket in which they were being lowered was blown to smithereens. The negroes were picked up at the bottom of the shaft, and were both dead when reached.

Just before the explosion it became necessary for the two negroes, George Allen and H. W. Harrison, to go down into the shaft, which had been sunk for the purpose of supplying air to the men. They were placed in a bucket and lowered by means of a rope. Inside the bucket was a lot of dynamite, and, it is supposed, some caps. In some way the explosive was ignited, presumably from a lamp on the hat on the head of one of the men, and there was a terrific explosion. Both were thrown from the bucket and fell over 75 feet to the bottom.

The report was distinctly heard at the top of the shaft and at once a cloud of smoke came to the surface. The men on top realized what had happened and commenced efforts to see what damage had been done.

Communication with the bottom of the mine was secured and from those there it was learned that the negroes, having been blown from the bucket, had dropped down to the hard rock. There seems to be no blame to be attached to anybody but the negroes themselves. They had been warned to be careful, and it is thought by all who knew anything of the circumstances that they are the victims of their own incautious action.—Birmingham News.

Works Like a Charm.

Hanson—Wonder how it is that the Jugginsons get along so harmoniously. They never have any quarrels, apparently.

Burt—The reason is simple enough. Jugginson always lets Mrs. J. have the last word and she never tries to prevent him from having his own way.—Boston Transcript.