

# AN ALLIGATOR FARMER

He is H. L. Campbell of Hot Springs, Ark.

ESTABLISHED IN 1903

The Farm is a Great Show for Neighbors for Miles Around—One of Flock of Alligators Weighs 800 Pounds and is Said to be 500 Years Old.

California has probably more kinds of farms than any other state in the Union, but, way down South where the crops are mostly cotton, corn, sweet potatoes and children, there is a farm the like of which was never seen in California or any other State, for it is the only one of its kind in the world. The product of this strange farm is nothing less than alligators, and when the "crop is moving" it is, indeed, a wonderful sight.

The farm is located at Hot Springs, Ark., and the farmer's name is H. L. Campbell. His father was a colonel in the English Army, and Mr. Campbell was born on the banks of the Ganges in India, where alligators are thick. Campbell ran away from home at an early age and knocked around the world for several years. He finally wound up in Arizona where he purchased cattle on the Rio Grande and became acquainted with Buffalo Bill and joined his rough sidekick. He won the prize offered by the Columbia Exposition for the fastest ride from Arizona to Chicago at the time of the fair, without change of mount, which goes to show that he was the real thing in a rough ride.

The Hot Springs enterprise was established in 1903, and has flourished from the start. When the people learned what a strange thing was in that midland they began to flock to it daily and news of it was carried all over the country by thousands of visitors to the springs returning to their homes. The original breeding stock was secured from the swamps and bayous of the Southern States, principally from Louisiana, where alligators are found in abundance. Each year since, Campbell has journeyed to the haunts of "bror gator," and with several "singed assistants" has succeeded in capturing and bringing back to the farm a couple of carloads of fine specimens.

The farm which is enclosed within a high board fence occupies a couple of acres of rough, rocky ground, through the middle of which a small stream flows. The stream is dammed at intervals, thereby forming several small lakes. The lakes are used for the division of the water, which is made necessary by the cannibalistic tendency of the "gator." Mr. Gator loves his "stapling" so much that if his youngsters were left to his tender mercies they would be gobbled up in short order, and the stock depleted. Therefore, the babies are placed in one pond, those a little larger in the next, and so on according to size and age. The ponds are separated by strong wire netting. Big Job, the veteran of the flock and probably the finest specimen of alligator in captivity, has a pool all to himself, where he floats in lazy dignity or sprawls upon the bank in the sun, as becomes his 800 pounds and 300 years. He is truly monarch of all his hurveys and it is death to any thing that comes within his reach.

Feeding time is the most interesting part of the day to the throng of visitors that crowd the farm daily. As the big gators eat but once a week it is necessary that only a part of the herd be fed at a time. In order that this feature may be witnessed each day, great chunks of raw meat are thrown to them. They seize it in their powerful jaws, she bite it vigorously a few times as a dog would a rat and then sink slowly to the bottom to enjoy the feast leisurely. The alligator has no delicate appetite. It makes little difference to him whether the meat is a day old or a month, and if he can't get a square meal a week, he'll take one a month, thank you; and if times are hard he'll manage to get along for a couple of months without eating.

The baby gators are fed daily by Mrs. Campbell, the petite wife of the manager, who seems quite as much at home among the creatures as her husband. She grasps little Mr. Gator under the chin, and prying his jaws open with her fingers, literally stuffs him full of chopped meat. When he has been fed the little alligator takes on that sanctimonious smile which he habitually wears, and proceeds to hunt a sunny place for a siesta. Mrs. Campbell seems to enjoy it, and the crowd cheers the little woman's nerve for the handles and feeds them all big and little, with no more excitement than the ordinary farm wife would display in leading her chickens. The big alligators are very fond of chickens, of geese or fowl of any kind, while a nice little pup is a "chicken" indeed. More than one of the big dogs has come to an untimely end by letting his curiosity get away with his decision. A small, white, fluffy pup was the last to be seen.

At least twenty-five thousand of the cane-field laborers of to-day are Japanese, outnumbering all the other races combined.

# HAWAII'S INDUSTRY

The Sugar Business and Evidence of Pluck.

JAPANESE A FACTOR

Scarcity of Labor, Lack of Proper Transportation, Frequent Visitation of Droughts, Have Battled Against the Planters—Yet Bountiful Harvests.

The sugar industry in Hawaii is an interesting study of what can be accomplished by the application of pluck and energy under many adverse conditions which would have long since discouraged a less resolute people. It is a striking instance of what can be done by unity of purpose and by concert of action against obstacles that seem to have thrown in the way of the development of the sugar industry in that part of the world.

Scarcity of labor, lack of proper transportation, the frequent visitation of droughts, and the destructive "lea hopper," together with a none too responsive soil have for years battled against the determined efforts of the planters to make a success yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, barren foothills and unsightly ravines have been made to yield a bountiful harvest to these uncomparable toilers. Money has been lavishly spent and every conceivable device adopted to enrich the soil and increase the production. This result has been made possible by the organization among the owners, and the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association is one of the strongest and most effective societies in the world—small in numbers, but compact and harmonious. Under their care there is an experiment station equipped with a library and apparatus worth \$70,000. There the best chemists are to be found, making examination of the soil, cane and the kind of fertilizers which will increase the crops. Expense is no object if there is a prospect of bettering conditions for the association, and \$80,000 per year is the cost of this experimentation. Scientific sugar-raising seems to be the aim of the association, and let us see how it has rewarded their efforts.

Fifty years ago Hawaii produced enough sugar for home consumption and exported less than one hundred tons; to-day one sugar mill alone has an output of 200 tons per day, and during the year 1906 the exports of sugar from Hawaii reached the enormous sum of over \$20,000,000. Fifty years ago the mills consisted of small wooden rollers, fed one stick at a time by hand and operated by oxen, and the yield by this process was less than fifty per cent. of the sugar really in the cane. At present the juice is extracted by rollers weighing sixteen and one-half tons apiece, to which hydraulic pressure of 430 tons is added, with the result that the best mills press out from ninety to ninety-five per cent. of the sugar and leave the cane as dry as a shaving. In the early days the average yield was less than a ton of sugar to the acre, while to-day it averages at least four tons to the same area. Less than half a century ago sugar brought ten cents per pound, and even then the planters lost money; to-day they receive from three and a quarter to three and a half cents, and many of them are millionaires.

While this experimenting has been going on, the plantations have had their "ups and downs"—one year paying handsome dividends, and small ones the next, and vice versa. The first real impetus to the trade there came during the Civil War, which cut off the sugar supply of the Southern States and raised its price, and again in 1875 the reciprocity treaty between the United States and the kingdom of Hawaii caused increased activity in the raising of cane.

Irrigation has played no small part in this marvelous growth. Two patches had for years been irrigated from the mountain streams, and there seemed to be no reason why the cane-fields should not be supplied with water in the same manner, so irrigation ditches and storage reservoirs were constructed at an enormous expense. Pump irrigation is the latest improvement, and the big plantation at Ewa, which contains seventy-three hundred acres is the best example of this system. There eight pumps are used and water is sent out over the plantations through ditches.

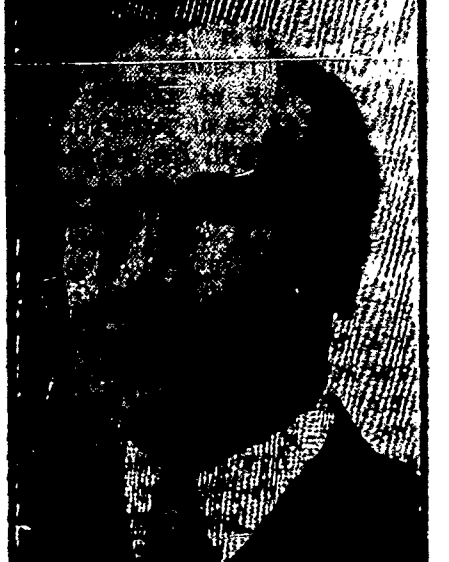
Labor has always been, and is still, the greatest problem the planters have to solve. During the last half century approximately one hundred and eighty-seven thousand immigrants have come to Hawaii to work on the sugar plantations. Less than forty-six thousand laborers are at work at present, yet there is room for several thousand more. Prior to annexation to the United States, immigrants were brought to the islands under contract, but now the planter must "go around Robin Hood's barn" to get his immigrant laborer without breaking the law. At least twenty-five thousand of the cane-field laborers of to-day are Japanese, outnumbering all the other races combined.

# A BUSINESS TURBINE

Paul Morton Was Brought Up in a Rough School of Get There.

Generally speaking, men in at least general business naturally gravitate into two chief classes, seers or planners, and doers or executives; the first are imaginative, optimistic, the second are matter-of-fact, often pessimistic; the rule admits an occasional exception, who may combine the characteristics of both. Noticeable variations, below the leaders whose qualities are so striking as to be impossible of concealment, are merely differences of degree rather than of kind, a moment's consideration demonstrating either one or the other predominant characteristic.

For instance, it was noticed in a firm notable for its plans and achievements in railroad designs and construction, that the senior member of the firm had an almost uncanny intuition for railroad routes in relation to the terrain.



PAUL MORTON.

Combining to a high degree the two characters, Paul Morton, as a railroad man, learned through personal experience the intimate details of the wide region over which, after long years, he became a transportation chief; he planned for people and traffic by supplying blooded horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry, seed, fruits and vegetables thus practically preparing for the host of men which the eye of his imagination already saw while yet but a few miles of his railroad had crawled over the plains. As his system became perfected, the population and products multiplied along the line and world-wide connections made at the terminal, he developed the minutiae of direct-acting economy in building and operation.

He is a big, tall man, blonde with small, deeply set wide apart eyes. His aggressive features challenge an instant and terse introduction of one's self and business; the reply is immediate—yes or no—or, pushing a button—"This is Mr. Blank, who has charge of that question; he will attend to it for you. Glad to see you—good-by."

It is not generally known that cuttlefish are cultivated on some farms in order to be "milked." These cuttlefish farms are located on parts of the British coast, says "Popular Science Monthly," and the cuttlefish are kept in tanks or ponds to be "milked" of their ink. The pond or tank is connected with the sea by a pipe, and a thousand or more cuttles are kept in a single one. They form a most curious sight as they move about, trailing their long arms and staring out of their bulging eyes. They are guarded by screens, which prevent them from being scared. For if they are suddenly frightened they will squirt their "milk" into the water, and it would, therefore, be lost. This fluid or milk is very valuable. It is secreted in a bag which can be opened and closed at will, the cuttle ejecting the fluid to darken the water so that it may escape unseen when attacked. The best cuttlefish are procured in China, where for some reason or other they produce the best quality of "milk." When the farmer considers it opportune to milk the cuttles, he proceeds by opening the sluices of the pond and gently agitating the water. The cuttles then swim around the pond, and as soon as one passes through the sluice it is closed. The cuttle passes down a small channel into a basin or metal receptacle, and as soon as it is secure there the water is drained off. It is then frightened, and at once squirts the fluid from the bag. When it is exhausted it is lifted out, the milk is collected and the basin is prepared for another.

It is a curious fact that it is only when an elderly person is very rich that he or she is regarded as insane for wanting to make a foolish marriage.

# THE FOREIGNER IN CHINA

Often To Blame For His Own Unpopularity.

BY WU TING FANG

China in Ancient Times Was Not Disposed To Be Disagreeable to Foreigners—They Came a Class Which Made All the Money They Could and Went Home Again.

During my previous era of service at Washington, and my visits to London and other European capitals, I was frequently asked "Why is the foreigner so unpopular in China?" Much as I would like to reply that the alien in China was not held in lower esteem than he is in other countries, candor compelled me to admit that the stranger within the gates of the Chinese city often looks in vain for that welcome which Occidental hospitality would extend. The question is, what are the causes of this unpopularity and is the foreigner himself to blame, in any degree, or what he considers an unfriendly reception.

Many disagreeable features are included in any discussion of this subject, and yet I do not feel like clipping my eyes to these facts. Indeed, their elucidation may assist the path of the foreigner who contemplates a stay of any length in his native land. Contrary to the modern popular idea, China in ancient times was not indisposed to trade and intercourse with the outer world. The foreigners who happened to set foot on Chinese soil in those days came from the neighboring countries in Asia. They traded with the people of China, mingled freely with the natives, and were considered during their sojourn as Chinese. Thus they gave us no trouble, politically or socially. In fact they adopted our customs and manners. All accounts agree that they lived peaceably with the natives. On the other hand, the Chinese never manifested any ill-feeling or animosity toward a foreigner who happened to be within their gates. We find this to be one of the injunctions of Confucius: "Be kind to strangers from afar."

Coming down to later times, we find that foreigners in China were treated not only with kindness and consideration, but with great respect. Even official posts were open to them. To mention an instance out of many there was Marco Polo, the Venetian traveler of the Middle Ages. He visited China in 1274. He was so well received and respected that he obtained an official position under the government. He successfully held the office of privy councillor, assistant envoy and governor of Chinkiang. When he afterward determined to return to his native country, his popularity was so great that the court was reluctant to let him go. Thus it is apparent that the Chinese people originally were not opposed to the coming of foreigners to their country. Now, it is an indisputable fact that there is a strong feeling against foreigners at the present day. The question is: How has this change come about? In order to find out the cause we have to go back to the events that have taken place within the last half century. We find that foreigners from the West, though they were most honorable men, did not belong to the same class of persons we had been accustomed to deal with. They came to China with their goods and wanted trade. They were different in color, in race and in language. They did not observe our customs and manners. No sooner had they made their fortunes than they left China for good. Under these circumstances, it was natural that difficulties and disputes should often arise from misunderstandings.

It was to be expected that a nation which had lived in seclusion for centuries, and had not learned the art of war as practiced at the present day, would not come out of the struggle with advantageous results. When the treaty of peace was made, China had to give her consent to many stipulations and conditions, granting extraordinary privileges to foreigners, not to mention the heavy indemnities she had to pay to the other side or the cost of every war. I do not, however, blame the western nations for resorting to force. No doubt they had some provocation. But supposing you were in the position of the Chinese people, would you, after such an experience, bear no ill-feeling, but still entertain friendly sentiment toward those who had thus treated you? This is one of the causes which have made foreigners so unpopular in China. It should be remembered that, speaking generally, the Chinese have no intimate knowledge of foreigners who address alike and speak languages they do not understand; accordingly they treat all foreigners alike.

The assertion has been made, and it has been believed by many, that missionaries are to blame for the anti-foreign feeling in China.

Patience—"Does she ever sing songs without words?"  
Patrice—"No, whenever she sings her husband and she have words."

# EARLY MOTOR CARS

At the Columbian Exposition in 1893 Appeared One of the First.

At the Columbian Exposition in 1893, there was on exhibition a two-seated buckboard. The only difference between it and the other carriages of that time were that on its wooden wheels it had a set of hard rubber tires, the "box" behind the seat was covered over, and the greatest difference of all, it had no shafts in front. It excited some curiosity among the persons who happened to visit the building where Harold Sturges, its maker, was exhibiting it, because it moved of its own power, which was transmitted from electric batteries in the enclosed box.

It did not move very swiftly, very surely, or very comfortably, but it did move and was a "horseless carriage." It could hardly be called an automobile. Except that one other man had experimented slightly with vehicles propelled by their own power, this queer carriage of Sturges' was the automobile industry of America at the time America was showing what progress it had made since Columbus found it 400 years before.

Thirteen years later, in 1906, the cost of the annual American output of automobiles was \$65,000,000. There were 144 concerns in business, which represented a capitalization of probably \$25,000,000, and were giving employment directly and indirectly to an army of men which reached well up into the hundreds of thousands.

That, in brief, is the history of the automobile industry in America. The car which Sturges built, history, rubber tires and all, could not have cost more than \$500, and certainly would not have sold for more than that. The gasoline car which Charles Duryea was experimenting on at the same time, could not have cost more than \$500 more. So the increase in the annual output of American-made motor vehicles in twelve years was \$64,999,000.

The increase in the demand has made men who were engaged in manufacturing everything from railroad locomotives to clothes wringers and watches go from their original field to take up the manufacture and improvement of this wagon without shafts. The process of making it has increased the population of one city alone, Detroit, some 75,000 souls, has added \$5,200,000 to the capital invested there, and has raised its annual output of manufactured goods \$27,000,000.

That is the story of the commercial growth of the automobile industry in America. The synopsis of the other story of the automobile is contained in the difference between the slow, uncomfortable and uncertain "horseless carriages" of 1893, with its difficulty of management, its straight-backed seats, its hard-tired, jouncing wheels, and the motor car of 1907, roomy, luxurious, and capable of traveling sixty miles in as many minutes—not a wagon without a horse, but a parlor car without a track or cinder. The story of the progress, gradual but unbelievably swift, from one extreme to the other, is the history of the American automobile business. It is the history of struggles of men of brains, ingenuity and perseverance, not only to solve the difficulties which confronted them but to solve them better and more quickly than other men of brains, ingenuity and perseverance who were working along different lines toward the same solution. In the swiftness and sureness with which difficulties of construction and marketing have been overcome the American automobile industry is typically American. In the time it takes a boy to develop from knickerbockers to shaving cup the American automobile has developed from a cart whose lack of a horse was sadly felt to a distance annihilating machine, which even our progressive older brothers who went to the Columbian Exposition while we stayed home to disturb the quiet of the swimming pool would not have believed possible.

He Discusses the White and the Yellow Peril.

If houses and people and farms mean prosperity, then I should say that Canada is prosperous. I could imagine nothing better for a young man than to live in a country with such a future. Such a difference from the time I saw it before. Then I saw it at rest, but this time it was at work, with all the farms taken up as far as the eye could reach, and so many growing centres of population, I saw the harvesters at work on every side, and could see the smoke of the thrashers backward and backward until there was just a little line on the horizon. The change is the most wonderful thing I ever witnessed. Immigration is what you want in the West. You must have laborers there. You want immigration and the way to keep the yellow man out is to get the white man in. If you keep out the white man you will have the yellow man, for you must have laborers. Work must be done, and there is certain work which a white man won't do so long as he can get a yellow man to do it. Pump in the immigrants from the old country; pump them in. England has five millions of people to spare.—Leafie's Weekly.

# OTHER PEOPLE'S BILLS

"I think it's such a funny thing that the people who lived here before we came should have been named Andrews, too," remarked the sprightly woman of that name as she and her husband surveyed their new flat. "It may prove very handy. If anything nice comes addressed to them I shall simply appropriate it."

But she had forgotten the laughing announcement when the postman rang the bell the first morning after they had moved in and it was in all innocence that she tore open an envelope and then sat staring at its contents.

"Carriage hire, \$25!" she gasped. "Why, we haven't ordered so much as a cab for weeks. Paul, what does it mean?"

He studied the bill. "Mean? R means the other Andrews," he decided. "Better mark it 'Opened by mistake' and put it back into the box."

That was the beginning. Three mails a day brought bills, bills, bills. R. N. Andrews was the other man's name and her husband happened to be P. M. Andrews—a difference so slight that creditors seemed to notice. Besides, the other man had failed to leave his new address. "How do such people live!" gasped Mrs. Andrews one morning when she had been looking for a mail box chock with postings by the former tenant's bills. "I never paid for anything, it seems. There have been collections sent from all the dry-goods stores and some of them made themselves absolutely obnoxious through the spreading tubs. They won't believe, unless I actually see them, that I have not the same Mrs. Andrews that they've been using for calling on. Of course, with newcomers in the neighborhood and I don't want to get the reputation of being cheap, but, so I try to be polite to them, but the milkman, the grocer, the ice-man and a lot of others have been here and I'm tired."

"It won't do my credit any good, will it?" said Andrews, with a grin. "I think the worst is over, though. They'll begin to let up now. I'm sorry for the creditors myself."

"And I'm sorry for me," was the response from his wife. "If you had to answer the string of people that I do you'd wish your name was Haberbusch. This afternoon a young man came to collect a year's subscription for a weekly magazine that I had never heard of and he simply wouldn't allow me to be anybody but Mrs. R. N. Andrews. He was fairly impertinent to me."

"He was, eh? Well, don't you stand a bit of that! There's no reason why a man that never runs an account anywhere should have his wife annoyed over other folk's bills. You'd better be sharp with them after this. Shut the door in their face if necessary. We've had enough."

"All right, agreed Mrs. Andrews, with stolid satisfaction. The next morning, fired by the fact that a new month had begun and the same old batch of bills had come again, she waited almost impatiently for the first collector. The day wore on and promptly at 6 o'clock in the evening P. M. Andrews walked into his home with an expectant, conquering leer, stepping to the dining-room door, he gave a comprehensive glance at the table and then grinned broadly. "You've forgotten it yourself," he said, as his wife appeared. "If you have I'm going to cry about it the way you did last year."

"What in the world do you mean?" "Ha, ha! To-day's the 6th, my dear. Didn't the flowers come?" "Paul are you crazy? What flowers?" "My dear, this is our wedding anniversary," was the triumphant announcement. "It's no such thing. I married you on April 16th."

"The dickens you did!" Then he added, looking more crestfallen every minute, "And I squandered \$5 on flowers to prove to you that I could remember it for once."

J  
or  
ful  
shl  
mu  
ed  
the  
"Ol  
was  
tea  
the  
of  
the  
and  
man  
plac  
geor  
from  
Ti  
know  
and  
since  
tury  
was  
of L  
A  
ant  
"h  
wate  
An  
affor