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Growing The Orange.

Mr. Bert Malcolmson Knows a Few Things About It and Tells Them Entertainingly.

There are many points of interest in connection with the orange, that pleasant and juicy fruit that is such a boon to mankind in sickness and health. The orange is, perhaps, the most used and most popular of all the fruits. Probably no one in Chatham knows more about this golden fruit than Mr. Bert Malcolmson, of the H. Malcolmson store. It is his business to know because this firm handles many cases of oranges during the year. He knows all about the golden product of the tropical zone, how they are grown, where they are grown, and their taste, and has kindly consented to furnish some information in regard to oranges for the benefit of his friends, the public.

"The history of the seedless orange," began Mr. Malcolmson, "is an interesting one. Their discovery was partly an accident. An American gentleman connected with the diplomatic department of the United States was travelling in Brazil, and came across an orange which, on inspection, he found to be seedless. He sent some slips to Washington and, from the number, one or two grew, but none of them ever amounted to much so far as fruit went. The trees never bore fruit. An orange grower from California happened to be in the city, and, seeing the trees, suggested that they be transplanted to California. This was done, but of the trees transplanted only one grew. And, much to the surprise of those interested, while it grew and developed it didn't bear oranges. The gentleman who had suggested the idea of transplanting, now tried the experiment of grafting slips from the seedless tree into seedling plants. The result was exceedingly successful and the trees thus grafted produced splendid seedless oranges. The new orange was so popular that the owner of the seedless tree from which the grafts were taken had to build a fence around the tree to keep it from being stolen bodily. Matters reached such a crisis that he even had to place a guard on it day and night. All this time he was selling slips at a good price. Now seedless oranges are very common, but they all had their origin in those few slips sent from Brazil.

"The buyer of oranges must know his business. Where oranges are grown has a great deal of influence on their quality. As in all fruits, those that grow nearest the temperate zone are the best flavored. The first thing, however, that a buyer must know is how to test the quality of an orange, and the buyer knows how to cut an orange to get its best flavor. In testing an orange the buyer quarters it. He first divides it in two through the middle. He then cuts each half in two. Then he eats a quarter of orange so as to bite against the grain. In this way, he squeezes out the juice and tastes the as well, much after the manner in which a watermelon is sliced eaten. In this way the skin, which is a little brittle, is avoided entirely.

"The best oranges come from northern California. Those raised in the little pockets in the Vera Cruz mountains, not far from San Francisco, are considered the best. As has been said, the nearer the fruit grows to the temperate zone the better it is and this is just as true of naval oranges as of any other kind. This is juicy and well flavored. The northern oranges, while nice flavor-

ed, are not nearly as juicy. The naval orange is by long odds, the most popular.

Fifteen years ago, the orange you saw here came from Sicily and Southern Italy. One variety of these, the blood orange, is very delicious, but the ordinary run are, while not sour, at least very tart. These oranges are very small.

The bitter orange that was used exclusively for making marmalade, comes from Smyrna and Sicily. It jellies much better than any of the other varieties and the marmalade has a tart flavor that is very pleasing to the palate. In Florida, they only grow the seed oranges. In that state the finest oranges grow along the Indian River, which is really an inlet. These are perhaps the finest grown in America. The crop is small, and the price is always high. As a result nearly all these oranges go to New York. It is seldom that they can be secured outside of that metropolis. There are no seedless oranges grown in North America outside of California. Owing to the hills and mountains in that state, a succession of crops is produced. This lengthens the season very materially. When they began growing them the orange season was barely three months, and it has only been during the past few years that it has been possible to get good oranges in midsummer. It is quite an important thing to know what oranges to buy at certain seasons of the year and on that depends how good your oranges will be. The orange season begins in November. The first crop comes from Jamaica and by the time they are getting at their best (in November) the Florida oranges come to market. About Christmas time the Jamaica orange is almost out of the market and the Florida crop is in good condition, while the California oranges are just making their appearance, but they are a trifle green.

By the middle of January the Florida orange has got to be reasonably sweet. It is really at its best during the latter part of February and through March. By the middle of April the seedless orange is getting pretty dry and the seedling takes its place. The seedling from California and the Valencia from Sicily are the best oranges obtainable during May and June. During July and August and part of September we get an exceedingly nice orange from California, called the Valencia. October and the first part of November are the only two months that oranges are not in season."

TO YOU AND ME.

This is to you as any other day!
Rose dawn, white noon and evening
lit with stars,
And in high heaven, a glimpse of
golden bars
Let down for those who shall go home
that way.

To me this is a day so set apart
By memory and sorrow that I sit
With eyes that brim at the mere
thought of it,
And all the loneliness it brought my
heart.

Man at the Door—I want to take
your gas meter.
Lady of the House—Take it by all
means. I don't really know a thing
we could better spare.

Many women consider low necks
highly respectable.

MIRACLE FAILED

"I have often heard my grandmother tell of a joke played on the so-called 'Prophet' Joseph Smith, Sr., of the Mormon church," says C. H. Cartmell, of Chicago. "Some time in the '30s Smith and a part of his followers were proselyting in Muskingum County, O. He appointed a certain day when he would show the people his wonderful powers, and that he was a second Christ, by walking on the waters of Muddy Creek. The water was always muddy. A day or two before the time set, grandmother's brother Robert and a couple of neighbor boys were accidentally attracted to the Mormons working at the creek, and concealing themselves, watched the Mormons put down stakes and put a plank on them from bank to bank, the plank resting about six inches under water. After the Mormons left the boys went down and took out the centre plank, where the water was about ten feet deep. The next day 'Balam' Smith came down to the creek, and after a long exhortation started across the creek. He was all right and on top till he came to the centre, where his powers seemed to leave him and he, like McGinty, went to the bottom. This was the end of Mormonism in that old tried and true Presbyterian country."—Chicago Tribune.

SENT FAKE PHOTO

A romance was shattered in Colorado City, Colo., the other morning, and Jake Schultz, of that city, the accepted lover, may yet find himself behind prison bars.

Some time ago Schultz saw the photograph of a handsome young Toledo, O., woman in a matrimonial paper, and an advertisement that she would marry the right kind of a man. The young woman's name is Miss Jennie Brown. Schultz wrote her a letter, and she wrote Schultz, who is an Austrian, that she was coming to marry him. She reached Colorado City a few days ago. When she was introduced to Schultz she at once discovered the alleged deception and began to upbraid him unmercifully. She told him she would not marry him for love or money and would try to have him arrested for false pretenses.

No matter what she may do, a woman never regards herself as contradictory.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne

Interesting Events of Ye Olden Times Gathered from The Planet's Issues of Half a Century Ago.

From Planet files from April 9, 1858, to April 28, 1858.

Mr. Thackeray is said to have joined the editorial corps of the London Times.

Fire—On the morning of the 8th inst. a fire broke out in a dwelling house, the property of Louis Courtillet, situated on the Raleigh and Harwich Townline, a short distance from the Great Western Railway station of this town. The fire companies were early upon the grounds but not in time, however, to rescue the building from total destruction.

The first newspaper in England was published in London in the year 1588.

An extraordinary game of billiards was played at C. L. Wainey's Exchange on Wednesday by Thomas Byrnes, of Galena, in which an extraordinary count of four thousand two hundred and thirty-six points were marked, making one thousand four hundred and twelve caroms on the red balls, without making a cushion. The time occupied in making the above count was about one hour and twenty-five minutes. This game beats Hepler, of New Orleans, and Hegry, of McGregor's, and throws them entirely in the shade.

Excelsior—Our old friends J. and W. McKee were kind enough to give us a sight at the wonders in their line of trade the other day. Their stock is now nearly complete and a better stock of hardware and tin 'fixins' cannot be found in the western country. We say that gentlemen like the McKee's and a stock such as may be found in their store are hard to surpass.

At a meeting of the City Council Mr. Burns and others asked for a wooden box sewer for Forsythe St.

Dr. Thomas Horner, physician, opens an office in Chatham.

S. C. Watson, M. D., starts a practice in Chatham.

H. Ruitz is coroner, issuer of marriage licenses, inspector of weights and measures for Addington and clerk of the Division Court for E. L. and A.

Sir John Beverley Robinson, chief justice, conducts County Court at Chatham.

Commerce at Chatham—That things are brightening up rapidly is now almost an established fact, at least in Chatham. Our docks are lined with vessels of all descriptions, some of which are shipping staves, timber, etc., while others are unshipping their cargoes of lumber. The steamers Swan and Islander continue to make their regular trips between this port and Detroit and arrive and depart with pretty good freights.

The grand jury at the spring assizes, 1858, the following composed the grand jury—W. R. Armstrong, Arthur Andrew, Wm. Adamson, Michael Cook, John F. Delmage, Duncan Campbell, Prosper Demming, Arch. Fletcher, Wm. Gifford, Geo. Gossnell, E. VanNorman, Robt. Smith, Wm. Holmes, Jno. Muckle, Richard L. Marsh, Joseph Northwood, Alex. Reaume, Edward Ridley, Jno. Stewart, Sr., D. R. VanAllen, John S. Vosburg, Jesse W. Rose.

Died—On the 20th inst., Isaac Alex. Dolsen, son of Mr. John M. Dolsen, Dover West, aged nine years and ten months.

The Harwich Township Council was composed of Reeve Geo. Young and Councillors R. C. Wilson, Muckle and McMichael.

NEW WOOLEN FACTORY.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. T. H. Taylor, late of Dawn Mills, is about to commence business in the manufacture of woollen cloths and yarns, also wool carding. Upon visiting his establishment at Baxter and Brown's city mills, we were greatly surprised to note its extent and excellent facilities for supplying the wants of this locality and surrounding farming community. There are five sets of machines for carding purposes, two of which will be reserved exclusively for custom work, while the others will be devoted to purposes of general trade; a spring jack of 150 spindles; three power looms, with falling and cloth dressing machines, complete, enabling the enterprising proprietor to manufacture every description of jeans, satinettes and full cloths. We doubt not that Mr. Taylor's untiring industry will be appreciated and his factory largely patronized by the rural population of the County of Kent.

FIRST CRICKET MATCH IN AMERICA.

It may prove interesting to some of our readers to know that the first game of cricket ever played on this continent, according to the most reliable authority, came off at Brooklyn, Long Island, on the 20th of September, 1838. The game was played by twenty-two Englishmen representing respectively the towns of Sheffield, in the north of England, and Nottingham, in the midland counties. The character of the game was first class, the first named town being as noted for its cricketers as its cutlery; in fact it was second to none in the world for the quality and quantity of its cricketers. Mr. Lacey, who had resided for a number of years in Dundas, acted as one of the umpires at the match. The Sheffield players came off the winners.

R. Uguhart advertises plaster for sale.

JUST BE GLAD.

O, heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we
couldn't
Have you know!
What we've met of sorrow plain
And of sorrow's driving rain
We can better meet again
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour
We have known
When the tears fell with the shower
All alone!
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant
Let us temper our content
With His own.

For we know not every morrow
Can be said.
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears
And put by our foolish tears
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.



Carriage coat of biscuit colored broadcloth, with short military cape and sleeves bound and stitched and ornamented with handsome buttons. The collar is a rich brown velvet edged with cloth.

FORCED TO MARRY

Surprise parties are common, but when the person to be surprised is told to stand up and is then married it is quite a different thing. However, in this case the surprise had a most happy ending. The bride was willing, the groom pleased and the invited guests extended their best wishes.

For several weeks Miss Mary V. Alexander, a prominent Akron, O., school teacher, and Richard G. Howell, a prosperous Youngstown iron and steel manufacturer, have been engaged. No date had been set for the wedding, but it was to have been held in the near future. Miss Alexander was busily engaged in preparing her wedding gown.

Mrs. E. D. Coates, a sister of Miss Alexander, invited a number of the near relatives to a quilting bee to be held at her home, 30 Rhodes avenue, Monday. The quilting bee was to have been for the benefit of her sister. The husbands were also invited to be present.

In the meantime O. W. Hale, assistant clerk of Common Pleas Court, and an uncle of Miss Alexander and Mrs. Coates, had, by use of a telephone, called from Youngstown the prospective groom and Rev. D. T. Thomas and wife. Mrs. Thomas is also a sister of Miss Alexander.

Everything had been arranged at the Coates home, and the bride, groom and parson were told to stand up. Before Miss Alexander could collect her thoughts she had become a bride.

It was a complete surprise not only for the bride, but also for nearly all the guests present. Miss Alexander was a teacher at the Crosby school.

If we had our lives to live over again we might make even a worse job of it.

WENT COASTING

The absence of 14 long-handled dustpans from the State normal school equipment at Westfield, Mass., has led to the investigation by Principal Charles A. Brodeur of a prank in which 20 of the fair students, arrayed in gymnasium suits, engaged.

Using the dustpans as tobaggans, the pretty girls slid down the steep snow-clad hill near Dickinson hall, while a squad of boys looked on with undimmed admiration. The girls who had no toboggans drew their skirts tightly around them, and raising their heels slid down the incline at a speed which fairly took away their breath.

WANTED A "CAT'S TAIL"

Appropos of Mark Twain and his story, "A Dog's Tale," which appeared in Harper's Magazine, a pretty little incident is related. A little friend of Mr. Clemens, who considers him quite her "nearest and dearest," listened eagerly while the mother read aloud the story. She absorbed enough of it to be in ecstasy and begged to be allowed to write the author a little letter. The little letter was sent—just as it was written—and the reply from across the water will be awaited with interest.

"Dear Mister Mark," she wrote, "I liked your doggy and poor little puppie to, now please want you rite us a cats' tail quick, your playmate Jepsia."

Because a man happens to be fine looking it is no guarantee that he is a gentleman.

The fellow who wastes his time doesn't seem to realize that he will need it all before he dies.



A HAT HINT.

Hat of secret velvet, trimmed with pink cockatoo wings and heavy Lyons shading from pink to crimson.



Smooth beaver hats with crown of velvet or applique satin are fashionable just now. A charming design is shown in the picture. Black and white are used in the combinations. A novel feature of the hat is the trimming, which consists of a high bow of white satin with deep fringed ends which hang over the side of the brim in the graceful effect of a princess feather.