

FEAR MENACE OF GENERAL STRIKE

PHILADELPHIA, March 2. As the time draws near for the general sympathetic strike of all organized labor in Philadelphia in support of the trolley-men, the pressure being brought to bear on the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company to submit the questions at issue to arbitration is becoming stronger.

The menace of a general strike and the consequent prostration of practically all lines of industry has stirred up business men and large employers of labor, and the efforts made yesterday to have the company accept arbitration in some form were renewed today with vigor.

The ultimatum issued by the rapid transit directors that "the company has not changed and will not in any manner change its attitude with respect to arbitration, already outlined in its reply to the ministers' association," has not disheartened those who are working for peace. The fact that the leaders of the strikers have expressed themselves as willing to accept any fair proposition to arbitrate has removed one obstacle toward peace and the influences at work on the rapid transit company feel that they will be successful in avoiding the general labor conflict.

A WOMAN'S TACT.

The Actress Spoiled a Scene, but Soothed the Angry Star.

There is a pretty story of Modjeska and a new leading woman who was to play the part of Elizabeth in Schiller's dreary play, "Mary Stuart."

The new leading woman, who was to assume the part of the red haired sovereign, was a beautiful young person whose acting experience had been limited to a few seasons in modern society plays.

At an exhibition of painting in London in one of the galleries hung the notable picture "Hawking in the Olden Times." An elderly farmer and his wife paused before this picture, viewing it with evident satisfaction.

"John," said the old lady, "what's that?" John then turned over the leaves of the catalogue he carried.

"They call it 'Hawking I th' Olden Time,'" said he. "Hawking? Why, what are they hawking?" she inquired.

"I dunno," he replied, "but I spect they're trying to sell them birds."

Mildred—So you are engaged to young Wilson, eh? I thought you said your love for him was purely platonic? Helen—And it was before he inherited half a million and asked me to marry him.—Chicago News.

Singer and Orator. "If I had my way," Dr. Macnamara once confessed to an interviewer, "I should be singing in 'Carmen' instead of making speeches from the treasury bench, but unfortunately the British public thinks a great deal more of a man who can make a bad speech than a man who can sing a good song."—Westminster Gazette.

To Reform Him. Minister—You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask who it is? Miss Beatty—It's young Mr. Bondripper. Minister—Indeed? I did not know he had any bad habits. Miss Beatty—Yes, his friends say that he is becoming quite mischievous.

Anticipation. "Doesn't it make you the least bit nervous to see what elegant furniture Mrs. Evedy is putting into her house next door?" "Not a bit. My husband says it will be sold by the sheriff within six months—and I'll be there to buy it."—Chicago Tribune.

Indiana Millionaire's Odd Charity. Adolph Meizer, millionaire soap manufacturer of Evansville, Ind., is building a large stable where he will this winter feed the horses of poor people who are too poor to properly care for them.

Esquimo Courtship. If European death scenes astonish, the consenting "Yes" of a bride at marriage shocks an Eskimo woman. Not only must a bride show herself uncontenting; she must, if she respects herself and tribal traditions, scream and struggle with all her might when her wooer or his envoy enters her family residence and, laying hold upon her, drags her, usually by the topknot, to her new home. She may be presented with a new lamp and water pail by her bridegroom, and she is as a general thing mightily pleased at her change of estate. But she is not too circumspect to show her pleasure or affection and keeps up a noisy demonstration until she feels that she has done all that a well bred maiden should do. If she does not exercise proper discrimination in this matter her in-laws sometimes scratches the soles of her feet so that she cannot run away to her parents.—Harper's Bazar.

R-I-P-A-N-S Tabule. Doctors find A good prescription For Mankind.

The 6-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (60 cents) contains a supply for a year. All drug gists.

THE HOMEMAKER.

Man's Chivalry to the Fried Goddess of the Frying-Pan.

As we men frequently admit, it is our chivalrous regard for women which leads us to desire that she shall confine her wholly admirable energies to the making of our home and the keeping of our houses. She is tender and frail, and so we urge that she shall not for a moment drop her role as the goddess of the household. There is nothing that so rouses our almost sacred admiration as to see our own particular goddess with a disrag in one hand and a frying pan in the other. Let us never desert this high ideal of womanhood and its lofty purpose in life.

Particularly let us not do so because if a woman does not keep the house it will not be kept. Would we men engineer and prepare 1,005 meals in one year? Would we wash dishes 1,005 times, wipe them 1,005 times, sew, darn, mend, devote our lives to a gray monotony of treadmill effort? Not on your life! Our chivalrous regard for adored woman would not permit it. And we would go crazy within six months if we tried. I know of nothing that we should cling to more closely than this chivalrous regard for our womanhood. It saves the cost of many and many a hired girl.

I have penned this little tribute to man's chivalrous regard for woman because anybody can see that it deserves it. Woman, the housekeeper (and nothing else), the fried goddess of the frying-pan, the queen of her domestic domain, with a step-ladder for a tiara and a stove hook for a scepter, let us together pledge her, while we register our chivalrous vow that we will keep her where she is unless we men need her as a stenographer or something else, in which event our chivalrous regard may stretch a few points.—California Monthly.

Drink and Diplomacy. Prince Bismarck once boasted that in his youth he drank a bottle of champagne at one draft from a "puzzle goblet so constructed that one could not bring it close to one's lips, yet one was not allowed to spill a drop. Not a single drop fell on my waistcoat. Every one was immensely surprised, but I said, 'Give me another.' Such tricks were formerly an indispensable part of the diplomats' trade. They drank the weaker vessels under the table, wormed all they wanted to know out of them and made them agree to things contrary to their instructions. When they got sober they could not imagine why they had acted so."

What They Were Hawking. At an exhibition of painting in London in one of the galleries hung the notable picture "Hawking in the Olden Times." An elderly farmer and his wife paused before this picture, viewing it with evident satisfaction.

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EELS IN JAPAN.

The Restaurant Cook Catches Alive the Fish the Patron Selects.

Entering a Japanese restaurant, a guest who wishes to order a fresh eel is led to a tank of squirming fresh water eels and bidden to point out the object of his preference, says a writer in the "Illustrated Cook." The cook, who stands by, seizes the wriggling victim of his choice, strikes its head smartly upon a wooden block and, squatting by it, grasps the creature's neck, or rather a knife in the left side of the vertebral and dexterously runs it down to the tail, then, rapidly applying his instrument to the other side of the backbone, repeats the process, leaving the eel split open.

Then, chopping the flattened eel into three inch lengths, the pieces are plunged into boiling water to make the skin tender, long bamboo splints used as skewers are thrust through them, and they are then placed on rods over glowing charcoal and broiled brown, being plunged from time to time into a vessel that contains old soy of the color and consistency of molasses. These preparations concluded, the steaming eels again are drained and placed in red lacquer boxes with rice and set before the customer.

The Phonograph. One need not be afraid of operating a machine too constantly, as there is little danger of wearing it out, and the motor will give better service when used frequently than when allowed to stand unused. In all cases avoid winding the spring too tightly. Stop when it offers strong resistance. In many cases it is specifically stated that the needles should not be used more than once, and these directions should be observed. Not to follow them means almost certain damage to the records. The machine should be kept well oiled; otherwise its motion will become sluggish. Sewing machine oil may be used for that purpose. The records should be kept free from dust, as dirt clogs the sound wave grooves and tends to give a scratchy sound to the reproduction. A good record cleaner may be made by gluing a small piece of velvet carpet to a wooden block. Such a cleaner always should be used on dusty records before they are placed on the machine. —Suburban Life.

Too Realistic. During a performance of "Captain Lapalisse" at a Valencia theater some years ago an incident occurred which for lifelike effect left nothing to be desired. During the said play some of the actors mingle with the spectators in order to co-operate from the body of the house. No sooner had Miralles, the actor, taken his seat in the stalls than a daring pickpocket robbed him of his gold watch. Miralles seized the man by his coat collar and called out in a deep bass voice:

"Police! Help! Thief!" The audience, taking this little episode to be part of the performance, roared with laughter. Even the policemen joined in without stirring hand or foot.

"This is no farce!" cried the actor in tones of despair. "The fellow has got my watch!" The voice sounded so natural that the audience broke into loud applause at "such excellent fooling." Meanwhile the thief managed to break away from his captor and escaped.

A Judicial Expert. The native with a stogie met the native with a pipe. "Howdy, Zeb?" quoth the stogie native. "Hear 'bout th' fuss down to th' courthouse?" "Nop," drawled the man with the pipe. "What was it about?"

"Why, Jim Simpson has been suit'ed. Aliver Hovey for alienating th' affections of his wife, an' Judge Musgrove told th' jury to bring in a verdict of 6 cents damages, 'cause he thought that was all the damage worth to Jim. An' Jim's wife got mad an' threw a chair at th' judge, an' he had her arrested an' put in th' cooler."

"But didn't th' judge go a little low far when he fixed her value so low?" "Not at all, not at all! You see, he was her first husband."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Chinaman a Justice of the Peace. Charles K. Shu, probably the first Chinaman to be vested with the authority of justice of the peace in any state in the United States, was recently installed at Boston with that authority by the commonwealth of Massachusetts. Shu is a native of Seattle, Wash.

Very Annoying. "It is annoying to watch for a train that's late." "Yes, and it is even more annoying to wait for a train that was discontinued the week before."—Washington Herald.

Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends cooks.—Garrick.

The Miserable Moors. The lives lived by the Moors are without perhaps any exception the most precarious and miserable that can be imagined. The poor man is thrown into prison for sums he never possessed and can never pay, the rich to be squeezed of all he possesses, while those only can hope to escape who are members of families sufficiently powerful to arouse the fears of the local governor should he attempt extortion and not sufficiently powerful to stir up the aversion of the sultan.

Even the governors of the provinces suffer themselves as they make others suffer, for just as they squeeze the agriculturist and the peasant so are they in turn squeezed by the sultan and his viziers, and, should they fail by constant presents to maintain a good opinion at the court, they can expect only imprisonment and often death.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Ready Money Club. Chicago has a new organization that may soon have a counterpart in New York city if the receivers of Manhattan's car lines go on increasing the number of pay-as-you-enter cars. The Windy City, report has it, now has a Ready Money club, one of the rules of which is "mount the steps of the street car with a five cent piece grasped firmly in the hand, press the coin into the expectant palm of the conductor and pass rapidly into the car." Anybody who has had to stand in half a foot of muddy ice water at a New York corner while a dozen slow people had bills changed by the fare taker ought to be willing to promote such a philanthropic scheme in New York.

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"ELEKTRA" IN AMERICA.

Straus' Musical Opera Creates a Sensation in New York.

All New York is talking of Straus' great musical drama "Elektra." It has been played there recently for the first time in America and created as much of a sensation as it did abroad. Mme. Mazarin played the part of the heroine, giving a wonderful and superb performance that has won high praise from the critics.



MME. MAZARIN AS ELEKTRA.

The opera is of one act only and lasts but an hour and forty minutes. The orchestra effects are marvelous. Tones of terror, wild shrieks, fantastic wails and terrific crashes of sound in which every instrument takes violent part are only a few of the amazing instrumental effects in this most amazing of all operas.

THE STAGE DRINK.

Some Sarcastic Comments Upon Its Terrific Potency.

What we have always noticed about the stage drink is its terrific potency. That there are other points of interest in this thing we do not deny, and we are inclined to agree with a writer in one of the weekly papers who says that "our actors, even the best and most experienced of them, haven't the faintest notion of how to drink naturally and with the air of men who are enjoying the process." And we have frequently noted that curious unspillable quality in the musical comedy drink. In this particular type of potation, which is set to music and which we may call the gay drink, the curlicue gestures of the fagon holders, who do not actually drink until they have waved the goblet upside down, have been known to make strong and thirsty galleries burst into tears, commingled with reproaches. When falsely accused Frederick suffers a momentary attack of depression and decides to set out for territories exclusively canine he pours into a small liquor glass a little very pale brandy and, with a desperate cry of frenzy and despair, drinks it at one go. Sometimes it is half a glass of noncolored claret. But the result is the same. Falsely accused Frederick instantly starts his Apache dance with the grand pianoforte, and friends who believed in him, entering at that moment, say, "Good heavens, he's drunk!" The drink is potent. It cannot always be a case of weakness of head.—London Globe.

Social Paradox. "It's impossible for me to dress on \$5,000 a year." "Well, my love, you must wear less." "Don't be silly! You know perfectly well that the less I wear the more it costs."—Judge's Library.

Very Helpful. A provincial clergyman during his sermon caught sight of a member of his congregation wearing a very worried look. Suddenly the man's face brightened, and during the remainder of the service his appearance betokened a perfect freedom from care.

"I am pleased to think, William," remarked the clergyman after the service, "that my words helped you somewhat this morning. I noticed during my discourse that your face lit up and the sunshine of smiles chased the clouds of worry away. Now, what portion of my sermon appealed so strongly to you, eh?"

"To tell the truth, sir," replied William, "I wasn't payin' so much attention to your preachin' as I ought to have done. I was 'benched' up the week's cash in my mind and found myself two and three pence short. I worried and worried about that money, but couldn't fit it in now."

"Then I happened to catch a word or two of what you said about the preparations that man made for his prodigal son, and it came into my mind like a flash of lightning that I'd spent two and three pence for a new horsehair to give my boy Jim a thunderin' good hidin'." It's wonderful, you say, sir, what a help a chance word may be. Good mornin', sir.—London Tit-Bits.

Making Them Match. "Do you think he would do well as a speaker?" "He might be quite a success if he confined himself to mixed audiences." "Why only that kind?" "Because he is a mixed reasoner."

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ROADS IN CHINA.

They Are Narrow and Crooked and Edged With Ditches.

The Chinese road is private property, a strip taken from somebody's land. This is done much against the will of the owner, since he not only loses the use of it, but also still has to pay taxes on it.

One consequence is that it is wide enough for only one vehicle, and carriages pass one another only by trespassing on the cultivated land. To prevent this the farmers dig deep ditches by the roadside. As the surface wears away and the dust blows off it gradually grows lower, and after awhile it becomes a drain for the surrounding fields. A current forms in the rainy season, which still further hollows it out, and thus has arisen the proverb that a road a thousand years old becomes a river.

These whose hands are used for roads naturally prefer to have the roads run along the edge of their farms instead of cutting across them, and this accounts for the fact that Chinese roads are often so crooked that one may have to go a considerable distance to reach a place that is in reality but a few miles away. This always interests the stranger.

Only Pursuing His Profession. A Brooklyn magistrate recently had four dorkies who were caught in a gambling raid before him. The first of the lot to be brought to the bar was an underhand man, with a comb for a hair as high as his head. The dialogue between the magistrate and the prisoner created some merriment in the court.

"What is your name?" inquired the magistrate sternly. "Mah name's Smith," replied the dorky.

"What is your profession?" "I's a hellsuff by trade, sah."

"What were you doing when the police broke into the room last night?" "Judge, I was pursuin' mah profession. I was makin' a bolt for the door."

"Officer," said the magistrate, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "hace Smith up."—New York Tribune.

The Art of Overlooking. Nobody can live long in the world but not mind that the words "nothing for nothing" contain a sad amount of truth. He is of course a fool who does not count the cost so far as the future is concerned, but scarcely less a fool is he who does not overlook past costs. If we have any good or delightful thing in this life, at all hazards let us not taint our enjoyment by considering what we gave for it. Was it more than we could afford? Never mind. We have afforded it; we have made our purchase. Let us take off the ticket with the price and burn the receipt. There are items in life's ledger which must be overlooked unless we would spend all our days in balancing closed accounts.—London Spectator.

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CHILDREN USING BIPLANES.

Pittsburg Swimming Teacher Shows Them a New Sport.

The pupils of the Sixth ward public school, north side, in Pittsburg, are learning to imitate the bird and the fish, an art they call "aeroplane swimming." They have long enjoyed a fine swimming pool, and their instructor, Walter W. Shook, has been having them use small biplanes. Sara Hertzberger, a fourteen-year-old pupil, the other day demonstrated the new game by gliding from a high balcony. When she reached the surface of the water she shook her "wings," turned a somersault and dived.

Mr. Shook hopes next summer to take the children out to the rivers and ponds to glide from high boats, bridges and banks. The sport was suggested by a student at the Carnegie Technical schools, and those who have tried it say it is a thousand times more thrilling than the ordinary dive and can be made safely at almost any reasonable height.

Wooden Bell Syndicate. A "wooden bell" syndicate has been founded in Paris. To "change one's residence to the tune of the wooden bell" means leaving a house or flat surreptitiously by night in order to avoid paying rent, and the purpose of this society is to make this maneuver easy for its members. The syndicate has been duly registered and incorporated and holds meetings at its Labor Exchange. Forty-three "moonlight flights" were successfully arranged by the syndicate on Jan. 8.

To Start a Tight Screw. Lots of folks have tried to remove a stubborn screw from a piece of wood, a screw that won't budge at all, and have in the end given it up as a bad job. Well, if such a thing occurs again don't give it up, don't lose your temper or exert yourself, but try this recipe for removing the screw: Heat a poker red hot and then hold it against the screw head for a little while; wait a few minutes for the screw to cool down, when it will be found that the screw can be removed quite easily with the same screwdriver that just previously would not perform the work. The explanation is quite simple. The red hot poker heats the screw, and the screw expands and makes the hole it is in just a wee bit bigger. The screw then cools down and resumes its original size, leaving the hole in the wood a size too large—and there you are.—New York Sun.

Interesting For the Husband. A titled lady warned her new gardener that her husband had an irritating habit of disparaging everything he saw in the greenhouse and of ordering in a reckless manner new plants to be bought.

"But on no account humor him," she said. "Whatever he says, throw cold water on him or he will ruin us with his extravagance."

At this point the new gardener turned on her a white and startled face. "Ma'am," he said, "if he orders me to pitch every plant in the place on the rubbish heap I shan't ever have the pluck to douse him in cold water. Won't it do as well if I get a drain of warm water out of the boiler and let it trickle gently down his neck?"—London Tit-Bits.

Very Thoughtful. "Before we were married," said Mr. Meekton, "I showed my affection for Henrietta by serenading her."

"I suppose you neglect any such attentions now?" "Yes; I show my affection now by respecting her desire that I shall not try to sing."—Washington Star.

The Only Way. "I wish I knew how to keep a servant."