

# THE EDITOR STRUCK.

HE JOINED FORCES WITH THE PRINTERS WHEN THEY QUIT.

The Winning Manner in Which Bill Sterritt Handled a Demand for Increased Pay by the Force on the Old Dallas Times.

There are ways and ways of settling labor strikes. The unions have used the "sympathetic strike" plan, at times securing a settlement by calling on the forces of allied trades. With the "bosses" the lockout frequently has done the business. But there are methods of erasing differences between employers and employees which even Chicago has overlooked. Strikes have been settled by the bosses joining the ranks of the strikers, voluntarily assuming the posts of walking delegates, directing the movements of the striking army and dictating the time when difficulties were declared off.

Proof of the power of this method was furnished during the days of the old Dallas Times. That Texas city was but a struggling town then, with a population that was getting close up to the 2,000 mark. The editorial helm of the Times had just been seized by William Sterritt, better known in Washington and Texas newspaper world today as plain "Bill" Sterritt, the title "colonel" frequently being prefixed in recognition of his birthplace, Kentucky.

The Times under the Sterritt regime employed five men and one woman in its manufacture. The latter was the wife of the foreman of the printing room and worked at the "cases," while the "printer's devil" performed double duty by acting as the motive power of the hand press. The foreman during his younger days had had an argument with a mule, and the scars of that battle which decorated his face had aided in securing his reputation of being "a bad man in a mixup." Shortly after the new hand press had begun the molding of editorials and the sharing of subscription donations ranging from garden truck to overworked farm stock meanness lodged in The Times office. Rumors of labor troubles and of union organization were heard.

"We've concluded to quit," said the foreman as he stalked into the editor's sanctum one morning backed up by the entire mechanical force. "We don't get union pay, and we've organized a chapel. If you don't show up more money, your paper don't get out, that's all."

"Going to strike, are you?" queried Sterritt, who had not found promises of a direct road to wealth and Wall street through The Times. "Unorganized, are you? Well, sir, I'm glad to hear it. I've been thinking for some days of going on a strike myself. The circulation of this concern isn't extremely feverish, and none of the subscribers will ever miss us, and if they do it will be to our benefit. The few blocks of white paper out there will keep, and I guess the hand press won't object to a day off. Yes, sir, we'll strike right here and now. We'll just walk around the corner and celebrate the inauguration of this 'walkout' with a drink."

The foreman's wife here transferred her share of arbitration power on the masculine contingent and departed. The quietest expressed some surprise at the turn of affairs, but followed Sterritt to the corner saloon, where three rounds of drinks were put away under his direction.

"You see," began the foreman, "we're ready to go right back to work now if you'll pay?"

"No, sir-ee," broke in the editor. "Why, we've just struck, and I couldn't call things off now. Hold on, I tell you, and we'll win out."

The Times office was closed up, the windows nailed down and the office cart turned loose to forage. On the fourth day the foreman approached Sterritt and sounded him as to the advisability of declaring the strike at an end.

"Can't do it," was the answer. "Why, I'm having the best time of my life. Hang out, and we'll win, I tell you. If I could find another union around here, we would have one of those sympathetic affairs. Nop; the strike's not off, and I hereby issue another pronouncement to that end. Besides that, the people are beginning to find out they need a paper. I'm in this strike for subscribers."

Then they liquor several times, and the foreman left.

On the ninth day the striking army of five conferred with the self-appointed walking delegate. They contended that they were ready to resume their end of the work of shaping public opinion at the old schedule of weekly pay. Sterritt was obdurate and advised further hostilities for several days. On the fourteenth day he was called on to accept a most sweeping capitulation. The next day the hand press began its grind, the foreman, who had not lived up to his reputation as a "bad man," took his wife and his followers back to the "cases," and Sterritt continued the work of gathering "items" and building editorials. At the close of the day's work the force was summoned to the office.

"Next time," advised the editor, "you don't want to stop when you've organized a 'chapel.' You want to go ahead and organize and build a whole cathedral. That's all."—Chicago Tribune.

**Trees and Land.**  
Do not buy land on which the trees are small and of not very thick growth. You will see that men who are experienced in buying farming land always go on this principle. Land thickly covered with timber indicates good land, where the trees are scattered and not very tall indicates poor land.

A stray chimpanzee from Central Africa sometimes goes as far north as Morocco, where it is looked on as "a hairy man with four hands."

# THE CRIMINAL CUCKOO.

He is the One Exception in the Kindly Nature of Birds.

Bad temper and cruelty are perhaps the most obvious signs of mental degeneration in the beasts. The larger monkeys, for instance, become as bad tempered as a violent man when they grow old, and many in their treatment of other animals are cruel as we use the word in regard to man. Among the carnivorous beasts the cat amuses itself by torturing a mouse, and the weasel tribe kill for sheer love of killing. No such cruelty is seen among eagles or falcons. Fierce as their tempers are, they do not torment other birds which they catch or kill for killing's sake. Good temper is general among birds.

Except the cuckoo, such a thing as an ill tempered wild bird is unknown. Nowhere in the race can a temper like that of the Tasmanian devil or the wild hunting dog or the Cape buffalo or the baboon be found. Even those which in spring are thieves and egg robbers are not unavailing couchpots at other times. Good temper and good fellowship in society, a personal affection to each other to which the beasts offer no parallel, industry and independence, intense devotion and foresight in tending their young, with other very human and engaging traits of character, must all be credited to the race of birds.

Among these kindly and simple natures the cuckoo is a monster. Let there be no mistake on this subject. He unites in his life and character, from the egg to the adult bird, practices and principles to which the whole race of warm blooded animals offers no parallel. He is an outrage on the moral law of bird life, something so flagrant and so utterly foreign to the way of thought of these kindly beings that if he did not exist he would be inconceivable. It is not merely that he is a supplanter and a changeling. His whole nature is so evil that in the world of birds he is an incarnation of the principle of ill, an embodiment of vices which would if understood or adopted by other birds put an end to the existence of the race.—London Spectator.

# TRAINING WATCHDOGS.

The Method That is Used by a German Instructor.

Although it is generally believed that watchdogs are "to the manner born," it seems that a certain amount of training helps very much to turn out a really good one. This system of training has developed into a regular business in Berlin, where one Herr Straus has an academy from which watchdogs are turned out by the hundred every year.

His system is educational and is applied to almost every kind of dog. He first teaches the animal obedience by training it to perform certain "tricks" at command and then trains it to distinguish between a visitor and a burglar and what part of a man's body should be attacked to render the man helpless.

Outside of the gate the trainer places a dummy representing the burglar, and to the latch is attached a string. By means of the string the gate is opened slowly, until the head of the dummy becomes visible, when the dog is taught to fly at its throat. Herr Straus is very particular about this. He makes his dogs attack the throat or the upper part of the body always. Sometimes a real man well padded takes the place of the dummy, and of course he is well paid for his services.

All dogs, it seems, may be made good watchdogs, but the St. Bernards and the Russian wolfhounds are the best where property of great value is to be guarded. For dogs not so fierce as they are a different system of training is used. They soon learn to guard anything committed to their care, but are not so quick to attack an intruder as the fiercer dogs are.—Philadelphia Times.

**Indian Compositions.**  
New "composition" stories are furnished by two young Indians whose efforts in this difficult line are reported by The Southern Workman.

The subject assigned to the first boy was the life of General Armstrong. Referring to the general's boyhood among the idolatrous, ancestor worshiping natives of the Hawaiian Islands, he wrote as follows:

"The people of the Sandwich Islands worshiped the idols of their aunts' sisters."

The second boy, a member of the same class, writing upon a different phase of the same subject, got the city of Washington confused with the man for whom the city was named. Referring to the retirement of General Armstrong from the service after the war, he said:

"When General Armstrong finished the war, he wrote to Washington and asked him if there was anything more he could do for him."

**Periodical Famines Expected.**  
Since the first great famine of which there are records devastated the land in 1770, when 10,000,000 perished in Bengal alone, India has scarcely passed a decade free from scarcity of grain in one district or another. The British government expects a drought about twice in every nine years, a famine once in every 11 or 12 years and a great famine about twice in a century.—Review of Reviews.

**Tobacco.**  
Numerous observations prove that the use of tobacco is a potent cause of disease of the eye. Total blindness from degeneration of the optic nerve has been traced to this cause. Recent observations point to tobacco and alcohol as the great causes of color blindness, and this accounts for the fact that it is much more common in men than in women.—Health Culture.

# "SPARTACUS."

The Author's Story of How He Came to Write It.

A writer in the Leicester Journal who interviewed Rev. Elijah Kellogg says:

When asked if he had written any declamations besides "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Regulus to the Carthaginians," "Virginius to the Roman Army" and "Pericles to the People," he replied that he had written "Iellus," but that it had never been published. Then he asked the writer if he had ever heard how "Spartacus" came to be written, and when told that he had never heard an authentic statement concerning it Mr. Kellogg said:

"During my first year in Andover Theological seminary we were required to write original declamations and declaim them before an audience. A committee of three seniors criticized the speaker publicly, and Professor Parke performed the same duty privately. I always dreaded to face an audience and especially to be criticised publicly, and so I thought I would write something that would so interest them in the story of it that the critics would forget to notice the errors. So I wrote 'Spartacus.' When I had finished declaiming it, the professor asked the committee if they had any suggestions to offer, and they said they had not, but Professor Parke told me privately that there were errors that might be mentioned, but that he was glad I had made a departure from the old custom of declaiming nothing but sermons and moral disquisitions and had given them some rhetoric."

So the author of "Spartacus" was the first declaimer of it. Little did he think that he was the first of thousands of academic and collegiate youths on both sides of the sea to recite a composition of so humble origin. This bit of literary history is precious as coming from the lips of this grand old man, and this interview will forever have a safe place in the treasure house of the writer's memory.

# THE PARACHUTE.

A Monk's Experiments in Air Flight in the Eleventh Century.

Credible accounts exist of an English Benedictine monk, Oliver of Malmesbury, in the eleventh century having tried to fly by precipitating himself from the height of a tower with the assistance of wings attached to his arms and his feet. It is said that having gone along a little way he fell and broke his legs. He attributed his accident to failure to provide his apparatus with a tail, which would have helped preserve his equilibrium and made his descent a gentler one.

In the sixteenth century Leonardo da Vinci first demonstrated that a bird, which is heavier than the air, sustains itself, advances in the air, "by rendering the fluid denser where it passes than where it does not pass." In order to fly it has to fix its point of support on the air. Its wings in the descending stroke exert a pressure from above down, the reaction of which from below up forces the center of gravity of its body to ascend at each instant to the height at which the bird wishes to maintain it. Some sketches which have come down to us prove that Leonardo occupied himself, like Oliver of Malmesbury, with giving man the power to fly by the assistance of wings suitably fixed to the body.

We owe to Leonardo also the invention of the parachute, which he described in the following terms: "If a man had a pavilion each side of which was 15 braces wide and 12 braces high, he might cast himself from any height whatever without fear of danger." It may be said, too, of Leonardo da Vinci that he was the first to suggest the idea of the screw propeller.—Appleton's popular Magazine.

**Rufus Choate's Bad Writing.**  
George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, was once called as a witness in a case in which Rufus Choate was engaged, and, being seated by the eminent counselor, was attracted by the notes which he had made of the evidence. After eyeing them with interest, he remarked that the writing reminded him of two autograph letters in his possession—one of Manuel the Great of Portugal (dated 1512) and the other of Gonsalvo de Cordova, the great captain, written a few years earlier. (Any one who has glanced over these remarkable specimens of chirography will marvel that it was possible to make out a syllable of such illegible scrawls.)

"These letters," Mr. Ticknor assured Mr. Choate, "were written 350 years ago, and they strongly resemble your notes of the present trial."

Choate instantly replied, "Remarkable men, no doubt; they seem to have been much in advance of their time."—Caroline Ticknor in Truth.

**Sweet and Low.**  
A young man named Sweet engaged to marry a young woman named Low. A few Sundays previous to the wedding the happy couple attended church together, and as they walked along the aisle the choir began singing the song "Sweet and Low," entirely unconscious of the musical pun that was being perpetrated. "And all this happened in a city in Michigan."—Choir Journal.

**The Way to Success.**  
The Elderly Gentleman—The true secret of success is to find out what the people want.  
The Younger Man—And give it to them, eh?  
"Naw, corner it."—Indianapolis Press.

**A Brute.**  
The Father—You two had better have a quiet wedding.  
The Lover—Why?  
The Father—There'll be noise enough and to spare after you're married.—Syracuse Herald.

# SOWN BY GUNPOWDER.

A Curious Way of Covering a Rocky Crag With Plant Life.

In the grounds of the Duke of Athol and near Blair castle, England, stands a high, rocky crag named Craigbarra. It looked grim and bare in the midst of beauty, and its owner thought how much prettier it would look if only trees, shrubs, etc., could be planted in its nooks and crannies. It was considered impossible for any one to scale its steep and dangerous activities, and no other way was thought of to get seed sown.

One day Alexander Nasmyth, father of the celebrated engineer, paid a visit to the duke's grounds. The crag was pointed out to him, and he was told of the desire of the duke regarding it. After some thought he conceived how it could be accomplished. In passing the castle he noticed two old canons. He got a few small tin canisters made to fit the bore of the canon and filled them with a variety of tree, shrub and grass seeds. The canon was loaded in the usual way and fired at the rock from all sides.

The little canisters on striking the rock burst, scattering the seeds in all directions. Many seeds were lost, but many more fell into the ledges or cracks where there was a little moss or earth. These soon showed signs of life, and in a few years graceful trees and pretty climbing plants all sown by gunpowder were growing and flourishing in nearly every recess of the formerly bare, gray crag, clothing it with verdant beauty.

# The Name Sioux.

The Indian name Sioux, as it appears in such town names as Sioux Falls, Sioux City and Sioux Rapids, is usually pronounced "Soo," but sometimes, in the east chiefly, that simple pronunciation is not known. A committeeman not long ago visited a school in New England, where he heard the pupils say "Si-ox" with complete assurance. At a favorable opportunity he quietly spoke to the teacher of the error, saying, "You know, it is 'Soo,' whereupon she asked the attention of the school and solemnly announced: "You have all been pronouncing this word wrong. It is not 'Si-ox,' but 'Soo-ax.'" The committeeman lacked the courage to pursue the subject further.—Exchange.

# A Measure of Success.

Friend—Oh, by the way, I have been curious to know whether you were successful with that strange patient you were treating last winter.

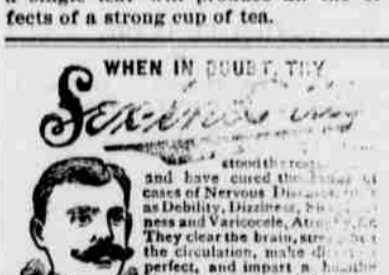
Doctor—I was, partially. He has paid almost half of his bill.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

**Calves are never killed in Morocco** of a popular notion that if deprived of them the cows would cease to give milk.

If justice ruled, what a shifting of jobs there would be.—Milwaukee Journal.

The Abyssinians make a tea from the leaves of a certain plant which has such stimulating qualities that to chew a single leaf will produce all the effects of a strong cup of tea.

# When in Doubt, Try Seneca



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# A PARTIALLY OBEYED ORDER

The Reporter Returned, but the Mule Was a Total Loss.

Harmon W. Brown of Ohio, who held a responsible place on the staff of General Rawlins during the civil war, tells the following story of the general's treatment of an intrusive reporter:

"One day before Vicksburg the correspondent of a certain paper went to General Rawlins for news.

"The general pondered a moment and took me one side.

"Take this young man," he said, "up to the top of those trenches within a stone's throw of the enemy. Take him up there and lose him. I don't care what happens. Understand?"

"I said I did, and we started through the lines. Both of us were mounted. I pointed out a crest overlooking the enemy and told him he could get a good view from that point.

"Ain't you coming with me?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I know all I want to know."

"So he started alone. As soon as the top of his hat and the tip of his mule's ears showed above the crest there came a volley of musketry ten yards wide that cut the air like a big knife blade. The crown of his hat was sliced off as with shears. He managed to drop to the ground in safety, but the persevering mule was literally filled with lead. After the firing ceased the correspondent crawled to the spot where I was.

"Did you learn what you wanted to know?" I asked.

"Eh?" gasped the correspondent, wiping his face and looking at his hands to see whether they were bloody.

"What I wanted to know? Oh, yes, of course. The enemy are over that ridge all right."

"When we returned to headquarters, General Rawlins saw us and hailed me. I went inside his tent.

"I thought I told you to lose that confounded reporter somewhere, he said testily.

"I did the best I could, sir," I answered. "He came back, but I gave the honor to report the mule a total loss."—Saturday Evening Post.

# A Navajo Superstition.

No Navajo Indian will ever make a campfire of wood from a tree that was struck by lightning or that might have been. If such a fire is made by an irreverent white man, the Indians will retire to a distance, where they cannot feel the heat or smell the smoke, and they will go to sleep in their blankets, fireless and suppers, rather than eat of food prepared on that kind of a fire.

The Navajo believes that if he comes within the influence of the flame he will absorb some of the essence of the lightning which will thereafter be attracted to him and sooner or later will kill him. Up in the mountains more than half the great pines are scarred by lightning, but no wood from them is used. Almost any old Navajo can narrate instances where the neglect of this precaution has resulted disastrously, for men are sometimes killed by lightning in a region where thunderstorms are frequent, and it is but a step from the effect to the cause.

# What Joseph Was.

The Sunday school teacher had been telling the class about Joseph, particularly with reference to his coat of many colors and how his father rewarded him for being a good boy, for Joseph, she said, told his father whenever he caught any of his brothers in the net of doing wrong.

"Can any little boy or girl tell me what Joseph was?" the teacher asked, hoping that some of them had caught the idea that he was Jacob's favorite.

"I know," one of the little girls said, holding up her hand.

"What was he?"

"A tattletale," was the reply.—Baltimore News.

# Surprised.

McSwatters—Where are you going?  
McSwatters—I'm going south for my health.  
McSwatters—How did your health ever get so far away as that?—Syracuse Herald.

# ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY

In effect Sunday, May 27, 1900.

Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.									
STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 11.	No. 12.	No. 13.	No. 14.	No. 15.	No. 16.	No. 17.
Pittsburg	6:15	6:45	7:15	7:45	8:15	8:45	9:15	9:45	10:15
Red Bank	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
Lawsonham	6:45	7:15	7:45	8:15	8:45	9:15	9:45	10:15	10:45
New Bethlehem	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00
May Ridge	7:15	7:45	8:15	8:45	9:15	9:45	10:15	10:45	11:15
Summersville	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30
Brookville	7:45	8:15	8:45	9:15	9:45	10:15	10:45	11:15	11:45
Low	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00
Fallers	8:15	8:45	9:15	9:45	10:15	10:45	11:15	11:45	12:15
Brookville	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30
Lawsonham	8:45	9:15	9:45	10:15	10:45	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45
Brookville	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00
Lawsonham	9:15	9:45	10:15	10:45	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45	1:15
Brookville	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30
Lawsonham	9:45	10:15	10:45	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45	1:15	1:45
Brookville	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00
Lawsonham	10:15	10:45	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45	1:15	1:45	2:15
Brookville	10:30	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30
Lawsonham	10:45	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45	1:15	1:45	2:15	2:45
Brookville	11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30	3:00
Lawsonham	11:15	11:45	12:15	12:45	1:15	1:45	2:15	2:45	3:15
Brookville	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	2:00	2:30	3:00	3:30
Lawsonham	11:45	12:15	12:45	1:15	1:45	2:15	2:45		