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SHORT STORIES.

The government of the United States gives away each year to farmers seeds to the value of $160,000.

The largest electrical pumping plant in the world is that at Utah lake. It raises 65,000,000 gallons of water a day for irrigating the Great Salt lake valley.

Southern California produces 22,000,000 pounds of lima beans annually, three-fourths of the world's total production. One ranch in the bean country covers 1,500 acres.

A beautiful memorial window in memory of Admiral Sloat, Commodore Stockton and Admiral Farragut is about to be placed in St. Peter's chapel, navy yard, Mare island, California.

Agricultural statistics show that the average yield of wheat per acre in the United States is a little less than thirteen bushels and that of Indian corn a little less than twenty-seven bushsels.

The total steerage immigration to this country for the year ended June 30, 1902, was made up of 619,068 immigrants from European countries, 22,271 from Asia and 7,404 from all other sources.

There is in Buffalo a young Irishman who possesses such a keen sense of smell that he draws a large salary from the Buffalo Gas company as an expert leak hunter. Recently he located a leak in the city hall that other men had unsuccessfully sought for eight years.

GERMAN GLEANINGS.

Three millions of the inhabitants of the German empire speak the Polish language.

While Bremen ranks far above other German harbors it has only one-third the business of Hamburg.

In Germany the government parcels post carries packages weighing up to eleven pounds for 12½ cents apiece.

Wooden ships on the Rhine are fast being superseded by iron boats. The number of men employed on these boats today is 21,680.

By order of the kaiser German officers attending any of the royal theaters in Berlin must now take their seats before the overture begins.

Mulhausen, Alsace-Lorraine, has a socialist town council, which has decided to pay 2 shillings a day to all the unemployed workmen in the town.

The German governmnt proposes the acquisition of six private railways in Prussia. The railroads of Germany are partly owned by the government and partly by private companies.

To avoid conscription a young German at Hadersleben tried to simulate gout by allowing some bees to sting his foot. When he presented himself with his swollen limb at the mustering station, he was enrolled as a mounted artilleryman.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Imro Fox is said to be Kellar's only rival as an illusionist.

Miller & Hogarty will probably star Elsa Ryan in "A Lady of Long Ago."

When Olga Nethersole comes to this country again she will revive "Sapho."

Virginia Earle is to star in a new piece under the management of George W. Lederer.

The Martinetti family is said to be the best acrobatic troupe that Italy has produced.

Eleonora Duse and her company are booked to sail for home from New York on Jan. 22.

E. H. Sothern has purchased an estate of 2,000 acres at the foot of Mount Snowden in Wales.

"Summer Boarders" is the title of a play just written and copyrighted by Mrs. M. J. Goodrich of Boston.

Scott Craven has left the "Mary of Magdala" company. His role of Haran is to be taken by Earle Browne.

Miss Adele Rafter has been engaged by Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger for the forthcoming production of "Bluebeard."

GOMPERS ON STRIKES

THE BEST PREVENTIVE IS FOR LABOR TO BE PREPARED.

The Great Lesson of the Coal Strike. Employers Are Organized — The Buyer and Not the Seller Sets the Price of Labor.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, lectured on strikes before the League For Political Education in New York recently. He said in part:

"In the cold, hard, callous view of the average employer and the average professor of economy the labor question is a mere matter of buying and selling a thing. They speak of the market price of labor. In the whole world this is the only thing for which the buyer sets the price.

"The seller sets it in the stores and for all other commodities, and labor is the only exception. This fact had its origin in slavery and serfdom, and our present discontent with it is manifested by the people in a desire to have a voice in determining the conditions and the price under which labor and labor power shall be bought and sold.

"The movement is begun in a spirit of conciliation and for the benefit of the whole human race. If buyer and seller are unable to agree, there enters a spirit of opposition, and finally there is a strike.

"The question is met on the same inhuman and inhumane level in which it is viewed by the employer. The people decline to sell their only wealth except under fairer conditions. The production of wealth is discontinued to determine anew the conditions under which it shall be produced.

"But there is another view. Considering the resources of the country, the genius and ingenuity of the people and the advance in the methods of protection, the workers declare that their share of wealth produced is not commensurate with that to which they are entitled. They insist on better homes, better surroundings, better opportunities for the cultivation of all that is good, and a strike is justifiable if it is necessary.

"I don't say that I or the organization with which I am allied advocates strikes. No man has devoted any part of his life to the discussion of the labor question or to helping the wage earners in the labor movement but has done all in his power to prevent and avert strikes.

"I have yet to find one such in my third of a century of connection with the labor movement who is an advocate of strikes.

"We don't want to strike. There is no fun in a strike, no enjoyment. There is some experience of an unkind and unsympathetic character. But people who won't fight when driven to the last resort will never have their honor or their interests respected. There are some things worse than strikes—degradation, demoralization and a cowardly manhood. There comes a time when to refuse to strike is to sign the enslavement of the workers.

"All history has proved that the best preventive of strikes is preparedness for them. That may sound to some people like preparing for industrial war, but it is not so. If peace is to be preserved in the world of nations, it must come from one of two things—all nations being armed or all being disarmed. If one nation is armed, it is madness for another to remain unarmed.

"The employers of modern times are in their nature organizations fully equipped for assault against workmen. The possession of wealth is in itself an industrial armament of the employing classes to carry out their own sweet will, and the best manner of preventing impositions and the exercise of tyrannical powers, the invasion of the rights of others, is to make them impossible or too expensive.

"In olden times slaves and workers manifested discontent by taking up the bludgeon or dirk for personal vengeance. In our times organized wage earners are contributing a few pennies a week or a month to a fund which shall be an armament for the working people, so that at the last analysis they may say that they want a voice in selling their labor, in determining hours that shall not be burdensome and in demanding a share of the wealth they create and if it is necessary to strike the fund will supply bread to maintain the long siege."

As a social factor the speaker said that strikes were always elevating, as men to replace those thrown out of work in an unsuccessful strike were either previously unemployed or probably not getting as high wages, while those out of work could not do worse than trade places with the others, though, being of a superior moral courage and stamina, they would probably maintain their previous level.

What would be the present conditions if it were not for the strikes of early times in this country and England he said he would rather leave to the imagination than attempt to describe.

Of the coal strike he said that it was the outbreak of desperate men against the conditions that had prevailed for twenty-five years, and that, deplorable as were some of its results, yet all should agree that it had made for the general good and had made the people think of great problems in a new attitude, compelling study of the relations not only of employer to employee, but also of man to man, and he congratulated all who had contributed to the strike.

The educational value of the labor movement, he said, was found in the fact that we are moving toward the day when reason shall take the place of force, and the worker was being educated to think not of himself alone, but to help bear the burdens of others.

THE MATRON'S SPEECH.

Eloquence That Quelled a Riot In a Military Hospital.

In the "Memories of a Hospital Matron" a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, who was head of a Confederate hospital during the war, relates this exciting incident:

"Our steward, a meek little man, came to me one day, pale with fright, and said that the convalescents had stormed the bakery, taken out the half cooked bread and scattered it about the yard, beaten the baker and threatened to hang the steward. I hurried to the scene to throw myself into the breach before the surgeon should arrive with the guard and arrest the offenders. I found the new bakery leveled to the ground and 200 excited men clamoring for the bread which, they declared, the steward withheld from them from meanness or stole for his own benefit.

"'And what do you say of the matron?' I asked, rushing among them. 'Do you think that she, through whose hands the bread must pass, is a party to the theft? Do you accuse me, who have nursed you through months of illness, making you chicken soup when we had not seen a chicken for a year, forcing an old breastbone to do duty for months for those unreasonable fellows who wanted to see the chicken; me, who gave you a greater variety in peas than was ever known before and who lately stewed your rats when the cook refused to touch them? And this is your gratitude! You tear down my bakehouse, beat my baker and want to hang my steward!'

"To my surprise the angry men laughed and cheered. A few days later there came to me a 'committee' of two sheepish looking fellows to ask my acceptance of a ring. Each of the poor men had subscribed something from his pittance, and their old enemy, the steward, had been sent to town to make the purchase. Accompanying the ring was a bit of dirty paper on which was written, 'For our chief matron, in honor of her brave conduct on the day of the bread riot.'"

THE COOKBOOK.

To prevent eggs from cracking when they are boiling, place a pin in the saucepan.

If you get too much salt in the gravy, a pinch of brown sugar will remedy the saltness without hurting the gravy in the least.

When onions are of too strong flavor to be pleasant for sauce, boil a turnip with them, but remove it before using the onions.

Never fry more than six oysters at once unless you have a very large kettle of fat. If more are cooked, they will soak grease and take a long time to brown.

Don't forget that mincemeat is a great deal better to be made a week or ten days before it is to be used. The spices and cider, etc., have thus time to percolate the apple and meat.

Peanut salad is an excellent accompaniment for roast duck. Soak a cupful of peanut meats in olive oil, drain and mix lightly with two cupfuls of finely cut celery and a dozen pitted olives. Serve with mayonnaise dressing on lettuce leaves.

Plea For the Wooden Shoe.

"We have wisely taken to wearing sandals," says a Philadelphia physician. "I hope that before long we will learn the advantage of the wooden shoe, or sabot. Do you know that a great many diseases are due to leather shoes, due to the wearing all day long of tight leather that is often, in bad weather, water soaked? And do you know that by the wearing of wooden shoes, which keep the feet dry and which do not 'draw,' all those diseases might be avoided? I have several pairs of sabots, and so have my wife and children. They cost about 30 cents a pair and keep the feet dry, without cramping them or making them unhealthily tender. I believe that the wisest thing Americans could do would be to take up the sandal and the sabot, discarding altogether the shoe of leather."

Didn't Know About Cashboys.

Uncle Podunk (shopping in town, to saleswoman) — How much fer them socks?

Saleswoman — Twenty-five cents a pair.

Uncle Podunk (putting his hand in his pocket)—All right. Gimme a pair.

Saleswoman — Yes, sir. Cash, here! C-a-a-a-s-h!

Uncle Podunk — Thunder and mud, woman! Ye needn't holler it so durn loud! I know it's cash here, an' ain't I feelin' fer it as fast as I kin?—New York Times.

Galvani's Discovery.

It is to the wife of Professor Galvini of Bologna that is due the credit of having discovered the electrical battery which bears his name. Some skinned frogs lay upon the table, and, noticing a convulsive movement in their limbs, she called her husband's attention to the strange fact, who instituted a series of experiments, and in 1791 he laid the foundation of the galvanic battery.

Their Luck.

"Just my luck," said Borem. "She's always out when I call."

"So she was telling me," said Miss Peppery.

"She told you the same thing, eh?"

"Yes. Only she said it was just her luck."—Philadelphia Press.

Hard Luck.

She—Because I cannot marry you do not be disheartened. You must face the world bravely.

He—It isn't a question of the world; I've got to face my creditors.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Nothing to Conceal.

The fair plaintiff in the breach of promise case was undergoing a cross examination at the hands of the attorney for the defense.

"Now, Miss Gurleigh," he said, "how long had you known the defendant in this case before he asked you to marry him?"

"About five years, I think."

"Did he ever go with any other young women, so far as you know?"

"Oh, yes; several."

"Was he engaged to any of them?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"He was not; very good. When did he begin coming to see you?"

"About two years ago."

"Just so; about two years ago. Did he ever ask your father for permission to pay his addresses to you?"

"Hold on!" interposed the other lawyer. "I object."

"So did papa!" snapped the fair plaintiff.—Chicago Tribune.

Prolonging the Agony.

Gagger—How did you like my vaudeville turn last night?

Crittick—Well, I didn't think you took proper advantage of your opportunities.

Gagger—You didn't think so, eh?

Crittick—No; you had several opportunities to get off the stage much sooner than you did.—Philadelphia Press.

Here's Hoping.

"I played the part of a sage at the fancy dress party last night, and Miss Richgirl asked me to advise her."

"What did you tell her?"

"I told her she ought to marry some poor man."

"Is she going to?"

"I don't know. I haven't asked her yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Coarsely Practical.

"I'm afraid you will not make a pecuniary success of your profession," said the physician's friend.

"Why not?"

"You tell people what's the matter with them in ordinary language. You can't scare a man thoroughly unless you give him a little Latin and Greek."—Washington Star.

Evidence.

"They say that a man can't tell a lie with his hands open."

"Yes, and I have evidence of it."

"What?"

"You clinched your fists when you called me a scoundrel the other day."—Chicago News.

How Glorious!

Jones—What would you do if you were to wake up tomorrow morning and find yourself famous?

Bones—Lie down again and sleep till I felt like getting up for once.

Their Luck.

"Just my luck," said Borem. "She's always out when I call."

"So she was telling me," said Miss Peppery.

"She told you the same thing, eh?"

"Yes, only she said it was just her luck."—Philadelphia Press.

Proof Positive.

Hix—I noticed your wife sitting by the window sewing this morning. I thought you told me yesterday she was ill.

Dix—So she was, but today she's on the mend.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sentenced For Life.

"What did Miss Antique do when she was finally successful in finding a man under her bed—send for a policeman?"

"No; she sent for a minister."—Judge.

When Language Fails.

Philologists have told us how
Our language gradually grew
To the profuseness it has now
From simple sounds a very few.
How aboriginally we
Expressed in grunts our love and hate,
Our joy and grief, which you'll agree
Was really most inadequate.

How later came the formal word
That, spoken, stood for this or that—
For implement or beast or bird
Or flesh or fowl or round or flat.
And followed then the parts of speech—
The verb, the adjective and noun—
And eke the other six that teach
Our sorely puzzled youth to frown.

Then words and words on words were piled,
And lexicons by scores were made;
The wells of English undefiled
In time grew much too deep to wade.
But, oh, how feeble language is
When people heedless leave the car
Or enter it in front—gee whiz!
It is indeed too weak by far!

—Chicago Daily News.

JUST LIKE MOTHER.

An Early Morning Letter With an Important Announcement.

That domestic ambulance corps of which mother or wife or sister has charge, being accustomed to all the accidents that befall heedless men folk, can sometimes deal with them at long range. Thus the New York Mail and Express tells how, at 6 o'clock in the morning of the wedding day, a post-office messenger rang the bell at the home of the bride to be and handed out a special delivery letter.

It was addressed to the best man, who had come forty miles to second his best friend in the ceremony, and was, with several others, the guest of the bride's parents. The best man was still sound asleep, but he was promptly awakened on the supposition that the letter must contain something of importance.

It did, indeed. Rubbing his eyes in an effort to understand, he tore open the envelope and was astonished to find a sheet of letter paper, with a large needle of the sort men always choose when emergency compels them to sew thrust through it and a foot of black thread doubled and trailing in a loose tangle down the page.

The best man thought it was a joke, but he could not see it, and he was about to become resentful when, upon turning the sheet, he found this hastily written note:

Dear Brother—Mother says there is a button off your dress coat. It is in your waistcoat, right hand pocket. Sew it on.

Crawling out of bed, the best man examined his coat and laughed to see that the situation had been accurately described in the letter. "Just like mother," he said. "She has probably lost a whole night's sleep thinking about that button."

Later in the day four bridesmaids gleefully assisted in making the repairs, and this telegram went to mother:

Button sewed on. Don't worry.

KEEPING A LOGBOOK.

The System of Abbreviations Used on Merchant Vessels.

How many landsmen know how a logbook is written up? It seems just as complicated as double entry bookkeeping when one does not know, but after a little careful attention and study it's as easy to keep a logbook as to eat hot gingerbread. There is a list of letters arranged, and they look like so much Greek to the uneducated.

The letter b, for instance, stands for blue sky, whether there be clear or hazy atmosphere. C means cloudy or detached, opening clouds; d denotes drizzling rain; a small j, fog; capital F, thick fog; g, gloomy, dark weather; h, hail; l, lightning, and m, misty or hazy so as to interfere with the view.

The letter o represents overcast or when the whole sky is covered with one impenetrable cloud. Passing showers are noted by the letter p, and q indicates the weather to be squally. Continuous rain is indicated by an r, snow by an s and thunder by a t. Any ugly, threatening appearance in the weather calls for the letter u, and visibility of distant objects, whether the sky be cloudy or not, is represented by the letter v. A small w is wet dew. A full point or dot under any letter denotes an extraordinary degree. As an example of how the letters are used take q p d l t. This reads very hard squalls and showers of drizzle, accompanied by lightning, with very heavy thunder. Numerals denote the force of the wind. A cipher indicates calm, 1 light air, 2 light breeze, 3 gentle breeze, 4 moderate breeze, 5 fresh breeze, 6 strong breeze, 7 moderate gale, 8 fresh gale, 9 strong gale, 10 whole gale, 11 storm, 12 hurricane. This system of abbreviation is generally adhered to on all merchant vessels.

Quicksands.

Quicksands have a horrible fascination for writers and readers of fiction, and the reality is every bit as bad as fancy paints it. One of the most remarkable quicksand accidents occurred years ago in New Zealand. Two prospectors were wading across the mouth of a small stream running into the sea in the north island of New Zealand. Both stepped into a quicksand. One who merely touched the edge of it got loose. The other sank rapidly and, in spite of his companion's efforts, was sucked under. When an attempt was made to recover the body, it was found that the sand was enormously rich in gold. From a single ton of it £300 worth of gold was washed.—Pearson's.

His Audience.

First Pianist—Did you have much of an audience at your recital yesterday afternoon?

Second Pianist—Splendid! There were two men, three women and a boy. The boy, I afterward learned, was employed about the place, and the two men came in for shelter, as it was raining at the time, but the three women were all right. They came to hear me, I know, for I gave them the passes myself.—Boston Transcript.

He Took the Watch.

It is told of the late Dr. Parker that when a very, very, very good young man came to him asking whether he should accept for certain special service a gold watch from an agnostic employer he replied: "Take it, my lad; take it. If he had been a Christian, perhaps he would not have offered it to you."

Great Labor Saver.

Customer—The metal in that knife you sold me is as soft as putty. It got dull the first time I used it.

Dealer—Y-e-s, but think how easy it will be to sharpen.—New York Weekly.

Men who mind their own business are usually successful because they have very little competition.—Chicago News.

THE COURT OF CUPID

SOME DEFINITIONS OF LOVE, POETIC AND OTHERWISE.

Differing Tones That Blend Into a Harmonious Matrimonial Chord. Diverse Views as to What Constitutes "The Ideal Woman."

Tennyson says in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. With the young men and women of Vigo county consideration of this interesting theme is not confined to one season. It has the right of way at all times and seasons.

Definitions of love were being discussed when a refined woman said the most comprehensive and beautiful definition she had ever seen was written by Amanda Douglas. Here it is:

"Love comes with truth in her heart and constancy in every pulse to sit down an everlasting guest in the hearts of those who truly welcome her. If there are sorrows and storms, she spreads her wings for an ark of shelter; if toil and care, she lightens them with her blessed smile. No room for regrets or jealousies, for both are true in deed and thought; no coldness, for she stands between them and the frosts of time. Year by year they grow into perfect accord, bringing heaven nearer with every dawn.

"Can such love ever fail?"

A jolly girl present said, "Love is a tickling sensation round the heart that cannot be scratched."

A modest, blushing young lady remarked, "It is something indescribable, must be spontaneous, cannot be bought or coaxed into being and when it grows cold cannot be warmed." Still we hear people constantly saying, "I learned to love him."

There is no subject upon which a man or woman, young or middle aged, provided they are not married, will become so animated as "my ideal woman" and "my ideal man."

Usually the tall men and women admire those of medium or diminutive stature; the fat, the lean; the blond, the brunette; the jolly, the sedate. The union of two people with different characteristics, provided they agree on the fundamentals, makes a harmonious whole, the one furnishing the needed complement of the other.

The lawyer prefers the woman averse to arguing. He gets his sufficiency of close reasoning in the courtroom. The garrulous man seeks a good listener. The conceited one admires the modest woman who enjoys burning incense before his altar. The man of few words picks out the woman of bright conversational powers.

It is difficult to surmise from a man's general attributes what is his ideal woman.

I asked a Terre Haute gentleman who has been much in public life and has been thrown with many brilliant women what was his ideal woman. I was surprised to hear him say emphatically not a convention woman or one who goes about delivering speeches and lectures upon a public rostrum. "My ideal woman is one who can hold her own in conversation with other women and men of brains in the parlor, who is self reliant, yet looks to a man and depends upon him; not too good to drink a glass of wine, to tell a good story if the occasion warrants it, yet she must not be carried off her feet. She must be able to work both physically and mentally and be ashamed to follow in the wake of idle women."

A society young man not given to explicit statements has confided this much about his ideal woman. She must be good looking. Perish the thought of sitting opposite an ugly woman at the table one thousand and ninety-five times in a year. His ideal woman must not be bold, still not afraid of athletic sports; must be a good golf and tennis player, ride a horse with confidence, fire a gun, row with a steady stroke. "A superb looking, well proportioned woman in the saddle is a sight for the gods." Anything but a namby pamby woman, one afraid of her shadow, for this young fellow.

There is a proverb that runs thus: "Whistling girls and crowing hens always come to some bad end." At least one Terre Haute gentleman thinks this is an absurd statement. In fact, the ability to whistle well he regards as an essential in his ideal woman. And she must have rich, glossy hair, luminous dark eyes, shapely hands and finger nails, dainty feet, be jolly and companionable, a person to cheer a fellow up when worried and worn out with business. No bookworm or woman's suffrage advocate can be classed as his ideal. A lover of music, not the ultra classic, is an essential for this gentleman's ideal woman.

A bold, dashing youth holds as his ideal a womanly woman, even to timidity, but morally brave, one who will regard him as her oak and clasp her soft tendrils about him for support. This dependence, he avers, will keep him at his best and his ideal refined, sweet, noble, human.—Susan W. Ball in Terre Haute Gazette.

His Apology.

"You mustn't eat with your knife," said the city relative reprovingly.

"Excuse me," answered Farmer Corntossel penitently. "I thought they was regular knives. I didn't know they was only imitation, same as the pillow-shams."—Washington Star.

She Did.

Returned Traveler—I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her hair. Did she ever get even with him?

Old Friend—Long ago. She married him.—Illustrated Bits.

Nothing can be truly great which is not right.—Johnson.