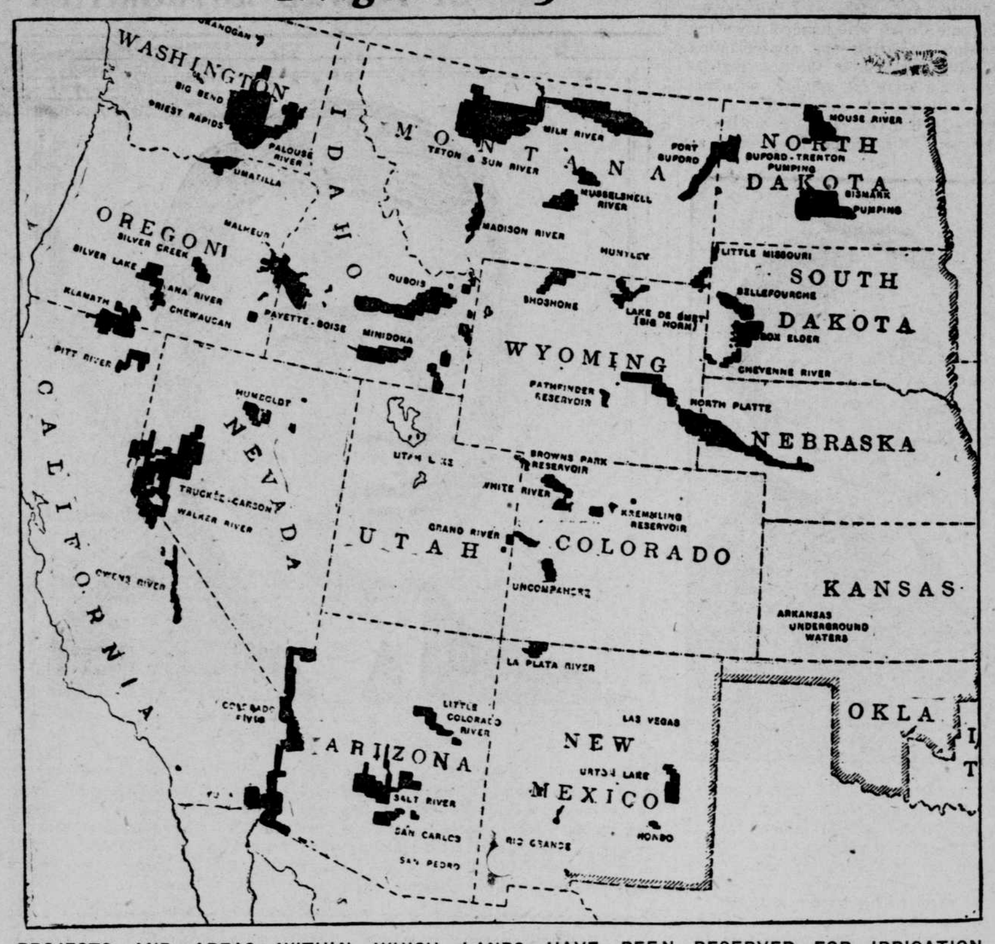
Uncle Sam's Vast Projects for Irrigation of the Waste Lands



PROJECTS AND AREAS WITHIN WHICH LANDS HAVE BEEN RESERVED FOR IRRIGATION AND RECLAMATION.

TAMPED WITH RED CLAY.

Traveler Tells How Firecrackers Are Made in China.

"I noticed a lot of fireworks in an East Water street window recently," said a Minneapolis man to the Milwaukee News. "When I was in China I used to see them made. The firecracker has been in use there a few thousand years. Few people outside of China know the method of manufacture. The straw paper is first rolled by hand around an iron rod, which varies in size according to the size of the cracker to be made. To complete the rolling a rude machine is used. This consists of two uprights supporting an axis, from which is suspended by two arms a heavy piece of wood slightly convex on the lower side. There is just room between this swinging block and the top of the table to place the cracker. As each layer of paper is put on by hand the cracker is placed upon the table and the suspended weight is drawn over the roll, thus tightening it until no more can be passed under the weight. For the small 'whip' cracker the workman uses for compression instead of this machine a heavy piece of wood fitted with a handle like that of a carpenter's plane. In filling crackers 200 or 300 are tied together in a bunch. Red clay is spread over the end of each cracker with a punch. While the clay is being tamped in a little water is sprayed on it, which makes it pack closer. The powder is poured in the other end of the cracker. With the aid of an awl the edge of the paper is turned in at the upper end of the cracker and the fuse is inserted through this. That is the way the Chinese make them. In China they can be purchased at a cost of sixty-two cents for 10,000, although the best quality commands twice that price."

Painter Had Studied Subject.

Great vigilance has to be exercised by the antiquarian painter. This was demonstrated by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's picture, "The Finding of Moses." Looking at the picture, a well-known botanist examined with admiration the painting of the lifelike larkspurs which form the foreground, and then turning toward the artist and congratulating nim on the successful rendering, pointed out that the larkspurs were of comparatively recent growth. The painter laughed as he replied, "So I thought, until dried specimens of them were discovered in some of the recently explored royal tombs of Egypt."

How We "Get On."

Getting on means, according to our philosophy, getting a lot of money, anyhow, by any means; living in a big house chockful of furniture; eating and drinking what we call the best, which doctors will tell you means things very bad for the liver, leading to dyspepsia, chronic headache, and general distaste of life; dressing ourselves in expensive clothes, in which we fancy our stout persons look remarkably well; inviting hundreds of people to our house, the majority of whom we personally dislike; dressing our daughters like peacocks, and paying two or three hundred a year to have our boys taught football.—J. K. Jerome, in "To-day."

Emerson Saluted by Swimmers.

The following story was told by the Rev. Theodore Williams, late principal of Hackley, Mass., who was acquainted with Ralph Waldo Emerson:

A number of boys were swimming in Walden pond, when Emerson was seen approaching.

"Oh, there is Emerson," one said, and all scrambled for their hats. When he went by he had to pass a row of naked boys, who were taking off their hats to him.

Emerson returned the politeness, as far as his hat went, but retained his apparel.

LIMIT HAD BEEN REACHED.

Clergyman's Threat of Making Trouble Had Little Weight.

De Wolf Hopper, back in New York and at the Lambs' Club, is authority for a story which contains rather a fair amount of philosophy. "Often when I have been having a run of hard luck," the comedian declares, "this tale has made me see the humorous side of the proverbial 'last straw.'

"While we were traveling in the Middle West one day last March my attention was attracted to a sorrowful looking man with a small boy who sat across the way from me. Opposite the pair was a lanky clergyman of the sort who make's every one's business his own. The man was berating the boy, and, judging by appearances, the clergyman didn't like it. Finally, goaded on by some particularly violent rebuke, the minister leaned forward and said: 'I can't permit you to talk that way to your son. If you persist I'll make trouble for you.'

"Evidently this was too much for pater familias. He broke out violently 'You'll make trouble for me!' he exclaimed with infinite scorn. 'You'll make trouble for me! My wife fell off the train at Des Moines, I lost my hat out of the car window twenty minutes ago, this kid has just sat on the lunch and you'll make trouble for me!'"

Precious Stones' Rivals.

Talk about a yellow peril! Jewelers face enemies that are green, brown pink and blue, in the form of necklaces of semi-precious stones, which have become so popular they have caused a slump in the sale of diamonds, says the New York Press. Many women who would scorn to wear imitation gems, no matter how attractive they were, are ready to adorn themselves with chains of kunzite, onyx and jade, for those minerals make no pretense of being other than they are and are wonderfully effective. Mrs. George Gould has a necklace of the water stones of Uruguay, which she sometimes wears with white gowns. They are semitransparent and every one holds a drop of water in its center which moves with every motion. With simple attire such ornaments are much more suitable than pearls.

Making It Easy for Him.

"The most difficult part of a pastor's duty," said a well-known preacher, "is the pastoral calls. I have always remembered one of the first I ever made, when I was a green youth just out of theological seminary. I had been called to the bedside of a member of my church, who was well known for his peculiarities and crankiness. After talking with him a few minutes, I said:

"'Shall I offer a short prayer with you?'

"'Short or long, use your own judgment,' he said.

"More and more embarrassed I hesitated, and then said: 'What shall I pray for?'

"'Exercise your own discretion as to selection of topics,' said he."

SCIENCE OF THE GHOSTLY

Andrew Lang Tells of Mysterious Experiences for Which He Is Unable to Find Any Explanation

Andrew Lang, relating mysterious experiences of his own, says: "I did once believe myself to have met the late Prof. Conington in Oriel lane at Oxford and said so to my friends next day. Mr. Conington was, in fact, on his death bed at Boston and died within two days. But people who never saw him may think that mistaken identity explains the case. He was in cap and gown, close to his college gate, and I could have sworn to him; that is all I know. But on two other occasions I saw—once in the hall of an old manor and once through my study window at my door—two friends, neither of whom was bodily present. They are alive and well.

"I have superintended experiments in staring into a glass ball for the purpose of trying to detect the object of the thought of a third person not in contact with the gazer and the results left no shadow of doubt in my mind that something strange was occurring. The gazer would describe not only the person, never seen or heard of by her, of whom the other party to the experiment was thinking, but would also describe that person's dress and what he or she was doing or had recently been doing.

"A series of such successes, tempered by three or four failures, persuaded me that, whether you call the process 'telepathy' or associate it with the 'N' rays (which I reckon absurd), there exists a faculty in human nature which demands attention. If only the general public would understand the importance of recording instantly, with corroboration, all cases of hallucinations of the sane, of coincidental dreams and so forth that occur, we might make swifter advances."

Unfortunate Selection.

"You say the prisoner was singing. Did you notice the song?"

"Yes, your honor. He repeated it so many times that it impressed itself upon my memory. It was something about a daffydil."

"A new song?"

"I had never heard it before, your honor. It was a sentimental song—something in the popular line. No doubt your honor knows the sort."

"Perhaps I do. Can you sing it, officer?"

"I can make the attempt, your honor. The air is simple, but the words are a trifle hard. Do you want me to sing it, sir?"

"Yes. Silence in the court."

"One moment, your honor. Will your honor kindly recollect that the prisoner was intoxicated at the time, and that it was not altogether easy to catch the exact words?"

"Proceed with the song."

"Yes, your honor. It was like this: 'By shaty noog an' gug-gling rill I sawed for thee, my Daffydil. I bat my heart bees till, bees till, an' cried allouJ for Daffydil. Oh, Daffydil, my Daffydil, I love thee still an-never will. The days zat go are all zo slow, I miz see zo, my Daffydil!'"

"You say the prisoner sang that?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Six months at hard labor. Next case."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bars Wedding Rehearsals.

Rev. Charles E. Guthrie, pastor of Park Place Methodist Episcopal church, Baltimore, announces that in future he will refuse to read the marriage service at rehearsing parties. Moreover, he discourages the idea of fashionable weddings in churches, which make rehearsals necessary, holding that such affairs make too much of the dramatic effect and dress display and too little of the solemnity of the obligation that is being assumed. Mr. Guthrie believes that an important contributing cause to the divorce evil lies in the fading out of the religious idea regarding marriage.

Keep Hats on Straight.

Policemen in Washington have received an order to see that their helmets are on straight

Poor Cookery in England.

"Of all the arts, that of cookery is the least known in England." So said the bishop of Salford to the girls of the Manchester high school, says a London correspondent. Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh. The bishop has perhaps suffered But this wail is not new. It was Voltaire who moaned that England had fifty religions and only one sauce From time to time the brave men who having found after labor and pain, a good cook, have made sure of her by marrying her, have been regarded with envy by ladies and silent admiration by men. It is to be hoped that the girls of Manchester will invariably digest the remarks of the bishop.

Communion for Sir Knights.

The communion was administered to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem on June 24 in the crypt chapel of St. John's, Clerkenwell, London. The last service was held there in 1540, just before the priory of the order was dissolved by Henry VIII. The crypt is 700 years old, but is in excellent preservation

American League Notes.

Lajoie thinks the "spit" ball should be abolished.

Captain Collins looks about fifteen pounds over weight.

Emmett Heidrick is playing occasionally with the Clarion (Pa.) team.

Harry Bay again is playing a remarkably speedy game for the Clevelands.

Hickman is back at Detroit's first base, Sam Crawford having returned to the outfield.

It is rumored that Tri-State managers are after the Chicago American battery, Smith and McFarland.

The Washington Post thinks that Lew Drill is a 50 per cent better player than he was when with Washington.

Manager McAleer said that nothing astonished him so much as that Heidrick failed to report to him for duty this spring.

For a team minus two star outfielders, Barrett and McIntyre, the Detroit bunch is running along in a manner very much to the Japanese.

Clark Griffith has signed George Duquette, a young left-hander of the Paterson team, Hudson River league. Griffith saw him pitch against Poughkeepsie on Sunday. He will give him a month's chance to make good.

The suspension of Pitcher Joss and Catcher Buelow, of Cleveland, lasted only three days. In consequence of that punishment Manager Lajoie has positively prohibited all wrangling with the umpires for any cause whatever.

National League News.

Selee's new pitcher, Ruelbach, is certainly a wonder.

Clancy is of the opinion that Ames has the best curve he ever saw.

Cincinnati has taken an upward slant since Jack Barry was placed on the first bag.

"This year will about close independent baseball leagues," says President Harry Pulliam.

Johnny King of Chicago says barring accidents he will catch one hundred games again this season.

Fred Odwell is playing 18-carat ball in the Cincinnati sun field and slamming out the ball in the good old way.

The Cincinnati club has sold Catcher Cliff Blankenship to Seattle, giving him half of the purchase money, about $500.

The Pittsburg club has yielded to Otis Clymer, who demanded his release or $150, which had been deducted as fines. He got the $150.

All Jack Barry needs is a frequent change of scene. He is now going as fast for Cincinnati as he did for the Phillies and Chicago when he first joined them.

The Boston club has decided to release Outfielder Bayard F. Sharpe to make room for "Cosy" Dolan. A report had it that Young, Wolverton, Sharpe, Raymer and Delehanty had decided to jump in a bunch to the outlaw Tri-State league. Manager Tenney and Harry Wolverton denied the report over their signatures.

Southern League.

Manager Otto Jordan of Atlanta leads his team in batting with an average of .300.

The Birmingham club has sold Pitcher Sales to the Meridan club, of the Cotton States league.

Just outside Atlanta, Ga., there is a baseball team composed of seven brothers and two cousins, all the members of the nine answering to the name of Jenkins. All the members are bricklayers in the off season.

Little Rock has loaned Montgomery the services of Catcher Andy Anderson, who was drafted by Detroit last year, but reverted to Little Rock. He recently refused to report to Little Rock because that club refused to pay him salary from the beginning of the season.

Three prominent directors of the Montgomery club have signified their dissatisfaction, it is said, at the management of Tom O'Brien by resigning. The association has a year's contract with O'Brien, and it is said that he will be offered full pay for the rest of the season if he will resign.

Big Bill Phillips, the New Orleans twirler, is leading batters of the Southern League. Eddie Hahn, a newcomer, who is receiving his first trial in fast minor league company is a close second and really leads, as he has played in five times as many games as Phillips participated in. There are thirteen "three hundred" hitters in the Southern league. Weikart is leading the home run batters with five to his credit. Duffy is leading the base runners with twenty stolen bases.

American Association.

The St. Paul club has released Catcher Elmer Pierce and Jack Zalusky.

President Grillo goes on record with the prediction that Toledo will finish in the first division.

Critics in the American Association cities pick Milwaukee to win the pennant in that league.

They say that Jack Doyle is far from being all in. He is banging the ball at a stout clip for Toledo.

Catcher William Schriever of the Louisville club has been given his unconditional release by President Tebeau.

For three weeks Ed Grillo has been trying to get Gessler, the Brooklyn outfielder, but has just found out that Hanlon has decided to keep "Brownie."

Infielder Barbeau of Columbus has now shown himself in every town and has pulled off plays which have forced the people to give him a bang-up rating.

For a man who is supposed to be all in and his baseball days ended, Infielder Jack O'Brien, of Watervliet, is putting up a grand article for Milwaukee.

New York Americans won't get Tate Cromley and Frank Roth, the Indianapolis battery. "We are trying to strengthen our team instead of weakening it," says Manager Barrow.

Outfielder Charley Hemphill, of the St. Paul team, formerly of St. Louis, has made a record for batting safely in thirty-three successive games. Pitcher Scott on June stopped him.

Three-I League.

Pitcher Harry Wallace of Richmond has signed with Rock Island.

John Gertenreich, a Chicago outfielder, has been signed by Decatur.

Dubuque has released and Bloomington has signed Pitcher Guy Balliet.

The Springfield club has released Pitchers Frank Dick and Clarence Holmes.

Taft, released by Springfield, has been signed by Decatur as change catcher.

The Davenport club has signed Outfielder Harry Reed, late of the Missouri Valley league.

JOHNNY EVERS.

Second Baseman of the Chicago (N. L.) Club.

The Peoria club has signed O'Leary and Schafer of Chicago, and Dorsa of Dallas, Tex., all infielders.

The Springfield club has signed G. J. Shea, a catcher, hailing from St. Louis, and Pitcher J. A. Swan of Louisville.

Dubuque has signed Pitcher Koukalish of Chicago; Pitcher Mertens of St. Louis and Infielder Henry Reitz of Milwaukee.

At Davenport, Iowa, June 11, all Three-Eyes league records for long inning games were broken when Davenport and Decatur batted for sixteen innings before a man was sent across the home plate. Davenport won in the sixteenth on singles by Harrod and Hughes and a wild throw from the field by Shea, Decatur's center fielder. Both Hughes and Barry pitched great ball.

Central League.

Pitcher Teddy Corbett has been purchased by Portland from the St. Paul club.

The Seattle club has purchased Catcher Cliff Blankenship from the Cincinnati club.

Catcher John B. McLean of the Portland team and Miss Rose M. Knepper of St. Louis were married at Los Angeles, June 10.

Gus Klopf has "yumped his yob" as umpire in the Pacific Coast league. The life was a bit too strenuous for Gus, who got the hammer good and plenty in every town. W. B. Bray has been appointed to succeed Klopf.

There has not been a .300 hitter in this league to date this season. Not a player, not even a fielder, has hit up to this mark. No wonder Morley wants to do something for more batting.

The Webfooters have at last taken a brace and have risen from the cellar to third place. The Portland boys are hitting opportunely and although the pitching staff is not in the best of condition, the twirlers are all working hard and playing good ball.

Pete Lohman, the veteran catcher with the Oakland team, proposes that the rules be changed so that the same rule which applies to runners at first apply to the plate. This would do away with the mixups which follow an effort to touch a runner sliding home, in which any number of catchers are knocked out every year.

Few Timepieces in Liberia

A young negro from Liberia, George H. Northam, is now visiting this country, from which his parents emigrated to the negro republic many years ago, spoke of an interesting phase of the trade in Liberia.

"It is a curious fact that we buy very few clocks. They are regarded, I know, as an essential part of the furnishings of the home in all civilized countries. The comparatively small number of our people who have fairly good incomes have clocks in their houses. But most of the Liberians are farmers and laborers, and they never think of purchasing a clock. The fact is, they have little use for clocks, and I think the reason will interest you.

"You know, our country is only a few degrees north of the equator. The result is that for a good part of the year the sun rises at exactly 6 o'clock, or within a few minutes of it, and sets at 6 o'clock. Here are two points of time quite accurately fixed for us.

"Then when the sun is directly overhead it is noon. Of course, the sun in its apparent movements between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn varies a little in these positions, but only a little anywhere in the tropics, and the most ignorant of our people soon become expert in determining the time for all positions of the sun.

"I do not suppose there is a man or woman in Liberia who cannot tell the time in any part of the day within fifteen minutes of the true time, and usually with a closer approximation. When the farmer is in the field he knows exactly when to go home to dinner, and his wife has the meal waiting for him as he reaches the house.

"If he has an appointment at 3 p. m., and also has the habit of punctuality, he meets his engagement almost on the minute. Our farmers say they have not the slightest use for clocks. I presume Liberia is the only country with any claim to civilization that does not regard clocks as necessary in the business of life.

"I am told that down in the Congo Free State the missionaries teach the natives to read the information that a clock gives. This is very well as a matter of information, but the natives understand the relation of the sun to the time of day as well as we do, and I do not think a large number of clocks will ever be sold to them."—New York Sun.

Easy to Be Mathematicians

A certain representative in congress from a Brooklyn district used to teach school. Yesterday he met a former pupil in the person of a prosperous young merchant of Manhattan, who now has youngsters of his own old enough for school. The merchant is as mild-mannered a man as one could hope to find.

"Congressman," said the business man, "do you remember telling my father once what a remarkable mathematician I was developing into?"

"Very well," said the representative. "Have you retained your interest in mathematics?"

"No. I never had any interest in mathematics," said the business man.

"Indeed!" said the representative; "why you were the best mathematician I ever had."

The business man laughed.

"Say, do you remember what a remarkable class you thought ours was for mathematics?" he asked.

"The best the school ever had," the legislator declared.

"And do you remember how often 'Fat' McGowan used to fall down stairs?"

The representative had forgotten "Fat's" mishaps.

"Well," said the business man, "for the sake of speed in class work, you used to list the names in the class, and after each name put the answer to the problem given out to that particular pupil. I've forgotten who it was that discovered that you kept this list on your desk, but one of us did, and after that we used to get you out of the room in some way long enough to copy that list. We had a good many different contrivances, but the favorite one was to have 'Fat' McGowan ask to leave the room and then fall down stairs. While you were out picking up 'Fat' we used to run to your desk and get the answers to the problems.

"I will say, though," he added, "that you made me ashamed of myself once during that performance. After you told my father what a fine mathematician I was becoming he gave me half a dollar. I can remember even now that I was a little ashamed to take the old man's 50 cents."—New York Press.

An Old Kentucky Earthquake

This vivid description of an earthquake was written by Audobon, the naturalist. It occurred in the year 1812: "Traveling through the barrens of Kentucky in the month of November, I was jogging on one afternoon when I remarked a sudden and strange darkness rising from the western horizon. I had proceeded about a mile when I heard what I imagined to be the distant rumbling of a violent tornado, on which I spurred my steed, with a wish to gallop as fast as possible to a place of shelter; but it would not do; the animal knew better than I what was forthcoming, and instead of going faster, so nearly stopped that I remarked he placed one foot after another on the ground with as much precaution as if walking on a smooth sheet of ice. I thought he had suddenly foundered, and, speaking to him, was on the point of dismounting and leading him, when he all of a sudden fell a-groaning piteously, hung his head, spread out his four legs as if to save himself from falling, and stood stock still, continuing to groan.

"I thought my horse was about to die, and would have sprung from his back had a minute more elapsed, but at that instant all the shrubs and trees began to move from their very roots, the ground rose and fell in successive furrows, like the ruffled waters of a lake, and I became bewildered in my ideas, as I too plainly discovered that all this awful commotion in nature was the result of an earthquake. The fearful convulsion, however, lasted only a few minutes, and the heavens again brightened as quickly as they had become obscured; my horse brought his feet to their natural position, raised his head and galloped off as if loose and frolicking without a rider.

"Shock succeeded shock almost every day or night for several weeks, diminishing, however, so gradually as to dwindle away into mere vibrations of the earth. Strange to say, I for one became so accustomed to the feeling as rather to enjoy the fears manifested by others. The earthquake produced more serious consequences in other places."

Tells of Japanese Traits

Traitors among the Japanese officers are not treated pleasantly when their misconduct is discovered. Bennet Burleigh in his new book on Japan tells of an instance. Two Japanese transports laden with men, stores and heavy siege artillery had been suddenly attacked by the Russian Vladivostok squadron; one was sunk, the other escaped with difficulty. Who had given the information of the sailing of these ships? "The Japanese made search to find out who had blabbed and ultimately traced it to a high official in Tokyo, one holding sea rank and engaged in the admiralty. A Russian check for a large sum was traced into his hands. He was confronted with it and his receipt signature thereon. Then he was led into a secluded room, where a number of his fellow officers had gathered. They stripped him naked, spat upon him and kicked him to death."

An odd practice of firing the same shells two or even three times developed during the siege of Port Arthur. Mr. Burleigh says: "The Russians' supply of big-gun shells completely gave out, so continuous search was made for unexploded Japanese missiles. These, when found, we fired back from our guns and in some instances shells were found which had been twice fired at us by the Japanese. The fact that such was the case was shown by the copper gas-check bands, as our rifling is in the opposite direction to that of the Japanese guns, the bands showing two marks of their twist and one of ours."

Concerning the curious Japanese custom of carrying song birds when out for a walk the same author comments: "Yes, it seems ridiculous to see an oriental bearing a cage on either hand when he goes out for a ramble, with song birds for companions; no stick and no dog. But our grandfathers laughed consumedly when they saw the first umbrella opened in London. It seems but yesterday that I saw a lovely blossoming tree in a Tokyo junk shop, kept there solely for the owner's private delectation."

A Cruelly Deceived Woman

If it wasn't for the children the woman would get a divorce. She has been deceived for ten years. That is the period of her married life. The courtship leading up to that nuptial contract covered two years. In that time the man and woman wrote many letters. The woman wrote 746 and the man 715. The day before the wedding the woman said:

"Henry, have you kept all my letters?"

"Every one," said Henry.

"How sweet of you," murmured the woman. "Now, I'll tell you what we will do. I have made two sofa pillows, one for you and one for me. Instead of stuffing them with cotton or feathers or sweet balsam we will fill them with our old love letters and keep them forever and ever. Won't that be lovely?"

Henry said he thought it would be. So the woman gave him his pillow cover. It was very pretty, also it was appropriate. It was made of green satin embroidered in gold. It said "From one I love." His pillow also was an ornate affair. As soon as the woman and her husband went to housekeeping she placed the two pillows side by side on the sofa. When they began to get dusty she packed them away in scented tissue paper and put them in a dark claset. Once a week she took them out and patted them and said, "Dear Henry."

One day last week the woman remembered a certain poetic effusion she had one time written to Henry. She wished to see just how she had worded it, so she opened the soft pillow and looked for the letter. It was not there. none of her letters were there. Instead of stuffing his pillow with her loving epistles Henry, the wretch, had used old bills and business letters and circulars, because, as he shamelessly admitted when taxed with his disloyalty, he didn't want to take chances on being made to feel like a fool by having "all that tommy-rot brought up against him when he reached the age of gray hairs and discretion."