

Labor World

Trades Union Workers.

Opponents of the trade union movement are continually decrying the work performed by them, says the American Federationist. They are denounced as old, fossilized and reactionary. They are charged with being incapable of accomplishing any good in the interests of the working people; this, in spite of the very best evidence which is obvious to any observer or student.

The labor department, United Kingdom of Great Britain, has just issued its fifth annual report. It shows that all the principal groups of industries showed more or less a rise in wages. The result of all the changes recorded was a rise of about \$217,800 per week, of which the greater part is accounted for by the engineering, shipbuilding, mining and building industries. In round numbers, the workers have secured \$11,300,000 increase in wages annually through trade union effort.

Then again, 6,152 workmen had their hours of labor reduced (1,660 had their hours increased), the total net reduction in weekly hours amounting to 284,675, or an average reduction of 4.63 hours per week to all those affected. These figures do not include the engineers who enjoyed the eight-hour day during the great engineers' strike. The blast furnace men of the Cleveland district, 5,000 in number, who formerly worked 12 hours, succeeded in establishing the eight-hour day, or a total reduction of 28 hours per week for each man.

What have the opponents of the trades unions to offer to take the place of such substantial advantages and improvements? Their projects partake of the nature of leaving the bone for the shadow, a proceeding which our fellow unionists in the United States or Great Britain are not likely to take kindly to or follow.

Absolutely accurate and ample statistics in our country are not so readily at hand; but there is no doubt that to quite a degree the achievements of the workers of America will bear favorable comparison. Organization on trade union lines is not only wise and humane, but it pays the worker. It means material improvement, the forerunner of every political, social and moral development.

Industrial Notes.

There are about 350 female blacksmiths in Great Britain.

Coopers won strikes against reductions in wages in St. Joseph, Mo., and Detroit, Mich.

The Granite Cutters' Journal advises its members to keep away from all 10-hour day jobs.

The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor has sanctioned the boycott on the product of the wire nail trust.

The National Brotherhood of Blacksmiths offers \$10 and the Trunk and Bag Workers' International Union offers \$5 to organizers of the American Federation of Labor for every union formed by them of these crafts.

The Executive Board of the Colorado State Federation of Labor has sent out circulars covering a plan to secure the election of members of organized labor to the Legislature, both House and Senate, at the coming fall election.

An agreement has been made by the Masons and Builders' Association and the Brick Manufacturers' Association, of Chicago, to charge outsiders \$1 per thousand more for bricks than members of the associations. Officers of both associations say it will be the means of driving irresponsible contractors out of existence.

The International Socialist Congress held in 1896, London, England, resolved that the next congress should be held in Germany in 1899. The committee having the arrangements in charge have notified all concerned that they could not get permission to hold the congress under conditions where liberty of debate and the personal security of the delegates against arrest by the government would be assured; hence the congress will not take place in Germany, but is deferred to 1900, and it will be held in Paris, France.

Following this announcement comes a report that Emperor William of Germany, at a banquet, touched significantly upon the labor bill to be introduced in the Reichstag this winter. The Emperor said it would provide for the imprisonment of hard labor of anyone seeking to prevent workmen who are willing to work from pursuing their vocation, and would also provide for the punishment of those who even incited workmen to strike.

Achievements of Ancient Egypt.

White glass, of extreme purity, was known to the Chinese 2,300 years ago, for they were then already using astronomical instruments of which the lenses were presumably glass. Colored glass goes still farther back. In some of the most ancient tombs sarcophagi of glass have been found, imitating rubies, emeralds, sapphires and other precious stones, and the glass beads found broadcast in three parts of the globe were quite possibly passed off by Phoenician traders upon the confiding barbarians as jewels of great value. According to Egyptologists the Egyptians made sham jewels of glass at least 5,000 or 6,000 years B. C.

There are some people so afraid they will be fooled, that they refuse to believe the truth.

trees and shrubs, and found that he had a perfectly effective weapon. He also found that a spray of the same kind would keep flies off his horses.

Care of Heifers.

The development of a heifer depends very much on the intelligence of the owner. Some owners indulge in a fattening, others in a starvation policy. If the latter the animal is stunted and its digestion impaired, so that it is little good for any particular purpose; by the former she is fit only for the butcher. If you feed on grass, which is a flesh and fat producing food, she may be expected to yield little else than milk. Abundance of succulent, nutritious food will stimulate the glands that carry the milk. Ensilage is good feed for heifers, mixed with a dry corn hay, or wheat bran mixed with corn ensilage is better.

And then a heifer should be bred early, and if she drops her first calf at a year and a half old she will be the better milker. She should be fed liberally with food that will make growth rather than fatten. Do not feed with corn, but some oats may be given. If the milk production is large enough to keep the heifer thin in flesh. As already stated, intelligence is needed in the development of a heifer to a profitable dairy cow. Every farmer should give the matter more thought than has heretofore been the case, bearing in mind that fall calves thrive better and make better cows than those dropped in the spring.

The Soil Over Underdrains.

Always in digging an underdrain the lowest subsoil, often cold, hard and without vegetable mould, is more or less mixed with that dug near the surface, and which is usually richer. In filling the ditch this mixture continues, so that the soil that was dug from the bottom of the ditch may often be in the last spadeful thrown in. Yet we never know this to make any difference. Always crops of any kind show a better growth directly over the drain than they do on either side, even during the first season's growth. After a year or two the good effect of the drain extends to land on either side, as the soil freezes deeper when surplus water is removed from it, and the roots of plants can go deeper for moisture or plant food.

Apples for Cooking.

There are many sour apples that contain more saccharine matter than those that are called "sweet" only because they lack acidity. And there is some muddled acid in the varieties that are called sweet. It is the combination of sweet with acidity that makes the richest and best flavored apples either for eating raw or for cooking. Commonly, only those that are very distinctly acid have a good flavor when cooked, and they should be acid enough to require considerable sugar in cooking.

To Make Farming Pay.

While farmers with large areas sometimes claim that "farming don't pay," other farmers manage to live and save something on ten acres. One of the successful farmers on a small farm made it a rule when he went to market to bring home more money than he carried. His rule was to endeavor to sell, in value, more than he purchased, and to grow everything on the farm for his own use that the land would produce.

Farm Notes.

Fire is the best agent to use in getting rid of insects and their eggs. Every limb removed and all leaves and refuse under the trees should be burned and lime scattered on the surface of the ground.

Some growers burn the strawberry beds as soon as the ground is frozen, and then mulch the rows with clean straw or salt hay. By so doing weeds that have died down are cleared away and many seeds on the surface of the ground are destroyed.

It does not always pay to hold potatoes over, as hauling, shrinkage and decay during the time they are held will more than offset the extra price unless prices are very high. Then there is storage room to provide and labor incurred to caring for the tubers during the winter.

Ornamental trees serve to beautify a homestead and perform the part of windbreaks, but they pay because they add to the value of the farm. Paint is also a valuable adjunct in farming, as it gives the buildings an attractive appearance and assists in preserving them.

The importance of using plenty of seed may be mentioned from the fact that only 30 per cent. germinates on the average. The conditions of the soil, kind of seed, its age, and depth of planting must be considered, but the rule to be observed is to use rather more seed than too little.

An excellent time to select seed corn is when it is being husked. All seed corn should be kept in a dry place, and if hung up where the air can circulate through it, so much the better. In some sections seed corn is injured in winter by severe cold, but this danger is not so great if the seed is kept dry.

A special crop for the use of poultry is millet seed. The use of such seed for that purpose increases the number of eggs and enables the farmer to get a good price for his seed by keeping large numbers of hens. The yield is about twenty bushels per acre, and it can be grown on nearly all kinds of soils.

The amount of green food that can be grown on one acre is enormous. Experiments have shown that on an acre there may be grown 14 tons of pea vines, 24 tons of peas and oats (grown together), 37 tons of green corn, and 5 tons of second-growth clover. An acre of green food will provide more than will 5 acres of ordinary pasture.

TOPICS FOR FARMERS

A DEPARTMENT PREPARED FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Essential Prerequisites to Success in Subsoiling—How to Handle Deep-Intelligence of the Horse—New Use for Tomatoes—Farm Notes.

Plowing of any kind, including subsoiling, should be gradual, and not a sudden deepening over the former cultivation of the land, writes W. F. Massey in Home and Farm. Thorough drainage and aeration is one of the essential prerequisites to success in subsoiling. If the subsoil needs drainage there is little benefit to be derived from subsoiling, as it will run back together as soon as the subsoiling has been done. Then, too, where the immediate subsoil is a mellow, yellow clay, there is less evidence of benefit from subsoiling than where it is a hard, red clay, such as we have here, and such as is common in the uplands of Georgia. One of the greatest benefits to be expected from a good subsoiling of a hard clay soil is in its allowing the roots of the peas and other legumes to penetrate deeper, and hence to draw more mineral matters from the subsoil for the benefit of the upper layer. There are few tracts of the worn uplands in the South which can, with safety, be turned to the depth proposed at once, and before we can turn such soils safely to the depth of ten inches, or even less, the aeration of the subsoil must be done, and in no way that I know of can it be done except by the subsoiling of the hard pan just below the former run of the plow. I feel perfectly certain that little benefit will be noticed in the first crop from subsoiling where the land can safely be comminuted to the depth of eight or ten inches, and I would not care to subsoil any of our lands deeper than twelve inches, for this is as deep as it ever need be. Land that can be plowed to the depth of eight or ten inches without turning any of the "cold, clammy subsoil," needs very little subsoiling.

Handling Bees.

A good many people do not keep bees because they have a notion that bees do not like them. It has been pretty well established that in the matter of likes and dislikes everybody is alike to bees. The most successful bee-keeper is the one who wears a veil all the time, and goes among the bees with a calm determination not to strike wildly at the air if one of the colony begins to buzz about his ears.

Bees are not at all averse to a hostile declaration, and are ready at all times to sacrifice themselves in a fight with any animate being. The best way to handle bees is to take advantage of their weak spots, and bees are in the best condition to manipulate when they are approached through their stomachs. Smoke is the most convenient thing to use in raising an alarm in a colony of bees. As soon as smoke begins to enter the hive every bee attacks the stores of the colony and eats all the honey it can hold. If the colony is gently smoked, and left to itself for a few minutes, it can be handled by any one. This is equally applicable to all bees when handling them, but some breeds of bees are more aggressive than others. The native black bees are liable to go out of their way to sting a man, but Italians rarely make the first move toward battle. For this reason Italians should be chosen in selecting a breed. Another good reason for choosing them is that they are the best breed.—Farmer's Voice.

Horse Intelligence.

While the army mule is almost invariably more intelligent than he is suspected of being, the horse occasionally exhibits unexpected aptitudes, as Col. Roosevelt found out. The Colonel, with a number of the rough riders, had been training the horses to lie down at a signal given by a certain pressure and a certain twist to the reins. At first Col. Roosevelt's horse didn't quite catch the idea, but it soon learned and it didn't forget. Shortly after the lesson, the Colonel rode back to his tent, where he found a number of friends waiting for him. Before he had time to dismount they came up and began talking to him on some subject in which he was much interested. Now, it is characteristic of the famous soldier that when he becomes interested in a subject, it engrosses his entire attention. As he talked he began to make gestures and to move in his saddle. Presently he changed upon a combination of movement and gesture that meant more to his horse than to his hearers. That intelligent animal began to give way under him, sank slowly down and left the animated speaker stranded in the midst of a sentence, with both feet on the ground, straddled well apart, and a prostrate horse between them. In a moment his was the picture of amazement. Then he remembered, spoke to the horse, which got up, and resumed the conversation, remarking that the animal didn't seem to be feeling well.—New York Sun.

New Use for the Tomato.

Cosmos, a French scientific review, says that a South American farmer has recently made an accidental discovery of great value to gardeners and florists. It was to the effect that leaves of the tomato plant will drive insects away from other plants. He covered the tomato leaves over some young shrubs he wished to protect from the sun and from small insects, and was delighted to find that the latter cleared out as soon as they got the odor of the tomato leaves. He then extended the same treatment to an entire row of young peach trees, and his success was complete. To render the process more simple he tried a decoction of the fresh tomato leaves as a spray on other

PEOPLE WE LIVE WITH.

We Are Slaves to Their Whims and Caprices—Ungenerous Traits.

One of the hardships of life is the fact that we have to bear so many unnecessary unpleasantnesses and are the victims of so many professed and useless tragedies, that are none the less bitter because they are so little and so sordid. Do as we may, we cannot emancipate ourselves from our surroundings, and even the freest of us are slaves to the whims and caprices of those with whom we live.

Not long ago a gentleman was telling a story about a friend, whose wife, although a good woman, was one of those uncomfortable creatures who are forever fretting and nagging all about her. At last the gardener, unable to stand it any longer, gave notice and quit, but as he was departing he stopped by the gallery, where his master was entertaining several friends. "Good-bye, sir," said he, touching his hat. "I'm sorry for you, sir. I can leave; per cent."

Surely such a story vouches much of the pathos of our common experience. There are so many times, there are so many places that we can't leave. It is the people to whom we are tied by a thousand bonds of affection, of mutual interest, of duty and responsibility; who have our happiness in their keeping, and oh, the pity of it! they are so careless of their trust, and we have no recourse. We can't leave.

There is in reality no more ungenerous trait in human nature than this taking advantage of the utter helplessness of those of our own household. They can't throw up their jobs and quit. They are bound to stay on and endure us, and we trade upon it. Think of the young girls you have known who put forth every attraction to captivate a man, and then, as soon as the marriage ceremony was over, subsided into listless slovens. It was as much as to say: "Oh, well, he can't leave now, and I won't bother any more to try to please." Think of the men you have known who were veritable Prince Charmings in their courting days, but who, once married, would speak to their wives in a way they would not dare to have used to a good cook who could give warning and leave.—Palladium Inquirer.

Proposed to a Queen.

The art of making a proposal of marriage to a queen is one in which it is no disgrace for any of us to plead ignorance and inexperience. A resident of Malta has thus addressed one of the dusky queens of the South Pacific Islands:

"Her Gracious Queen: I hope you will most willing excuse me for having the impudence to write to you in this manner, and the reason for my doing so is, when I was reading the paper yesterday I read about the steamship Bonanza being drifted on your island, and the women under you began to select husbands from the crew, and that you, my queen, wanted for a husband a man that would love you and make you happy. I have been thinking the matter over, and I have come to the conclusion that if you will have me for a husband, write back and let me know; also that you should send me the money for my passage out, so as I can come to you, and I will repay you the money when I get to you. If, my queen, I will suit you, write back and let me know as soon as possible; also send me a paper note for £25 or £25, and I will come at once."

If the Maltese gentleman wonders why he receded to reply to the business like proposal, it may interest him to know that it never reached her majesty. His letter was opened by the head chief, who handed it to the principal white trader, who posted it to his Sydney firm, who in its turn sent it to the Sydney Daily Telegraph. The postmarks showed that it had passed through London, Queensland, Sydney, Natal and Herbertshoh.—London Chronicle.

Franklin's Famous Toast.

Franklin was dining with a small party of distinguished gentlemen, when one of them said: "Here are three nationalities represented; I am French, and my friend here is English, and Mr. Franklin is an American. Let each one propose a toast." It was agreed to and the Englishman's turn came first. He arose and in the tone of a Briton bold said: "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all nations of the earth." The Frenchman was rather taken back at this, but he proposed: "Here's to France, the moon of whose magic rays move the tides of the world." Franklin then arose, with an air of quaint modesty, and said: "Here's to George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they obeyed."—Our Youth's Friend.

Scarcity of Camphor Trees.

The manufacture of camphor in Japan has fallen off considerably and many men have gone out of the business altogether. This is due to the growing scarcity of camphor trees. Japanese production is now confined almost wholly to Formosa.

Snake's Shedding.

When the snake sheds his skin, which occurs frequently—as often as every four or five weeks—the skin of the eyes comes off with the rest. Translucent in most part, the skin over the snake's eye is perfectly transparent.

Mode of Suicide.

A favorite mode of suicide among the African tribes who dwell near Lake Nyassa is for a native to wade into the lake and calmly wait for a crocodile to open its mouth and swallow him.

To Stop Hemorrhage.

To stop bleeding from the lungs take a teaspoonful of table salt and swallow it dry. Keep perfectly quiet, in a recumbent position, until a physician arrives.



A COUNTRY CRACKER.

ACQUAINTING to his schoolmates, Bubber Ramp was a country cracker. And who knows better a child's social and financial standing than his schoolfellows.

His face was not round and rosy like the other jolly, sweet-tempered boys, for Bubber was a slender child with face pale and lanky, straight hair, streaked in color with the shades of half-pulled molasses candy. He was subject to chills and fevers which kept him away from school about half the time and gave his teacher an excuse for scolding him whenever there was one else in particular for her to scold. His father was a section master on the Georgia railroad and they lived in the "ten-mile shanties" which were built on the side of the railroad and on the edge of a deep-cut, through which the wind blew a perfect gale the whole year round.

But if by living on the cut Bubber acquired the chill and fever habit, he also gained the knowledge which enabled him to save the lives of some 500 people—Sunday school children with their friends and teachers. It was the picnic of Bubber's Sunday school, but because it fell on his chill day his mother said he could not attend. So he contented himself with walking five miles up the railroad to Belair, the nearest station where the train would stop, with a huge bunch of flowers for his Sunday school teacher. This teacher, he it understood, was one of the people who did not know about Bubber being a country cracker, but considered him a jolly, amiable boy.

After handing the bouquet through the car window, Bubber stood for a while looking wistfully at the train-load of happy children. Then something occurred which made his schoolmates forget forever that he was homely and poor, and this is how it happened.

II.

Southward from Brazzella the road drops down steadily for five or six miles. There follows the little rise to the top of Habersham hill; and then comes the sharp sag of a mile or more to Belair and the level valley of the Savannah.

John Johnson, or "Yucker," as he was called for short, was the most daring engineer on the Georgia and had the best run on the road until he joined the strike of the Knights of Labor. After the difficulty was settled and the strikers went back to work, Yucker, for the sake of discipline, was put to hauling way freight between Union Point and Augusta.

There was nothing at Brazzella but the siding and the dull red station house, and little else at Belair. It wasn't often that Yucker had to leave or pick up anything at either place, and he liked to sail by both stations at top speed, and loaf further down the line to make up for it.

On this particular day, while his fireman was taking water at the big red tank at Thompson, Yucker went into the station for orders. He found that there was nothing for him at Brazzella or Belair. He had nothing to leave at either station, so he climbed back into his cab, meaning to go through to Wheelers to meet the up freight. Sometimes he met it at Belair, but whenever he got the chance he ran by and trusted to luck that it would be held for him at Wheelers.

III.

The people at the station were benumbed with fright. They stared with horror-stricken faces at the oncoming engine as some great demon hurrying to destroy the excursion train with its load of human freight. Paralyzed with fear, they could neither move nor cry aloud.

In the whole crowd there was but one who could think and act. He was

appear before he forced it open, then he stepped back just as the way freight rushed by and ran full tilt into the up freight. There was a tremendous crash. The engine of the way freight rode over the other and smashed it into fragments. Then it sat down on its own cab with the forward truck in the air and one wheel whirling around like a millstone. The following cars piled up in a great heap, and over it all rose a great cloud of dust.

The terrified excursionists scrambled from their own train rushed over to the wreck and stood in speechless horror and amazement. Then the freight conductor came up and searching among the crowd led out a slender, pale-faced lad.

"To this brave boy," he said, raising his hand to attract attention, "you owe



"IT'S 'BOUT TIME FOR MY CHILL," SAID BUBBER.

the preservation of your lives. But for his presence of mind—" Here his voice choked. With tears streaming down his face he finished the sentence by motioning toward the excursion train.

"There were more than 500 on board," said the Sunday school superintendent. "The majority of them children."

"Not a life lost," cried one of the trainmen, running up. "Yucker, his firemen and both brakemen jumped for their lives after shutting off steam and putting down brakes. They came off without a scratch."

"It was a miracle," said the preacher.

"It was Bubber Ramp," cried a childish voice. "I seen him when he opened the switch."

Then the crowd surrounded the pale-faced lad, pushing and shoving to shake his hand, to touch him, or even to get a look at him. What was said or who said it no one could ever tell, but in the midst of it all there sounded the shrill whistle of a nearby sawmill.

"It's seven o'clock," said Bubber, looking up at the sun. "It's 'bout time for my chill, so I'd better be gittin' home." And he hurried off down the track toward the ten-mile shanties as complacently as though nothing unusual had happened.

The following week the Sunday school superintendent accompanied the railroad official when he went to tell Mr. Ramp of his appointment to a better position on the road. The superintendent, in behalf of the people on board the excursion train, presented Bubber with a bicycle and a gold watch.

"Why, Mr. Brand," said Bubber, regarding in awed astonishment the handsome wheel and timepiece, two things above all others he had most longed for, "I never done nuthin' but turn the switch key. Anybody could 've done that. I've been doin' it ever since I was goin' on seven years old."—Omaha Bee.

A Multi-Millionaire.

At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of Aug. 16, Maxvo Gruenbaum had only one blue shirt, no summer coat, no money, no home even of the humblest kind except what his friend Schwartz gave him. At 4 o'clock Gruenbaum was heir to \$7,500,000 and knew it.

The news of Gruenbaum's good fortune came to him suddenly as he was taking a walk and musing despondently on his misery. A casual acquaintance from Buda Pesth, Hungary, broke the wondrous news to him. It was contained in a letter from an attorney of Buda Pesth, who inquired as to the whereabouts of Gruenbaum, whose uncle had died in Turin, Italy, leaving \$15,000,000 to his two nephews. The dead uncle had been a leader under Kassuth and had been driven into exile. In Italy he became a contractor and then a capitalist and when he died had amassed the fortune which he left to his nephews, whom he had never seen.

Maxvo Gruenbaum arrived in New York five months ago almost penniless. He had been unable to procure work and would have starved if it had not been for Schwartz. He will share his fortune with his benefactor in adversity.

There is a great deal of money spent on cake frosting at weddings, considering the unceasing appetite of a long future for plain bread.



"TO THIS BRAVE BOY YOU OWE THE PRESERVATION OF YOUR LIVES."

a slender, pale-faced boy, and he rushed up the track towards the coming train.

"Get out, get out," his shrill voice shouted to the men in the cab of the up freight. "Jump and run, jump and run."

He was tugging at a switch key, and they saw what he meant. So down the men jumped from the engine, while the boy ran on to the switch. His hands seemed paralyzed, so long did it