THE LABOR WORLD.

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Letters and articles relating to the social problem are solicited.

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Between the devil and the deep sea keep money at home and be murdered or put it in a bank and lose it.

Governor Lind, farmer, statesman, soldier. The first step has been taken in redeeming the state from a gang of political cut-throats.

"Every man can get work." Advertise for a porter, offer two dollars a week and board and a policeman will be necessary to keep back the crowd.

Origin of sin: Bankrupt a bank; shut down a factory with a thousand men; send them to tramping, begging food at the back door and sleeping under haystacks.

The people of the Fifty-first district are to be congratulated upon the election of C. O. Baldwin to the senate. In a strong republican stronghold, Mr. Baldwin defeated his opponent, F. E. Searle, by a handsome majority. In his home city he carried every precinct.

Hon. Chas. L. Lewis, the newly elected judge of the supreme court, who has the honor to call Duluth his home, is a lawyer of very much more than ordinary ability, and will prove a valuable acquisition to the supreme court. With Judge Mitchell, Canty and Lewis the court would have been the best in the country.

The Social Democrats of Germany call attention to the fact that the number of strikes in that country has increased from twenty in 1892 to 330 in 1897. It is claimed that these strikes are not so much for the purpose of increasing wages as to show contempt for employers who have provoked the enmity of the Social Democrats.

In the defeat of Judges Mitchell and Canty the state supreme court suffers an almost irreparable loss. After seventeen years of faithful devotion to duty Judge Mitchell suffers defeat at the hands of the republican party that the hankering for office of cheap politicians might be gratified. The defeat of Senator Davis would prove no greater detriment to the state.

Now that election is over we will not hear so much bluster about the scarcity of labor and the fabulous wages offered for it. There are now a few men who would like someone to point out one of these fat jobs. The city has recently liberated a few from positions who are not averse to earning a living for themselves and families.

Pass the McCleary bill. Let bankers exchange greenbacks for bonds drawing interest. Exchange bonds for national bank notes. Draw interest on the bonds and loan the national bank notes to borrowers at the highest rate possible. Draw two interests; one on the bonds and the other on the national bank currency, then let the "government go out and keep out of the banking business," and not interfere with bankers in their manipulation of the people's money.

The Street Railway Boys' Ball.

The ball given by the street railway employes at Columbia hall last Friday evening proved a grand success, and there were in the neighborhood of 200 couples present. A very enjoyable party it was indeed, and it netted the treasury a very snug sum. The committees who had the ball in charge were as follows:

Arrangements—Donald Ross, Robert Windlett, Joseph Cummings, W. G. McCormick and P. J. O'Toole.

Floor—Robert Windlett, George Bennin, William Barr, Donald Ross, William Wallace and Joseph Cummings.

Reception—Joseph Kenney, Robert Hutchinson and S. M. Johnson.

Meat and Pastry Cooks.

The Meat and Pastry Cooks' Union, No. 61, gave its third annual Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' hall. The music was furnished by Flaaten and there were about fifty couples in attendance. An enjoyable time was spent by every one.

WHAT THEY PAY.

A strike of plasterers in San Francisco for an increase of wages from $2 and $2.50 to $4 per day, was won, after a stoppage of ten days.

The city council of Berne, Switzerland, by a vote of 35 to 19, adopted a minimum wage scale of 5 francs per day for skilled and 4 francs for unskilled laborers employed by the city.

Omaha printers are considering the matter of abolishing the sliding scale and making the wages $17 a week for nine hours, with eight hours on Saturday.

The hours of work in the Calcutta (East India) jute mills are from 4:30 a. m. to 9 p. m., or 16½ hours per day, Saturdays included, and all repairs and cleaning of machinery have to be done on Sundays.

The coremakers of Worcester demand the enforcement of the nine-hour day with $2.25 minimum rate of wages. The demand was acceded to by all the employers except one. The men are on strike in that establishment and no doubt is entertained of their victory.

One evidence that such a change in hours and wages will take place in this country when the public owns the railroads is the fact that mail carriers, working eight hours, receive $600, $800 and $1,000 per year, while brakemen often work sixteen hours for $350 per year, and the average pay of railroad employes, including all high class officials, is less than $500.

LABOR NOTES.

A $50,000,000 tin-plate trust is one of the latest combines announced.

Debs is lecturing in the New England states in the interest of Social Democracy.

The W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass., has adopted the union stamp.

W. P. Borland, who was secretary of the colonization department of the Social Democracy, and who went with the colonists when the split came and remained with them until they went to pieces, is now employed on the Exponent, of Saginaw, Mich.

Victor L. Emerson, a Baltimore inventor, is said to have discovered a process for carbonizing sawdust and extracting the by-products to the value of $30 for every ton of sawdust. It is claimed that in the process sufficient gas to light a city can be furnished at a cost of 10 cents per 1,000 feet. If this be true a sawmill is a better investment than a gold mine.

At the convention of the National Letter Carriers' association, held in Toledo, O., recently, Delegate Deguan, of the Albany branch, introduced a ringing set of resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by Uncle Sam's boys in gray, in which they ordered branches and their executive officers to have the label on their printing. They also condemned in no mistaken terms the sweat shop system, declaring themselves in favor of work turned out by fair-minded institutions.

STARCHY FOODS.

How They Should Be Cooked and Who They Are Good For.

Starch forms an important element of human food in every climate except the arctic, where fat, to which starch is somewhat related chemically, takes its place.

In many minds an imperfect idea of what constitutes starchy foods prevails. The various preparations resembling powdered laundry starch and cornstarch, such as arrowroot and farina, form but a small part of the starch eaten. About one-half the bulk of wheat, rye, oats, peas and beans is starch. Of potatoes about one fifth is starch, and of rice and corn about three-fourths.

The digestibility of starch is greatly enhanced by proper cooking. As a general thing, starchy foods are not cooked sufficiently.

Young children especially suffer from insufficiently cooked starchy food. Steamed oatmeal and wheat preparations should be boiled an hour before they are served to children. If fed to children under 2 years of age or to those troubled with stomach disturbance, they should also be strained. When the various cereals are used in the grain, merely hulled and unpulverized, they should be soaked in cold water for several hours and then boiled from two to three hours.

Crackers, in all of which starch is the chief ingredient, may be given to children after they are 18 months old. If eaten between meals, they are best taken with milk.

One reason for the frequent faulty digestion of starchy foods lies in insufficient mastication. The actual digestion of starchy articles should begin in the mouth by a process of thorough mastication; otherwise, since starch is not acted upon in the stomach, they remain practically unaltered and undigested until they have passed from the stomach into the intestine, where digestion of the starchy matter recommences.

Starchy foods, if imperfectly masticated previous to their introduction into the stomach, are liable to a partial fermentation, which interferes with the active digestion of other articles of diet.

Starch is demanded by the system for supplying heat and muscular energy. Outdoor workers can consequently utilize a large quantity of starchy food. Oatmeal, for example, forms an excellent article of everyday diet for them, while those whose occupations keep them sedentary or within doors should partake of it sparingly.—Youth's Companion.

DEFENDED OLD PETER.

General Barnum Vouched For the Colored Man Who Had Served Him.

General Barnum of Abbeville had a body servant before the war who aped him in everything. Peter so loved his master that he grew to talk like him. He lives today, the heart of hospitality, the soul of honor. One Sunday two white men drove up to the door of his cabin and asked if he had any liquor in the house. He said he had about a quart. They offered to buy. He refused to sell, but, just as his old master would have done, invited them to have a drink. Having drunk, they handed him a half dollar. Of course, like his master, he declined the coin. The scoundrels went to town and swore out a complaint that he was violating the dispensary law.

I happened to be in Greenville the day the trial took place and saw a revelation. Peter's counsel was General Barnum's son, adjutant general of the state under Governor John Gary Evans, and the chief witness for the defense was the general himself, who had come from Abbeville, distant about 100 miles, to say a word for his former slave. The general took the stand, and his son said:

"What is your name?"

"I am General Barnum, sir."

"Where do you reside?"

"In Abbeville, sir."

"How long have you known the defendant?"

"Sixty-five years, sir."

"What is his reputation?"

"As good as any man's in this courtroom, sir."

"Would you trust him?"

"Trust Peter? Why, I'd trust him with my life, my honor!"

The jury didn't leave their seats.

The scene "sorter touched me up." I met young Barnum and asked if he received anything for his services. "Accept a fee from Peter?" he said in amazement. "Why, sir, I'd as soon think of charging my father."

"You and your father came 100 miles to clear this old negro?"

"Yes, and we would have come 1,000 or 10,000. Old Peter was a second father to me. He raised me. When I was well, he played with me. When I was ill, he nursed me. When I was a boy, I'd rather sleep in Peter's cabin than in my own bed at home. I'd rather take a snack with Peter in those days than dine with the president."

I'm afraid we Yankees don't understand the "nigger" question yet. —New York Press.

HOW HUNGER FEELS.

Sensations of Fasting Arctic Explorers In Sight of Musk Oxen.

I wonder if a single one of my readers really knows what hunger is? Henson and myself were worn to the bone with scant rations and hard work, and that hard work had left the little covering on our bones in the shape of lean, tense muscles and wires of sinew. The supper from the hare—that meal of fresh, hot, luscious meat, the first adequate meal in nearly 600 miles of daily snowshoeing—had wakened every merciless hunger fang that during the previous weeks had been gradually dulled into insensibility. It had been the taste of freshly spilled blood to the long tamed tiger, and now the big black animals before us were not game, but meat, and every nerve and fiber in my gaunt body was vibrating with a savage lust for that meat—meat that should be soft and warm, meat into which the teeth could sink and tear and rend, meat that would not blister lips and tongue with its frost, nor ring like a rock against the teeth. Panting and quivering with excitement, we lay for a few moments. We could not risk a shot at that distance.

"Do you think they will come for us?" said Matt.

"God knows! I hope so, boy, for then we are sure of some of them. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come on, then."

One of us one side of the big bowlder, the other the other, and we dashed across the rocks and snow straight toward them. There was a snort and stamp from the big bull guarding the herd, and the next instant every animal was on his feet and, thank God, facing us. The next they were in close line, with lowered heads and horns. I could have yelled for joy if I had had the breath to spare. Every one of us has read some of the thrilling stories of travelers in the Russian forests, chased by hungry wolves, and our feelings have been wrought up to the highest pitch of sympathy for the poor fellows in their efforts to escape. But did any of us ever stop to think how those other poor fellows, the wolves, felt with their empty stomachs? I know now what their feelings are, and my sympathies are with the wolves. I was a wolf myself at that moment.

We were within less than 50 yards of the herd when the big bull, with a quick motion, lowered his horns still more. Instinct, Providence—call it what you will—told me it was the signal for the herd to charge. Without slackening my pace, I pulled my winchester to my shoulder and sent a bullet at the back of his neck over the white, impervious shield of the great horns. Heart and soul and brain and eyes went with that singing bullet. I felt that I was strong enough and hungry enough and wolf enough that, had the bull been alone, I could have sprung upon him barehanded and torn the lifeblood from his throat, but against the entire herd we would have been powerless. Once the black avalanche had gained momentum we would have been crushed by it like the crunching snow crystals under our feet. As the bull fell upon his knees the herd wavered. A cow half turned and, as Matt's rifle cracked, fell with a bullet back of her fore shoulder. Without raising my rifle above my hips, another one dropped. Then another for Matt. Then the herd broke, and we hurried in pursuit.—Lieutenant Peary in Windsor Magazine.

Schoolboys should beware of licking pens or blots with their tongues. According to Mr. Marpmann of Leipsic, there are microbes in ink, and it may be dangerous to prick the skin with a pen.

A gentleman's visiting card should be like that of his wife in style and engraving, but smaller. His name should appear in the middle—"Mr. Blank," if he is the head of the family; "Mr. John Blank," if he has a father or elder brother living. The prefix should not be omitted, whether that of rank, of civil or professional life. The address should be engraved in the left hand corner of the card at the bottom and the club address in the right hand corner. It is without excuse if they do not leave cards after an entertainment. A gentleman may leave cards without asking if his acquaintances are at home, but if he finds the mistress of the house in and not her husband he leaves one of his cards in the hall after calling. If both have been seen, he leaves no card, but if neither was at home two must be left. —Philadelphia Times.

Precious Models.

"Just think, somebody broke into my studio last night. Unfortunately, I had just begun a study in still life."

"Was it stolen?"

"No, but the models were—a ham and some sausages."—London Tit-Bits.

MONKEYS OF INDIA.

THE HAVOC THEY CAUSE BY THEIR WARS FOR WIVES.

Laughable Tactics Employed by the Natives to Disperse the Belligerent Packs—Little Chance For Male Monkeys at Birth.

Monkeys in India are an unmitigated nuisance, especially in the country. I have often come across in the jungles adjoining the villages of northern Bengal whole troops of them, whose depredations in fields and orchards were the despair of the unfortunate villagers. These troops always consisted of one huge male and about 100 females. The fact is, when a little monkey is born in the pack, it is suffered to live if a female, but instantly killed by the father if it happens to be a male. The mother, however, sometimes manages to hide the little one until he is able to get about and then sends him away before the big male catches sight of him. In this way it often happens that individual males are to be found living by themselves in single blessedness. Now, getting tired of solitude after a time and perhaps believing in union as a source of strength, these bachelors often join together and form a pack of their own—as a sort of club.

Then the fun begins. They want wives—very naturally. But how are they to get them? All the female monkeys of the country belong to the harem of some big brute or other. Clearly, the only solution is to attack such a harem, kill the gotha (the aforesaid big brute), and then divide the spoils. So an ultimatum is sent—and rejected. War is declared. The battle is a fierce one and often lasts several days. The party attacked always tries to retreat and often traverses several jungles, fields and even villages. But the pursuit is hot and vigorous, and at last a stand has to be made—sometimes in a village green or even an orchard of some country mansion. In the actual fight the females generally remain faithful to their lord and master and help him fiercely against his numerous assailants. But the result is a foregone conclusion, and the several widows, after a very short period of mourning—usually manifested by a show of ill temper—are consoled by the victorious males.

Now, these battles cause sad havoc to the fields and orchards of the country and often prove a positive danger to the people, for, though monkeys seldom attack men, woe to the luckless one who ventures to come near them in their deadly struggle. Moreover, when pressed by hunger, these packs are not to be trifled with. You may not mind even the damage done to your orchard by hundreds of monkeys gobbling up everything they can lay their hands on, but it is quite a different matter when you have to shut your doors and windows and stay in for days at a time because of the army outside.

Consequently the object of the natives is to break up these packs by capturing their leaders. Killing is against the dictates of conscience, but capture is not, especially as the monkey is liberated in a short time, as will appear presently. So, when a pack is about, the natives employ the following method: Close to an orchard a bit of level space is selected and a hole dug in it, about 2 feet deep and 6 or 8 inches in diameter. A noose is made at one end of a long, stout cord and placed over the mouth of the hole. The cord is then passed through a pulley or ring attached to a tree close to the house and the other end held some distance away by a concealed person. The noose and about 10 or 15 feet of the cord are covered with sand. Then a nice, tempting banana is placed in the hole, and a number of rotten ones—covered, however, with fresh skins—are strewn all over the ground near the hole.

When the pack comes, the females are too shy to venture out into the open space near the house, but the big gotha is a brave fellow. He sees the bananas on the ground, leaps down, takes up one, throws it away in disgust, then another, with the same result. Suddenly he notices the nice, tempting one in the hole, and plunges his arm in. Immediately the cord is pulled, the noose fastened on the arm close to the shoulder and the monkey dragged willy nilly to the tree where the pulley or ring is attached. Then the hiding shikari comes forth, and, circling round and round the tree with the cord held tight in his hand, binds the unfortunate monkey safe and fast, all but the head. The pulley or ring is introduced not merely to bind the monkey to the tree, but also because it would be highly dangerous to drag the infuriated brute right up to a person.

The monkey, however, is not killed. Instead they lather his head and face, no special care being taken in selecting the finest soap or the purest water. The operation is an interesting one and a source of great amusement—to the bystanders. The monkey, however, dodges his head about, only to get a good dose of soap in his eyes and mouth. Then he has enough of it, especially as he feels dreadfully achy all over and the cords cutting into his body every inch—to say nothing of the personal remarks and the highly adjectival language of the bystanders. He submits to his fate with eastern stoicism. His head is shaved clean as a billiard ball, and then the face as well, nice and smooth, like a baby's. Then they let him go. But alas, such is the vanity of life, his wives will not have him now that his beauty is gone. They disown him completely, cut him dead. Nay, they drive him away from the pack with contumely, with the ends of their tails—in the absence of domestic broomsticks. And thus, being without a leader, the pack is soon broken up.—Strand Magazine.

The earliest complete clock of which an accurate record exists was made in the thirteenth century by a Saracen mechanic.

LABOR NEWS.

Striking miners and imported negroes at Pana, Ills., have had another brush.

Thomas I. Kidd, George Zentner and Michael Troiber, strike leaders, accused of conspiring to injure the business of the Paine Lumber company at Oshkosh, have been acquitted.

NEWS OF A LEGAL NATURE.

The right of a city or town to assess an occupation tax on a railroad corporation has been sustained by the supreme court of Nebraska.

At New York Judge Lacomb in the United States circuit court denied the motion for a temporary injunction compelling express companies to pay the 1 cent stamp tax on express receipts.

Judge Woolson of the United States court at Keokuk, Ia., has signed a decree of foreclosure against the Chicago, Fort Madison and Des Moines railroad. The amount due bondholders is $1,313,000. The sale will occur about Jan. 1.

UNFORTUNATE EVENTS.

The Clyde line steamer Croatian was burned at sea. Five lives were lost.

The lake passenger steamer Pacific has burned at the Colingwood (Ont.) docks.

A theater being built at Detroit collapsed, killing 11 men and injuring others.

The steel steamers Maritana and the Starucca collided at Buffalo. The Starucca sank.

The works of the National Starch company at Glen Cove, L. I., have been damaged by fire to the extent of $200,000.

NEWS OF NOTED PERSONS.

Joe Jefferson, the veteran actor, is ill.

General McCook is suffering from malarial fever.

The Earl of Minto, who is to succeed the Earl of Aberdeen as governor general of Canada, has been gazetted a K. C. M. G.

The Prince of Naples, a passionate sportsman, is turning into a hunting preserve the island of Monte Cristo, made famous by the elder Dumas.

The wives of Generals Brooke, Sheridan and Grant have arrived at San Juan on board the United States transport Obdam, which left New York on Oct. 27.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The cruiser New York is preparing for a long voyage.

Natural gas for power is being successfully used at Pierre, S. D.

A contract has been awarded for the erection of a handsome synagogue at Sioux City.

A meeting of the joint commission will be held at Chicago next month to draft uniform game laws for the Northwestern states.

Chairman Babcock of the Republican congressional committee says the Republicans will have a majority of 30 or 35 in the next house.

Near Lisbon, N. D., a whole family was found practically dying from want of care. All were down with diphtheria and one child was dead.

Captain Abercrombie of the United States army, head of the Copper river expedition, has arrived at Juneau. He predicts a great future in mineral and some agricultural development for the Copper river valley.

Sowing Pansy Seed.

During early October is a good time for sowing pansy seed for next spring's supply of plants for bedding out. The reason for fall sowing out of doors is that the plants are not then subjected to the hot, drying influences of the house, which are so likely to bring on red spider and other troubles.

Prepare a bed of very rich, porous loam on a well drained location. Place over it a frame to be filled with forest leaves as a protection to the little plants over winter. After sowing the seed in the bed sift a very light covering of soil over the seed, merely enough to hide them. During the process of germination never allow the bed to dry out, as moisture is essential to perfect germination of any seed.

As severe weather approaches cover the bed with a few inches of litter of some sort, forest leaves being preferable. At the proper time in the spring the seedlings may be pricked out of the soil in the seedbed and transferred to the bed in which they are to bloom.—Woman's Home Companion.