

UNCLE BILL

AND

The Editor



"Sit down, Uncle Bill," said the editor, "I am glad you came in, as I have just been writing an essay on the potato, and I would like your opinion of it."

"Don't waste any time tryin' ter throw sand inter the eyes uv the pertaters this year, 'cause they're doin' purty well as it is," remarked Uncle Bill. "They're strictly up ter date this year an' have organized a trust uv their own; they've bin in hot water so often an' have bin roasted ter a turn, so gosh darn much that's its time they had an 'innin' uv their own, an' if the editors would quit kickin' at the pertater's prosperity, an' git up ter date themselves they might have a leetle uv it too."

"Why, Uncle Bill, the editor is an up-to-date man; he has to be," said the editor, with some show of feeling.

"It that's the case, why don't yer git inter the band wagon an' in the parade uv successful publishers, an' not waste time tryin' ter roast the pertater, jest 'cause it's a gittin' up in the world?"



Philosophy and Potatoes.

Be fair an' give it the credit uv workin' it's way up ter respectability, as fer as money goes. Yer kin buy all uv 'em yer wants if yer'll only git up ter date," said Uncle Bill.

"In what way would you have me more up-to-date?" asked the editor.

"When I was in the city," said Uncle Bill, "I went in an' see sum uv them big papers what started small like yer did yerself an' gee whizz, thought I, if our editor had sum sich git up an' git 'bout him, what a power uv news we could have in Shake Rag; an' then I thought likely he's home roasin' pertaters, 'stead uv progressin' like these fellers is, an' then I thought it's enough ter make a pertater bat its eyes, ter see a feller walkin' down the shady path, like our editor is, 'thout ever havin' the satisfaction uv bein' up ter date, an' then I says ter myself, I'll jest look this up ter date print shop over, an' then go home an' tell our editor 'bout it."

"What did you see that was so wonderfully up to date in the city printing office?" asked the editor.

"Why, man; when they kin set types like playin' on the pianer like they does in the city, I call it gittin' up ter date; they sends out a lot uv writin' an' a feller plays on one of the pianer machines what they has there an' it makes types an' sets it all at the same time."

"That is a lineotype machine," said the editor.

Its a hull gosh darn newspaper type machine, that's what it is," answered Uncle Bill emphatically. "Why, a boy cumms runnin' in with a telegraph an' the machine starts it a-go-in' ter the stone, where it's chased an' started fer the press on a run, 'cause it prints it at the rate uv 'bout four hundred thousand a minute an' the newsboys starts out on the streets a runnin' an' sellin' the papers 'fore the telegraph boy has time ter git back ter the telegraph office, an' 'fore the people is up. The press what they has is a dandy an' they whirl paper inter it off uv a big roll. A feller in there told me that they had presses what they fed cord wood inter an' it cum out noospapers at 'other end. That cumms purty darn near choppin' news out uv a tree."

"They make paper out of wood, but I guess the fellow that told you that yarn must have took you for a greenhorn," said the editor, who was looking for up to date ideas.

"If I hadn't uv seen with my own eyes, how quick they could do it I might uv doubted his word, but seein' is believin', as the sayin' goes, an' I certainly see it all but the wood chopper, so I'm ready ter believe that part uv it, too."

"I am willing to believe," said the editor, "that some newspapers look and read as though they chopped their news from a tree, but I prefer mine the old way."

"Yes, I 'spose yer'd rather be the 'man with a hoe,' 'stead uv the axe; sum editors rather go 'round with a hoe tryin' ter dig up news what's bin burried 'stead uv bein' up ter date, but if yer had one uv them 'ere perfection presses 't would help out amazin'. Why, yer could git yer edition off in half a day, easy, 'stead uv workin' all day with yer Washington, I guess they call-

ed 'em that so'st people would think that an editor what used one wouldn't print eny lies. Yes, siree, yer want ter git one uv them 'ere presses, so yer kin take cord wood an' justify a man's account by sendin' it back ter him a paper all printed, then yer'll be up ter date, 'cause a farmer'll always bring good wood, fer he'll want a good paper, an' then if yer git one uv them presses yer kin print a half page 'bout it every week or so, fer a year or two 'fore you git it an' that'll make interstin' news fer yer readers, 'cause they like ter see a man as is progressive as long as



Choppin' News Out.

he goes at it like a pilgrim, an' gits progressed, after his neighbors has showed him the way ter do. Yer all right, Mr. Editor, if yer'll drop the pertater subject an' take the 'new' yer way ter prosperity; a feller has ter do a certain amount uv hevin' 'fore he kin see many chips, but don't fool yerself by tryin' ter pick up the other fellers chips, 'cause he's cut his way in an' is away ahead uv yer, already. Put a little ginger in yer tea an' ginger up; don't think 'cause John Slime has got a new barn, that the door 'll never creak on the hinges, but git up ter date, if yer have ter git straddled uv a leetle courage to do it; push after success an' when yer git close enough ter it, it 'll turn round an' meet yer; get a hump on yerself an' see what a time the other fellers 'll have tryin' ter git off; take sum uv yer types an' print a bold face on yerself, an' don't space yer hustlin', but make it continuous an' git a new pianer machine ter set yer types with, an' always keep yer word. I guess yer'll have ter do that, 'cause nobody else 'll take it."

"My word is as good as my bond," remarked the editor.

"Wall, don't be afeered ter let other people find it out; a fact uv that kind don't do a feller eny good if he tries ter keep it ter himself, an' say 'don't fergit ter git up ter date,' an' don't try ter blow up yer circulation with dynamite 'cause if yer do yer paper might explode in people's faces."

"Wall, I must go down an' buy a new axe, I'm thinkin' uv goin' inter the noospaper bizness myself."

Edgar Baker

SEAGOING BOTTLES.

Thousands of Them Getting Information for the Government.

Baltimore Sun: Drifting about the north Atlantic ocean, susceptible to the varying changes of waves and winds, are hundreds of common beer bottles thrown overboard by ships of the American and Russian merchant service and occasionally picked up and reported to the hydrographic offices of these governments. This is in the interest of a scientific research instituted a few years ago to determine the direction taken by bodies coming under the influences of streams and currents of which little is known by the physical geographers.

The methods employed are simple and the results obtained are expected to prove of inestimable value to commercial interests generally, while removing many doubtful questions arising out of the tortuous drift of decrements which heretofore have been regarded as correct examples of the directions ships would take when abandoned to the influences of ocean currents.

Thousands of these bottles containing minute directions printed in seven different languages are annually thrown into the sea under the supervision of the American navy department, with the expectation that many will be found and rescued by passing vessels, their location noted and the fact reported at Washington. Each bottle contains a written direction as to what shall be done by the skipper of the ship finding it. He is supposed to note the latitude and longitude where it was sighted where it was thrown into the sea, and to estimate the probable distance traversed since originally thrown overboard, by which the general direction taken may be reckoned.

Reports received at the navy department for the last fiscal year indicate that much valuable information is being derived regarding the direction of important currents and that the simple process employed is proving admirably adapted to the purposes sought.

Russia is closely co-operating with this government in carrying out the idea and instructions are issued by the

hydrographic office that any bottle picked up at sea by the skipper of some ship not of that government shall be at once reported. All American and Russian merchant and warships are expected to note the locality of the bottles they may find drifting about and again to turn them adrift after observing the original place they were thrown into the sea indicated on the waterproof paper supplied by the two governments to ships assisting in the plan.

Recent reports present some remarkable drifts of bottles, several having gone as far as the distance across the ocean and one double that distance. They vary from only a few miles to over thirty-five a day, which is almost the average of the usual derelict exposed to the wind and often borne along rapidly by the small portion of woodwork above water serving as a catch for the breezes. One bottle has the record of 4,200 miles (traversed) in 557 days at the average rate of seven and a half miles a day. This bottle was thrown overboard from the ship Comblebank, of the Spanish merchant service, another drifted 3,900 miles in 694 days, at the average of five and a half miles a day, while a third traveled 3,600 miles in 473 days.

The most remarkable drift of all, however, was that of a bottle that went seventy miles in two days, or at the rate of thirty-five miles a day. Another traveled 200 miles in eight days, at the rate of 25.8 miles a day, while still another 3,100 miles in 164 days, at the rate of nineteen miles a day. The latter shows the quickest drift for a long distance of any bottle reported.

Long-distance drifting in the Pacific is especially noticeable in the reports received here. March 24, 1907, a bottle was tossed into the sea from the ship Rockhurst and, after drifting for 742 days, was picked up, having covered in a direct line 8,100 miles, or the entire distance from San Francisco to China. Its average rate was 2.9 knots a day. Another bottle thrown into the sea from the Spanish ship Belmont on Oct. 10, 1890, and reported June 24, 1899, traveled 7,600 miles in the interval at the rate of 7.7 knots a day. Still another thrown into the sea September, 1898, and reported fourteen months after had sailed 5,200 miles at the rate of 12.3 knots a day. The number of bottles picked up and investigated increases each year.

The main feature indicated in the drifts are that bottles thrown into the sea near the equatorial and trade wind region tend to the westward and usually bring up in the West Indies or on the Mexican coast, as evidenced by the numerous bottles cast adrift between Madiera and the fairway of cape San Roque, off the east coast of Brazil. Along the American coast and north of the fortieth parallel these conditions are reversed. Here the general set of the waters is to the northward and eastward, and bottles put in the sea in that region usually find their way to the north coast of Ireland or even farther north. This is unquestionably due to the influence of the gulf stream, which takes an easterly and northerly direction after spreading out in mid-ocean. Here, too, the velocity is much less than in the equatorial regions.

Between these two main drifts, and occupying a stretch of ocean extending in latitude from 25 degrees north to 40 degrees north and in longitude from 20 degrees west to 60 degrees west lies a debatable region crossed by numerous steamship and sailing routes and within which bottles are in all probability as frequently cast adrift as in other portions of the sea. The recovery of such bottles, however, is rare, the records of the hydrographic office furnishing but six since 1888. The average velocity daily of the seventy bottles which landed on the coast of Europe was five miles. The bottles which drifted entirely across the ocean from west to east unite in giving an average somewhat higher than usual, the last two having traveled 11.4 miles and 9.9 miles per day, respectively. For those thrown overboard in the north equatorial drift the average was 10.8 miles a day, while those traveling along the north coast of South America averaged 21 miles a day. A chart of the north Atlantic shows hundreds of bottles drifting about the ocean, which may some time be reported by ships crossing the seas.

IN HARBOR.

I think it is over, over.

I think it is over at last.

Voices of foemen and lover.

The sweet and the bitter have passed;

Life, like a tempest of ocean.

Hath outblown its ultimate blast.

There's but a faint sobbing seaward.

While the calm of the tide deepens leeward.

And behold! like the welcoming quiver

Of heart-pulses throbb'd through the river.

Those lights in the harbor at last.

The heavenly harbor at last.

I feel it is over! over!

For the winds and the waters surcease;

Ah! few were the days of the rover.

That smil'd in the beauty of peace;

And distant and dim was the omen

That hinted redress or release!

From the ravages of life, and its riot.

What marvel I yearn for the quiet

Which bides in the harbor at last—

For the lights, with their welcoming quiver.

That thro' through the sanctified river,

Which girdle the harbor at last.

This heavenly harbor at last!

I know it is over, over.

I know it is over at last!

Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover.

For the stress of the voyage is passed;

Life, like a tempest of ocean.

MINERS MAY COMBINE

TO OWN NEW COAL FIELD IN ENGLAND AND ELSEWHERE

Scheme to be Carried Out Within Next Two Years—Secrecy as Location of Region.

Leeds, England, Letter: In this busy, go-ahead metropolis of shire, public interest has been aroused to a pitch unusual by the announcement of an attempt at co-operation of part of the coal mine operatives. A proposed co-operative colliery is to be established in South Yorkshire, the question of where the big profits go in the inflation in the coal trade will, to a certain extent at least, be satisfactorily settled.

Recently the public hereabouts have been loud in its protests against the price of coal, and have wanted to know why it was. Failing that know they have execrated the coal into whose pockets they believed, or wrongly, the profits had passed. But when the new co-operative colliery is in full swing, it will be interesting to see what will happen. If the scheme is subjected to one of its periodic fits of undue inflation, and the price of the coal supplied by the colliery will, of course, go up. And the big profits gained in the process will naturally belong to those who own the colliery. In this case, the owners will be the colliery workers themselves, so that by increased prices, when the market demands them, they will not be a penny the worse, as all the profits come back to their pockets by dividends.

This, indeed, is really the most important result that the establishment of the proposed colliery will bring. In addition, the originators of the scheme hope that by paying a moderate price for the coal, the co-operative colliery will be independent of all events not endangered by a strike.

The scheme is not altogether new in Yorkshire. Eight years ago a co-operative society of the West of England first entertained the idea of forming a coalfield on their own and negotiations were entered into for the purchase of the Tipton Hall. The scheme fell through, however, that particular coalfield fell in the hands of others. The idea of a co-operative colliery at that time sprang out of the great coal strike.

Whether the present proposal is to be carried out, shall be run by the West Yorkshire Co-operative Colliery, who are what may be described as the middlemen in the coal trade, or by the Wholesale Coal Society, is a point that is to be decided.

The latter represent 1079 co-operative societies all over Great Britain with a membership of 1,179,900. It could not supply coal, under the present working plan of the industry, in the districts most convenient to the colliery. No capital would have been raised if this powerful organization undertook the responsibility of the amount necessary for the purchase of the coalfield. The Co-operative Coal Federation would have to be raised by through means more or less arduous of the powerful interest would inevitably keep sharp the deal. The idea would be to chase the freehold.

For obvious reasons, the practicality of the virgin coalfield in Yorkshire, that the new scheme would be fair to give it out to outsiders had been let into the market. About 3,000 pounds are wanted to the cost of boring and preparing. Half of this sum has been promised. The total would represent a penny for each member of the strength of the Federation in the northwestern section of the industry. The assessment is confined to the members in the immediate vicinity of the proposed exploitation, the per cent contribution should be about 10 per cent.

There is to be an important meeting of the Northwestern Section of the Federation at the month—September—when the president, Mr. W. H. Child, will be a paper on the colliery scheme will be a full discussion of possibilities and means, and the difficulty of the way too numerous, to expect any definite action will be decided at the meeting. A year or two elapse, under the most favorable circumstances, before the scheme is carried into effect and thorough order. It is, nevertheless, a notable fact that even the proposal of a step-forward is a substantial step towards co-operation in Great Britain.

Seventy-seven tribes are represented by the 1,007 pupils in the Indian School at Carlisle, the Seneca being the largest number. That the school has been profiting from the aggregate of \$28,715 during the twelve months. The death rate during the year were on an average of 10 per cent.

Baltimore American: It is a fact that these talkative anarchists very quick to hustle for the profits of the laws they seek to overthrow. There is nothing so inconsistent as a man with an itch for notoriety.

The assessed valuation of the Idaho has increased \$4,649,500 single year, and the total now 195,486.

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
In all thy Maker's glory seen;
Is all thy Maker's glory seen;
Look in upon thy wondrous frame
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush.

Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woe-stricken
Watch in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But, warmed with that unchanging flame,
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening hand and silvery throng,
And linked to reason's guiding reins,
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the Master's own.

See how your beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light;
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark, how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear.

With music it is heaven to hear.
Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds:
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will:
Think on the stormy and clustered cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow grassy threads!

O Father! grant they love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mold it into heavenly forms!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MILITARY AID TO SCIENCE.

British and German Officers Send Home Specimens of Flora.

London Mail: Lieutenant Boyd Alexander, Rifle brigade, who is well known at South Kensington museum for his studies of birds in Africa, has just returned from the west coast with what is believed to be the finest collection ever obtained on active service.

Over a thousand specimens of West African birds, killed by himself and his native collector during the campaign in Ashanti, were brought back by Lieutenant Alexander last week.

"This is the biggest collection of birds ever brought out of Africa at one time," he said to a Daily Mail representative the other afternoon. "I have been collecting in Africa now for nine or ten years. One has to be a specialist nowadays."

The collection is at present at South Kensington Natural History museum, where I am busy comparing the specimens I have obtained with the nearest prototypes there.

"It is a pity that the government does not insist on officers in out-of-the-way parts of the world collecting birds and other things. The German officers do so already. The colonial office at Berlin obliges all its officers to collect natural historical specimens whether they like it or not, and though their work in many cases is rough and ready, it is better than nothing."

"I know very little about the birds in the great bend of the Niger and Hausaland, and absolutely nothing of those in the region around lake Chad and Darfur. There is no doubt that when these great areas come under investigation, it will be found that one great zoographical region exists from Northeastern Africa right across to the west coast. When I have finished examining my collection of birds, they may throw considerable light on the subject."

"Marching with the relief force to Kumasi, I left my native collector at Prashu, where he formed the nucleus of the collection. As the country became more settled, he gradually worked his way up to Kumasi, making collections at each station on the lines of communication."

His Pun Shocked Him.

Oscar Hammerstein can be found almost any night sitting on a chair outside his theater on Seventh avenue. He was enjoying a cigar there the other evening when he was approached by an actor who had been employed by him, but who had been on a long debauch, and who, in the parlance of the profession, "looked every bit the part, too."

Hesitatingly he asked Mr. Hammerstein if he would lend him \$5, promising he would use it to sober up and get himself back to his old self. Mr. Hammerstein gave him the requested amount, and after profuse expressions of gratitude the actor remarked:

"Mr. Hammerstein, this is the most lucid moment I have had in a month."

"I guess this is a 'lose it' moment for me, too," replied Mr. Hammerstein. Then he looked guiltily around, but he had been heard.—New York Times.

The New Jersey fish and game commission has issued a warning against shooting "flickers." While the fourth section of the game law provides that these kinds may be killed in September and October, the next section, it is pointed out, makes it unlawful to kill woodpeckers (except sap-suckers) at any time. The flicker, being a woodpecker, is therefore not to be harmed.



(Copyright)

Thanks for crop of turk

The pres the most pr the country

The late wheat crop Dakotas is

A Missou on a 90-ac Few crops

And now less water how is the

The forag corn is w than \$15 at

One mar Northern y this year's handsome

A couple tells us to keep a hen he has to her.

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An inv are but sive in the value for woods.

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"To a