

FREE SEED COSTLY

One of the Government's Oldest Departments.

Benjamin Franklin's Idea Started Custom—While in England as Agent for Pennsylvania He Sent Home Silkworm Eggs.

Washington—Every time the suggestion is made in congress that Uncle Sam should not distribute seeds, a huge protest is raised in every corner of the land.

The present plan of seed distribution had its origin back in 1743. In that year the British parliament granted \$500,000 to promote the cultivation of indigo and other crops in the American colonies.

Benjamin Franklin, while in England, as agent for Pennsylvania, sent home silkworm eggs and mulberry cuttings. In the five years that he represented this country as minister to France Thomas Jefferson forwarded many samples of grasses, rice, peppers and olives to correspondents at home.

Despite these efforts to introduce new seeds and plants, many varieties of fruits and vegetables with which everybody is now familiar were scarce or unknown in this country in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Interest in better seeds and in securing new seeds and plants resulted largely from the agricultural fairs inaugurated by the various societies for "promoting agriculture," which were organized at Charleston, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Washington.

In 1839, through the efforts of Henry L. Ellsworth, commissioner of patents, an appropriation of \$1,000 was made for the purpose of collecting and distributing seeds, prosecuting agricultural investigations and procuring agricultural statistics.

Under the system that now prevails each member of the senate and the house has a quota of 20,000 packages of vegetables and 2,000 packages of flower seed, each package being made up to five packages containing different kinds of seed.

The job of purchasing, testing, apportioning and distributing government seed is a big job. All seeds are purchased through competitive bids. The quotations are opened and listed in the presence of bidders and officials of the department of agriculture.

The seed purchased is subjected to thorough scientific tests. When a consignment of seed is received at the department of agriculture warehouse a small portion is taken from the middle and near the top and bottom, of at least one-fourth of all the bags, and thoroughly mixed, to make a composite sample, which is sent to the seed laboratory.

INDIANS GREW COTTON.

The origin, growth and development of the cotton industry in the United States has received much attention from historians, ethnologists and statisticians. Much interest has been manifested in the identity and description of the varieties which formed the foundation of the American upland cotton, but only recently has

there been a systematic study and analysis of the types of plants which make up the field crops today, with a view of accomplishing this object. The fact that cotton was used and of necessity cultivated by the Indians, is recorded by several early Spanish explorers, as it has been more recently by many ethnologists.

Today, among the Hopi Indians of Arizona, the cotton plant is highly esteemed, and its fiber enters into many of their ceremonies, as well as into many practical household activities. Unfortunately the native Hopis, once deft in the art of weaving blankets, mantles, rugs and other articles from cotton, now find it far easier to purchase the yarn already spun, the cloth already woven, or the complete garment, and thus the art is gradually being lost.

The department of agriculture has carried on experiments with Hopi cotton for the past seven years. This particular species of cotton is remarkable in the rapidity with which it grows and the early date at which it blooms, it being the earliest to blossom of several hundred species put to test.

PENSION LIST GROWS SMALLER.

There are now on the government's pension roll 538,000 soldiers and sailors, 321,932 dependents and widows, and 382 army nurses, according to the annual report of the pension bureau, just made public. These include 497,263 survivors of the Civil war, and 238 widows of the war of 1812.

The report predicts that the abolishment of the pension agencies, effective Jan. 31, 1913, and the payment of all pensions direct from the pension bureau, will result in a more efficient and economical administration, avoiding duplication of work and saving expense.

The total number of pensioners, under general pension laws, is 838,210, their pensions aggregating \$144,973,569, and under special acts of congress 22,084, aggregating \$6,584,572 annually.

From the foundation of the government to June 30 last, the United States paid \$4,383,368,184 in pensions to soldiers, sailors and marines, their widows, minor children and dependent relatives, on account of military and naval service in the various wars and in regular service.

PAJAMAS IN THE NAVY.

Official orders for the wearing of pajamas were issued at the navy department the other day in a circular describing the dress of enlisted men of the navy. Henceforth, all enlisted men will be required to add two suits of pajamas to their equipment on board ship. The pajamas are to be of white drill. Marines also are to be pajama-clad hereafter, the orders issued affecting the men in this service.

Among other changes in the uniform dress of the bluejackets is the addition of a non-elastic chin cord to the familiar "pancake" sailor hat.

TO ENGRAVE EXECUTIVES-ELECT

The bureau of engraving and printing already is preparing to engrave likenesses of Woodrow Wilson and Thomas R. Marshall for the archives of the nation.

Secretary MacVeagh of the treasury department requested the president-elect and the vice-president-elect to furnish copies of their favorite portraits, from which the bureau will make engravings. Governor Marshall's picture was received the other day.

The likeness of every president and vice-president of the United States has been reproduced on an engraved plate by the bureau of engraving and printing. The engravings of presidents Roosevelt and Taft are considered masterpieces by the bureau.

NEW NICKEL SOON READY.

The design of the new nickel to supplant the five-cent coin now in circulation will be perfected by Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh within a few weeks. George E. Roberts, director of the mint, and J. E. Fraser, of New York, an artist who is working on the design, conferred with the secretary today.

An Indian head will adorn the face of the coin and the figure of a buffalo the reverse. The design is intended to honor the disappearing Indians and buffalo, linked together in American history.

GOOD PRESCRIPTION.

Juvenile Court Judge David Lacey prescribed wash-tub exercise for a college graduate who was "too tired" to find work and support his wife and child.

CZAR'S VAST WEALTH

Russian Ruler Easily the Richest Man in the World.

His Estimated Income is \$30,000,000 a Year and His Vast Possessions Are All the Time Increasing in Value.

While Russia is a frequent and large borrower among the nations of the earth, Emperor Nicholas, according to a statement presented to his majesty by the imperial treasurer-general, is the richest man in the world, writes the St. Petersburg correspondent of the New York Tribune.

"Your majesty," says Baron Menchikoff, "need have no fear of ever coming to suffer the stings of poverty. Financially you are solvent yourself. With one hand you could buy out the American multimillionaires, Rockefeller and Morgan, and still have sufficient in the other to talk business with Baron Rothschild. Or, if you prefer, you can take over the Krupp, although I would not recommend the investment."

The czar is very angry with Baron Menchikoff and his playful ways, and rebuked him soundly for indulging in "such undignified comparisons."

The czar's civil list amounts to nearly \$2,000,000, including the amounts paid to the grand dukes, and of this sum more than \$1,000,000 is available for his own private purposes. Then he owns lands in Russia in Europe which cover an area equal to that of the whole of Nevada, of which the revenues reach the vast sum of \$20,000,000 a year, of which \$5,000,000 is paid to the grand ducal families. The czar's lands in Siberia bring him in another \$7,500,000, although they are at present largely undeveloped. Altogether, including interest on savings, the czar's income exceeds \$30,000,000 and is increasing rapidly.

Ready With His Answer. An Irishman was newly employed at a lumber office. The proprietors of the company were young men and decided to have some fun with the new Irish hand.

Going to a nearby drug store, they proceeded to call up the lumber company's office and the following conversation ensued:

"Hello! Is this the East Side Lumber company?"

"Yes, sir. And what would ye be havin'?"

"Take an order, will you?"

"Sure. That's what I'm here for."

"Please send us up 1,000 knot-holes."

"Well, now an' ain't that a bloomin' shame? I'm sorry, but we are just out."

"How's that?"

"Just sold them all to the new brew-ery."

"To the new brewery? What do they want with them?"

"By golly, an' they use them for bung-holes in barrels."—The Delin-ator.

Ten Million Oyster Shells.

Oyster shells have of late become quite valuable. It has been discovered that they are quite excellent to build roads with; they are also used for fertilizers and the manufacture of buttons. Nowadays the oysterman saves his shells and sells them at a profit. The biggest pile of shells in the world is situated at Hampton, Va., on Chesapeake bay, the greatest of oyster waters.

Progress of Medicine. At the recent surgeons' convention in New York hammocks were put in patients' insides to hold their stomachs up. Wounds were sewed with sewing machines, and Dr. Alexis Carrel cut off dogs' legs and fixed them on again with perfect ease and success.

"The way surgery is progressing," said Simeon Ford, in an awed voice, "nobody need ever be given up any more—unless, indeed, it's a case of poor old Sykes."

"There goes Sykes," one of my clerks said to me the other day. "There goes old Bill Sykes, as hale and hearty as he ever was. And yet eight doctors have at various times given him up."

"Ha, ha!" I laughed. "And what did they give him up for, George?" "He wouldn't pay his bills," the clerk replied.

MRS. FREDERICK SCHOFF THINKS ALL TOTS GOOD

Prior to 1899 Mrs. Frederick Schoff of Philadelphia, known as "the woman Judge Lindsey" of Pennsylvania, and the originator of the juvenile court movement, had never even thought of a public career.



largest organizations of the kind the world has ever known.

According to Mrs. Schoff's theory "there are no bad children, only bad parents, bad guardians, and evil surroundings," she says: "If the child is bad, the parents are the real criminals, and if we cannot teach them to bring children into the world properly, to nurture them properly and to train them properly, we had better punish the parents when the child does wrong."

The incentive that led to Mrs. Schoff becoming the champion of unfortunate children occurred one morning a little more than a decade ago, as she sat reading the morning newspaper in the library of her luxurious home in Philadelphia, when the startling headlines on the first page, "A Prodigy Crime" caught her attention and she became interested in an account of how an eight-year-old child had deliberately set fire to the house in which she lived, burning it to the ground.

Many a mother in that "City of Brotherly Love," who read those startling headlines, though justly shocked at the seeming depravity of the little waif, felt also a thrill of pity for her; for there were mothers who had not forgotten the day their little girl had started a fire out of similar curiosity, or "just for fun;" however, the paper was laid aside, and the newspaper phrase which has been the means of redeeming thousands and thousands of juvenile offenders against the law was soon forgotten by all but one great-hearted woman, whose eyes followed her own three little daughters as they played about the room.

Her heart went out to that motherless child, and within an hour she was remonstrating with the bewildered judge, who declared he had no other place to send her. This made Mrs. Schoff more determined than ever to rescue the child, and to learn more of the law that branded little children as criminals and send them to reformatories. Horrified at the existing system of handling juvenile criminals, she immediately began the work of investigating the local conditions.

Her efforts, after ten years work, resulted in the establishment in Philadelphia last June of the first juvenile court in Pennsylvania.

ENGLISH WOMAN HOLDS PUBLIC OFFICE 17 YEARS

For no less than seventeen years Miss Henry has been a member of the Newbury (England) Rural District Council.



Every man or woman voter in that country will be called upon to elect members for the rural district council's next March, and, in the opinion of Miss Henry, it is of the utmost importance that an increased number of women should stand for election. At present, out of about sixteen thousand councillors, only one hundred and thirty-four are women, and during the last seventeen years the number of women serving on rural district councils has somewhat diminished.

Broken Neck Is Not Fatal. After living five months with a broken neck, Harold Million of St. Joseph, Mo., succumbed to Bright's disease. He suffered his injuries at Guide Rock, Neb., June 30 last, when he dived into shallow water in the Republic river. For a time it was believed he would recover, as he partly regained the use of his arms and legs, which were paralyzed when he was first hurt.

ROMANCE ALL GONE

Anna Warrington's Brief Days of Glory Are Over.

Immortalized by Great Painter, in a World-famous Picture, She is Passing the Evening of Her Life Poor and Unknown.

Who is Anna Warrington? And why should one care who she is, anyway? Well, she was once a beautiful woman and her face was made immortal by a great painter in a picture that is one of the most romantic ever painted. It is the portrait of a kiss. The artist was Carolus Duran and Anna Warrington was the girl receiving the kiss. It is a beautiful picture.

And Anna Warrington? She is an old, old woman and lives alone in a little English village, poor and plain and unknown.

But forty years ago, how different! Yes, it was forty years ago that the beautiful kiss picture was painted. A beautiful woman is reclining in her lover's arms and receiving the kiss full on the mouth. And how ardently does the lover hold her, one strong hand beneath her head, the other against her waist, clasped over by her own little, soft hand and her arm flung about his neck in the abandon of loving, and the two beautiful faces together.

And that woman was Anna Warrington.

She was in the full glory of her charms when she posed for the famous kiss picture, and it is said that the reason Duran painted it with such exquisite tenderness was that he was at the time passionately in love with his beautiful model. The lover in the picture is almost a portrait of Duran in the days of his youth.

When she found she was getting too old to pose she went to work as a designer at \$10 a week and life turned prosaic and colorless. It aged her a little. Her life a short time ago had been filled with marvelous promises. But that was youth, and some-how life had not made good. Why could one not always be like the girl in "Le Baiser?" she asked herself. Life was so beautiful then, and Anna Warrington never dreamed it would be, could be, anything else.

And now she is all alone and Duran is an old man and has forgotten.

Room in Order.

A room well aired, fresh, clean and sweet holds in itself refreshment and rest. Within its four walls, no matter how simple they may be, comfort and peace are to be found. All these things are just what a business woman needs after her day's work, and she will not find them if she does not see to it that her own room waits for her clean and tidy.

If the room is once in order it will not be a great amount of trouble to keep it that way, though it may take a little thought at first to get into the habit of orderliness, especially if one has allowed oneself to grow slack. A business woman is so hurried that she is apt to let things slip a trifle and to feel that she has not the time or the energy to keep her room and her bureau drawers immaculate. This is often the case even when she goes out to her work looking perfectly groomed herself. Such an idea is incorrect, however; she would have time and energy, as well as experience new comfort and pleasure, if she refused to let things slide and kept her belongings in "apple pie order."

Chestnut Worms for Bait.

"Who would think the little fat worm that bores its way into the chestnut would have any use," said the man on the corner as he abstracted a nut from the hot and savory pan. "Yet they are in demand by fishermen, as they make the best kind of bait for catching chubs. When the weather gets cold enough for chestnuts it is generally too cold for bass and other fish, so the enthusiastic followers of the immortal Isak fall back on the chub. Some of them have an arrangement with chestnut vendors to keep all of the worms they find in their stock, for which they are paid a few cents or according to the generosity of the fisherman."

Masculine Niobe.

A woman who has filed a suit against her husband in Kansas City makes these extraordinary charges:

(1) That whenever she left him at home to go out in company, Mr. Gordon would become hysterical and cry.

(2) That he wept for an hour on the day that a bottle of milk soured and she refused to go to the grocery and get another.

Why didn't she chuck him under the chin, dam his well of tears with the promise of a new Parisian smoking jacket, and thus avoid recourse to the divorce court?

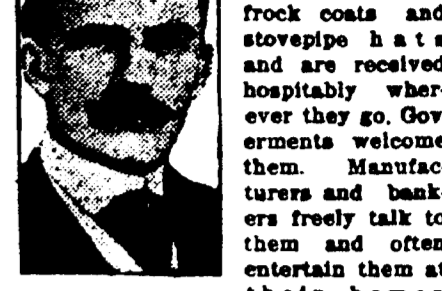
It's an old trick—but it works.—Boston Globe.

Carried Away; Sues Aviator.

The sad tale of an involuntary flight was told in the Leeds (England) county court, when the jury awarded to Miss Ellen C. Pimlott, a professional nurse, damages to the amount of \$875 against R. L. Isaacson, a Leeds engineer. The plaintiff's story was that she was sitting on the sands at Fliley when she saw an aeroplane coming straight toward her. She tried to get out of the way, but was caught and picked up by one of the wings. She remembers seeing the sea, and then lost consciousness, awakening later to find herself in a hospital.

ALBERTUS H. BALDWIN HEADS NEW DEPARTMENT

Business spies of all nations—though spies may be a harsh name for them—are hard to get throughout the world. They wear frock coats and stovepipe hats and are received hospitably wherever they go. Governments welcome them. Manufacturers and bankers freely talk to them and often entertain them at their homes.



Were they spies in a war of arms, instead of a war for money, they would be shot as soon as found.

If they learn of a valuable trade process, they are likely to lay hands upon it and send it home. Some of them will enter factories and buy blueprints of new machines from mercenary employes if any such faithless workmen happen to be around. They watch new buildings for hints in construction and study tariffs and the rates of land and water transportation. German spies—able and technical men, speaking English and making no secret of their activities—are posted in every part of the United States.

Many cities, having the trade scouts of foreign countries right in the thick of their own affairs, often overlook them, unless there is a monument to Kosuth or Rochambeau to be unveiled, or the British-Americans hold a reunion with Caledonian games, or the "Wacht am Rhein" is sung at a festival of merry and unforgetful Teutons. At the same time American spies overrun the earth in all directions. Once they were big-voiced politicians uttering ready and maybe shady recollections of state and national conventions and voicing boasts of their intimate relations with senators, governors and judges. Nowadays, however, the words, "American consul," stand for something very much better than loud eloquence on the stump or party diligence in wards and precincts. Then there are special and extraordinary spies, or commercial agents, as they are called, with roving commissions, who travel the globe in a search for facts and the guarded discoveries of industry and applied chemistry.

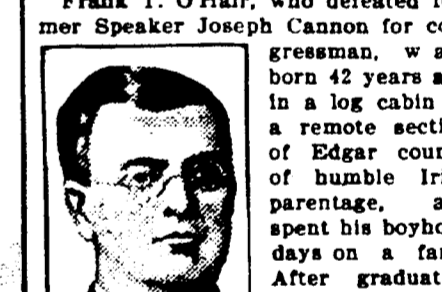
In a sense, Albertus H. Baldwin is captain of the spies, common and uncommon, stationary or itinerant. The consuls, officially, are employes of the department of state. Mr. Baldwin, however, is permitted to call on them for information, and copies of their trade reports go over his desk. So they are auxiliaries to his own staff, which numbers more than eighty men. Moreover, under a new law, he is to observe and help domestic trade within the United States—to keep tabs on sales here and abroad and to promote all kinds of business whenever and wherever he can.

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JOE CANNON'S SUCCESSOR WAS BORN IN LOG CABIN

Frank T. O'Hair, who defeated former Speaker Joseph Cannon for congressman, was born 42 years ago in a log cabin in a remote section of Edgar county of humble Irish parentage, and spent his boyhood days on a farm.



After graduating from the common schools he entered Purdue university, where he took the law course. Returning to Paris, he hung out his shingle and by sheer force of character and ability has won a place among the best lawyers of eastern Illinois and western Indiana.

Encouraged by the results of the congressional election of two years ago and the disturbance in the Republican party last spring, leading Democrats of the district determined to forestall the Cannon program by nominating a candidate strong enough to attract the support of the whole party and attract those Republicans who wanted Cannon defeated.

Announcing himself as a progressive Democrat with no strings tied to him, O'Hair went forth on a "get acquainted" tour of the district and amazed old campaigners with the instant success that he met everywhere. Attired in an old suit of clothes and a slouch hat, with good cigars bulging from every pocket, he visited every village, town and crossroads community in the district. This meeting of the voters at their homes, coupled with his unassuming and friendly manner and a ready command of the homely stories that appeal to the rural people, was something new.

White "Uncle Joe" was stumping the district on a special train accompanied by a lot of other candidates. O'Hair was helping the farmers stack and thresh their grain, or was admiring their stock while pleading for their support.

Tired Postal Card Arrives.

A postal card written by E. H. Aldrich, a business man of Bloomington, Ill., from the Columbian Exposition grounds during the world's fair in Chicago on October 12, 1893, to H. S. Curdy, a friend in Bloomington, was not received by Mr. Curdy until this week. No explanation of the long delay was made.