

A BATHLESS AGE.

For a Thousand Years the People of Europe Went Unwashed.

When Egypt, Greece and Rome were at the height of their ancient power their citizens made bathing a social function, a municipal duty and a religious observance. The public baths of these nations were magnificent architectural and important as centers of hygienic and municipal sentiment.

With the decadence of these countries the world seems to have reverted to a period of mental sloth and physical uncleanness. As an authority on the matter puts it:

"For 1,000 years there was not a man or woman in Europe that ever took a bath, if the historian of these times, Michelet, is to be believed. The ancient love of the bath seemed to have disappeared from off the land."

"There was no Greece or Rome to hold up the ensign of cleanliness to the nations of Europe. Small wonder that the people of the continent became physical decadents, as indeed they were in spite of tradition to the contrary."

"It is not strange that there came the awful epidemics that cut off one-fourth of the population of Europe—the spotted plague, the black death, the sweating sickness and the terrible mental epidemics that followed in their train—the dancing mania, the mewing mania and the biting mania."

"The bath was banished and filth was almost defied. Indeed, it was then thought that the sanctification of the body was only accomplished when that body was indescribably dirty."

THE MOUSE IN THE CREAM.

Being a Story of a Pound of Butter, Which Points a Moral.

Some years ago when Thomas L. Calvert, chief inspector of the Ohio dairy and food department, was running a general store in a country town, a woman came into the store with a small quantity of butter which she wanted to sell.

"We made this for our own use, but we found that a mouse had run through the cream, so we decided to sell it," she said. "You know, it will make no difference just so the person who eats the butter does not know that the mouse was in the cream," she added.

Mr. Calvert bought the butter, padded it into a different shape and put it away in a cool place in the rear of the store. Two days later the woman came back to the store to buy some butter. Mr. Calvert sold her the butter he had bought from her. He had bought it for that very reason, intending to teach the woman a lesson. The next time the woman came to the

store she told Mr. Calvert that the butter he had sold her was of fine quality and she asked where he got it. "It was what you sold me; you know you said that it would make no difference if no one knew that the mouse ran through the cream," Mr. Calvert said.—Columbus Dispatch.

HUMOR IN VISITORS' BOOKS.

Witty Comments Left Behind by Disgusted Hotel Guests.

The custom of keeping books in hotels and boarding houses and asking visitors to leave behind them some written record of their stay has been productive of many witty effusions, the humor of which, however, could scarcely be appreciated in some cases by "mine host."

It was Quin, the actor, says London Tit-Bits, who many years ago wrote the following at the once famed Pelican Inn near Newbury:

The famous inn at Speenhamland, That stands beneath the hill, May well be called the Pelican From its enormous bill.

A hotel keeper in Argentina proudly points to the following recommendation written by an English visitor:

"If you have no objection to garlic in your food, travel in your wine, mosquitoes in your bedrooms and dishonesty in your landlord; if you are content with a saucer for your bath and if you like being hurled out of bed in the morning by an earthquake I can, from experience, recommend this hotel."

Needless to say the landlord could not read English.

At a pretentious suburban hotel, says the London Truth, one may read: "I have pleasure in testifying to the bon ton of this hotel. Every one dresses for dinner except the cook. The proprietors give the cook next to nothing to dress for dinner." And at an old established posting house in Lancashire some ambiguous visitor entered this remark: "The food here is exceptional. I feel hungry every day."

Hard to Get Rid Of. "Opportunity is said to call once and return no more."

"I wish impurity followed the same tactics," declared the man who had just succeeded in prying himself loose from a persistent canvasser.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Between Octopogonians. "I understand they sentenced him to life imprisonment."

"Well, no; it wasn't as bad as that. He got only ninety-nine years!"—Puck

"Time enough" always proves little enough.—Franklin.

COUNTING THE PEOPLE.

First Census Proposal in England Raised a Lively Row.

It was in 1753 that a proposal to count the people was first made. Thomas Potter, son of the archbishop of Canterbury and member for St. Germans, introduced in that year a bill "for taking and registering an annual account of the total number of the people and of the total number of marriages, births and deaths and also of the total number of poor receiving alms from every parish church and extra parochial place in Great Britain." It was inevitable, of course, that directly this proposal was made the precedent of King David should be quoted. And many were the jeremiads as to the alternative evils which would befall the country. Those submitted to David were mild in comparison. Mr. Thornton, member for York city, said:

"I did not believe that there was any set of men or indeed any individual of the human species so presumptuous and so abandoned as to make the proposal we have just heard. I hold this subject to be totally subversive of the last remains of English liberty. The new bill will direct the imposition of new taxes, and indeed the addition of a very few words will make it the most effectual engine of rapacity and oppression that was ever used against an injured people. Moreover, an annual register of our people will acquaint our enemies abroad with our weakness."

Matthew Ridley, another opposing member, added that his constituents looked on the proposal as ominous and feared lest some public misfortune or an epidemical distemper should follow the numbering. However, the bill passed the commons only to be promptly rejected by the lords. Not until 1800 was the proposal again made, and on this occasion it was brought to a successful issue. The first census of England and Wales was taken in March, 1801.—Westminster Gazette.

A Bit of Savage Warfare.

One of the amenities of savage warfare is mentioned in Major C. G. Bruce's "Twenty Years in the Himalaya." In the old days, when the two tribes were at war, the Hunza men caught the Nagryis at a disadvantage, beat them and took prisoner nearly the whole of their force. Now, they did not want to keep them prisoners and feed them—they had scarcely enough food for themselves—nor did they want to make an end of them, so they just stripped them of arms and clothing and sent them home absolutely in a state of nature. This was considered far more shameful to the Nagryis than if they had all been killed in the fight.

Chairs in the Dark Ages.

The chairs of the dark ages, modeled partly on those of the Romans, were in keeping with the comfortless dwellings in which the people of the north of Europe then passed their lives. The Saxon kings of England are represented as seated on thrones in the form of a box, the ends slightly raised, the bottom advanced to form a sort of footstool. There is always a cushion to add a degree of comfort and sometimes a back in the form of a crosspiece or remotely resembling the backs of modern chairs.

A Witty Retort.

Having once lost a case in New York, Counselor Nolan sadly remarked, "My poor client is little likely to get justice done here until the judgment day."

"Well, counselor," said the court, "if I have an opportunity I'll plead for the poor woman myself on that day."

"Your honor," replied Nolan, "will have troubles of your own upon that day."

Ostrich Feathers.

In each wing of an ostrich twenty-six long white plumes grow to maturity in eight months. In the male these are pure white, while those of the female shade to ecru or gray. The short feathers are plucked for tips, and each wing furnishes seventy-five of these. The tail feathers are of a deep old ivory color, and sixty-five of these have a commercial value.

Your Influence.

We are answerable for incalculable opportunities of good and evil in our daily intercourse with every soul with whom we have to deal. To each and all, every day and all day long, we are distributing that which is best or worst in the world—influence.—Kemble.

Something Wrong.

"Oh, doctor; please come up to my house without delay."

"What's wrong?"

"My wife just told me she could make her last year's hat do for another season."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WHEN YOU DROP YOUR WATCH.

If It Stops, Then You May Be Sure the Balance Staff Is Injured.

Did you ever drop your watch and note with satisfaction that it was still running, only to have your elation turned to gloom a minute later by its uneven "tick" and final silence? Did you ever rap its rim against the palm of your hand and fancy you had revived its accustomed activity, only to find the revival merely spasmodic, not lasting?

It makes no difference whether your watch cost \$3.50 or \$350—the latter being the highest price asked for one of American make—if it stops after being dropped on the floor a sure and certain diagnosis of its internal wound is "injury to balance staff."

The injury may, as in the case of a human limb after a fall, be a sprain or a fracture, but you can be positive it is the "balance staff" and no other of the various "organs" of a watch's anatomy that has been put out of business by the catastrophe. Whether sprained—that is, bent—or actually broken, "hospital charges" for repair of the crippled timepiece will be about the same.

The balance staff is a tiny bit of steel which serves as upright axis for the little wheel with spokes, whose vibrations are the pulse of the mechanism. Its length varies from a sixteenth to a quarter of an inch. It is thickest in the middle, and each end terminates in a pivot point finer than the business end of a needle. These tiny points rest in two rubies, the under one made fast to the bed of the works and the other to the underside of the bridge. It is these hairlike ends of the balance staff that suffer through the dropping of your watch. They are made of the finest steel, but their slenderness makes it impossible for any watchmaker, no matter how much you pay, to guarantee they will not bend or break through the jar of a fall of more than a few inches.

If every time a balance staff is broken it were necessary for your jeweler to construct a new one by hand machinery at his own work bench you would perhaps guard more carefully against dropping your watch, for the cost would be excessive, but as matters stand all large jewelers carry a cabinet full of tiny phials, each numbered, which contain balance staffs, as many as 300 different sizes and shapes, to fit almost every variety of American made watches, and they have but to consult the cabinet index to find one suited to your need. The cost of installing varies from \$1.50 to \$7.50, according to the value of the watch itself.—New York American.

Lost Liners.

It seems incredible that a ship could utterly vanish, but that such an occurrence is possible is shown by the long list of liners that have been lost with all hands in the wide Atlantic. There was the President, with 136 souls on board, which utterly vanished in 1841; and the City of Glasgow, with her 480 passengers and crew, which disappeared without trace in 1854; and two years later the Pacific, which sailed from Liverpool with 240 aboard and was never more heard of. The Tempest, another big liner, vanished in 1859, the City of Boston in 1870, the Huronian in 1902, the Waratah in 1910, and of the fate that befell them the world has never yet gained tidings and probably never will.

Saving Trouble.

The husband of a fashionable woman, whose gowns are at once the admiration and the despair of her feminine acquaintances, was discussing the cost of living with a friend the other night.

"By the way," ventured the friend, "I—er—don't you have a good deal of trouble keeping your wife dressed in the height of style?"

The woman's husband sighed and then shook his head emphatically.

"Oh, no," he said, "nothing to speak of; nothing—nothing to the trouble I'd have if I didn't."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Wanted a Comparison.

They visited the museum and were looking at the statue of a Roman gladiator. One of his arms was broken off, his left leg ended at the knee, his helmet was battered and there were several patches on his face. He represented "Victory." Said one of the visitors to his companion, "If that fellow won I would like to see the guy who lost."

Why Boys Are Brave.

To his teacher's request that he give the class ideas on the subject of "bravery" little Johnny delivered himself of the following:

"Some boys is brave because they always plays with little boys, and some boys is brave because their legs is too short to run away, but most boys is brave because somebody's lookin'."—Brooklyn Life.

TRAPPED BY HIS BLIND RAGE.

For Stupid Obstinacy a Himalayan Bear Takes the Prize.

"Most wild animals are stupid as well as greedy, but for sheer brainless obstinacy in the face of opposition," writes Prince Sarath Ghosh in his book, "The Wonders of the Jungle," "there is no animal like the Himalayan bear. If he finds a thing in his way he will always push it aside. If he can, even though it would be easier to go round the obstacle."

"The wily natives of India have observed that trait in his character and from it have contrived a trap to catch him. They select a tree with a suitable horizontal bough. At a point on the bough about ten or twelve feet from the fork they fasten a bait likely to attract the bear—honey, for example, or goat's flesh. Then from another bough above that one they suspend a heavy block of stone. The rope is so attached to the upper bough that the stone hangs between the bait and the fork of the tree."

"The bear scents the bait from a distance, comes to the tree, sees the food on the bough and climbs up the trunk of the tree. Reaching the bough, he walks along it to get at the bait. But suddenly he notices the obstacle in the way and pushes it aside with his paw. The stone swings out of the way for a second, then it swings back and hits the bear on the paw. With a growl of irritation the bear pushes it aside more violently. The stone swings away again; then it returns with greater force and hits the bear on the chest."

"With a snarl of rage the bear gives the stone a tremendous thrust and sends it up into the air in a wide curve. Then down comes the stone in a similar curve and hits the bear a thumping whack on the ribs."

"Most animals would desist after that third blow; not so the bear. He is now in a perfectly mad rage, and a bear is a good boxer. He hits out with his paws right and left and sends the stone hurtling forward in a still wider curve. Then after a few seconds the stone comes back and hits the bear a terrific 'uppercut' on the jaw."

"The bear is roused to white hot fury. He thinks an enemy is hiding behind the stone—as an enemy might do in the jungle—and he is determined to reach that enemy."

"But alas, the bear never went to school and learned the law of gravity! Every blow he hits the stone is returned tenfold. And as the stone has no brains to be knocked out it is the bear that gets knocked out at last. He will never, never give in until he is knocked out of the tree."

"Then the wily natives hiding below rush in with a net and throw it quickly over him."

"And that is how many menageries and zoos get their Himalayan bear."

Why Not a Garden Pool?

As to the garden pool—why not have one? It may be ever so simply done, and often the more simple it is the more charming. Or it may be very elaborate and artificial, like those in the tiny toy gardens of those masters of artifice, the Japanese. No other garden feature offers greater possibilities for diversity of form or for originality than the pool. I know a city garden with high walls about it, rather a cramped garden because of the nearness of other dwellings. But under a small tree in that garden is a bit of a basin with water that is always fresh, set there in the sod to invite the birds for a daily bath. And where birds are there is the spirit of the woodland and mountains, no matter how high skyscrapers tower round about.—Bertha H. Smith in Country-side Magazine.

Thoroughly Disinfected.

In the days when the Manchu dynasty was tottering two students cut off some of their fingers as a protest to the government's delay in granting a parliament. Such forms of protest are to the Chinese what writing a letter to the paper is to the Englishman. When these students were taken to the Union Medical college the doctors remonstrated with them for misusing their bodies and running the danger of infection as well.

"Oh, you needn't fear on that point," said these students. "We boiled the knife first."—World Outlook.

Monster Coins.

It is understood that the largest gold coin in circulation is the gold "loof" of Anam, the French colony in eastern Asia. It is a flat round piece worth \$55 English money. The next size to this unwieldy coin is the Japanese "obang," which weighs more than two and a half ounces and is about equal to ten English sovereigns.—London Opticon.

The Seven Seas.

"The seven seas" is a poetic name for the oceans of the earth. The "waters embraced" in the term include, therefore, all the great waters of the earth. Specifically the seven seas are divided as the north and south Atlantic, north and south Pacific, Arctic, Antarctic and Indian oceans.

Man.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!—Hamlet.

Nearly the Same Thing.

She—Before we were married you said you liked everything I did. He—Well, I haven't changed much. Now I like everything you don't do.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

When you make one mistake don't make another by trying to be out of it.

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