

WASHING DAY AFLOAT

When the Sailor Lads in the Navy Turn Laundrymen.

A HARD JOB IN BAD WEATHER

Each Man, With His Feet and Legs Bare, Scrubs His Own Clothes and Gets Them Ready For Inspection.

Have you ever noticed how clean and well dressed a sailor lad looks when on shore leave, how white his clothes look when you board the ship on visiting days? But did you ever realize that he was his own washerman?

With a shrill blast of his silver whistle the chief boatswain's mate will pipe, "Scrub and wash clothes!" and every man hurries to his bucket, gets his soiled clothes, salt water soap, draws a bucket of briny or fresh water, as the case may be, and begins his washing.

He is generally barefooted at this time, so that he will not wet his shoes and stockings. He wears his trousers very bell shaped at the bottom in order that he may roll them up over the knee.

After scrubbing and rubbing his clothes until clean he turns them inside out and with "stops" proceeds to get them ready for hanging up. These stops are short pieces of twine, twisted and with whipped ends, that he uses in lieu of clothespins. They are fastened in eyelets placed at the side seams and bottom of his shirts and the waistband of his trousers. He turns all his washed clothes inside out to prevent the right side getting soiled.

They are then hung on a line which, says the Youth's Companion, is run from the bow to the topmast or upper top of a fighting mast. The well informed man now usually puts his clothes to soak the night before in a bucket half full of water into which he has either sprinkled a handful of soap powder or a small piece of salt water soap. In the morning a little rubbing and his clothes are clean and hung up, while the "landlubber" has just begun.

When they have been thoroughly dried, the chief boatswain again pipes, "Scrub and wash clothes!" and every man rushes for the clothesline to claim his own. If he fails to secure them within a reasonable time, the master at arms, or "Jimmy Legs," takes them down, and they go into the "lucky bag." Then the only recourse the unlucky owner has is to go to the mast, or the "stick," as the court on board ship is commonly called, and petition the "first lieutenant" or executive officer, to order them released.

As a rule, Jimmy Legs, who has charge of the cleanliness of the decks always has extra cleaning, painting and so forth in mind, and the man whose clothes get into the lucky bag receives so many hours' extra duty as a gentle reminder to be more careful in the future. His name goes on Jimmy Legs' time book, and when there is any extra labor to be performed he is called upon to assist.

This is usually the lot of the "landlubber" who has not been aboard long enough to "learn the ropes." After they are taken from the line the stops are taken out and the clothes rolled in such a manner that they need no ironing. These rolls are then tied at each end with the stops and are stowed away in the clothes bag. In this way all his clothes, both blue and white, are kept clean, and when Sunday morning comes and there is general inspection on the quarter deck he has no fear of being reprimanded for having on a soiled uniform.

The hardest things of a sailor's outfit to wash are his blanket and hammock. The hammock forms part of his equipment, but belongs to the ship. He is, however, required to keep it clean. His mattress and blanket are lashed into the hammock and stowed in the nettings or crates provided for that purpose.

Every day a couple or more men are detailed to stow them away and at night to break them out. It is this handling so much that gets them fearfully dirty, especially while a ship is coaling. When washing his hammock, a sailor lays it flat on the deck and uses a wire brush to get it clean, with the assistance of soap and lots of "elbow grease."

In visiting a foreign port and before the ship has come to anchor it will be surrounded by "bumboats," generally bringing out washerwomen, who are usually negroes and who clamor for any work in the laundry line. They do good work and charge very little for it. They always show their references from the last ship and always want a new one to add to their already long list.

It is in wet and stormy weather that the sailor has his own troubles trying to dry his clothes. Round the uptakes of the smokestack there is a drying room in which clothes may be hung, but as they grow yellowish when hung there often this room is used as little as possible. In the newer men-of-war there are installed washing and drying machines which greatly facilitate the laundry work, making it inexcusable for a sailor to have soiled clothes. This machine, which dries clothes by centrifugal motion, does the work rapidly and well.

These machines, which are being added to all the new ships, will in time do away with all hand work. The old familiar sight of a long line of clothes strung from bow to masthead will no longer be seen, and the boatswain's mate will forget his "Scrub and wash clothes."

CHARMS FOR LUCK.

The Sort of Superstitions Some Wall Street Men Harbor.

Let all the dear readers, feminine gender, take cognizance of what follows, for surely the fairer sex is, after all, the stronger sex. Women know no such abject obedience to superstitious fears and signs as do the men. With a view to eliciting something of interest, the writer had a chance to put a certain question to a captain of industry. "Tut, tut," he replied suspiciously, "you'd be getting me into trouble, wouldn't you?" With a promise that no names would be mentioned, he finally agreed to tell a thing or two.

"The question was, 'Aren't men in Wall Street carrying all sorts of queer things to try to change their luck?' In answer to this the writer heard some curious stories. One man of worldwide fame, for example, carries a cane in the center of which there is a slender steel rod. Circling the rod there are rings made of leather and of hard rubber, like the washers that plumbers use. Each seventh ring is made of leather from the soles of the shoes worn by the billionaire during what he considered his luckiest year. Elephants and pigs as lucky charms there are of course in plenty, but the proper caper is to wear the animal plumed inside on the watch fob pocket. Then there is another great financier who carries with him a gold ink well and would never sign a document with fluid from another receptacle. Once upon a time, when he had, say, only a playmate million or two, he signed a paper in a deal that doubled, then tripled, his wealth. The ink used that day was emptied into a long gold tube or well that he now carries. The ink was used up, but to the well, so he thinks, the good luck power has been translated. Lucky coins pass from father to son in several of the multimillionaire families, and the man who inherits them would never be without them. We have few secret drawers in desks or doors in houses, as they had in olden times, but there are many secret pockets in the suits made by smart tailors.—Brooklyn Life.

A GRATEFUL GUEST.

The Reward She Bestowed Upon Those Who Entertained Her.

"Human nature is a queer thing," said the philosopher. "Not long ago some friends of mine got badly down on their luck. Times were so hard for them that they scarcely knew which way to turn for the necessities of life. At that most inopportune time they received word from a woman friend of theirs that she was coming to visit them for a few days. They were dismayed, but by the exercise of great ingenuity and by depriving themselves to almost the vanishing point they managed to entertain her and really to set before her most excellent meals. After she left their affairs continued to grow even worse. If possible, and while they kept up a brave front I was near enough to them so I couldn't help knowing all about it, though they were not aware that I saw the situation. I thought it was time some of their friends came to the rescue if a suitable way could be devised, so I wrote the woman who had been their guest—being slightly acquainted with her myself—told her I would head the procession, would like her aid and would be glad of any suggestions she could make as to a practical plan for helping our old friends without hurting their proper pride. Her reply gave me something to think about for many a day. She said she didn't care to help them, as they already lived too well and set too expensive a table; that when she had visited them they had a great deal more to eat than was necessary and that they must be very extravagant people; that it was undoubtedly their own fault they were in such trouble and that it would probably teach them to be more economical in future."—New York Press.

THE MISSING WINDOW PANE.

"Every kitchen has a window with one pane out in the Brazilian town of Rio Grande do Sul," said a cook. "That town is a servants' paradise. Servants live in their own homes there, as they should everywhere. They come to work at 7 in the morning, and they quit at 7 at night—a twelve hour day. Quite long enough. The paneless window is for the milkman, the baker, the butcher, so that these traders can leave their supplies—they usually come early—in a safe place. The Rio Grande servant is, of course, not there to receive them. She is in bed at her own home."

MONISM.

Monism is the doctrine of the oneness of mind and matter, God and the universe. It ignores all that is supernatural. Monism teaches that "all are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is and God the soul;" hence whatever is only conforms to the cosmic laws of the universal all. Mind can never exist without matter, nor matter without mind. They are but the two sides of the same thing.—New York American.

THE BLOODSTAINED EQUATOR.

Human life, I have reason to know, is held cheap at Equatorville, and the place is stained with many crimes. In fact, the whole equator is throughout its 25,000 miles a line of ignorance, savagery and blood. It is a black line which civilization ought to paint white.—Strand Magazine.

FOR PIGS ON PASTURE.

At the Iowa experiment station a ration of corn alone on timothy nas- Remembering that the cheapest gami mule to reach the allowance to, and well for a modern introduction.

HORSE AND HORSEMEN.

Commenting upon views recently advanced by writers in the National Stockman advocating the breeding of mares in the fall, John F. Lewis of Rockingham county, Va., who claims a practical experience extending back over twenty years, says: I do not think much greater errors in horse breeding can be committed. Nothing looks and sounds more reasonable than the following: "Breed mares to foal in the fall, when the busy season is over and after flies have disappeared and the mare is at rest and has nothing to do except nurse the colt and the mare is not overheated and the colt is not taking hot milk," etc.

My business is to breed and raise stock, not for fun, but as a means of gaining a living and an education for my children, and I cannot afford to



AMERICAN CARRIAGE HOUSE. This horse is three-quarters standard bred, one-quarter French coach, owned by H. H. Rhoades, Crawford county, Pa.

pile up losses for the sake of proving my theories correct. I tried raising fall colts, as I had formed the idea that all of the aforementioned quotations were absolutely correct.

The first fall I got four colts, and they were by the son of Harry Bassett, Bowstring, a grand big bay horse scaling nearly 1,300 pounds. Bowstring was a thoroughbred and a very fine horse. I bred six mares, all good ones, not thoroughbreds, but good big 1,300 pound mares. The colts were extra good, I thought, and the mares, all under nine years old, sound and in fine condition, but by spring the colts had made little or no growth and were thin, although I fed them while suckling a quart of bran and oats morning and night.

The next fall I had the same experience with two, but I had colts by this same horse that came in March and April that outgrew the fall colts, and at two and a half years old the spring colts were larger and smoother and better in every respect than the three-year-old colts.

Relating much more experience to the same effect, Mr. Lewis says in conclusion: While I always have from five to nine stallions of serviceable age on the farm and the service of the horses is nothing out of my pocket, I would rather wait six months and breed in the spring than take any more chances on fall colts.

The Southern Saddle Horse. Gentle, tractable, kind and graceful, swayed by the touch of a knee, directed by the lift of a hand, mouth sensitive to bit and rein, always obedient to his rider's will, the cavalier, the courier, the charger of the equine species, with the graces and manners of a chev-



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND CAPTAIN FITZGERALD ON HORSEBACK.

aller of France, the untiring energy and never die spirit of a courier de bols, the courage and daring of a soldier of fortune—such is the Kentucky saddle.

The ancestry of this horse is lost in the cold snows of Canada and the hot sands of the deserts. He sprang from the loins of the hot blooded thoroughbred and the cold blooded Canadian pacer. Thus far may we go in the ancestry of the American saddle horse; but, like the beginnings of all breeds, the source of this horse is lost in the mystery and oblivion of the past.—Breeder's Gazette, Chicago.

Vaccination of Hogs. Secretary Wilson states in his annual report that blood serum from hogs which have been proved to be immune to hog cholera has been used in vaccinating other hogs, which are thus protected from cholera for about three weeks, as shown by experiments. If blood from diseased hogs, however, is injected with the serum the protection is extended to about three and a half months.

THE ODOR OF SANCTITY.

A French Writer's Theory of How It May Be Exuded by Man.

Dr. Georges Dumas is the author of an article in the Revue de Paris on "The Odor of Sanctity." The writer accepts as true the numerous reported instances of saints and mystics of the Catholic church whose bodies after death or during moments of ecstasy emitted peculiarly pleasing odors of various kinds. Then men and women with whom such legends deal, argues Dr. Dumas, were neurasthenes, and it is not impossible that the aroma of sanctity which surrounded them was the product of strictly physiological and chemical changes common to all men, but present in highly intensified form in subjects who, so to speak, burned up the candle of their existence at an unusually rapid rate. He says in part:

"So far, then, we have come across a great variety of perfumes—cinnamon, clove, orange, pineapple, rose, violet, lily of the valley, yellow amber and benzoin. Now, the natural constitution of all of these is well known, and chemistry produces them daily for commercial purposes. We may therefore substitute the equivalent chemical expressions for the ordinary terms we have employed and say that orange, cinnamon, violet and musk owe their perfume to aldehydes and acetones, aromatic liquids derived from the alcohols, just as the artificial essence of pineapple comes from butyric ether. We have, then, to ask whether the human body can produce odorous compounds of the kind we have mentioned and under what conditions. As a matter of fact, it does produce a certain number of such compounds in the destruction of organic matter, which is the constant condition of life. In particular acetones and the volatile fatty acids, butyric, formic, acetic, etc. If the process of combustion is normal all these constituents are burned up, completely oxidized, and give as a residue water, carbonic acid and urea. But let some slackening occur in the almost nutrition of the tissues and the same constituents will escape through the breath, perspiration and the skin."

MAGIC MIRRORS.

Peculiar Effects in Some of the Polished Bronze Reflectors.

Now and then mirrors of a curious kind are seen in Europe. They are called "magic mirrors" and are of Japanese origin, made not of glass silvered, but of cast bronze, polished on the face and bearing on the back raised patterns, inscriptions, symbolical designs, crests or pictures. When exposed to a bright beam of light from the sun or from an electric lamp they reflect in the light from their polished face the image of the pattern on their backs.

This is a purely optical property and has of course nothing in common with the fortune telling magic crystals of the astrologer or the alleged magic mirrors of necromancy, yet it long puzzled the scientific optician and even now is little known or believed. The researches of various scientific men have established the fact that the phenomenon is due to very minute differences of curvature in the polished face, differences so minute that they do not affect the ordinary use of the mirror as a looking glass and that can be detected only by delicate optical tests.

The only remaining mystery has been as to how these delicate differences of curvature were produced in exact correspondence to the pattern on the back. The makers themselves are often in ignorance of the magic property and do not know which of their mirrors possess it and which do not. The mirrors are cast in molds and afterward polished by hand, and it is held by scientific men that the difference of curvature is caused by the metal's yielding unequally under that pressure of the tools used in scraping and polishing, the thin parts naturally bending more than the thick. This accounts for the mirrors' becoming magic.—Chicago News.

BOOK AUCTION BACK IN 1732.

John Montgomerie, governor of the province of New York, died on July 1, 1731. In the New York Gazette of May 8, 1732, is the following advertisement, the first of the kind:

"On Thursday, June 1, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, will begin to be sold at public auction a collection of valuable books belonging to the library of his excellency John Montgomerie, Esq., late governor of New York, etc., deceased. A catalogue of the books may be seen at the Coffee House in New York, with the conditions of sale."

This is also the first instance where the word "auction" appears, "vendue" being the term in general use.

HEAVIER AMMUNITION.

"Is this the man we are to inflame tonight?" asked the illustrious conductor. "It is," replied the outside guard. The illustrious conductor walked around the 350 pound candidate, inspected him carefully and turned to his assistant.

"Put the goat back," he said, "and bring me a mule."—Chicago Tribune.

HE GETS TOO MANY.

"My, John, you haven't a particle of tact!" "What have I done now?" "Asking Mr. Hamfat to dinner and telling him you will give him a good roast! And he a second rate actor!"—Baltimore American.

Trapping a Spy.

[Original.]

In a dimly lighted room on the top-most story of a house in the outskirts of Moscow a number of revolutionists were plotting the assassination of the minister of the interior when a quick footstep was heard on the staircase below, and a moment later the door was thrown open and a man excitedly entered.

"We have been betrayed!" he said. "The police will be here directly!" "Who is the traitor?" asked a number of voices at once.

"I don't know, but I do know that he is one of us here present." Every man blanched and looked at every other man fiercely, suspiciously, despairingly. Only the president maintained his equanimity.

"Korloff," he said to the man who brought the information, "how do you know this?" "Through one of our spies in the service of the minister we intend to put out of the way. We are to be arrested tonight at 9 o'clock. The traitor has informed the minister that we would be in session at that hour."

"It is now a quarter to 9," the president suggested, looking at his watch. "We have time to get away." "Not at all," said Korloff. "There has been a secret watch kept all the evening."

"Then we are surely lost." "There seemed nothing to do but await their doom. Presently the president said:

"Our only hope is in submitting peacefully to arrest and afterward endeavoring to throw suspicion on the informer. Since he is one of our number we can accuse him with a fair show of being able to prove him guilty. As your leader, with full power to execute any plan I may determine upon, I direct that we remain in our seats, with the door unlocked. When the force arrives we will pretend surprise, declaring that we are a society for the study of geography. Indeed, as you know, I have kept geographical maps here for an emergency like this. Let the librarian get them out."

"There is another precaution to be taken of great importance. Arms will not only avail us nothing, but will betray us. Give your weapons to Korloff, who will take them away and throw them down a secret shaft provided for the purpose of getting rid of incriminating documents."

The members, who were sworn to obey their president, all gave up their arms and the librarian brought out the books. The table around which they sat was strewn with rough sketches of partially explored countries—everything made to look as scholarly as possible.

Shortly before 9 o'clock the sound of footsteps came up from below, and in another minute the door was pushed open and a single man entered, while others remained in the hall. The man who came in was in ordinary apparel and masked. All looked at him astonished. The police were not used to making their descents in this way.

"What means this intrusion?" asked the president. "It means that the minister of the interior, knowing your intentions, has sent his own secret force here instead of the police to annihilate this assembly. You will all disappear without the slightest commotion. Tomorrow Moscow will not know that you are dead. I have men in the hall to execute you and lower your bodies into the court, from whence they will be carried in barrels as merchandise to a spot where they will be buried."

"This is indeed tyranny!" exclaimed the president. The man, paying no attention to him, called to those without. They entered, every man, like his commander, in citizen's dress and masked. They were exactly the same number as the conspirators. Their leader drew a revolver, cocked it and covered the president, while each of the others covered a conspirator.

"Captain," cried one of the doomed men, "have you not been informed?" "Informed of what?" "About me." "You? What about you?" "I am exempt." "For what reason?" "It is I who gave the minister the information."

Every pistol was instantly lowered. "That will do," said the president. "You may unmask." The captain took off his mask and was followed by the others. Every one of them was a member of the circle.

"Comrades," said the president, "I was informed that we had a traitor among us; but, despite the employment of our best men as spies, I could not discover his identity. Finally I hit upon this plan of forcing him to declare himself. Our associate, Ivan Svazhsky, by his own confession has betrayed us. What is your pleasure concerning him?"

"Mr. President," interposed Svazhsky, "I have been a spy, I admit, but not a traitor. I am a member of the detective police. Give me my life, and I will not only give you valuable information, but I will hereafter work on your side. My sympathies have long been with you, but I have not dared to desert my post to join you."

"How can we be assured of this?" "In half an hour this house will be surrounded by the real police. You have only anticipated the raid. This you can prove by taking possession of the house before the police arrive. If you do so, you will be safe."

The offer was accepted. This story can be proved. A he... notice is given that Mrs. LIZZIE HADLEY, of Tillamook county, Oregon, State of Oregon, has applied to purchase under the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, as extended by act of August 4, 1892, the E 1/2 of 1/4 and much... Husband—I don't the allowance to, and well for a modern introduction.

JOHNNY'S CAREER.

The Same That Was Started by Cornell Widow.

Sheer nonsense rhymes and jokes without apparent reason or object are frequently used to fill the pages of the Cornell Widow. If anything more footless than the "Man of Glegledorf" verse has ever been written, the Widow wishes to state that her bump of credulity was imported from Missouri and must be shown:

There was a man from Glegledorf Who, to save his barber's fees, Would wet his hair and let it freeze, And when 'twas frozen break it off.

The Widow claims the credit of originating the nonsense rhymes which dealt with the clearness and precision of the bright little lad who carelessly slaughtered his mother, father and immediate relatives. These poems, if so they may be called, appeared in the Widow in October and November, 1903. The same year they were collected and published in pamphlet form under the name of "The Johnny Book." Johnny started his career by "an tragedy" as follows:

Johnny hung his little sister, She was dead before they missed her, Johnny's allus up 't tricks, Ain't he cute?—he's only six.

Next we find that— Johnny with his little ax, Dealt his brother 'round wacks, He don't care if mamma kid, Ain't he cute?—he's only six.

Later development of the little romp shows that—

John has gone from bad to worse, Now his father's in the hoarse, Smeared him with a load of bricks, Ain't he cute?—he's only six.

And so on until finally—

Johnny saw a buzz, buzz Like a bike and thought it wuz, Johnny's corpse is full of nicks, Ain't he cute?—he's only six.

These verses terminated the Widow's connection with John, but papers all over the country took up his instructive and edifying career and pushed it to a finish. Still another verse which started in the Widow office and traveled all over this country and part of others was the bit of "Eb and Flo" doggerel. In this we discover that—

Flo was fond of Ebenezer, Eb, for short, she called her beau, Task of "tides of love!" Great Caesar! You should see 'em, Eb and Flo.

By itself this beautiful bit could hardly claim a place in a volume of great American poets, but when it traveled far and wide and received an extra verse at each resting place it became a pursuing nightmare. — From "Humorous College Journalism" in Bohemian Magazine.

WOMEN THE GREATER DREAMERS.

A Vienna doctor has published the following figures: Thirteen men out of a hundred as against thirty-three women dream during their sleep. The number of men who dream frequently is 27 per cent; that of women is 45 per cent. As a general rule, it may be said that the weaker sex has twice as much tendency to dreaming as the opposite sex. The cerebral phenomenon under consideration is absolutely unknown to 9 per cent, and 14 per cent dream very rarely.

It seems idle to add the doctor noted, what is it known, that almost all our suggested more or less of incidents of the materia, day.—Boston Advertiser.

THRIFTY PAGA.

When Paganini was years ago to play at a den he inquired how the place would hold. "That is impossible to a manager. It is a large, After some reflection the minst inquired, "How many large, open space contain full?"

"Perhaps 20,000."

"Ah, 20,000 people! how much?"

"Four shillings each. Twenty thousand at 4 shillings make 80,000; 80,000 shillings, 4,000. Well, I will play it one concert for 13,000, and you may have the other thousand."—St. Louis Republic.

POLES OF THE EARTH.

The circle of the earth's daily rotation upon its axis being the greatest at the equator, the consequent greater action there of the centrifugal force during the period when the earth was yielding mass produced a bulging out of the surface in the equatorial region, with a consequent flattening at the poles. Thus we have an oblate spheroid, with the length of the axis of the poles about twenty-six and a half miles less than the equatorial diameter.

A LITERAL YOUTH.

"Why, Johnny," said Mrs. Miggins, "what are you doing here at home? Is Willie's party over?" "None," blubbered Johnny, "but the minute I got inside the house Willie's father told me to make myself at home, and I came."—Harper's Weekly.

HELPING HER.

"You loved her very much?" "So much that when her first husband died I married her that I might share her grief and so lessen it." "And how did it work?" "Fine! I'm sorrier now for his death than she is."—Houston.

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