

DATES FROM FEUDAL TIMES

Rod Used in Driving Oxen Is the Original of Present System of Land Measurement.

The origin of the rod, pole or perch as a linear and superficial measure has been traced to the rod, pole or gad used to urge and direct a team of oxen pulling a plow...

PECULIARITIES OF THE EYES

Some Optical Effects Which Are Not Generally Understood—How to Look at Stars.

If one places a pin head up close to the eye and directly in front of it instead of seeing the pin right side up it will appear inverted...

If one gets into a very dark room and puts a lighted candle near the side of one eye very pretty and peculiar effects are observed...

If one looks to the side of a dim star in the heavens the star appears a great deal brighter than direct vision makes it appear...

Pope as a Witness.

Pope, like Garrick, made but a poor figure in the witness box. He was cited to appear in defense of Bishop Atterbury when that prelate was tried for high treason in the house of lords in 1723...

Martin Luther's Room.

The chamber of Martin Luther at Wartburg has fallen into a state of ruin. Admirers who have visited the Ritterhaus of Voburg, where the Elector Frederick the Wise offered asylum to the reformer...

Modest Missionaries.

There are many missionaries whom no board of missions is supporting; many who are not recognized and unalarmed agents of any of the churches. Whenever to any home the gospel of life and light is brought...

No Engagement.

"Have you finished concerning the things you won't do?" inquired Mrs. Mouskeep. The prospective cook admitted that she had. "Then perhaps you'll specify the things you can't do..."

HOW DGE SAVED HER FAWN

Instance of Wonderful Maternal Intelligence Told by a French Writer and Traveler.

The following anecdote is related by M. X. Haspell. It is worthy of comparison with the most remarkable of instances of the same kind. The author one day perceived a doe in full flight before two dogs in the Aigli-woods that form a part of the forest of Chantilly...

RECOGNIZED AS A STATESMAN

Candidate's Scheme at Once Seen to Be the Production of a Master Mind.

"Our end of the town is completely without police protection," said the aldermanic candidate in a lively speech. "Elect me and I promise to have this section of the city literally swarming with police."

The next night he was denounced by the opposition as a plan flusser and asked to outline his plan for securing proper protection.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began at the following meeting. "I was called a flusser by our friends, the opposition, last night. I now propose to show you how I will make good in my promise. First of all I will start the movement for more police protection by hiring two new cooks..."

Pandemonium broke loose. A new Bolivar had appeared in their midst and at the election his rival was swamped into oblivion.

The Usefulness of "Central."

The telephone subscriber has come to regard "Central" as an ever-available bureau of information. The score of the ball game, the latest election returns, the location of the big fire the light from which can be seen on the horizon, and even the exact time, are all points on which the long-suffering operator must be posted.

The operator switched the subscriber to the supervisor, who had been to cooking-school, and she promptly told the man all he needed to know about the treatment of spinach.

A Ceremony Denied.

A Vienna merchant who had spent the summer vacation at Altenberg, after reaching home sent an oil painting of the Madonna to the authorities of the vacation resort, with the request that it be placed in the spring-house. He asked also that a priest be requested to officiate when the painting was unveiled...

One Part of Meeting.

"Did you ever meet an old friend whom you didn't meet?" was the exclamation put up to a Harlequin by a neighbor. The Harlequin never did. "I did this morning," the neighbor explained. "I was rushing downtown on a subway express. We passed a local, also southbound under somewhat less speed. I was hanging to a strap, and as I gazed into a car of the local that was opposite my car I recognized a man I had known intimately, but had not seen for 15 years. He recognized me at the same moment and there was a mutual salute. Then my train forged ahead of the other and he was lost to sight. 'You see, I met him, yet I didn't meet him.'"—New York Globe.

Natural Progression.

Mrs. McCall—How about your new valet girl? The last time I saw you you complained about her being so very slow. Mrs. Hiram Offen—Oh, she's progressing. Mrs. McCall—Indeed? Mrs. Hiram Offen—Yes, she's getting slower and slower.

OIL-DRILLER HAS GRIEVANCE

Doesn't Want Any More Deals with Women and Just Wants to Drill and Not Blame Him.

In boring for oil when the drill reaches the depth where it allows gas to escape, every precaution is taken against lighting it lest there should be a destructive explosion. This necessary precaution gives rise to the following story, told by a writer in the Pittsburg News.

"I can deal with men," growled a grizzled oil driller, "but a woman can outdo the best of us." "The other day I brought in a well down in Virginia, right close to the kitchen door of a little farmhouse. Just as we were getting to the ticklish point, where smoking wasn't allowed within forty rods, out comes the farmer's wife and goes to building a big fire in a Dutch oven.

"Mebby I didn't kick, but she just showed me a batch of dough, an' said if she didn't bake it I would spoil. If I wanted the fire out I had got to pay for the dough. Ten dollars, too."

"She just dared me to touch that Dutch oven, an' I didn't touch it, either. I just gave her the ten."

"Mebby we didn't get that fire out quick. If the well had broken loose it would have blown me an' the whole farmhouse out of sight."

"No, sir, I don't want any more dealings with a woman. They're too risky."

CAT THAT CANNOT BE LOST

Left Behind When Ship Sailed Puss Boards Another Vessel and Follows 3,000 Miles.

Sailors and officers of the Norwegian steamship Minerva, which sailed for Baltimore to load coal, claim that they have on board the original and authentic "cat that came back," and moreover this feline cannot be lost.

The sailors declare that the cat boarded the Minerva of her own free will at the Lambert's Point coal pier over a year ago, and that she at once became a favorite on board.

The steamer was then loading a cargo of coal for Portland, Ore., and in some way the cat got left behind when she lifted anchor and steamed on her 3,000-mile voyage.

She had been at her destination eight days when one morning the cat again walked on board, and the only way the sailors could figure out how she got there was that she had stowed away below, but several days later the mystery was solved when it was discovered that after the Minerva had left Norfolk the cat boarded a British steamer going the same way, and, recognizing members of the crew of the Minerva at Portland, followed them back to the ship.

The cat got her picture in the papers on the Pacific coast for that, and she is still with the ship.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

The Academy of Silence.

It is written that among the various schools of Grecian philosophy existed one known as "The Academy of Silence, composed of 100 men, each member pledged to the purpose of the school, writes Hollis Godfrey in the Atlantic. To them came one seeking admission. Their list of membership was closed and their head calling the would-be neophyte before the assembly, he showed him with out a word an urn so filled with water that not a single drop could be added. The neophyte, reading the message, bowed silently, started to withdraw, but hesitated and returned. Picking a petal from a flower, he dropped it on the brimming bowl so dexterously that it floated without dislodging the slightest particle of the liquid. The membership of the academy of silence became 101.

Not a Lager Beer Sign.

The lady was disconsolate. "My dear," she said to her friend, "I've had such a disappointment. Mrs. Blank and I were going to take the house at 23 Washington Square North for the winter. We had planned to furnish it so prettily, but when I went around to look at it the other day I saw one of those horrid lager beer signs right next door. And I thought that was a restricted neighborhood. Of course we can't take the house, and I'm simply heartbroken."

Can't Please Everybody.

Mrs. Aquith came in for a good criticism for inviting Maud Allen to a luncheon. Smarting under it, she invited next time the great Parisian artist in clothing, M. Poirer. "This time," she said, "there will be no mistake. As the only objection to Miss Allen was that she was the artist who had reduced clothing to the minimum, I have invited the artist who has raised clothing to the maximum. Now there can be no criticism." But, strange to say, there was.

Painted His House with Opium.

Slina Morgan, living on Whidbee Island, Washington, found several dozen cans containing a substance resembling paint, and believing a case of red paint had washed ashore, painted his house with the material. On taking a sample to town, he was told that the sticky fluid was pure opium and each can worth about \$200. As he had used or spoiled nearly thirty cans of the opium he had wasted more than \$9,000.—Greenville News.

CLOTHES MADE HIM NEW MAN

If Anyone Doubts the Tonic Effect of Good Appearance, Let Him Read This.

A London medical man, having declared that new clothing is a powerful mental and moral tonic, and that a man in shabby attire is often less capable than his well-dressed mental inferior, the Ottawa Citizen says that "it might give the doctor some trouble to explain why nearly all our millionaires wear trousers that bag at the knees and cling so pitifully to the ready-made necktie."

Instead of trying to explain why millionaires dress in that way we think the London doctor could very truly reply that "they don't." With the doctor's view that new and neat clothing is a powerful mental and moral tonic we heartily agree. One may test it in his own case, or note it in others, while always before us we have convincing evidence that women show the tonic effect of being well dressed. We may cite one case, says the Toronto Star. A Toronto man had been in hard luck. Largely through his own folly he had gone so completely to the bad that he was stopping in his old-time acquaintances on the street and asking them for dimes. One man who had known him in his better days took him home and fitted him out with "clean linen, a nice tweed suit, hat and shiny shoes. What was the result? The man who one day had been furtively wheedling dimes from acquaintances, next day walked along the street with his head up and had no trouble whatever in borrowing one, two or five dollars from every person he recognized. Now clothes made a new man of him, fired him with ambition and he raked in more long green in one day than he used to get in a month.

WHY HE WAS BEING WATCHED

Detective's Explanation Something of a Stir on the Quiet Old Dutch City.

During a period of political agitation a stranger arrived in Magdeburg, where, on applying to the authorities, he obtained a permit or ticket of residence. He had not been long in the town before he became aware that his steps were being dogged by a man in blue uniform. He bore it for days, but at last said to the spy: "Sir, do you wish to drive me mad? Why do you pursue me in this way? 'I am a detective, and my instructions are not to lose sight of you,' was the quiet answer. 'Why, what fault have the police to find with me?' shouted the stranger in the greatest excitement. 'My passport is in order, here is my ticket of residence; I am a citizen of Berlin; why do you follow me about?' 'It states in your passport,' was the reply, 'that you were going to reside here for pleasure; that looks suspicious, as it is the first time anyone came to reside in Magdeburg for pleasure.'

Wheat Older Than History.

Wheat belongs to the wholly distinct botanical family of the grasses. Its ancestral home is unknown, but so far as early narratives possess evidential value there seems some reason to credit its place of origin to western Asia. Wheat is older than the history of the man who has sown it from the earliest memories recorded wheat as already under cultivation; many races believed it the gift of the gods. The misconception as to the origin of this cereal suggested in the question may have been based upon a faulty recollection of a theory once proposed, namely that wheat was a cultivation derivative of the wild Triticum ovatum, a grass of the Levant. This grass was put under selective cultivation for a score of years and it responded to the effort in a considerable degree. It developed into a better grass, but grass it remained; it did not become wheat.

Salt Cellar in Olden Times.

During the latter part of the middle ages the salt cellar was the most conspicuous object on the table. It was always placed in the center of the long table at which the household gathered, my lord and lady, family and guests being at one end, and the servants and retainers at the other, and in this way one's social position was at once apparent, the "gentle folk" sitting "above the salt" and the yeomanry below it. Among the wealthy the salt cellar was of gold or silver. Benvenuto Cellini chased some for Francis I, that were of the most exquisite workmanship, and at the Louvre may be seen several rich specimens of salt cellars in falience, and the famous set made at Orion for Henry I.

The Oldest Family.

The Austrians are known to be the greatest "sticklers" for genealogy, many of the nobles tracing their descent back to almost the dawn of history. Even in Austria, however, it is generally admitted that the dukes of Norfolk represent the oldest family in the world. According to the most trustworthy authorities the Howards are of Saxon origin, the name in those days being Hereward. So far back as 957 there are trustworthy records of the family.

Obliging the Lady.

"I see you've got an automobile," said Citiman. "I thought you swore you'd never buy one." "Yes, I did say that once," replied Subbubs, "but our new cook insisted that we must get one because her church is so far away from our house."

SCIENTISTS DIFFER IN VIEWS

Dr. Minot of Harvard Medical School Takes Issue with Prof. Metchnikoff.

Metchnikoff asserts old age is in jury from the bacterial poisons developed as a result of fermentations occurring in the large intestine, and producing their effect by weakening the various cells and tissues, which then become a prey to the scavenging cells of the body, the phagocytes. Dr. Charles S. Minot of the Harvard medical school, in a recently published work on "Age, Growth and Death," combats the view that old age is a kind of disease, and regards it as a necessary consequence of the changes in the cells of the body, which are inevitably progressive from birth to death; this succession of "cellular changes is termed 'cytomorphosis.' He surmises that in the future it may be possible to increase the activity of nuclei and prolong the younger system of organization. Death he regards as acquired during the process of evolution in consequence of cytomorphosis. As organization becomes higher and higher, the need for differentiation becomes greater, this involves the end, and death is the price we have to pay for the differentiation which exists in us, and to which we owe our great array of faculties."

GOT AWAY WITH HIS LIFE

Amateur Baseball Pitcher Made Record Run, Though Really There Was No Need of It.

Here is a baseball story which Albert T. Reid, the artist, tells on him self in his newspaper, the Leavenworth Post.

"I was pitching for Abilene against Concordia and a big, raw-boned ruck came to the bat. I hit him on the arm. He didn't waste a second on his reply. In words that burned the grass off the diamond he told me if I did that again he would crack my cocoonut, and I knew that he was quite sincere."

"I prepared to throw the next one about a rod outside the plate but you know how a scared man will sometimes do just what he is trying not to do. I hit him on the arm again, as though I had practiced throwing at it for a month."

"He and I started at the same instant—he for me and I for the back fence. I hit the top board on the fly and was just bouncing on over when I caught myself for a look back. A little runt who played shortstop had given the big cuss a low tackle and dived him and was sitting on his head and making him eat dirt."

"Several of them got around me and calmed me down and led me back into the game."—Kansas City Journal.

New Experience for Prince.

"What's that good of being a royal ty?" asks a correspondent from Innsbruck in a Vienna paper. "If a waitress can order you out of the house? This happened to Albert, crown prince of Belgium, a few days ago. On his automobile trip through the Tyrol he had a breakdown at a point where no mechanical help could be obtained. He walked in the driving rain several miles to Trient, and on reaching the place went to a hotel and entered the dining-room, for he was hungry, as well as thoroughly drenched. The waitress, not knowing him, ordered the guest out of the room with the information that only such men could dine there who wore 'salon dress'—evening clothes. The prince walked away and took refuge in the railway station dining-room, where no one objected to the style of his clothes."

An Early Matinee.

A theatrical performance beginning in the small hours of the morning is sufficiently novel to be worth recording. A French theatrical company which had been touring in South America, telegraphed from Rio that they would give a performance at Dakar, on the west coast of Africa, when the steamer arrived there. At eight o'clock the theater was full, but the company was missing. After waiting for a considerable time, the audience were sent away disappointed, but at 11:30 the steamer arrived, toms-toms were beaten in the streets, and the people flocked to the theater. The performance began at 1:30 a. m. and finished at 5!

Dwarfed Millionaire.

Cesare Lombroso, in his article on "The Soul of the North American Millionaire," published recently in Letters, after describing the physiognomy of the American men of great wealth, said that only a few of them had the characteristics which are usually the accompaniment of genius. He added that they were small of stature and that in some cases the American millionaire was found to be "inches shorter than his wife." As to the children, the criminologist pronounced them "generally weak in body and soul," attributing this deficiency not to degeneracy so much as to forced isolation.

Must Have Health First.

Miss Wright, physical director at Radcliffe, proposes that no girl be granted a degree who does not come up to the physical requirements. She says that many girls are profligate in arts and sciences who could not draw a breath correctly to save their lives. The attitude of some of the colleges may be expressed in the motto: "Never let your studies interfere with your regular college course; this regular course being attendance at 'proms' and 'class day,' in the opinion of many students."

A LONG NIGHT AT THE CLUB

Fleeting Moments of Pleasure That Mr. Ojibwosky Paid for in Sackcloth and Ashes.

The long Arctic night was drawing to a close. After six months of darkness the rubound face of Old Sol peeped shyly over the edge of the glacier and wished the frozen north a cheery good morning.

It was a glorious sight, but Mr. Ojibwosky heeded not it. He was up returning from a night at the Eskimo club and his mind was troubled. He had forgotten his latch key. Alas! Mr. Ojibwosky!

He knew she was a light sleeper. Frequently she had awakened after having slept only three weeks merely at the sound of the icebergs crashing some intrepid explorer's ship in the floss. He remembered this as his none too steady footfalls crunched through the snow. She heard him as he was trying to get in through the servants' entrance in the arway, and stuck her head out of the upper window. "Is that you, Ojib," she demanded that it was.

"This is a fine time to be getting home," she exclaimed. "What time is it?"

"My dear, it's only quarter past February," replied Mr. Ojibwosky somewhat thickly, however.

But Mrs. Ojib, by consulting her calendar was already wise to the fact that it was half past May, and, having no desire to pry into family affairs, we will draw a veil over the scene that followed, after the manner of the good old story writers.

SURPRISED THE YOUNG MEN

"Mary" Proved to Be a Silky Haired Dog, Not One of Group of Children.

The two young men were wandering down West End avenue when a tall young woman stopped at the corner and called back sharply toward a group of children, as it seemed to the young men, Mary. Mary! There was no movement among the children and the woman repeated her call.

"Guess the kid didn't obey her very well," said one of the young men, as he sized up the situation. "There'll be a spanking coming to some one."

The woman, still standing at the corner, called out again. "Come here, Mary," this time rather more persuasively. There was no responsive movement by any of the children and the young men paused in their walking to see what the outcome would be. The young woman pursed up her lips and whistled shrilly. The children kept on playing and several nunsmaids near by kept on indifferently with their gossip.

Suddenly there was a patter of feet and a rush, and a small dog with silky hair came running out of an alleyway and dashed up to the feet of the young woman. She attached a leash to the dog's collar and then she turned the corner.

The young men said "Hub" and kept on walking, and the children kept on playing.

Health for Women.

Dr. Annie Lee Hamilton of Boston has been chosen to take charge of the work of educating the general public of New England as to how to maintain health and ward off sickness. The campaign of public health education will be carried on largely by means of lectures before all sorts of organizations that are willing to give the subject a hearing.

"We women of the American Medical association are delegated by the association to specialize among our own sex in teaching girls and mothers simple truths of preventive medicine," explained Dr. Hamilton. "This is really a multiplied blessing since mothers will carry the knowledge to their children. It has great value also to the next generation as often preventive medical treatment for a young child means all the difference between a lifetime of sickness and a lifetime of health."

Palace of Raccoon.

The Palace of Raccoon, to which the czar has found his way by a circuitous route, stands in one of the largest and finest parks in Italy. Originally a fortress, it was transformed into a more luxurious place of residence of Philibert to Savoy in 1661; and in 1776 a French gardener was engaged to transform the gardens on the model of Le Notre's designs for Versailles. It has lately been refurbished and redecorated; but two of the apartments have been left untouched. One of these is the bedroom occupied by the late King Umberto; the other is the suite in which he preserved the furniture of the rooms in which Carl-Alberto died in Oporet.

The Idle Soph.

The psychology students of Harvard are repeating a new writicism of their brilliant teacher, Prof. W. H. James.

Prof. James, it appears, made this comment upon a very exquisite and very idle millionaire sophomore from New York: "What time he can spare from the adornment of his person he devotes to the neglect of his duties."

Time to Reform.

"Isn't it disgraceful the way you smoke nowadays?" "Why?" "I just saw an advertisement offering to any woman six puffs for a dollar."—Purple Cow.