

# The St. Tammany Farmer

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## TWO KINDS OF SPORT.

"This a beautiful morning," a sportsman said.  
"The world looks so happy let's each take  
Go out and kill something for pasture and  
And proceed to be who counts the most  
They blotted out lives that were happy  
Blinded eyes and broke wings that de-  
lighted to soar.  
They killed for mere pleasure and crid-  
pled and tore.  
Regardless of aught but the hunger of  
blood.  
Did they dream that night as they sank to  
their rest?  
How poor little Broken Leg out in the  
field  
All nurses and doctorless, fever pos-  
sessed,  
Felt all of the tortures that battle-  
grounds yield?  
"Only a bird," yet his slayer would groan  
If only one-half of that pain were his own.  
"This a beautiful morning," a sportsman  
cried,  
Who carried a kodak instead of a gun,  
"The world looks so happy, so golden the  
sun,  
I'll slip to the woods where the wild things  
hide;  
The deer that he "shot" never dreamed of  
his aim,  
The bird that he "caught" went on with  
his song,  
Peace followed his footsteps, not slaughter  
and wrong.  
Yet rich were his "trophies" and varied his  
"game."  
Then homeward returning, by mercy pos-  
sessed,  
He noted the small that in his steps  
overtook,  
He paused to replace a young bird in its  
nest,  
Or rescue an insect afloat in the brook,  
His joys were joy-giving, not wounds to  
appal,  
For he wore "The Crown Jewel of Kind-  
ness" to all.  
They met on the Sabbath, these lives apart,  
When the minister prayed for Christ's  
coming again,  
In mercy and kindness both answered  
"amen."  
The one with the lips and the other the  
heart,  
Which prayer won the blessing, which sank  
to the dust,  
The one that went up with the song of a  
bird,  
Or the one that was drowned by the  
voices that poured  
From the wounds of the weak to the ear of  
the Just?  
Whoever restores a young bird to the limb,  
Or gladdens the liver of dumb creatures  
in need,  
Is one of Christ's helpers, whatever his  
 creed,  
Clasps hands with "the angel that com-  
forted Him."  
Whoever finds pleasure in adding one hurt  
to an innocent life, be it insect or dove,  
Is somehow in league with those who found  
sport  
In railing the hands of the world's  
Greatest Love.  
Oh, how dare we ask a just God to bestow  
The mercy we grant not to creatures be-  
low!  
—Celia Harcourt, in Mt. Pulaski (Ill.)  
Weekly News.

## Miss To-morrow A Dialogue of To-day

By J. A. FLYNN.

"I SHOULD'N'T try to write any  
more, dear, if I were you," said  
my wife, turning down the lamp.  
"You'll feel better to-morrow." I was  
still weak after my illness.  
"I must do something," I protested.  
"Go to sleep and dream of a new  
character," said she, shaking up the  
pillows. "I shan't be gone long."  
So my wife went out, and I lay  
watching the cut flowers on the lamp-  
shade, and thinking of nothing in par-  
ticular, and then I went to sleep.  
I woke up at the soft rustle of a  
dress, and saw a girl with a willfully  
curved mouth, and big, dark eyes,  
leaning back in the easy-chair and  
smiling at me. It was obvious that  
she was one of my heroines, because  
they always have willful mouths, and  
dark eyes—and smile.  
"Good evening," I said. "Er—my  
wife will be in shortly." I thought it  
best to avoid any misunderstanding.  
You see, my heroines are rather in-  
clined to be sentimental.  
"Good evening," she replied, in the  
low, rich voice which my heroines al-  
ways have. "I shall be pleased to see  
your wife, of course. But I came to  
see you."  
"It was—very kind of you," I  
said, uneasily. I wasn't quite sure  
whether it was the correct thing.  
You have to be so much more careful  
in real life than in tales!  
"You wanted a new heroine?" she  
suggested.  
"Certainly," I answered, with de-  
light. "Certainly. Would you mind  
turning up the lamp?" I reached for  
my note-book and pencil.  
"It is quite unnecessary," she said,  
pressing a dimple in her cheek with  
one rosy finger. At least, that was  
what she would do. The light was too  
dim for me to see distinctly. "You  
know my appearance so well."  
"You said you were new," I objected,  
with disappointment.  
"New—and old, too," she told me,  
with a rippling laugh—the usual kind.  
"Though perhaps you cannot recollect  
when we met before."  
"Not precisely," I confessed. "It is  
difficult to understand how I could for-  
get you." That, of course, was what  
my heroine would expect me to say.  
"Yet there have been so many occa-  
sions," she murmured. "When you  
wrote your great epic poem, for ex-  
ample."  
"Dear, dear," I cried. "Did I? Why,

I must have forgotten. I thought that  
I merely contemplated writing it."  
"You appealed to me," she said.  
"When you commenced your historical  
novel. By the way, it isn't finished yet,  
is it?"  
"No—o," I confessed, hesitatingly.  
"I don't think I've exactly begun it  
yet; but to-morrow—"  
She laughed and clapped her hands.  
"Ungrateful man!" she cried. "Did I  
not make your fortune with that com-  
edy for the Buskin? And yet you do  
not know me!"  
"Really," I protested, in astonish-  
ment, "you are mistaken. I planned  
out a comedy, but I never finished it."  
I sighed. "One has so many things to  
do."  
"I brought you a great cheque—  
something in four figures," she said,  
placatingly, "and introduced you to a  
lot of managers ready to give you your  
own terms for a new play, and—"  
"Of course," she bent eagerly for-  
ward, with her eyes shining. "That  
was where we met. O, you must know  
me!"  
"I shook my head. "I remember," I  
said, slowly, "dreams which never  
came true. But you—"  
"I," she said, softly, "am To-mor-  
row."  
The clock ticked out minutes while  
I looked vacantly into the dim light.  
Then I turned angrily to the smiling  
maiden.  
"I wonder," I said, indignantly,  
"that you venture to come near me,  
after the way you have deceived me.  
How dare you look at me like that?"  
"I can't help my looks," she said,  
with a sigh. "It isn't all my fault—really  
it isn't."  
"You can help pretending to be what  
you are not," I said, sternly. "You  
need not wear pink, when you mean  
gray, and say 'yes,' when you mean  
'no,' and carry a sunshade, when it's  
going to rain, and—"  
"Oh!" she cried, "I can't help it,  
really, I can't. And you aren't

obliged to look at me, you know." She  
tossed her head coquettishly.  
"You look so awfully nice," I grum-  
bled. "How the dickens is a fellow to  
keep his eyes off you?"  
"You wouldn't like me to look ugly!"  
she said, indignantly, with the tears in  
her pretty eyes. "I try to look just  
like the people you admire, and to talk  
like they do, and you only grumble.  
You are ungrateful—unkind." She be-  
gan to cry.  
"O don't, please don't!" I entreated.  
"Really, Miss—er—To-morrow, I would  
much rather see you smile."  
"There!" she said, triumphantly.  
"What did I tell you? Now, whose  
fault is it?" She looked radiantly de-  
lightful.  
"I suppose," I said thoughtfully,  
"the fault is in Miss To-Day."  
She stamped her foot. "I won't have  
you run down my sister. She has quite  
enough to put up with, with things go-  
ing wrong in the absurd way they do.  
The fault isn't in us at all."  
I shook my head. "There's some-  
thing wrong somewhere. I don't see  
why you should delude people by look-  
ing so nice, you know."  
"Don't you?" said she, with surprise.  
"Why, it's because—well, I have a  
song about it, so, if you don't mind,  
I'll sing."  
Beyond the dusty road afar  
Hope sees a fertile plain  
Beyond the ways that part there are  
The ways that meet again  
Beyond the clouds there lives the sun,  
Beyond the sun the skies,  
Beyond the skies some angel one  
With memory in her eyes.  
Suppose the road should never end,  
The ways should never meet,  
The clouds should never part to lead  
The skies with sunshine sweet;  
Suppose the angel should forget—  
Who never, never will—  
It were the gift of Heaven yet  
To leave our fancies still!  
I bowed my head and was silent, be-  
cause of many fancies in the past.  
"Some of them came true," she said  
softly.  
"Not many of the best."  
"Ah!" She leaned forward eagerly.  
"That is just it. They can't all come  
true. They are too pretty and good—  
your fancies of me."  
I see. I ought to make you plain  
and unpoetical."  
"No," she said, "please keep on  
making me nice, and I'll try to live up  
to it."  
"Very well, pretty little Miss To-  
morrow," I said, "I will; but I hope  
the result will be more satisfactory  
than it has been lately."  
She shook her head and laughed.  
"Now," she said, "just for once, I'll  
give you a genuine foretaste." She  
stooped and gave me a quick little  
kiss that made my heart leap and my  
veins tingle.  
"You'll be better to-morrow," she  
cried.  
I woke with a start, and found my  
wife bending over me.—Black and  
White.

new Telephone Tongue.  
"Have you noticed," asked the ob-  
servant citizen, "that people now-  
adays don't pronounce numbers as  
they did when you and I went to  
school, or even a few years ago? We  
used to say 'one hundred,' for in-  
stance, but we don't any more. We  
say '1-0-0.' If we want to tell some-  
body we live at 1050 Blank street,  
we tell him our number is '1-0-5-0-0.'  
If the number is 123, we tell him it  
is '1-2-3,' and so on. The reason for  
the change is plain enough—it's the  
telephone. One needs to speak plain-  
ly in telephoning, and as figures in any  
communication are usually important,  
we have learned to pronounce each  
one separately, so as to avoid any



"YOU MUST BE IN A DREAM!" I  
CRIED.

## CAVALRY OF VARIOUS AGES.

Peonies Arms and Uniforms of Long  
Ago Shown in Recent London  
Tournament.

The war has proved the value and  
the need of cavalry and now, oppor-  
tunely, the military tournament has,  
as a special feature, a pretty historical  
musical ride, which illustrates the de-  
velopment of the British cavalry since  
the days of King Edward III, 525 years  
ago, says a London paper.  
Oddly enough, the earliest British  
horsemen did not ride on their horses,  
but in armed chariots, as did the  
racers, who were their relatives, and  
perhaps their ancestors in the region  
of what is now Persia.

Much later on, when the horseman  
was the chief force in war, he was not  
a common soldier, but a knight, and  
then he grew to be so heavily armored  
that the battles, where they were not  
merely the sieges of castles, were not  
more or less only jousts between the  
knights on the opposing sides. But  
after King Edward I, the great, skill  
acquired by the English archers, who  
were common soldiers, put the  
knights into the shade. It was the  
English archers who won the never-  
fading glory of Crecy and Agincourt.

While the archer was developing into  
the principal arm of battle, "shield  
money" was largely doing away with  
the knights, who preferred to pay the  
tax rather than go on foreign wars in  
which they had no personal interest.  
The "shield money" tax enabled the  
king to provide himself with a paid  
army, and Edward III, put his archers  
upon horseback.  
These old mounted archers, the first  
English cavalry, for when their  
arrows were spent they could use their  
bows as clubs in pursuit of the  
enemy, are shown in the "Historical  
Ride" at the military tournament.

They were strangely dressed com-  
pared either with the knights who pre-  
ceded them or the men who followed.  
They wore helmets, relics of their  
days, useful for pushing their way  
through hedges. Their bodies were  
merely covered with a kind of coarse  
hemp-sacking with a great cross upon  
the back, a remnant of Templar times.  
Their arms were encased in mail, a  
relic of the days of knighthood.  
After them, the "Historical Ride"  
shows how rapidly the cavalry de-  
veloped. Under Edward IV, 150 years or  
more later, they still wore queer iron

helmets; but they were horsemen's  
helmets then, and no longer of ser-  
vice for burrowing through the bot-  
toms of hedges.  
It is interesting, however, to note in  
these dresses, all of which have been  
accurately reproduced for the tourna-  
ment by Mr. W. Clarkson, of Well-  
ington street, who has been engaged upon  
them for many months, how closely  
they followed the fashion of the period.  
Under James I, the cavalymen wore  
wigs with long hair hanging on their  
shoulders. Under Charles they wore  
the well-known huge felt hats, bigger  
and more jaunty than those of to-day.  
Still more interesting is it to ob-  
serve in these old costumes the de-  
velopment of the ideas of to-day.  
One can see in the cavalry of a cen-  
tury ago the modern idea of mount-  
ed infantry, for in that day the cav-  
alry wore a bayonet. One can also  
notice that in all these types, as in the  
case to-day, attached to the horse,  
but was slung to the rider, and this  
method is to be reintroduced.

But there is one point of develop-  
ment which is not noticeable. Though  
the uniforms become still gayer and  
more fantastic, nowhere in the old  
types of these five-and-a-quarter cen-  
turies is there any sign of the modern  
rational uniform of active service.  
In fact, until the modern uniform, the  
mounted archer of Edward III, seems  
to have been the more serviceably  
dressed man for his purpose.

New Use for Dried Peas.  
A most interesting place is the in-  
terior of a powder factory, where fine  
and special brands of smokeless pow-  
der and powder used for sporting pur-  
poses are made. The smokeless pow-  
der, which, like all other gunpowder,  
is composed of three ingredients—  
charcoal, saltpetre and sulphur—re-  
quires a certain kind of charcoal,  
which the manufacturers discovered  
at the cost of a great deal of experi-  
menting with fine cedar, boxwood,  
maple and ash charcoal. The special  
charcoal used in the manufacture of  
smokeless and other brands of fine  
powder is made, surprising though it  
may seem, of dried peas, which are  
"burned" to charcoal in kilns like  
any other vegetable material used for  
the same purpose. These dried peas  
make a very fine and light charcoal  
that is in great demand in the man-  
ufacture of fine gunpowder.—Scientific  
American.

## HOME SANITATION

By ED. R. PRITCHARD,  
Sec. Chicago Board of Health.



There is no more effective factor in  
maintaining a low death rate in a city's  
population than that of proper sanitary  
conditions in its homes.

Physicians may cure disease, BUT  
PERFECT SANITARY CONDITIONS  
PREVENT IT. This means the lessening  
of human suffering and the lengthening  
of human life. With two objects of such  
paramount importance to be attained only  
through perfect sanitary conditions in the  
home, it becomes easy to understand why  
in all large cities of to-day there exists mu-  
nicipal control in this field of sanitary effort.

It is a field, too, in which there is a growing tendency to broad-  
en the power of the municipality in the work of protecting human  
life and conserving the public health.

Take the matter of plumbing and drainage. There is no more in-  
sidious foe to health than sewer gases, due to defective traps and  
broken drains or catch basins. In the all-important matter of mu-  
nicipal supervision of all plumbing work, either new or repair of old,  
Chicago was one of the first cities in the union to formulate and en-  
force a set of regulations based upon strictly sanitary and scientific  
principles. That code has been adopted, or at least made a basis of  
those now in force in many towns and cities all over the country.

In rigidly enforcing the regulations of a code of this kind, there  
is nothing theoretical about the results that follow, any more than  
there is in those that are shown in the absence of such a code or in a  
failure to enforce its provisions when it does exist.

It has been shown by actual investigation, made by the sanitary  
division of the Chicago department of health, that in certain sections  
of the city, IN NEARLY EVERY CASE OF SCARLET FEVER  
OR DIPHThERIA, BAD PLUMBING WAS FOUND IN THE  
HOUSES FROM WHICH SUCH CASES WERE REPORTED.  
The records of the department also show an alarming increase of in-  
fant mortality, including children under six years of age, in what are  
known as the river wards, as compared with that in the better resi-  
dent districts, where the sanitary surroundings are practically all that  
could be desired.

It will be conceded, I venture to say, that the presence in a com-  
munity, in epidemic form, of what are known as the preventable dis-  
eases, indicates pretty clearly that in some quarter there has been  
either criminal ignorance or negligence, or both. And the fact that  
this is so generally recognized may be taken as showing the im-  
portance of enforcing municipal regulations in sanitary matters.

There are, however, some phases of home sanitation which do  
not come under municipal control, but which are by no means unim-  
portant agencies in promoting health and securing to the public com-  
parative freedom from disease.

Under this head may be mentioned light and ventilation. At the  
present time we have both state and municipal laws regulating facto-  
ries, stores and workshops as to providing air space and proper ven-  
tilation according to the number of occupants. The city of Chicago  
goes further, and insists upon adequate toilets and lavatories in all  
stores, shops and factories, together with a maintenance by employers  
of the best possible sanitary conditions.

## ADMINISTERING CHLOROFORM.

Certain Weaknesses of the Heart  
Make It Necessary to Exercise  
Great Caution.

Two kinds of accidents happen from  
the administration of chloroform.  
One, from prolonging the use of the  
drug too far and occurring after the pa-  
tient is altogether insensible, is rather  
uncommon. The more numerous class  
of cases occur during the prelimi-  
nary stages of anaesthesia. Of the  
two these are the more perplexing, not  
to say startling. It is customary when  
a surgeon is considering the advisabil-  
ity of operating on a person to consid-  
er the condition of the latter's heart.  
Certain weaknesses there are liable to  
make mischief when chloroform is  
given. Under these circumstances it is  
usual to employ ether instead or rely  
on local instead of general anaesthet-  
ics. Just why the heart behaves as it  
does it is not yet fully known. Some-  
times it is thrown on the problem,  
though, by the researches of Dr. Em-  
bley, of the Melbourne hospital, which  
are reported at length in the British  
Medical Journal.

According to this expert chloro-  
form affects the heart in two different  
ways at once, at least in the beginning.  
There is a partial paralysis of the  
heart muscle, in consequence of which  
the blood pressure falls off, and occa-  
sionally there is a cessation of breath-  
ing. Simultaneously what is known as  
the vagus nerve, which controls the  
heart, lungs and other organs, experi-  
ences a temporary excitement or ir-  
ritability. This state of things, in-  
stead of stimulating, depresses the  
heart, as long as it lasts. The second  
effect is usually not lasting, though,  
and gradually passes off. Only one in-  
fluence then operates.

The great lesson which Dr. Embley  
draws from these discoveries is that  
great caution should be shown at the  
commencement. He thinks that only  
one per cent. (or less) of the vapor  
breathed by the patient at the outset  
should come from the chloroform, and  
that the rest should be air. Others  
have repeatedly pointed out the ex-  
pediency of beginning slowly, but he  
shows why such a proceeding is neces-  
sary.

Commenting on these revelations,  
the London Hospital says: "Anaes-  
thetists have shown themselves crudi-  
tiously obstinate and retentive of tra-  
ditional methods; but it seems very  
clear that, if Dr. Embley's experiments  
upon dogs are to be taken as indicat-  
ing the course of events in human be-  
ings, it will become our duty to throw  
aside all preconceived ideas as to the  
safety of towels, masks, drop bottles,  
and all such rough and ready meth-  
ods of producing chloroform vapor,  
and appeal to the mechanics to sup-  
ply us with an apparatus for use dur-  
ing the early stages of anaesthesia  
which shall by positive measurement  
and with unerring exactitude supply  
a mixture of air and chloroform vapor  
containing not more than one per cent.  
by volume of the latter. We doubt if  
such an apparatus exists at the pres-  
ent time."

Ready for Business.  
"Reg pardon," said the long-haired  
visitor, "but is there a literary club  
around here anywhere?"  
"Yes," replied the editor, signifi-  
cantly, as he reached under his desk.  
"Are you a literary man?"—Catholic  
Standard.

## DUEL OF BIRD AND FISH.

A Kingfisher Attacks a Big Pickereel  
and in the Struggle Bird and  
Fish Both Die.

"I was fishing in White Deer Pond,  
back of Lackawanna, one," said War-  
ren K. Ridgway, ex-sheriff, ex-writer,  
and ex-county clerk of Pike count-  
ty, Pa., according to the New York  
Sun. "While I was waiting for a bite  
a kingfisher dropped down on a branch  
of a dead tree that stood on the edge  
of the pond, not more than five rods  
from where I was sitting in my boat.  
"I knew the bird had come there to  
watch for a chance to get its dinner.  
I quit fishing and kept my eyes on the  
kingfisher, anxious to see it dive for its  
fish when the time came.  
"I didn't have time to wait long be-  
fore a fish came within line of the  
bird's vision. The bird dropped into  
the water like a stone and disappeared  
beneath the surface.  
"It reappeared almost immediately,  
with a fish in its long, spear-like bill.  
The kingfisher's body had scarcely  
come to the surface, though, when it  
disappeared again with a suddenness  
that left no doubt in my mind that it  
had been jerked back by something  
that had grabbed it.  
"The bird did not come up again.  
I rowed to the spot where it had gone  
down to find an explanation of its ex-  
traordinary disappearance.  
"A dead pickereel about eight inches  
long was floating on the surface. A  
hole through the body showed plainly  
enough that this pickereel was the one  
the kingfisher had speared.  
I drifted about the spot some time  
and then something came to the sur-  
face, near the shore. It was a big  
pickereel, and with it the kingfisher,  
both dead.  
"One of the bird's legs was between  
the great jaws of the pickereel. The  
pickereel's long teeth were set through  
and through the leg. The kingfisher's  
spearlike bill ran clear through the  
pickereel's body from side to side, a few  
inches below the gills.  
"The situation explained itself to  
my satisfaction, but my amazement  
was none the less. The pickereel had  
seized the kingfisher by the leg as the  
bird was rising from the water with  
the small fish, and pulled it back into  
the water, expecting, of course, to dine  
upon kingfisher.  
"The bird had instinctively turned  
and jabbed its sharp beak through the  
pickereel, inflicting a mortal wound.  
The pickereel, with the bulldog tenacity  
of its kind, had kept its hold on the  
bird's leg and the two had died to-  
gether."

What They Did.  
"We had a delightful time last  
week," said the city cousin, who was  
describing the joys of metropolitan  
life. "One evening we trilled out to  
a suburban home and ping-ponged  
until nearly midnight and next day  
we automobilized to the country club  
and golfed until dark."  
"We had a purely good time last  
week, too," ventured the country  
cousin, with a sarcastic smile. "One  
day we buggered over to Uncle Jo-  
siah's and our boys got out in the back  
lot and baseballled all afternoon, and  
after we had dined we sneaked up  
to the loft and lit a candle and poked  
until I had every blind cent in the  
crowd."—Baltimore American.

Ready for Business.  
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visitor, "but is there a literary club  
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"Yes," replied the editor, signifi-  
cantly, as he reached under his desk.  
"Are you a literary man?"—Catholic  
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## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Maker—"Here is a cynic who says  
that poetry is a disease." Baker—  
"That may be true in some cases, but  
in yours it is merely an hallucination."  
—Indianapolis News.

Daughter—"The man I marry must  
be a brave man to leave your mother  
is living."  
"Do you know of a good tonic for  
nervous persons, Simpkins?" "No;  
what I want to find is a good tonic for  
people who have to live with them."  
—London Tit-Bits.

Hoax—"I suppose it's pretty hard to  
write a really trustworthy history of  
politics." Joak—"Yes; the principal  
dates in it are bound to conflict. How  
do you mean? What dates? Candi-  
dates."—Philadelphia Record.

Careless Girl—"Such carelessness is  
little short of criminal," thundered Dr.  
Price-Price, angrily. "Oh, doctor,"  
sobbed Mrs. Saussey-Liedert's nurse  
girl, "do you blame me for the baby's  
illness?" "Most assuredly. You should  
know better than to leave it alone in  
the care of its mother, even for a mo-  
ment."—Philadelphia Press.

"That fellow up there," said the talk-  
ative passenger to the stranger be-  
side him, "is the worst cynic you ever  
saw; always pointing the finger of  
scorn at other people's work." "That  
so? I wish he'd do that at my work."  
"You do?" "Yes. I make circular  
saws."—London Answers.

Frightful Thought—"I suppose—"  
"Well?" "It's terrible to think of, but  
just suppose—" "Well?" "Suppose  
the historical characters who have re-  
cently figured in the historical novels  
had really been the many different  
kinds of persons that each one has  
been made to appear, and had really  
done all the contradictory things that  
—" "For heaven's sake quit! Don't  
lead us to further horrors."—Chicago  
Post.

## WAR AND THE BIRTH RATE.

National Strife Has Its Effect in This  
Way as Well as in the  
Death Rate.

War not only influences the mortality  
of the army in the field, but has a  
maleficent effect on the birth rate and  
death rate of the country which is  
fighting. A low birth rate may be  
explained, to some extent, by the fact  
that when a nation is at war her peo-  
ple at home are less prosperous, and  
consequently marriages are not so  
frequent, says the Medical Record.

The increase of the death rate oc-  
curs, probably, for the reason that  
food is scarcer, and also because at a  
time when a country is engaged in a  
disastrous war, the minds of its in-  
habitants are adversely affected.  
Those who are in delicate health, or  
who are attacked with sickness, suc-  
cumb much more readily when the  
spirits are low than when in a normal  
condition. It is, indeed, the reaction  
of the mind upon the body.

The returns of the registrar general  
of Great Britain of births, marriages  
and deaths for the year 1900 demon-  
strate the potency of the influence of  
war upon the birth and death rate.  
The births in 1890 numbered 927,062,  
or a rate of 28.7 per 1,000, this being  
the lowest on record and 1.8 per cent.  
under the mean rate of the past de-  
cade. The illegitimate birth rate was  
also the lowest on record.

There were 87,830 deaths, or 18.2  
per 1,000, as against 17, 17.4 and 17.5  
in the previous three years. The num-  
ber of deaths directly due to alcohol-  
ism was 3,683, while the death rate  
from this cause was 132 males and 95  
females per 1,000,000. These rates  
constitute a high on record. Tubercu-  
losis claimed 61,302 victims, or a  
death rate of 10.4 per cent. of the  
deaths from all causes. The death  
rate of the army was 27.6 per 1,000, as  
compared with 10, 12 and 10.5 in the  
preceding years. The mortality rate  
in the army abroad was 30.1 per 1,000,  
as compared with an average of 14.5  
in the past five years, and the death  
rate at home was 8.2, as compared with  
an average of 4.3 in the previous five  
years.

Thus it will be seen that war drains  
the life blood of the nation. Nothing  
is said in the above returns as to the  
action war is asserted to have on the  
production of sex. On the authority  
of German scientists it has been de-  
clared that the females of a nation at  
war are apt to give birth to a much  
larger number of males than is ordi-  
narily the case.

Shopping in Peking.  
The Chinese are "peculiar" for  
many other things, than those set  
down by Bret Harte in his immortal  
chronicle, and among them is the ex-  
traordinary custom among the mer-  
chants of Peking. A Japanese corre-  
spondent has been recently explain-  
ing to his businesslike countrymen  
the great waste of time in shopping  
in the Chinese capital. Frequently a  
whole day is wasted in trying to find  
a small article of daily use. This is  
largely due to the fact that trading  
is done by the higher classes in  
Peking, and the merchants who are  
scattered over the city and over a  
three miles outside the city wall.  
In order to purchase a quire of paper  
the Japanese had to go to Ling Chang,  
three miles outside the city, and had  
also to get out of the city to buy beef.  
Hours a day were spent in going from  
shop to shop, often several miles  
apart. In what seems to be the shop,  
very few articles, and they of the  
lowest quality, are kept, the goods  
being upstairs, and will be overlooked  
unless the customer is aware of that  
reality. The shopkeeper is quite  
ready to detain a customer in gossip  
in the lower shop for several hours.  
The shops are open from eight or  
nine o'clock in the morning until five  
or six in the afternoon, and at night  
all are closed except restaurants and  
drug stores.—Japan and America.