AT BENARES, INDIA, WILLIAM J. BRYAN SEES IDOLATRY IN ITS GROSSEST FORM: WEIRD RITES AT THE GANGES

Constant Throng of Bathers Composed of Pilgrims, Fakirs and the Sick, Seek Purification or a Peaceful End in the Sacred Waters---Bodies of the Dead Are Cremated on Its Banks and Burials Are Made in the Stream---Monkeys Are Revered.

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

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BEFORE beginning the trip thru the interior, a paragraph must be given to Indian travel. There are no Pullman sleepers in this country, and the tourist must carry his bedding with him. Night trains have compartments containing broad seats, which can be used as couches and hanging shelves upon which one may lie. The traveler carries his own blanket, pillow, sheet, towels, soap, etc., and occasionally has to rely on these at hotels as well as on the trains. The cars are entered from the side, and one must take his chance of awaking at the right station, for there is no official to give him warning.

In India it is customary for foreigners to take an Indian servant with them who acts as interpreter and looks after the baggage—and looking after baggage is no easy task in this part of the British empire. After we had made one short trip without assistance, we were glad to yield to the custom and Goolab, a Calcutta Mussulman, proved himself an invaluable aid in dealing with the baggage coolies whose language we could not understand and whose charges varied from the legal rate as the minimum to three or four times that if the tourist shows himself a novice at the business.

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The hotels of India are declared by the guidebooks to be bad, and one does not feel like disputing these authorities after having made the trip. I do not mean to say that there is no difference between them, for in several places we found comfortable rooms and in some places palatable food. Everywhere we were so interested in what we saw that we could endure almost any kind of accommodations, but at one place the fare was so unsatisfactory that we were reduced to eggs and toast. Goolab, overhearing some mutterings of discontent, took it upon himself to report in the hope of securing some improvement, and the clerk asked me for particulars. I told him that I had not intended to make any complaint, but that as he was good enough to inquire, I would say that we did not like the cooking, that the crackers were sometimes mouse-eaten and that we found a worm in the cabbage. He thought that the mice were inexcusable, but, as if the question disposed of the matter, asked, "The worm was dead, wasn't it?" I was compelled to admit that it was.

Leaving Calcutta, we sought the ancient city of Benares, which bears the distinction of being the center of Hindooism. In fact, it has been the religious capital of India for 2,000 years or more.

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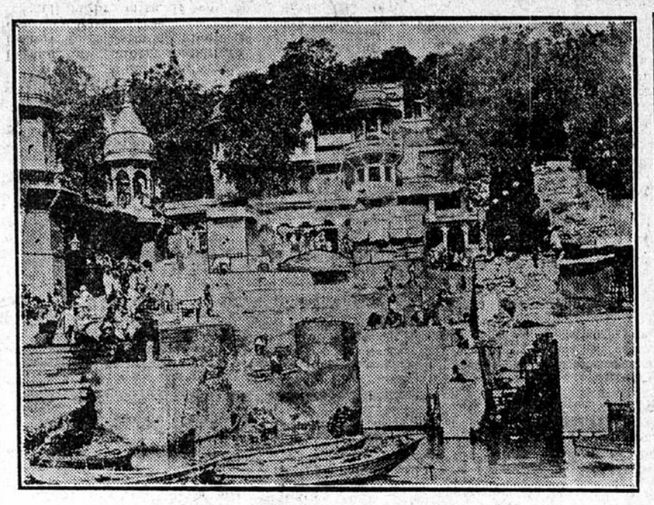
At Sarnath, just outside of Benares, stands the first Buddhist pagoda, said to have been erected nearly 500 years before the beginning of the Christian era, to commemorate a spot in the deer park where Buddha taught his disciples. Recent excavations near there have brought to light one of the Asoka pillars which, tho unfortunately broken, still bears testimony to the skill of the sculptor as well as to the zeal of the great Buddhist king. But these ruins are all that there is left of Buddhism in this vicinity, where Buddha lived and taught and where his doctrines were once triumphant, for Hinduism



BURNING GHATS FOR CREMATION OF DEAD, BENARES.

has virtually rooted out Buddhism, adopting, it is said, the device of making him one of the incarnations of their own god.

At Benares one sees idolatry in its grossest and most repulsive forms, and it is, therefore, as interesting today to the student of the world's religions as to the devoted Hindu who travels hundreds of miles over dusty roads to bathe in the Ganges, whose waters he considers sacred. Benares is built upon the north bank of the Ganges, and it is estimated that each year it is visited by a million pilgrims. When more than 300 miles from the city, we saw the caravan of one of the maharajahs (maharajah is the title borne by native princes) on its way to the river. There were five elephants, a dozen camels and twenty or thirty bull carts, besides numerous pack animals and horses. The trip could not be made in much less than two months, and all this for the sake of a bath in the waters of the sacred river!

The bank of the Ganges is lined for a long distance with bathing ghats (as the steps leading to the river are called), and at one point there is a burning ghat where the bodies of the dead are cremated. Cremation is universal among the Hindus, sandalwood being used where the relatives can afford it. Taking a boat, as is customary, we rowed up and down the river in the early morning, and such a sight! Down the steps as far as the eye could reach came the bathers, men, women and children, and up the steps went a constant stream of those who had finished their ablutions. Most of them carried upon their heads water pots of shining brass and some carried bundles of wearing apparel. The bathing is done leisurely as if according to a ritual, with frequent dippings; water is poured out to the sun and prayers are said. The lame, the halt and the blind are there, some picking their way with painful step, others assisted by friends. Here, a leper sought healing in the stream; near him a man with emaciated form mixed his medicine with the holy water, and not far off a fakir with matted hair prayed beneath his big umbrella. On one of the piers a young man was cultivating psychic power by standing on one leg while he told his beads with his face toward the sun.

Dressing and undressing is a simple matter with the mass of the people. Men and women emerging from the water throw a clean robe around themselves and then unloosing the wet garment wring it out and are ready to return. Those who bring waterpots fill them from the stream out of which they have so recently come and carry them away as if some divinity protected the water from pollution. As the river contains countless dead and receives the filth of the city, as well as the flowers cast into it by worshipers, it requires a strong faith to believe it free from lurking disease and seeds of pestilence.

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When we reached the burning ghat, we found one body on the funeral pyre and another soaking in the water as a preparation for burning. So highly is the Ganges revered that aged people are brought there that they may die, if possible, in the water. While we were watching a third body was prepared for the burning, and it was so limp that death could not have occurred long before. While the flames were consuming those three corpses, we saw coming down the steps a man carrying the body of a child, apparently about 2 years old, wrapped in a piece of thin cotton cloth. (The children of the poor are buried in the stream because of the cost of wood). The man bore his lifeless burden to a little barge and made the corpse fast to a heavy stone slab. The boatman then pushed out from the shore and when the middle of the stream was reached the man in charge of the body dropped it overboard, and the burial was over.

No one has seen India until he has seen the Ganges; no one has seen the Ganges until he has seen it at Benares; and no one who has seen the Ganges at Benares will ever forget it.

In the suburbs of the city stands the Durga temple, better known as the Monkey temple because it is the home of a large family of monkeys which are regarded as sacred. Photographs of the temple present rather an attractive appearance, but the original is anything but beautiful, and the monkeys and general filth of the place deprive it of all appearance of a place of worship.

The Golden temple, however, is the one most visited by tourists, and it would be difficult to picture a less inviting place. The buildings are old and greasy, and the narrow streets are filled with images and thronged with beggars. One finds his interest in missionary work quickened if he wanders thru these streets and sees the offering of incense to the elephant god and monkey god, and to images innumerable. The air is heavy with perfume and the odor of decaying flowers, and one jostles against the sacred bulls as he threads his way thru the crowd. We have not seen in any other land such evidences of superstition, such effort to ward off evil spirits and to conciliate idols. The educated Hindus, and there are many learned men among the Hindus, regard these idols as only visible representations of an invisible God, but the masses seem to look no farther than the ugly images before which they bow.

It was a relief to find near this dark pool of idolatry an institution of learning, recently founded, which promises to be a purifying spring. I refer to the Central Hindu college of which Mrs. Annie Besant, the well-known theosophist, is the head. Altho the school is but seven years old, it already includes a valuable group of buildings and has some 500 students. Among the professors are several Englishmen who serve without compensation, finding sufficient reward in the consciousness of service.

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Next to Benares, Allahabad is the most important Hindu center. The city is on the Ganges, at its junction with the Jumna, one of its longest branches. There is an old tradition that another river, flowing underground, empties into the Ganges at this point, and the place is referred to as the junction of the three rivers. The great Mogul Akbar built a splendid fort where the Ganges and the Jumna meet, and probably on this account Allahabad is the capital of the united provinces of Agra and Oudh. Within the walls of the fort there is another of the Asoka pillars, a very well preserved one, forty-nine feet high and bearing numerous inscriptions, among which are the famous edicts of Asoka issued in 240 B. C. against the taking of life. Within the fort in a subterranean room is another object of interest, the Akhshai Bar or undecaying banyan tree. As this tree is described by a Chinese pilgrim of the seventh century, it is either of remarkable antiquity or has been renewed from time to time.

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The religious importance of Allahabad is largely due to a fair which is held there every year and which on every twelfth year becomes a national event. It is called the Mela and last January brought to the city a crowd estimated at from one and a half to three millions. This every-twelfth-year fair brings together not only the devout Hindus, who come as a matter of religious duty, and innumerable traders who at such times find a market for their wares, but it draws large numbers

THE LAURIE HOTEL AT AGRA.

of fakirs (pronounced fahkeers, with the accent upon the last syllable) or holy men. They wear beards and long hair and no clothing except a breechclout. They put ashes and even manure upon their heads and their hair and whiskers are matted and discolored. These men are supposed to have raised themselves to a high spiritual state by asceticism and self-punishment. They undergo all sorts of hardships, such as hanging over a fire, holding up the arm until it withers and sitting upon a bed of spikes. We saw many fakirs at Benares and Allahabad and some elsewhere (for they are scattered over the whole country), and at the latter place one accommodated us by taking his seat upon the spikes.

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At the recent Mela 500 of these fakirs marched in a procession naked, even the breechclout having been abandoned for the occasion, and so great was the reverence for them that their followers struggled to obtain the sand made sacred by their tread, a number of people meeting their death in the crowd. These fakirs are supposed to have reached a state of sinlessness, but one of them seized a child along the line of march and dashed out its brains in the presence of its mother, claiming to be advised that the gods desired a human sacrifice. He was arrested by the British officials and is now awaiting trial on the charge of murder. The papers recently reported another instance in which a fakir was the cause of a murder. He was consulted by a woman who had lost several children and was anxious to protect her prospective child from a like fate. The fakir told her that she could insure her child's life if she would herself bathe in human blood, and she and her husband enticed a 7-year-old boy into their home and killed him to secure the blood necessary for the bath. The fakirs are not only a danger to the community in some cases and a source of demoralization at all times, but they are a heavy drain upon the producing wealth of the country. Adding nothing to the material, intellectual or moral development of the country, they live upon the fears and credulity of the people.

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The Hindu religion claims something more than 200,000,000 of human beings within its membership; it teaches the transmigration of the soul, or reincarnation as it is generally called. The Hindu mind takes kindly to the metaphysical, and the Hindu priests have evolved an intricate system of philosophy in support of their religious beliefs. Reincarnation is set forth as a theory necessary to bring God's plans into accord with man's conception of justice. If a man is born blind or born into unfavorable curroundings, it is explained on the theory that he is being punished for sins committed during a former existence; if he is born into a favorable environment, he is being rewarded for virtue previously developed.

It is not quite certain whether the Hindus have many gods or many forms of one god, for the ancient Vedas speak of each of several gods as if they were supreme. The most popular god is a sort of trinity, Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva, the destroyer, being united in one. Sometimes the trinity is spoken of as representing creation, destruction and renovation, in which Krishna appears as the principal god. Out of this system have sprung a multitude of gods until the masses bow down "to stocks and stones."

The most pernicious product of the Hindu religion is the caste system. Infant marriage is terrible, but that will succumb to education; the seclusion of the women is benumbing, but it will give way before the spread of European and American influence, and with it will go the practical servitude of widows, as the practice of suttee (the burning of widows) has practically gone. But the caste system, resting upon vanity and pride and egotism, is more difficult to eradicate. Nowhere in the world is caste so inexorable in its demands or so degrading in its influence. The line between the human being and the beast of the field is scarcely more distinctly drawn than the line between the various castes. Brahmins belong to the priestly class and are supposed to have sprung from the mouth of Brahm, the great creator; the Kshatrias, or warrior class, are supposed to have sprung from the shoulders of Brahm; the Vaisyas, or merchant class, are supposed to have sprung from the thighs of Brahm; while the Sudras, or laborers, are supposed to have sprung from the feet of Brahm. There are numerous subdivisions of these castes, and besides these there are outcasts, altho there does not seem to be any room below the Sudras for any other class. The caste system not only affects social intercourse and political progress, but it complicates living. A high-caste Hindu cannot accept food or drink from a low caste and must purify his water bottle if a low caste touches it.

About seventy years ago a reform in Hinduism was begun under the name of Brahmo Somaj. It was built upon monotheism, or the worship of one god, for which it claimed to find authority in the Hindu sacred books. It drew to itself a number of strong men, among them Mr. Tagore and Mr. Sen, the latter making a trip to England to present the principles of the new faith before prominent religious bodies there.

The Arya Somaj, another reform sect, sprung up later. Both of these have exerted considerable influence upon the thought of India, far beyond their commercial strength. So far, however, Christianity has made greater inroads upon Hinduism than any of the reformations that have been attempted from within.

At Allahabad we found two Christian colleges, the Allahabad Christian college for men and the Wanamaker school for girls. Dr. A. H. Ewing is at the head of the former and Miss Foreman, the daughter of an early missionary, at the head of the latter. Both of these schools have been built with American money, Mr. Wanamaker having been the most liberal patron. They are excellently located, are doing a splendid work and are affiliated with the Presbyterian church. Fifty dollars will pay for the food, room, clothes and tuition of one boy, while $30 will provide for one girl, and interested Americans have already established several scholarships, but money is badly needed to enlarge the facilities of both these schools.

We spent the Sabbath at Allahabad and visited both of these schools, and our appreciation of the work was enhanced by our observations at Benares. It seemed like an oasis in the desert. Surely those who have helped to create this green spot—may it ever widen—will find intense satisfaction in the good that these schools are doing and will do.

Best Story You Ever Heard

Journal Prize Competition

Prizes for stories printed on this page are awarded as indicated.

For the coming week The Journal again offers $5, first prize; $3 second prize, and $2, third prize, for "the best story you ever heard."

It is not required that stories be original, but new and good stories, retold in the writer's own words, will be considered in the competition. Write only on one side of the paper, giving name and address with each story. Specify if you want your initials used as signature. Do not send clippings or enclose stamps, as manuscripts will not be returned. Stories should not exceed 300 words, and should be of a humorous nature. Omit introductions, and be brief. Checks will be sent prize winners.

Address, Best Story Editor, Journal, Minneapolis, Minn.

FIRST PRIZE.
This Story Gets $5.

Hoboken Not So Much.

A simple-hearted ingenious young German by name Louis Schultz, living in Hoboken, became engaged after a brief acquaintance to a young maiden whose reputation as coquette was well known. One of Louis' friends on meeting him one day said: "You don't mean to tell me that you are going to marry Minnie Blancke?"

"Sure," replied Louis, "for vy not?"

"Why, she's been engaged to every young man in Hoboken."

"Vell," slowly answered Louis, "Hoboken ain't such a big place."

—Mrs. A .J. Y.

SECOND PRIZE.
This Story Gets $3.

A Nice Distinction.

The following cannot fail to amuse all who have seen and heard the late John Fiske: Imagine him seated in his study, presumably writing on "The Mystery of Evil." The door opens and his little son steps timidly in, saying: "Papa."

"Yes, my son, what is it?"

"Ma says you are to whip me."

"Whip you! What have you done?"

"I said something naughty."

"What did you say?"

"Why, I said that Aunt Sarah was a fool and that Aunt Mary was a damn fool."

Then John Fiske said in that inimitable New England drawl. "That is—abo-u-t the dis-tinc-tion I should make. Run out and play."

—S. B.

Livermore, Me.

THIRD PRIZE.
This Story Gets $2.

Woman's Importunity.

Meeting a colored man, a certain southern gentleman asked him how he was getting on.

The darky assumed a troubled look and replied:

"Oh, so far's physicality goes, I'm all right; but I sure do have ma troubles wif ma wife."

"Well, Sam, I'm sorry to hear that. What seems to be the matter?"

"She's thinks money grows on trees, I reckon. All de time she keeps pesterin' me foh a pinch o' change. If it ain't a dollah it's a half or a quarter she wants."

"What on earth does she do with the money?"

"I dunno. Ain't nevah give her none yet."

—R. R. H.

No Wonder He Left.

Addressing a political gathering the other day, a speaker gave his hearers a touch of the pathetic. "I miss," he said, brushing away a not unmanly tear, "I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."

Owatonna, Minn. —M. K.

Very Fashionable.

A rather green-looking country girl walked into an Evansville dry goods store the other day and stopped at a counter. The lady clerk beamed on her, fixed her hair and asked what she could do for her.

"I wanter git me a dress," she said.

"All right, miss, what style of goods would you like?"

"I want some lawn."

"Lawn? Are you sure? It's a little late in the season for lawn."

"Well, I guess I know what I want. I read our country paper and I guess I know nigh as much about fashions as you city gals."

"All right, miss, if you want lawn you can have it; now what kind do you want?"

"I want—I want—let's see, what is it they call that stuff. It's the most fashionable stuff that you got. Trot it out now. I want er—I don't know which is the most fashionable."

"We have plain lawn, dotted lawn, Pacific lawn—"

"Oh, it ain't any of them, it's a very fashionable, because I saw it in our country paper."

"Well, now, if you just had the paper here, perhaps I could find the style you want."

"I got the paper—but—but," and she hesitated.

"Well," said the saleslady in an icy voice, "but what?"

"Well, seeing as you're a lady, I'll tell ye. I made a bustle out of the paper, but if I could just take a slip back in the store and take it off and tear the piece out, I can put the bustle on again and then bring you the piece."

"All right; just step back."

She was gone only a few moments, and then came back holding a piece of soiled paper triumphantly in her hand.

She handed it to the clerk, saying: "Thar, just read that; that's just what I want. I don't buy no common truck; I want the best."

The lady clerk read:

"Lawn tennis is very fashionable."

—August Gathmann, Jr.

Hooper, Neb.

An Unuttered Thought.

Two Irishmen serving in an English regiment were good chums until Rooney was raised to the rank of sergeant. Forthwith his chest expanded, and from that time on he looked down on McGrane.

One day McGrane approached Rooney and said, "Mike—I mean sergeant—s'pose a private stepped up to a sergeant and called him a conceited monkey, phwat wud happen?"

"He'd be put in the gyardhouse."

"He wud?"

"He wud."

"Well, now, s'pose the private on'y thought the sergeant was a conceited monkey, and didn't say a wurd about it. Wud he be put in the gyardhouse?"

"Av coorse not."

"Well, thin, we'll lave it go at that."

—I. A. P.

Stonewall Jackson's Beer.

In Northeast Minneapolis there is a school which is situated between two breweries. The fathers of many of the children work in these establishments. Naturally the subject of beer is a familiar one at home.

Last week a teacher in the school was teaching some little girls to recite "Barbara Frietchie" in concert for the Memorial Day exercises. All went well, the girls showing great interest, until the instructor said:

"Honor to her and let a tear
Fall for her sake on Stonewall's bier."

There was a silence. The girls cast queer glances at each other, and then all began to giggle.

The teacher was surprised and annoyed. "Say it, children," she said. "There is nothing funny about that."

The giggles became more pronounced and the teacher said: "Don't be silly, girls. You were doing so nicely before you began to laugh."

At this one little girl said: "I don't think it would be nice to say that at an entertainment."

Before the teacher could answer, another chimed in: "Anyway, it seems to me it ought to be IN his beer."

—L. B. A.

It Was All Over.

"No more will I hear his footsteps on yonder walk just as the clock strikes the hour of 8."

"Gracious, Jeannette!"

"And the old parlor light will never burn low for him again."

"You don't mean it?"

"I do, and, furthermore, he will never sit on this sofa three nights a week and call me pet names, as he has been doing for two years."

"I am astonished."

"And tonight I am going to burn all the old love letters in my trunk."

"B—but why are you going to discard him?"

"Discard him? Why, you goose, I'm going to marry him."

—M. V. F.

Austin, Minn.

Not a Durned Fool.

Years ago, when telephones were still a novelty, a farmer from the outskirts of Manchester, N. H., came to town one day and called on a lawyer friend of his, whom he supplied with butter, and who had a telephone recently put in his office.

"Need any butter this morning?" asked the farmer.

"Well, I don't know," answered the lawyer. "Wait a minute. I'll ask my wife about it."

After speaking thru the phone he went on:

"No; my wife says 'No.'"

The farmer's face was a study for a moment; then he broke out with:

"Look a-here, Mr. Lawyer, I may be a rube and have my whiskers full of hay and hayseed, but I'm not such a durned fool as to believe your wife is in that box."

—Mrs. G. F.

Difference in Sex.

A Mexican gentleman, who had just been converted to Christianity, was invited to address a religious gathering of English-speaking people. Rising, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen: I regret ve'y mucho to cockroach on your time."

On resuming his seat upon the conclusion of his speech, an Englishman sitting next to him, nudged him and said:

"You do not speak English well. You should not say 'cockroach,' but 'hencroach.'"

"Ah!" said the Mexican, "I see. It is a difference in sex."

—A. A. G.

Fargo, N. D.

Developed the Jury.

A little girl, whose father was a photographer, was taken for the first time to a courtroom while a case was being tried. On returning home she was asked concerning what she had seen and heard. Her description of the judge's charge was this.

"The judge made a long speech to the jury of twelve men and then he sent them into a dark room to develop."

—L. C. I.

Lake Park, Minn.

The Intention Fulfilled.

Two Irishmen had visited St. Patrick's cathedral in New York. The one was from the country and had been taken there by his friend, who wished him to be duly impressed by its grandeur. As they came out on the street and resumed their hats, the resident of the city said: "Well, Mike, and phwat do youse think of it? Isn't it grand?"

"Mike Donovan," said the one from the country, "it bates the divil!"

"That," said the friend, "was the intintion."

—A. V. N.

Hawarden, Iowa.

She Wouldn't Let Him.

On entering a farm house one day I found the housewife making some mince meat for an old-fashioned mince pie. She quite willingly washed her hands and piloted me into the sitting-room. Her small boy soon returned from school and came rushing into the room, and with that eagerness with which a small boy unbosoms himself after an eventful day, exclaimed:

"Mother, I want to tell you—"

"Hush right up. I am not going to have a word from you while the gentleman is talking," interrupted the mother.

"But, mama," broke in the boy with a whine, "Mama—"

"Now dry right up. Ain't I allus told you to keep still when your elders were talking?" the irate mother retorted.

The boy stood studying the toe of his shoe for a few moments and then whimpered out: "But, mama, I want to tell you something—"

"If you don't keep quiet I'll punish you," the mother said, angrily.

The boy again inspected his toes for a minute or more and then, taking his life in his own hands, yelled at the top of his voice:

"Mama, I wanted to tell you that the dog is in the kitchen eating your mincemeat." (Hasty exit. Curtain.)

Minneota, Minn. —W. E. W.

Told by Their Buttons.

The minister's wife was busily engaged one afternoon mending the family clothes when a neighbor called for a friendly chat. After a few moments of news and gossip the caller remarked, as she began to inspect a basket of miscellaneous buttons:

"You seem to be unusually well supplied with buttons of all kinds. Why, there is one like my husband had on his last winter's suit."

"Indeed," said the minister's wife, with a slight smile. "All these buttons were found in the contribution box, and I thought I might as well have some use out of them. Well, must you go? Well, good-bye. Come again soon."

Litchfield, Minn. —F. N.

The Laborer and His Hire.

Pasted on the window of the book publisher's store was the sign "Porter Wanted," and in the window, on a pile of books, the placard, "Dickens' works all this week for $4."

An Irishman passing read the sign first and then the placard. He scratched his head and said, "Dickens can wur-rk ahl the week fer foor dollars if he wants to, but I'm a union man. I'll not touch it. Ye'd better kape Dickens."

—A. K.

Was Recovering.

A Norwegian's wife had been very sick, but had so far recovered that she was able to sit up in the bed.

One morning one of the neighbors, meeting him on the road, asked if she was getting better.

"Oh, yas," he said, "she ban so gude now dat she can stand upe on de bad and eat tea."

—Mrs. L. M. J.

The Defendant Wins.

In the course of an assault case heard at a provincial court a few days ago the defendant was asked his trade.

"I drive a 'bus," was the reply.

"You mean," suggested the solicitor on the other side, "that you drive the horses attached thereto?"

"Yes, if you would rather have it that way," replied the defendant.

Soon afterward, the solicitor asked the defendant:

"Did you or did you not strike the prosecutor in the face?"

The defendant, after thinking a while, convulsed the court with the following:

"Well, now, I come to think, there's a doubt about it. I was under the impression that I did strike the prosecutor in the face; but perhaps it would be as well to say that I struck him on the nasal organ attached thereto."

—E. G. G.

An Accommodating "Court."

An eastern attorney was trying a case before a western court, in the days that novels are written about. He had made his closing argument, and there was an awkward pause.

"Your honor, will you charge the jury?" said the lawyer, suggestively.

The "court" deliberated, pulling his whiskers, and finally ruled:

"Wall, no. I never charge 'em anything. I jest let the boys make what they can out of it!"

—L. W. B.

Entitled to a Pension.

United States pension clerks frequently find that applicants for pensions have queer ideas of the government's duty towards the individual. Here is a letter from a woman who describes her husband's condition with an exactness which makes the epistle worthy a paragraph in a medical journal:

"My husband in his stomach was bloated terribel. It didn't look himself like much. He couldn't stoop himself over and straighten up without helping himself. To ham, beans, pork, mashed potatoes, eggs, veal, cabbage, onions, his stomach was repulsive. His rheumatism was the kind called lumbago—at fust. His dropsy was terribel. When he died his legs burst from pressure. He was swelled up as big as a barrel all over round. I ask that he be taken up and reopened.

"P. S.—When my husband came back from the war I supported him on my needle until he died."

—A.

Yours, Mine and Ours.

John Sheldon, a widower with three children, married a widow who also had three children, and two more were born afterwards. One day Mr. Sheldon was called to the telephone in his office and heard his wife say:

"Oh, John, come home at once; your children and my children are beating the life out of our children!"

—J. P. M.

At a Vermont Revival.

Years ago, in a Vermont country prayer meeting, the various members present were giving their experiences and lessons to be learned from them, when one old lady arose and in a high-pitched, trembling voice, said:

"As I were a comin' thru the pastyer this evening I saw an old cow a switchin' her tail to keep the flies off, an' I just thought to myself, it behooves us to switch our tails to keep the devil off."

—M. V.

Pembina, N. D.

Awakened Generosity.

A man from Dunedin once visited the town of Wellington. An Irish friend insisted upon the visitor staying at his house instead of at a hotel, and kept him for a month, playing the host in detail, even to treating him to theater and other amusements, paying all cab fares and the rest.

When the visitor was returning to Dunedin, the Irishman saw him down to the steamer and they went into the saloon to have a parting drink. "Wha'll you have?" asked the host, continuing his hospitality to the very last.

"Now, look here," said the man from Dunedin, "I'll hae nae mair o' this. Here ye've been keepin' me at yer house for a month an' payin' for a' the theaters an' cabs, an' drinks. I tell ye I'll stan nae mair o' it! We'll just hae a toss for this one!"

—E. E. M.

Members of the new house of commons have started a prayer meeting. It is held on Tuesday afternoons in one of the committee rooms.

SOFT WHITE HANDS IN ONE NIGHT

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura SOAP. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure. Wear old gloves or bandage lightly, in old, soft cotton or linen. For preserving, purifying, and beautifying the hands, for removing redness, roughness, and irritations, for rashes and eczemas, with shapeless nails, this treatment is wonderful

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Soap, 25c., Ointment 50c., Resolvent, 50c. (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60). Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Mailed Free, "How to Cure Disfiguring Humors."

Defective Page