

OATHS IN DIFFERENT LANDS

French Have the Least and Norwegians the Most to Say

The ceremony of taking the oath has been known since earliest history. The only changes in form which have come in thousands of years have been due to the introduction of the Bible and the cross by Christian nations.

As administered in most of the English law courts the form of the oath is practically the same as that in the United States, though rather more ceremonious. In France it is perhaps the simplest. A crucifix above the judge's seat is supposed to obviate the necessity of the witness handling either the cross or the Bible.

"You swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?" asks the judge. And the witness, raising his right hand, answers, "I swear it."

In Austria a Christian witness is sworn before a crucifix placed between two lighted candles. Holding up his right hand, the witness says: "I swear by God, the Almighty and All Wise, that I will speak the pure and full truth in answer to anything I may be asked by the court."

If the witness is of the Jewish race he uses the same words, but places his hands on a Bible opened at the page on which appears the third commandment and the crucifix is removed.

In a Belgian court the witness says: "I will speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God and all the saints." No Bible is required in the administering of this oath.

The Italian witness generally takes the oath in a dramatic manner. Resting his hand on an open Bible, he exclaims: "I will swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!"

More ceremony attends the administering of the oath in a Spanish court. The witness kneels on the right knee and places his right hand on the sacred book. The judge then asks: "Will you swear to God and by these holy gospels to speak the truth to all you may be asked?" The witness replies: "Yes; I swear," to which the judge rejoins: "Then if thus you do God will reward you, and if not will require of you."

In a few districts the form is varied by the witness placing the middle of his thumb on the middle of his forefinger, kissing his thumb and declaring: "By this cross I swear."

It is to be hoped that the Norwegian witness is properly impressed with his obligation to speak the truth or considerable energy is wasted. He is required to raise his thumb, forefinger and middle finger, these signifying the Trinity. Before the oath is actually taken a long exhortation is delivered, running in part:

"Whatever person is so ungodly, corrupt or hostile to himself as to swear a false oath or not to keep the oath sworn sins in such a manner as if he were to say: 'If I swear falsely, then may God the Holy Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost punish me, so that God the Father who created me and all mankind in His image, and His fatherly goodness, grace and mercy, may not profit me, but that I as a perverse and obstinate transgressor and sinner may be punished eternally in hell. If I swear falsely then may all I have and own in this world be cursed; cursed be my land, field and meadow, so that I may never enjoy any fruit or yield from them; cursed be my cattle, my beasts, my sheep, so that after this day they may never thrive or benefit me; yea, cursed may I be and everything I possess.'"

And sometimes all that—and all the rest of it—in the matter of a suit brought to collect for a pair of boots, perhaps.—The Green Bag.

WILLIE AND HIS DOG DIVER

Willie was a very little child and lived near a mill. One day he saw a big cruel boy come along and throw a little puppy into the mill pond and then run away. Willie cried out: "Oh, papa, papa, do come here!"

"What is the matter?" said his papa. "Oh, papa! I want the little doggie! Please get him for me. He will be drowned!"

His papa took a long pole and put it under the puppy's neck and pulled it out of the water and gave it to Willie. He was very happy with his dog, which by next year grew to be a big, strong, shaggy fellow and was named Diver. He used to go with Willie everywhere the boy went and he loved Willie very much. Everybody said: "What a beautiful dog!" and Willie was proud of him.

One day when the nuts were ripe Willie took his basket and went to pick hazelnuts. One big bush full of nuts hung over a deep place in the mill pond, and as Willie reached for the top branch he slipped and fell in the water out of sight. But when he came up Diver jumped in, took him by his collar and brought him safe to land. So if it was good for Willie to save the dog's life when he was a little puppy it was good for the dog to save Willie's life when he was a little boy.

And that was Diver's way of thanking Willie for saving his life. It was a very good way, too! And Willie and Diver were always the best of friends. —St. Nicholas Magazine.

Horticultural Hall



I think it would be fun to live  
In Horticultural hall,  
For then I'd never have to give  
A thought to clothes at all.

I'd build a little hut among  
The jungle of bamboo,  
And live as though I was a young  
And barbarous Hindoo.

I'd drink the juice that flows from cuts  
In the handy traveler's tree,  
While oranges and coconuts  
Would be the food for me.

And if at night strange beasts came  
Near,  
Fierce roes or unicorns,  
I'd kill them with a bamboo spear  
Made sharp with cactus thorns.

And when astonished people cry  
"What sort of thing is he?"  
The keeper proudly would reply,  
"An aborigine."

—Philadelphia Record.

The Pleasure of Pleasing

Myra had been ill for some time, but she was better now. So one Sunday afternoon a little friend named Jennie called to see her. Jennie told her a gentleman had been speaking to the class at Sunday school on an interesting subject: He had said: "The sweetest thing on earth is the pleasure of pleasing."

Myra listened to Jennie very attentively, and when she had finished said: "I do not agree with him. I think the sweetest thing on earth is the pleasure of being pleased, instead of pleasing."

Jennie had been taught by her mother that everyone should constantly endeavor to make others happy, so she told Myra of several very sweet little conversations that her mother had held with her on that subject. After Jennie had gone the little girl dozed quietly in her soft white bed.

The next morning as soon as she was awake she asked for her box of paints and a large piece of cardboard, and after her mother had carefully lifted her into an easy chair she first printed the motto in large type, and then painted each letter in a very pretty shade of red, edged with black.

The morning passed quickly, and when Myra's father came home and saw the beautiful motto hanging in her room and read, "The sweetest thing on earth is the pleasure of pleasing," he smiled and said: "I will ask you to make several of those cards. They are very pretty, and I would love to send them to some of my friends."

Myra did not answer him, and when he looked at her he saw a scowl upon her face, so he did not say anything more, but when her mother brought a dainty luncheon up to her she found a tiny note on her tray, which she opened and read: "I hope my little girl will follow the words of the beautiful motto."

Myra felt at first that she did not wish to make any more mottoes. She

had planned to make a set of very pretty paper dolls for her friend Ethel. Why should she spend her time drawing and painting for some of her father's friends whom she had never even seen?

Accordingly she started a very pretty doll, who was to be named Carita. She had almost finished it when she happened to look at the motto. Why, what was the matter with it? How strange it looked! On examining it more closely she saw that each letter had a tiny fairy on it, and the sweet face of each wore such a pleasing expression! What was the reason? Was the beautiful motto bewitched?

After a few thoughtful moments the little girl cried aloud: "Are those little fairies resting on the letters pleading with me to make some mottoes for my father when I would rather paint the paper dolls?" Then the little heads all nodded.

When Myra questioned, "Will you look happy if I promise to put the paper doll Carita away until I have made the mottoes?" Then the little faces smiled so joyously that Myra promised to make a motto that afternoon and keep right at the work until she had made five or six. When her father came home for the evening she showed him the motto she had finished for him. He was much pleased, and when she told him she would make more for him he said: "I hope my little daughter will take great pleasure in her work, for she is pleasing her father greatly."

Myra made each motto a different color and found that her work did not become monotonous—in fact, she learned to love the words so much that she was quite sorry when all the mottoes were finished.

After she had made the paper dolls for Ethel she began to wonder if she could not paint a number for some little girls who were stretched on beds of suffering at the children's hospital. While she was considering the subject she looked at the motto, and there were the tiny fairies on the letters again and they were smiling at her so approvingly that she asked her father to bring some bright-colored papers and cardboard. He was only too glad to see Myra trying to make others happy and he sent the materials home in a few moments.

The dolls were made very carefully and were all named. Now came the more difficult task of making their dresses, but it was for the pleasure of pleasing, and Myra continued her task of love until she had made many little outfits.

Her mother brought a number of pretty white boxes and when the dolls were placed in them, each one dressed in a dainty gown and hat, with several other dresses packed in cute little paper trunks that Myra had cunningly devised she was indeed a happy child.

In a few days the doctor allowed her to walk downstairs and sit in the library. How glad she was! And in another week she was strong enough to take a ride. Her kind father drove her to the hospital, which was not far from her home, and she took the paper dolls and handed them to the sick children. Oh, to see the joyous smiles as each thin little hand clasped the white box!

Later on, when Myra was riding home, she put her arm around her father's neck and whispered: "Papa, dear, I feel sure that the sweetest thing on earth is the pleasure of pleasing."—Philadelphia Record.

AVOID REPEATING THEM

The mistake you made yesterday cannot possibly be made to count on the record of today unless you yourself repeat it. And then it is not the same mistake, but a worse one, which you should have been able to avoid. —Exchange.

WOMEN IN POLITICS

How They Take the Hustings for Their Husbands in England

A general election in Great Britain, the opening of a new parliament and a political crisis always serve to bring out a fact of supreme interest to the dealer in Anglo-American "comparisons"—I mean the prominence of women, the altogether more active and influential part they play in the public life of England as compared with that of America.

One must, of course, in this connection remember how very largely rural existence in England still revolves round the placid feudal center, how instructive is the attitude of subordination on the part of the laborers and small farmers toward the gentry of the neighborhood; how great is the power of ejection and dispossession which the leasehold system places in the hands of the landlord, and how deeply woven in the texture of rural life is the notion that the mistress of the "big house" should be the Lady Bountiful, if not the Lady Despot, of her district. All this at election time gives a woman of zeal and intelligence a rare opportunity. She knows all within a radius of twenty or thirty miles; she has spent her life among them, organizing charities, nursing associations, bazaars, flower shows and social entertainments; she has cared for the sick and destitute; she is one of the institutions of the neighborhood, and nine times out of ten, in addition, is a capable, delightful, warm-hearted lady. When, therefore, she takes the field as a political canvasser it is with all the advantages that her wealth and position, her social and philanthropic activities, and the inherent unscrupulousness of women in matters of politics can give her.

From anything of this kind American women are excluded by the unhappy separation of politics from society. A senator's wife may be a considerable personage in Washington, but she is so only on the condition that she does not interfere in politics. The bosses and the machine have between them killed the very possibility of a political salon. American women, again, as a sex are only drawn toward public affairs when some great moral or humanitarian issue is at stake. Vague battlings with the railways and the trusts do not interest them, and the mercenary atmosphere of most American politics simply revolts them. So it is that, as in all republics, women in America are forced out of politics. Even in the ceremonial side, where their English sisters cut a brilliant figure, their part is distinctly subordinate. They are never really initiated into the secrets of the game, and they exert little influence over those who play it and none whatever over those for whose mystification it is played. And both men and women prefer to have it so.—Anglo-American, in Harper's Weekly.

WHY FOAM IS WHITE

The question as to why all foam is white is not an easy one to understand, but the fact is that foam is always white whatever may be the color of the liquid, itself. The froth produced on the bottle of the blackest ink is white, and would be perfectly so were it not tinged to a certain extent by particles of the liquid which the bubbles hold in mechanical suspension.

As to the cause of this whiteness, it is sufficient to say that it is due to the large number of reflecting surfaces formed by the foam; for it is these surfaces which, by reflecting the light, produce upon our eyes the impression of white.

If we remember that all bodies owe their colors to the rays of light which they cannot absorb, and all bodies which reflect all the light they receive, without absorbing any, appear perfectly white, we shall be prepared to understand how the multitude of reflecting surfaces formed by the foam, and which do not absorb any light, must necessarily give the froth a white appearance.

It is for the same reason that any very fine powder appears white; even the blackest marble, when ground to dust, losing every trace of its original color.—Selected.

ORIGIN OF THE POTATO

The cultivated potato is a native of the Chilean and Peruvian Andes, but extends in original type so far north as Colorado, where a wild form is occasional. Wild varieties of the potato exist in many parts all over the world, but nowhere was it cultivated before the discovery of the western continent save in North and South America. It was taken to Europe, probably from Peru to Spain, early in the sixteenth century. It seems Sir Francis Drake introduced it into England in 1586, though Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have done this the year before. It was first regarded as a curiosity, and so remained until the latter part of the eighteenth century, though the Royal Society of London in 1663 recommended it as a possible safeguard against famine among the Irish peasantry.



A SUMMER TRIP

Said Mildred to May:  
"I am going away,  
And I may not be back  
For many a day."

"I'll leave you my dolly  
To have and to hold,  
And I may not be back  
Till my doll's very old."

"We're off to the ocean,  
And mother says 'No,  
You cannot take dollies  
Wherever you go.'"

"But, oh, dearest May!  
Don't let dolly forget  
Her own little mother  
Still loves her sweet pet."

"And tell her each morning  
I'm thinking of her  
And never would from her  
A single step stir."

"Except that my mother  
Says, 'Milly, my dear,  
You cannot take nineteen  
Dolls with you this year.'"