

**HONESTY IN CHINA.**

**You Can Trust a Native to Perform Whatever He Promises.**

"Chinese life or the phases of it that you see along the highroads of the northwest would appear to be a very simple, honest life, industrious, methodical, patient in poverty," writes Samuel Merwin in his book, "Drugging a Nation." "The men, even of the lowest classes, are courteous to a degree that would shame a Frenchman."

"I have seen two soldiers," writes Mr. Merwin, "who earned 10 or 20 cents a day greet my cook with such grace and charm of manner that I felt like a crude barbarian as I watched them."

"You soon learn in China that you can trust a Chinaman to carry through anything he agrees to do for you. When I reached Taiyuan-fu I handed my interpreter a Chinese draft for \$200, Mexican, payable to bearer, and told him to go to the bank and bring back the money. I had known John a little over a week, yet any one who knows China will understand that I was running no appreciable risk, and the outcome justified my faith."

"The individual Chinaman is simply a part of a family, the family is part of a neighborhood, the neighborhood is part of a village or district, and so on."

"In all its relations with the central government the province is responsible for the affairs of its larger districts, these for the smaller districts, the smaller districts for the villages, the villages for the neighborhoods, the neighborhoods for the family, the family for the individual."

"If John had disappeared with my money after cashing the draft punishment would have been swift and severe. Very likely he would have lost his head. If the authorities had been unable to find John they would have punished his family. Punishment would surely have fallen upon somebody."

"The real effect of this system, continued as it has been through unnumbered centuries, has naturally been to develop a clear, keen sense of personal responsibility. For whatever may occur somebody is responsible. The family in order to protect itself trains its individuals to live up to their promises or else not to make promises. The neighborhood, well knowing that it will be held accountable for its units, watches them with a close eye."

"When a new family comes into a neighborhood the neighbors crowd about and ask questions which, in view of the facts, are not so impertinent as they might sound. Indeed, this sense of family and neighborhood accountability is so deeply rooted that it is not uncommon on the failure of a merchant to meet his obligations for his family and friends to step forward and help to settle his accounts. It is the only way in which they can clear themselves."

**French Stories.**

The peculiar simplicity of the French peasant is illustrated by two incidents. A peasant went to his postoffice and offered for the mail a letter which was over the weight specified for a single stamp.

"This is too heavy," said the postmaster. "You will have to put another stamp on it."

"Wh-wa-why," said the peasant, with wide open eyes, "w-w-will another stamp make it lighter?"

Another peasant, presiding over the municipal council of his village, gave the assembly a lecture on the lack of necessity for any more road building.

"As for the roads which are now bad," he said, "it is of no use to repair them, for nobody travels over them, and as for those which are good, why do anything to them until they get bad?"

**Camels in Water.**

Camels cannot swim. They are very buoyant, but ill balanced, and their heads go under water. They can, however, be taught to swim rivers with the aid of goatskins or jars fastened under their necks. During the Baluchistan expedition of 1898 the camels were lowered into the sea from the ships, and their drivers, plunging overboard, clambered on to the backs of their charges, causing the animals' heads to come up, and thus assisted they were successfully piloted ashore.—London Globe.

**Just as Good as She.**

"John," said Mrs. Parvenu wearily, but with decision, "I must have a consultation of physicians."

"But, Maria," he protested, "you have nothing but a cold in the head."

"Can't help it," she answered. "When Mrs. Brown was sick last winter she had a consultation of physicians, and I guess we can afford anything that the Browns can."—Chicago Post.

**THE TICKET TAKER.**

**He Tells Why He Uses a Wet Sponge in His Business.**

"I use a wet sponge at all times when taking tickets," said a certain theater doorkeeper of St. Louis, "because of all men in the world the ticket taker is most exposed to contagious disease. When you stop to figure on the thousands of tickets I handle every year—perhaps one for every person in St. Louis—you can readily see what a great chance there is of germs coming to me with the tickets. The idea of using a sponge after taking every ticket was brought to my attention by a very prominent physician of St. Louis some time ago. He stopped on his way into the show one night and said: 'Come up to my office tomorrow. I want to show you something that you will not regret.'"

"Wondering what in the world it was he had to show me, I called on him, and he then took a bunch of tickets from his desk and under the microscope showed me that I receive hundreds of little germs with every piece of cardboard and that any of them are apt to contain germs of a type to cause consumption, skin trouble or a half hundred other things. This fixed me. I thanked him, bought a sponge and have used it faithfully ever since. Each time that I touch a ticket I wash my finger by rubbing it across the wet sponge. It isn't much bother, and it has undoubtedly lessened my chances of disease."

"The average person is in too much of a hurry to take the time to secure protection against these apparent dangers," said a well known bacteriologist of St. Louis, "but it pays in every sense of the word. The cashier should keep a small sponge on hand at all times, over which she could draw her fingers every time they come in contact with the ticket or coin from a patron. It finally comes mechanical."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**A Spoiled Child's Whims.**

"Sit down!" said the fierce old man, and the trembling youth obeyed. "Well, what is it?"

The unhappy young man cleared his throat.

"I have come—that is, I have come," he began in stammering accents. "to ask you for the hand of your daughter Ruth."

The old man leaned back in his chair and intently regarded his visitor.

"Does my daughter want you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; I am sure she does," the youth replied with some eagerness. "She sent me to you."

The old man sighed.

"The whims of that child are really unaccountable," he muttered. "It seems but a day or two ago that she cried for a doll; then it was a pony; now it is a monkey. Of course she'll have to have it if she wants it; that's all. Good day."

**Dentistry.**

While no specific date can be obtained as to the origin of dentistry, we know it was practiced among the Egyptians at a very remote period. Herodotus (500 B. C.) mentions the Egyptian dentists, and Aristotle (300 B. C.) wrote extensively of the art in Greece and other lands. Gold plates and fillings have been found that point back to a very early time. Even "bridge work" was known to the ancient dentists of Egypt and probably of Greece and Rome. No record can be found of an American dentist until the year 1766.—New York American.

**Her Magnanimity.**

"That was the most heartless thing I ever heard of."

"What was?"

"When Nell Gadsley heard that Willie Budge, instead of shooting himself, as he said he would when she broke her engagement, had gone and got Fannie Willings to promise to be his wife she sent back his ring with a note, in which she said she gave it up because she knew he couldn't afford to buy another and she had found that there was a flaw in the stone anyway."

**Smaller Still.**

Old John Randolph of Roanoke once rose in his seat in the senate and said, "Mr. President, it is not a shame that the noble bulldogs of the administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?" Calls for order came thick and fast, whereupon he, pointing his long, skinny finger at them with the utmost scorn, screamed: "Rats, did I say? Mice—mice!"

**Flippant.**

Stout Party—Are you aware, sir, that you deliberately stuck your umbrella in my ear last evening?

Little Bifferton—Very careless of me, I am sure. I wondered what became of it, and—would it be too much trouble to ask you to return it?—London Telegraph.

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**PERILOUS WORK.**

**Dangers of Railroad Surveying in Mountainous Regions.**

Sometimes the work of mountain railroad surveying parties becomes intense and dramatic. The "chief," lowered into a deep and rocky river canyon, is making rough notes and sketches, following the character of the rock formation, and dreaming—dreaming the great dreams that all great engineers, great architects, great creators, must dream perform. He is dreaming of the day when, a year or two hence, the railroad's paths all have crowded themselves into this impasse and when the folk who dine luxuriously in the showy cars will fret because of the curve that spills their soup and never know of the man who slipped down over a 600 foot cliff so that the railroad might find its way.

It is then that the work of the surveying party begins to have its thrills. Perhaps to put that line through the canyon the party will have to descend the river in canoes. If the river be too rough, then there is the alternative of being lowered over the cliff sides. Talk of your dangers of Alpine climbing! The engineers who plan and build railroads through any mountainous country miss not a single one of them. Everywhere the line must find a foothold. That is the problem that must be solved. Sometimes the men who follow the "chief" in the deep river canyons, the men with heavy instruments to carry and to operate—transits, levels and the like—must have lines of logs strung together for their precarious foothold as they work. Sometimes that foothold is lost, the rope that lowers the engineer down over the cliff sides snaps. The folk riding months later in the cheerful dining cars do not know of the graves that are dug beside the railroad's path.

It is all new and wonderful, blazing this path for civilization; sometimes it is even accidental. An engineer, baffled to find a crossing over the Rockies for a transcontinental route, saw an eagle disappear through a cleft in the hills that his eyes had not before detected. He followed the course of the eagle, and today the rails of the transcontinental reach through that cleft and the time table shows it as Eagle Pass.—Edward Hungerford in Outlook.

**Unhealthy to Dine Alone.**

The solitary eater is always tempted to take too large mouthfuls and swallow them too quickly and either eat too much or too little. Eating is only one part of feeding and without digestion is not only useless, but injurious. Those who eat in company have to devote a certain amount of time to talking and attending to each other's wants. This makes the period between the mouthfuls longer and gives more time for digestion. Then, again, conversation at mealtimes usually takes a cheerful turn, and the tone of both body and mind is raised, the heart and nervous system act better, the flow of digestive juices is stimulated, and a larger amount of actual nourishment is obtained from a smaller quantity of food.

**The Boy Was Not the Fool.**

The other day a little boy was sent to a shop for a penny's worth of cobbler's wax. The shopman, thinking of quizzing him, said: "Won't shoemaker's wax do?" "Aw dooan't know," replied the lad. "Aw'll go an' see."

He returned again directly and, addressing the shopman, said: "Mi father says that shoemaker's will do."

The shopman handed it to him, smiling, and said: "What is the difference?"

"Well," said the lad, going toward the door, "mi father says there's same difference as there is between you and a donkey, and that is they're booth alike."

And then he was off like a shot.—London Spare Moments.

**An Experiment in Theology.**

Jimmie Irwin went to his mother on his return from Sunday school and said, "Mamma, the teacher told a story at Sunday school today."

Mother—Oh, no, dear, I think you are mistaken.

Jimmie—No, I'm not. She told a story.

Mother—Well, what was it?  
Jimmie—She said that if I told a story the bad man would get me. I've tried it twice and he hasn't got me yet!—Delineator.

**Sacrifice Prevented.**

"You refuse me because I have a title," said the count bitterly, "but I will relinquish it. I will become a plain citizen."

"How noble of you!" responded the American heiress. "I, too, feel called upon to make a sacrifice. I will relinquish my fortune, and—Why, he's gone!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

**THE SQUID'S HUES.**

**Why the Creature is Able to Change Its Color.**

One of the most interesting of the discoveries of science is the secret of the means whereby certain animals change color. The most familiar and celebrated example in this line is the lizard called the chameleon, but there are many other creatures both on land and in the sea that possess a similar power.

Noteworthy among them is the common squid. If a specimen of this interesting kind of mollusk, fresh out of water, be laid on a table and watched, its hues will change so constantly that literal waves of color seem to be passing over it from moment to moment. That this happens in response to impulses conveyed through the nervous system of the animal is manifest, a mere tapping with a finger on the table causing a rush of the color waves described.

The secret lies in the fact that immediately beneath the skin of the squid is a sort of network of small channels, in which are frequent larger spaces occupied by pigment cells. These cells are under direct control of the nervous system, which causes them to contract or expand. When they contract the color disappears, which is what happens when the squid dies, for then it turns dead white, although its normal hue in life is reddish brown.

Even in death, however, the pigment cells beneath the skin of the squid may be distinguished by the eye as minute specks. In life these specks expand to the size of a big pinhead and run together, thus producing the brown tint. It is substantially the same phenomenon that is accountable for the rapid changes in color observed in the chameleon, in many fishes and in various other creatures—changes which are evidently for the purpose of disguise, enabling the animal to escape observation by assuming a likeness to its surroundings. Thus the common sole imitates with its coloration whatever kind of bottom it may be resting upon, whether pebbles, sand or what not.

The pigment cells referred to are called "chromatophores," and sometimes they contain two or more different kinds of pigments, some of which disappear, while others persist, the result being that, as in the case of the chameleon, a considerable range of colors may be displayed.—Saturday Evening Post.

**A Fair Exchange.**

At a gathering of medical men one of the number was a noted practitioner who is almost as well known for his shabby attire as he is for his skill as a physician.

When the gathering was about to disperse the doctor in question could not find his hat. Instead, to his great surprise, he found a nice new glossy silk hat, which happened to fit him as though made to his order. When he got home he exhibited his headpiece with considerable pride.

The next day, however, a fellow doctor turned up to claim the hat.

"Permit me, my dear doctor," said the second medico, "to apologize for my little trick, which grew out of the fact that yesterday you carried an umbrella, while I had none. It occurred to me that, while my new silk hat would be ruined by the rain, yours would not. Accordingly I took the liberty of leaving mine in place of yours. Many thanks."—Harper's Weekly.

**Not Like a Tax Receipt.**

Accustomed to have the political boss of his ward provide him with a tax receipt, an organization follower went to the same boss with a demand for a favor. "Will you get me a marriage license?" he asked. "That I can't do," explained the politician, "because you have to appear in person when you get a marriage license." This answer to the political worker seemed evasive, and he demanded to know: "How is it that you can get me a tax receipt every time there is an election? The marriage license costs just the same." To this further inquiry the politician gave a long explanation, but it was not quite satisfactory to the humble worker in the cause of organization.—Philadelphia Record.

**Chicken Fritters.**

Sift a cupful of flour, melt a tablespoonful of butter in a small cupful of warm water and pour by degrees on the flour, salt to taste, beat well and add last the stiffly-beaten white of one egg. Mix cold chicken, season with salt, paprika, a little chopped parsley and a tiny bit of onion. To a cupful of chicken add a small half cupful of thick white sauce. Mold into small balls, dip each in the batter and drop from the spoon into very hot fat. Drain on brown paper in the oven. Arrange on a napkin and garnish with lemon and parsley.—Circle Magazine.