

SALTING DOWN BABIES

IN certain localities in Europe and Asia the people still adhere to the exceedingly curious custom of salting new-born babies, notwithstanding its cruelty and danger. The method varies with the differing nationalities of the people using it.

The Armenians of Russia cover the entire skin of the infant with a very fine salt, taking great care that the salt reaches all the spaces between the fingers and toes, and the depressions in the body, such as the armpits and the hollows under the knees; for not a spot of the surface of the child must remain untouched by the salt. The salt is left on the baby for three hours or more, and then washed off with warm water.

A mountain tribe of Asia Minor is even more merciless than the Armenians. They keep their new-born babies covered with salt for twenty-four hours. The modern Greeks sprinkle their babes with salt; and even in some parts of Germany salt is still used on a child at birth, but in a much more humane manner, by rubbing a little behind the ears, or by placing a pinch of salt on the tongue, or by filling a little paper with salt and placing it under the garment. The mothers imagine that this will give their children health and strength and keep the evil spirits away from them.

This custom, when carried to excess, is cruel, the salt inflaming the skin and sometimes causing such intolerable tortures that the child dies in convulsions, but the ignorant and superstitious mother, believing that the salting process hardens the child, that without it the babe could not grow up into a healthy man or woman, hardens her heart to its cruelties.

It is not known, definitely, how this odd custom originated, but probably some ancient innovator, observing the preservative power of salt in keeping meat sound, reasoned that it would be a good thing to salt down young babies for a few hours, and thus impart something of the strengthening and preserving qualities of the salt to the puny offspring of man.

"NOT AT HOME"

JAMES S. CLARKSON, surveyor of the port of New York, former chairman of the Republican national committee, was first assistant postmaster general during the Harrison administration, and all of the prominent politicians of his party called on him, from time to time.

One day Col. Perry Carson, a negro who was Republican national committeeman for the District of Columbia, called and insisted upon an immediate audience. The captain of the watch refused him admittance, but took his card to General Clarkson, who said: "Tell him I am not in."

When that message was given to Perry Carson, he went out, crossed the street, un hitched his horse, looked up at the post-office department, re hitched his horse, returned and said:

"Next time you sees Ginral Clarkson, tell him Perry Carson says de next time he ain't in to sit furdur away from his window."

TOM WAS NOT AT HOME

ONE afternoon in the Press Club at Washington, a burly young fellow appeared beside a table where Tom Hannum (a former Washington correspondent), Bill Sterrett, and other kindred spirits were in spiritual conference, and said to Tom: "This bill has been standing long enough, and I'm here to collect it in money or hide."

"This is a club," quietly responded skeleton Tom, "and you should have sent in your card."

Just then a stalwart attendant took the intruder by the arm, conducted him to the door, and returned with the card, which he handed to Hannum. Tom scrutinized the card carefully, then looked up to the waiter and said: "This is a very dear friend of mine; but I'm busy now. Tell him I'm not in."

A FOOL EVERY MINUTE

LITTLE Clarence (who has an inquiring mind): Pa, why do men climb the Alps, and hunt for the North Pole, and get lost in the desert, and go where the cannibals will eat them, and do all sorts of things like that?

Mr. Callipers (who is inclined to be pessimistic): Because, my son, there is a fool born every minute, and there aren't enough fool things to be done here at home to keep them all busy.

ELEPHANT PAPA SAW

LITTLE Charley Pa, was the elephant you told Mr. Ryefuddle you saw in the city a white one?

Mr. Whoopler: Why, I—I—that is—

Mrs. Whoopler (in a tone with ice down its back): Charley, the elephant your papa saw was neither white nor sacred!

GROWING ALIKE

By T. C. McConnell

(The following lines suggested themselves to the writer upon hearing a profound physiological lecture. The speaker said it was an established fact that the average husband and wife, after living for years together, grew to resemble each other; and he further claimed that an individual would grow in time to resemble a particular person, avocation, or in fact anything with which they may have been for sometime intimately associated.)

And now! as I ramble in fancy I see
A new look on the people I meet;
The photographer, much like a picture is he;
And the poet resembles his feet;

The pianist appears like a person of note;
The dressmaker looks like a bride;
The lodge fiend a countenance wears like a goat;
While the monk is a triile cross-eyed;

There's the dealer in muslins, he looks very dry;
The swordsman resembles a fence;
The base-ball left-fielder now looks like a fly;
And the banker is like thirty cents;

On the lawyer a will-ful expression is traced;
The singer's a person of tone;
George Washington's namesake is real hatchet-faced;
The butcher displays some back-bone;

The phiz of the milkman resembles the brook;
On the clock-maker's face there are digits;
The sausage man carries a hang-dog look;
And the housekeeper's face is like Bridget's;

There's a face on the printer shop's devil like pie;
The carpenter's head is quite level;
The soapmaker's visage betokens the lye;
And the editor looks like the devil.

DON'TS - By Minna Thomas Antrim

Don't demand love—incite it.
Don't try to reform the world.
Don't make either a comedy or tragedy of life.
Don't waste anything—particularly your time.
Don't be fast, and don't be slow: just be lively.
Don't open at Love's first knock—the oftener he knocks the longer he'll stay when in.
Don't be a he-shrew—man's temper foolishly lost wins the contempt of all who witness.
Don't disturb women's beliefs—a woman without faith and hope is lost, for few have charity.
Don't be niggardly; set aside a gentlemanly sum for the "privy purse" of your legal companion.
Don't neglect teeth or hands—having fine teeth and well-kept hands, a man passes muster with women.

Young Lochinvar's Waterloo

By S. E. Riser

Young Lochinvar came out of the West,
He wore a slouch hat and was otherwise dressed
As the gentlemen dress who round up the wild herds,
And he flourished a gun and, with sulphurous words,
He sought the café, where he leaned on the bar
And invited attention to Young Lochinvar.

"I'm a rattlesnake when people monkey with me,
I'm poison, I'm thunder and lightning," said he,
"When a man sneezes at me I pull off his nose,
I have Whitehead torpedoes on all of my toes,
When I travel I take all the seats in the car,
And I eat tenderfeet!" declared Young Lochinvar.

He held up a roll in a fist that was brown,
And announced his intention to purchase the town:
"I have money to stuff into cracks," he declared;
"When I 'sashay' down Wall Street I'll have 'em all scared
I'll corner Steel Common and send it to par
For the fun of the thing!" shouted Young Lochinvar.

A "gent" with white hands and a mild, modest air,
Who had tailor-made clothes and eye-glasses, stood there;
And he said to the man from Montana: "You bet!
You're the greatest that ever has happened as yet,
You're the boss, you're the champion, that's what you are!"
And he doped what was swallowed by Young Lochinvar.

That night, in an alley, a terror whose head
Felt as big as a tub awoke as one from the dead;
His pockets were empty and hanging outside,
His weapons were gone, and he sat there and cried
As he thought of Montana, so fair and so far,
And the walking so poor for a Young Lochinvar.

VALUE OF AUTOGRAPHS

THERE is no subject upon which more illusions seem to exist than on the subject of distinguished people's autographs," said a dealer in these things. "An autograph, as the ordinary person understands it, is merely the signature of some person of eminence. Well, let me say right here that a mere signature is worth comparatively nothing. I can sell you the signature of almost anyone on earth from the king of England or the German kaiser right down to those of actors and prize-fighters for a dollar or so.

"Of course there are very striking exceptions to this rule, as for instance in the case of Shakespeare, whose mere signature exists on only one or two documents besides his will, which is kept at Somerset house in London.

"What are of value are what we call 'holographs'—that is to say, an entire letter written with the person's own hand and by him signed. This is the 'autograph' that is worth money—particularly if the letter gives some decided opinion, or reveals some new phase of the writer's mind.

"Let me tell you about one remarkable instance of ignorance on this score. An Englishman some two or three years ago inherited a great collection of papers, and among them there chanced to be a large number of priceless letters written by Evelyn, Pepys and many other historical celebrities—statesmen, poets and so on.

"Well, what did the inheritor do? 'I will preserve the autographs,' said he in his imbecility. Forthwith he eagerly cut out the signatures and destroyed the letters. The only satisfaction we have is knowing that he realized about seventy-five cents for each 'autograph,' whereas the holograph letters, had he kept them, would have been worth at least two hundred and fifty dollars each."

WAS A CRABOLOGIST

BOOKER WASHINGTON, in lecturing to his colored people, tells them this story, and it hits hard those of his own race who have tried to injure him. He says:

"Once upon a time there was an old colored man who was having great success catching crabs. He had a tremendous box more than half full, when a passer-by warned him that the biggest and best crabs were crawling out and would escape. The old man replied:

"'Thankee, sir, much obleeged, but I ain't goin' to lose no crabs. I se a crabologist, I is, and I knows all 'bout de crab nature. I don't need to watch 'em, 'tall. When de big crab fight up to de top, and when he is gittin' out, de little crabs catch him by de laig, and pull him back. He can't git out nohow."

And then Booker Washington says: "My friends, I have been informed that there is something of crab nature in human nature; but it must be altogether among white folks, and not in our race."

ANDREW GLEESON'S ELOQUENCE

FOR twenty years Andrew Gleeson, contractor and builder, was a member of the Republican national committee for the District of Columbia. He controlled the Irish vote, and Perry Carson controlled the negro vote; and they were very successful politically.

Carson, the negro, was a natural orator; but Gleeson, rich and powerful, could not make a speech. One evening at a political meeting, where one hundred Irishmen mingled with about two thousand negroes, Perry Carson did not appear, and the crowd called on Gleeson for a speech. He hesitated, shook his head, but finally arose and shouted: "God bless the Irish, both white and black."

It was his first, last and only speech; but it pleased the crowd all right.

TRIBUTE OF TRUE LOVE

IN pathos and deep affection no love-letter ever eclipsed the one found in the knapsack of a Confederate soldier, after the battle of Atlanta.

It told all about home, and concluded with this poetic effort:

"It's hard for you'uns to be livin' in camps,
It's hard for you'uns to be fightin' the Yanks.

It's hard for we'uns from you'uns to part,
'Cause you'uns got we'uns heart."

LONG TIME BETWEEN BATHS

AN earnest man said to have descended from a man who once wore a gorgeous "coat of many colors" in Egypt, had rented a house and was about to sign the lease, when the real estate agent remarked:

"Of course you understand that there is no bath room in the house."

"Dot makes me no difference," was the reply. "Ve only wants it for von year."