

## OUR SCRAP BOOK COLUMN

DEPARTMENT DEVOTED TO THE HOME.

### ROBERT G. INGERSOLL'S LAST POEM.

[By Request.]

We have no falsehoods to defend—  
We want the facts;  
Our force, our thought, we do not  
spend  
In vain attacks,  
And we will never meanly try  
To save some fair and pleasing lie.

The simple truth is what we ask,  
Not the ideal;  
We've set ourselves the noble task  
To find the real.  
If all there is is naught but dross  
We want to know and bear our loss.

We will not willingly be fooled  
By fables nursed;  
Our hearts by earnest thought are  
schooled  
To bear the worst,  
And we can stand erect and dare  
All things, all facts that really are.

We have no master on the land—  
No king in air;  
Without a miracle we stand,  
Without a prayer,  
Without a fear of coming night;  
We seek the truth, we love the light.

We do not bow before a guess,  
A vague unknown;  
A senseless force we do not bless  
In solemn tone.  
When evil comes we do not curse,  
Or thank because it is no worse.

When cyclones rend—when lightning  
blights,  
'Tis not but fate;  
There is no God of wrath who smites  
In heartless hate.  
Behind the things that injure man  
There is no purpose, thought or plan.

The jeweled cup of love we drain,  
And friendship's wine  
Now swiftly flows in every vein  
With warmth divine,  
And so we love and hope and dream  
That in death's sky there is a gleam.

We love our fellow-man, our kind,  
Wife, child and friend.  
To phantoms we are deaf and blind;  
But we extend  
The helping hand to the distressed;  
By lifting others we are blessed.

The hands that help are better far  
Than lips that pray.  
Love is the ever-gleaming star  
That leads the way—  
That shines not on vague world's  
of bliss,  
But on a paradise in this.

We do not pray, or weep, or wail;  
We have no dread.  
No fear to pass beyond the veil  
That hides the dead.  
And yet we question, dream and guess  
But knowledge we do not possess.

Is there beyond the silent night  
An endless day?  
Is death a door that leads to light?  
We cannot say.  
The tongueless secret locked in fate  
We do not know. We hope and wait.

Mr. Ingersoll further said: "If there is a God, I believe he is a good God, a loving God, and that all he asks of us is to be noble and loving. To love justice, to long for the right, to love mercy, to pity the suffering, to assist the weak, to forget wrongs and remember benefits—to love the truth, to be sincere, to utter honest words, to love liberty, to wage relentless war against slavery in all its forms, to love wife and child and friend, to make a happy home, to love the beautiful in art, in nature, to cultivate the mind, to be familiar with the mighty thoughts that genius has expressed, the noble deeds, of all the world; to cultivate courage and cheerfulness, to make others happy, to fill life with the splendor of generous acts, the warmth of loving words; to discard error, to destroy prejudice, to receive new truths with gladness, to cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond the storm, the dawn beyond the night; to do the best that can be done and then be resigned. This is the religion of reason, the creed of science. This satisfies the brain and heart."

### THE CHEERFUL CABIN.

Scattered here and there throughout northwestern Ohio and lower Michigan and without doubt in other parts of which we cannot speak, remain the cabins of the first settlers. Few are used as dwelling, but their service is not lost. They shelter farm animals, often the implements of the tiller and more frequently still the grain and hay and products de-

stined not for the market, but for the home consumption.

The old house of a later period upon which evil days have fallen is a sorrowful sight. The broken bricks or the paintless boards suggest the funeral. One thinks of hopes shattered, of fortunes wrecked, of families bowed and broken with its losses and griefs. But the log cabin, by some accident of weather, or it may be by its own manifest sturdiness and unassuming self-dependence, rarely is depressing. Its cheerfulness does not fail though its windows may be gone, its door is choked with weeds and its curling shingles are shadowed in the dark and mournful pines for which our forebears had a singular fondness. And the reason for this un-failing friendliness and sunny air is, we like to believe, that the cabin of the north and west was built by strong and undismayed youth. The man who hewed the logs were, most of them, of the age which nowadays is not yet through singing college songs. The women who leaned over the caverns of fireplaces and found pride in the ample quarters of a home of which they were for the first time mistresses, were scores upon scores of them in their teens. The forest was an enemy to be conquered. The sullen, backward earth was to be broken and enslaved and made to give tribute. Discouragement, we know, caused the abandonment of many cabins. Sickness, war and the constant appeal of the western horizon closed others. But—it is a thing of which Americans can never be too proud—it is surprising how few of the pioneers failed.

An age of high nobility! The most humble cabin tells us that.

### GADDING GIRLS.

Have attracted the attention of William Allen White, the Kansas editor who has won a national reputation. In his paper he says:

The mothers of this town have had a lesson—but it doesn't seem to have done them any good. There are just as many girls gadding around town after school now getting their mail from private boxes in the post office as there were ten days ago. Two years ago the Gazette went after the mothers of Emporia for neglecting their daughters and the result was that half a dozen private mail boxes were discontinued and a lot of little girls that were in the habit of gadding too much were kept in for a time.

These girls are now developing into fine young women, but another crop of gadding girls has come on and the Gazette hopes no one's modesty will be shocked by saying these little hussies ought to be spanked good and red. They are between 14 and 17 years old and are just so everlasting boy-struck that they can't sit still. If their mothers knew the type of boys and men— young human pups—these girls are running with their mothers would throw fits.

But their mothers know nothing of the situation. They think their little girls are so sweet and pure that nothing can harm them. The truth is that these children are made of the same kind of mud that we are all made of and they are just as liable to temptation as older people and a thousand times less experienced. And their mothers let them gad Commercial street after school and flirt with all kinds of men, and then their mothers wonder how the devil got them and think the girls must "take after" their father.

Having set the situation clearly before his public, Mr. White indulges in the wisdom picked up by experience and close observation. There is a deal of good common sense in what he says, and while it is a little far-fetched, yet it is worth setting before the parents and young girls of this vicinity. Listen:

There are just two things that will keep girls straight at "the age," one is plain clothes and the other is home duties. The girls who make

fools of themselves are invariably overdressed. They wear duds that women of thirty should hesitate about wearing.

A little girl with too many and too costly clothes on her back gets self-conscious and vain and loves admiration, and you grown-up women know the next step. A simple, pure hearted girl who has a place in a home, home work and home duties, has her heart there, and no boy can steal it. Only when maturity comes and a real man comes and a real affair of her heart comes will such a girl leave home, and then only a terrible heartaches and heart rending. But a girl whose place in the home is at the table and in bed won't love that home.

Kansas still leads in the analysis of domestic problems, and no shrinking modesty causes her editors to withhold their words when anything is going wrong.

### HONEYMOON IN A CAVE

#### MASON COUNTY GROOM CARRIED BRIDE TO A ROBINSON GRUSOE HOME.

A story of the most thoroughly unique elopement and honeymoon ever experienced in West Virginia comes from the upper end of Mason county and if its equal has ever been perpetrated by any young couple entering upon married life in the Mountain State, it has not been heard of, says the Huntington Herald-Dispatch.

Sampson Tillotson and Mary Lively were sweethearts whose years had not yet reached the point where the teens turn and real life begins. Time and opportunity threw them often together—often because of the objections of the parents who felt that they were entirely too young. Young Tillotson wanted to get married. The fact that he only owned an old Barlow knife and a yearling calf made no difference. He felt that with the ceremony performed life would take care of itself and all he would be required to do would be enjoy the bliss attendant thereon—in Laura Jean Libby's best.

The parents told Sampson that there was nothing doing and that if he tried it, he would be forced to dine from the mantel piece for some time to come, and warned the parents of the would-be bride-elect and then was when all sweet solace of daily companionship ceased. The sweethearts couldn't stand that and prepared to elope, which they did late at night, stealing away through the windows in approved fashion and were married at 8:30 o'clock the next morning before a justice of the peace at Pt. Pleasant. The wedding took place ten days ago and from that time no trace of the young couple could be discovered and it was only known what had happened to them when they rounded in at the groom's home yesterday looking perfectly happy, but a little bit hungry. Then they told what they had done and it was a story of the oddest honeymoon experience ever enjoyed by a West Virginia couple.

For days before the elopement the groom had worked fitting up a cave back in the hills more than a mile from any habitation, had stocked the place with food consisting mostly of canned goods and such things as he could purloin from the supply at home and there he took his young bride, who reared among the hills herself, felt at home in her unique surroundings. The young husband killed rabbits and squirrels and game birds and the menu varied daily, but after a while the supply of substantial gave out and they were forced to bid good-bye to their honeymoon home and go back to civilization and stern realization of the fact that married life means work even though it be coupled with all sorts of affection.

At present the young couple is living at the home of the groom's parents, but they will have a story to tell their children in the years to come that will surpass in interest most honeymoon tales.

Mrs. Josephine Floyd Jones, who was a member of one of the oldest families on Long Island, in her will left \$10,000 and her personal wardrobe to her faithful servant, Hannah Davenport, who is to have a grave in the family burial plot.

### A WARY ANIMAL

Traits of the Whistling Groundhog of British Columbia.

The whistling groundhog occupies a unique position in the affairs of the Indians of British Columbia as does the mowich, or deer, among the same people. This small quadruped attracts so little general attention that its importance to natural history would no doubt be overlooked were it not for the fact that it provides the source of important supplies to the Siwash. I have never heard of the white man attempting to rival the Indian in the chase of the groundhog, though, no doubt, when he becomes more generally known to civilization his numerous tribe will suffer a considerable diminution from white hunters.

I made the acquaintance of the "whistler" on a recent trip into the interior of British Columbia and found his kind flourishing wherever open grass lands were to be found. Pursuing the Indian trails, one may see them at any time. Their clear whistle, in a single soft note much like a boy's first puckered attempt, may be heard for a long distance, and immediately all the groundhogs in the community within hearing of its sound scoot into their burrows, and as the traveler proceeds the warning is passed from village to village, and the little mounds of dirt from their excavated homes, serving as lookouts, are deserted till the strange intruder passes.

At other times when they are not so watchful or perhaps the wind is dead or unfavorable they may be seen and approached within rifle range. My companion said he had shot many, but that they remained so close to their burrows when danger was about that they always succeeded in falling into the hole even if they were literally shot all to pieces. The Siwash do not attempt to shoot them, but set steel traps near their retreats and, catching them alive when they emerge, kill them with an iron rod which is carried for the purpose. They dry and store the meat for winter use, which is said to have a delicious flavor. The pelts are tanned with the fur on and pieced into beautiful quilts, which the hunter and prospector prize even higher than the four point Hudson bay blanket. They make a warm, dry cover for a frosty night and are light and readily packed into a small compass.—Brent Althelmer in Recreation.

#### Now She Hates Him.

A young man and a young woman lean over the front gate. They are lovers. It is moonlight. He is loath to leave, as the parting is the last. He is about to go away. She is reluctant to see him depart. They swing on the gate.  
"I'll never forget you," he says, "and if death should claim me my last thought will be of you."  
"I'll be true to you," she sobs.  
"I'll never see anybody else or love them as long as I live."  
They part.

Six years later he returns. His sweetheart of former years has married. They meet at a party. She has changed greatly. Between the dances the recognition takes place.  
"Let me see," she muses, with her fan beating a tattoo on her pretty hand, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"  
"Really I don't know," he says. "Probably my father."—London Answers.

#### Johnny Suspects His Pa.

"Pa," said Johnny, looking up from his book, "what is the meaning of 'metempsychosis?'"  
A look of confusion suddenly overspread pa's countenance, but it was only for a moment.  
"Metempsychosis," Johnny means—it means—but if I should tell you you would very soon forget the meaning. Look in the dictionary for it yourself, and then you will be more likely to remember. Information that comes without effort seldom lingers in the memory."  
Half an hour or so later Johnny sought the dictionary in the library. When he got there he found pa with the dictionary open at "Met." Doubtless it was merely a coincidence, but Johnny could not help thinking that his pa was something of a fraud.—Boston Transcript.

#### Gladstone and a Hat.

The most famous hat incident in the house of commons took place when Mr. Gladstone was premier for the third time and had to intervene on a point of order after a division had been called. The rules require that in such circumstances the member addressing the chair must do so with his hat on, and Mr. Gladstone could not find his hat. In despair he grabbed that of a colleague, which was at least four sizes too small for him, and the spectacle of the minute headgear rocking about on Mr. Gladstone's massive head was one that those who saw it will never forget.—London Globe.

### MERELY AN EYE WASH.

The Chemical View of Tears Differs From the Poetical View.

Tears have their functional duty to accomplish, like every other fluid of the body, and the lachrymal gland is not placed behind the eye simply to fill space or to give expression to emotion.

The chemical properties of tears consist of phosphate of lime and soda, making them very salty, but never bitter. Their action on the eye is very beneficial, and here consists their prescribed duty of the body, washing thoroughly that sensitive organ, which allows no foreign fluid to do the same work. Nothing cleanses the eye like a good salty shower bath, and medical art has followed nature's law in this respect, advocating the invigorating solution for any distressed condition of the optics. Tears do not weaken the sight, but improve it. They act as a tonic on the muscular vision, keeping the eye soft and limpid, and it will be noticed that women in whose eyes sympathetic tears gather quickly have brighter, tenderer orbs than others. When the pupils are hard and cold the world attributes it to one's disposition, which is a mere figure of speech implying the lack of balmy tears that are to the cornea what salt is to the skin or nourishment to the blood.

The reason some women weep more easily than others and all more readily than the sterner sex has not its difference in the strength of the tear gland, but in the possession of a more delicate nerve system. The nerve fibers about the glands vibrate more easily, causing a downpour from the watery sac. Men are not nearly so sensitive to emotion. Their sympathetic nature—that term is used in a medical sense—is less developed, and the eye gland is therefore protected from shocks. Consequently a man should thank the formation of his nerve nature when he contemptuously scorns tears as a woman's practice. Between man and monkey there is this essential difference of tears—an ape cannot weep, not so much because its emotional powers are undeveloped as the fact that the lachrymal gland was omitted in his optical makeup.—Exchange.

#### Holidays.

The joys of our holidays—who can measure them? The present pleasure of the days themselves is not the only nor the chief enjoyment. The schoolboy's anticipation of the sports of vacation is to be added to the pleasure of the vacation itself. And then the memory of it after it is past—how much more this memory adds to the sum total of the enjoyment which the vacation brings! The schoolboy remembers the afternoons at the swimming pool, the happy days in the woods or by the stream long after he has forgotten the irksome duties of school or farm. The same boy, older grown, remembers with pleasure the victories of the college athletic field long after he has forgotten how to conjugate useless Greek verbs, and the same man in later life, if he is a sportsman, recalls more often and with more satisfaction the day when he caught his record breaking salmon or shot his first moose than he does the day when he was elected to office or when he cleared up a few thousands in a stock transaction.—Samuel Merrill in Forest and Stream.

#### Rainbow Tinted Fishes.

The remarkable brilliancy of color in the fish living about the coral reefs in tropical regions has been often noticed. Brilliant blue with fins and tail of bright yellow, vivid crimson shading off into a more subdued hue, bright green spotted and banded with red, green with long parallel stripes of blue and red, green marked with red above and bright blue below—such are some of the colors displayed by the fish of the Great Barrier reef of Australia. In order to explain such brilliant hues on the principles of natural selection they have been described as "warning colors." The fish are thought to be nauseous or poisonous and to proclaim this by their bright colors. As regards those of the Australian coral reef, however, many of them are said to be excellent eating.

#### What He Wanted.

The old man turned from his desk as his son-in-law entered the office.  
"Well, what is it now?" he asked.  
"I—er—have been thinking," answered the new member of the family, "that you ought to give me a pension."  
"A pension!" exclaimed the old man. "What in thunder do you mean, sir?"  
"Well, it's like this," explained the other. "Ever since I did your daughter the honor to marry her I have been dependent on you for support, and I want to be independent. See?"—Chicago News.

### FOOD OF THE ANCIENTS.

In Greece and Rome Great Cooks Were Privileged Persons.

That the ancients knew little about the actual component parts of the substances that they ate is a fact that is clearly indicated by the qualities with which these foods were endowed. Thus many grave writers held that beans exerted a stupefying effect upon those who partook of them. Hippocrates trembled for his patients when beans were in blossom, and some authorities even asserted that hens that were allowed to eat this vegetable would cease to lay eggs.

Lentils, on the other hand, were regarded as the ideal food for children, "enlightening their minds, opening their hearts and making them of a cheerful disposition." To Hippocrates a dish of boiled cabbage, with salt, was a sure cure for violent attacks of colic, while Erasistratus regarded the cabbage as a sovereign remedy in cases of paralysis.

The onion and the leek were not only considered a cure for diseases, but Apicius asserted that he wished to preserve his health should eat young onions, with honey, every morning before breakfast. Alexander the Great fed them to his troops because he believed that they had the power to incite martial ardor. Garlic was also given to those who were about to fight, that their courage might be excited, and Galen held that the man "that eats bacon for two or three days before he is to box or wrestle shall be much stronger than if he should eat the best roast beef or bag pudding."

In Greece and Rome the master of the culinary art was always a privileged person. He alone was entitled to carry a knife at his girdle. He was immortalized by the noted writers of the age as the "preserver of mankind," and when by chance one of his inventions attracted more than usual commendation fortunes were showered upon him.

Lavish as were the fees that were paid to cooks in those days, the biggest tip recorded in history was that of Antony, who bestowed an entire city upon the cook who prepared a repast that pleased the palate of Cleopatra.—Exchange.

#### Hanging of a Peer.

May 5 is celebrated as the anniversary of the last occasion on which an English peer was executed for murder. The peer was Laurence Shirley, fourth earl of Ferrers, who shot his steward and was tried for the offense by his peers in Westminster hall, April 16, 1760, and universally condemned, in spite of the plea of occasional insanity. On the eventful morning he set forth on his journey from the Tower to Tyburn dressed in his best suit of light clothes, embroidered in silver and driven in his own landau, drawn by six horses. It is said that he was the first to suffer by the new drop, just then introduced in place of the barbarous cart ladder and three cornered gibbet and as a concession to his rank he was hanged with a silken cord.—London Chronicle.

#### Australian Grasshoppers.

Here is something funny. In Western Australia, where domestic servants are almost unprocureable and housewives do nearly all their own work, husbands are known as grasshoppers. The connection is not obvious, but may be explained after the manner of other households much nearer than those at the antipodes. Wives who are their own servants are compelled to recuperate at the seaside, and consequently Western Australia lords of creation in their absence prepare their own meals and do other domestic duties. Locally husbands thus employed have received the name grasshoppers as the masculine for the more familiar word grasshopper, long since applied to the deserted wife.—Boston Herald.

#### Women in Korea.

In Korea when a girl is married she appears at the wedding ceremony with her face painted a ghastly white, her lips dyed scarlet and her eyelids pasted together so as to deprive her entirely of sight. Korean women are compelled to work very hard; but, as a rule, they are well treated by their husbands. They have pretty names, meaning plum, blossom, treasure, etc., but after marriage are known only as So-and-so's wife until they have a son, after which they are known as the mother of that son.

#### Refining the Torture.

A convict in a German prison had been extremely refractory. One morning the warden said to the keeper: "I say, Huber, the scoundrel is acting worse than ever. Put him on bread and water."  
"But he is already doing two fast days."  
"Then give him a cookbook to read."—Argonaut.