

Five Daily Calls to Prayer.

At sunrise the light sleepers are awakened by the long, mellow cry of the muezzin from his tower: God is great! I testify that there is no God but God; I testify that Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer! Come to salvation! Prayer is better than sleep! God is most great! There is no God but God! As one hour five times each day from the minarets of the mosques of Cairo this summons to prayer, as one beholds the faithful reverently bowing their bodies in their shops or in the public highways, one readily perceives that in Cairo he is near the heart of the Moslem world. These prayers occur at sunrise, midday, 3:30 in the afternoon, at sunset and an hour and a half after sunset. The faithful must attend their prayers with bows and prostrations to show perfect devotion.—Clayton Cooper's "The Man of Egypt."

Molasses For Shoes.

Shipping Louisiana molasses into New England by the hoghead and sending the same hoghead back south again with shoes were incidents of the shoe trade of Avon years ago. It was back in 1840, when the present town of Avon was East Stoughton, that two brothers were in company manufacturing shoes and as a side line ran a grocery and general store in a spot where now stands the postoffice building. One of the brothers went south and located in New Orleans in the grocery business, leaving his brother here to manufacture shoes and boots, according to E. Dexter Littlefield, the brother who was in the South would ship a hoghead of molasses to his brother in Avon and as soon as the hoghead was empty it would be cleaned and would be filled with boots for the southern trade. This practice was kept up for years, and in this way a good trade was built up for Avon footwear.—Boston Globe.

Saved by Artificial Breathing.

Dr. S. F. Derlojinsky, a Russian surgeon, reports the case of a peasant of twenty-one who, following an anginal attack of probably diphtheritic origin, was stricken with paralysis. After two weeks of total paralysis some movements of the arms appeared, but a few days later respiratory trouble began. The breathing rose to forty to the minute and became superficial with momentary stops. It was necessary to resort to artificial respiration with the assistance of pupils in the infirmary school this was kept up day and night from Feb. 5 to Feb. 20. On the latter day the patient began breathing naturally, but difficulty in swallowing arose about the same time. On Feb. 20 it became necessary to begin artificial respiration again. This was maintained until March 1, when natural breathing returned, and the patient recovered.

Thackeray's Criticism.

In "Bar, Bat and Bll." by the Hon. Sir Edward Chandos Leigh, is the following Thackeray story: Thackeray and others were great frequenters of Evans', in Covent Garden, kept by Paddy Green, where the most beautiful glasses used to be sung. There was a little coterie there, and I was honored by being allowed to join that coterie. We used to devour chops, baked potatoes and other adjuncts to a homely supper after the theater. One night I found Thackeray alone at the table when up came a small, obsequious gentleman, who rubbed his hands together and addressed Thackeray with the most fulsome compliments. When he passed on I said to Thackeray, "Pray tell me who is that?" His answer was, "He calls himself an artist, but he paints as much in butter as he does in oil."

Arms and the Child.

Girl scouts exist in Germany also. Instead of clean fine girls they call them something that sounds like a mixture of Follinger Cooper and musical comedy.—Pathfinders is the literal translation. Apparently, too, they go in for being military with true German thoroughness. One reads how a head game warden presented himself at the shop of a dealer in firearms in Berlin and desired to purchase a revolver. "A revolver?" said the dealer. "I'm sorry, sir, but I've just sold the last gross of revolvers in the shop to the Potsdam battalion of girl scouts."—New York Post.

A Sunny Disposition.

Willie—Paw, what is a sunny disposition? Paw—That is something which is possessed by a man who points out the silver lining in the cloud and then borrows your umbrella before it starts to rain, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Answer of a Diplomat.

"You replace Dr. Franklin," said the French prime minister, Count de Vergennes, to Thomas Jefferson, the newly-arrived representative of the United States. "I merely succeed him. No one could replace him," was Jefferson's reply.

Not What She Meant.

Tardy Arrival at a Dinner Party. "I'm afraid I am too late, dear Mrs. Smith," Mrs. Smith (effusively)—Oh, my dear, you could never come too late.—London Illustrated Bits.

Professional Sagacity.

Dentist's Wife—Why do you open the door of the patients' room when I sing? Dentist—Want to let the waiters know if isn't the patients.—Columbia Jester.

If the power to do hard work is not

talent it is the best possible substitute for it.—Garfield.

How Many Steps to a Mile?

How many steps do you take to the mile? If you think a moment you will probably reply, "Seventeen hundred and sixty," but that I take leave to doubt. Should you be an infantryman of the British army your pace will be the longest of any infantryman in the world. The Russian pace is the shortest, being only twenty-seven and a half inches; the French, Italian and Austrian soldiers manage twenty-nine inches; the Germans do thirty-one inches and the British thirty-one and one-half inches. But your own pace, what of it? It depends upon whether you are a "highbrow" or not. Put a stick across your eyebrows and see how long the piece of string is which reaches from that level to the floor. Half the length of this string is the length of your pace, and that length you will find to be between thirty-one inches and thirty-two inches, so that between 2,000 and 2,100 paces are needed to walk a mile.—London Chronicle.

Bowing to the Moon.

Among the natives of Abyssinia there existed and probably still exists a curious pagan custom of bowing to the moon on certain nights at the commencement of the new year. Selecting a clear space on the ground, free from all rocks and boulders, the elders of the community kneel down, one behind the other, and, as soon as it is midnight, begin a dolorous chant to the moon. They keep this up for half an hour or so, when all rise, and, forming a circle, stand still, their arms motionless by their sides. A young girl now approaches them and walks round the circle, calling out: "You are all right, your shadow is there." Should she pause and say, "Friend, there is no shadow behind you. Alas, alas!" then the person she thus addresses is deemed to die within the next twelve months.

Got the Official Moving.

An East Indian babu railway agent telegraphed to his superintendent this report: "A blackguard indigenous merchant arrived at my station by 2 down mail. Taking pity on his comical condition, I permitted him to reside in the shade of the main signal post. In gratitude for my benevolent conduct he absconded during the nocturnal period with 5000s of my private cash, including one copy of the working time table. When asked why he added the one annual publication, the time table, in his list of losses he replied, with a knowing wriggle: 'Ha, ha! The matter is explainable in a nutshell. Unless I had included a little of the company's property, the police would have taken no notice. This justifies the addition of the heinous article to the shell of the cocoon.'"—Exchange.

Seals and Music.

A picturesque instance of the curiosity of the seal, or possibly of its fondness for music, is told by the Rev. Mr. Dunbar in Macgillivray's work on British quadrupeds. "During a residence of some years in one of the Hebrides I had many opportunities to witness this peculiarity. As I walked along the shore in the calm of a summer afternoon a few notes from my flute would bring half a score of them within a few yards of me, and then they would swim about with their heads above water, like so many black dogs, evidently delighted with the sounds. For half an hour or indeed, for any length of time I chose, I could fix them to the spot, and when I moved along the water's edge they would follow me like the dolphins which, it is said, attended Arion."

Great Smokers, the Dutch.

A census of smokers taken the other day among the boys attending nine elementary schools in a suburb of Amsterdam, Holland, reveals that among the six-year-olds they number 10 per cent, among those of seven years 16 per cent and 32 per cent among those of eight, while in the sixth schooling year, at which the average age is twelve, the percentage has risen to 53. As it falls rapidly after the limit of compulsory attendance, the early use of tobacco would not appear to be an incentive to learning. It is the cigar, not the cigarette, which these Dutch youngsters delight in.

Banana Plant Foods.

Many parts of the banana plant are used in the Malay peninsula besides the fruit. Flower heads are cooked, generally in curries, and the inner portion of the stem is also edible. Shoots and tops of the young plants are used instead of other vegetables. The outer sheaths are valued as elephant fodder.

His Little Theory.

"Of course you have your little theory about the cause of the high cost of living?" "I have," replied Mr. Growcher. "Too many people are trying to make political economy take the place of domestic economy."—Washington Star.

Cologne Water.

How Cologne water is prepared by Johann Maria Farina over 200 years ago, is composed of oils of neroli, citron, bergamot, orange and rosemary.

Too Risky.

Bill—Go in an' tell de bartender dat if he don't give you a drink you'll drop dead. Red—I don't. If he did I would.—Houston Post.

Unlucky Result.

"They seem to have quarreled." "Yes; I am afraid their marriage has thrown them together too much."—Judge.

It is wise to be sure, but otherwise to be too sure.

There are more ways than one for a woman to have her way.

Mexico has no war poets. Rumor says they have all been called off.

Don't be too sure that a girl will look like her mother at fifty. This is a fast age.

Perhaps money used to go farther than it does now, but it didn't go so fast.

Somebody has very rightfully said that there is too little sport and too many sports.

Ships may soon telephone from sea. Soon we may hear what the wild waves are saying.

The princess who snubbed Colonel Goethals chose a novel way of announcing her presence on earth.

It takes two pints to make a quart; but, on the other hand, you can get a peck of trouble out of a half a pint.

If you are unable to see any good in your neighbor try appointing your eyes with a little milk of human kindness.

Ice cream will be dear next summer. You congratulate those who have no other thing to worry about at this time.

Even though America leads the world in the number of automobiles, the man hit by an automobile screecher feels no enthusiasm.

If the first tall buildings in New York were entitled to be called skyscrapers the latest should deserve the name skyscraper.

Proving his unwavering devotion to psychological romance, Norvalist Thomas Hardy at the age of seventy four has taken a new wife.

A Chinese president has to give serious thought to the possibility of an informal termination of his career regardless of legal tenure.

New York papers continue to warn young lawyers to keep away from that city, and the young lawyers evidently continue to refuse advice.

Apartment Astor is to build a mammoth apartment house for bachelors. Why should anything be done to make the lot of a bachelor comfortable?

After completing his work at Panama and building the Alaska railway Colonel Goethals may be induced to do something with the north pole.

It can really be understood that getting ready for the tax assessors is no joke for Mr. Rockefeller. Still, he might hire help to count it up.

Marconi can now light a lamp wirelessly at a distance of six miles, but he cannot stimulate the furnace in the basement without getting out of bed.

A St. Louis woman says that housework promotes longevity. We already know that some housemaids had lived through scores nay, hundreds—of plagues.

German royalty has been requested to observe the speed limit in automobile driving, and such a request is not believed to be as dangerous as laughing at the army.

Sylvia Pankhurst has organized a new militant suffragette party of her own, thus making two bunches of window smashers where but one flourished before.

One of the feminist writers complains that no woman ever attained eminence by being a fine housekeeper or a good mother. But what is the use of eminence, anyway?

When we read of those failures in which the liabilities are from five to ten times the assets we feel that this old world of ours is really very innocent and trustful after all.

At the rate of \$1,800 a square inch, the reputed price for Mr. Widener's new Raphael Madonna, art seems still to maintain its financial precedence over New York real estate.

A Danish prince has renounced his right to the throne in order that he may marry a woman with whom he is deeply in love. Prince charming does not exist in fairy stories only.

A Japanese weather forecaster who didn't prognosticate properly and was criticized therefor committed harakiri. There's no use talking, these orientals have some pretty good ideas.

Nature was wise when it ordained that chickens should have no teeth. You can't tell their age. It would be hard on the older who was trying to pull off an old hen over a young pullet.

The appointment of an American railroad superintendent as general manager of a great English railway system is a fact of interest. Is England threatened by another "memorandum" to its home industries?

The building of a motorcar in eleven minutes at Manchester, England, may break the American record, but we shall not despair until we hear that the stop watch shows that it took an American a larger number of seconds than it took an Englishman to sell it.

Two Strenuous Lives.

Clovis Hughes, the French journalist, poet and duelist, filled his fifty-five years of life with sufficient excitement to make him worthy of special mention. One of his claims to distinction was that he had engaged in a French duel which resulted fatally for the other man. He was a tempestuous, radical and was once suspended from the chamber of deputies for insulting remarks to the president, which did not at all curb him. He wrote a number of novels, poems and plays in which he sought to spread socialist propaganda, and he wrote a pretentious five act drama in verse called "Le Sommeil de Danton" ("The Sleep of Danton"), which was produced at the Opera Comique. His wife contributed her share of excitement by killing a public official in the palace of justice because of an alleged insult. Before she was tried she wrote and acted "La Vezeance de Mme. Clovis Hughes." The play depicted her sensational act and represented her as triumphantly exonerated by the court. When her trial came the court did as predicted.

Gloves.

The origin of gloves is very ancient. Some authorities assert that they were known in Bible times, from references made to "shoes" which were thought to be identical with gloves. The first clear account of gloves comes, however, from Xenophon. This writer speaks of the Persians wearing gloves on their hands to protect them from the cold. Homer describes Laertes working in his garden with gloves upon his hands to protect them from the thorns, and Varro mentions the apparel as being worn by the Romans. Gloves have been tokens of solemn and important things from the ninth century. They were adopted as a rite of the church, and later the transferring of lands or titles was always attended with the presentation of gloves. In the eleventh century the method of challenging to single combat by throwing down a glove was instituted, and this custom still remains in some countries.

Pierpont Morgan's Fairy Palace.

Pierpont Morgan's wonderful house in Princes Gate differed little on the outside from its neighbors, merely two houses rolled into one, but its interior suggested nothing so much as the fairy palace of Aladdin. In the ball room was pressed and part of one of the walls "fell away" in the approved style. You walked down into a basement, which at first sight resembled nothing so much as one of the lower decks on a large liner. Ranged along the walls were what appeared to be a number of safes, but they were really doors opening into small rooms, into each of which a particular portion of Mr. Morgan's collection had been brought. There were rooms for English silver, for porcelain and for half a dozen other objects d'art. No one who was ever fortunate enough to be shown round by the Mr. Morgan himself can forget the experience.—London Bystander.

Mercury Poisoning.

"I would suggest," says a doctor, "that, whenever persons are found to have swallowed bicloride of mercury, several eggs be forced down their throats. The albumen in the eggs will form a chemical compound with the mercury, which will be insoluble. The poison will pass out through the intestines or be vomited by the victim. It is always a good thing to pump out the stomach first or to induce vomiting. Many times it is necessary to act quickly if the life of the person is to be saved, and it takes time for a physician to arrive on the scene. Bicloride of mercury will not produce a painless death. It is a poison that paralyzes the liver. It eats through the walls of the stomach, and the victim generally dies in great agony."—Des Moines Register and Leader.

Witch Burning.

There are countries in which the execution of women as witches is only a thing of yesterday. The last instance of witch burning occurred as recently as 1888 in Peru, and in other parts of South America cases continued to occur until well into the second half of the nineteenth century. England's last conviction for witchcraft took place at Hertford in 1712, and Scotland condemned a witch ten years later, while Spain and Germany retained a judicial belief in witches and the justice of killing them until 1732 and 1796.

Silence Preferred.

J. M. Barrie, the novelist, has said that one of the "most enjoyable social functions" he ever attended was a dinner at which he turned to his neighbor and asked, "Do you converse?" "No; I don't," replied his neighbor. "Nor do I," said Mr. Barrie, and they did not.—London Mail.

News to Him.

"Why is it that they never place the pictures of living men on banknotes?" asked the fellow who had become rich by writing the words of "popular" songs. "Don't they?" the next replied. Chicago Record Herald.

Taking No Chances.

"A man never loses anything by politeness," said the Old Fox. "I know a lot of men who never intend to," added the Grouch.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

The Clock.

She—I dearly love to listen to the ticking of a clock. It seems to me that a clock has a language of its own. He—Well, scarcely a language—may a clock talk.

The mirror never tells us what the

neighbor sees.

The unconquerable elements still laugh at steel ships.

Some contend that the modern novel is the cause of vice; others that it is the effect.

A New York divorcee says she never wants to see a man again. She must have picked a lemon.

If the income tax on alimonies is to be withheld at the source Nat Goodwin will need a bookkeeper.

A raffle is something in which we buy nineteen chances and the fellow with one chance wins it.

Turkey and Greece are reported on the verge of another crisis. You can't keep a "sick man" down.

We assume the New York crusade against the mashers is a conspiracy to quadruple the police force.

If the small boy had a vote the opponents of corporal punishment would all every office in this broad land.

One of the mysteries of life is why a man should be ashamed of his rheumatism and proud of the gout.

A Chicago robber is dead from a stab wound of a woman's hatpin. The unprotected female is now a legend of the past.

To make the games really interesting the billiard champions should play football with the wrestling champions.

A record of 67,988 patents in a single year will doubtless provide for every contingency until the next factory fire occurs.

Men's "pants" are to be worn tighter this year, we understand, but that won't help to keep their money in their pockets.

Those new flexible finger rings are not, however, indicative of any further change in engagements or in marriage relation.

A Cincinnati woman married the brother of her son's wife. Some women have a faculty for getting into complications.

A Boston sociologist says that a man always tells the truth when he is drunk. This, however, is no reason for drunkenness.

All people are not faddists. For instance, there have been several suicides lately when lead instead of mercury was used.

A professor in St. Louis announces a new law in physics. It is possible that lawmaking is not exempt from the present lawmaking craze?

In an age when men are taking to wearing leathers in their hats it is modest of the women to demand merely a share in the elections.

"If you want to make good in this world let booze alone," says John L. In other words, a soliloquy taken in time will prevent a selfmon.

"I will take the veil when women get the vote," says Gilbert Parker. Mrs. Pankhurst will probably want to know whether that is a threat or a promise.

Scientists report the discovery of an estocasin in New Mexico. If it had happened in old Mexico we'd think it was just another revolutionary leader.

The award of the Nobel prize for literature to a Hindoo poet is a tip to the publishers to start their presses going before the publicity dies out.

At the opening of the International time conference in Paris two delegates were late for the inauguration ceremony because their watches were slow.

A Chicago woman wants a divorce because her husband dreamed of his first wife, who is dead. Really, this seems to be running jealousy into the ground.

It is all right for scientists to produce frogs artificially, but whoever begins manufacturing flies will be subject to imprisonment as a common nuisance.

Colonel Goethals laughs away the idea that he may become the head of the New York police force. His specialty is channels, but they are not underground.

The transportation lines in New York city carried last year more people than there are in the whole world, but then the world doesn't treat all people like sailines.

Diplomatic circles would make a great hit if they could only re-establish the entente cordiale that once existed between the consuming public and the great American hen.

In this halcyon era of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art the dropping of another \$5,000,000 gift into its ample lap scarcely calls forth comment. It seems to be the natural thing.

New York has 900 moving picture theaters. No wonder so many great actors have retired from the stage to engage in the common pursuits of trade. It is a loss to art, but even genius must eat.

Among the signs of a hard winter is

the price of coal.

The empty heart is sometimes the heaviest.—New Orleans Picayune.

Graft is something that every man thinks his neighbor ought not to have.

Yellow hair is seldom a running mate with genius, according to a wise guy from England.

News that the crow is the farmer's friend excites only a languid interest in political circles.

If there is anything the nation needs more than a uniform divorce law it is sensible marriages.

With deep regret the passing of the last of the famous Light Brigade is once more announced.

Getting up early in the morning to wrestle with the furnace is good to strengthen a man's character perhaps.

It is said that Emperor William has 3,000 uniforms. Possibly there are some men who envy him on that account.

An eastern man advertising for a wife says he wants a woman with ideas. He'll get that, no matter whom he marries.

The Canadian government is to have the largest telescope in the world. Then who will say that America has all the skyscrapers?

A Columbus high school has banned the monocle. When we went to school the tough boys in the class would have attended to that.

A Panama workman won \$15,000 in a lottery and spent it in two months in New York. What delayed the New Yorkers so much?

It is going to be a great hardship for some men of wealth to be compelled to have their fortunes guaranteed under a pure money act.

France now has an aerial post, but cynics who desire answers to their letters doubtless will continue to send them by railroad train.

The tax on chewing gum has gone up instead of down, the idea of the new tariff being to get revenue only from those who have wads.

The Prince of Monaco shot an elk in Wyoming. Those antlers will provide a novel game decoration for Monte Carlo's gilded halls of chance.

Horseshair is quoted on the market at \$2.50 the pound, which is considerably more than horseshair brings even in the most expensive butcher shops.

"Only one woman out of a thousand can whistle," says a contemporary. Sure, brother; she doesn't stop talking when she gets the right pucker.

It has been estimated that British suffragettes have destroyed \$2,700,000 worth of property. And yet they say a woman can't throw a brick straight.

There is much speculation over the question, but little hope that Colombia will, so to speak, put on a silk hat for the annual opening and discard its Panama.

Fashion reports say that skin tight suits will be worn by men the coming season, and that is right where mere man is going to get even with the hobbie skirt.

An executive order abolishing roller towels in government buildings conveys new ideas concerning the luxury that is supposed to prevail in the government service.

Many a June bride who imagined she would do nothing but occupy a throne is now down in the cellar trying to get the clinkers out of the furnace so the blame thing will work.

Every once in a while you can pick up the paper and see that the war is ended again in Santo Domingo. However, the papers are justified. Each time it's a different war.

A London scientist has figured that woman is talking so much that eventually she will lose her voice and cackle like a hen. He hadn't heard of the American chicken, either.

Opposing New York lawyers exchanged opinions as to one being "a bullet head" and the other "a mush head." The court happily ended the controversy by agreeing with both.

Advice from the national department of agriculture to "eat what you like when you feel like it" is not worth much to those who do not know where to get money enough to follow such advice.

"Love never lasts more than five years," says a lady who appears to have devoted some study to the subject. Perhaps it isn't as bad as she would have us believe it to be. She may have got her information from Nat Goodwin or De Wolf Hopper.

A theater manager in New York is importing police dogs to drive away ticket scalpers. If the dogs are intelligent enough to distinguish between a scalper and a patron of the house the scheme may work, but what if it is otherwise? The idea seems to be just a sensation.