

SKILLFUL IN USE OF POISON

South African Bushmen Had Weapon Which in Other Hands Might Have Been Inevitable.

The Bushman, Africa's pygmy of the South, who succeeded so quickly to civilization, are becoming rarer every day. In the hands of the white man's encroachments have killed off thousands.

The one great achievement of these children of the woods is their skillful use of poisons. In the hands of a more subtle people the poisoned arrow might have been an invincible weapon, but for the bushman it only delayed inevitable death.

The bushman's arrow is a toy of light wood until he turns it into a certain death dealer by covering the tip with one of his favorite poisons. A certain caterpillar of the jungle, the most venomous snakes and spiders, poisonous roots and leaves all yield their power to kill to the use of these natives.

Special men of the tribe prepare the poisons for their purpose, usually heating them in a dish before dipping the dart into them. While waiting for their poisonous brew to cook, the poison concoctors dance about the fire in excitement at the coming hunt or combat. Skulking in breathless silence upon an imaginary enemy, they suddenly leap up and discharge the fatal arrows, after which they shift busily to the part of the victim, and writhe and howl with all the agony of the hunted. Exhaustion and the completion of the poison put an end to this vivid rehearsal.

LIES FAR BELOW SEA LEVEL

Forbidding Death Valley, in California, Was Formerly the Bed of a Salt Lake.

Death valley, California, is said to be the lowest dry land in the United States; it is 270 feet below sea level. The name of death valley is gruesome enough in itself, but to enhance this effect the mountains thereabouts are called the Funeral range.

While Death valley is the lowest dry land in the country Mount Whitney, which is less than eighty miles from the point of lowest depression, is one of the highest points of land in the United States, its summit being 14,501 feet above sea level.

Death valley was formerly the bed of a salt lake and is 150 miles in length. A small salt marsh still occupies a part of it. There are few places in Death valley where fresh water is obtainable. The best known are Bennett wells and Saratoga springs.

For the greater part of the time Death valley is a gigantic furnace of burning hot shifting sand dunes. At times this strange desert is filled with wonderful colors. The air is very dry, and at dawn the light is very white and minus the mist usually associated with that time of day. Gradually a faint azure that appears and deepens above the gray-tan dunes. As the sun rises over the desert the pastel tints of sky and sands burn into brighter shades until at noon the very atmosphere vibrates into hot vividness. Toward twilight the reds of sky and desert shade into deep purples and black.

Old Publications.

An odd bit of the past turns up in a list of old publications soon to be sold at auction, namely, to give it its full, imposing title, "A Sermon Preached at White Chapel, in the Presence of Many Honourable and Worshipful, the Adventurers and Planters for Virginia, and Published for the Benefit and Use of the Colony, Planted and to be Planted there, and for the Advancement of their Christian Purpose." The Rev. William Symonds preached that sermon, notes the Christian Science Monitor, and described Virginia as a land "with the fruitfulness whereof England, our mistress, cannot compare, nor, not when she is in her greatest pride." Yet he preached to rather a sorry congregation, says history, largely composed of immigrants who had failed at home through bad habits little calculated to help in a new country.

Battle of the Giants.

According to Brewer's "Historic Note Book," neither the battle of Waterloo nor the battle of Austerlitz was known as the "Battle of the Giants," but the battle of Marignano was so designated. This battle was fought on September 13, 1515, and during which the allied French and Venetian armies under Francois I and d'Alviano, defeated the allied Italian and Swiss armies. The carnage was very great, as 12,000 of the conquered and 4,000 of the victors were left dead and dying on the field. Trivulzio, who had been present in 18 pitched battles, called this all child's play compared with this "combat of the giants."

Question for Debate.

Judging by union standards, the good lady in Proverbs, belauded as she has been for centuries, set a most questionable example. Her price might be above rubies, but what business had she to "rise up early in the morning, before it was yet light" and continue all day her industrial pace-setting? It couldn't have been good for her husband or notes, for all we hear of his activity is that he "praised her" and that he "sat in the gates," which latter I take to be the Biblical equivalent of sitting on the porch of a country store with his feet on the rail, taking all her labor for granted.—Exchange.

LAZINESS ACTING AS SPUR

Good Work Done by Those, Who Dislike It, and Want to Get Through and Rest.

The best work is done by the lazy people who want to get through and rest. The industrious, active body, busy as a bee, and always at it, is very liable to become a putterer.

Mark Twain called attention to the fact that the ants, to whom the sage recommended the sluggard to go, spends most of his energy in running around like a drunken Indian.

The great humorist hated to move; he used to give the boy in the printing office a nickel to sweep around him, so that he would not have to take his feet off the table. At seventy he confessed that "all-exercise is lathsome."

Laziness is not good in itself; but when joined to conscientiousness and a sense of responsibility, as it often is, it is the very best worker.

This world's work is done by those who do not like it. Nine persons out of ten would quit what they are doing if they could.

At the very beginning of Arnold Bennett's novel, "Hilda Lessways," is a luminous bit of philosophy:

"Hilda hated domestic work, and because she hated it she often did it passionately and thoroughly."

Mark Twain hated to write.—Dr. Frank Crane, in Farm Life.

MUST CONCENTRATE TO WIN

Though Thorough Absorption May Be Carried Too Far, it is Necessary to Success.

There is always danger, when anyone concentrates, that the concentration will be carried too far—so far that it produces a narrow, one-sided and warped point of view. The great scientist, the great scholar, the great thinker in any line is usually not an all-around "good fellow." "Grabbed," "queer," "peculiar," "odd," "funny" and "warped"—are these not the adjectives that generally describe the geniuses of the world? The very effort to concentrate on the one subject which has brought success has made it impossible to keep in touch with the thousand and one currents of thought and topics of conversation which go to make up comfortable and easy-going life. Like the old sea captain, these geniuses miss something in their effort to fix their attention on one thing.

In spite of this danger, it is a good thing to work for concentration. The likelihood of becoming one-sided is big where genius is concerned, but then it can be excused. Most of us can safely concentrate our attention and still feel sure that we will keep in touch with the world about us.

Need for Eternal Vigilance.

"We first make our habits and then our habits make us," said an unknown sage. In other words, what we are at this moment, what we can do at this moment, depends not only upon making up our minds at the time being, but also, upon how we have made up our minds countless other times in thousands of minutes already gone by and now out of our control. The one thing we cannot control is the past; it may, however, control us for good or for evil. The fact that we should remember in forming habits is that our minds and hearts are the meeting ground of strange conflicts; that good and bad in us are making opposite suggestions; that each is striving for the mastery, and that sometimes we are so self-deluded that the bad may seem to be the good. At any hour the beginnings of a vicious habit, perhaps through the suggestion of someone else or by our own carelessness, indifference, or faults, may find their way into our hearts. The price we must pay for continually proving and possessing the good is eternal vigilance.—Exchange.

Discouraged Aids to Beauty.

In the day of Louis XIV LaBruyere wrote this: "If women only desire to be beautiful in each other's eyes they may, of course, follow their own caprice or taste as to the way in which they dress and adorn themselves; but if they desire to please men, if it is to charm them they rouge and paint. I can assert in the name of mankind, or at least of those men whose votes I have taken, that white and red paints make women look old and hideous; that it is as disgusting to see women with paint on their faces as with false teeth in their mouths and waxen balls to puff out their thin cheeks; and that far from countenancing it, men solemnly protest against all such arts, which infallibly tend to cure them of love." The wonder arises if LaBruyere spoke only for the men of his time.

The Crow's Voice.

The crow is one of the most widely disliked of birds. His reputation is bad, and is probably deserved. No matter how long you study the crow, you will always have something to learn, and at the end of all your study he will know more about you than you will about him. At times it seems as if he knew what you were thinking about. The crow has a large variety of notes or calls, and each one seems to be the harshest in all bird vocalism until the next one is sounded, which is a little harsher. He is an accomplished bird, and intelligent. If tamed, he can be taught many things, but never to be good. He is a natural thief, and cannot be reformed.

"NOTHING DOING" IN COTTON

Kitchen Maids of Sultan of Morocco Entitled to Nether Garments of Expensive Stuff.

The sultan of Morocco was always an absolute monarch, and in that capacity the revenues of the country were his. There had never been any distinction between public funds and private funds, all belonged to the sultan. It was therefore no easy task to arrive at an agreement as to which were state and which private debts, so intricately mixed had they been in the past. There was, for instance, a bill for some hundreds of jars of very expensive and very fine crimson cloth. Naturally the protectorate authorities scheduled this among the private debts. The sultan protested. "The cloth, he said, had been purchased for governmental purposes—in fact for the trousers of the imperial kitchen maids; for there are several hundred slaveswomen employed in preparing the palace food. The protectorate government refused to be responsible for this debt. The ex-sultan drew up a historical treatise to prove that imperial kitchen maids were part and parcel of the state, and passed, like the palace itself, from sultan to sultan. The principle was accepted, but the debt was disallowed on the ground that these good ladies did not require such expensive stuff for their nether garments. A cotton material, they argued, would have equally well served the purpose. The sultan's reply was unanswerable and crushing. "In Europe," he said, "it may be the custom for the imperial kitchen maids to wear cotton trousers, but in Morocco we have more appreciation of the dignity of their position." There was nothing more to be said. The debt was paid by the protectorate government.—From "The Liquidation of a Sultanate," by W. B. Harris, in "Asia" magazine.

FOLLOWED PATHS OF PEACE

Americans of Texas Unlike the Fierce Tribes of Other Sections of the Country.

Stone implements found in ancient workshops in Texas, indicating French, Spanish or American settlers, prove that the original settlers of this state were not like the fierce tribes encountered in modern times by the white settlers.

Little is known about the aboriginal population of Texas, which lies between the Pueblo and mound builders' area, but Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, chief of the American bureau of ethnology, aided by Professor Pease of the University of Texas, have located some long forgotten village sites. Their investigations lead to the belief that the original people of the middle part of the state were hunters, while those of the eastern part near the timber belt, were followers of agricultural pursuits and were skilled in the manufacture of pottery. They resembled the mound builders. The western part of the state was a more elevated and less arid plateau. Here the people resembled the Pueblos of New Mexico. Some of the tribes are reported to have been cannibals. In the opening of the eighteenth century Apaches, Comanches and other savage tribes roamed over Texas following the buffalo, or raiding across it into Mexico. There seems to have been constant hostility with these Indians, in which many smaller tribes were exterminated.

Remarkable Chimpanzee Dies.

A few weeks ago there died a chimpanzee who had spent the eight years of his life defying all rules laid down for the well being of chimpanzees. His name was Antony, and he was the only one of his tribe of monkeys who has ever managed to stand an English climate unaided by artificial heat. He came from the Congo in 1911, when he was very young and small. At that time he weighed 14 pounds, by last summer he was just six times as heavy. During the whole period of his civilized life he was kept in a brick building facing southwest and unheated, and he slept in straw without blankets. Chocolates and sweets—poison to ordinary chimpanzees—were the special treats of Antony's dietary, and he had a less comprehensible fondness for beans.—Manchester Guardian.

The "Amen Corner."

The phrase "amen corner" is said to have originated in London, where, at the end of Paternoster row, the monks at one time uttered their recitation of the "Pater Noster" as they went in procession on Corpus Christi day to St. Paul's cathedral. They began in Paternoster row with the Lord's prayer in Latin, continuing it to the end of the street, and then said "amen" at the corner of the row. As used in this country the phrase described the corner of a church where the elderly members sit and pronounce the word "amen" at intervals.

Fisherman's Mascot.

A mascot to which deep-sea fishermen attach great importance is a tiny flint stone or bone found in the ear of plaice and other fish. The wearer of one of these stones is supposed to be immune to the danger of drowning. It is easy to find these stones in the ears of fish, although they are no bigger than a split lentil. Anybody who cares to look for one and to examine it will see on its surface light and dark rings similar to those found on a larger scale in tree trunks. The number of rings tells the age of the fish, as a new ring appears each year.

HORSES IN ANCIENT BATTLE

Seem to Have Been Little Used Except to Carry the Infantry into the Fight.

In the old days when the Romans and Greeks fought furious battles, the charioteers drove their curs in all directions, hurled their javelins, and by the din and clatter of horses and wheels commonly threw the ranks of the enemy into disorder, and making their way among the squadrons of the enemy's cavalry, leaped down from their chariots and fought on foot. The charioteers then withdrew, little by little, from the fight, and placed their chariots in such a way that if they were hard pressed they could readily retreat to their own side. Thus in battle they afforded the mobility of cavalry with the steadiness of infantry. Daily practice enabled them to pull up their horses at full speed when on a steep slope, or to run out on the pole and stand on the yoke, and to get nimbly back into the chariot.

With the introduction of cavalry in the later iron age came larger horses, but their use for this purpose seems to have been restricted to isolated areas. There is no doubt that the west German tribes, as late as the campaign of Caesar in Gaul, used only the shaggy pony. It is said in cavalry actions they held it disgraceful and slothful to use any kind of saddle, and instead of charging in squadrons they dismounted and fought on foot. As far as England is concerned, the art of riding seems to have been introduced by the Normans. The Saxons appear to have been but indifferent horsemen.

GIVES CAT PALM OF WISDOM

Writer in California Newspaper Comes Forward With Loud Praise of Household Pet.

It is often a subject for discussion as to which is the wisest animal. Some say it is the dog and some are in favor of the horse, while scientists appear to think it is the elephant.

We beg to differ with all these views. We do not even agree to the movement in certain quarters to give the palm for wisdom to the fox. To our mind the wisest animal that lives is the cat. And, if it goes to that, we are willing to have it further known that of all animals we like the cat the best.

A cat is so wise that it succeeds in not letting us know how wise it really is. If you will be friendly with cats—and that's an easy thing to do—you will be astounded at their wisdom. And you could not imagine how affectionate a cat can also be.

There is an old yellow cat up in the Verdugo hills that we wouldn't trade for all the dogs and horses and elephants outside of Barnum's circus. When the last of his nine lives departs from the earth those mountains will be a very lonely place for us.—Los Angeles Times.

For Success in Business.

Wealth is, after all, only what is produced by either by mental or physical labor. It stands to reason, therefore, that if a man would become rich in this world's goods, or in knowledge of things or men, he must work hard and long to acquire such knowledge and skill. And he will be rewarded in proportion to his work. Despised a lucky stroke occasionally here and there in a man's life, I am a firm believer in the motto that nothing really comes by chance to a man which is of much value beyond the ordinary.

Success has usually been prepared for, striven for, helped onward by his own innate ability, work, or tact in ways the exterior world often failed to recognize. Hard work is the best friend any man ever embraced. I would say to all youthful beginners in business that business is like the land—the more you put into it the more you will get out. If you put nothing in, you will get precious little out; if you tend it in desultory fashion, you can only expect an indifferent harvest, if any at all.—Exchange.

Where Is Teacher?

This is the latest breakfast-table problem. Although the town has figured prominently in European history at various times for over a century, Lloyd George had to confess, when it was mentioned at the peace conference, that he did not know exactly where it was situated.

Nor was he alone in his lack of knowledge. It is doubtful if one person in fifty would be able to give you any information about the town.

And yet it was once the scene of a great peace conference—that of 1778, when Vergennes, the foreign minister of France, arranged the peace of Teschen, thereby avoiding a great European war, and also, in all probability, securing the independence of the United States.

Right Pivot.

A ducky was unloading horses and when he had the halter hanks of six horses he started up the road toward camp and the stables. Just before entering camp the road turned sharply to the right; in fact, it made a right angle with its previous course.

At this point the ducky with his six halter hanks experienced some difficulty in getting all the horses to make the turn and he was heard to shout: "Here, what's the matter with you guys? Don't you all know how to make a turn to da right? Number one pivot! Pivot dar on da right."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

WHY SOCKS HAVE "CLOCKS" FROM THE FOURTH CENTURY

They Were Originally Made, It Is Asserted, to Hold the Seams in Hosiery.

It is surprising how much of the past still remains, more especially in regard to the clothes we wear.

On the backs of most gloves will be found three thin strips. These marks correspond to the fourchette pieces between the fingers. In earlier times gloves were not made so neatly as they are today, and the stitching of the fingers was carried down part of the way on to the back of the glove, brand being used to conceal the seams.

To a practically similar reason does the clock on a sock owe its origin, says London Answers. In the days when stockings were made of cloth the seams occurred where the clocks are now displayed, the decoration being utilized to hide the seams.

The little bow which will invariably be found in the leather band inside a man's hat is a survival of the time when a hat was made by taking a piece of leather, boring two holes through it and drawing it together with a piece of string.

Handkerchiefs were not always square. At one time they were shaped to the user's fancy. It chanced that this irregularly displeased Queen Marie Antoinette, who suggested one winter evening at Versailles that a uniform shape would be an indication of good taste. The result was a decree by Louis XVI, issued in the early days of 1785, enacting that all pocket handkerchiefs should have right-angled edges henceforward.

IN HEART OF MOORISH CITIES

Houses to Which Few Visitors Penetrate Are Frequently Luxurious in Their Appointments.

Through the narrow lanes of Moorish cities the water carrier, who has filled his goat-skins at the nearest fountain, plies his trade from house to house. The town of Morocco does not extend open, smiling arms to the stranger. The houses present cold, forbidding fronts. The winding, irregular streets twist and turn in a bewildering fashion, and the low arches, often linking house with house, convert the streets into a series of high-walled, semicircular courtyards, still more confusing to the uninitiated. But if one is privileged to enter through the massive gates, fortified by re-enforced with heavy iron bands and heavily bolted, one may step into courtyards inlaid with mosaics and ornamented with laced arabesques, surrounded with arched passages, richly carved and covered with luxuriant hangings; into a melancholy garden flagged with ancient white stones, where a marble fountain plays softly and great orange trees are outlined voluptuously against the white walls and the unclouded sky. Who knows how many wishful-harem ladies have languished there, what fantastic tragedies have been spun on curious fantastic silken threads? From "Through the Gates of the Moghreb," by Elsie F. Weil, in Asia Magazine.

Sport in Haiti.

"Roosters that crow night and day and have no sense of proportion at all," is the way William Almon Wolf describes Haiti's only fowl of any importance, in an article in Colliers. In addition he accuses them of not being educated, "like the mass of the population," and of being ignorant of the fact "that a cock's business is to let an unobservant world which wouldn't notice the phenomenon itself, know that the sun has risen." "When it comes to cock fighting in Haiti," Mr. Wolf writes, "the rooster plays a very important role. Sunday afternoon is the great time for that," he says, "and all day Sunday you may see sporting Haitians going about with a gamecock or two under their arms. There are two rings in Port au Prince; thousands of men gather there every Sunday afternoon and bet on their favorites. Haitian cockfighting is not a very brutal affair; the birds aren't spared; it is the custom for the owner of the losing rooster to cry quits before much damage is done."

Human Frailties.

Our structure, both external and internal, is full of imperfection; yet there is nothing in nature but what is of use, not even inutility itself. There is nothing in this universe which has not some proper place in it. Our being is cemented with certain mean qualities; ambition, jealousy, envy, revenge, superstition, despair, have so natural a lodgment in us that the image of them is discerned in the brute beasts; nay cruelty itself, a vice so much out of nature; for even in the midst of compassion we feel within us an unaccountable bitter-sweet titillation of ill-natured pleasure in seeing another suffer; and even children are sensible of it.—Montaigne.

Did More Than Come Back.

Jane's mamma left Jane home alone for a few moments while she ran around in the store. Before going she told Jane that she positively must not let the cat in before she returned. Jane assured her mother that she would do as she was told and not let him in. Ten minutes later Jane's mamma returned and Jane sat where she left her, petting the cat.

"Jane," said mamma, "I think I told you not to let kitty in until I came back."

"You did, mamma," replied Jane, "n I didn't let him in. He opened the door himself and walked in."

Remarkable Find of Silverplate of Roman Times Is Announced in Scotland.

A search the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland has been conducting for some time on Traprain Ale, an isolated hill, which forms a part of Arthur J. Balfour's Whitthame estate, has resulted in one of the most remarkable archeological discoveries ever made in Britain.

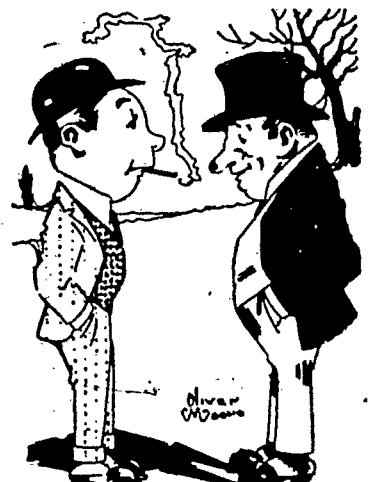
The excavators came upon a pit two feet deep and two feet wide filled to the brim with fragments of metal vessels. These relics, although in broken condition, form a rich collection of fourth-century silverplate.

Two tiny coins give the date. One was struck by Valens, Roman emperor of the East from 364 to 378, and the other by one of his successors, probably Gratian or Honorius.

The vessels have decorations of striking beauty. On the surface of one embossed cup is a representation of the fall of man, and figures of Adam and Eve shown standing by a fruit-laden tree with a huge serpent twined around the trunk. The same cup bears a representation of the magi, and on another is depicted the miraculous draught of fishes.

More than one example of the Chi Rho monogram are among the inscriptions.

MUTUAL UNDERSTANDINGS



"Some of those old prize ring contests weren't on the level."

"No. Every now and then they'd get up a league of pugilists to prevent real prize fighting."

IRELAND AND HEMP GROWING.

It has been stated that hemp is a substitute for flax, though this has not yet been proved, but there is little doubt that there is room for both. It has been used largely in the United States during the years of war for binder twine. The most familiar use for hemp is the waxed thread used by shoemakers and saddlers for sewing leather. Hemp is said to grow best on a limestone soil in a damp climate and Ireland has plenty of both. Flax in Ireland is a costly and risky crop, and only pays when high prices can be counted on as it cannot compete with the cheap and equally good Russian flax. As long as Russia fails to come into the market as an exporter of flax, it will pay Ireland to grow it; but it will not be cheap.

BRIGHT WITNESS.

Lawyer—Where is your home?
Witness—Innopolis.
Lawyer—All right, what street and number?
Witness—Dense street.
Lawyer—And the number?
Witness—210 an' a quarter.
Lawyer—Indianapolis, Marion county, Indiana.
Witness—Innapolis; but I ain't sure 'bout th' other two places.—Indianapolis Star.

FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS.

"A college girl writes to ask if moths will destroy overalls."
"That's a strange question."
"Oh, she's probably an ex-farmerette who wants to preserve her war togs as a family heirloom."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

WHAT SHE WOULDN'T DO.

"Would you marry a man for his money?"
"Well, I don't know about that, but if I did, I'd never let him know that I was marrying him for his money."

THE KNOCKER.

Girl—Why do they call that little fellow the shortstop?
Escort—He's hardly ever been known to get more'n first base—an' usually's out before he's half way there.