

ERRONEOUS BELIEFS.

SOME ODD NOTIONS THAT ARE FIXED IN MANY MINDS.

Popular Ignorance as to Law in Everyday Occurrences—Cashiers' Mistakes in Banks—The Finding of Dead Bodies—Sunday Contracts.

It is an American predilection to believe the outre and freakish stories that are based solely on hearsay testimony and to reject often the commonplace matter of fact. A list of the cheerful lies that are commonly believed would fill a volume. Only a few of them are given below.

How often have you been inflicted with the story of the man who was overpaid when cashing a check at the bank and the cashier telling him that no mistake would be corrected after the customer left the window? According to the story, the cashier laid down the mandate before the cashier knew the mistake was in his favor. It makes an excellent yarn, but diligent search discloses that it never had any foundation in fact. Banks have no such rule. If a customer is underpaid or overpaid the mistake will appear when the balance is struck at the end of the day's business, and the error will be cheerfully rectified. But the majority of the public believe the fictitious story of "how the fellow got the best of the bank" simply because it is a good story and they like to believe it.

Probably the most common error on the part of the public is the belief that when a dead body is found no one has a right to touch or move the remains "until the coroner comes." There never was any such law, is not now and probably never will be. The citizen who is of an inquiring turn of mind has a perfect right to examine the dead bodies he runs across in the course of his travels, to move the remains and even search the pockets of the deceased, provided, of course, that his motives are honest. That is all that is necessary.

There is also a prevalent belief that a note signed or contract entered into on Sunday is void and that either party can plead the fact of the sacred day to get out of a bad bargain. This is not true. If a man enters into a contract or signs a note on Sunday he is legally bound and can have no defense that he would not have if the transaction had occurred in the middle of the week.

"I had my back against my own house when I struck this man," says the defendant in police court. He believes that his proximity to his castle gives him more rights than he would have if he were in the street. This belief has been the cause of much cantankerous litigation, and it has ever resulted in the ruling that a man has a right to defend himself in a reasonable manner if he is attacked, whatever may be his geographical position, and the incidental contiguity of his home "cuts no ice" in the case.

The public has great confidence in the magic number three, and without any reasonable basis for the belief. It is commonly believed that if a drowning person sinks for the third time he is gone for good and all. The facts contradict this. Many persons die in the first sinking, and if one has the strength and vitality to rise to the surface of the water twice it furnishes an excellent presumption that he will be able to do so again. In an eddy or rapidly moving waters people have sunk from sight a half dozen times and lived to tell the experience to their grandchildren.

Then there is the third congestive chill, commonly believed to be fatal. Most people who die from this cause succumb to the first or second attack. If a man succeeds in weathering two of them the odds are in favor of his coming out victor in the third. Almost every community possesses a citizen who boasts the fact that he has a silver plate in his skull. Surgeons say that very few attempts were ever made at such an operation, and all of them were failures. There does not exist a man who has a silver plate in his skull, although many men honestly believe that they are carrying this species of paraphernalia in their craniums. The bone of the skull cannot live and be healthy in the presence of a foreign body. It is said by surgeons to be a physical impossibility, but this serves in no way to overcome the common and erroneous belief.

The medical fraternity has another false belief to combat in cases of "shingles." This disease consists of a skin eruption, always following affected nerves and commonly appearing on the body. It is a very common belief that if the "shingles" completely surround the body and strike a meeting point the patient will die instantly. The belief is untrue.—Kansas City Journal.

After the tea things had been cleared away the young wife came over and sat on hubby's knee, put her plump arms about his neck and kissed him half a dozen times.

"Well, what is it now?" he queried. "A new dress, dear," she answered. "But don't you know that times are awfully hard just at present?" he queried. "Of course I do," she replied. "That's why I want to give the poor dressmaker something to do."—Detroit Tribune.

He that will keep a monkey should pay for the glasses he breaks.—Selden.

Notice Your Waiter.

"Did you wait on me?" asked the man at the corner table. "No, sir," said the tall waiter. "Then who did?" grumbled the corner man.

"You don't know, sir," was the reply. "You'd better ask the head waiter." The corner man did ask, but the chief of the staff was no wiser than his assistant.

"What kind of looking man was he?" he asked. "How should I know?" stormed the hungry diner. "I didn't come here to make a study of waiters' faces. I came to get something to eat, and if somebody doesn't hurry up!"

The head waiter stepped aside too soon to hear the rest of the complaint. "He is like ninety-nine out of a hundred men that dine out," he remarked. "None of them knows his waiter. There would be much less confusion if people would be a little more observing. Any man can take a peep at his waiter without loss of dignity. However, few do, and as a consequence they all every man that passes with the query, 'Are you the fellow that waited on me?'"—New York Post.

Champagne.

There are two peculiarities about champagne drinking which are capable of explanation. The one is the rapidity with which the wine exhilarates notwithstanding the small proportion of alcohol it contains. This is due to the carbonic acid gas evolved, which is inhaled while drinking, for it is the property of this gas to expedite the action of anything with which it is associated. It is estimated that one glass of champagne is equal in effect to two glasses of still wine of the same strength and is more rapid in action. The other peculiarity is the sort of lethargy or deadness which follows after excessive champagne drinking. This is analogous to the stupor produced by carbonic acid gas, but it is assisted and intensified by the excess of sugar deranging the stomach. The undigested sugar turns into acid, and thus it is that too much champagne is apt to produce dyspepsia.

Not Just What She Meant.

The former head of a large private school in Cleveland was a gentleman of dignified bearing, refined and correct always in manner and speech. By birth and early rearing he was a Vermonter and doubtless of straight Puritan extraction. One day in his boyhood his mother called him in from the yard where he was playing with some other boys to say to him, in a tone suggestive of mingled sadness and severity:

"Noble, my son, I never thought to hear you use a swear word." "Why, mother," said the boy, "I didn't use any swear word. I only said 'the devil.' Nobody thinks that's swearing."

"I don't care," cried the mother quickly. "It's making light of sacred things."—Cleveland Leader.

Why the Horse Acted So.

"I wonder what's the matter with that horse," said a man to his wife while he was in the act of unhitching the animal. The horse was rearing and plunging and displaying signs of terror whenever his master came near him. A passerby came to his aid, and while quieting the animal explained to the owner. "I noticed," said he, "that you just came out of the zoo over there. A slight scent of the wild animals has clung to your clothing, and, although your horse has probably never seen anything wilder than a cow, his instinct tells him that where that scent is there is danger. It will wear off soon and you will have no more trouble."—Philadelphia Record.

Crescent Shaped Rolls.

The little horseshoe shaped rolls to be seen in every baker's shop in the world have an interesting history. In 1687 Vienna was besieged by the Turks. They were about to enter the town by an underground passage that they had dug when the bakers, who work all night in order to deliver hot bread in the morning, gave the alarm. The authorities were so grateful they allowed them to manufacture a breakfast roll in the shape of the crescent moon, which is a device of the Turkish banner.

A Mathematical Incongruity.

How is this, from an expert accountant:

$$10 - 10 = 0$$

$$100 - 100 = 0$$

By axiom 1 things equal to the same thing are equal to each other; hence 10-10 equals 100-100.

Divide each side of the equation by 10-10, and the result is 1 equals 10. Figures will lie, even women's.—New York Press.

Safe.

"But," said the lawyer, "your case seems hopeless. I don't see what I can do for you. You admit that you beat your wife." "Yes," replied the defendant, "but my wife's testimony will discount that. She'd never admit that she was beaten."

No Views.

Mrs. Gushington—I suppose, now that you have been abroad, you have your own views of foreign life? Mrs. Newrich—No, we ain't got no views. We didn't take no camera; it's so common.

His Nap.

"How late do you usually sleep on Sunday morning?" "Well, it all depends." "Depends on what?" "The length of the sermon."

Time's Driver.

Binks—Time runs on, eh? Now, what makes time run on? Bunks—The spur of the moment, I suppose.

A Greater Scoundrel.

A famous master of Trinity college, Cambridge, had been a friend in earlier days of one Jimmy Gordon, a solicitor. But Jimmy went to the bad, was struck off the rolls and lived from what he could get from old acquaintances. One day he met the master and asked for a shilling.

"Gordon," thundered the master, "if you could show me a greater scoundrel than yourself I would give you half a crown." And he stalked stiffly away to his rooms. In half an hour's time the butler announced that Mr. Pompos, the esquire beadle, wished to see the master. Now, the master had a special detestation of the beadle, who, when admitted and curly asked what he wanted, replied:

"Mr. Gordon informed me that you desired to see me." Said the master, "Gordon has made an ass of you?" In ten minutes more the butler came again, grinning, and said: "Mr. Jimmy Gordon has called and says you owe him half a crown, sir."—Newcastle Chronicle.

A Lost Custom.

Among the lost customs of merry England is that of the milkmaids' procession. It was a May day observance. The manner of their going was as follows: They borrowed a great quantity of silver plate—not sham plate, real gold plate—dishes, butter boats, cream jugs, tankards, etc. They built up the plate round an obelisk, crowning the whole with a tea urn. They arranged the most showy flowers of the season between and about the silver.

This obelisk was carried by two chairmen in gold laced hats and followed by a troop of handsome milkmaids dressed in pink and blue gowns, "drawn through the pocket holes," whatever that means, with high heeled shoes, mob caps, lappets of lace on their shoulders, nosegays in their bosoms and flat "Woffington hats" covered with ribbons. A fiddler went first in a sky blue coat and hat adorned with ribbons. The procession stopped before the doors of the customers and the milkmaids danced.—London Queen.

The Mace.

The mace was originally a potent weapon of offense, originating doubtless in that earliest and most common weapon, the wooden club. It was an essential part of a knight's accoutrement, being useful at close quarters. For ready convenience it was hung at his saddlebow. Says an ancient poem:

And with his heavy mace of steel
Then he gave the kying his dele.

The besague and baston were varied forms of the mace. The mace used on horseback was a small weapon, usually of steel. That used on foot was much longer and commonly of wood, with head armed with iron rings and spikes. It was carried by the escort of magistrates and others as a ready protection against violence. As society quieted down and its original use fell into abeyance the thing assumed the ornamental appearance it now has, it now being carried in a mere honorary form.—Notes and Queries.

Some Words.

"Spider" is a less attractive word than "spinner," but it is really the same. "Spither," the earlier form of the word, stood for "spintier," meaning spinner—the disappearance of the "i" before the "th" being compensated for by the lengthening of the vowel, just as "tooth" really represents "tooth." There was once in use another word for the creature, that was ugly enough in meaning—"attercop," which appears in Wyclif's Bible. It signifies "poison bunch" and is still used in the north of England and in Antrim, Ireland, as an uncomplimentary term for a shrewish person. From "attercop" or from a similar use of "cop" or "cob," a bunch, to mean a spider, comes "cobweb."

A Green Old Age.

"A green old age" is a phrase often grossly abused. It is a literal translation of Virgil's description of Charon, the ferryman of the nether regions. The poet speaks of him as "Jam senex, sed cruda deo viridisque senectus" (somewhat aged, but his godship's old age was still fresh and green). This we might say of a hale sexagenarian, but to talk, as we do, of the green old age of a nonagenarian, however hale, is sheer nonsense.

The Art of Doing Nothing.

There is a side of life for which no preparation at all is made. No life is so or can be one of unremitting work. Sooner or later every one has a day off and in nine cases out of ten has never been taught how to use it. In the schools of our Utopia there will be professors of the great art of doing nothing, of "sitting on a gate."—London Saturday Review.

A Pleasant Freak.

"I just peeped into the parlor as I passed," said Mr. Phamley, "and I saw quite a freak of nature." "Why, Bertha is there with her young man." "Yes, I saw two heads on one pair of shoulders."

Clever Repartee.

An officer of the United States army tells of a young woman in a crowded street car who when a young man stood up to give her a seat exclaimed, "You're a jewel." "On the contrary," the young man replied: "I am a jeweler. I set the jewel."

The Marriage Fee.

"A marriage fee," says the cynical bachelor, "demonstrates that even the clergyman may profit by the mistakes of others."—Philadelphia Record.

Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues.—Longfellow.

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In witness whereof I have heretofore set my hand and official seal this 6th day of September, 1905.—9-8-306. FRANK MOORE, County Judge.

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