

HAS LONG HISTORY

WHERE DO THEY GO?

THE KISS IN ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ERN DAVIS.

Originally a Part of Religious Ceremony—Iceland Has Severe Laws Against the Practice—Easter Salutation in Russia.

In the remote ages people saluted the moon, sun and stars by kissing the hand. It was the custom of the earliest Christian bishops to give their hand to be kissed by the ministers who served at the altar. The custom soon declined, however, as a religious ceremony, but it is still continued as a court ceremonial, the kissing of the hand of the sovereign being regarded as a mark of the highest favor in most of the kingdoms of Christendom, says the New York Tribune.

It has long been a matter of history that the beautiful and fascinating duchess of Devonshire bribed with a kiss many a reluctant voter in the famous Westminster election, and the equally beautiful and bewitching Lady Gordon, when the Scottish regiments had been thinned by cruel reverses, turned recruiting sergeant and, to tempt the gallant lads placed the recruiting shilling in her rose-red lips, whence he who would might take it with his own.

In Finland the women consider a salute upon the lips as the greatest insult, even from their own husbands. There was a time when it was the custom of English duelists to kiss each other before firing. This piece of hypocrisy was satirized by John Wesley in his Journal, under date of June 16, 1758, recording a duel between two officers at Limerick: "Mr. B. proposed firing at 12 yards. Mr. J. said: 'No; six is enough.' So they kissed each other (poor farce) and before they were five paces asunder both fired at the instant."

Mohammedans on their pious pilgrimage to Mecca kiss the sacred black stone and the four corners of the Kaaba. The Romish priest on Palm Sunday kisses the palm. There is a curious tradition about the origin of kissing the toe of the sovereign pontiff. It is said that one of the Leos substituted the toe for the right hand as the object of salute because his own right hand had been mutilated by misadventure and he was too vain to expose the stamp. In Iceland kissing is severely repressed by the civil laws, and the consent of the woman to the salutation does not release the male transgressor from the liability to heavy punishment. In Russia the Easter salutation is a kiss. Each member of the family salutes each other. Chance acquaintances kiss when they meet. Principals kiss their employees, the general kisses his officers, the officers kiss their soldiers, the czar kisses his family, retinue, court and attendants, and even his officers on parade, the sentinels at the palace gates and a select party of private soldiers. Easter in Russia is a carnival of "bread and cheese and kisses," while Japan knew nothing of a kiss until the Americans entered the country. In England and America still survives the custom of kissing under the mistletoe at Christmastide, which is one of the happiest forms of kissing known to civilized nations.

Impressed as Postmen.

Gesticulating wildly, a determined-faced man at Euclid and East Eighty-ninth street the other morning ran after a Union station car with the air of a man who is anxious to overtake what he is after.

Even the conductor recognized that the man seemed to want the car to stop up and he pulled the bell cord. Perhaps the man wanted to catch a train, the conductor thought. Every once in awhile one will find a conductor with almost human traits.

In a moment the man had caught up. "Dyah go by the post office?" he yelled, in a hoarse voice that betrayed his emotion.

"Bure!" shouted the conductor. "Jump on."

But the man, instead of climbing on, handed the conductor a letter.

"Just drop that in when you get to the post office, will yuh?" says he. And then he turned back up the street.

The bell rope, being a strong one, did not quite break when the conductor gave the signal to go ahead.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Looked into His Own Grave.

A Washington (Pa.) man had the unique experience of looking into his own grave a few days ago. Through a mistake on the part of the grave digger a sepulcher was dug in the lot of a man by the same name as one who had recently died in Grafton and was to be buried in Washington. The man who was supposed to be numbered among the great majority attended the funeral of the man who really was, and on being told about the mistake went and stood on the brink of his own grave and turned away with a shudder.

Forcing the Liles.

Cut off some strong branches of the pine and put in a crock of earth. Put a strong solution of plant food in the earth and set the crock in a deep saucer of water, never allowing the water to dry out. Occasionally pour a weak solution of ammonia water around the stalk. Some try to force the buds by growing them in water, but, while they bud, they soon die and are never fully matured. By adding natural plant food, keeping the plant warm and moist, the flowers will develop nicely. All kinds of fruit blossoms will develop if the branches are kept in jars of water, placed in the strong sun-light.

The Disappearing Pine.

The standing pine of the three old pine states—Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota—probably does not exceed 20,000,000,000 feet. Last year the total cut of pine in these three states was about 2,200,000,000 feet. At that rate the stumpage will be exhausted in six or seven years. The original growth in these states was approximately 400,000,000,000 feet. The greater part has been cut off since 1870.

QUESTION OF INTEREST TO CHURCH PEOPLE.

Nonresident at Religious Services. Converted in Boyhood, Makes a Frank Confession That is Worthy of Attention.

A recent number of the American Magazine takes up the subject of "Religion Inside the Church and Out." In the course of the article, which is a defense of the church, the following confession of a young Chicago non-churchgoer is published:

"Your story of 'The Rev. Billy Sunday and His War on the Devil,' in the American Magazine refreshed the memory of my own conversion back in 1888 under the preaching of another great revivalist. I was 11 years old at the time.

"I had been making trouble in school when the meetings began. My people were worried about me. The revivalist offered a way to reform. So I was urged to attend the meetings. Of course, I heard a great deal about hell and the damnation of sinners. Scores were being converted. There was great excitement. I was pushed and pulled. Finally, I surrendered, although I was not conscious of anything, but a desire to please my parents, to avoid future punishment and to effect the necessary reform in my conduct at school.

"The next step was joining the church. That was easy. All I had to do was to go through the ordeal of a meeting with the church committee, composed chiefly of respected old men in the town whose confidence I was glad to have.

"I enjoyed the experience of being a full-fledged Christian for a long time. My father and mother were pleased beyond expression, and for years I think that I was a better boy—that is, more restrained in my behavior in school, perhaps. I cannot recall any other definite manifestation of 'conversion.' I continued to go to Sunday school and to church twice Sunday. I had become habitual church-goer.

"By the time I was 18 or 19 I began to grow sick of it all. I began to see that I had no genuine interest in the church. I was going to the bad, either. Far from it! My conviction that decency makes for happiness was taking deep root. I intended to be a good man, and I began to want to work it out in my own way. I felt that I was just about to begin my serious life, and—do you want it straight from the shoulder?—I felt that I wanted to begin outside the church. I don't know why. I am not arguing this thing or trying to prove to anything. I am just trying to tell you.

"Very soon—I was 21, I think—I left the little town where my father and mother brought me up and came to Chicago to live. That was nine years ago. And—shall I tell you? I have never been inside a church more than a dozen times since.

"Now I don't want you to interpret this as a criticism of the church. Do you think I would rebuke the institution which has given my good father and mother that peace which is my happy assurance of their future well-being? Neither do I find fault with the Rev. Billy Sunday. Not one out of 100,000 whom he has converted may turn out the way I have. He may not try to convert children, either. I don't know about that. I think that that makes very little difference, however. Many people are children, no matter how old they are. All I know is that ever since I can remember the churches have been rushing names onto their membership rolls. And yet the cry is that the churches are falling off in numbers. Where do they all go?"

Collection of Rare Bulbs.

The collection of rare plants at the Phipps conservatory and the cabinet in the Carnegie museum will be enriched by a number of donations from Miss Isa Vera Simonton, who has just returned from Africa. To the conservatory Miss Simonton will give a package of bulbs of the famous camelia rose, which on the stem or in a bouquet is ever changing in color. White in the morning, it becomes a delicate pink at noon. At sunset its petals are a brilliant red. Some rare orchids and the famous lily, gloriosa superba, are in the collection. The savage tribes of western Africa still perpetuate in a crude way the lost arts of ancient Egypt. Their idols are typically Egyptian and their method of handling dyes is the same as that of the subjects of the mummy-curers of the pharaohs on the Nile. Articles in burnt wood, pieces of cloth dyed with gay and everlasting colors and the grotesque idols will go to the museum.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Sphinx and the Infinite.

I can imagine the most determined atheist looking at the sphinx and, in a flash, not merely believing, but feeling that he had before him proof of the life of the soul beyond the grave, of the life of the soul of Khufu beyond the tomb of his pyramid. Always as you return to the sphinx you wonder at it more, you adore more strangely its repose, you steep yourself more intimately in the aloof peace that seems to emanate from it as light emanates from the sun. And as you look on it at last perhaps you understand where is the bound to which the infinite flows with all its greatness—the great Nile flows from beyond Victoria Nyanza to the sea.—From Robert Hichens' "The Spell of Egypt," in the Century.

Saving on Drink.

That men will drink less while they have something to look at or to listen to is proved by the sobriety which attends public amusements in England. Non-consumption of alcoholic refreshments is allowed in the auditorium, and it is rare that the patrons leave their seats for a drink at the bar—indeed, many of these resorts are conducted on strictly temperance lines. At the theaters, too, the consumption of alcoholic refreshments during the intervals has latterly been reduced to a minimum. Midway in the season.

Turkish Woman's Veil.

Very often the fashionable ladies have other costumes made like an elaborate opera cloak, and wear veils that are nothing more than transparent net. When they reach this extreme, they are seen by the dandified spy, these ladies are reported to the sultana. At once an order is issued that no one is to wear anything but the old-fashioned "Turja," and a veil, through which the face cannot be discerned. This order is obeyed for about a year, when by degrees they begin wearing thinner veils.

LAST RESORT FOR HIS CASE.

Vokel's Recipe for Man Who Would Be Cured of Love.

Apropos of leap year, Robert Barr, the Anglo-American novelist and editor, told at a dinner recently a story about love.

"A man," he said, "being profoundly in love, consulted a philosopher."

"I am in love," he complained, "and I don't like it. It keeps me from working, from pursuing fame. Can you cure me?"

"In the study of astronomy," said the philosopher, stroking his gray beard, "you will find a cure for love. Contemplate the planets, and in the infinite depths of interstellar space the puniness of yourself and the insignificance of your love will stun you."

"So the lover commenced star gazing, and all went well for a night or two. Then, as he sat in his lonely tower with his eye glued to a telescope, the girl came and put her white arms about his neck.

"That night he gazed at the stars no more. Astronomy, he saw, was no cure.

"But love irked him and he sought out an alchemist.

"Give me a philtre," he said, "that will cure me of love."

"The alchemist smiled.

"There are many stories," he said, "about philtres of this sort, but they are all, young sir, quack nostrums. The only love cure I can give you is prussic acid."

"But the man shook his head. He did not want to die. He wanted, with a free, calm mind, to do his work."

"And as he mused on his hard case he saw a yokel digging in a ditch, and as the yokel regarded the man curiously.

"Plainly you are rich," the yokel said, "why, then, do you frown and sigh?"

"I am in love," the man answered. "It is torment. How can I be cured?"

"The yokel roared with laughter.

"Ho, ho!" he shouted, "that is an easy one. Don't you know the answer?"

"No," said the man. "What is it? Tell me quickly."

"Marry the girl," said the yokel, and he resumed his digging.

Exiles' Life in Siberia.

A letter dated "August, 1907, on the Amur High Road," once more directs attention to the sufferings of the thousands of exiles banished to Siberia. At the outset the writer explains that he formed one of a party of 120 exiles, 23 of them being state or political offenders, detailed to work on the construction of the Kolessnava (literally, wheel road), and sent thither under Cossack escort from the penal settlement at Irkutsk.

After describing the journey of the party to Pashkovo, a Cossack settlement on the Amur, he says:

"One single day's rest was allowed us, but on the following day we were roused at 4 a.m. and driven to work. It was raining fast, and for a whole verst our way lay across submerged land. Every day for a fortnight we had to cross this same flooded ground, stripped to the skin and carrying our shovels on our shoulders. This was our life of torment. Up every morning at four, working until five or six in the evening, and returning then, utterly worn out, for roll call, prayers and sleep.

"Sleep! In ragged and battered tents, open to the rain and dirty and damp within. No mattresses, only sacks to lie on, sometimes stuffed with grass. We are already bitterly cold here in August, and in these same tents we must live until November. . . . The spot where we are working is between 14 and 16 versts from the camp. We have thus to walk some 30 versts daily, besides performing our hard task. How hard that task is may be gathered when it is said that ten men are required each day to excavate a length of some 200 feet and a depth and width of 1½ arshins (about a yard). One has to work knee deep in mire, and after about three weeks the legs of the workers cease to swell."

Girl Seventeen Years Old Saves Boy.

Emma Werner, 17 years old, of Corona, L. I., dressed in her best Sunday clothes, jumped into Frog Pond, near her home, a few days ago, and saved Robert Pick from drowning. Robert is ten years old. He was coasting on Randall avenue, when his sled got beyond his control, veered from the highway, ran down an incline and out onto the pond. The thin ice broke and boy and sled disappeared from view. From her window Miss Werner saw the accident and with no hesitation she ran across the street and plunged in. The water came up to her shoulders. She waded out, caught hold of the struggling boy and started for the shore. By this time others had arrived on the scene, and together they got the boy and Miss Werner out of the water.

Trouble with Modern Child.

Too Early Made Acquainted with the Pomp of the World.

Miss L. E. Stearns, in her lecture on the "Thankless Child," in Milwaukee, pleaded for children to have time to be children. "I know of a Milwaukee mother who was surprised lately to find that at a birthday party which her daughter (a child of eight) had attended two liveried pages stood at the door to receive the gifts the children brought. The same little girl who was hostess at the party, when in a formal mood, is apt to go to call upon some child of her own age in her mother's carriage, accompanied by a footman and driver, and when she arrives, presents her visiting card before seeing her friend." Miss Stearns compared this complicated existence with that of the great John Ruskin, who had but four toys during his entire childhood, but who spent many capricious hours with these, and he attributed his taste for architecture to the fact of his blocks, one of the toys, having interested him in building at so early an age.

Smallest Birds the Bravest.

Birds fearless are the humongous. So unafraid are these charming creatures that they readily will enter windows of houses if they see the flowers within. They even have been known to visit the artificial flowers on a woman's hat when she was walking out, and other writers speak of their taking sugar from between a person's lips. In a room where they become confused and, being frail, are apt to injure themselves by striking against objects. It is of no use to try to keep them in captivity unless possibly it were in a greenhouse, where there were plenty of flowers, for no artificial food ever has been found which will nourish them. Yet even in a greenhouse they probably would kill themselves by flying against the glass.

Youngest Midshipman in Navy.

Louisiana has the distinction of having the youngest midshipman in the United States naval academy, Annapolis, Md. Alfred Shepard Wolfe was born in the city of New Orleans, March 5, 1891, and entered the naval academy July 6, 1907, after having successfully passed both the mental and physical examinations. The minimum age allowed at Annapolis is 16. He was appointed by the Hon. Robert C. Davey from the Second congressional district. Alfred Wolfe received his entire education in the public schools of New Orleans, leaving the junior intermediate boys high school class to enter the academy.

Development.

"Wiggs, Wiggs!" said the census taker, turning the leaves of his notebook hurriedly. "Quincy A. Wiggs—blacksmith census before last—bicycle repairer last census—that's the man, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's me," said young Miss Wiggs. "Well, how shall I put him down this time? Same as before?"

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Louis Schrieber

SAVED BY THE TYKE

INSTANCE OF QUICK THINKING ON CRITICAL OCCASION.

Probable Total Loss of Man-of-War Averted by Mere Apprentice—His Warrant Officer's Uniform Well Merited.

Quite a number of former apprentices are wearing the uniforms of warrant officers in our service because they were quick thinking boys on critical occasions.

One of them was extraordinarily handy with his knife one day when the ship on board of which he was serving as apprentice had a swell chance to go to the bottom, but for him. They were having heavy gun and conning tower practice. The skipper was doing some firing from his position in the conning tower by touching the electric button alongside of him. The apprentice was acting as the skipper's messenger during that practice.

Projectile and charge had been rammed into one of the six-inch guns on the main deck. Some confusion in orders came about. At any rate the skipper had his finger within a couple of inches of the electric button ready to press it and thus discharge the six-inch gun, when the apprentice was on the job. Standing just outside the conning tower and having from that position a view of the gun ahead to be fired, the younger observed that the breech of the six-inch gun hadn't yet been closed, and there was the skipper on the very pin point of touching the button that would fire the gun with the unlocked breech. If the gun went off in that condition there was the finest kind of a chance for recoil of the immense piece to drive the gun right through the ship's bottom.

The apprentice didn't have much time to think, but he didn't need much. He figured it all out in an instant that if he yelled at the skipper that the breech wasn't locked the suddenness of the yell might so startle the skipper that his finger would involuntarily come down on the button and thus discharge the gun. The boy's ship's knife with the big blade was in his left hand shirt pocket hanging there for its lanyard. He had it out and the blade open in an incredibly short space of time, and he made one lightning-like stab at the sharp blade of the knife at the electric wire belonging to the button that led right alongside where the boy was standing by the conning tower. The blade cut the wire in two a fraction of a second before the skipper's finger reached the button, breaking the electric connection and in every likelihood preventing a tremendous calamity.