

"DUCKING" IN BATTLE.

Little Chance For Dodging Modern High Velocity Bullets.

Although under the altered conditions of modern warfare both officers and men take all the cover they can get, it is still considered "bad form" to duck when bullets are whistling or shells screaming overhead.

This is a survival of the old Crimean days, when men were actually punished for ducking bullets in battle. That the service tradition was not always strictly observed even then, however, is apparent from a story told of a grizzled old veteran who, on being remonstrated with by a young corporal for indulgence in this very practice, replied, "It's all very well for you, m'lud, but I'm a family man," and continued to duck at each report.

It is on record, too, that Napoleon strongly objected to it, and on one occasion he even went to the length of publicly reprimanding one of his staff officers for stooping over his horse's neck in order to avoid the balls he heard whistling over his head.

General Gordon, no mean authority, was of a different opinion, though. Writing in his journal, he says, "For my part, I do not consider judicious ducking to be a fault, for I remember on two occasions seeing shells before my eyes which certainly, had I not bobbed, would have taken off my head."

Needless to say, however, it would be impossible to dodge a modern high velocity projectile in this free and easy fashion. It cannot be seen, and by the time it is heard the danger is past.—London Mail.

COMFORT IN THE HOME.

A Man's Notion of How the Rooms and Things Should Look.

A young newly married man complained recently that he almost dreaded taking a friend home to dinner because his wife, every time she expected company, imagined it was necessary to scrub the house from garret to cellar and polish every bit of silver on the sideboard.

It made him uncomfortable all day long to think of his wife giving herself this wholly unnecessary trouble.

"Of course, a man likes to see his home looking nice when he takes an old chum into it—and of course the chum does too," he said. "But I'd be far happier if I could convince my wife that a house can look tidy even if it hasn't been gone over that very day."

"I like the books to look a little disorderly. You get the feeling that they're being read all the time, and that's what books are for. And I like the music on the piano to be a trifle disarranged. It looks as if we really sang the songs, and it gives a room that cozy home feeling that a fellow loves. What if the curtains aren't just even in every window? Things ought to look as if they were touched and were used and enjoyed. If the sofa cushions are dented you know some one has leaned against them. Isn't that what they're for? But if they stare at you in a prim row you're a brave man if you dare to put your back against them—much less your tired head!"

"And when a fellow comes home at night he usually has a tired head!"—Irish World.

Fly Killers.

One recommendation of the department of agriculture for getting rid of flies is powdered hellebore. This when sprinkled on the manure heaps in which the flies lay their eggs destroys the larvae and does not in any way spoil the manure.

The Journal of the American Medical Association says the hygienic laboratory of the public health service has found in salicylic acid an eminently satisfactory agent for killing adult flies. This, it says, is not an objectionable substance to handle, and there is little danger of toxic effects from accidental consumption of considerable doses of it. A 1 per cent solution of salicylic acid should be sweetened and left in shallow saucers where flies will easily find it.

"Crossing the Bar."

Lord Tennyson's most noble death song, "Crossing the Bar," is one of the three greatest death songs ever written, and it comes to us as a sublime prayer, a humble petition, a sacred benediction of a great man. The last lone man of this terrestrial sphere will utter no grander words when he sets sail to seas unknown than those dropped as a fish's anchor by the silent man of the yester age:

I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Faithful Cook.

"Did you ever hear of a cook staying with the same family as long as twenty years?"

"Oh, yes."

"I presume she was called a jewel?"

"She doubtless was considered one, but the family called her 'mother.'"

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Replacing a Meat Diet.

The people of the United States consume fully twice as much meat per capita as do the people of Europe. Dried beans, peas and lentils may replace meat in the diet to a large extent to the advantage of outdoor workers especially.

Too Late.

Detective—So I've caught you in the financial district, have I? Crook—Yes, but I can't slip you nothing. I just got away from a broker.—New York Globe.

Better Still.

Mary—Why don't you prefer Harold to Tom? Harold is capable of big deeds. Maude—Yes; but Tom owns some.—Puck.

SIX SIDED SNOW CRYSTALS.

That is Nature's Law, but Why It is So Science Cannot Explain.

Snow crystals obey an immutable law of six. They are six sided jewels or six pointed stars. They never answer to the law of four or five. Snow is crystallized water, and water always crystallizes in six sided forms. Why? No one ever will know. There is no more apparent reason for the sixness of crystallized water than there is for the monoclinic prisms of sugar crystals. Water and sugar and the complex minerals which make the granite rock all follow laws which are utterly unchangeable, but which are, as far as we can see, without any special reason. It is as profitable to speculate why the chlorophyll of vegetation is green and why the blood of animals is red.

The whiteness of the snow is understandable. It is due to the fusion of prismatic colors scintillating from the countless surfaces of minute crystals. Human science comprehends this. It also comprehends the fact that snow is a poor conductor of heat and thus prevents terrestrial radiation and keeps the earth and the things in the earth snug and warm under the white blanket which is softer and finer than lamb's wool or elderdown. Science knows why snow is white and why it is beneficent, but it cannot explain the law of six.

It is well that snow cannot be altogether explained. It is one of the earth's most beautiful mysteries. It would lose something in beauty were it to lose all its mystery.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BANKS "LOAN" MONEY.

They Don't "Lend" It Because It is a Business Transaction.

Why is it banking houses always "loan" their huge sums of money, never by any chance "lend" them? "Lend" is the true verb, while "loan" was exclusively the noun. How came it about that "to loan" has uniformly supplanted "to lend?"

The purists make a great fuss about this. They insist that the stupid and untaught financial world has foisted upon the language a substantive verb when no new verb was needed, when the ancient and established usage was fixed in the signification of "to lend." But prior to the modern development of business enterprise when money was lent it was bestowed upon the borrower either for temporary use without compensation, as a mark of favor or patronage, or by the professional money lender who, taking advantage of persons in extremities of need, demanded usurious interest. This Anglo-Saxon verb today retains its ancient connotation. When it was coined the productive powers of money were unknown and the wealth of rich men was locked up for safety and kept out of the channels of commerce.

Nowadays, by devices of credit and rapid intercommunication, it is kept constantly working in productive enterprises. Immense loans are made, no longer to relieve the necessitous and the improvident, but to stimulate industry and to enable the borrower as well as the lender to reap a profit in his transactions. Money is "loaned" in this sense. It is not lent.—New York Times.

The People of India.

The population of India speak about 150 different languages and are divided up into forty-three distinct nationalities. There are 2,378 main castes besides a large number of subcastes. There are 200,000,000 Hindus, 60,000,000 Mohammedans, while among the Hindus there are 50,000,000 of degraded people of no caste, whose touch or even shadow is supposed to cause pollution.

Limited in number, but mighty in influence, are the Parsees, who hold the wealth of Bombay in the hollow of their hands and dwell in the loveliest mansions around the coast. They conform to European customs and live as much like Europeans as is possible for a colored race. Yet these people still worship the sun.

The Seychelles Islands.

The Seychelles islands form an archipelago of 114 islands and are situated about 1,400 miles east of Aden and 1,000 miles from Zanzibar. They rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in the Isle of Mahe, which is about 3,000 feet above the level of the ocean and is nearly the center of the group. All the islands are of coral growth. The houses are built of a species of massive coral hewn into square blocks which glisten like white marble.

Trying to Oblige.

"What's your name, my poor man?" asked the kind hearted woman.

"Lady," replied Plodding Pete unblushingly, "my name is Lord Reginald Courtenay Thorpe."

"Are you sure that's your real name?"

"No, I jest," thought it 'ud be a nice name for you to use if you wanted to put the fact that you had given me a sandwich an' a cup of tea in de society news."—Washington Star.

There Are Others.

"It is very strange that no one has ever been able to find Captain Kidd's treasure."

"Oh, well, Captain Kidd isn't the only man who has put his money into real estate and couldn't get it out."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Whole Period.

"There is a period in a woman's life when she thinks of nothing but dress."

"What period is that?"

"From the cradle to the grave."—Puck.

Beauty is the first present nature gives to women and the first it takes away.—Mere.

INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENTS.

The Large and Puzzling Part "Man Failure" Plays in Them.

Close observers are not astounded by the statement made at a "safety" meeting that 10 per cent only of industrial accidents are due to machine failures, the remaining 90 per cent being wholly chargeable to "man failure."

Students, however, will not be satisfied with the simple statement, but will want to know something more, especially as to conditions that contribute to this appallingly large percentage charged directly to man's share in the fault.

It will not do to say that in each instance wanton carelessness is blameable. Psychologists are no longer content with that explanation, but are going deeper into the causation of accidents, seeking to determine just why the normal mental processes at times break and the interrupted co-ordination between brain and body ends in disaster.

In the matter of interpreting railway signals, for example, it has been set up that registered impressions vary as to individuals and that likewise individuals react in different ways to the impressions given.

Emergencies invariably arise in the operations of modern industry similar to those in the transportation service, and, while the safety device may work with mechanical accuracy, the human factor cannot be depended upon.—Omaha Bee.

FRUIT AS A FOOD.

Only Figs, Dates and Maybe Bananas Are Really Nutritious.

"Fruit of all kinds, when mature and fresh, is beneficial for healthful digestion, good quality of blood and as a preventive of clogging of the liver, kidneys and skin and, last but not least, the brain."

"It is a mistake, however," writes W. Howard James, M. D., in Good Health, "to look on fruit as a source of nourishment. It should not be taken with that idea. It should be looked on more as the lubricator which makes the machinery work harmoniously and without destructive friction."

"Some fruits may certainly be ranked as food, such as figs, dates and perhaps bananas. Those in the tropics, who live largely on the banana, we are told, develop considerable abdominal distention on account of the quantity taken. With the exception of the date and the fig, fruit should never be considered as a food."

"The taking of fruit often does good by lessening the amount of food taken. We are a generation of dyspeptics on account of excess of food, insufficient oxidation and lack of proper supply of fruit and pure water."

Codfish Will Eat Anything.

The cod has the reputation of being as omnivorous as the goat, whose appetite for posters and old tin cans is the subject of frequent jests. The varied nature of what the cod swallows is not more remarkable than the enormous quantity. According to a writer in the Scotsman, such articles as silver brooches, clasp knives, books and rubber balls have been found in its stomach. One fisherman of Aberdeen has a stone that weighs more than a pound taken from a cod that had swallowed it for the sea anemones with which it was covered. The same fisherman has also found specimens of almost all the stalk eyed crustaceans that frequent the northeast coast of Scotland and of every kind of fish that a cod can master, including its own young. Cod have been known to swallow partridges, gullinots and hares.

Dangerous Sport.

First Lady (reading a newspaper)—This golf seems to be a very dangerous game. Did you see what happened to a man named Taylor? He went into a bunker and was in two when he came out.

Second Lady—How dreadful!

"Yes, here are the words, Taylor getting out in two; Braid secured a half."

"Well, Tommy?"

"Does it say what happened to the other half?"

"No, but there was worse to follow. According to the report, Taylor then fell completely to pieces."—Exchange.

Altering the Map Without War.

In a world where nations grow and decay, where forces change and populations become cramped, it is not possible or desirable to maintain the status quo forever. If peace is to be preserved, nations must learn to accept unfavorable alterations of the map without feeling that they must first be defeated in war or that in yielding they incur a humiliation.—Bertrand Russell in Atlantic Monthly.

No Discrimination.

"I'm afraid father-in-law doesn't care much about me," said the young man.

"He finds fault with most everything I do."

"Nonsense!" replied his wife. "You don't know his ways. He is treating you just like one of the family."—Exchange.

Ear of the Whale.

The orifice of the whale's ear is scarcely perceptible, yet it is said that the whale's hearing is so acute that a ship crossing its track half a mile distant will cause it to dive instantly.

True.

Professor—Now, what was the cause of the decline of the Roman empire? Bright Student—I know. It was due to too much militarism on the part of outsiders.

Believe me, it is prudence that first forsakes the wretched.—Ovid.



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ABOUT EXTRAVAGANCE.

Nature Sets an Example, and Many Poor Mortals Follow It.

Extravagance is a relative term usually misapplied. If a man is worth a hundred million it would not be considered extravagant for him to spend a hundred thousand dollars on goldfish if he wanted to. If a family of ten people living on \$1,000 a year should get their pictures taken that would be extravagance.

Extravagance, however, is not exactly buying something you cannot afford. What you cannot afford now you may have later, and the very fact that you have bought it may have been the cause of your future prosperity. Extravagance is an exceeding of the speed limit. But who shall say what this is?

One of the chief difficulties in defining extravagance is the general assumption that it is something wicked. Yet extravagance is often necessary. The sun is extravagant—the greatest heat prodigal. So is nature. So is a river. Rain clouds are horrible examples of extravagance. They pour out all their possessions without regard to what they get in return and then fade away. How like some people that is, and what a glorious time they have doing it! Think of spending a million raindrops a minute, knowing it will break you, and not caring!

The chief fault of extravagance, whatever it may be, is not so much in the results it brings about, which may be good or bad, as in the time it wastes. It is immoral because it takes away from our capacity for indulging in the real joys of life.

It isn't the money you spend; it is the time you take to spend it that causes the damage.—Life.

GOOD AND BAD MANNERS.

And the Brand Used in the Privacy of the Home Circle.

There are three sorts of manners—good, bad and the sort that are used in the privacy of the home circle. The last named sort are usually the worst.

Good manners seldom come naturally to any male. This is proved by the fact that they must generally be hammered into small boys with a large, robust cane, the flat of the hand or the rear side of a hairbrush. As the boy grows to manhood he displays his native bad manners by telling his wife what he'd like to say to the tiresome folk who come to call and the people who give parties which he is expected to attend. His early training, however, prevents him from exhibiting his bad manners in public. Occasionally a male child is blessed with good manners from birth, but he usually expires with exceptional thoroughness shortly before or immediately after his fifth birthday.

Men with bad manners are generally very successful in life because their competitors and opponents lose their tempers, thus making it easy for the persons with the bad manners to defeat them. Before a bad mannered person becomes wealthy he is known as a selfish boor. Afterward he is said to be eccentric.

There is grave danger that while a bad mannered person is still in the boor class some strong minded and strong muscled individual may resent his bad manners and spread his features hither and yonder over his face with a few brisk and well directed blows of a pair of No. 11 fists. If one cares to run the risk, bad manners are great things on which to gamble.—Kenneth T. Roberts in Life.

The Ancient Dragon.

The pterodactyl, whose fossil remains have been found in the chalk at Cambridge, England, and elsewhere, with a very varied spread of wings, which in the largest specimens must have reached twenty-five feet, is almost identical with the dragon of fable. A bat-like creature, with an elevated body and long neck ending in an absurdly small head with a portentous beak, it could run very swiftly, was a fish eater and could swim, or it flew by means of huge membranous wings, which connected its long fore quarters with its hind legs. The pterodactyl evidently existed down to a comparatively recent geological period, and it is not at all improbable that the traditional dragon is described from the last living specimens as met with by primitive man.

Hard to Endure.

"My dear," said the sick man, "if I should die don't let that irrepressible wag, Snoofers, be one of the pallbearers."

"Oh, don't talk about dying, Henry!" answered the tearful woman.

"But I must. The idea of Snoofers keeping the other pallbearers chuckling all the way out to the cemetery and back to town gets on my nerves."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Literary Inference.

"Who wrote 'The heights by great man reached and kept were not attained by sudden flight, but they while their companions slept were toiling upward in the night?'"

"I dunno. Must have been some poet who hadn't heard about the eight hour day."—Washington Star.