

THE STAR

REYNOLDSVILLE -- PENNA.

BLAMED DOGS FOR SICKNESS

Authorities of the Middle Ages Had Little Sympathy for the Household Pets.

Disease and the dog were believed to walk together in the sixteenth century. The terrier then was as much a suspect as the rat today. In plague times he had only to venture into the street to court death. Here is an order issued by the authorities at Winchester, in 1583, which is typical of the rest: "That if any house within this city shall happen to be infected with the plague, that then every person to keep within his or her house every his or her dog, and not to suffer them to go at large. And if any dog be then found at large, it shall be lawful for the Beadle or any other person to kill the same dog, and that any owner of such dog going at large shall lose six shillings." Among the records of King's Lynn, under May, 1585, appeared this: "For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God to begin to send us his visitation with sickness amongst us, and that dogs and cats are thought very unfit to be suffered in this time. Therefore Mr. Mayor, aldermen, and common council have ordered and decreed that every inhabitant within the same town shall forthwith take all their dogs and yappes and hang them or kill them and carry them to some out-place and bury them for breeding of a great annoyance. And likewise for cats, if there be any sickness. . . . It is ordered that the cats shall forthwith be killed in all such places." An exception was made "In favor of any dogge or accompte. Such a one was allowed to be kept if 'kenelled or tied' up or led in a lease."

Worse and Worse.

"Tipping gets worse and worse on the other side," said Senator Depew in a recent interview.

"A New Mexican told me that at the Savoy in London he went to have a wash before luncheon, but saw a placard on a mirror, saying:

"Please tip the basin after using. This made the man so angry he rushed from the washroom muttering: 'No, I'll go dirty first.'

"The New Mexican added that, after he got his lunch, he tipped the waiter the waiter's two helpers, the man who gave him his hat and gloves, and the man who whistled for a taxi. The vehicle rolled out into the Strand, and our friend leaned back with a sigh of relief, when he was aware of a boy in buttons running along beside the window.

"Well, what do you want?" said the New Mexican savagely.

"A few coppers, sir—accordin' to the usual custom, sir," the boy panted.

"Why, what did you do?" snarled the New Mexican.

"If you please, sir," said the boy. "I saw you get into the cab."

Seems to Have Good Case.

Miss Josefa Schneider, a Turkish subject, resident in Constantinople, has brought a suit for damages against the state which throws a vivid light on conditions in Turkey under Abdul Hamid II. According to the Paris Eclair one of Abdul's daughters fell seriously ill in the days when he was still padisha and the court physicians recommended an operation for appendicitis. Abdul refused to give his consent until the operation had been performed on someone else, to prove that it was not dangerous to life. Miss Schneider, who had recently spent some time in a Constantinople, was handy, so she was forcibly taken from her house and deprived of her appendix. Abdul Hamid was convinced, his daughter was cured and now Miss Schneider's suit is part of his successor's troubles.

Portuguese Vampire.

An atrocious case of a human vampire is reported from Galizana, in Portugal. A young child, son of the local blacksmith, was missing for several days, and was found dead in a field near the town. Examination revealed that the corpse was bloodless. Inquiries led to the apprehension of a merchant, Dom Salvarrey, who was last seen with the child. This man confessed that he had killed the child in order to drink his blood. He declared he suffered from phthisis, and had been told by a gypsy that he could only be cured in this manner. He was assured that several cures had thus been made. It is surmised that this terrible outrage was due to the murderer being mentally deranged, but it is not the first case recorded of such an atrocity.

A Difficult Position.

"Why don't you be your own landlord?" asked the agent.

"I couldn't manage it. Imagine having nobody but yourself to blame because the house is out of repair."

A Nightmare.

"I dreamed that I had a million dollars last night."

"Were you happy?"

"No. I thought the bank where I got it had short-changed me and I was obliged to count it."

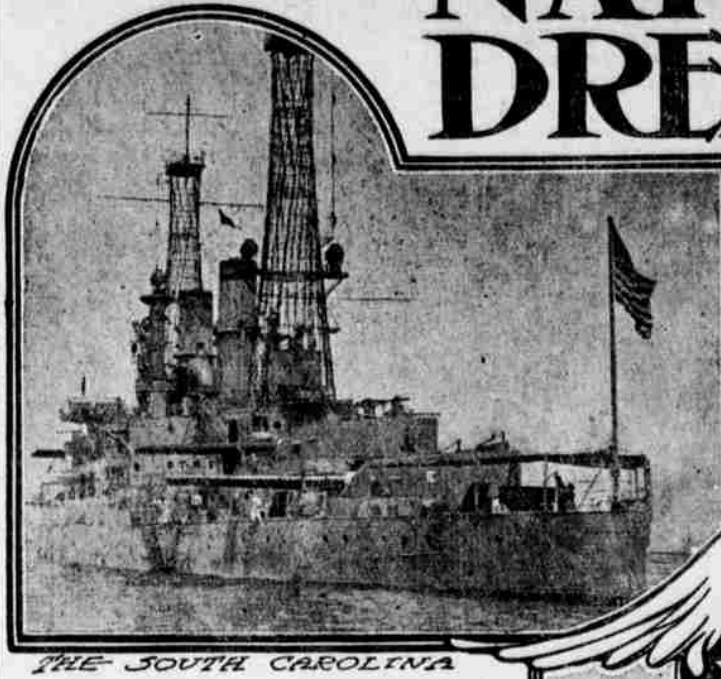
Wonderful Faith.

Randall—Bliss evidently has great faith in the lifting power of his air ship.

Ellicott—Why?

Randall—Ho's after the contract for raising the Maine.

The NATION'S NEW DREADNAUGHTS

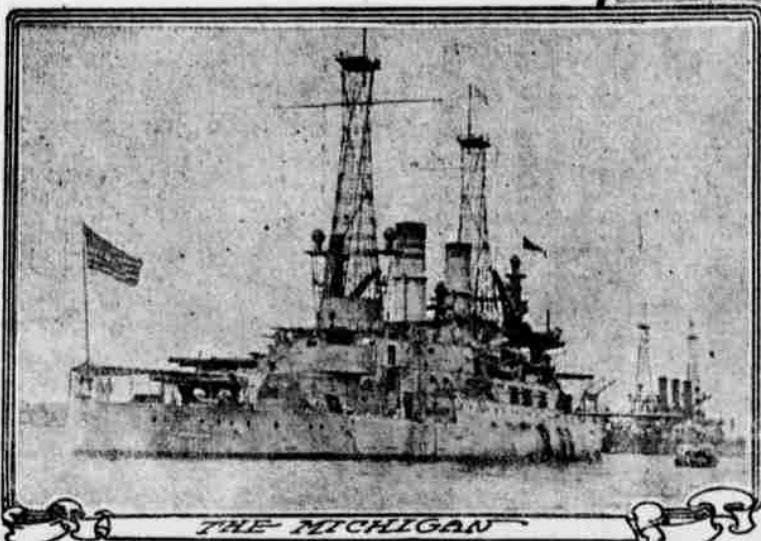


THE SOUTH CAROLINA

RESIDENT TAFT recently declared that this nation ought to build two battleships of the "Dreadnaught" class every year until the Panama canal is completed and open for traffic. After that water way is completed and the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States are in effect brought nearer together in a naval sense—that is, it is made possible for our warships to get from one coast to the other more quickly in the event of trouble—it might, in the president's judgment, be advisable to slow down in the matter of battleship building. Perhaps after the canal diggers have cut the continent in two it will suffice to build one battleship a year, but for the time being two a year—and Dreadnaughts at that—are needed, in the opinion of the administration.

Now "Dreadnaughts" are a comparative novelty in the United States navy and for all that there are several of these vessels flying the Stars and Stripes, and more building, there is a considerable share of the public that has never grasped the significance of these new-style sea warriors. To put the matter in a nutshell, it may be explained that a "dreadnaught" differs from the ordinary battleship principally by being larger and heavier and carrying an increased number of guns of a big caliber. The term "Dreadnaught," it will be understood, has come to stand for a whole class or family of battleships rather than for any individual vessel.

All the same, this new nickname for the latest fashion in floating fortresses did originate with one particular vessel—the first of her type. The pioneer "Dreadnaught" was a British prod-

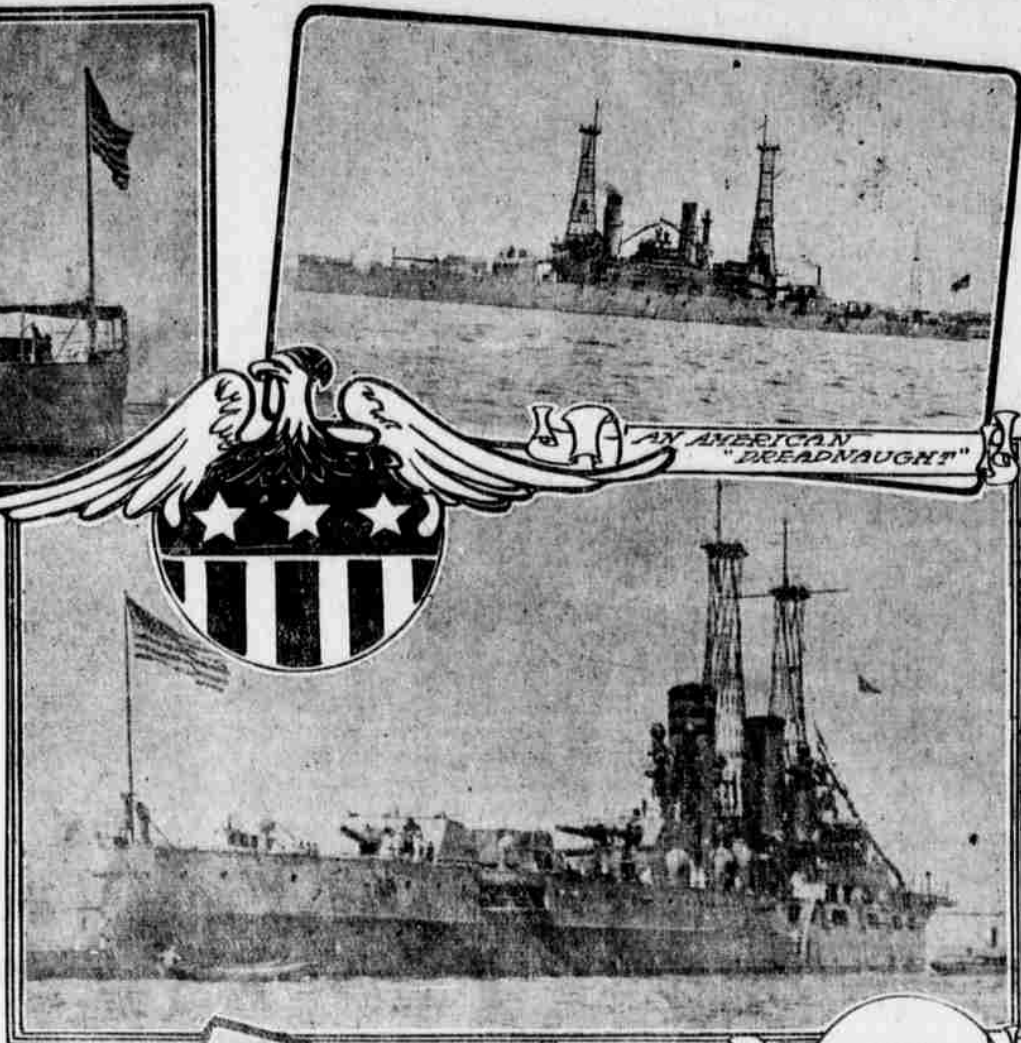


THE MICHIGAN

uct and she blazed a new path in battleship design. Prior to the advent of this new-pattern peacemaker the average battleship, whatever her nationality, had been armed with 12-inch or 13-inch breech-loading rifles and with a variety of less powerful hitters, including 8-inch, 5-inch and 3-inch guns, and so on down through the whole catalogue of naval weapons to the one-pounders. The British naval architects and shipbuilders when they produced the original "Dreadnaught," pointed the way to a new policy. In arming the new style vessel they cut down the number of guns of lesser importance—particularly the weapons of intermediate size, such as the 8-inch and the 5-inch, and placed almost all the responsibility for offense and defense on guns of the largest size.

The whole naval world was immensely impressed with the novel novelty which John Bull produced and all the leading nations, including the United States, straightway set about following his example by constructing such ships of their own. Thus it came about that the name "Dreadnaught," which originally applied to only one ship, came to stand for the whole family of "all-big-gun" ships, no matter under what flag such a vessel might be in service. The United States now has four battleships of the "Dreadnaught" class in service; two more will probably be ready to join the big fleet within a year; another pair are under construction, and yet others will be contracted for this winter. It is costing a pretty penny, too, to assemble such an array of heavyweight fighters, for each of these largest-size vessels costs complete upward of \$12,000,000. Likewise does it make a big tug at Uncle Sam's purse-strings to keep these huge armor-clads in active service, for each of them requires the services of nearly one thousand officers and men—half as many again as were required for the largest of the old-style battleships.

The first American "Dreadnaughts," the battleships South Carolina and Michigan, are yet so new that few of the people even in our large sea-coast cities have had a peep at them. They are sister ships—that is, exact duplicates of one another—and are 450 feet in length and 80 feet beam or width. Each of these battleships carries eight of the big 12-inch guns arranged in pairs in turrets. This is just double the number of the big bunkers to be found on any of the battleships that were the accepted thing up to a few years



THE DELAWARE

ago. Neither battleship has any other weapons except the three-inch and three-pounder guns that are provided to repel torpedo attacks.

It was only a few months ago that the second pair of "Dreadnaughts," twins, made their appearance in navy. There are the Delaware and North Dakota. Each vessel is 510 feet in length and 85 feet beam, and they go their predecessors one better in the matter of "shooting irons," for each has five turrets instead of four and carries a total of ten instead of eight of the 12-inch guns. Moreover, the Delaware and the North Dakota have each a powerful secondary battery made up of fourteen of the effective 5-inch guns. Next year will see another brace of "Dreadnaughts," the Utah and Florida, take their places among the ships of the line. They are almost identical in size with the Delaware and North Dakota. After them will come the Arkansas and Wyoming—each 554 feet in length and 93 feet beam and carrying a full dozen of the 12-inch guns, but it will be several years ere these record-breakers are ready to report for duty.

Next to the importance of providing fighting ships for Uncle Sam's navy is the task of preparing the ships and the men who handle them for the work they are intended for—fighting the battles of the country, should the dread specter at any time descend upon us. The thrilling experiences on board big ships playing at war are interestingly described in the following account, written by one who witnessed the recent naval evolutions.

The plain red pennant for "commence firing" was hanging like a stain from all yards. "Load!" from the ordnance officer. The stains glide down, to the shrill peals of the stand-by bells. Never stood men so braced and rigid as those spotters, staring through the soft rubber eyepieces of their binoculars, as the ordnance officer gravely syllabed the final range and deflection, as he got them from the substation prophet, who had been advised by the performance of the ranging shots: "The range is 10,500; deflection 47."

It is the last suspense. Slowly, far below, the moving turrets begin to nose upward their guns like intelligent creatures. The big fo'castle deck is an empty, slim, flat, cigar-shaped finger, lazily dealing forward slippery ruffs of whiteness. Foam oozes up complacent around the anchor chains, and your eyes rest unwittingly on a four-masted schooner, a passenger steamship with a red funnel, astern the waiting targets. Every living sinew scattered on our faraway decks is transfixed—on the bridge screen the skipper's arms, bright with their four gold stripes, the midship-

man on watch with the nicked stadimeter at his eyes, the white bluejackets in boats on the superstructure, some with cameras poised—all leveled to the same trenchant awe. Vague murmurs, not quite a shouting, rise; the rumble of a belated loading hoist, the hoarse hiss of air blasts clearing the bores. The nerve-racking tsung of a primer discharged in some breach, with the bravo of utter preparedness. Choking smoke clouds vomit up over us from the crater of the forward smoke pipe, with the heat of a Turkish bath.

"Fire!"—and all around on the rails of our cage snarl out the buzzers.

All the sea to starboard goes ribbed and scitering, as if under the first blow of a tornado.

"Knots ten right." (Deflection.) "Down 600." (Range.) "Knots six left." "Down 300." "Salvo!" You miss, or cannot remember after, the exact shouts of the spotters, the key to the actual marksmanship, cried out as the geysers-gardens rise, and, transformed, as they echo in the substitution, into the craft that guides the great spurts to bloom out where we all hunger for them to be—bunched together and hiding the target with their spray.

"The Georgia's shooting at our screen." That last one winged her. You catch such feverish comments between times, slowly grasping, too, that the yards and angles of range and deflection keep dwindling in size, as shouted. "Hit!" comes, now and then, in the climax like a hammer blow; and as the four-minute eternity ends on the long alarm bell for cease firing, you hear, like a man coming out of a trance, the ordnance officer calmly observing that the deflection wasn't a knot out all the time, but d—n that forward turret for hanging fire so that those poison fumes hid the splashes. You are coughing, in a first remembrance of their strange, acrid, burning strangulation.

The run is over, the spectacle and the human burden of it delivered, as the order is passed to call up all divisional officers to report any mistakes.

Swinging out now to the targets, hungrily searching them for shell holes, the throng of officers on the quarterdeck vent their relaxed tension—"Our dispersal was good, but the range-finder read 500 yards over. That's always the fault. And half the time it figures under." Or you hear, "A difference of 30 per cent. in range makes a difference of 300 per cent. in the difficulty of spotting." One learns that the forward twelves hung fire because water splashed the sights. We discern three hits in our target—none in any of the other three, glory be!—picking them reluctantly from rents made by the seas; as the repair boats, putting out from each ship of us, set their half-naked crews struggling with the mast and screens, herding the precious canvases aboard the flagship, for judgment by all umpires assembled.

WRONG IN THAT DIAGNOSIS

Physician's Method May Have Been All Right, but Here He Was at Fault.

We are told that the latest sensation in the medical world is the assertion of a doctor that he is able, by looking into a patient's eye, to make an accurate diagnosis of the complaint which the patient is suffering. But is this really as novel as it is supposed to be? I recollect hearing some time ago of a doctor who said to a patient who was under examination: "I can see by the appearance of your right eye what is the matter with you. You are suffering from 'liver.'"

"My right eye?" asked the patient. "Yes," returned the doctor. "It shows me plainly that your liver is out of order."

"Excuse me, doctor," said the patient, apologetically. "My right eye's a glass one."

One of the Best Rest Cures.

Is a good story. To many women it is as good as a trip away from home.

When you are tired out and your nerves are on edge, try going off by yourself and losing yourself in some good story. You will, in nine cases out of ten, come back rested and invigorated.

One woman who has passed serenely through many years of hard work and worry that go with the managing of a house and bringing up of a large family of children, said that she considered it the duty of every busy housekeeper to read a certain amount of "trash," light fiction, for the rest and change to the mind that it would give.

Try it, you who lead a strenuous life, and who sometimes grow exceedingly weary of the same.

Lovemaking and Practice.

The only way to become an expert at lovemaking is to practice. This was the information handed out to a handful of hearers by the Hindu philosopher, Sakharan Ganesh Pandit, in a lecture on "The Science of Love."

"Love is a divine discontent," said the philosopher, "and if you want to arouse love in others it can be done only by giving them love. How to develop the emotion of love in another is the great question of today—the art of making love. It needs a great deal of study and a great deal of practice."

His Defense.

It was shortly after midnight, and the colonel had caught Rastus red-handed.

"Well, Rastus, you old rascal, you," said he, "I've caught you at last. What are you doing in my henhouse?"

"Why, Marse Bil," said the old man, "I—I done heard such a cacklin' in dis yare coop, dat I—I thought mebbe de ole hen done gone lay an' alg, an' I—I wanted ter git it fo' your breakfas' while it was fresh, suh."—Harper's Weekly.

When He Hedged on Faith.

"Dar's nuttin' lak faith," said Brother Williams. "I once prayed a fat turkey off a high roost, but the sheriff took him 'um me ez I wuz gwine home ter cook him, an' I wuz took ter jail."

"Why didn't you pray your way out of jail?" someone asked.

"I would 'a done it," was the reply, "but I didn't want Providence ter know I was in no such place."

"Off Day" of Favorite.

Chapley—How did she happen to refuse you; I thought you were her favorite?

Washley—Well, the favorite didn't win, that's all.

That observation which is called knowledge of the world will be found much more frequent to make men cunning than good.—Dr. Johnson.

THE FIRST TASTE

Learned to Drink Coffee When a Baby.

If parents realized the fact that coffee contains a drug—*caffeine*—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving the babies coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. As my parents used coffee exclusively at meals I never knew there was anything to drink but coffee and water.

"And so I contracted the coffee habit early. I remember when quite young the continual use of coffee so affected my parents that they tried roasting wheat and barley, then ground it in the coffee-mill, as a substitute for coffee.

"But it did not taste right and they went back to coffee again. That was long before Postum was ever heard of. I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work, I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"At night, after having coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Postum. My wife and I did not like it at first, but later when boiled good and strong it was fine. Now we would not give up Postum for the best coffee we ever tasted.

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are accurate, true, and full of human interest.