

TRIVIAL CAUSES OF WARS.

Small Differences That Have Plunged Nations Into Long and Bloody Conflicts.

Nothing is more amazing in the history of nations than the absurdly trivial causes which have been sufficient to let loose the doors of war and deluge continents in blood.

Many an American has started an impatient riot in his household by appearing unannounced with a clean shave after having worn a hirsute adornment for a number of years.

A war in China two centuries and a half ago which involved the loss of half a million lives, sprang directly from a broken teapot.

The war of the Spanish succession, in which the great duke of Marlborough shone so conspicuously and brilliantly a part was it said the outcome of a spit of water at a Tuileries ball.

The seven years' war was largely due, according to his own confession, to the vanity of Frederick the Great in wanting to see his name figure largely in the gazettes.

Among other ludicrous causes from which wars have sprung are the stealing of a faced petticoat of a Castle lady by a Moor, which, with the vendetta that followed the theft, led to many years of bitter warfare between the Spaniards and the Moors.

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HIS NAME WAS A HOODOO.

Race Horse Named for Congressman Couldn't Win Under Such a Headcap.

"A horse trainer of my acquaintance once thought to bestow a compliment upon me by naming a thoroughbred running horse after me," said a representative in congress from a middle western state, retired in Washington.

"The two-year-old was no account in the world, either. After he had started at a Chicago track no less than seven times, and finished with the also-rans every time, I begged his owner to change the colt's name, but he was a stubborn sort of a chap, and couldn't see it.

"What's coming off anyhow?" I asked him. "Let me in on the joke."

"Oh, it's just a remark that one of those dummies over the way just made to his pal with his fingers, that's all."

"What did he say?" I insisted.

"I hate to tell you," replied the young fellow.

"Out with it," said I, mystified. "What did he say?"

"Well," said the young chap with me, "he said that you were a murr and a leader, and that you couldn't beat a fat man at a clam bake, and that you ought to have been sent to the glue works when a yearling."

"The dummy had been referring to the horse named after me, of course, but it was more than I could stand, at that. When I reached the track I looked up the owner of my no-good equine name, and by mingled threats and imprecations and the promise to pay the jockey club fee necessary, I finally got him to consent to changing the horse's name."

"That miserable two-year-old ran in his new name at the Chicago track a week later and beat in a gallop one of the best fields of two-year-olds that ever went to the post in the town of wind."

"I'm sure your name had been a dangerous hoodoo to me."

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN VOTERS

They Have Proven Themselves Capable and Intelligent in the Exercise of Political Privilege.

The women of Australia are being congratulated upon the delightful manner in which they have passed the test of practical trial as fully qualified political voters, says the Westminster Gazette.

The women of Australia, though they guilelessly (and charmingly) ignored the fact of the secrecy of the ballot, gave their babies in charge of the policeman at the booths while they voted, and tried to keep the papers as mementos of the great occasion, have very successfully gone through the ordeal, and if fully come to the point of influencing the position of parties, this is not to be credited at all to the only when some great measure specially affecting them, and the children is brought forward that they will have the chance of fully asserting their political power, and we have no doubt that they will take that chance.

His Disease.

When Senator Burrows was practicing law in Michigan he went one day to court in a small town. A country lawyer was arguing before an aged and solemn justice of the peace.

SPANKED IN THIS SCHOOL.

Old New England Teacher Allowed His Pupils to Vote on Form of Punishment.

"Do I believe in spanking children?" an old teacher in New York repeated as he reflected over the question, says the Sun.

"I often wished that Dickens could have known the man who taught me my a b s. Whenever I see Henry Irving walk across the stage I recall the gait of that New England man who was regarded with fear and veneration."

"He was easily frustrated, and, I may add, he was frequently in a perturbed condition. When he was interrupted in his lecture he called out the recalcitrant who was the occasion of the interruption and quizzed him with severity."

"If the eyes had it, the old pedagogue then submitted the question as to what the punishment should be."

"When he focused up the count, he appointed a mentor to keep tab on the school while he led the pupil out of the school room into the dining-room of the house, and turned him over to his wife. She administered the punishment voted, the pedagogue remaining in the room while the chastisement was administered."

"If this mode of procedure had occurred but once a day it would not have retarded the course of study, but as it was quite frequent the wonder was that we ever made any progress."

"It rarely happened that a boy escaped. It was the opportunity of the other pupils to get even."

"It kept up a continuous feud, as you can readily see, for the boy upon whom punishment was voted naturally voted for any other boy who was arraigned to get the severest punishment in the category. This led to frequent fights after school."

"It is doubtful whether any given food in common use contains constituents which have a selective action, so to speak, on the property of ministering to one part of the body more than another."

"The pedagogue said that he handed the pupil over to his wife because he did not believe in whipping a child when he was laboring under excitement. The chastisement by his better half, he said, was not actuated by any personal feeling."

"Perhaps not. Poor woman! When she died the only one to mourn her loss was her husband. I remember how, on the day of her funeral, we had a holiday, and that we wanged her in effigy down by the old swimming hole."

CUT OUT MAKER'S NAME.

Trick Played by Woman Upon the Paris-Made Coat of Society Debutante.

It is natural for a man who is the possessor of an expensive hat to display it so that the name of the fashionable hatter may be seen, and as for the woman who wears an expensive tailor coat, she can't remove it without showing the distinctive mark of the maker inside, says the Nebraska State Journal.

A Lincoln woman used to wear a cloth suit made at a famous New York establishment, and when she took off the jacket in church and carelessly turned back the lining over the back of the pew, exposing the maker's name on the gray satin lining, not a woman for three seats behind could hear a word of the sermon. It does not seem to have occurred to any of these ladies, however, to cut out the covered mark. That is what happened in Omaha in a similar case.

A young lady had in her dress outfit a handsome cloth coat made by a Paris tailor during her recent visit to that city, the garment bearing the maker's name, perhaps in inches, made fast to the lining. The feelings of this debutante can be imagined when a few days ago she discovered that the tailor's mark had been cut out of her coat, and in such a way that it might be attached to the lining of another garment.

Just when the clipping was done she was unable to tell, but she had worn the coat but three times since she last noticed the mark, and on those occasions the garment was laid off only in the dressing-rooms of her hostesses. The mark was evidently taken by some member of the set that attends the most fashionable and exclusive affairs, and of course would be valueless to people in general.

Beef from Siberia.

Bonafide salted beef is now being sent to Germany from Siberia. The meat inspection laws of Germany demand that the lungs, heart and liver must remain in all the carcasses imported.

PAY OF THE SHIP'S DOCTOR.

System in Vogue on Ocean Passenger Steamers from Which There is Seldom a Departure.

A correspondent of a recent edition of Lloyd's Weekly has expressed the views of a ship doctor in the following words: "Many travelers are in doubt as to the position of the ship's doctor in regard to his remuneration from passengers for services rendered. The merchant shipping act enacts that every foreign-going vessel having 100 persons on board or upward shall carry on board as part of her complement a duly qualified medical practitioner. Furthermore, an emigrant ship—i. e., a foreign-going vessel which carries 50 or more steerage passengers—must have a medical man irrespective of the number of crew or of other passengers carried. The salary of the doctor on board is commensurate with these duties to his ship."

"To say passengers who are suffering from ordinary forms of seasickness and its concomitant evils or who received injuries which are in any way due to the ship, the doctor's services are free. For any sickness contracted before sailing or during a voyage which is not connected with the above-named conditions he is entitled to a remuneration at the same rate as he would receive on shore. Obviously it would be unfair to expect that his services to passengers should be rendered gratis or it would be for any visitor in a hotel or traveler on a railway to expect to have medical attendance free in any illness for which the hotel or railway authorities could not be held responsible."

"The writer of a letter to the Lancet says that the case of the ship's surgeon is stated with accuracy in the above sentences and adds that the ships' surgeons are of two kinds—first, those who, after they have qualified, take a position either for health or for pleasure, and, second, those who elect to make sea life a permanency."

"The pay of the ship's doctor varies from \$30 to \$50 a month. This, for duties to officers and crew. As regards passengers in relation to the surgeon, the following groups will include all: First, the passenger who asks the initiative by remunerating the surgeon, perhaps handsomely, for any services rendered, second, the passenger who asks for his bill and pays it, if reasonable; third, the passenger who, having no other alternative, does not know whether to ask for his bill or wait for it to be delivered, but is pleased to be enlightened on the matter; fourth, the passenger who declines to the old-time notion that the surgeon is there solely for the benefit of passengers; and, fifth, the passenger who never intends to pay the surgeon."

FALLACY REGARDING FISH.

In No Sense a Specific Food for Brain or Nerve as is Quite Commonly Believed.

It is doubtful whether any given food in common use contains constituents which have a selective action, so to speak, on the property of ministering to one part of the body more than another. As a rule, states the London Lancet, when a food is assumed to have specific reparative properties—as, for example, a so-called brain or nerve food—the fact really is that such food is easily and quickly assimilated to the body's general advantage, in a word, in such a case repair quickly overtakes waste and a real purposeful nutrition and restoration are accomplished. The administration of such elements as phosphorus or iron in medicine is, of course, a different matter, but these elements are evenly distributed in the materials of a daily diet.

It is often stated that fish is a food which ministers particularly to the needs of the brain because it contains phosphorus. As a matter of fact, fish does not contain more phosphorus than do the ordinary meat foods and it certainly does not contain it in a free state. The notion that fish contains phosphorus had, no doubt, its origin in the glowing phosphorescence of fish in the dark. This phosphorescence is due not to phosphorus at all, but to micro-organisms. The belief, therefore, that fish is a brain food is just about as reasonable as the idea that because a soup is thick and gelatinous "it will stick to the ribs," or as sensible as the celebrated advice to Verdant Green to lay in a stock of reading biscuits to assist his reading.

Fish, of course, is excellent food, partly because of the nourishing nature of its constituents and partly because of its digestibility. But it is in no sense a specific for brain or nerve.

Formation of a Lake.

A remarkable phenomenon is reported from the Russian rural commune of Schava, in the government of Ezeroff Koksaka. Inexplicable sounds were heard for several days issuing from the earth. The sounds varied from something like the booming of cannon to the screeching of steam whistles, and seemed to come from a forest skirting the commune. In this forest, where the terrified peasantry gathered in expectation of some calamity, the earth was seen to heave incessantly. Gradually huge cracks appeared and water was seen. At last the earth seemed gradually to sink, water rose and there appeared a new lake of considerable extent, which is now being examined by geologists.

Small-Eating Contest.

A small-eating contest took place recently in a Paris restaurant for 50 boules between two boulevardiers. Special Burgundian snails, fed on olive leaves, were used. An excited crowd watched the competition and enthusiastically applauded the victor, who swallowed 243 snails.

A MOTHER'S INGENUITY.

Secured a Day of Perfect Peace Through an Odd Diplomatic Scheme.

Rob and Phil are brothers. One is a well-known attorney in Washington; the other an eminent jurist in Chicago. But never mind what they are now. Our present interest in them runs back some 40 years or more, to the time when they were ten and eight years old, respectively, writes Willis Brooks, in Brooklyn Eagle. Their mother, having been born and reared in England, naturally clung with affectionate memories to the dear old home after she and her young husband had come to live in America. Naturally, also, she taught her first two boys to entertain profound respect for England and everything that England produced.

Well, one morning Rob got up with so bad a cough that his mother resolved to put a mustard plaster on his chest. But she knew his obstinate nature too well to give him a suspicion of her real purpose, so she called both boys to her and showed them a tin box of mustard bearing a label with the well-known lion and unicorn and the name of a famous English manufacturer.

"Now," said she, "whichever of you two is the better boy all day to-day shall have a real English mustard plaster to-night."

The boys looked at the box with eager interest. They had never heard of a mustard plaster, but it must be something wondrously pleasing to have, for there was the label with its manifold evidence that the mustard came from England. Each lad resolved to do his best to win the coveted prize, and, as a result, the mother had a day of almost perfect peace.

Her troubles, began, however, when night came and she had to make the award. Phil, who had a much more lovable nature than Rob, had undoubtedly been the better boy, since Rob, the elder of the two, had, in his eagerness to get the plaster, tried in various subtle ways to lure his brother into wrong-doing. But Rob was the one who had the cold, and the decision must, therefore, be in his favor. So the little mother said, although both had been very good boys, she would give the prize to Rob this time, and to Phil some other time.

Of course there were tears, and wailing, and the mother placed the plaster on Rob's chest, and tucked the brothers in their little bed together. Then she sat down with her sewing to await developments.

"Um!" said Rob to Phil, excitedly, "you ought to feel how nice and cool it is. Don't you wish you'd been a good boy all day?"

"There, Robbie," the mother expostulated, "you must go right to sleep now, or you won't get the good of the plaster. Go to sleep, and see what nice dreams you have."

For awhile Rob lay silent and motionless. Then he began to move restlessly.

"Ma," said he, presently, "I don't think Phil was such a very naughty boy to-day, do you?"

"There, now go to sleep!" After another season of silence Rob said: "Ma, I don't think it's hardly fair for me to have the mustard plaster all the time, and poor little brother Phil not have it at all!"

"Robbie, I want you to go to sleep at once!"

"But, ma, I done some things to-day that you didn't know about!"

"Never mind now. You go to sleep!" Rob was by this time writhing under the heat of the mustard. "You didn't know that I went in swimming in the creek," said he.

Phil was amazed. He knew that Rob had not been in the creek that day.

"And you didn't know that I took a lot of matches from the house and set them off in the barn, did you?" Rob went on.

"Now, Robbie," said the mother, "if you don't go to sleep I shall have to punish you."

FOUND IN FASHION'S TRAIN.

Pretty Bits of Feminine Finery That Lend Tone and Color to the Season's Costumes.

"Knicker-suiting" camel-hair and "French home-spun," all give examples of silver gray, steel gray and pure gray woolen light-weight cloth for traveling, walking or afternoon gowns.

"Ribbed" lace blouses, are much liked and meet the special approval of the dressmaker, because they may be tinged to match the exact shade of color desirable as fashionable or unusually becoming to the possessor.

They say, reports a fashion authority, that horizontal trimmings will replace vertical decoration on the newer summer gowns. It is true we have had many applications of horizontal banded trimmings this winter, but they were chiefly confined to shoulder or cape-like affairs.

Horizontal bands of ribbon satin and velvet afford trimmings for the plainest frock and braud, too, will be used in this way from the hem to a few inches below the waist. In fact, broad is used on all the tailor-made costumes over here, a very plain narrow silk military braid being the most popular.

The small boy is seen wearing a suit of white cloth coat and trousers. The coat has collar and cuffs of black velvet, which help to keep it fresh. The lad wears a white beaver hat, with rolled-back trim, and a black velvet crown band. He has white corduroy leggings to cover his stockings on a rough, Marchy morning.

Crash bands embroidered in scarlet, Turkish green, crimson and orange, with a dash of gold thread, are extremely showy as a trimming. They are used with an otherwise all-gray toilet meant for use as a spring suit. The increase in specialized toiles for different occasions has not yet driven the old-time "spring suit" from favor.

Immense quantities of lace will be used on both day and evening gowns, and one of the specialties of fashion fads is to trim cloth with the higher grades of lace, preferably Valenciennes and Chantilly, and the thin goods with the heavy tulle and Chantilly. Laid is a specialty matching the frock, which has been a success where this winter will be a fad for this spring and summer.

Far from being laid aside, the separate blouse is more attractive than ever this spring and summer.

It is in demand for the supply is large and the models are of infinite variety. There is no denying that a blouse in the color of the skirt worn with it is far more modern than one contrasting in color, but the white blouse is too pretty and becoming to be abandoned.

THOSE TACTFUL SPEECHES.

Always Intended to Be Just the Right Thing, But Invariably Got Twisted.

The young woman who prides herself on saying the happy word at the happy moment was last of the other day. She wore a pearl-gray gown to a club reception, and chanced to be talking art off in a corner with a vivacious lady who was sipping champagne. Youth's Companion. Suddenly another woman came in and interrupted the conversation.

"My dear," she said to the vivacious lady, "it seems that Mrs. Hemmaway is an old school friend of your husband's. Hasn't he been telling us what charming letters he used to write her, and she would do much to help you, and she is so good?"

The vivacious lady sprang to her feet, "I would not have shown a touch of uncharitableness for worlds, and in fact, after I appear delighted, she poured her words with us, stopped clean, all down the front of the man's in gray."

"Don't mention it," exclaimed the tactful girl, as she nudged the brown coat with a lace fan, "I'm sure it's no wonder you were embarrassed. Besides, it isn't half as bad for me as it is for you. I know I should want to go through the floor if I had done such a thing. No really, don't make excuses. You mustn't worry about it at all. Listen! I have a lovely new gown coming home to-night. If it weren't for that, perhaps I could't have behaved so well about this."

About that time a look on the vivacious lady's face brought the sweet practice to herself with a shock, and she started for home, devoutly wishing that she had been born mute.

There was another cheerful little spill at a recent church dinner. The president of the missionary society, attired as a waitress and carrying a platter of butter-balls, airily posed on one hand, approached a table where she was serving. No one will ever know just how it happened, but the harmless lady in black silk who was sitting at the table suddenly felt a soft shower of something on her shoulders, and then realized that the platter itself had followed her, and the back of her chair. The amateur waitress, with an exclamation of dismay, extracted the platter and began to ladle out the mishapen globes of butter, while the luckless lady tried to think of something kind and comforting to say, but to her amazement the waitress, instead of expressing anxiety about the dress only exclaimed: "Isn't that too exasperating? I don't believe I can use those butter-balls at all!"

Virginia Corn Muffins. Three eggs will beaten, two heaping cups of Indian cornmeal, one cup flour, sift into the flour two teaspoonful baking powder, add one tablespoonful melted lard, one teaspoonful salt, three cups sweet milk; bake in gaudy pans in hot oven, serve hot. This needs to be well beaten before putting in pans. Boston Globe.