

HEALTH OF SOLDIERS

TRUSTED TOO MUCH TO CHANGE OR POLITICS IN WAR TIME.

Medical Department of the United States Is Not Up to the Requirements, But Is Improving.

In other times it was thought cheaper to obtain a new soldier than to cure a sick or wounded one. The whole idea of life-saving in conjunction with such a preeminently life-destroying thing as war is modern, and, indeed, almost anomalous, writes Anita Newcomb McGee, in "How the Japanese Save Lives" in Century. But a progressing world demands that reckless and useless sacrifices of life shall stop and that military commanders and even appropriation voters, are beginning to appreciate the importance of keeping soldiers in fit condition to fight. At least the Japanese appreciate this. Whether Americans do is exceedingly doubtful. The former provide a large sanitarium corps, make each man fit, from chief surgeon to stretcher-bearer, an expert in his line, and then supplement this with a mass of equally trained reserves. The United States has the nucleus of a medical department, it is true, but from the beginning of the Spanish war to the present time it has been lamentably deficient in numbers. We trust to chance or politics for the health of our soldiers in war, but in 1898 the civilian doctors suddenly transferred by official appointment into military experts failed to recognize camp life until it had spread like wildfire. In the Japanese army there is no place for either chance or politics, its experts are not made by fiat, and they can recognize camp diseases.

In 1901 our army was reorganized and offered on a basis of 100,000 men, yet the medical department was made only large enough to care for 45,000. Consequently it has been necessary in peace to employ hundreds of civilian doctors to meet the army's needs. If the United States congress has not appreciated the potential horrors of such a situation, how can it be expected to go further and provide a reserve personnel of trained military sanitarians and administrators?

In one respect we have this year taken a step forward. Heretofore we have been without any official permanent aid society. Now an effective and comprehensive Red Cross society is being organized, and a large and active membership is hoped for.

The guiding opinion that money is worth more than lives is unfortunately found also in naval matters. In our navy the nursing is done by enlisted men, and the surgeon general has repeatedly appealed for authority to employ a corps of trained women nurses to take charge of the work in shore hospitals and help prepare the men for their duties as nurses on shipboard. But all in vain. Congress will not even consider the matter. In this respect the army is fortunately better off than the navy, for its nurse corps of trained women is now firmly and permanently established.

WAS A VERSATILE WOMAN.

Some of the Things for Which Phoebe Brown, an English Woman, Was Famed.

Phoebe Brown died something over a century ago, aged 89. This extraordinary woman, who lived with her mother in a cottage nearly opposite the High Tor, at Matlock Bath, England, could walk nearly 40 miles a day when young, could lift a hundredweight in each hand and carry 14 stone, says an exchange. She understood any kind of manual labor, as holding the plow, driving the team, threshing wheat with the flail and thatching the stacks. Her chief avocation was breaking horses at a guinea a week. She always rode without saddles and was considered the best judge of horses and cows in the neck.

But Phoebe had a liking for sport and for art. She was a good shot and carried her gun on her shoulder. She was fond of Milton, Pope and Shakespeare, and performed on several instruments, including the flute, violin, harpsichord, and played the bass viol in Matlock church. She was a carpenter, mason and smith, and mainly by her own hand labor built another room to the cottage for the reception of a harpsichord which a lady presented to her. At her own request, a local clergyman wrote her epitaph, and here it is:

Here lies romantic Phoebe, Half Ganymede, half Hebe, A maid of suitable condition, A Jockey, cowherd and milkmaid.

Whale Meat.

Newfoundland has recently developed a new industry, which is stated to be a successful one—namely, that of placing on the market whale flesh in place of beef. Whale meat tastes more like mutton than beef, and is quite a tempting article of diet. A firm intends shortly to try a shipment to the English market, where it is expected they will be able to retail whale meat at from one and one-half pence to three pence per pound. The meat has already been shipped in large quantities to the West Indies, where it is much appreciated by the natives.

Cross-Eyed Wax Figure.

There is a storekeeper in Kansas City who although he doesn't know it, is being made through the presence of a wax figure of a woman in his show window. The "woman" is comely and she displays dresses very well, but she is cross-eyed. "I'll bet I've heard 20 women talking about that cross-eyed figure," said a policeman, who walks a beat near the store, yesterday. "Some of them are superstitious and actually refuse to buy at the store. They think the cross-eyed woman will give them bad luck."—Kansas City Times.

STOPS LOSS OF PENNIES.

The Post Office Department Saves Millions by Stamp Rule Lately Introduced.

Uncle Sam is busy rounding up the odd pennies. His post office representatives have just discovered a leak, through which, in the course of the last 50 years, a great many hundred thousand dollars have run away. The loss, says the Chicago Tribune, might figure up into the millions since the invention of stamped envelopes by the fractional profits which the stamp clerks in 50,000 post offices have retained for their own use.

Third Assistant Postmaster General Madden, who invented the stamp books, stirred the department from Maine to California by his recent order instructing stamp clerks to hereafter account for the fractional amounts received when stamped envelopes and wrappers are sold in uneven quantities. Before the order came out the clerk accounted only for the face value of the stamped paper in his possession, and the odd pennies which he picked up from uneven sales he retained for his own use.

When you buy a single one-cent wrapper or a single two-cent stamped envelope the clerk charges you two or three cents, as the case may be. The wrappers cost him possibly 1 1/2-100 of a cent, so that his profit in the first case is 93-100 of a cent and in the second 88-100 of a cent. Of course, the profits are not proportionate in larger sales, and all the clerk gains on each sale is the difference between the fractional amount.

Some one with a turn for calculations figures that in Chicago alone the profit from fractional sales is about \$5,000 a month, and that on this basis the government ought to get about \$50,000 a year additional income from the whole country, or enough money to pay the salary of the president.

While the order bears heavily on the regular stamp clerks who lose their time honored perquisites they have to submit because the stamped paper is not theirs, and belongs to the government from the time it is received until it is sold. But the men who keep subscriptions are in a different category, and are in ill humor over the recent decision made on a request from the New York postmaster that even subscription clerks who buy their supplies outright must turn in the fractional profits at the end of each quarter.

PASSING OF THE BEDSTEAD

Space in New York Apartments Too Valuable for the Old-Fashioned Article.

"This day is witnessing the passing of the bed," said a folding bed manufacturer to the New York Tribune. "Ground space is getting too valuable in New York to use an old-fashioned bed or to devote solely to sleeping purposes. People have got to have something to sleep on that they can fold up and get out of the way in the daytime. We have the most curious calls for beds made to order. People bring diagrams of flats and apartments in here and order us to make beds that will fit certain spaces. Some people have new beds made to order every time they move, so as to utilize every inch of space.

"Lots of people in New York sacrifice space and comfort for a fashionable address. I had a call from a woman the other day to go up to a fashionable hotel. She lives at a country home most of the year, but when she comes to town for a few months in the winter she and her two daughters crowd into one room at this hotel. They had one double folding bed, and they wanted me to construct a special bed that could be reared on two trunks at night. That was the only way they could get another bed into the room.

"I know a woman who started in keeping boarders in an old New York house, the old family home which she had inherited. In every room was a fine, big roomy, old-fashioned bed. One after another of her boarders demanded to have this bed removed and a couch bed substituted or a table bed, or a bookcase, or any other kind that they could fold away out of sight in the daytime, and make their room look like a sitting-room. The woman found she couldn't sell her old-fashioned beds. No one would have them, and rather than give them away—which she couldn't bring herself to do—she is actually paying storage on them."

Antiquity of Cheating.

False weights were found in the ruins of the oldest city that has yet been excavated. And false weights will probably be consumed when the earth drops into the sun and the heavens are rolled together like a scroll. Ancient records and ancient statute books are full of evidence that every new practical device—from capitalistic and labor monopolies, secret rebates and majority owners swindling minority owners, down to adulterations and crooked scales—was familiar to our ancestors of the plateau of Iran before the migrations. Vice is the old inhabitant; virtue is the newcomer, the immigrant, received with reluctance and compelled to fight for every inch of ground he gains.—David Graham Phillips, in The Reader Magazine.

Swiss Greatest Smokers.

For some reason—or none—most people have hitherto looked upon the Germans as the most inveterate smokers in the world, although few will be surprised to learn that the Dutch are a little ahead of them as consumers of tobacco, since pictorially a Dutchman is always associated with a pipe. But none will be prepared to hear that the Swiss smoke 50 per cent more than either, still less that the Belgian burns more than double as much as the Dutchman.

MORE SHEEP RAISED.

MUTTON AND WOOL GAINING IN UNITED STATES.

Branch of Farming That Is Growing Remunerative and Popular in the East as Well as the West.

America is becoming yearly more of a sheep raising and mutton eating country, writes the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. This is due primarily to the initiative of the department of agriculture, which for the last ten years has been hammering at the farmer to raise sheep instead of exporting his surplus grain, and which has helped him in every way to this end. One result is that there were reported on the first of this year over 45,000,000 sheep on the farms and ranches of the United States, valued at \$127,331,855, as against less than 38,000,000 in 1899. The receipts of the Chicago stock yards are reaching upward every year since 1894, when the yards took over a million more mutton sheep than in the previous year.

The department is anxious to impress on the farmer the value of sheep as one of his farm products, and it points out that, while the sale of \$1,000 worth of corn takes from the soil \$300 worth of fertility, the farmer would have to spend that much in fertilizers to recoup the land. The same amount of corn converted into good mutton and sold at a higher price than the corn would fetch takes in the end from the land not over \$50 worth of fertility, and if the flock was kept for wool alone it would not reduce the value of the land more than \$3 or \$4.

There is particular interest attaching to the sheep raising problem just now, because the price of mutton is going up by leaps, not only in the stores where the consumer has to buy it, for every one realizes this, but in Chicago, where lambs recently have touched the unprecedented figure of \$8 per hundredweight, and now are selling at about \$7.25.

During the early days in America sheep were bred primarily for the wool and during recent years we have been importing annually, in addition, from \$25,000,000 to \$10,000,000 worth of wool. But the wool industry in this country has come to the point where it frequently does not pay to raise the sheep for the fleece alone. There has, therefore, been an increasing effort to get a good combination breed that would live in large flocks on the range, furnish a good fleece and at the same time be a good mutton sheep.

The farmers of the east still are confining themselves to the English breeds of downs and shires, which are great meat producers, while the western ranches depend largely on the old Mexican sheep, which is a descendant of the fine merinos imported by the Spaniards, but which has been affected by environment till it has developed characteristics of its own and is in a great many respects an ideal sheep for the range.

The fleece of the Mexican is made finer and improved by the introduction of pure merino rams on the range, and when the strain of merino begins to show too much making a weaker and more delicate sheep with fine, silky wool, the breed is strengthened by the introduction of some coarser wool sheep, like the Oxford. So the balance is maintained.

The department has convinced the farmer of the value of sheep as one of his farm products, but it is continuing its educational work, and is anxious to impress the farmer with the fact that he still imports over half a million dollars annually of Canadian mutton in spite of the heavy tariff against it.

The great work that the department is striving for now is the eradication of sheep scab, which costs the country hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. The department commenced a crusade in this direction several years ago.

Up to the present moment there are two states entirely cleared of scab and with the right to quarantine against the rest of the world, and as soon as the national government is allowed to go into the remaining states and territories the whole country will be cleared out and the disease, which is the greatest foe of the sheep man has to encounter, will be completely eradicated.

A good many non-farmers may not know just what sheep scab is, and for their benefit it may be well to say that it is simply a sheep parasite that gets under the skin and causes the wool to fall, completely ruining the fleece and eventually weakening the sheep till it dies.

The disease is acutely contagious and till a few years ago had spread all over the United States without a check being found for it. Now, thanks to the department's work, it is known to be comparatively easily cured, the sheep being simply dipped in a solution that kills the parasite. Ether, tobacco and sulphur or lime and sulphur are used for this, though there are a hundred different "cures" now on the market.

Burglars' Code.

A writer who has been investigating the old subject of superstition among burglars gives it as his conclusion that no burglar will "crack" a house where a female servant that squints is kept. If a burglar sees three different horses slip down in a day he will not "work" that night. One man in the dock confessed that members of his profession would never burglarize houses with the numbers 22, 93, 111 and 444.

She's Married.

What has become of the girl who used to ask for your old silk ties for pieces for her crazy quilt?—Indianapolis Star.

IMPORT MANY WILD PETS.

People of This Country Pay High Duty on Animals for Zoological Collections.

If you want to bring a wild beast into the United States for a pet or plaything you will have to pay duty on him—20 per cent of his value, says the Chicago Record-Herald. If you need him for scientific purposes or for educational uses or intend to present him to a museum or zoo, duty is not charged. You can get a full grown elephant for \$7,500; an old one or a very young one for \$5,000, and the duty upon that kind of an animal would be about \$1,000 more. Royal Bengal tigers, man eaters, fierce and full grown, can be bought for \$200 or \$300 in various parts of India. The maharajah of Javore, who catches a good many on his preserves with traps, gives them away to his friends, and last year expressed a desire to send one to President Roosevelt as a souvenir. But if you buy them at Hamburg or Colombo, which are the centers of the wild beast trade, they will cost you \$1,000 or \$1,500, and the duty on them a fifth more. A rhinoceros is an expensive beast, usually costing more than an elephant, because it is hard to catch, harder to take care of and more sensitive to disease and exposure. Most of the rhinoceroses come from the tributaries of the upper Nile.

Last year the importations of wild animals into the United States were valued at \$121,039, of which \$23,519 was for scientific and educational purposes, and paid no duty, \$19,589 in duties being collected on the rest, which were imported by circuses and private menageries. In 1903 the wild beasts imported were valued at \$117,544, of which \$90,500 was for private purposes and paid \$18,100 in duties.

The government of the United States occasionally imports a wild beast for the zoo at Washington, which is under the Smithsonian institution, but most of the animals there have been presented. But Uncle Sam, through the agricultural department, imports immense quantities of bugs, and some very queer ones. One particular kind of bug imported by the United States from Australia has earned \$1,000,000 or \$2,000,000 every year for its wages and has never received any wages. Another bug, imported from Russia, saved the farmers of Ohio and Indiana over \$15,000,000 in the year 1891, and the wheat growers at large more than \$200,000,000 a year for the last ten years.

The government imports two kinds of bugs. First, parasites and natural enemies of other insects that injure grain, fruits and vegetables, and, second, insects that are useful because of their products or their beneficial relations to cultivated plants.

In the first class are perhaps 1,000 species, but only a few of them have been of notable value. When I asked C. L. Marlatt, the entomologist of the agricultural department, who is in charge of the experimental field work, which foreign bug has been the most useful to the people of the United States, he thought awhile and then expressed the opinion that the parasite introduced from Russia to drive out the Hessian fly probably had accomplished the most good, although the Australian lady bird had been exceedingly useful.

GO TO THE DANGER SIGN.

Instead of Avoiding It Perverse Human Nature Leads Some People Up to It.

"Oh, the perversity of human nature!" exclaimed a builder on the scene of his work in The Bronx, says the New York Sun. "Do you see that sign over there, with its glaring, red-lettered warning D-A-N-G-E-R? Apparently that sign should serve its purpose of warning passers-by, inasmuch as it is conspicuously placed and nearly every one can read.

"But its effect is quite the opposite. I assure you, for it's almost impossible to protect fools from their folly. Perhaps New Yorkers are used to third-rail flashes, auto accidents, hold-ups and other accessories of the rapid life, and are not happy until they get within the scope of danger.

"At any rate, half the pedestrians who come scurrying along the street as if their lives depended on haste will stop at the sign of that danger sign, look around to see if the watchman is looking, and then deliberately go on the forbidden ground. No man is apparently too busy to hop over a fence in order to get in the thrilling vicinity of that danger sign.

"It cannot be curiosity alone, for other portions of this building are quite as attractive and more accessible, but the absence of the warning sign leaves them neglected.

"I witnessed the limit early this morning, and immediately told off a workman to stand by as watchman. A young mother had her little boy on the spot, and was slowly spelling the word D-A-N-G-E-R again and again to him. In order to test his acquaintance with the alphabet."

No Bachelors Among Savages.

In these days of bachelor men and bachelor girls we often imagine that celibacy is a custom recognized in all countries. This is largely because it is a condition made possible by western civilization. As regards savage and barbarous races, bachelors and bachelor girls are unknown, writes Della Austrian in the Chicago Tribune, and nearly every one strives to get married as soon as he or she is able. This is especially true with people of small culture.

We All See Them.

"You don't agree then that 'seeing is believing'?" "Not much! I see some people every day that I never could believe."—Philadelphia Ledger.

MANY SLAVS COMING.

ARE DRIVEN TO AMERICA BY UNFAVORABLE CONDITIONS.

Number of Arrivals During Last Year \$30,000—Among Them Representatives of Many Classes.

Charities published in a recent number the results of a detailed study of Slavic immigration in the United States. In spite of the proportions which it has reached—some 230,000 Slavs came over last year—popular ignorance on the subject is marked, states the New York Post. In northern Pennsylvania the great hordes of Ruthenian, Polish and Slovak miners are contemptuously classed as "Huns," and even the more intelligent are disposed to associate them with the followers of Attila. For good or ill, however, the Slavic strain promises to mix largely in the blood of the future composite American. In the daily arrivals at Ellis Island it is outnumbered only by the Italian and possibly by the Jewish; hence it is encouraging to note that the Slavs, too, improve on closer acquaintance.

Properly Slavic immigrants should not be classed as a single group. They are really a congeries of some 21 peoples, differing in race, language and frequently in religion. They range all the way from the highly-civilized Bohemian, almost invariably literate and skilled of labor, to the ignorant Ruthene of Galicia, economically and educationally on the lowest plane. Practically all religions are represented—Orthodox Greek, Roman Catholic, Protestant and Lutheran, with such eccentricities as the Doukhobors and regularly organized sects of Freethinkers. They thus form a much more complex element than the comparatively homogeneous Italians and the Jews—the various elements in each of which races, in the main, speak the same language, belong to the same religious denomination, and are influenced by the same ethical ideas.

The largest Slavic immigration comes from Austria-Hungary which gave us 160,000 last year; practically all the rest came from Russia, whose contribution in 1903 was about 70,000.

According to Miss Kate Holladay Claborn, the causes of this immigration are largely political. Thus it is almost invariably the subject races that leave home. From Russia the genuine Muscovite seldom emigrates; it is the Pole, the Lithuanian, the Jew, and the Finn. The dominant German does not abandon Austria in large numbers; it is the more or less subject Slav, Rumanians do not emigrate from their own country, Roumanians come from Galicia, not from Russia. Economic causes, too, are influential. According to Ivan Ardan the peasants of Galicia subsist almost entirely on potatoes and cabbage, 50 per cent of the bread for six months in the year. Under these conditions a high standard of education and manners could hardly be expected. They have some traits, indeed, not unlike the Asiatic hordes from which many of them are sprung. They are hard drinkers, ready fighters, though seldom quarrelsome. With the exception of the Bohemians and Magyars (the latter, of course, are not Slavs, though loosely so reckoned by Charities), the rate of illiteracy is high, and the social grades are sparsely represented. Like the Italians the Slavs come here first without their wives, send home their savings, and when work is slack go back themselves. Also like the Italians however, they are not contented to remain away; but soon return, this time with their families, and definitely establish here their homes.

Innocence of the Heron. The heron is becoming scarcer each summer season about the marshes and lake shores," said an old time hunter. "I remember drawing a head on one while it was displaying its delicacy and elegance of attitude, together with its majesty and graceful playfulness in all its movements, that I refrained from firing at it. The innocence of this water fowl respecting danger is exceptionally noticeable, and when it skips in the shallow water, striking at fish with its long-sharp pointed bill it is directed by a keen watchfulness. The heron is the most beautiful of all the waders, and is said to be held sacred by the African tribes; should one happen to be killed, even by accident, a calf or young cow must be sacrificed as an atonement."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Compulsory Bangles in Sind.

Much stress is laid by those desirous of reforming marriage expenses in Sind upon the abolition of the ivory bangles. A set of these bangles, which is the first of the articles of jewelry which must be provided by the father of the bride, costs from five to ten pounds, according to whether the bangles are ivory only or inlaid with gold. The bangles are fragile and easily broken, and moreover become quickly discolored when they have to be discarded and new ones provided.

Needed Season.

Tommy Twaddles—Ma, why is it that they ain't no parties an' dances an' things durin' Lent?

Ma Twaddles—Because our winter clothes are all worn out and it isn't warm enough for our spring clothes yet.

Incompetent.

Employer (to presumptuous clerk)—Are you the boss here, I'd like to know?

Clerk—No, sir, but—

"Well, don't talk like a fool, then."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

HOW THE JAPANESE FIGHT.

Little Soldiers of the Mikado Slain at the Legs of Their Russian Adversaries.

I had heard that the Japanese infantry charged on their stomachs, writes Helen Hyde, at Shoji, to the Argonaut, but I had no idea how they did it until I saw Uchiyama charging around my room—not exactly on his stomach, but away over on his left knee, propelling himself along with his right leg, which trailed out behind him. He was firing madly as he went, and in an instant he was his own officer—standing, forging ahead, sword in hand, addressing his men, who a second ago were represented by this same lightning-change artist, Uchiyama.

"Where I lead you follow!" shouted the officer; "if any man falters or makes a move to retreat, I myself with my sword in pieces will cut him. Forward!"

"Oh," said Uchiyama, turning pastiling with his exertions, "no words can describe the strong actions of our officers or the strong words they speak. They are found dead shot through the mouth while shouting to their men—shot in the breast. There was Capt. Tachibana, a shell tore away his right hand; never mind he caught his sword with his left and led on his men, never faltering. Another shell tore away a great piece of his body but when they found him his sword was still clutched tightly in his hand."

All this because a friend of Uchiyama's was just back from the Laoyang and out in the servants' quarters had spent the afternoon telling them wondrous tales.

I found on my return that day a century-old sword, a white and some white roses. "A Laoyang banner" present from Toki San," explained Taro. "He said of course if you wanted them, he had bits of shells and such things from the battlefield, but he thought you would rather have the pine."

I met a hero the other day—at least so considered by the Japanese, for he received a coveted "sanzo" before the troops—a quiet, unassuming country boy, cavalryman of the imperial body-guard. Why Gen Kuroki had conferred this honor upon them and why three medals adorned his brilliant uniform he did not say, but he did say that he was allowed to keep the Russian officer's overcoat that he brought with him, because he, with two comrades, came unexpectedly upon 20 Cosacks, and, moreover, gave them battle. He simply bowed when some one asked how the officer died and one felt repelled; yet, when one looked at the little Japanese horsehoe and the massive Russian one—at the overcoat, which must have been worn by a huge man, and then at the striping—one with American sympathy for the underdog could not help being glad the fortunes of war were with the boy.

The skirts of the coat were slashed with cuts as clean as if made with the scissors, and when we asked the meaning he said that the horses of the Japanese and their men were much too small to enable them to strike at the bodies of their big antagonists—so that they were obliged to unhorse them if possible by wounding them in the legs. I had not realized at what a great disadvantage the Japanese cavalry fought.

But this was not the story the young fellow came to tell. It was decided to give the greater part of the killed Cosacker-lords, over which all the wounding of Toki was busy for so many weeks, to the cavalry of the imperial guard, as, sent ahead on wounding duty, they were apt to be without proper food and shelter, and exposed to more danger of sickness than the other branches of the service.

It was one o'clock in the morning, he said, with much exactness, when the lands were distributed to his company. There was only one to every three men—but the soldiers redistributed them to suit their own humanitarian ideas. And many times they changed owners. If one man was weaker or if he felt ill, there was no way to do anything for him with fire or hot water. Off came the bands, and they piled one on top of the other, until the sick man was as warm as toast. They were used for wounds, for wrapping around the enemy's captured guns to prevent concussion; they were used to relieve their horses; to clean their guns.

"In fact," finished the soldier, "we had nothing that we put to more general use than those domaki; and if you want to send things to the soldiers, by all means send them those." He had found the name of a certain girl's school written inside his and had used this first opportunity to come and express to the workers his gratitude and that of his comrades.

He Had Given.

At a reception given for President Hadley one individual asked him what he thought of a recent baseball game. As Yale had met with a disastrous defeat the subject might be called unpleasant. Without hesitation President Hadley said: "There was a boy living in a village whose uncle died. The next day a man driving along the road was surprised to find the boy working in the field. Thinking this did not show proper respect for the dead uncle he called the lad to him and said: 'Johnny didn't you know your uncle was dead?' Johnny slowly approached and drawled out: 'Yes, I know it, I have cried.'

Bishop Brooks and Matrimony.

The late Phillips Brooks, being a bachelor, was greatly annoyed by receiving offers of marriage from women all over the country. One woman told him that she had a fortune at his disposal if he would accept her hand and heart. He replied: "Give your money to the poor, your heart to God, and your hand to the man who asks you for it."—Boston Herald.