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Health and Wallpaper.

"It isn't your digestion which is wrong, it is your wall paper!" may possibly be the exclamation of the doctor in the near future. Instead of sending round to the chemist for salts and senna, the man who feels his nerves to be jangled, his digestion to be impaired, and a taste in his mouth like pennies, will call in the men with the ladders, the paste bucket and the slap-dash brushes.

Many a man thinks he is bad tempered and takes himself seriously to task as he reads his paper in the train for having left behind him a family in tears, when, really, he is perfectly innocent.

If he did break out and say things about, and ask who had been chopping firewood with his best razor, and call the breakfast bacon "putrid"—it probably was—it was not that he was "ratty," but that the wall paper all over his house was enough to give a rhinoceros a thin skin.

In the days before wall papers were invented, the world bred quite a large and regular crop of saints. The reason no new saint ever appears on the horizon is due to wall papers. Who could be a saint and live with the atrocious, convolutions, evolutions and protechnics of the modern wall paper?

The thing is impossible. A wall covered with a fruit-salad of cherries, with leaves to match, may be borne with for a day, or even a week, but when it comes to living with it a

whole year, and often much more, it gets on the nerves and frays the edges of the nervous system.

Then there is the flower paper, a few degrees worse than the fruit-salad contraption. A little red rose or two scattered broadcast on a nice creamy background may be all right, but when it comes to what the Covent Garden porter calls a "Mawket-bunch" repeated all over the wall five hundred and twenty times, it is calculated to send a Galapagos tortoise into hopping madness.

Then there is a funny thing how wall paper designers love big flowers. They wouldn't be seen looking at a daisy or a primrose, but put a sunflower, or a dahlia, or a rhododendron, or a prize chrysanthemum or some mixture of all these which makes a flower no one ever saw outside an opium dream, and they go for it with avidity, and reproduce it by the hundred gross!

Paper hangers will be well advised to change their method of advertising their craft. It is no use to put up a sign simply saying that you are a house decorator, "estimates free," and that sort of rot. Say, rather:

"N. O. Aramk, Professor of Rest Cure. Are you Jumpy? Do you tremble when you see a job of work? Are you given to language? Do you assault the gas-meter man and set the dog on the tax gatherer? What you want is a new wall paper or two—something in low tones, restful and soothing."

Soapless Shaving.

A new method of shaving has been introduced by a barber in Marley-bone.

It is conducted without soap or brushes. Once his customer is in the chair with the white sheet round his neck, the barber produces a bottle of pinkish liquid, rapidly rubs it with his fingers over the beard, picks up a razor—and a clean and comfortable shave is the result.

"Soap destroys the natural oil of the hair," he says, and declares that his preparation is not only entirely harmless, but is much more effective than the ordinary shaving soaps.

The preparation is his own secret, and it is stated that during the war he shaved all the officers in the company he was in by this means.

Fads and Fashions.

The Oriental headdress for evening is a most fascinating and fashionable creation.

The new Egyptian blue is the color of the little glass beads found in Egyptian tombs.

A Lewis hat of soft rose velvet has for ornament a spatter of glycerinized ostrich feathers.

Shortage of Husbands

ONE OF DIRECT RESULTS OF SLAUGHTER OF GREAT WAR.

Some of the most serious results of the great war have not yet made themselves visible; but they are rapidly blowing up on the horizon, and they are worth thinking about. David Starr Jordan once said that the worst effects of war do not appear until the next generation, having in mind what might be termed the artificial reversal of "natural selection" whereby the best young men go to war and die, and the weaklings, who make the poorest fathers, stay at home and marry. In this war the rule was not followed; everybody went to war, and the weakling was just as apt to be killed by poison gas or high explosive shells as the brave man.

This war has produced, however, a situation even more menacing, equally tragic, more directly visible, in the almost world-wide shortage of young men. Germany's figures can be hardly any better, and Great Britain and Belgium are in about the same boat. Of these lost young men it is likely that more than the normal proportion were unmarried, since marriage brought a certain degree of immunity from danger even in those countries where it did not excuse a man from service. It is safe to assume that more of the married men than of the single men have got through alive.

But even of the bachelors who are now returned to civil life, a smaller proportion will marry than would have been the case if they had stayed at home. Those who had made a start in life must now, in many cases, begin all over again, which spells postponement of romance, especially with living costs soaring and industry half paralyzed. Many thousands of others are afflicted with the soldier's restlessness, and will wander, instead of settling down to the business of raising a family.

On the face of it, this looks as though a great part of the feminine population is doomed to celibacy; but unfortunately the history of mankind teaches us that the human race simply will not, in large masses, remain celibate over long periods of time. An incidental spinster now and then, yes—a specimen thrown up by the economic pressure of the time, or by individual variation from the normal; but spinsterhood as a rule, no. When the Thirty Years' War was ended with the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, the German states which took part in it had been reduced in population from 20,000,000 to 6,000,000. The greater part of the adult male population was wiped out, and, as a result, polygamy became the rule throughout what is now the German empire. Apparently the same development had begun in Germany long before the close of the great war; and there is reason to believe that the Government was far from hostile to it.

In less brutally sophisticated countries such a complete breakdown of our established morality is not likely to occur, but there will be social consequences none the less interesting. Relaxation of standards among the wives of soldiers is a phenomenon common to several countries; while the reckless indifference of many fighting men on leave is notorious, and is well portrayed by Arnold Bennett in "The Pretty Lady." Possibly we may find nothing worse in England and France than a desperate competition for every bachelor, whether eligible or not, according to normal standards. Lovely women will try to emphasize her personal charms to the slacker who has not yet taken to himself a wife, and possibly this thought has a bearing on the remark-

able styles of dress which prevail in London and Paris to-day. The whole subject is one which, while to the unthinking it is chiefly amusing, is very serious, too; and in the indictment of war such a situation as this is one of the most serious crimes.

Eve Vindicated.

Philadelphia, Jan. 22.—Evidence older than the Bible, by 2,000 or 3,000 years that women had nothing to do with the downfall of the human race, was produced to-day by the museum to the University of Pennsylvania in the form of a new act of translations by Dr. Stephen Herbert Langdon.

Dr. Langdon is now professor of Assyriology at Oxford University, England. He was for three years Curator of the Babylonian section at the University Museum, and while there he studied and translated thousands of ancient clay tablets from the ruins of Nippur, in ancient Babylonia.

The new book is the fourth of a series depicting the religious life of the Sumerians, a mysterious race, the origin of which is unknown, which was finally swallowed up by the later Semites. According to one of the flood stories in the collection, Noah ate the forbidden fruit after he had been saved from the deluge.

This salvation was accomplished according to the Sumerian version, by a woman deity. There is no mention of any Eve in the history. Clay tablets from which this and other stories are taken are said to be at least 1,500 years older than Babylonian tablets.

After the Sumerian had become extinguished in their political power, according to Dr. Langdon, the Babylonians retained the language for ecclesiastical purposes, for many centuries just as Latin is now used in the Roman Catholic Church.

The Sumerian records at the university museum provide an apparent history of mankind back to 14,000 years before Christ, but this is not considered absolutely authentic, because many of the reigns of kings are collateral. The Sumerians believed that the patriarchs, corresponding to those of the Old Testament, ruled before the flood for 360,000 years. According to their story it was 35,000 years after the deluge when Cyrus of Persia conquered Babylonia.

Didn't Get the Signal.

As it was his birthday Smith was allowed to take a friend home to dinner, but his wife gave him strict orders that he must not offer his guest sherry, as they had none in the house. As usual, Smith forgot all about the injunction.

"Won't you have a glass of sherry, old man?" he said, as the meal proceeded. The guest turned very red, and stammered that he never drank it.

"What rubbish!" said Smith. "I know that is not true. Do try it." The guest looked quite disturbed. "No, not I would much rather not!" he said imploringly, and turned redder than ever.

When the evening was finished and the guest had gone, Mrs. Smith said to her husband:

"Why on earth did you press the sherry, when I kept kicking you under the table, too, to remind you that there wasn't any?"

Smith looked at her.

"It wasn't me you kicked, my dear!" he said.

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Abbey's Salt is a blood purifier—a tonic—a laxative—a kidney regulator. Its beneficial effects are felt on every organ of the body. It cleanses and purifies the whole system. It invigorates mind and body. It quickly relieves such distressing troubles as attacks of Biliousness, Indigestion, Headaches and Pain in the Back; and effectively prevents more serious ailments.

Try this pleasant way of keeping well. Get a bottle of Abbey's Salt and take a glass every morning before breakfast!

Recommended by Physicians for:

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- Biliousness
- Constipation
- Nervousness
- Sleeplessness
- No Appetite
- Seasickness
- Headaches
- Neuralgia
- Poor Circulation
- Kidney Trouble
- Impure Blood

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It is only the reckless driver—the man abusive of his tyres—who can expect to profit regularly from the definite mileage guarantee.

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GOOD YEAR