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Ceylon Green which is fast
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CURIOUS LAWS OF OLD BABYLON

The Oldest Code That Has Come
Down From Antiquity.

How Wages of Labor Were Regulated
—Moses a Strike Leader—The
Grades of Society.

That the wages of labor, the fees of physicians, the rental of farm lands in Babylon, 2500 B.C., would ever be authoritatively known, was not dreamed of until a few weeks ago. The cuneiform inscriptions recently found by M. de Morgan have proved upon translation to be the oldest code of laws in existence. The code consists of 250 edicts, issued by Hammurabi, the biblical Ananias, King of Babylon in the time of Abraham. An English translation of this code has been made from the German translation of Hugo Winckler. This is the code which Professor Delitzsch used in his lecture before the German Emperor a few days ago, in which he boasted upon the view that the Babylonian code was far superior to the laws of Moses and that the latter was a fraud. All this is absurd, and no one can read this oldest code without seeing that it is also the crudest code of laws extant.

The elaborate system of laws regulating the duties of widows and the compensation of an apparent struggle to give daughters some show of justice in the division of property, theoretically, these laws have belonged to sons—these, together with the frantic attempts to protect orphan children, show an old and entangled civilization which had already developed "problems." Moses, on the other hand, was starting a new nation. His code could be simpler and more direct.

MOSES AS A STRIKE LEADER.
Moreover, it is just as well not to forget that Moses was the successful leader of a great strike, which, originating in the refusal of the perfectly just demands of the brickyard laborers of Egypt, finally terminated in the emancipation of a race of slaves. Coming out from under oppression and injustice and wrong, the code of Moses would very naturally embody more tolerance and be more expressive of justice than any code issued by long-established power.

One great value of this Babylonian code has never yet been pointed out. It is that here we have the original tablets of the oldest preserved code, absolutely unimpaired with there is no question in this case of interpolations, of transcribing the originals to support sectarian views. We know the laws of Manu, the Book of the Dead, the laws of Moses and even the Justinian code have each and all been "doctored by the great physician, Time," and it is almost impossible to say that any given idea in any of these works dates back to the time ascribed to the oldest portion of the document in which it is found.

In this most ancient of known codes we can get ourselves used to the swing of the ideas of the ancient mind, and he better prepared, perhaps, to detect interpolations in the others. Although the wording of the entire code as we have it, and doubtless a few of the edicts themselves, were new and original with Hammurabi and his court, yet for the

most part it is admittedly a codification, a restatement of old laws that had been in existence for centuries before Hammurabi.

THE GRADES OF SOCIETY.
The social conditions depicted by this code can only be gleaned at. There were four classes in society aside from the priestly and the military class. There were the officials of the civil government, who, whether or not they formed a distinct class, seem to have had special privileges. Then came the free-born class, next the freedmen class, and lastly the slaves. There were state slaves and slaves privately owned. There were state lands and private lands. Looking at the industrial conditions, we find first that by edict 188, "if an artisan has undertaken to rear a child and teaches him his craft, he cannot be demanded back" by his relatives.

The state of civilization was such that physicians skillfully performed operations which are considered wonderful even today. They removed cataracts from the eye, and the fee for a successful operation was \$6. However, "if the physician with the operating knife put out the eye of the patient, he shall be put to death, and the fee for the operation shall be paid to the physician who put out the eye of the patient." In case the patient was a freedman the physician shall pay half his value. For setting and properly healing a broken bone, the physician could charge for one free-born \$5; for a freedman, \$1.50; for a slave, \$1.20.

PAY OF VETERINARIANS.
A veterinary surgeon performing a serious operation upon an ox or other animal and curing it, was to have 10 cents as a fee, but if he killed it, "he shall pay one-fourth of its value." We do not get the wages of barbers for their ordinary work, but if any barber shave a slave, and on him the sign of "For Sale," and the slave is not for sale, the barber shall have his hand cut off. The wages of carpenters working as journeymen were 12 cents a day. Building contractors putting up a house for private parties could charge \$1.20 per "sar" of surface. Just what is the modern equivalent of a "sar" is not known, but if the building is not properly constructed and it falls and kills the owner, then the builder is guilty of murder. If it kills the son of the owner, the son of that builder shall be put to death. If it kills the slave of the owner, then he shall pay slave for slave to the owner.

The wages of masons are so obscured in the tablet as to be illegible, and this is unfortunately true of several trades that are named. We have, however, the wages of potters as 15 cents a day, tailors 15 cents, ropemakers 12 cents. A principal part of the potter's work was to make clay coffins. If a shipbuilder built a boat of 60 "gur" burden for a private merchant, he shall receive a fee of \$10. But the boat must be made and kept watertight at the expense of the builder. There are three or four edicts relative to the liability of sailors for the safekeeping of ships. Edict 288 says: "If a man hire a sailor, he shall pay him 6 gur of corn a year." The hire of a plow ox was 4 gur of corn a year; a mule cow, 3 gur.

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A day laborer during the first half of

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10c. for Colors,
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THE CAKE WALK IN GAY PARIS

Craze Appears to Pervade All
Classes of Society.

From the Circus to the Ball Rooms
of the Rich—The Anglo-Saxon
in a New Light.

The American invasion continues! After Standard Oil and Thomson-Houston electric tramways, after the organization, and the efforts of a Chicago Gas Company to obtain the contract for a municipal supply; after the "Strenuous Life," with President Roosevelt's prophetic—the cake walk has conquered Paris. It is no longer a march or solemn promenade, with allusive racial color; it has become a dance, rapid, with sudden breaks and unexpected movements, exotic in time and tune, and healthily epileptic. There was room for it.

The English literature concerning France does not seem to have informed tourists that the cancan lapsed from sight some time in the last century, before the Jardin Mabille, which was its classic home, disappeared in the early eighties. The disoriented chahut, which came in with the exposition of 1889, has also ceased its exacting strain, and no longer lifts the toe slithering above the head since the Moulin Rouge closed its doors for ever with the year just past. The aristocratic stables of a private house now show an exclusive entrance where Paris gayerly freely passed in crowds to the world-famed Mabille; and a row of prosaic apartment houses is already going up on the site of the Moulin Rouge, each thing comes in its time; it was time for a new dance—behold the cake walk.

Never has the disordered rhythm of the cancan so triumphed among Parisians. From the beginning it has been limited, like its predecessors, to the promiscuousness of the dance halls. It has been taken up by the nobility and the plutocrats; and the bourgeois, half fearful of its correctness, have been obliged to follow the example. Mothers accept the knowledge that these American inventions at least give their daughters physical exercise.

It was as early as October that I learned the coming of the cake walk to Paris, where hitherto it had been completely unknown. My informant was a professor of dancing, who unhesitatingly gave the good name of Americans for an artistic as well as a light fantastic toe. He came to Paris years ago, after much minstrel wandering in the exclusive circles of the opera, which required them for the ballet of the Korrigane. Thence he drifted to the English court for the children of the Prince of Wales, and then to Spain, where he taught the young King how to dance the "Boston." Back in Paris, he has been the chief promoter among his own people of this giddy dance masquerading under the name of the city of severe culture; and he has just opened a superb dance palace, modern styled, in the "The Boston," he said to me, "will be replaced the coming winter by the cake walk."

"How in the world is it to be pronounced?" the Professor asked, and I answered, and so it is now everywhere known—"vall" being sounded like the first syllable of "valley." It is the secret of the unanimity of vogue in this instance. An American troupe came to Paris at the end of the public cake walk at the circus, to the unmitigated delight of children and grown folks alike. Then a French adaptation of it—regularized, with a little of the old high-kicking and less of the gro-

tesque element—appeared commonly in the music halls. Meanwhile dancing teachers everywhere were emulating with each other in the only real and genuine cake walk dance, and no ball or party could be without it. Now, advertising preliminary, it appears in the theater in "Florodora," to which it has been transplanted from some other English or American classic, whose renown has not yet reached us—"The Honey and the Bee."

"Florodora," quite upset all previous French ideas of Anglo-Saxon gravity. "The humor," says one severe critic, "is fantastic and incoherent—it consists in the characters interrupting the little they have to say with jigs and other much-frenzied dancing. The music is that of dancing saloons." Emile Faguet, who is a sober academician, thinks, however, that it may be a French success, probably because of the songs and dances. But all are dismayed that it should have taken

possession of a theater properly so-called. "Shall we then see Mounet Sully and Madame Bartlet leading in a cake walk between the acts of Racine's tragedies?" croaks a prophet of woe in this sudden overthrow of the traditions.

Malicious critics of the Government have applied the name of the "cake walk" to its sudden break in the middle, to the recent astounding declarations of the Prime Minister acknowledging the necessity of religious instruction, which was supposed to be contrary to all his previous policy. After this, it only remains for one of the bishops to apply the metaphor to the first of his colleagues that disagreed with him. Then the triumph of the American cake walk will be complete, for it will have invaded all circles of French society from the frivolous to the grave. Meanwhile, we have shown that we are not only able to capture the world's business; we can also amuse it.—New York Evening Post.

THE NEW ACT.
("Habituals" are to be photographed by the police.)



Sergeant Bullseye—Now, then—keep steady, please!

GEN. KITCHENER'S ISLAND HOME

Is the Famous General Going to
Turn Robinson Crusoe?

Will Lord Kitchener turn Crusoe?

Is the famous commander of the British armies in the east to turn his back on the "madding crowd" and bury himself in solitude?

Whether or not it be his intention to set up an establishment as a luxurious and comfortable sort of a Robinson Crusoe, he has at least made the most of his arrangements. If he ever desired, for however small a length of time, to become Crusoe, with or without the Man Friday, he has the opportunity.

He is now known as the possessor of an island in the Nile. In the stretch of the river as it sweeps past Assuan there are two islands, described as the fairest in the stream. The largest is the island of Elephantine, which extends along the middle of the waterway. To the west of it, and almost hidden by it, is the smaller island of Kitchener.

It is scarcely to be observed, so much is it overshadowed by the other. Few have noticed it, and few of the few who have seen it have known that it is the home of the commander of the British army.

The little island has been adorned in a manner than an Asiatic taste could suggest. It has been made beautiful and the needs of life in a practical as well as an aesthetic way. Now Lord Kitchener is asked to explain.

For whom has he fitted up this lovely island? Is it for a brute? Is it his winter home? Does he intend to become Crusoe because the girl he loves won't accept him?

No one goes to Lord Kitchener and asks him personally. His disposition is not laid after a fashion to welcome inquiries into his personal arrangements. It is just a series of general questions. Anyone who knows may explain to the public.

Kitchener's island forms an ideal retreat. There are thirteen acres, where any prospect passes and where wars and rumors of wars do not intrude. The moat will not corrupt nor thieves break in and steal. The troublesome and tiresome public intruder and annoy if Kitchener chooses to turn Crusoe.

A pile of great granite boulders forms the unvarying extremity of the island. From here the view is towards the First Cataract, with the blue beyond—the Nile, the vastest views afforded by the Nile. Prying eyes which might be tempted to look across from Assuan are shut off by the luxuriant palms of Elephantine.

On the island itself everything which could be done to aid the effects of nature at her best has been done by the soldier owner. No money nor pains has been spared to make the island home beautiful. A perfect garden has been formed around the edge by planting young palms to take the place of the old ones.

The island is a picture of pomegranates, oranges, citrons, oleanders and roses. In the center of the island is an arbor enveloped in a profusion of the pale blue blossoms of a magnificent convolvulus. There stands a Greek pedestal of exquisite taste and design, dug from some ancient ruin, of make and date unknown.

Near the river is another kiosk—a delightful shelter in the coolest part of the island, where one may sit and observe the changing scenes on the river.

With all this done for the beautiful island, there is much more for the practical. The vegetable gardens of the island are located near its center. Here are beans, French peas, lettuce, and other such vegetables, which find a ready sale in the hotels of Assuan. Nothing is left to chance. The island is developed by means of a perfect system of irrigation. Commercially the island is a valuable asset. The returns have been 50 per cent on the investment.

With all this prepared, the wonder now is what Lord Kitchener is to do with it. He has been rumored that he will make his home in the east, where he has done most of his work.

Nothing in the way of house-building has been attempted on the island yet, so no conjecture can be had on that score. The island is the only buildings which have been put up, and they are too fragile and immaterial to be used as residences. Lord Kitchener builds, then, it will be assumed that he has chosen the little island in the middle of the Nile as his permanent home.

Toys as Educators.

A good suggestion has been made by a Paris paper which should be followed. The Journal advocates the establishment of a toy museum. This museum, containing toys of all ages, would be an instructive study of the development of the human mind. A man could, through a study of these instruments for a child's pleasure, gain a complete knowledge of the advancement of the race.

No study could be more pleasant than an inspection of the toys of our great-grandmothers. They were undoubtedly clumsy and made to withstand the knocks of the mighty. The children of those earlier days must have had a wearisome time, and their amusements must have been of a most lugubrious order. However, we all have grave reasons to doubt whether the elaborate toys of the present day have really much pleasure for children.

The mechanical toys which are so carefully built and so easily put out of order are hardly appreciated by youngsters. Locomotives, steamboats, windmills, chickens that crow and race about afford pleasure for the moment, and then commences the work of destruction. The French make the most elaborate toys, and some, said to say, would not be permitted in an American household because of their close approach to dread realism.—San Francisco Post.

Children Should Read Aloud.

Reading aloud well is an accomplishment ranking next to music as a means of entertainment at home and in the family circle. In a past generation, the elaborate toys of the present day were realized when they were chiefly spent at home, and going to parties was the exception. The father, mother and children all gathered in the common living room, and one read aloud while others busied themselves with handwork, and all save very small ones, who had an early bedtime, listened with attention and interest. There is much to be learned now about the study of child nature. It would astonish some of these students could they know how much of good literature intended for mature minds was comprehended and appreciated by children when they were given a chance to become acquainted with it. Scott's novels, "Paradise Lost," Swift's poems, and other similar reading, have been a great factor in forming a good taste in literature, which has been the result of the study of the lives of the great men of letters. Such children have learned large parts of "The Iliad," "The Odyssey," "The Aeneid," "The Minstrel," and many other poems of great merit. One lady, recently dead, told me that she had read "The Iliad" in her early childhood, and that she had learned much of the study of child nature. It would astonish some of these students could they know how much of good literature intended for mature minds was comprehended and appreciated by children when they were given a chance to become acquainted with it. Scott's novels, "Paradise Lost," Swift's poems, and other similar reading, have been a great factor in forming a good taste in literature, which has been the result of the study of the lives of the great men of letters. Such children have learned large parts of "The Iliad," "The Odyssey," "The Aeneid," "The Minstrel," and many other poems of great merit. One lady, recently dead, told me that she had read "The Iliad" in her early childhood, and that she had learned much of the study of child nature.

There is a much lighter and trashy reading for children. They are left too much to themselves in choice of books. Parents are too busy to be engrossed in their own pursuits to give their children the proper training in reading aloud at home. The children are then placed on their being taught at school. At school

the average California farmer is a prosperous and contented man. He has the advantages of a matchless climate, rich soil and expanding markets. Climate does not simply mean comfort. It means a longer period of growth, a wider range of production and increased vigor of plant life. Here the winter is taken out of everything but the calendar, and midwinter in the east is here a season of growth and of much stir and activity. A vast amount of energy is wasted where a man must see the winter consume the summer's harvests.

Much of California's soil is still virgin, and where irrigation is practiced, renews itself perpetually. Markets in new lands are always growing. Here the interior is covered with the lines of the pioneer railroad, the Southern Pacific, built in advance of population, and crops are easily carried to ship and warehouse and elevator. We face the Orient, too, and vast cargoes go out steadily to feed that great market, and with the rapid development of the country and the low price of lands, it is only a question of a little time when the returns will return 100 per cent. Just now rates to California are based on a fare of \$33 from Chicago, and this runs until June 15. It is a good time to start, and a month's vacation may be profitable.

Write to F. B. Choate, general agent, Southern Pacific, Detroit, Mich.

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CLEANING

House is one of the duties that a weak woman looks forward to with dread. As a rule, she knows that she must pay for the over-strain with days or weeks of womanly suffering.

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there is not sufficient time to give each child all the exercise in this that is needed. Reading is not a habit, it is a habit. One principal of a school has recognized this and is making an effort to encourage children to read. He gives a credit to children for home reading aloud, and asks a report from the parents, and also gives the pupil an opportunity to tell to his class the things he has read. The responsibility of a parent's education is not wholly the teacher's. The teacher is simply to supplement the efforts of the parent, to supply what it is inconvenient or impossible for the parent to give. Schools are not intended to take a parent's place.—Millwaukee Sentinel.

• TAKE A MOTHER'S WORD.

Thousands of mothers in all parts of Canada have written to say that Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine they have ever used for the cure of the little ills that afflict all children. It is impossible to publish all these letters, for they would more than fill a newspaper, but the following extracts are a fair sample of what all mothers say about this medicine:

Mrs. James Hopkins, Tobermory, Ont.: "The Tablets are a blessing to both mother and child. I have used them for my little boy, St. Andrews East, Ont. 'I consider it my duty to recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all my friends who have children.'"

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Mrs. F. J. Como, New Brandon, N. B.: "The Tablets are just the thing for children; they make them well, cheerful and happy."

Mrs. H. H. Pitts, Ashcroft, B. C.: "I have found that these are a satisfactory medicine for children. I always keep them in the house."

Mrs. A. W. Higgins, North River, N. S.: "The Tablets are just the thing for children. I have used them for my little boy, and he is now a healthy and happy child. You can take the words of these mothers with every confidence, when you have a positive guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. No other medicine gives a similar guarantee. Sold by druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont."

A California Home.

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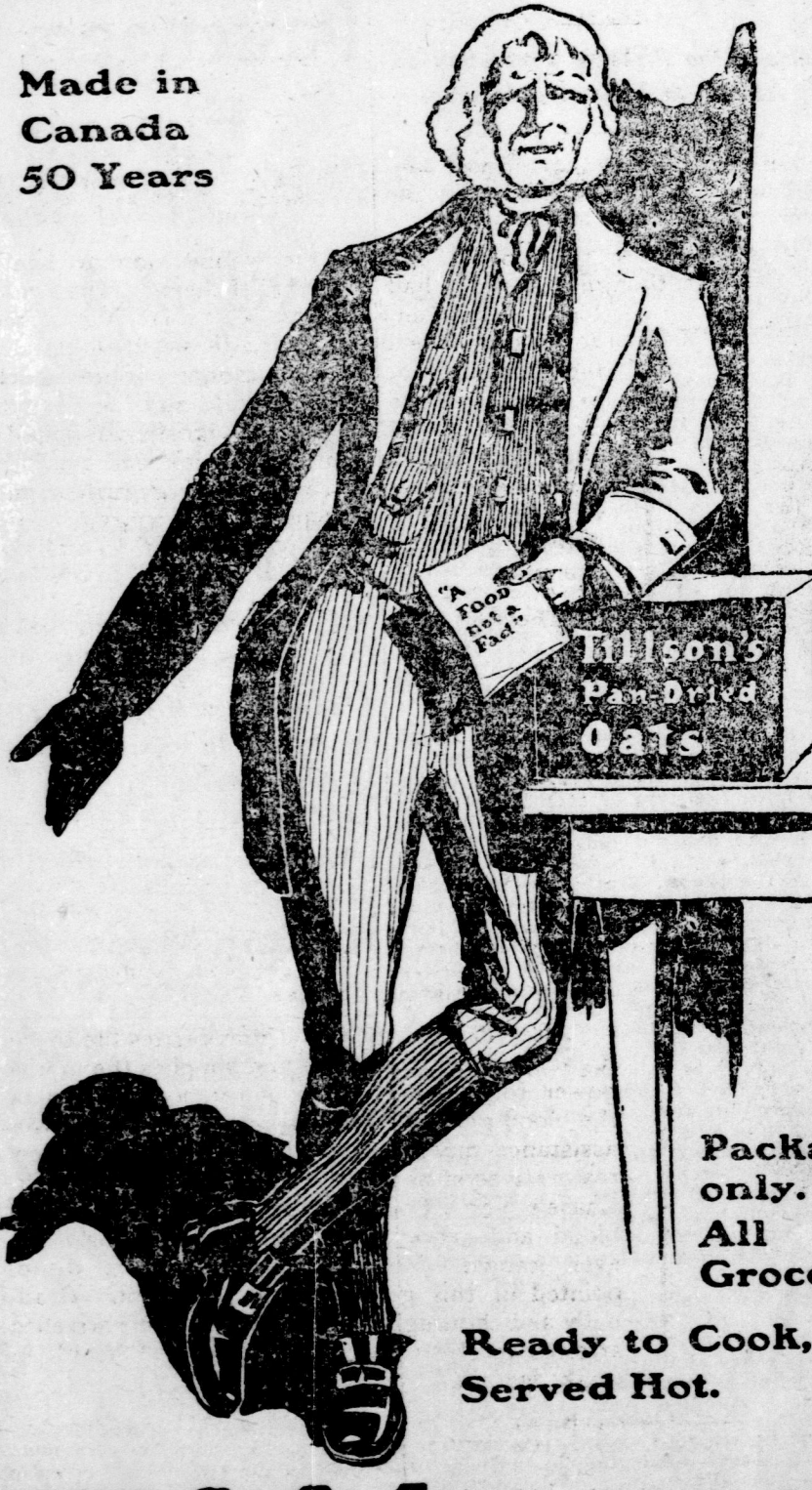
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