

NEW THE BIBLE

"Father Neale," an Evangelist of Washington's Time.

Advised Young Preachers to Commit the Holy Writ to Memory, as He Did.

In these days when Billy Sunday occupies public attention, we recall an evangelist preacher of Washington's time, says an exchange. It was late in life when "Father Neale" was converted and so great was his zeal that he embraced every possible chance to preach, and then preached as long as the people would stay to hear him.

Full of anecdotes and fond of humorous stories, he amused the crowds that gathered around him and often converted some wandering sheep. He was a carpenter by trade, and when he was not preaching he was working, for he never took any money from his audiances. His only book was the Bible, and when he found a young preacher using a Concordance to aid him in finding texts he would say:

"Do as I do, study the Bible till you know it by heart." And he had studied it so thoroughly that he knew the least incidents recorded in it, and could cite them whenever they would come in play. Once he heard a minister trying to prove that the people could not have been immersed in the Jordan because that river was so small that a man could dam it up with his foot. At the close of the sermon Father Neale got up and said:

"I don't pretend to have any great book learnin', but there's one book I do know, and that's the Bible. That's my book. Now, our brother here says the Jordan is so small that you may stop it with your foot. His books may tell him so, but my book tells me another story. I read in the Bible how David, when he was flying from Abimelech, and wanted to cross that same river, had to hire a boat to carry him over! That's what my book tells me!"

Some of Father Neale's recollections of Washington are little known to the readers of today, and some have never been published. Here is an anecdote found in an old journal:

"One of Washington's habits he mentioned as brought to Mount Vernon from the camp where everything was sacrificed to dispatch. Whenever Washington received a note by a private messenger, he never asked the bearer into the house, but usually took the letter himself at the front door and read it standing with his head bare in the open air. If it required a verbal reply he gave it, and dismissed the bearer; or if he must write, he retired to his office, wrote the answer, and bringing it out, delivered it to the messenger with his own hand."

Father Neale states "that he was once engaged doing some carpenter work on one of the northeast windows that opens upon the front piazza of the mansion at Mount Vernon, and several ladies were taking tea on the colonnade. Washington was walking up and down joining in the conversation. One of the ladies asked him his opinion of some of the battles of Napoleon, the fame of which was then ringing through the world. Washington's reply, as heard by Father Neale, was in these words: 'Something more than the art of man achieved those battles.'"

Small Family in Service

In Roseville, a suburb of Newark, N. J., four members of a family are serving the Stars and Stripes. Capt. Edson I. Small, who had been retired from active service, re-enlisted when war on Germany was declared. His brother, Willis F. Small, who was connected with a watch case company for 26 years, has become chief inspector of ordnance, navy department, and is stationed at Bethlehem, Pa. His son, Willis T. Small, Jr., is at Anniston, Ala., as a member of Battery A of East Orange. A namesake of Capt. Edson I. Small and a son of Willis Small, Sr., quietly departed from home without telling about his destination and enlisted. He is stationed at Syracuse, N. Y.

Why It Is "Ham Meadow"

Ham meadow is the name given to a field near Dresden, because it was bought from the proceeds of a sale of a ham. A farmer sold a tourist a ham for \$37, and immediately purchased a five-acre meadow with the money. This land has now been christened locally with the name of the "Ham Meadow." "Might one be permitted to inquire," comments a Berlin journal, "whether the law will have anything to say in this disgraceful piece of usury, or is it only the wretched little hoarders of a few pounds of potatoes who are punished?"

Prosaic Environment

"Fate plays queer tricks on a man," remarked Mr. Twobble.

"No doubt." "I always thought I would propose to the woman I would marry where there was the sheen of silver and cut glass, and shaded lights were softly glowing and behind a screen of palms an orchestra was playing a Hungarian waltz." "Yes?" "As a matter of fact, I proposed to Mrs. Twobble in a jitney bus."

Wouldn't Stop Her

Jones—How far is this farm from the city? Real Estate Man—Forty miles. Jones—Not far enough. My wife would walk fifty to get to a bargain sale.

GETTING A BATH IN BOGOTA

Attempt Was Fraught With Much Difficulty and Considerable Profanity, According to Writer.

Ever since our arrival Hays and had been threatening to patronize one of the two public bathhouses with a first-class bogotano reputation rumor had it existed in the capital, say Franck's Vagabonding Down the Andes. But in a land where the temperature rarely reaches 50 and the floors are tiled, it takes courage, and we had been satisfying ourselves and our duty to humanity by bravely splashing a basin of icy water over mainly forms each morning on rising. By dint of strong resolutions often repeated to be up at six and visit one of the cases de bain we did finally manage one morning to find ourselves wandering the streets by eight, with towel and soap under our arms, and stared at by all we met. We discovered La Violeta at last, next door to a blacksmith shop. The keeper we woke up told us we might have a cold bath, but that the sign on the front wall: "Hot baths at all hours," was to be taken with a bogotano meaning.

A few mornings later we did actually find the other establishment open. We entered a large patio, the most striking of several buildings, with which was a round, or, more exactly, an eight-sided house, and in time succeeded in arousing the place to the extent of bringing down upon us a youth hugely excited at the appearance of a crowd of two whole bathers all at one time.

The youth assured us there was plenty of hot water. I won the towel and was soon stripped. But the shower was colder than the ice fields bounding the pole. When I had caught my breath I bawled my repertory of profane Spanish at the youth, who could be seen through a hole above pottering with some sort of an upright boiler and firebox, and now and then peering down upon me. Suddenly the water grew warm, hot, boiling, then just when I had soaped myself from crown to toe in the steam, it turned as suddenly cold again, and an instant later stopped entirely. My eyes tightly closed I shouted at the youth above. "Es que el agua caliente se acabo," he droned. "It is that the hotel water has finished itself."

There being no deadly weapon at hand I turned on a tap of ice-cold water and raced to the dressing room still half soaped. Hays, scantily clad, was gazing fiercely at the youth through a hole in the door.

"Then there isn't any more hot water?" he demanded.

"Not now, senior, but there will be soon."

"Good. How soon?"

"Early tomorrow morning, senior."

"Why, you cross-eyed son of a pig-dog," exploded the ordinarily even-tempered ex-corporal, "I came here and stripped to an undershirt that I might dance in my bare feet on this tile floor in honor of Jose Maria de la Santa Trinidad Simon Bolivar! Get up on that roof and fire up or..."

The youth was already feverishly stoking armfuls of wood under the upright boiler, and by the time I left for home Hays was shadow boxing to keep warm with a fair chance of getting a bath before the day was done.

Could Exterminate Germans

Experiments made since the German bombardment of Armentieres with a mysterious gas shell have disclosed that the poison was arsine, known in the laboratory as arsenureted hydrogen, one of the deadliest fumes known to the chemists, according to a trench correspondent.

In Armentieres the gas from the shells continued its deadly work for nearly a week, although the shells were all thrown in one hour. More than 4,000 men, women and children died, many in convulsions and many stark mad.

The significant fact in regard to the arsine bomb which the Germans likely overlooked is that while the amount of the drug in Germany is limited, the allies have limitless supplies. If Britain and France wish to retaliate they could in less than a year manufacture these bombs in sufficient quantities to kill every living thing in the German empire.

It would be a question only of getting enough airplanes to carry and drop them.

Can You Beat It?

Once upon a time they published an order prohibiting gambling in Sing Sing. Two inmates were seen exchanging token money and they were haled to the court.

"What's the charge?" asked the judge.

"Alleged gambling," said the deputy.

"I thought all the cards, dice, gambling paraphernalia and such were destroyed."

"They were," answered the deputy, "but these two fellows were bettin' on whether it will rain today or not."

Distracting Attention

"In the good old days town soldiers were severely dealt with."

"So they were, but the ducking stool has gone out of fashion."

"Yes. About the only way we can hope to get any relief from a cold nowadays is to coax her into a motion picture theater and get her interested in a film."

Couldn't Be Worse

Mrs. A.—I don't think their manners are particularly good. I wonder where they have been living?

Mrs. B.—I don't know, but their manners couldn't be any worse if they were living at home all their lives.—People's Home Journal.

HAS SEVEN NAMES

City of Dorpat on Line of German Advance.

At Different Times Was in Possession of Germany, Russia, Poland and Sweden.

Dorpat is one of the important centers of population in the Baltic province of Livonia, which lies on the line of advance of the German offensive in the direction of Petrograd, says a bulletin issued by the National Geographic society.

Situated on the south bank of the River Embach, which flows eastward into Lake Peipus, Dorpat is connected by rail with both Reval and Riga and also has a triweekly steamboat service connecting it with the trade center of Pskov, on the Vellkaya, one of the water routes connecting the Baltic with Southern Russia. The distance to Riga by rail is 156 miles, in a south-westerly direction, while Reval lies to the northwest a distance of 118 miles.

Except for one or two churches, including the cathedral which crowns the Domburg (Cathedral hill) and the castle which rises on the brow of Schlossberg (Castle hill), there are few medieval buildings in the town, owing to the fact that the place was almost completely destroyed by fire in 1777. It had suffered from conflagration on two previous occasions when invading armies punished it for its stubborn resistance. The old fortifications have also been dismantled and attractive promenades now take the place of the old walls and earthworks.

Dorpat is known by many names (Yuriev, Dorpt, Derpt, Tartu, Tartolin and Tehebeta), a fact which recalls its tempestuous history during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when it was a veritable shuttlecock city, being tossed back and forth between contending nations which made the Baltic provinces their battlegrounds. It is supposed to have been founded by a prince of Kiev early in the eleventh century. Two hundred years later the Teutonic knights arrived, and the year following their advent the cathedral was established on the Domburg. Russia ousted the Germans in 1558; Poland took possession in 1582; Sweden seized the town in 1600; Poland retook it in 1603; Sweden was once more in possession in 1625; Russia asserted its claims in 1696, followed by a long period of Sweden-Russian activities which resulted in Russia's making good its claim in 1704. Four years later a large part of the population was deported to the interior of Russia.

Before the outbreak of the world war Dorpat was the headquarters of the Eighteenth army corps of Russia. It has a population of 50,000, and ever since the middle ages, when it was a member of the Hanseatic league, it has enjoyed considerable trade with Pskov and Novgorod. The agricultural fair, held in August of each year, is an important feature of the city's life in times of peace.

To Warn Future Kings

Premier Venizelos has announced his intention of placing a marble plaque in the chamber of deputies, where future kings may see it when they take the oath of office, warning them against usurping the rights of the people, writes an Athens correspondent.

He says that when he is in London, and visits the house of commons, he observes at the entrance to Westminster a conspicuous plaque reading: "Here was beheaded Charles I, King of England, for having usurped the liberties of the people of England." Whenever a king now goes to Westminster to open or close the work of parliament he passes directly before this plaque, which has served for 200 years to warn British kings not to trench on the rights of the people. Following this precedent, M. Venizelos will inscribe on the plaque in the chamber here:

"King Constantine lost his throne for twice dismissing the parliament elected by the people and imposing his personal policy on the people, while the dismissed parliament returning to power upheld the constitutional institutions of the country."

Chloroform and Uniform

There sure never was a more self-important lieutenant than Smithers. One day off parade he remonstrated with Private Spudlock for some trivial reason, and the old soldier resented the unjust dressing-down.

"You think you know army matters better than I do?" barked the bumptious officer, superiorly.

"Well, I don't know, sir," he drawled; "but I reckon I've been in chloroform as long as you've been in uniform."

No Regrets

Optimist—Well, thank goodness, for once I know where my diamond studs are!

Wife—Where?

Optimist—They are in one of those shirts we sent to the Belgians.—Life.

Airmen's Food

In order that airmen may be supplied with hot food, it has been suggested that airplane builders provide wall cases to hold vacuum bottles of preheated food.

Charity Marks the Man

Our true acquisitions lie only in our charities. We gain only as we give. There is no beggar so detestable as he who can afford nothing to his neighbor.—Stimma.

MEMORIALS FOR THEIR DEAD

Serbians Ever Keep Green the Memory of Deceased Members of Their Families.

It is not quite accurate to entitle this ceremony a funeral, for it is not that, but we have in English no one word or two words with which to express the meaning. In order to secure complete accuracy, it would have been necessary to heed this sketch with the words, "Ceremony Performed by a Serbian Family on the Anniversary of the Death of One of Its Members," and no newspaper copy reader would pass a title like that, writes a correspondent.

It is the custom of the country to remember the dead on the anniversary of death by a pilgrimage to the graveyard, with all appropriate ceremonies. A morbid custom, and one that might be productive of endless and needless grief, according to our ideas, but the Serbs are a hard race and face their sorrows without covering them. All of the family files to the cemetery, accompanied by close friends and headed by priests. Flowers are laid on the grave, prayers are offered and the women weep. The virtues of the dead are extolled and he is addressed and apostrophized.

This part of the ceremony over, the company sit down to a meal that they have brought with them. The affair takes on the aspect of some grave social occasion. Wine is drunk and much food is eaten. It is customary to tell all the anecdotes and incidents relating to the dead man that those present can remember. Even bits of the past that have a humorous turn are not barred. It is in some sort a bringing forth of his whole memory and setting him again before his people, brushing aside the passing days that were hiding the thoughts of him from view.

It is interesting to speculate on the meaning of this unusual practice, and on the human tendency that gave it birth and keeps it alive. It seems to root in the old human dread of being forgotten completely. As these people do it unto the dead, so they expect their children and their relatives to do unto them, and they cherish the custom as a fountain that will keep their own memory green when their time comes.

Learn Value of Men

In one of the chapters of "A Student in Arms," by Donald Hankey, a volunteer in the English army at the beginning of this war, this authority says: "On the whole, though, actual experience of war brings the best men to the fore, and the best qualities of the average man. Officers and men are welded into a closer comradeship by dangers and discomforts shared. They learn to trust each other and to look for the essential qualities rather than for the accidental graces. One learns to love men for their great hearts, their pluck, their indomitable spirits, their irrepressible humor, their readiness to shoulder a weaker brother's burden in addition to their own. One sees men as God sees them, apart from externals such as manner and intonation. A night in a bombing party shows you Jim Smith as a man of splendid courage. A shortage of rations reveals his wonderful unselfishness. One danger and discomfort after another you share in common until you love him as a brother. Out there, if anyone dared to remind you that Jim was only a fireman while you were a bank clerk, you would give him one in the eye to go on with. You have learned to know a man when you see one and to value him."

Largest Catch of Salmon

New fish are introduced every year and new fishing grounds discovered and surveyed for the benefit of fishermen. Rescue work among the fishes is also undertaken and last year more than 8,000,000 fish, left stranded in evaporating pools, were saved to grow up to a life of usefulness—that is, big enough to be fit for the table.

A skilled investigator has been studying frog culture, and the Alaska salmon fisheries have been so guarded and protected in accordance with federal laws that this season's catch has been enormous, the largest ever made.

The Alaska seals constitute the most valuable herd of wild animals ever owned by any government, and the bureau of fisheries is their custodian.

Disciplinary Garden

The city of Somerville, Mass., has established a disciplinary garden. Those compelled to work this garden are youths who have been caught trespassing in, or in some way injuring, a garden or park. In referring to this novel arrangement the Youth's Companion says: "The idea has grown out of a practice of the Somerville police court which compels young evildoers to make some sort of restitution to those whom they have injured."

Children Make Trains Jump

A number of children playing about the New Jersey Central railroad station, says a Vineland (N. J.) correspondent, discovered that by placing joint plates on the rails they could make trains "jump," and it was great sport until trainmen discovered the dangerous game and stopped it.

No Chance to Sleep

On the theory that a person can work better when alternately sitting and standing, the French government is outfitting the clerical department of the army with desks which lower and raise the typewriters every half hour.

Those Bright Blinkers

Miss Moneybags—It's sweet of you to say my eyes fascinate you. What do they remind you of? Mr. Hardax—The 's in millions.

LABOR IS HIS JOY

Wealth Not Worth While, Declares Owner of a Gusher.

Riches, Minus Toil, Do Not Appeal to Man Whose Farm is Saturated With Oil.

Two men were riding through one of the newly discovered oil fields of the Southwest. On each side of the train rose an ugly forest of derricks, covering the rolling prairie with an unnatural growth. The ground under those leafless timber trees was black with crude oil. Refuse oil was burning, and enormous clouds of black smoke rolled up into the sky.

Suddenly the train swept by a quarter-section farm that lay like a great white square between the bristling derricks and the black soil. The little farmhouse was surrounded by a cottonwood grove. Two men with a team at work, stacks of grain and alfalfa and a herd of quiet cattle completed the picture.

"Look!" one of the travelers exclaimed. "Isn't that queer! That must be a dry section!"

A man across the aisle who overheard spoke up:

"On the contrary, that quarter is perhaps the richest oil land in the field. See that one derrick close by the house? It was a gusher and ran more than eight hundred barrels a day. Phillip Ross, his wife and two sons live on the White farm, as it is called. When the gusher was struck, Ross' older son rushed into the house with the news. Ross and his wife were there."

"Father," he cried, "the oilmen say it's the biggest drill in the state! We can lease the whole farm for a million! Hurrah!"

"The father calmly looked at the son."

"What of it?"

"What of it! We are rich! We can go to New York or Chicago and live without working!"

"Live without working?" said Ross.

"What sort of life is that?"

"They say Phillip Ross brought his hand down on the kitchen table where he sat and said, 'Call in Duncan.' That is the younger son. Duncan came in, and the family sat there together."

"I let the oilmen drill to test our farm because you boys asked it," said Ross. "The result will give us a million without a stroke of work. But it will ruin our quiet home, and unfit us for life's real tasks. It has already spoiled scores of our neighbors, as you and mother know right well. I think too much of you boys to let you grow up with money you never really earned. We are healthy, and daily work is a joy. We can't afford to be rich."

"He turned to his wife and said, 'Janet, thank God that we are able to work, and do not want to live without it.' And the wife and the boys bowed their heads while the sturdy old Scotchman prayed."

"The oilmen were frantic at his refusal to sell or lease. They offered fabulous prices. They threatened and tried to scare him into yielding. But the White farm is still there, and Ross and his wife and sons are working on it happily, surrounded by the forest of derricks and the black stretch of ruined prairie soil."

The train was again passing through the tangle of derricks and black soil. But in the memory of the two travelers the White farm dwelt, a picture of rare conscience and conviction and resistance to the prevalent desire to make a fortune and live without working.

There is no real life without working. When will Americans learn that lesson, and be content to live and work on the White farm?—Youth's Companion.

Oldest Bank in Spain

England has been the banking nation of the world for many years, and London, until very recently, was the world's financial center. That honor for more than a year has devolved upon New York. The first bank in England was established by Francis Child, a London goldsmith, who died October 4, 1718. This pioneer financial institution was opened in 1663, and a number of rival goldsmiths soon opened similar concerns. The mint in the Tower of London had been the depository for the cash of the merchants until Charles I seized the money as a loan. Then the traders began to deposit their cash with goldsmiths in Lombard street. The first bank in the world was established in Italy in 808 by Lombard Jews. The oldest existing bank is the Bank of Barcelona, Spain, which was founded in 1401.

Useful as a Snake

Little Peter is a good boy as well as a boy of great originality in his notions, but he has the serious fault of being extremely forgetful. One day after having gone on an errand, and forgotten what he was sent for, he exclaimed bitterly to his sister:

"Oh, dear! I wish I was a snake!"

"You wish you were a snake!" said his sister, horrified.

"Yes, and a great long one—as much as six feet long."

"Why, what for, Peter?"

"So I could tie the knots in myself to make me remember things."—Pearson Weekly.

Social Vaudeville

"I'd dearly love to get into society, but I don't know how to make conversation."

"Conversation? What you want is a good monologue."

AROUSED TO FRENZY OF JOY

People of Madrid Outdid American Baseball Fans When Bull Fight With Popular Matador Is Announced.

Madrid is the greatest bull fighting city in the world. From her staid professional and intellectual classes down to the smallest and grimmest urchin reading newspapers on the streets, every Madrilleno is a connoisseur of bulls and bull fighters. Anyone who thinks that baseball can turn its devotees into temporary lunatics on the day of a world's championship game should see the people of Madrid when a famous matador is billed to meet some of the ferocious Miura bulls.

Each of the well-known swordsmen has his group of followers, enthusiasts as they are called, any one of whom will stake his fortune or his neck on the prowess of his own particular master as compared to all other slayers of bulls. On the day of a "coerida" these enthusiasts flock about the hotel, where their idols are staying, to greet them hours before the combat with cheers and adulation. Early in the afternoon the streets leading to the plaza are choked with surging currents of humanity, all moving to a single goal.

The plaza itself is a great amphitheater with a sand arena for stage. The arena is surrounded by a thick brick wall, broken here and there by tiny doors—open door to the pens, whence the bulls are loosed, another for the picadors, who ride in on decrepit old horses, a third for the heroes of the day, the swordsmen, who take the money and the glory of the occasion without running any greater risk than their humble subordinates.

On a sunny day the arena is a riot of color. Picadors are dressed in yellow, the "cape man," who turns the bull wave gayly colored silk robes, the little darts which the banderilleros plant in the neck of the bull are tipped with flags, even the mules who haul off the debris carry huge Spanish banners in their headstalls. The matador is the final glory, flaming from head to foot in a rich satin costume of green or blue, heavily embroidered with gold. He carries a flaming red flag to engage the bull, and before the day has gone far, the red of the flag is bleached with the red of blood.

Wound Statistics

Statistics of men wounded in trench warfare have been published for the period between January, 1916 and June, 1916. Seven and eighty-seven hundredths per cent of wounded men die on the battlefield. Ten and sixteen hundredths per cent die later from their injuries, or 18.03 per cent, a proportion far less than 25 per cent estimated mortality which surgeons drew up when the war began.

Artillery causes 54.74 per cent of wounds, rifles and revolvers 39.16 per cent, bayonets 0.59, and gas 5.61. Bombs, which have supplanted bayonet work so largely, are classed with artillery.

Percentages of wounds in the head and neck are 21.92 per cent, for the trunk, they are 21.63 per cent, while wounds in the extremities stand at 56.4 per cent.

Twenty-three and sixty-two hundredths per cent of the wounds are classed as serious, 63.01 as medium, and 13.07 as so slight that the victims can return to the lines immediately.

Snake Stops Water Supply

Glenville, a hamlet three miles back of Tarrytown, was without water Tuesday. Its only supply is obtained from the Gypsy spring on Gen. Howard Carroll's estate. The pipe that led from the spring appeared to be frozen, so William Van Winkle pulled the pipe out of the spring and took it home to thaw it out. There was consternation in the house when a garter snake started to crawl out of the pipe.

The snake had crawled into the pipe during the cold snap of Monday night and had frozen in there, shutting off the water supply. When the pipe was thawed the snake was released and tried to escape from its storage prison. Van Winkle caught it and is proudly exhibiting it in a jar. While this story has a Winsted flavor it is vouched for by Van Winkle's neighbor.

Lepers of Panama

When the United States government began to construct the Panama canal it found seven pitiful lepers in the republic in an isolated and forlorn building. In 1905 it was voted to spend \$25,000 for a suitable building for these outcasts. In April, 1907, a hospital was opened at Palo Seco and each patient was given a plot of land on which he might raise fruits and vegetables, and so be partly self-supporting. The Episcopal church, in establishing here the Mission of the Holy Comforter, has offered these lepers practically the only society they ever see except each other. Now a chapel, a school for the children, an infirmary for the shut-ins and laundry and gardens for the active make these lepers feel that they are being given their chance.—The World Outlook.

Exhaust Steam

More attention than ever before is being paid this winter to careful use of exhaust steam in power plants. It may be applied in innumerable purposes, such as heating feed water for the steam boiler, for many washing purposes, heating buildings, pasteurizing and sterilizing and the like. A small investment in additional boiler room equipment, such as an exhaust-steam heater, will effect savings of several hundred dollars a year in the coal bill of even a moderate sized power plant.