

Sunday Reading

WESTMINSTER IS FAMOUS DEANERY

Ancient Landmark of English Church Dates Back to Early Days in History--- Many Additions to the Pile of Buildings in Tudor Period--- Some Famous Men.

By GEO. A. WADE, IN THE SUNDAY AT HOME.

An extremely interesting volume could be written dealing only with the various deans of the Church of England in our own country. In any such volume, the place of honor would have to be given to the Deanery of Westminster, as being the most famous of them all, as well as the most interesting from its history, age, occupancy, and influence.

The Deanery of Westminster is one of those landmarks of the Church that somehow seem to stand apart, alone by themselves, in more senses than one. To begin with, it is what is often called a "Deanery Peculiar." I. e., it possesses special rights and privileges granted in times past, peculiar to itself, thus it is exempt from episcopal jurisdiction of the bishop of the diocese wherein it is situated; its dean has a particular power and influence that are not the common possession of other deans. We need not go into all these "peculiarities" here, nor explain how they obtained these special rights and privileges. But such serve to mark them out very clearly from their fellow-deaneries, however important or high-placed the latter may be.

There was a time in the far past when the mitted Abbot of Westminster was a man of such standing in the Church that he had his "palace" and his court of followers in such state as almost rivalled that of the sovereign at the real Palace of Westminster close by him. Then "Dean's Yard" was very different from what it is today, as was also the quaint old courtyard that opens before you now as you pass under the fine ancient arch into the cloister of the Abbey that leads to the chief door of the Deanery, formerly the Abbot's palace. One of the strangest of the vast changes of London from the days of King Edward VI. to those of King Edward VII. is that connected with this little world about the Deanery of Westminster.

A Military Aspect.

In the former reign the tramp of soldiers and the busy hum of a court resounded daily through the Dean's Yard and all about the cloisters, while such grand old streets as Whitehall and the Strand were comparatively quiet and little troubled by road-traffic. Today, whereas those same streets are ever busy, and the tramp of soldiers and the hum of a court are a thing of the past, there is a wondrous quiet and repose, as of a long distant past, which hangs around the cloisters and their precincts at Westminster. This is part of the Deanery, which is a place of much attraction for the antiquary, for it contains the chest where repose the Abbey copes and other treasures. The depth of the windows and the charming diamond-shaped panes in this room will surely please you, and you will find its glamor grow on you the more you examine it.

If you were to go from the old courtyard, where you entered after leaving the west cloister, and pass through a small door up a flight of stone steps at the left corner, to get to the Jerusalem Chamber, you would pass through a little room, very low and quaint, known as "John's Parlour." This is truly a place of much attraction for the antiquary, for it contains the chest where repose the Abbey copes and other treasures. The depth of the windows and the charming diamond-shaped panes in this room will surely please you, and you will find its glamor grow on you the more you examine it.

Pleasant View.

Just before you went into the cloisters from Dean's Yard, you might have noticed some windows above the gateway that you trod. These are windows looking down into the Deanery, which thus have a very pleasant aspect over the wide space wherein the grass grows so green in summer, and on which the Dean's private dining-room was in former days a loft and stands over the kitchen. It was made a dining-room in the eighteenth century, but there is little about it even today that would much allure visitors—be they of the present or future.

Much more attractive and interesting is the same kitchen below it, for there you can yet see the splendid fireplace, so large that you could roast a whole ox there, besides the great old spit and the really immense oven, to say nothing of the fine stone floor.

The Dean's library is in one of the two rather long rooms that stand over the entrance to the cloisters. You can see them from Dean's Yard. There is in the library a very old portrait of Queen Elizabeth (almost certainly contemporary), which is let into the wall above the fireplace. This library was formerly used by the bedchamber of the old Abbots of Westminster.

Secret Passages.

There are several other very curious and unusual features, too, about this Deanery of Westminster. If only you knew where to look for them. There is before you, as you stroll at the lower end of the south aisle of the Abbey, near the west door, a little port that is fixed up a step or two into the wall of the sacred edifice. This is the Dean's private door, the really immense oven, to say nothing of the fine stone floor.

There are other strangely hidden rooms but seldom seen by visitors, even when kindly permitted to look round the Dean's house. Above the parlour of the Deanery there are a number of small rooms, almost closets in size, but all beautifully panelled, and from them opens a door that has never failed to puzzle visitors not "in the know" when they were asked to guess as to where it leads.

This door, in fact, takes one into the "Abbey's Pew," which is generally called, which is really a gallery practically concealed and overhanging the nave of the Abbey. It was made for the abbots of olden times to be able to escape. Moreover, it is not unworthy of remembrance that on those very forms and at those very tables have sat in their time certain Westminster boys named Charles Wesley, George Herbert, Joseph Anstie, John Dryden, George Edward Cotton, William Cowper, William Camden, Christopher Wren, W. R. Freemantle, George Hooper, Robert South, and many other boys who have left an enduring fame to this fine old school. You will not fail to notice when in this, the oldest dining-room in the kingdom—one that has never been used as anything else for some six centuries—the door that still leads directly from it into the Dean's private apartments at its further end.

Famous Men.

As to the men who came to it as a regular pleasant rendezvous through all these periods of English history, does it not make one feel a special interest in the spot more to recall their names? From the days of the Restoration downwards, what a stream it has seen of the world's notables! The garrulous Samuel Pepys and his friends, the least of the great sons of the Church at the beginning of the seventeenth century; Francis Atterbury, the celebrated orator and plotter; William Vincent, quite a second Gabriel Goodman, as regards what he did for the Abbey and school; Samuel Wilberforce, the silver-tongued bishop of after days; William Buckland, whose renown as a naturalist and scientist was nearly as great as his fame as a churchman; Richard Chenevix Trench, preacher, writer, theologian, and archbishop; Arthur P. Stanley, who raised the fame of the Deanery of Westminster to its very highest pinnacle; the gentle and scholarly Bradley, only recently passed away.

But this article would not be complete if it omitted all mention of the present Dean of Westminster, and of what he has done since his appointment.

The Farm and Forest

Great Dam Completed Next Month Will Water 6,000 Thirsty Farms



A VIEW OF THE ROOSEVELT DAM WHEN IT WAS 95 PER CENT. COMPLETED. THE POWER HOUSE IS SEEN AT THE FOOT OF THE DAM.

Phoenix, Ariz., June 10.—Uncle Sam's most unique reclamation project, the stupendous feat of engineering in the Salt River valley, Arizona, will be completed next month.

Early in June the last stone will be laid on the wonderful Roosevelt dam, where once stood the town of Roosevelt. A few weeks later the small distributing canals will be completed and the water will be ready to turn onto a desert that will in a few short years be transformed into 6000 or more fruitful farms.

The Roosevelt dam pens up the waters of the Salt river about seventy miles northeast of Phoenix. There the river runs through a narrow gorge, across which the huge barrier of stone and cement stretches to a length of over 1000 feet. It is 234 feet high and at its base is 168 feet thick, gradually narrowing to 20 feet in crest.

It will irrigate 240,000 acres of land, and it is estimated by expert agriculturists that the crops of a single season will pay for the entire investment of the government, which will have been about \$3,640,000.

Not only will this great dam save the water for the dried fields, but it will also light the farmers' homes, give them the power for their telephone lines, their mills, and then there will be the homes of the future, the homes, run the street cars, mills and factories in the whole city of Phoenix.

At the base of the great dam the government has erected a power house which will turn the water fall into electric currents.

Not only will Uncle Sam take care of his white children who live in the Salt river valley, but he will also pump the water that will moisten 10,000 acres up in the highlands, where the ditty cannot carry the flow. These are the acres where the Pimas and Maricopas, Indian wards of the government, live.

Years ago the white men changed the current of the river to their own farms and left the Indians high and dry down stream. Since then the red men have become vagabonds; that is those who didn't die; and it is the intention of the government to make some sort of reparation to them now, and teach them to cultivate the soil again.

The big irrigation project will not be formally opened until autumn. A movement has gained headway in Arizona to have Col. Roosevelt open the project on his birthday, October 27.

Work on the dam was begun five years ago, the government started then to manufacture the cement which was used to hold the stones together. The reservoir created by the dam is the largest artificial body of water in the world. Its capacity is 61,000,000 cubic feet, and if water were spread over Delaware it would cover the entire surface of that state a foot in depth.

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Science

OPEN SEASON FOR MOTHS IS NOW ON

Dr. Howard's Advice is to "freeze" the Little Pest—Eggs Cannot Live if Temperature Varies from 18 to 40 Degrees Fahrenheit--Scientific Study of the Creatures.

Now it's moth time. We know this because when we sit at evening, lazily watching the nocturnal zephyrs swaying the curtains at the open window, we are wont to be startled by the careful housewife exclaiming suddenly, leaping from her chair beside the lamp, making a wild reach with both hands into the air, and going "clap!"

On one of the housewife's hands is a dusty, yellow smudge, and she resumes her seat and her evening paper in a virtuous frame of mind, thinking she has slain a monster bent upon eating her last winter's mink set bald of hair.

On the contrary she has done nothing of the sort. She has, indeed, rendered humanity a service in squashing the little flutterer, because by that one slap she has killed in the root a very large family tree.

But the little moth that fluttered blindly into the light had no such voracious designs as the careful housewife attributed to it. Science has demonstrated that the moth hasn't any eating apparatus in working order by a series of careful experiments.

In the first place, science captured a hungry-looking female moth and put her in a glass tank. Then she was offered various victuals supposed to be toothsome to moths.

First she was offered an ordinary squirrel titbit. She lit on it for a moment, but absolutely refused to eat. Then science handed her a very valuable sable muff. She disdained it as a last resort, a \$1000 walskin saque was served up. Nothing doing.

Science was in despair and went out and bought the finest broadcloth dress suit that could be purchased. "There," said science, "if that doesn't get her, nothing will." But Mrs. Moth refused to eat.

So science put her under a microscope and found that her eating apparatus was based out of date, rudimentary, and of no more practical use than the wiggle muscles in a pair of adult human ears.

Whereupon science made the following discovery: A moth's life is short. Her only business is to lay eggs. She has so many eggs to lay and so little time to lay them in that providence has mercifully ordained

that she doesn't have to stop to eat at all, but can give all her time, 24 hours per day, to the serious business of laying eggs.

"Would," mused science, "that the ordinary hen were constituted thus? It would break the cold storage trust."

Science further discovered that little worms hatch from the moth eggs and that it is these worms which eat our garments. And so we see that the careful housewife did a public service in slapping the moth, which was about to exterminate the pest any more than a hard drinker may hope to drink up the supply of whisky.

We need to sit at the feet of science and learn more about moths. If we had the knowledge of a bug sharp at the department of agriculture, for instance, we would know that moth balls do not kill moths as is the common belief. The king egg-laying lady moth does not like the smell of moth balls, and will keep away from them, but once the egg is laid all the moth balls on earth won't keep it from hatching and the worm from eating.

In the same way cedar chests are of no avail. Simply putting woolen garments in with cedar shavings won't

kill them. And the bug sharps have discovered an interesting thing in this connection. The moths, they have found, thrive well in a temperature of 40 degrees, and can live in a temperature as low as 18. But if the temperature is dropped to 18, raised to 40, dropped to 18 again and then raised, every moth egg and larva is killed.

When the strike was declared May 1 of this vast quantity of milk suddenly stopped coming to Boston. The farmers made the milk into butter, cheese or food for hogs, or they threw it on the ground. They determined to stake everything and win.

The contractors had anticipated the trouble and brought milk from districts far from Boston, most of the supply being hauled here all the way from New York State districts.

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save them if the mother moth has already laid her eggs. It is the same with tar paper or fumigants of any sort.

One can kill moth worms (larvae) in a garment by thoroughly saturating the garment with gasoline and touching a lighted match to it. Or you can vary the process by soaking the garment in sulphuric acid. But in either case the garment is totally destroyed by the time the larvae are dead and you might just as well let the larvae go ahead and have their own way about it.

In fact, there is nothing you can "put on" to kill moths that won't ruin the garment, except elbow grease.

By beating and shaking and brushing all the eggs and larvae from a garment and exposing it to the air and sunlight for a while, and then sealing it up in a tight box, you will keep moths from it, though even then it is a good plan to examine the garment about once a month during the summer.

Moths are a very old institution. The ancients knew moths. The Bible speaks about laying up treasure on earth "where moth and rust doth corrupt."

A 1910 A. D. moth, who is never happy unless feeding upon the very latest style from Paris or London, wouldn't speak to a 1910 B. C. moth, who never got anything to eat better than a coarse toga. But, on the other hand, the toga moth would have put

on a lot of side if he had met up with a Stone Age worm. Moths, however, had anything to eat better than a loin skin cloth.

In fact, the government bug sharps figure moths came into existence about the time man had evolved far enough to wear clothes at all. The first white man to come to America brought moths with them. The aboriginal Indians were not troubled by the pest.

There are three sorts of moths, each sort hungry all the time, because each, during larvhood, has to eat enough to last him during his flying life. The common northern moth is known as the case-maker moth. The south is infested with the webbing moth, which spins a cobwebby path wherever it goes. The webbing moth is fairly abundant in the north, too.

The European moth, known as the tapestry moth, and specimens are rare in this country. It is much larger than either of the other two and effects carpets, horse blankets, afis tapestries rather than thinner fabrics.

No matter how hot the weather is the larvae of the case-making moth are always dressed in warm coats made of their own silk with little bits of wool they take from the garments they infest worked in. As the worms grow to manhood and womanhood their clothes become too small for them. But instead of making new clothes they simply slit their garment down in front (not in back as is the human female custom) and insert a gore.

By transferring growing young moths from garment to garment of various hues the bug sharps at the department of agriculture have worked out some very fetching effects in moth gowns.

Many housewives think because garments were brushed free from moths and locked tight in trunks they are safe. Nothing is further from the truth. In such a case the mother moth, smelling the wool or fur inside the trunk, lays her eggs in the crack underneath the trunk lid. When the eggs are hatched the worms are so small the crack to them looks as big as a door, and they simply walk in and take possession of the pantry.

Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the U. S. government bureau of entomology, makes mothproof storage boxes by taking tailors' boxes, putting well brushed garments inside and then sealing down the covers by gumming strips of paper around the cover crack.

But cold storage is the only safe way. And the bug sharps have discovered an interesting thing in this connection. The moths, they have found, thrive well in a temperature of 40 degrees, and can live in a temperature as low as 18. But if the temperature is dropped to 18, raised to 40, dropped to 18 again and then raised, every moth egg and larva is killed.

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Hungry Female Moth.

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