GETTING A BATH IN BOGOTA

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

Ever since our arrival Hays and I had been threatening to patronize one of the two public bathhouses with a first-class bogotano reputation rumor had it existed in the capital, says 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 manly forms each morning on rising. By dint of strong resolutions often repeated to be up at six and visit one of the cases de banos 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, within 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 toss 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 tight closed I shouted at the youth above.

"Es que el agua caliente se acago," 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, senor, but there will be soon."

"Good. How soon?"

"Early tomorrow morning, senor."

"Why, you cross-eyed son of spigdom," 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 arseniureted 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 scolds 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 scold 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 had been living at home all their lives.

KNEW 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 audiences. 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 Absalom, 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 collonade. 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 $87, 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.

PREACHER DREAM, POOR LUCK

Cap'n Jim's Nightmare of Wrong Color According to Official Book, to Benefit Him.

Cap'n Jim was lacin' up his shoes out in the main cabin by the big stove before I took my gittin'-up chew an' got on my pants an' shirt.

The second bell the cook was clangin' on the main deck down below was shakin' the frost off the willows on the bank 'longside the quarter-boat. After the racket died out Cap'n Jim started his mornin' vision report: "Dreamed of a preacher last night, Dave," he says. "He was standin' up in a skiff an' heavin' eggs at a big lummox of a catfish. What does you perdict that vision means?"

"That's a bad vision, Jim," I says, "an' a hard one to perdict. Wait till I git the book."

I dug the old dream-book out of the trunk in my stateroom. When I got by the stove Cap'n Ed and Cap'n Lafe was there with Cap'n Jim.

"Poverty — Prayer — Preacher. Preacher: if colored, denotes advance in position or inheritance of gold," I read. "Was he white or nigger?"

"White—I think," says Cap'n Jim. "But he might have been some sickly yaller-lookin'."

"If white," the book says, "It portends a reduction of income or a successful business trip."

Cap'n Jim looked discouraged as a froze rabbit. "Where to would I be takin' a business trip, with the dang fleet laid up for the winter an' me cut to mate's pay till the spring work starts. I figger the shrinkin' income part o' that dream's all I'll git."

Cap'n Lafe hauled out the stone with a hole in it that he carried the time him in the Dixie Queen sunk at Settler's Bend. "This here'll ward off the doom, Jim," he says, handin' the stone to Cap'n Jim. I give ol' Jim my rabbit-foot what has kept bad luck away from me many's the time, an' we started in tryin' to recollect some more charms, but just then the flunky cast loose on the breakfast-bell an' we all drifted for'd an' below into the dinin'-hall.—From "A Mushroom Midas," by Hugh Wiley, in Scribner's Magazine.

Vatican Real Help to Rome.

It is perhaps the Vatican that constitutes the best and surest antiaerial weapon. The pope lives within its walls, and Austria, the most Catholic monarchy, will send no bombs to Rome, says an exchange. As the capital of Italy, Rome would perhaps not be spared, but a stray bomb on the Vatican would trouble the consciences of the dual monarchy more than the slaughter of any number of innocent noncombatants and create complications for the imperial government greater than they care to face. It is doubtful whether even Protestant Germany would care to affront the conscience of a not inconsiderable part of its population. There have been no formal assurances given to that effect—if they exist they have not been made public—yet there seems to be a tacit understanding that because of the pope's presence Rome is to be respected.

Thus, this city of many vicissitudes, though prayer and fasting are as much out-of-date as a means of defense as the "terror by night" that haunted the old monks of Subiaco, carries within herself a purely spiritual defense more powerful than any girdle of steel.

Korean Quick at Figures.

The governor general of Korea presented a watch to a native lad named An Myengwhan, an accountant in the employ of the land investigation bureau at Seoul, in appreciation of his high mathematical talents.

Among his other accomplishments, says the East and West News, he can mentally add a column of 25 items of four figures each in seven seconds. This is much less than half the time required by the most expert accountants in Japan. This boy is only sixteen years old. His father died two years ago and he is now supporting his mother, brother and a sister on 70 sen (37½ cents) a day—an unprecedented high wage for a Corean accountant.

Mr. An was honored by a gift last year from Count Terauchi when governor general of Corea.

Portrait of Henry VII.

An interesting art discovery has just been made at Geneva, Switzerland, by a Luxemburg antiquarian, which, if confirmed, will fill a vacancy in England's historical records. M. Jean Bervard has found a miniature on wood which he identifies as a portrait of Henry VII, the first of the Tudor dynasty. No portrait of this monarch is known here to exist in any museum or private collection.

Mr. Bervard, without giving details as to how or where he discovered this unique work, says that it was painted by Geoffrey Tory de Bourges (1840-1533), and is the only painting known by him, although he was an egraver and drew illustrations for four historical works.

Utilization of Waste.

The utilization of waste in the battle-wrecked parts of France has been reduced to a science. All the pieces of shell, cases, unexploded bombs, haversacks, helmets, canteens, and even old rags are picked up and sent down to the base to be utilized in some form or another. At one spot 50,000 old shoes were being repaired when a war correspondent visited it. The upper part of an old shoe is often converted into shoe laces by an ingenious machine invented by an Irish shoemaker. One thousand five hundred French girls are employed at one salvage shop converting overcoats picked up on the fields.

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 Velikaya, one of the water routes connecting the Baltic with Southern Russia. The distance to Riga by rail is 156 miles, in a southwesterly direction, while Reval lies to the northwest a distance of 118 miles.

Except for one or two churches, including the cathedral which crowns Domberg (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, Tarto, Tartolin and Tehebata), 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 Domberg. 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 1666, 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 placque 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 constitutionl 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, superiorily.

"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.

Philipsville

Miss Lucille Whitmore has returned home after a visit of several weeks in Toronto.

Mrs. H. Putnam returned home after spending the winter in Michigan.

Mrs. Amanda Eyre, of Chantry, was a recent visitor in the village.

Miss Margaret M. Earl, we are pleased to know, is improving slowly after a recent severe illness.

Philo Haskin is better after a sharp attack of la grippe.

Mr. Webster has bought the Halloday property on the North side of Main street.

The sugar season which has been a good one, is about over.

Messrs. Stevens and Eyre shipped a valuable carload of cattle to the West last week.

Floyd Denny has moved into part of Miss L. Dunham's house.

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