THE KING'S TACT AND QUEEN'S KINDNESS WON ALL HEARTS

Human, Sympathetic Attitude of King George and Queen Mary, Particularly in Dublin, Made Vivid and Lasting Impression on Even Lowliest of Their Subjects—Tact of Duchess of Connaught.

London, July 24.—Now that Ireland's "cead mile failthe," straight from the warm hearts of the Celts, Wales' homage offered in raucous sounding consonants, and bonny Scotland's ringing cheers from Highlanders and Lowlanders alike, the pleasant memories to King George and Queen Mary, the newspapers of the United Kingdom are as one in declaring that from the day on which the monarchs were crowned in old Westminster Abbey the King, by his unfailing tact, and the Queen, through her womanly kindness and consideration, have won their way into the hearts of all their subjects with a celerity that seems marvellous when one reflects upon the coldness with which their names were received only a short six months ago.

Correspondents in Dublin vividly portrayed the tumultuous welcome of the Irish, but the Irish are always enthusiastic, and when the cheers died away soon would have forgotten all about the memorable visit, were it not for the human, sympathetic attitude of the royal visitors, who repaid cordiality in kind and then thrilled the heartstrings of the Celts by their deep consideration for the poor and their earnest and manifest desire to better the condition of the lowly.

When King William, Queen Victoria and King Edward visited Ireland, they too, were welcomed with noisy hurrahs from the mob and loyal, though more reserved greetings from the nobility and gentry, but they found no permanent lodgment in the hearts of the people. When they left the pageant became a bit of history that's all.

King George, though he lacks in a degree the magnetism that was one of the most alluring qualities of the makeup of his late father, thawed visibly as he realized the intensity of the enthusiasm of the poorest of the poor in the terrible slums which are situated in the centre of Dublin.

His night ride into the wretched quarter made a deep and lasting impression upon him. So keenly was he touched by the misery that was manifest among the army of tatterdemalions who exhorted God to "save" him that he called upon his gracious Queen to follow in his footsteps that she might realize, too, the depth of suffering among the poor in the heart of their Irish capital.

The fruit born of these remarkable visits is the announcement by the King, speaking for himself and Queen Mary, that they would devote themselves during their reign to the uplifting of the downtrodden. That's why the new King and Queen can count upon the Irish. True, the nationalists may continue to uphold or upset British governments, but they will not be able to loosen the hold of the Throne upon the Irish people if the sovereigns continue the benign policy of visiting the ill and comforting the afflicted among the millions who look to them for aid.

Of course, the monarchs visited the Leopardstown races, and joined with the Irish, who dote upon a horse race or a "shindy," in the enjoyment of the sport of kings. But the glorious day at Leopardstown was a mere incident of the royal visit; the major portion of the time was devoted to inspections of hospitals, alms-houses and the habitats of the poor.

There was a court at Dublin Castle attended by brave looking, gold bedizened lords and by beautiful ladies, in a land where nearly all womankind is beautiful; there was a great garden party, in which the dresses worn by the women rivalled the splendors of Ascot day, and there were other brilliant functions at which the brilliant uniforms of the men, the magnificent dresses of the women, gleaming coronets and glittering gems made the beholder think he was in fairyland. The King and Queen were present at all of these, but manifested little interest in the "passing show." Their hearts were touched only when they saw the park in the slums given by Lord Iveagh as a breathing spot for unfortunates; when they dedicated the dispensary for consumptives which is a memorial of the bounty of the late Peter Fenelon Collier, of New York, and when they accepted the princely gift of $250,000 from "Iveagh, of Slum Park," to extend free hospital work among the poor.

That's why King George and Queen Mary are loved in the Green Isle and when the mind pictures of madly cheering thousands, of dashing, soldierly displays and of brilliant assemblages of the elect have faded, their majesties' work for the poor will be the sweetest memory of their visit to the Irish.

Naturally you have read of the imposing ceremonies at the investiture of the Prince of Wales in grim, old Carnarvon Castle, where the national anthem and the war songs of the land of Lloyd-George sung in the native tongue inspired wonder that a people capable of using consolidated consonants with such deadly effect ever could have been subjugated. Here, too, the King and Queen left behind them golden opinions among a proud, pleased people.

And then came the wonderful trip to Scotland, where the folk were just as lavish as the Irish with their cheers and just as loyal as the Welsh, for while Wales boasts that it gave England a Prince, Scotland knows that it supplied a line of Kings to the solemn looking people over the Berwick border.

And now their Majesties, thoroughly fatigued by the exhausting work which they have performed, will perhaps enjoy a well earned rest before proceeding to India for the great durbar. The Duke of Connaught, who has more than borne his share of the burden of post-coronation labors, will prepare for the assumption of the great office of Governor-General of Canada, once filled by the present Duke of Argyll, when, as the Marquis of Lorne, and assisted by his charming wife, Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, he established a court in the capital of Our Lady of the Snows, which was the magnet for hundreds of the socially ambitious in New York, Washington, Philadelphia and other centres of republican simplicity.

The Duke of Connaught, like his nephew, the King, is a tactful, farseeing man, and can be counted upon to cement more firmly the sympathetic links that bind the Dominion to the motherland. The Duchess as a hostess is sincerely admired by all who have had the privilege of meeting her, and she will be assisted at Government House by Princess Patricia, who is as popular as she is pretty, and praise can go no further. So it is apparent that the Canadian capital will be the scene of brilliant social activities, and that there will be many visitors to Ottawa this winter.

A Rising Financier.

(Lippincott's.

The old man was perched upon a high stool, figuring up the day's sales of dry goods, groceries and hardware, when his son came in with a rush.

"Say, pop," exclaimed the young man, "if I can buy a $300 horse for $150 will you take a chattel mortgage on him and help me out with the cash?"

"What kind of a hoss, my son?" enquired the father cautiously.

"Bay, four years old, fifteen hands high, weighs a thousand pounds, and sound in wind, limb and bottom."

"That sounds good to me, my son, and I want to do all I can to help you along in the world," and he reached down into the safe for his roll. "How much do you want?"

"A hundred and forty-nine fifty."

The old man gasped and caught hold of the desk.

"What!" he exclaimed.

"A hundred and forty-nine, fifty. I've got half a dollar."

Slowly the old man shoved the roll back into the safe.

"My son," he said softly, "you are wasting time trading hosses. What you ought to do is to go into the oan and trust business."

DOROTHY WHITNEY ENGAGED TO PROMINENT FINANCIER.

MISS DOROTHY WHITNEY

Of worldwide interest is the engagement announcement in New York of Miss Dorothy P. Whitney, daughter of the late William C. Whitney, to Mr. Willard D. Straight, of Oswego, N. Y.

Miss Whitney is well known and greatly admired in society and has travelled extensively in Europe, where she is at present. Her fiancé, although only thirty-one years old, is a financier of note, who had a prominent part in putting through the recent Chinese loans.

SUGAR TRUST OFFICIAL QUIZZED BY CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE

"Live and let live" is the policy of the American Sugar Refining Company, according to the testimony given by Mr. Washington B. Thomas, chairman of the Board of Directors of the company, in the course of the inquiry by the Congressional committee investigating the sugar industry in New York.

Mr. Thomas also testified that at the present time his company only controlled forty-two per cent of the sugar business, whereas in 1890, when it was organized, it controlled more than ninety per cent. Representatives William Sulzer, George Malby, H. M. Jacowny and Asher D. Hines have been named as a committee to examine the books, correspondence and records of the American Sugar Refining Company and any other refineries it might care to know about.

AUNTY PATERSON — "O, My; we've had to resort to artificial respiration several times since Borden's hot wave struck us from the West."—From the Toronto News.

The Sunday School Lesson

THE DUST COVERED BOOK DISCOVERED.

S. S. Lesson by Evangeline.

July 30th. 2 Chron. 34:14-33.

It seems almost incredible that the grand old Book could have been lost and forgotten, yet so it was and how it happened nobody knew.

Many and profitless are the speculations regarding this Book. Some think it was the Book of Deuteronomy. Others that it was the whole Pentateuch which seems the most reasonable view, for while the warnings against the consequences of sin which so stirred the heart of Josiah were found in Deuteronomy, the instructions for the Passover which he afterwards observed were found in Exodus.

Torry says that "though there are fifteen places in the Old Testament referring to "the law of Moses," "the Book of Moses," this one only mentions "the book of the law by the hand of Moses," from which we gather that it was the original MSS. of the law as given by God to Moses."

Much the same thing happened in Europe in the dark ages.

Luther was twenty years old before he ever saw a copy of the Word of God. When he then discovered one chained to a wall in a crypt of a monastery it was not only bound with iron but lost in the depths of a dead language. Some one has said, "The Roman church boasts that she preserved the Word of God. So she did. She kept it securely locked up in an unknown tongue and fastened by chains, but it is the higher boast of Protestants that they rescued it from the rubbish heap of tradition and restored it to the world through the magnificent translations which they made," and through its circulation of hundreds of millions.

Hilkiah found the Book of the Law in the temple where its teaching was unknown, Luther found the Book in a monastry where its teachings were ignored, and the same old Book may be found in millions of homes today where its teaching is both ignored and unknown.

Think of it!

The only revelation of heaven to earth, of God to man—the only bridge between the unseen and the seen—the only panacea of all life's miseries—the only hope of life everlasting—the only volume of universal history written in advance. Lost, lost in dust of neglect so thick that God could

Trace With His Finger the Word Shame

Lost in a muddle of false interpretation when there is an ever present Spirit ready to lead into the way of all truth while all heaven points at us with a finger of shame.

Lost in the temple by theologians who clipped out this, that, and the other, as not inspired, until there is nothing left but the covers, until heaven and earth and hell will cry shame!

"But how did Hilkiah know that it was the law of the Lord that he found?" Asks the critic. "What proof had he of its inspiration?"

How can any one help knowing? A book that commits itself to a prophetic programme of the world's history thirty-five centuries before it came to pass, and which has been verified in every detail by the events of thirty centuries as recorded by profane writers, must be a supernatural revelation—the very word of God.

A book that takes hold of humanity's broken earthenware and recreates it, transforming hells of vice and want into veritable heavens below, must be a supernatural revelation—the very word of God.

The dean of the Moody Institute, in referring to the genuineness of the Bible, wrote as follows: I am not a Presbyterian but let me quote the testimony of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in America in 1893:

"The Bible as we now have it in its various translations and revisions when freed from all errors and mistakes of copyists and printers, is the very Word of God and consequently wholly without error."

To the

Young Fogies.

pouring out of our new theology, schools, the grand old Book may be a pillar of cloud but to Hilkiah and Josiah and the

Old Fogies.

of the present it proved a pillar of fire, "that shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

When the lost was found. When the dust was brushed away and it was cleared of rubbish what happened?

"They read it before the king," and true to its mission as the Sword of the Spirit, it opened the abscess of sin to his consciousness and he cried, "Great is the wrath of the Lord that it poured out upon us because our fathers have not kept the words of the Lord to do all that is written in this Book.

"Then the king gathered together all the men of Judah and all the people great and small and he read in their ears all the words of the Book of the covenant that was found in the house of the Lord, and the king stood in his place and made a covenant with the Lord to keep his commandments, and His testimonies, and His statutes, with all his heart and all his soul and to perform the Word of the Covenant which are written in this Book."

When his own heart was right with God, he moved heaven and earth to get others right.

Salvation means service. The man who is not working for God is not saved.

Salvation means feeding regularly and systematically and heartily upon the Word of God. The man who has no use for the Book is not saved.

Salvation means war against the abominations of evil. The man who allows all sorts of devilisms to thrive without uttering a word of protest or without using the Sword of the Spirit aggressively or defensively, is not saved.

Let us ask ourselves

If every child of God were just like me,

What sort of children would His children be?

Would they be men like Josiah who did not believe that faith in God and in His Word were out of line with the best thought of the age.

Would they be men like Shaftesbury who said, "I never question the inspiration of the Scriptures. My faith was never staggered by the difficulties involved in the acceptance of the whole of the Bible from the first chapter of Genesis to the last chapter of Revelation. Revelation is addressed to the heart and not to the intellect. Satan reigns in the intellect—God in the heart of man.

Would they be men like Dr. Howard Kelly, one of the highest authorities in the applied science of the medical profession in the world, who said: "I was once profoundly disturbed in the traditional faith in which I had been brought up, that of the Protestant Episcopalian, by inroads made on the book of Genesis. I then tried the natural plan of taking the Bible as my text book of religion as I would use a text book in any science by submitting to its conditions. I now believe it to be the inspired word of God, inspired in a sense utterly different from that of any mere human book. I believe the Bible to be God's Word because it is as really food to the Spirit as bread is for the body.

It reveals to me

A Diagnosis of My Spiritual Condition

by nature, alienated from the life that is in God, and shows how I may be born again spiritually as definitely as in the first birth, thus gaining new privileges, appetites and affections.

Or would they be men like the famous biologist Romanes, who once professed the most absolute rejection of the Old Book and who thought his way soberly back from the painful void to a position where he confesses that "it is reasonable to be a Christian believer," and dies in the joy of having discovered in the dust-covered Book, the truth.

What is the Book to you?

Is it the joy and inspiration of your life?

Is it the most incomprehensible bit of literature you ever got hold of? If so, "the god of this age has blinded your mind lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ who is the image of God, should shine on you."

DEATH VALLEY LURE ATTRACTS A STREAM OF PROSPECTORS

Perils of Forbidden Region are Still Beyond Human Strength to Overcome—It Requires Three Nights with a Team to Cross the Trail, which is Seventy-five Miles Long — Will be Conquered Some Day by the Automobile.

Rhyolite, Nev., July 28.—New stories of discoveries of rich outcroppings of ore in the Panamints have started a stream of prospectors toward that region, and many of them to certain death, for only the most desperate or the most foolhardy will attempt to reach the Panamints through this gateway at this time of the year. The heat of Death Valley in the summer months is fatal to the average man. Even those most familiar with desert travel during the heated term will find it a supreme task to cross Death Valley during July or August, with the best of equipment.

Very few persons can grasp the perils of this forbidden region. The wealth of the Panamints cannot be sufficient to compensate any one for the risk of a trip to that region at this time of year, if the adventurer's plans compel him to enter from the Nevada side. If he is not overcome by the heat he will have sickened at the sight of the graves that line the blistering trails. And there will be many a fresh mound made at the close of summer unless better judgment prevails and the argonauts defer their trip until autumn or change their course so as to enter through California.

To men who are familiar with the dangers of this American inferno it is a matter of wonder that the greatest activities of the Panamints are made public during the summer. These periods of excitement are quadrennial. The last activity in this region was in 1907, when several newspaper men and prospectors set out from here to attempt to locate "Scotty's mines" or prove that "Scotty" was a faker. They did not succeed in either, but their visit to the forbidden region started a stampede to the Panamints that caused more suffering than had been known in that region for years. Just how many lives were sacrificed cannot be estimated, but fully a score of men who passed through this camp with outfits for the trip across Death Valley were never heard from, and several are known to have perished. An old prospector reported that he had never seen so many stray burros in the mountains the following fall, and he accounted for this on the presumption that their owners had lost their way and perished.

Death Valley Rightly Named.

Death Valley lies between the Funeral Mountains and the Panamints, near the southwestern boundary of Nevada, in California. It is appropriately named, and in July and August is the most revolting spot on earth The valley lies 200 to 300 feet below sea level, and the heat rising from the mighty stretch of sand and borax is intolerable. It burns into the brain and so depresses the sufferer that those who escape find it impossible to convey to others any idea of the horrors. Water, of course, is very scarce along the trails and of the vilest quality. And water carried with one becomes so insipid that it is nauseating.

There are three known trails across Death Valley, and these are marked with little heaps of sand that cover the bones of luckless adventurers. Only a few of these are known, it being a source of wonder that so few prospectors carry anything with them to serve as a means of identification. Leading, as he usually does, a solitary life, the prospector perishes alone. Men who perish on the desert usually die from heat or thirst. As the fever possesses them they invariably strip to the skin, and in their crazed condition begin to travel in a circle. This circle grows less and less, until the victim falls from exhaustion and dies in convulsions.

No man can cross Death Valley during the daytime in midsummer. No animal is sufficiently hardy to do so. The trips are made invariably by night, and the trail is often lined with rattlesnakes which crawl into the dirt when the sun goes down and strike viciously at every passing object. Burros are often thus struck, but these hardy creatures seldom show the ill effects of a bite, other than a few hours of unusual listlessness. Prospectors protect themselves with heavy boots.

The best beaten trail across Death Valley is 75 miles long. It requires three nights with a team, or four with burros, to cover this distance, the days being spent at small water holes, where men usually strip and wrap themselves in wet blankets to catch a few moments' sleep. But sleep is impossible to the average man, for when the sun rises the heat increases until it ranges for eight or ten hours from 120 to 136 degrees in the shade. The heat is intensified by a strong wind which blows along the valley like a blast from a furnace. Were the air not dry neither man or beast could stand this heat even when supplied with water. A few days of this draws heavily on the resources of those of the strongest will. The weakest perish by the way.

Others Than Tenderfeet Die.

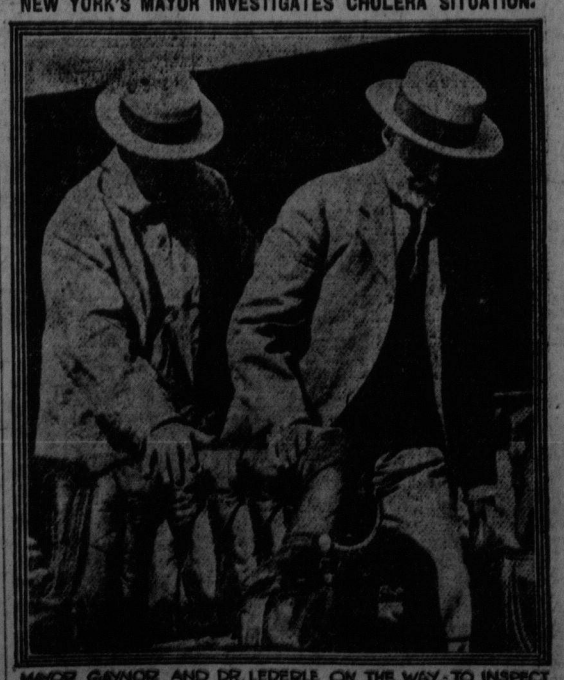
Not only do tenderfeet go to their death in this valley. It is usually the old prospector, who thinks he can endure any trial of human strength. He is within the grasp of death before he realizes it is upon him. A little cracker box on one of the trails give the name of one of the most noted victims of the furies of Death Valley. He was Jack Dayton, for years the manager of a ranch near one of the small oases bordering the valley. This ranch was maintained as a resting place for the famous mule teams in the freighting season and it would be a delightful spot but for the excessive heat during the summer. It is 200 feet below the level of the sea, and the ranch house is surrounded by fruit trees of a semi-tropical character and is supported by a well-kept garden. Water is conducted to the house through an iron pipe from a spring and this pipe becomes so hot in the rays of the sun that for several hours the water which discharges into a kettle is of sufficiently high temperature to boil an egg.

Dayton started to an outfitting point in California for supplies. He drove a six horse team. He was familiar with the trails, but the heat deranged him and in his delirium he left the wagon and crawled under a mesquite bush, where his body was found by a searching party twenty-two days later. The horses had circled around the wagon in search of relief and died in their harness. Their skulls now border Dayton's grave. Dayton's dog alone survived. This faithful animal had found a water seep nearly two miles away and made daily trips to the place. He sustained himself on the flesh of the horses. When the rescuing party came upon Dayton's outfit, the dog was beside his master's body, and with difficulty was persuaded to leave after the body of Dayton had been buried. The dog had fought off the coyotes and vultures.

Death Valley has fought back the prospector for more than forty years. More hardy ones who have crossed the dreary waste have been so enervated that it must be a promising prospect to stimulate the brain-heated adventurer. Some of these men remain a few weeks and return to settlements so full of stories of the hardships that they overlook for a time the value of the finds they made. Then the discoveries begin to grow upon them. They find it impossible to prospect elsewhere. They remember more of the ledges they found across Death Valley and less of the terrors of the trail. They think it easier to make a second trip than the other, and set off again for that forbidden region. But the story is the same. They find out-croppings, but they are, as before, lacking in zeal and shorn of strength, and they return to recuperate and dream once more.

But Death Valley will be conquered one of these years by the automobile. Already some points along the western borders of the valley are reached by automobiles, but, as is generally the case with nature, the greatest riches are stored in the more inaccessible places, and no automobile can reach the Mecca of the more ambitious Death Valley wealth seekers. There will be disappointments and sacrifices of life, but the riches of the eastern slope of the Panamints will be plucked from the foothills and given to civilization.

NEW YORK'S MAYOR INVESTIGATES CHOLERA SITUATION.



MAYOR GAYNOR AND DR. LEDERLE ON THE WAY TO INSPECT CHOLERA CONDITIONS ON HOFFMAN ISLAND. PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD.

The cholera situation in New York is still causing some concern to the authorities in New York and Washington. Several experts who have been directed by the United States government to make a thorough investigation of the conditions are now at work on Hoffman and Swinburne islands, where cholera victims are detained. Mayor Gaynor is also making a personal investigation, and the above photograph shows the Mayor and Health Commissioner Lederle on their way to Hoffman Island.