OLD COLLEGE DAYS

Yale's Oldest Alumnus Tells of Class of '36.

"COMMONS" WAS COMPULSORY

William Davis Ely Says Football and Window Smashing Were the Leading Sports—Cards Were Prohibited—No Athletic Relations with Harvard—Southerners Dare-devils.

Under the very shadow of the lofty elms of the Brown University campus, where for half a century he has watched successful generations of Brunonians come and go, dwells the "oldest living graduate" of Yale—William Davis Ely, of the class of '36, says a Providence special in the New York Tribune.

By a recent decision of the university officials the date of graduation rather than actual age determines the actual possession of that title by an alumnus, thus settling a long disputed point. A few days ago Mr. Ely was officially notified by the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, secretary of the Yale Corporation, that to him belonged the unique distinction.

In his ninety-third year, William Davis Ely is not as old in manner and appearance as many a man who is twenty years his junior. With elastic steps he takes almost daily walks abroad from his home, at 1 Magee street, often descending steep College Hill to the business center of the town unattended. Excepting a difficulty in hearing, he is the physical peer of most men of sixty. With mind unclouded, his memory harks back over a span of years by Scriptural warrant measuring the life of mankind, recalling the days when, first as an undergraduate, and later as a member of the faculty, he was part and parcel of the ancient institution which to-day honors him as its oldest son.

Tall and rather slight in build, with snow white hair in abundaance and spotless, well kept beard, keen eyes of blue, verging upon gray, he is the very embodiment of the traditional Yale spirit—strong, alert, capable, even with the century milestone in view.

"Yes, I have been informed that I am the oldest alumnus of Yale," he said in an interview. "I believe there are two graduates of the college who are about a year my senior in age, but both of them were graduated after me. George T. Spencer, of Corning, N. Y., was a '37 man, and Chester Dutton, of Concordia, Kans., was a member of the class of '39.

"No, I can't say that it makes me feel any older to know that I'm the oldest alumnus. I've known for some time that I am an old man, you know; but I am sensible of the distinction which my years thus thrust upon me.

The Good Old Days.

"Yale was a fine place in those days," Mr. Ely declared, "but not much like the great institution it is now. To-day, with its thousands of students, it is a great university. In those days a class of 100 was a big one. Yale in my time was very much what a New England high school or academy is to-day. Our class of '36 entered with ninety-eight members, but graduated less than half that number—forty-seven. Now they are all gone excepting me.

"I suppose the young men at Yale now would think that their lines had not fallen in the pleasantest of places if they had to pursue the daily routine which the students went through back in the '30's. Then there wasn't much play going on, and a lot of hard work. Then the young men mostly went to college to study and to learn something. I won't say they don't now; but I can speak from experience as to those times, and only from hearsay as to the present.

"To begin with, college prayers came at an hour in the morning when I amagine many of the present Yale undergraduate body are just turning over for a second nap. In the winter we didn't have to turn out for prayers in the chapel until 7 o'clock, but in the summer it was 6 o'clock. Time after time we would get up and stumble over to chapel when it was almost dark. Some cold mornings in November, even, the boys on their way to prayers would see meteors, or shooting stars, it was so dark.

"After prayers—and it behooved one to be there, or to take the consequences—there was usually a recitation or a lecture until breakfast at the commons. I'll tell you more about the commons later and how we got rid of them as a compulsory institution.

"After breakfast there was a period given over to study or to trips to the post-office, or like pressing business. Then recitations or lectures between 11 and 12 o'clock, usually, after which, at about 1 o'clock, came dinner. The old-fashioned 'supper' was the concluding meal of the day, and was partaken of at about 6 o'clock, following an afternoon of lectures and recitations. In the evening most of the young men thought that their studies demanded their attention.

The War on Commons.

"Commons was an institution that had been handed down to us for generations. There was a tradition that President Dwight had said that the college couldn't be governed without commons. Some of us thought differently, and we proved our theory.

"I was a tutor when the change came. Some of the younger professors and tutors thought that instead of being an aid to college discipline commons was the source of half the devilment in college. It afforded an opportunity for the students to get together under a compulsory institution; and when the food wasn't first class they raised trouble at times.

"The undergraduates sat by classes in commons, which occupied a big building in the center of the back campus. I believe it has been razed long since. At the time of which I speak perhaps four or five hundred men gathered there three times a day. The manager of the commons was the college steward. His name was Twining, and he was the grandfather of Arthur Twining Hadley, the present president. He was a fine old man and a substantial citizen. On a raised dais stood the tables at which the faculty were seated, while in the halls were the students' tables. If they made a disturbance at their tables they were likely to be disciplined, as they were under the eyes of their instructors.

"There was the same bill of fare apparently for the same day of every week, and the young men could generally tell what was coming, allowing, of course, somewhat for the changing seasons. I remember one day we almost always had oysters. I don't recall whether it was Tuesday or Wednesday. We were generally well satisfied then, because the oysters in those days were fine. Corned beef day was often the signal for trouble. Sometimes it came on rather blue, not properly corned, I suppose, and rather poorly salted. Then the diners would raise their voices in protest. No, I don't suppose it was 'embalmed beef' in those days.

Wanted More Liberty.

"Well, the faculty at last became divided as to the desirability of keeping up the institution of commons. The younger members, almost to a man, were constantly pressing for greater liberty. They pleaded that the students be allowed to join clubs and to make such arrangements as they could with boarding houses for their meals. It was deemed undesirable that they all be required to eat at the same place. It was pointed out to President Jeremiah Day that a watch could be kept upon the students, the names and personnel of the various clubs kept, and if any trouble arose it could easily be traced to its source.

"At a meeting of the faculty one day, the older members thought to draw our fire, as it were, and voted not to make the commons optional, but to abolish the institution altogether for that term. It came as a tremendous surprise to us, but we could ill conceal our satisfaction. We were mightly pleased, but said little in public, letting the students know about it only gradually and without great proclamation. The student body seemed greatly pleased, and the plan was tried. We had the most peaceable term ever known. I do not recall that a single complaint was made. Everything was lovely and the goose hung high. It was a great joke on the older members of the faculty. Never after that was commons compulsory.

"I went down to Yale not long ago, and one of the college officials took me to the big dining hall there and showed me how they feed 1,200 students there at a time. It is wonderful. The contrast to my student days is most marked. The management is like that of a great hotel."

Sports Were Frowned On.

Of the game of football as it used to be played two generations ago at Yale, Mr. Ely was particularly fond, but he recalled little of baseball games or other sports. There was no keen rivalry on the diamond or gridiron between picked teams of colleges, as to-day. Even with Harvard there were no athletic relations. Football of the old-fashioned kind was all that was played, according to Mr. Ely, in the '30's and '40's, and then the game was nothing like the scientific struggle of this day and generation.

"No, there weren't any such amusements as are in vogue now," he went on. "All that is now encouraged in that line was then frowned upon and barred. We couldn't play billiards, or even ninepins. Cards were never allowed and were played only under cover. There was practically no gambling of any sort. Some of the lively youngsters who were sent north from Virginia and other Southern States, more to be governed than anything else, because their parents couldn't do it, would occasionally play cards; but they had to be very secret about it.

"About the worst dissipation a Yale man engaged in at that time was breaking a window in another student's room. When the young fellows felt as if they had to let off steam, they would occasionally shatter a few panes of glass.

"The Southerners were the most troublesome in this respect also. Still, I counted some of them among my closest friends. Public opinion among the students largely governed and exerted deterring influences over the lawlessly inclined.

"This old-fashioned game of football was the real sport. It wasn't played at all as college boys play it now. There was nothing worse than barked shins in those days, with an occasional bruise or contusion. It wasn't a case of breaking limbs every little while and lugging men half dead off the gory field.

"Still, it was plenty lively enough. Two of the best players would be delegated to 'choose up' sides. Sometimes half the college would engage in a game which consisted chiefly of kicking, not one another, but the ball. That was entirely round, not eliptical, and was made of an ox bladder blown up as hard as possible and covered with a leather jacket. After the sides had been chosen they would retire to their bounds and the ball would be put in play. The game became a general fight for all and the side which got the ball over the other side's line won. The field was usually the whole length of the front campus and the fence at either end was the goal. It was very exciting, and by no means a tame sport, even compared with the game as it is played to-day."

Mr. Ely was the third of the name, representing three generations, to graduate from Yale. His father, William Ely, was graduated in the class of 1787, and his grandfather, Rev. Richard Ely, of Saybrook, Conn., in 1754. William Davis Ely was born in Hartford, June 16, 1815, and prepared for college at the Hopkins Grammar School in that city. He entered Yale in 1832.

FAMILY OF FOUR GENERATIONS.

Rev. and Mrs. James L. Prescott, with Children, Grandchildren, and Great-grandchildren About Them at Their Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary.

FACTS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

A farmer lives one-third longer than a tradesman.

Japan's imports this year exceed her exports by over $27,000,000.

Henry C. Perkins of York, Maine, has a churn which has been in his family for 170 years.

Brookline, Mass., the riches town in the world, with its wealth is the only town in the country that has no soldiers' monument.

Alabama and South Carolina each has laws prohibiting the carrying of pistols less than 24 inches long.

The only lot in the older part of New York City which has never had a house on it a plot 60x90 at the northeast corner of Eighth avenue and Fifty-sixth street.

Mexico is mourning the death of Ricardo Castro, its greatest musician and composer. He began to play at 6, and at 9 he had composed some good music. As a pianist he toured Europe with success.

An examination of serious automobile accidents in the last year shows that over one hundred happened at night, half of these when the moon was shining brightly. Of these probably twenty-five were brought on by optical illusions caused by the moon's deceptive light.

The Italian government warns its people that 300,000 people must be fed this winter. Two hundred thousand had intended to come to America when kept out by our panic, and 100,000 will return who cannot get work here on account of the panic.

The town of Ayer, Mass., has appealed to the Supreme Court of that State a suit won by a motorist who recovered damages for injuries to his car, caused by sinking into a sandy street. The decision will settle finally whether or not an automobile has the same rights to a highway as a horse-drawn vehicle.

WEDDED SIXTY YEARS

Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Prescott Greet Three Generations.

HOLD BIG FAMILY REUNION

Children, Grandchildren, and Great-grandchildren Gather at Marriage Anniversary in Home of Aged Couple at Takoma Park—Identified with Seventh-day Adventists.

One of the notable family gatherings of the present winter was that of Rev. and Mrs. James L. Prescott, at their home in Takoma Park, to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. Twenty-two persons of four generations made up the family party, some of them coming from New York City, and some from Maine to attend the reunion.

In the accompanying cut the six children of Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Prescott are sitting in the foreground. In the second row, sitting, reading from right to left, are: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bristol, Rev. James L. and Mrs. Prescott, and Mr. A. L. Prescott. The last named is the oldest son of the aged couple, and Mrs. Bristol is their only daughter. In the third row, standing, reading from right to left, are: Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Prescott, of Saco, Me.; Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Tracy, of New York City; Mr. and Mrs. James E. Prescott, of Passaic, N. J.; Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Prescott, of Takoma Park; Lewis Prescott, their son, and Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Tracy, of New York City. C. H. Prescott is the youngest, and W. W. Prescott is the second son of the aged couple. Mrs. W. D. Tracy and Mrs. M. C. Tracy are the daughters of A. L. Prescott. Two children of one of the Tracy families were too young to be brought from their home to the family reunion.

Wedded Sixty Years.

Rev. James L. Prescott and Mrs. Prescott were married at Epsom, N. H., on December 23, 1847, Rev. Graham P. Ramsey officiating. The marriage took place at the home of the bride, who was Miss Harriet M. Tripp, daughter of Jeremiah and Chloe Tripp. At the time of this marriage Mr. Prescott was by trade a shoemaker and was making a comfortable living. At that time the boot and shoe manufacturers of Lynn and Haverhill, Mass., and other towns of New England, placed their work out among journeymen all over the New England States. Mr. Prescott used to bring from Lynn a hundred or more pairs of boots or shoes to make at one time, working at them for weeks or months at a time, and returning the stock to the manufacturers when completed.

The shoemakers of that day made good wages at such work. But this kind of work vanished after a while, when the great mills of Lynn and Haverhill grew up to supply the trade, and the New England shoemakers turned their attention to other things. Mr. Prescott turned his to farming for a time.

Inventor of Stove Polish.

In the course of time he removed to North Berwick, Me., and in the seventies invented what was, and is, known as the Universal Stove Polish. In 1874 Mr. Prescott built a small factory at North Berwick for the manufacture of this stove polish and began selling it extensively through New England. The business grew and later his oldest son became a partner in the business. In a few years the business outgrew the little town in Maine and was moved bodily to Passaic, N. J., where it is now carried on by the eldest son and others, Mr. Prescott years ago retiring from active participation in business affairs. The stove polish has made a fortune for its inventor and the son, who has carried it on since.

Mr. Prescott was one of the original "Millerites" of 1844. That year he was engaged with his father upon a farm and did not put in the usual crops. He was one of those to don ascension robes and wait for the dawn of the millennium. He also shared in the disappointment which followed, but the religious faith planted by the teaching of Miller identified Mr. Prescott with the Seventh-day Adventist movement, and he was afterward ordained an elder in that church. For many years Mr. Prescott was a preacher of the denomination, and did much active work in spreading the tenets of that faith in New England.

Prescotts Move to Michigan.

In 1894 Mr. Prescott joined his second son and his family at Battle Creek, Mich., the latter having become the editor of the Review and Herald, the organ of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. In 1904 Mr. and Mrs. Prescott followed other members of the family to Takoma Park, when the headquarters of the church were moved there.

Mr. Prescott is an octogenarian, a keen-eyed, well-informed, and most interesting man. He has been an observant traveler, and is able to converse in an entertaining manner of his experiences. Since 1874 he has led a quiet life, spending much time with his newspaper and has kept abreast of the progress of the world's affairs. He spends much time on pleasant days driving over the Maryland hills, in company with his wife or some friend with whom he talks of everything interesting in human affairs.

Mrs. Prescott, for three years, has been in failing health, but is cheerful and happy, and, at such times as her health will admit, is the life of every gathering in her home, which is a sort of social gathering place for the many friends of the old people. Mrs. Prescott is possessed, in marked degree, of the blunt speech of the Yankee race and her humor is quiet, bubbling, and ever ready to break out in the midst of any conversation. She is possessed of the beauty and grace of womanhood, and eighty-odd years of life sit lightly on her shoulders. With her husband she delights in association with younger persons, and this aged couple has a large following of sincere friends who deem it among their greatest privilege to pay their respects to this grand old couple who have enjoyed the sunshine of life for sixty years, with few clouds to mar its skies.

GRANDDADDY'S CUFF LINKS.

Of course, you have rummaged and searched through all of grandmother's and auntie's jewel boxes, trunks, and cedar chests for trinkets and jewelry with which to bedeck your vain person.

You have found many things, perhaps, that you used in ways that would seem weird and peculiar to those same ancestors, be they in this world or the next.

But have you taken possession of grandfather's or granduncle's or even daddy's odd cuff links?

If not, the next rainy day go on a still hunt and gather together those mateless, neglected articles—you will be astonished what a varied collection you will probably find—and the next bright day hie yourself to your pet jeweler or "man who mends things" and have him make hatpins of them for you.

The cost is trifling, the result usually more than satisfactory.

You will have your "woman's weapon" in a style as odd and a design equally as pretty as the long-priced ones you have so coveted in the shop windows, and much more interesting.

One girl unearthed a topaz cuff link, and deciding its old-fashioned setting to be too dainty and pretty to be hidden among the puffs and maline of her headgear, had the back taken off, a ring put on the top, and lo! when hung from a tiny gold chain around her pretty neck, worn with a stunning costume of brown, with a touch of old blue, it was just wonderfully pretty.

RUSSIAN VIEW BROADER.

Reception of American Petition Shows Changed Attitude.

From the New York Times.

Premier Stolypin's promise to take under consideration the American petition in behalf of M. Tschaikovsky, and his statement that "the American public can rest assured that everything will be done to avoid delay in the inquiry" and to give the prisoner "a fair trial before a competent court," affords gratifying evidence of a new spirit in Russian official circles. Evidently the Czar's prime minister accepts the petition in the spirit in which it was sent, not as an unwarrantable foreign interference with the domestic concerns of the empire, but as an appeal for fair treatment and orderly procedure springing from considerations of humanity which lie somewhat outside the domain of law. It is significant, too, that a Russian official has thought it worth while to explain that Russian prisoners are somewhat less dreadful than is generally believed abroad. M. Tschaikovsky may be from the imperial point of view a dangerous agitator, and it may have to be conceded that the methods he has employed are less commendable than the objects he aims at. Yet it is undoubtedly true that any severe punishment inflicted upon him would unfavorably affect foreign opinion.

INDIRECT TAXATION.

Revenues Derived Therefrom Not an Index to Prosperity.

From the Boston Herald.

The comptroller of the State of New York promises to show in his annual report that the State has experienced one of the most promising years in its existence. His claims are based largely on the fact that the receipts from indirect taxation have broken all records. The claim suggests a fallacy common in official and popular circles, that revenue secured by indirect taxation is net gain to the State and no increase of burden upon the people of the commonwealth. Ordinarily, legislatures think they have solved a financial problem when they discover some new means for indirect taxation. It seems to be forgotten that all taxes are, alike, a burden upon the property in the commonwealth, and that indirect taxation, if it serves any purpose, should relieve the burden of direct taxation. This relief does not always follow. Indirect taxation saves the realization by the people of the burden they are bearing. It enables the bills of administrative extravagance to be met without increasing the direct tax and alarming the people. The total of the indirect tax is not the accurate measure of a State's prosperity.

'BUMPING' THE MAYOR

English Town Participates in Odd Ceremony.

THE BOROUGH WAS ENLARGED

And the Officials of Dunstable, with the Populace, Celebrate the Occasion of Their Victory in the House of Commons—Day of Rejoicing Ends with Many Excellent Dinners.

The ceremony of "mayor bumping" was recently observed at Dunstable, England, in connection with the ancient customs attending the beating of the boundaries.

Starting from the town hall immediately after the mayoral election, a great crowd, headed by two brass bands, and including the mayor, aldermen, and town councilors, with many leading townspeople, proceeded to the nearest point of the boundary. Here a vast concourse of spectators from many miles around had congregated. In the middle of a ploughed field a boundary post was set up, and declared truly erected.

The official bellman loudly clanged his ancient bell for order, while the charter was recited, and then the mayor was seized, and, amid shouts of laughter, soundly bumped on the top of the post, the bumpers performing their task with great zest and relish.

Next the aldermen in priority, according to weight and portliness, were subjected to the same process, and the fun waxed fast and furious when the inspector of police and his sergeant and men, who were present to keep down undue rowdiness, were unceremoniously seized and also soundly bumped, their helmets flying merrily during the process.

More Bumps.

Proceeding around the boundary, this was repeated at each post, the bellman vigorously ringing for order at the commencement of each ceremony. This important official, after very faithfully performing the duties of his office until some distance had been perambulated, was himself seized, his bell taken from him meantime, while he was soundly bumped to fixe the occasion indelibly on his memory.

The bumping was to mark the corporation's success in the long incorporation fight recently brought to conclusion before the House of Commons committee, and the boundary beaters had not proceeded far before one of the strongest opponents to enlargement of the borough was espied on the outskirts of the crowd. He was chased over ploughed furrows, captured, and dragged to the nearest post, where he also was put through the time-honored rite.

After all the leading personages in the procession had been bumped the beaters laid hands upon whoever came near. All the unpopular character in the district who could be caught were chased and seized and bumped.

Half way through the perambulation a halt was called while the beaters and bumpers were regaled with ale and bread and cheese.

Before this, however, another important ceremony connected with this ancient manor had to be observed. The official ale taster, a prominent member of the town council, who has himself been mayor and has been bumped, had to taste the ale and pass it ere the tapsters dared to start on their duty.

Ale Judge Approves.

The beaters and bumpers had now become tired and very thirsty, but they had to wait until the bellman secured order. Then another official produced and read the ale tasters parchment warrant, showing that under seal of lords of the manor he was appointed to see that all ale sold in the manor was of good quality and assize.

There were tremendous cheers when he solemnly quaffed a tankard and pronounced the beverage good. After this the barrels were quickly emptied, and fortified with much good ale the bumpers renewed their task with great vigor, and no boundary post was passed before it had been the object point of punishment for many victims.

The whole ceremony was, however, taken in good part by all, and there was no regrettable fracas to mar the proceedings.

In the evening the mayor and corporation, with many visitors, dined heartily and well to celebrate the day's successful proceedings.

Dunstable is an ancient manor, dating from the days of Henry I, who gave it its first charter. The charter and mayoralty were "acquired" by the prior and canons of historic Dunstable Priory, and held many years by them. Afterward the charter lapsed, and the manor reverted to the Crown. Next the corporation purchased the manorial rights from the late Queen Victoria, who granted a fresh charter. Thus the mayor and corporation are lords of the manor, and at their last court leet the ale taster was fined for not doing his duty, since when he has been most energetic.

AUTOS IN ARCTIC REGION.

Question of Lubricating Oil an Important One in Cold Weather.

Probably no other automobile event has ever excited the indterest and discussion as is everywhere apparent in the New York-Paris tour via Alaska and Behring Straits. One most interesting phase of the discussion has been the adaptation of various details of operation and construction to the extreme low temperature, because of the very real difficulties imposed by such cold.

Among the most vital of the practical problems to be solved is sure to be that of efficient lubrication, because of the impossibility of carrying duplicates of all parts subjected to wear, a precaution which only the most efficient lubrication will make unnecessary.

A much more important detail of lubrication is that of the transmission and bearings. If fluid oils are used the waste by dripping and leakage, inseparable from the use of fluid oils, will require that each car carry a large supply of lubricant and face the danger of complete ruin of bearings and running parts in case of exhausting the oil supply.

The chief ingredient of grease is tallow or other similar fat, which at 50 or 60 degrees below zero would become so hard as to make its very presence a terrific drag upon the bearings and to quite deprive it of friction-reducing power. In fact, it would probably put a dead load of three or four times the normal friction resistance on the engines, resulting in a waste of fuel that would soon exhaust any car's available storage supply.

As It Will Be Soon.

From Judge.

St. Peter—You were an American railroad president, weren't you?

New Arrival—Yes, sir.

St. Peter—You will step over and get an extra fine halo, and then take your place in the first row of the martyrs' department.

WORK OF THE RAILROAD Y. M. C. A.

"We've got a town on our road the boys call 'Hell.' If you want a real hard thing to try out the Y. M. C. A. on, put it there." This was the encouraging remark made by a railroad president to an International Y. M. C. A. secretary ten years or more ago who had urged that this organization could better the conditions of living and the service on his road. "That suits us," said the secretary. "But," replied the president, "the men won't stand for it. You will have to take the 'Christian' out of your name and the religion out of your methods, or you won't make it go with these men at this division point or anywhere else on a railroad."

The company put up $4,500 for an equipment, and the citizens $2,500. At the end of a month saloon men protested that the new organization was ruining their business. One of them, who had the best corner saloon in town, said his monthly receipts had fallen off from over $3,000 to $700, and he or the association had to quit. Now a handsome Episcopal church occupies his corner. A brakeman who came back to the town after an absence of two years hunted for his former associates in their accustomed seats in the saloon and found them in the Y. M. C. A. building.

That social experiment and others like it led a southeastern railroad to invest some $100,000 of the company's funds in Y. M. C. A. buildings and equipment in the past two years at five division points. When the company was making plans to establish a new division point with shops, roundhouses, and extensive yards, at a cost of $1,000,000, near a town noted as the center of the Hatfield-McCoy feuds, which have been bitterly fought for generations, there went up simultaneously with the erection of the roundhouse, repair shops, offices, &c., a railroad Y. M. C. A. building. At this terminal were 600 men. Contrary to the usual custom, the company paid all the cost of building. Usually the railroad men give 25 per cent. Within a year the place was so crowded that the company built an addition which cost $4,000.

At the end of the second year there was an addition put up to increase the provision from forty to eighty beds, and in four years the entire equipment was "on the scrap heap," worn out. Then the company found a new site for a building and spent $45,000 for equipment, which it turned over to the Y. M. C. A. to run. This has 120 beds and dormitories, for which the men pay 10 cents a night. Two months after the opening the president of the road called and asked the secretary if it was big enough. "No; often ten to twenty men are sitting up all night in the rooms waiting for a bed." "Well, then," declared the president, "we will make it large enough."

At the town a mile and a half away everything that a railroad man might want and be safer without, including whiskey and poker chips, is sold. The custom of not a few of the citizens was to carry a gun in one hip pocket and a whiskey flask in the other, and it was not a wholesome place for railroad men. That the men would have no excuse to go to town, everything that a railroad man should want, from a clean shave to a pair of overalls or a T. D. pipe, is sold in the Y. M. C. A. building. There are no keys to the building and it is never closed. A business of $55,000 is handled each year by a force of twenty-nine employes. The restaurant, in which the men may get a square meal for 20 cents, does a big business, and the beds are each used from two to three times within twenty-four hours, and clean linen goes with the ten cent charge. Three pool and billiard tables, two bowling alleys, a dozen bath rooms and a big library are used so much during the twenty-four hours that opportunity can not be found to keep them in repair.

The religious work director and his daily meetings and bible classes are as popular as any of the features of the outfit.

Conditions have changed on this road since its $100,000 investment. The men give better service to the public, there are fewer wrecks, and with less drinking come better manners, as courtesy goes with Christianity.

The opening of the second building was an important occasion, commanding the attendance of the president of the road, the vice president and general manager, superintendent of motive power, division superintendent, master mechanic, trainmaster, &c. An engineer who spoke at the opening said that buildings of this kind furnished an incentive for a man to live decently and made it possible for him to do so.

He said. "How could officials expect a man to do right or be fit for his work or have an ambition for good things when they threw him out into a corn field in a raw mountain town where the only place he could get a meal and a bed was in a saloon." And the real estate men at the other end of the run are selling homes to railroad men which are being paid for. The grocery and butcher accounts are bigger and there are fewer bad accounts. A man gets more out of life, his family more of his wages, and the public secures safety and satisfaction in travel.

Long-felt Want.

From the Home Magazine.

"How did your wife like that new hat you got her?"

"She was speechless with delight."

"Say, where can I get one like it for mine?"

Happy New Year.

Turn back the leaves with writing on,
Of hours and days misspent,
Begin the New Year Book as one,
To read without repent;
'Twill always pay to watch the tide
Of thoughts and words and deeds;
The current smooth will help decide
The end which each life pleads;
When light from hope sometimes grows dim,
And clouds begin to hover,
The strength to see will come from Him,
To write on New Year's cover,
These words, Resolve to do the best,
With time so kindly given,
To fill the heart and soul with rest,
Which means New Year in Heaven.

KATIE G. SHOEMAKER.

January 2, 1908.

REAL CURIOSITIES IN LANGUAGE.

Mark Twain has something to say about "English as She Is Written;" but here is some English that seldom is written, and some other interesting curiosities of Mother English, says a writer in the New York Press.

Honorificabilitudinitatibus is a rather long word. You cannot find it in the dictionary, but you will find it used in Shakespeare and some of the other early English writers.

The word is meaningless; the only interesting point about it is its length. Twenty-seven letters in a breath is quite a few. But our dictionary gives some almost as long; for instance, the following two, of twenty-four letters each:

transubstantiationalists,
inanthropomorphisability.

Here are some of the other boa constrictors:

Twenty-three letters:

disproportionablenesses.

Twenty-two:

intercommunicabilities.

Twenty-one:

interconvertibilities.

Twenty:

histomorphologically,
interdifferentiation,
Supersensitivenesses,
hypersensitivenesses.

It is safe to say that the ordinary reader would not run onto one of these in a hundred years—and if he did he would run the other way.

It is interesting to know that the entire alphabet can be arranged in one intelligible sentence without the repetition of a single letter. Just twenty-six letters in the following sentence, and no two alike:

"J. Q. Vandz struck my big fox whelp."

That simple sentence is the hardest possible one to write on the typewriter; so many of the letters in the alphabet are used so seldom that even a good typist has to study out the combination before finding some of them. This sentence is the only known one that contains every letter in the alphabet but once and makes sense.

Another interesting word group, in which the entire alphabet is put into seven words, and only thirty-two letters are used, is: "burst, fed, jingle, quip, vim, hack, zyxomma." This is the smallest number of words that the alphabet can be included in.

Two intelligible sentences, however, of eight words and thirty-two letters apiece have been found. They are:

Quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.
Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs.

The first sentence is often used in testing the types on typewriters, on account of the shortness and the fact that it includes every letter and has the advantage of making sense.

Here is a list of the longest monosyllables in English:

Seven letters, through; eight letters, strength, thoughts, starched, thrilled, straight, squalled, schnapps; nine letters, strengths, squelched, scratched, splotched, stretched.

Probably the most interesting word curiosity is the one made up of the greatest number of other words in the regular sequence. That word is indiscrimination. In-disc-rim-in-at-i-on contains seven words and is only sixteen letters long; that is allowing a fraction more than two letters to each word, and only one word is repeated.

Here are two that have six separate words within the one:

ass-ass-in-at-i-on
assassination,
in-fin-it-at-i-on
infinitation.

There do not seem to be any that can be split up into five sensible parts, but here are several quads:

in-sat-i-ate
insatiate,
ass-as-sin-ate
assassinate,
in-vest-i-gate
investigate,
in-it-i-ate
initiate.

Two three-part words that make sense when the parts are taken separately are:

to-get-her
together,
in-no-cent
innocent.

The dictionary is full of funny and curious things; this is only a small part of the unusual things that you can find out about words in an hour's perusal of the most wordy book in the English language.

Emergency Provided For.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The police had been ordered to take injured people to certain hospitals regardless of distance from the scene of accident.

"But if a victim were to die before the end of a long ride?" queried a cautious subordinate.

"In that case," replied the head of the department, surprised at so simple a question, "drive to the morgue."

TO FATHER STAFFORD.

The voice that thro' these lofty arches thrilled
As St. Crysostom's clarion trumpet call;
Faith's eloquent evangel—now is stilled
In mournful muteness, 'neath a funeral pall.
Here passed away a hero, brave and strong,
Who stood 'gainst currents of the time and tide,
'Gainst Mammon's blandishments, 'gainst social wrong;
And tho' the favorite of wealth and pride,
His genial heart e'er held an open store
To plaintive poverty—unto the poor
A nobler friend, with helping hand and love,
To lift them from their lowly life he strove.
Alas, in manhood's power, while splendor shone
Upon the height whereon he stood alone,
That Death should make of him its shining mark.
He should have lived, to stand as refuge tower,
A lighthouse in the storm-impending hour.
But the high lamp is quenched in gloom and dark
By Fate's shrill blast. His soul with warmth intense
Shall ne'er pour forth in music's eloquence,
His voice—a broken lute string—sound no more
From thought's high chamber. Death hath closed the door.

ST. JOHN BYER.