LOOPING NORTH AMERICA

VI.--SEVEN STEPS TO GREATNESS

By GEORGE R. MINER.

There is one sure thing for visitors to San Francisco and the Fair and that is that at one time or another you have to start for home. Some people are unkind enough to say so far as San Francisco is concerned, that it is a sure good thing. They are the ones who did not fit in with the San Francisco winds and rain.

I started by water to Seattle to continue the loop around North America. Those who came by the Isthmus are pretty sure to go back overland, and many through Canada, for, next to the Canal, the Canadian Rockies are at present the headline scenic attraction on this continent.

It's a three days' sail from San Francisco to Seattle and the boats are good. The concern that operates them, the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, is one of the few enterprises that are making money out of the fair. Their boats come in and go out packed all the time. They ply the whole length of the United States Pacific Coast, from San Diego to Seattle, and then on to Alaska.

The boat I was on was certainly good, big, steady and as clean as a candidate for office could wish his record to be. Also it had eccentricities of construction. It was built, I was told, by the president of the company to meet his own ideas and without suggestions from the traffic department. The traffic officials always give this as an excuse for the fact that in every stateroom, barring a few suites de luxe, there are three berths, one over the other. Nobody knows why, because only two berths are sold or occupied in ordinary conditions.

Perhaps it's just to be different, because the sofa is not so constructed that it can be used as a berth in a pinch, as is customary in most ships. This being different has its disadvantages. Filling up the space with that third berth, puts the lower berth practically on the floor and leaves no room for the storing of steamer trunks. So no trunks are taken to the staterooms or allowed in them. People who did not know about this got wrathy. "Cutie," who anticipated doing some dazzling with fine raiment, found herself on the North Pacific with no other available baggage than a little bag she carried on her arm, which contained nothing more nearly approaching garments than a handkerchief, a vanity box and some chewing gum. Her trunk was in the hold, with several hundred pieces of baggage on top of it and the hatches were fastened down. "Cutie" stormed, but it did no good. She was down and out and couldn't play the game at all. So she just sulked.

I think I found out why that third berth is put in there. It's to bump your head on. I did every time I got in or got out or turned over. The diamond-shaped pattern of the wire mattress above is stamped on my bald spot and is quite visible at the present writing. Mine was the lower berth. I found the best way to get in was to roll into it sideways and the best way to get out was to come out on all fours like a dog emerging from a kennel. This was all right in smooth weather, but with a heavy sea on and the boat pitching like a rocking horse, it required some doing.

The dining-room is also eccentric. It is unlike any dining saloon on any other ship in the world. There is no attempt at economy of space, but comfort only is considered. The whole room is cut up into little pens or compartments, and in each there are a table and big, comfortable leather seats for four. It's as cozy as can be. No swinging chairs that only swing half way, and will never swing the way you try to make them and that you have to squeeze into between the arms. How fat people ever get in or out of the regulation steamer dining-room chair I never could understand. Also no long tables like a boarding house. There are wide isles and a steward and service table for each pen. It's a waste of space, but very enjoyable.

As soon as we pulled out of the Golden Gate and pointed north, a stiff head wind that was half a gale, fresh from the Arctic Ocean came slapping at us. And it kept lapping at us, too, all the way, while we surged along the bold and inhospitable-looking shores of California, Oregon and Washington. It was a cold and leaden looking sea and a gray sky the whole trip, but it didn't dampen the ardor of the passengers, for they are a gay-spirited crowd, those Western tourists. There was singing constantly going on in the social hall and on the upper deck, where a room had been built especially for dancing. Every afternoon and evening, including Sunday, there were tangoing and one-stepping and side-stepping and all those things.

One reason why the spirit of jollity animated this ship is the captain. Big Bob Cousins is a character on the Coast and known and liked by everybody. In size he is fully developed. He is not only a host in himself, but he might also be called a crowd. Alongside of him Judge Taft looks sylphlike.

Now Capt. Bob has a way with him with children, birds and dogs. They always do what he says. In his cabin are two Java sparrows that mind his least word. They'll turn somersaults if he says so. When it comes to training dogs he is a marvel.

On this trip, however, Capt. Bob met his Waterloo. A poor, miserable mongrel stowaway dog was discovered soon after we left port. Capt. Bob and Buck were looking him over.

"That cur ain't good fur nothing," said Buck, "he's a bonehead. You couldn't teach him to eat when he's hungry."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the captain. "I think I could teach him some tricks easy enough."

"Not on your life. You couldn't teach him to sit up in a month."

"Nonsense. I can teach him to sit up before we land at Seattle."

"What! In three days!"

"Sure."

"Bet you a hat you can't."

"All right. You're on." And the captain took the dog to his cabin while Buck told his friends that he had as good as won a hat.

Two days later, Buck saw the dog wandering about the deck and it occurred to him to find out if the captain had really been "putting anything over" on him, so he took the cur to his room, shut the door and said gently, "sit up." The dog promptly stood up on his haunches.

"So," murmured Buck, "that fat guy really did the trick did he? Well, I'll do a little trick teaching myself."

Again he said, "sit up." The dog obeyed and Buck slapped him on the nose so hard that the pup landed on the other side of the room, a very much surprised dog. Again he said "sit up" and again he punched him. After a few such results the dog had no desire to sit up. All he wanted to do was to crawl under the berth and howl.

"Have you trained that pup yet?" Buck asked the captain next day.

"Sure; did it the first day. Want to see him sit up now and pay the bet?"

A sailor caught the dog and brought him up where quite an audience had assembled.

"Cutie" on the North Pacific with a Little Bag.

"Good doggie," said the captain, "sit up."

The dog gave one agonized look, let out a yelp and tore back for the stern as though he was going to jump overboard. The captain said words that no perfect lady ever uses.

But he was not the only man who got fooled on that trip. I was the other.

My deck chair was placed next those of a professor in a New England college and his wife. The professor was gathering material for a work on psychology and Mrs. Professor was largely engaged in telling me what a keen student of human nature the professor was. If these lines ever meet the professor's eye he will learn what an opportunity he missed.

On the other side of me the steward placed a chair for a very striking-looking young woman. Her costume was a shade too pronounced perhaps and ran to vivid colors, while she was also decked out with long earrings and bracelets and beads like a gypsy queen. She was very fair, with china blue eyes, a pink and white complexion, bright red hair that was undoubtedly dyed, and really very pretty She was also very reserved. She spoke to no one and seemed to know no one. For a whole day she was engrossed with a book and a box of candy.

When she came out the second day she had some trouble with her chair and I helped her with it. She murmured perfunctory thanks and delved into her book and candy. A little later, a sudden gust of mind grabbed up the candy box cover and slapped me in the face with it. She was profuse in apologies and so we began to talk, and we talked all the afternoon. I might as well confess that I was quite elated and thought pretty well of myself, for she was quite the prettiest girl on board. Mrs. Professor evidently did not approve, for she did not join in and talk across me. On the contrary, a Puritan primness wrapped her close. I attributed it to the fact she had overheard the pretty girl declare an addiction to cigarettes. Anyway, after awhile Mrs. Professor took her phychology-studying husband away with her and left us alone. Then the pretty girl gave me a jolt.

"Look here,' she said, "you seem like a pretty good fellow and I don't want to get you in bad. You mustn't talk with me again or recognize me when we meet. I'll have my chair moved. I know you are a friend of the captain because I've seen you on the bridge and going into his cabin and I think the captain is on to me. Anyway there are a number of people from Seattle on board who may recognize me."

"And why?" I asked. "Is your character as bad as all that?"

"Not at all. There is nothing the matter with my character. I dare say it's as good as yours."

"Then why?"

"Because I'm a nigger. That's why."

Then the whole miserable story came out. Her father and mother were both black. Her grandfather was an English officer. Her husband was a mulatto. She was perfectly white except for the back of her hands and arms which were light brown.

I had mistaken it for tan. Her finger nails also told her secret. Her hair was naturally dark brown and frizzy which she was now letting grow out its natural color. Six months before, she had run away to San Francisco to try to pass herself off as white and live on an equality with white people. She couldn't bear to be with negroes. She tried being a manicure, but in place after place they found her out and turned her off, until broke and disheartened, she was forced to go back to her negro relatives in Seattle.

There was no touch of pitifulness or tears in the way she told her story, but there was grim tragedy in her look and voice as she said:

"I hate it, but I can't help it. So you flag me."

I saw her in the crowd waiting to get off the boat and forced my way through to say good-bye. The only answer I got was a whisper out of the corner of her mouth.

"Beat it. Don't be a fool."

In the northwest corner of these our United States is a city built on seven shelves, or seven steps would be nearer right. The streets between the steps are so steep that the inhabitants are all sprung kneed. This city is Seattle and it's a wonder.

Fifty years ago there was nothing there but dense forests and Indian encampments. Today it has 300,000 inhabitants and is growing at the rate of 30,000 a year. There are asphalt streets and cement sidewalks everywhere, fine buildings, beautiful residences, wide boulevards and every modern convenience.

When you talk to a San Francisco man he tells you how smart he is. When you talk to a Seattle man he tells you how glad he is to see you. That's just the difference in the tone and attitude of the two cities.

We landed there when it was all messed up with Masons. The Shriners were having a national convention and they had inundated the place. The statements I had given me as to how many Shriners were there varied from 30,000 to 150,000. Help yourself. I didn't count them. Anyway it was almost impossible to get hotel accommodations, so the passengers on our ship were very glad to get rooms in private houses. All rules were shelved for the Shriners and every one had the liberty of the city.

There was a jolly-looking little Irishman standing on a corner and shouting and yelling at the top of his voice.

"Is that the way it gets you?" I asked. "That's the funniest jag I ever saw—and the noisiest."

"It's no jag, me boy. It's personal liberty. This is the first time in my life I could yell as loud as I wanted to with no fear of bein' arrested. Whoopee!"

I won't let myself go and enthuse over the greatness of Seattle harbor. It has been written about many a time. Steamship, railroad and real estate companies have expended no little printers' ink on the subject and for once in a blue moon an advertising prospectus did not exaggerate. It's all the advertising men say and more. I hate to use that trite saying about the navies of the world being able to anchor there, but I don't know of any other that fits the case. It's perfectly true.

The fact that Seattle has so grown and flourished on these seven hills or terraces proves to me that it was bound to come, bound to be a great place despite the handicap of its geographical ground plan. Those hills are seven steps to greatness. Everything else in the place is on the level. The business streets, which are called avenues and numbered from the water front up, run along the levels. The cross streets go up in the air at an angle of about 30 degrees. How the street cars negotiate them is a mystery. They have notches in the cement of the pavements or bars across like rungs in ladders so you won't slide down and break your neck or leg.

And for all that, Seattle keeps right on growing with a steady, healthy growth.

There are many excellent hotels, the Washington being the largest and most luxurious. It would do credit to any city. On top of the highest hill is the sorrento, built in the Italian renaissance style with beautiful gardens around it, and on top of the hotel is a huge, octagonal dining room with wide windows all around it. I know of no other dining room in the world where there is such a wonderful view. At your feet the city falls down step by step to the great harbor with its wooded islands and headlands. On two sides, snowcapped mountain ranges, the Olympic and the Cascades, fringe the horizon, while half a dozen fresh water lakes stretch their arms through the country back of the city. These lakes are only a few feet above sea level, but are of the purest fresh water. So good is the Seattle water that the steamship companies load their boats here with water to use all up and down the long Pacific seaboard.

Seated opposite me at one of the window tables, enjoying the view, was Maj. Hempill, formerly of the English East Indian service, but now a loyal American and a devoted Seattleite.

"Perhaps the most remarkable thing about this place," said he, "is that there is absolutely nobody out of employment. There is always work for everybody. Also there is no leisure class. Everybody works and while there are many wealthy people here there are no idle rich. An idler would be despised and almost ostracized. There is very little crime, very little drunkenness in spite of the fact that the State has voted to be prohibition beginning with the first of next year. There is a spirit of patriotism and stalwart Americanism in this part of the country that is inspiring. To my mind, the real force of Americanism, which in a short time will make this the greatest country in the world, is now most in evidence out here. This Northwest is now to the rest of the country what New England was a century ago. It's new, virile, honest and steadfast. It has that optimism, enthusiasm and compelling force which only youth possesses. Everybody succeeds according to his endeavors. We don't know what hard times are."

I believe this too. The city looks it. As, for instance, there is a large department store that would rank high in New York or Chicago, well stocked, well managed, big, up to date. The two proprietors came over from Sweden a few years ago as emigrants without a dollar to their names, no friends, no education. They worked on ranches or at anything until one started a little second-hand furniture store. He sent for his friend, who could write better, and they became partners. Today they are merchant princes. This all happened since we began to head letters nineteen hundred. No streak of luck, no boom, just straight sticking to business.

I asked one of the leading business men in Seattle what was the vital topic here and he answered:

"Alaska. We are the port of Alaska, its clearing house, and it means a great future. Alaska now has a population of only 60,000, and it can support a million. While there is a lot of good farming land there the season is too short to make raising grain for export feasible. It can raise enough for home support, however. The big exports are the mineral wealth, which has only been scratched, and the fisheries. The timber is out of the question. There is no big timber in Alaska to begin with and we have an accessible and inexhaustible supply of it around here."

In San Francisco when any one wants to take a trip, he goes to Honolulu. To Easterners going to Honolulu seems like going to the end of the earth. Not so in San Francisco. They think no more of it than New Yorkers do of going to Atlantic City or Chicagoans to French Lick. Now up in Seattle they go to Alaska instead. Everybody has been or intends to go to Alaska. It's as popular as going to hear Billy Sunday and nobody looks on it as a hard trip at all. Neither is it. There are excellent steamer accommodations and thousands of Eastern tourists are going up there this summer.

The State has voted to be prohibition the first of next year.

I found two reasons why Seattle is going to be dry. One is that the Jap bartenders—of whom there are many—put pickled onions in the bottom of cocktails instead of olives or cherries. In San Francisco they put nuts. That's one good reason for teetotalism. The other is that one of the largest bars in town is enough to drive a slightly intoxicated man to delirium tremens without taking another drink. The top of the bar, for the whole length of its fifty feet is a glass covered aquarium in which all sorts of fantastic fish and grotesque sea things flourish. It's disconcerting to order a highball and have a pink and blue fish with goggly eyes and fine fine whiskers dart up right under your hand and wink at you.

Some of those Shriners who went in that bar thought they saw things not to be found on the hot sands of the desert.

And so Seattle is going dry. I don't blame it.

The Philippine Islands produce approximately 10,000,000 gallons of alcohol yearly. Almost all of this is made from the sap of the nipa palm that grows in great abundance in various swamps of the country

IN THE REALM OF RELIGION

WHAT CHURCH PEOPLE ARE SAYING AND DOING

Believing in the power of old-fashioned prayer, the leaders of the Laymen's Missionary Movement are asking thousands of men and women to pray for the National Missionary Campaign, which opens the first of its seventy-five great conventions for men in Chicago on October 14. Individuals in private, families at their family altars, pastors in their pulpits, attendants at church prayer meetings, and groups specially organized are requested to offer persistent prayer for the campaign and all who participate in it.

The call to prayer which has been issued says the opportunities as well as the difficulties of so great an undertaking as the projected campaign of missionary inspiration and education, including the organization of seventy-five conventions in the leading cities of the United States, constitute an unusual challenge to the faith of Christian men. Therefore prayer is regarded as the most important means of preparation for the hard work of the campaign.

Seven subjects for prayer are suggested and they include the campaign as a whole, the mission boards participating, cities in which conventions are to be held and the committees appointed to organize the conventions, the convention speakers and the delegates to the convention.

An effort is to be made to get written pledges from large numbers of men in each of the seventy-five convention cities, as well as men in other parts of the country, to pray daily for the success of the campaign. A promise to pray, which is to be signed in duplicate, is part of the call to prayer which has been issued, the duplicate to be returned to the mission board with which the signer is affiliated or to the Laymen's Missionary Movement.

S. W. Woodward, of this city, is a member of the executive committee of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and the culminating feature of the National Missionary Campaign which opens in Chicago on October 14 will be a national missionary congress, to be held in Washington April 26-30, 1916.

Karl Lehmann, who stopped in Washington a few days ago to confer with local Christian Endeavorers, was on his way from the headquarters of the society in Boston to take up his new duties as "Southern States secretary of Christian Endeavor."

Mr. Lehmann has for five years acted as field secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, traveling more than 200,000 miles over the United States and has delivered more than 5,000 addresses. The recent Chicago convention initiated a special movement looking to the development of the society in a larger measure through the Southern States. A so-called "All South Endeavor extension committee" was appointed, consisting of denominational trustees, who live in the South, divided among the Presbyterian, Disciples, Methodist and Christian bodies, the presidents of all Southern State Christian Endeavor Unions, with President Francis E. Clark, Daniel A. Poling and John R. Clements from the Boston office. The committee has elected the following-named officers: Chairman, Rev. Ira Landrith, Nashville, Tenn.; vice chairman, Duncan B. Curry, Jacksonville, Fla.; secretary, Rev. L. E. Brubaker, Ensley, Ala.; treasurer, W. Roy Berg, Dallas, Tex. Mr. Lehmann took up his new duties September 1. A thousand new Christian Endeavor societies in the South the next five years is the goal of this movement. An All-South Endeavor convention is to be held in Atlanta, Ga., in July, 1916. A new Christian Endeavor publication, the Dixie Endeavor, will make its appearance this month.

William Howard Taft was elected president of the general conference of the Unitarian Churches at the national convention which closed in San Francisco last week. He will hold office for the ensuing two years. Other officers were elected as follows: Rev. Walter R. Greenman, of Milwaukee, general secretary; Percy A. Atherton, Boston, treasurer. The new council: Rev. Minot Simons Cleve, chairman; Rev. John Haynes Holmes, New York; Rev. John Howland Lathrop, Brooklyn; Rev. C. S. Dutton, San Francisco; Rev. Sydney B. Snow, Boston; Charles E. Ware, Fitchburg, Mass.; Mrs. Clause U. Gilson, Wellesley, Mass.; Rev. Richard B. Boynton, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Bible Congress at the Panama Exposition, San Francisco, was a marked success and has called the attention of the country to Bible translation and circulation throughout the world and pointed forward to next May's observances celebrating the 100th anniversary of the founding of the American Bible Society. The greatest rally of the congress took place in "The Court of the Universe," the center of the exposition and a fit place for exalting the Bible as the center of human life and progress.

Fifteen or twenty thousand people attended this great Bible rally, held on a week-day afternoon. Its primary purpose was the presentation of a bronze placque by the exposition to the congress. Rev. William A. Sunday preached a strong Biblical sermon in his characteristic way. He maintained the truth and power of the Bible as one rarely hears it done, not clothing his speech in fine phrases, but gripping the throng and causing all of it to remain to the end.

Interesting from a missionary and international point of view was the public ceremony of handing over to the Japanese Christians and their friends a copy of the Scriptures in English, printed by the American Bible Society for presentation to the Emperor of Japan on the occasion of his approaching coronation. The Mikado has consented to receive it, and it is understood that the Japanese Christians in Japan will present at the same time a copy of the Bible printed in Japanese.

A nation-wide campaign for the more extensive spreading of knowledge of the Bible is about to be launched by the newly formed Pictorial Bible Contest League with offices in the Bible House, New York.

The proposed campaign includes many features novel to Bible propaganda and, it is believed, will interest the country's numerous Bible students in a more than passive way, besides attracting new readers to the beauty and wisdom of the Book of Books. Among the features are the frequent holding of pictorial Bible contests, calling for the active participation of Bible students and others and holding forth additional advantages in the form of prizes in cash, medals and books. These contests are to be held through the means of religious and other publications all over the country.

Competent artists will draw a series of illustrations depicting the most important incidents of the Old and New Testaments. It will then be up to the participants, in order to win prizes, to furnish the most appropriate quotations from the Bible to fit the pictures. As the quotations chosen for illustration will be representative of every phase of the Scriptures, a thorough knowledge of the Bible will be the result of participation in the contests.

The organizer of the Pictorial Bible Contest League is Leon Gomberg. Preliminary to entering upon such an extensive campaign Mr. Gomberg tried out one of the contests in "The Day," a New York Jewish publication, conducting it in both English and Hebrew. Fifteen thousand persons, Christians as well as Jews, participated.

"I believe that such a contest will go far towards interesting all phases of the community," says Mr. Gomberg. "It demonstrates the best methods of study. Modern educators agree that that method of teaching is most suitable in which the subject matter is imparted in a pleasing and interesting way; and it surely is pleasing and interesting, it surely affords great mental and spiritual exhilaration, to study a series of attractive Bible pictures and pick out appropriate quotations for them. We have had many examples of the wonderful progress that students will make in any subject that is presented in a really attractive manner, and the pedagogic value of such methods is well-nigh inexhaustible."

Philadelphia Episcopalians are making plans for the raising of $10,000,000 for the erection of new buildings for their church's divinity school adjoining the University of Pennsylvania.

During the last week of August the Brotherhood of St. Andrew held its thirteenth annual convention at Los Angeles. This great body of men does not legislate, but only confers. The brotherhood is committed to two definite pledges: A pledge to pray daily for the spread of the Kingdom of God; and a pledge daily to bring some person nearer to God through His Church. It has been keeping these two pledges to the fore for thirty years.

Dr. B. M. Tipple, of the Methodist College, Rome, Italy, has arrived in New York on the steamer Duca d'Abruzzi accompanied by Mrs. Tipple and the children. They sailed from Genoa. Dr. Tipple having come down from a conference with Bishop Nuelsen at Zurich. The bishop is well and expects to visit the United States this month, sailing from Norway September 16. Dr. Tipple has recently visited the important Italian centers at the north, going as far as Udine, near the Austrian frontier, and spending some time in the interest of the work at Venice. He reports that the Italian Methodist preachers are authorized by the government to visit the wounded in hospital and are rendering fine services in that capacity at Udine, Venice, Milan, Bologna and Alessandria, where their ministrations have been extended to the Austrian prisoners of war. The Gospels and Testaments contributed by the nickels of the Sunday school children of America have been distributed in large numbers, Methodist representatives at Udine alone having disposed of 9,000 copies. Dr. Tipple is more enthusiastic than ever over the educational program of Italy and is especially zealous for the completion of the plans for the Collegio on Monte Mario, for which a superb site was recently purchased. He comes prepared with material for illustrated lectures on "Saint Paul in Rome" and upon "Italy in the War."

When asked as to his decoration he modestly said that the King had conferred the honor upon him in recognition of the work of the Church for Italy, both in earthquake relief and in its educational program. He is by royal decree of June 24 knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy. This honor is seldom conferred on a foreigner and never given except for conspicuous service to Italy.

The decoration consists of a white Greek cross—the cross of Savoy—set in gold. In the center of one side is a facsimile of the famous "iron crown" of Lombardy.

The statement of German theologians early in the war on the issues of the conflict, which were clearly partisan in tone, gave the religious world a shock. Now the old-time German independence of thought is asserting itself again. Prof. Troeltsch, who is the author of a very strong essay on modern Protestantism, and who has written acceptably on the social teachings of the church, has written an article in the Frankfurter Zeitung in which he protests against a philosophy built on race hatred. He insists that "its influence on the moral and religious life is most dangerous."

A German official recently told an American who was traveling in the country that they were out to eliminate the Christian races in Turkey, says the Boston Transcript. They are succeeding and there is none to raise a protest. Turkey is now free to satisfy her thirst for blood and destruction and to carry out the suggestions made by her masters in Europe. Never in Moslem history has there been such a riot of crime and carnival or murder aimed at the annihilation of the Armenian and Greek races whose only fault is that they are not Moslems.

In one prosperous city twelve of the leading Armenian men were taken out upon the road under great pretense of deportation. In a few days later 300 more men followed the same path to death. This method is being duplicated everywhere in the interior of Turkey.

Women and children, old men and invalids are driven from their homes at the point of the bayonet and sent along different routes covering many days, even weeks of travel. No preparations for the journey are made or permitted. Children born upon the road are strangled by the mother who is forbidden to lag behind the caravan of death. Those too ill are left alone by the roadside to die. One German woman following a caravan picked up fifteen children in one day thus left by their parents who could not carry them.

The women who survive the journey are scattered among Moslem families in Mohammedan villages where the alternatives before them are Islam or death. This method of extermination is going on from Smyrna to Persia and from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. Some entire Armenian towns have been depopulated and Moslems from Macedonia have been brought in to occupy the houses.

Rev. Andrew L. Levatois, treasurer of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, who returned last week from France, relates many interesting incidents of the part taken in the war by Catholic priests and students.

"There are 30,000 priests fighting the battles of France today," he states. "Many of them have been killed. Two members of my diocese in France gave up their lives, while in a neighboring diocese there were fifteen. Thus has it been throughout all France. These priests are in the trenches, fighting shoulder to shoulder with their fellow-countrymen, asking only one thing—the chance to defend the honor of their native land. At the seminary at which I taught last year fifty of the eighty-five students went to the war. The other thirty-five remained at home because their government deemed them too young or because they were physically incapacitated.

"Many priests and students have been taken prisoners of war. In this connection, there is one bright incident which shows that even war cannot make man become uninterested in the work of his fellow-man, no matter what his nationality. Many of the students who have been taken prisoners have determined that they cannot make better use of their enforced detention than to continue their philosophical and theological studies. The German priests in the villages near which they are detained have thrown open their libraries for these students.

"Thus we have it that these young men who want to see France strike a crushing blow at Germany are being helped to complete their ecclesiastical education by the same men who hope and pray that France and her allies will be defeated.

"The request of Pope Benedict XV to the German bishops to have the French priests who are prisoners of war treated with as much courtesy as possible has borne good fruit. The Kaiser has given orders that the priests be treated as officers of the French army. They perform the duties of the priesthood in the prison camp.

"The French people do not know the meaning of the word 'surrender.' They will not listen to a suggestion that they will be defeated. They are even logical in their contention. They argue that defeat will be dishonorable to France, and that France can never be dishonored. The young boys are yearning to reach the age when they can fight. In the meantime they are helping the old men and the women to do the work once done by the men who are now at the front."

Father Levatois said that the French people look upon the Russian reverses as merely temporary setbacks that will, of course, make the rest of the allies fight harder, and which will delay but not prevent ultimate triumph.

The war interfered not a little with the program of this Bible Congress, speakers being unable to cross the ocean. There were greetings from the British and foreign, French, German and other Bible societies, and papers by the Patriarch of Constantinople and his bishops, Dr. Kuyper, formerly prime minister, and now a senator of Holland. Prof. Jean de Visme, of the Reformed Church of France, and others. Bible development in Europe, Asia and in America was brilliantly presented, the climax being reached with advance data from Dr. Henry Otis Dwight's forthcoming book on the Story of the American Bible Society for 100 years.

The Gideons are an organization of Christian traveling men. There are 600,000 knights of the grip in America and until the advent of this organization, they were not particularly noted for piety. Since 1908 the Gideons have distributed 300,000 Bibles in hotel bedrooms. In many other ways they have been a constructive religious force among the traveling public.

The Lutheran Church in America will hold its general biennial convention, September 9-15, in the almost contiguous cities of Rock Island and Moline, Ill., and Davenport, Iowa. Their women's auxiliary will meet at the same time and places. The notable function which the joint bodies are expected to arrange will be the commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the Lutheran Reformation, which will be due in the year 1917. The Lutherans are half a million strong in their enrollment of communicants.

Preaching is violent physical exercise for "Billy" Sunday. He was early compelled to recognize this, and engaged a prize fighter to "rub him down" after his sermons. Jack Cardiff, the ex-pugilist, who has for several years been the physical caretaker of the well-known evangelist, has ambitions to be an evangelist himself and has attached himself to the company of Rev. Henry W. Stough, where he will be given an opportunity to preach occasionally. He asserts that he is concluding his service with Mr. Sunday in a perfectly friendly way.

Perhaps San Francisco is the nearest churchless of any city in the republic, says the Christian Advocate, New York. A bishop said of this metropolis, "A man who is religious is looked upon by the average citizen as a Pharisee or a fool, if not a mixture of both." The church that appeals to the average denizen of "the Coast" must be practical and efficient.

WILEY SEES CHEMISTRY IN HOUSEWIVES' WORK

Washing Hands and Linen and Cleaning House Involves Chemical Action, Says Expert.

It is a long cry from the days of King David, when centrifugal force generated the heat required to cook the modest fare of the shepherds, passing thence through the days of Pharoah, when the jaded appetite of a monarch induced him to offer a reward of a kingdom to the chief who succeeded in providing him a new culinary triumph—which action added to our list of favorite dishes what is modernly known as puff paste—to-day, when practically every resource of the government is devoted to the development of a future millenium when the home, its problems, its household and their daily operations are leading questions.

This age marks a distinct improvement in community life and the rearing of a healthy nation. In harmony with the present American neutrality policy, domestic science firmly believes in preventatives, not remedies of a drastic nature; and a thorough knowledge of its underlying principles would convince the most skeptical of their value and creed.

For the benefit of those who have not yet investigated the claims of this branch of education, it is only necessary to state that domestic science does not mean cooking or sewing alone, but all their allied subjects which form a combination necessary to sustain life. Take for example Dr. Harvey's explicit definition of chemistry given in a talk before the National Domestic Art and Science School of this city, and the relative value of only one of the half hundred related subjects will be apparent.

"Chemistry is a subject which you cannot avoid. Every phase of home life and every action necessary to sustain life, is but a practical application of some principle of this great subject. The very air which we breathe is, by that mechanical process—changed into a fuel which burns inside the body and supplies the heat necessary to conduct the daily operations which there take place. The food which we cook is changed, by the application of heat and combination with other foods, into products which develop energy and repair the wasted tissues. When we wash our hands, household linen or clean house, if it were not for the chemical action which takes place, the dirt would not be removed. We find chemistry to be one of the greatest sciences in the world, bringing happiness and comfort to the human race."

In a few years no young woman's education will be considered complete who has not had at least one course in domestic science as a link in the great chain of work which makes up her life's preparation.