

LIBRARY IN MONTH LOANED 5,695 BOOKS

Many Soldiers Visit Public Institution—Demand for Technical Volumes.

In response to the cards distributed at the Red Cross canteen at the Ft. Scott station, reading "The Tulsa Public Library welcomes our soldiers and sailors back to Tulsa and the library, corner Third and Cheyenne. We hope we shall see you often in our reading room and that you will make use of our books and newspapers." Miss Alma Jessie McGlenn, librarian, reports that many soldiers are accepting the invitation.

"The Tulsa boys get out of their uniforms so rapidly that I can't be sure about them, but the soldiers that are passing through or just stopping here for a short time are constantly after books. Most of them call for technical ones.

"We are making a strong plea now for books to be sent to the army of occupation," continued Miss McGlenn. "These men are not busy and it is said that their mental condition demands books. The life of an army book is five calls. The men are not only bought with them, but when a book is taken from the library or elsewhere it is passed on to all men of one barracks, so it is really read a great deal. They want late fiction most of all, and cannot be expected to enjoy out of date magazines, either. Magazines for Fort Hill are badly needed, good, late, snappy ones; this is to be a permanent library post and the men will be in need of reading matter constantly.

Miss McGlenn states that despite the fact that the Tulsa public library was closed five weeks on account of the "flu," the reports for this year show an increase in all departments or functions over last year. The year will round out for library activities next month. The following report is that for the month:

Table with 2 columns: Category and Count. Adult volumes loaned 3,403; Juvenile volumes loaned 2,292; Gain over April, 1918 1,945; Visitors in reading room 2,582; Meetings in assembly hall 11; New borrowers cards issued 292; Volumes repaired 210; Adult volumes purchased 131; Adult volumes presented 6; Juvenile volumes purchased 9.

BOYS MAKE FINE DISPLAY OF BUGS AND BUTTERFLIES

The very latest showing is in spring butterflies, now on display at the Bird and Butterfly club at the boys' division of the Y. M. C. A. The styles offered Saturday were characterized by long graceful lines and brilliant colorings. Almost every imaginable color combination from a patriotic red, white and blue insect to a dark red variety, undoubtedly "bolshhevik," could be found in the different collections. Yesterday was a big day in the club's contest for the \$25 prize which is to be awarded to the member securing the best collection. Friday night the organization was instructed in the meaning of their specimens and this stimulated the interest so that every member was out after the elusive insects. Not only butterflies but a large number of grasshoppers, frogs, bugs, beetles and even some horned toads found themselves caught in the snares of the nets.

The Human Side of A Bishop

By ROYAL DANIEL

"Can you be superstitious when you are not?" "I don't know; ask the bishop." The question was asked and the answer given while the snow was on the ground at Sewanee during the mid-winter vacation. The University of the South, in so far as the physical properties were concerned, was in evidence as much as ever, but the life of the mountain had withdrawn itself and hibernated, because the boys had gone home. Caretakers and all the year residents found themselves very much dependent upon each other and the spirit of Sewanee, famous throughout a score of states, found itself doing double duty in keeping long and tedious hours from weighing in heavily upon those who remained behind.

"Ask the bishop" was universal advice, whether you desired information about railroad schedules, the price of eggs, the date of the next wedding in the village or sought to ascertain the precise dawn of the millennium and it was never apparent that the one who gave the tip had become tainted with impudence. It was just the natural thing to say and when you found the bishop you were convinced it was the logical thing to do.

On my way to Sewanee I was one of a party of four sitting in the smoking compartment of the local train twice or thrice a day climb the mountain side from Cowan with much puffing and screeching and great tramping. The distance is small, but the elapsed time is out of all proportion to the mileage traveled, which gives passengers from Sewanee ample time to ascertain inconsequential as well as highly valuable information about local lights which stud the high places. The group in the smoking car had been indulging in stories of small gossip, the majority of which were tedious and tremendously artificial and like pre-digested food, caused more nausea than nourishment. And then one cautious member, emboldened to the brink of rashness, asked for a match and slyly inquired if a minister were present.

"The asking of this question is generally understood to be the precursor of an off-colored story, but the story was not told; something else happened. "I'm not a minister myself," said one of the four, who had been buried in his paper, "but it just makes me sick for somebody to be always drawing the line between ministers and just men. If a minister can't be told a risqué story then it ought not be told. It's all rot trying to classify men in this way. A man is a man and being a minister doesn't make him different. My bishop plays golf and it doesn't matter who he plays with, saint or sinner; and he plays the game to win, and I'm here to tell you he gives the other fellow hell all the way."

"The Human Bishop." "Who is this human bishop?" I asked from my corner. "I judge from your question that you are a stranger up here. It's Bishop Knight up on the mountain." "The Rt. Rev. Albion W. Knight?" I asked for the purpose of identification. "All I know about his name is that it's Bishop Knight. That's all I've ever heard him called and I've been on the mountain ever since he came." Then I began to remember things. Years ago I had known and loved the man who had been accepted as the true type by the man across the aisle from me. In the years that had passed I had not been

curiously, but as an evidence that he saw through my game. "You've got that Cuban coin in mind," he said. "Well, that was some coin, you know. It decided my problems for me, but to answer your question, no, I don't think I'm superstitious—I'm just human."

And then I went down to the office of the University of the South to write a story about the human side of a bishop. I will confess that I have heretofore, perhaps unthinkingly, believed that the bishop and the priest are men set apart, different from the general run. This viewpoint, doubtless, is due to the youthful environment for which I was not to blame, but which I had failed to correct as my units of comparison increased with years. Certainly the world ought to know better. Bishop Knight is so fair, however, and such a good sport, I could not make up my mind to gumshoe without telling him, so I took him into my confidence and interrupted his game of pool with one of the students, making him miss a shot. I inwardly hoped that he would say something that would reveal the human side. I was looking for and give me a good bumping off place for the story, but he only smiled at his hard luck.

"Bishop," I said, "I am going to write a story about you and I didn't have the nerve to deliberately take aim and fire like a man shooting a rabbit in his bed, so I am here to warn you. I am going to write a story about the human side of a Bishop."

"Go ahead and shoot," he retorted. "But remember, I'm unarmed, and remember, too, that as vice-chancellor of the university I have automatic powers which give me the right to deport all undesirable persons; I hold the weapon of censorship."

With this threat in mind I proceeded to my task with the sneaking idea that he will never get a chance to censor this story until he reads it in print.

Down in Florida some years ago, the bishop was on a fishing trip with a party of his parishioners. A fishing trip in Florida is something after a man's own heart; a boat, a lot of good fellows, some bait; sometimes another kind of bait which will go to waste if the cork is sorry; maybe some chips, and always a new deck of cards. One day the bishop had fished until the sport became a burden and he returned unexpectedly to camp to find four of the faithful absorbed in poker. The football of the returning bishop failed to register upon the ears and without any warning he stood revealed when it was too late to conceal the cards or the game.

"I won the beans," said Bishop Knight. "It was my first and last game of poker, but if I had known every one of those small beans represented a dollar, I'm not so sure."

A human side to the bishop? Sure. The "Spirit of Sewanee." General Goethals tells a good story at the expense of the bishop whom he knew very intimately when the bishop was in charge of the diocese in the canal zone while the general looked after the other side of life down there.

"The bishop used to wear white duck clothes in the zone and there was nothing to distinguish him from the ordinary mortal," says General Goethals. "An Episcopal clergyman was with the bishop on a train one day and was wearing all the badges of his calling in striking contrast to the bishop in his white duck suit. The conductor had orders to stop the train at a certain station to permit the bishop and the clergyman to get off. The clergyman was nervous lest the train would not stop and called the conductor to ask if he had received stop orders."

"Yes, Bishop," he said, "we are going to stop; don't be uneasy."

"I'm not the bishop," said the clergyman. "This is the bishop, indicating Bishop Knight."

"Well, that's funny," replied the confused conductor. "I thought you was the bishop because the other man looks like he works."

"Well, the bishop does work. He is the busiest man on the mountain at Sewanee. He is up with the early birds and his light is the last to go out at night. He is absolutely unique. The University of the South owns everything on the tract of 10,000 acres on top of the mountain and the town of Sewanee comes under the bishop's jurisdiction. The bishop is the town marshal, justice of the peace, and

the authority absolute. Undesirable people are not fined and permitted to continue undesirable; they are simply invited to leave. The blacksmith at Sewanee is in his way as loyal to Sewanee as is the bishop. The fact that you are in Sewanee is a sufficient guarantee of character."

Even a bishop could not help being human under these circumstances. While on the one hand he is the lawgiver of the mountain domain, on the other he is obedient to the ten traditions he found here, traditions which will live as long as the memory of Folk, Quintard and those other molders of men endure; traditions so potent that even a stranger admitted after a week's residence on the mountain that it is impossible to tell a lie here.

Not long when we came to the end of this story that started out to be a rather frivolous portrayal of the human side of a bishop the spirit of Sewanee, ever on guard, demands that tribute be paid those who are giving their lives here to perpetrate these noble traditions. Yes, it is true the bishop is human to the core. I have seen his eyes full of tears and his golden heart touched with sorrow to its very depths through human suffering he has climbed to the mountain tops and become familiar with God. With his ever ready smile, his laughing eyes, his human love of play, he is also—the divinely appointed. He can play with the boys as well as pray with them.

In the fulness and richness of his well spent life he is leaving an imperishable record in the hearts of the people he serves; adding additional lustre to the university, furnishing constant proof that the plan of salvation must be applied humanly in order to bring about divine results.

"No, I don't get tired; nor do I feel that the passage of years marks

me—I find an everlasting newness in trying to do the work I did yesterday a little better today. I would soon be spent and broken if I would not play some and pray some as I climb the hill of life. I'm just plain human—that's all."

Another big feature for the demonstration of convention hall on June 5 has been added. It is a big campfire scene and will be put on by representatives of each troop. Here is your chance to see some of the big bugs in scouting as they really are when on an overnight hike. A committee of scoutmasters is working on this feature.

Troops 2 and 4 are working on their signaling stunt. We haven't seen troop 2 in action lately but some of the troop 4 bunch are getting pretty good. An alarm stunts the other day down at headquarters, but he couldn't go too fast for Hubert W. Healey. That is the way every scout in Tulsa should be up on the game of signaling as an interesting and useful feature of scouting. It is also one that has been neglected in Tulsa. Let's learn the old international Morse code and then keep in practice.

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