THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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1	8,935	18			8,615
2	8,733	19	Sunday		16,550
3	8,751	20			8,553
4	8,581	21			8,731
5	Sunday 16,400	22			8,565
6	8,561	23			8,659
7	8,555	24			8,561
8	8,564	25			8,649
9	8,556	26	Sunday		16,500
10	8,573	27			8,631
11	8,581	28			8,633
12	Sunday 16,487	29			8,617
13	8,567	30			8,685
14	9,185	31			8,771
15	8,563				
16	8,599		Total daily		233,580
17	8,606		Total, Sun		65,737

Average daily 8,651
Average Sunday 16,434

AMUSEMENTS TODAY.

Salt Lake Theater—Two plays for free kindergarten.
Orpheum—Vaudeville.
Grand—"What Women Will Do."
Lyric—"Hazel Kirke."

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Rain or snow; colder.

NEWSPAPER TRAINING.

The value of good newspaper training to men who afterwards engage in other occupations has had many illustrations. The public generally, however, has had little opportunity to observe them. The fact remains, though, that many of the nation's most successful men gained in newspaper offices the practical knowledge of human nature that has enabled them, after leaving the newspaper profession, to attain altitudinous heights in the employment to which they have been attracted.

It was announced from New York the other day that Frank E. Vanderlip, now vice president of the National City bank, would shortly be promoted to the presidency. Mr. Vanderlip was for a number of years in the newspaper business. He left it to become private secretary to Lyman Gage when Mr. Gage was appointed secretary of the treasury. George E. Roberts, who recently assumed the presidency of a big Chicago bank, is another old-time newspaper man. Malcolm McDowell, the young banker who is at the head of the movement for feeding the unemployed in Chicago, had a newspaper training covering a period of several years.

Newspaper men have been successful in other business besides banking. They have gone to the front as diplomats, as lawyers, in politics and in many walks of life. And most of them remember with gratitude their newspaper service, most of them are willing to attribute to that service the foundation for their present successes. Such a one is Mr. Roberts, to whom reference has been made. Not long since he said:

"I obtained my training in newspaper work. That is the best sort of training for any kind of work, in my mind. Newspaper work gives a man more adaptability, makes him a good judge of men, and gives him the power of thinking and acting quickly and accurately at a moment's notice, and on his own initiative. There is no better training school than a newspaper office for young men."

Commenting on the subject generally The Editor and Publisher says:

"Much has been said about the temptations of newspaper life. Perhaps they are more numerous than those in some other lines of work. It is certainly no occupation for mollycoddles or weaklings. Young men of ability and character need have no fear of the alleged demoralizing effect of journalistic work. If they cannot go through the experiences they are bound to meet in the business and keep themselves straight, they do not have the right kind of stuff in them to make a success in any occupation."

The man who wrote that knew whereof he spoke. We can only add to it our opinion that the young man who can make a real success in the newspaper business can be successful in any work to which he may direct his talents.

A TWELVE-CENT THEATRE.

A great many unkind things have been said about Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, but nobody seriously doubts that he has the real welfare of his people at heart. Much of his time is spent in devising plans for their advancement, mentally, morally and materially. His most recent undertaking is the new Royal opera house, the opening of which in Berlin was attended by the kaiser and kaiserin, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Grand Duchess of Hesse and the kaiser's three youngest children.

It is the purpose of this theatre, which is under the patronage of the emperor, to furnish amusement of the highest character to the working people at the lowest cost. The most expensive seat in the auditorium sells at 12 cents. In view of the character of the performers and the dramas and operas to be presented, the admission fees will not amount to anything like enough to pay the cost of maintaining the place. This even if every seat were sold at each performance.

The emperor has announced that he will make up the deficit out of his private purse. It is a generous thing for him to do, and the effect cannot fail to be beneficial to the German people.

SHOULD MAKE CUBA PAY.

In the urgent deficiency bill that is pending now in the house of representatives is an item of $4,000,000 to pay the expenses of our occupation of Cuba. A proposition to eliminate the item was put in the form of a motion and defeated. We do not understaand just what arguments could be advanced against this motion, for certainly it was an eminently proper one. It should have been adopted.

Why should the United States government pay the cost of restoring order in Cuba and placing the little republic once more on a sound footing? This country had nothing whatever to gain by the proceeding. All of the benefits accrued directly to Cuba. A year hence, when the affairs of the government are again turned over to Cuba, in accordance with the president's recently announced intention, it will be in order, we presume, for those who are opposed to the Cuban party in power to start another insurrection.

The rebels will figure that insurrections are the cheapest luxuries in the world, inasmuch as the United States can always be depended upon to intervene in time to pay the bills. The retention of the $4,000,000 item will surely give them some ground for such a belief. There is neither justice nor sound sense in paying it. Cuba should be made to understand that the United States will not forever look after her, that we will not always stand between her and the payment of heavy taxes incurred by people of other nations when they go to war.

For their own good the Cubans should be compelled to pay this bill. It would make them just a little more careful about their insurrections; it would instil in their breasts just a little more respect for their own government, whether they agreed entirely with their administration or not. If we are to keep on paying Cuba's war bills we will simply encourage more trouble. We will say, in effect, that they can stir up as much trouble as they please without fear of being bothered later with debts.

At best the Cubans are an irresponsible people. Those who know them best say they are incapable of self-government, because those who are out are forever plotting against those who are in. They are not satisfied to wait until their turn comes. For the United States to pay the cost of preserving order in Cuba is to make the irresponsibility of the Cubans even more marked.

PROTECTION FOR ARTISTS.

The recent decision by the supreme court of the United States to the effect that it is not necessary for a painting to have a copyright notice painted on its face in order to prevent reproduction will surprise a great many people. And the surprise will be occasioned by the knowledge that it was necessary for the highest court in the land to pass upon the matter. It was the general belief that a painting was just as much the property of an artist as is the work of an author. That it has been possible for men to make copies of paintings without authority, and use them to their own advantage, has worked a hardship on the artists, a hardship that should not have been tolerated as long as it has been.

The statement is made that heretofore it has been the practice of the courts to hold that unless a painting bore a copyright notice on its face it could be copied with impunity. The result has been that artists have seen inferior copies of their work used on billboards, as advertising posters, on cards and calendars and the like. And they have had no recourse upon the thieves. The practice hereafter in the United States will be the same as in England, where the ownership of a picture does not convey the copyright. That remains always the property of the artist.

It is obviously just as unfair to pass the copyright to a painting along to the purchaser as it would be to pass the copyright of a novel along to the buyer of the volume. Also it is unfair to expect artists to mutilate their pictures by emblazoning on them an announcement that they have been copyrighted. In many cases this action would seriously impair the value of the painting, both from the artistic and from the financial points of view.

The decision will be welcomed by artists generally as a thorough establishment of the rights for which they have been contending. And it will appeal to the public generally as an administration of substantial justice.

A POOR SCHOLAR.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

The other day a professor leaving the university was approached by a seedy individual, who pathetically asked.

"Won't you help a poor scholar with a dime?"

The coin bestowed, the learned man said:

"You tell me you are a poor scholar?"

"Sure," answered the other. "I never went to school in me life. So long."

Greenhut's Nephew Found Himself

THREW A STRANGER THROUGH THE WINDOW AND GOT THE EASY JOB HE WANTED

"It sure is plumb wonderful," said old man Greenhut, "what draw poker'll do f'r a man when all the other means o' grace is measly failures. 'Pears like it's been chose by Providence f'r to pervide a ladder f'r a man to climb outen his troubles, onto the top o' the dungheap o' prosperity."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Pepper. "There is them that wins, an' they're liable for to land on the dungheap all right, if they win often enough, an' persistent. But there's them that lands in the hog wallow f'm poker, too. 'Pears sometimes like there's more o' the one nor there is o' 'other."

"Old man Greenhut looked at him for a few moments as if mildly surprised. Then he looked around at the assembled company, turning slowly from one to another as if looking for an answer to some unspoken question in his mind.

Then he cast his eyes upward as if supplicating heaven for strength to bear up under a sore affliction. Then he looked back at Mr. Pepper and his eyes flashed.

"I reckon the good Lord must 'a' made you, 'long o' some other puzzles he's done let loose onto sufferin' humanity," he said. "But he 'pears to been tol'able hard put to 't when it come to fittin' you up. An' somewhere on earth I reckon there must be a dumb mule, bein' as his conversational powers was gave to you.

"If you knowed enough to fall down, instead of up, when you stub your toe, you'd come t' understand as how them that's ruined at the card table is them that don't play draw poker. They on'y think they know how to play.

"There was a nevvy o' mine, name o' Sol Greenhut, that came to Greenville to look 'round for a opening when I was tendin' bar over there. He wa'n't 'xactly lookin' f'r a job, bein' as he didn't 'pear to have no special call f'r workin'. Settin' 'round 'peared to suit him more, an' havin' some little money o' his own, he kind o' 'lowed he'd open a office or a store where he c'd hire somebody else to do the work.

"He wa'n't just easy to suit, an' while he was settin' 'round makin' up his mind just what'd be best for to be did he kind o' got into the way o' playin' poker, there bein' a 'tol'able good game in the back room o' Jim Holson's saloon, where I was workin' at the time.

"Now, Sol wa'n't no born genius, an' I didn't look f'r him to make no gre't success o' playin' poker, more special as there was them settin' in at that p'tic'lar game as was qualified for to win the pinfeathers off'n a archangel. But I knowed he'd have to learn for himself sooner or later, an' mebbe it 'd be f'r the best for to learn into a expert game.

"If ever there was a youngster what needed the refinin' influences an' the upliftin' tendencies o' draw poker for to develop his moral character, Sol Greenhut did. He was slower than cold molasses an' that backward 't he had to turn 'round to git into the house.

"He c'd fight like a wildcat when he was stirred up, but it took somepin' like a earthquake to stir him up. An' he was tol'able sure to do the right thing when he seen what the right thing was, but he didn't gen'ly see, 'thouten there was a flash o' lightnin' for to see by. I couldn't see 't nothin' else but draw poker was liable for to do him a powerful heap o' good.

"All's he wanted was a sort of stiffenin' up. An' if draw poker don't put that into a man nothin' will.

"There come a game one night after Sol had been playin' three or four weeks when it looked to me like he was goin' plumb through to the end o' what money he'd got outen his dad's estate. They was playin' some stiff, an' Roy Baxter an' Pete Merriwether an' Jim Norris was settin' in, 'long with a stranger f'm Tennessee 't I'd never saw afore, but he was liable for to be sized up f'r one o' them crossroad gamblers what goes 'round the country like a roarin' lion seekin' whom they may devour somebody.

"That wa'n't no game f'r a onsophisticated babe o' grace like Sol Greenhut for to be playin' into, an' I knowed it. But as I was sayin', Sol had to learn, an' he mought as well learn one place as another. More'n that, I had a interest in the kitty, an' 'twa'n't no part o' my duty f'r to hender business none.

"They began playin' two dollar limit, bein' as Sol said he didn't care to play too high, an' they was some good natured. But then come a deal in about half a hour when Sol got kind o' chafed, not bein' able to bet like he felt he'd oughter.

"It'd been Norris' deal, an' Merriwether had put up the reg'lar ante, a dime calls a quarter. Then the stranger that set next, he come in, an' Sol, that had next say, he skint his cards down an' found three kings. Shows he was learnin' somepin' o' the game when he come in 'thouten raisin' it, like a youngster'd be liable to.

"That put it up to Baxter, an' he trailed, but Norris boosted it half a dollar, an' Merriwether stayed for the raise. The stranger, he was playin' close to his chest, even in that little game; he studied a bit an' then lay down, so Sol had his chanct, an' he makes it a dollar more. They hadn't got het up yet, an' they was playin' well inside the limit.

"But Baxter he didn't 'pear to be scar't none, an' he says, 'I didn't want to raise first off, reck'nin' somebody 'd likely drop. 'Pears like it's a good time for to h'ist it some,' and he made it two more.

"That gave Norris time to think, an' he just trailed, 'stead o' comin' back like I looked for him to do, being as he played stiff. Merriwether didn't 'pear to like the last two raises none an' he dropped, so it was up to Sol ag'in.

"I'm free to say 't I looked f'r him to boost ag'in, f'r I'd saw his hand, him not bein' as keerful as he come to be later on about lettin' anybody behind him see his cards. But he on'y just trailed, an' I says to myself 'mebbe that boy 'll come to be a player yet. Knows somepin' a'ready.'

"That closed the pot with Baxter an' Norris an' Sol all in, an' more'n $12 on the table, makin' tol'able good money f'r a two dollar limit game afore the draw.

"Sol took two cards an' chipped a white chip 'thouten liftin' his cards to see what he had, bein' as Baxter had took two an' Norris one, an' there wa'n't no tellin' what they was liable to do.

"Well, Baxter, he rose it $2 an' Norris h'isted it again, so Sol he looked at his cards. What he found was two sevens, an' just naturally he was some stirred up.

"He fingered his chips kind o' careful, an' he says, 'I sure am sorry I said anything about a limit when we begin. Looks to me like I'd enjoy givin' you gazaboes a swat 't 'd make you set up. But I reckon all I c'n do is to call on you f'r two more if you want to see this hand. It's cheap. You'll find it wuth lookin' at.'

"He was just shovin' his chips for'ard when Baxter says, 'Take off the limit 'f you feel like it. I ain't kickin'.' An' Norris, he says, 'Go as far as you like.'

"So then they looked at the other two. They wasn't in the pot, but o' course, 'twa'nt reg'lar for to change the game right in the middle of a deal 'thouten all hands was agreeable.

"But Merriwether said, 'I never did care nothin' f'r a limit game, nohow.' An' the stranger, he says, 'I'm agreeable,' so Sol says, 'Well, then, if there ain't no 'bjections I'd like to push this along about $10 worth.' An' he puts up the money.

"Baxter, he says, 'I see your $10 an' I go you $10 more.' An' Norris says, 'Looks like that ain't hardly enough. My hand's worth fifty more if it's worth a cent.'

"Sol didn't say nothin'. What he did was to reach down in his clo'es an' dig up a tol'able thick wad. Then he counted out money enough to cover what money was up an' he laid five one hundred dollar bills with it an' pushed the hull lot in the middle o' the table.

He says to me after, 'I wanted to bet enough so's 't they'd think I was bluffin'. I reckoned thataway I'd get a call, anyway, an' mebbe a raise, an' anyway, I'd get more on a bet like that nor I would to pike along on little money.'

"The way it come, he was right. Baxter laid down an' Norris called, showin' down a ace high flush, so, o' course Sol took the money.

"That left 'em some sore 't they'd took off this limit, but they couldn't say nothin', an' they all 'peared to be makin' a dead set at Sol f'm that on. He'd played better 'n I looked for to see him play, but I reckoned more'n likely they'd eat him up between 'em all, bein' as they was expert an' him on'y a beginner, you mought say.

"They didn't, though. He played tol'able well f'r a youngster, an' he had some more'n his share o' luck, as he kep' on gettin' ahead an' they kep' gettin' sorer, special the stranger, him losin' some more'n his fair an' proper share.

"'Peared like he wa'n't 'customed to losin', and yet he wa'n't overly confident about tryin' any o' them little 'xpediencies 't give him more or less p'centage on the game. He seen 't there was them playin' 'd be liable for to catch on.

"So it went on, Sol winnin', but nothin' onreasonable, an' the stranger nursin' his grouch till it got too big hold to.

"Come a hand when Sol was a-dealin', an' everybody come in, 'round to him. He raised it an' it went 'round again, everybody stayin' till it come to the stranger, an' he boosted again. Sol went right back at him an' then the others dropped, all but the stranger, an' he just made good.

"On the draw he took two cards, havin' three tens, as we seen later, but Sol laughed an' said he reckoned he'd worry along with what he'd got. Well, the stranger made a ten full an' bet some fur'cus f'r a spell, thinkin' he'd likely beat any pat hand Sol had. But when Sol tapped him f'r his pile, 't was nigh eight hundred, he showed down four sevens, an' the stranger b'iled over sudden.

"He yelled out, 'That's a crooked deal,' an' jumped up f'm his chair an' pulled a gun while he was sayin' it, so I says to myself it's all up with Sol, knowin' he was some slow, most times.

"'Pears he wa'n't so slow, though, into a real emergency, an' he was up, too, quicker'n scat. An' what happened then was sure enough joyous.

"Sol reached out with them long arms o' his'n an' catched the stranger by the middle an' tore him loose f'm the floor. He was stronger 'n a ox, an' he 'peared to do it right easy. He never bothered about the gun any, an' the stranger fired one shot, but he lost his aim when he went up in the air, so he didn't hit nothin'.

"Then Sol hove him plumb through the window, an' set down again, an' began countin' up his chips. He was ready to keep on playin', but the others reckoned they'd go outside an' see how the stranger was gettin' along, so they all cashed in.

"Next day Sol come to me, an' he says, 'Nunkey, what's this they mean about a crooked deal? I'm learnin' somepin' about the game, but 'pears there's things I don't understand. I reckon I'd better study up on the hull business.'

"I wa'n't never much of a hand to set in at poker, bein' as I've al'ays had the kitty to look after, but there's them 't knows consid'able less 'n I do about the game, an' bein' as I felt a interest in Sol, I told him a heap about the slick doin's o' crooked players, warnin' him to be on the lookout for 'em whenever he played.

"He listened careful, an' he says, 'I see. Looks like I'd have to practice up some afore I c'n ever hope to be a real expert.'

"So he settled down f'r a few months, studyin' careful an' thinkin' up new stunts, so when he set in again he was the best player in Greenville. Later on he traveled an' made a name f'r hisself as a player through four states.

"An' he 'cumulated property, an' died rich. Goes to show how draw poker'll make a big man outen a little one, like I said."

Relative of Christ Living in Asia Minor

(Bernard Galura in Washington Post.)

High up, on the western slope of Mount Sipan, a lofty elevation of a spur of the Tauros mountains, is a small hamlet inhabited by Armenian Christians, which claims the honor of harboring a direct descendant of Elizabeth, cousin of Mary, the mother of Christ. The papers of a German traveler, who made the discovery, present the records of the family of Elizabeth in a rather matter-of-fact manner. On a tour through Asia Minor the German was for several weeks confined by illness in the house of an Armenian patriarch by the name of Abner. During his enforced stay he so endeared himself to the host and his family that they revealed to him the secret. Abner pointed to a young man of about 18 years, who was passing the house at some distance.

"Would you believe me if I told you that this young man is a blood relative of Christ?"

"What!" exclaimed the traveler, starting up. "How do you know this?"

"I don't know it," replied the host solemnly, "but I believe it, because I know the family and their record. For centuries they have been living in this section of Asia Minor, and have always been known as the noblest and best of men and women. I would as soon doubt the evidences of my senses as to question their claim to descent from Elizabeth."

Record Is Simple.

"And these records of which you speak, can they be seen?"

"Oh, yes, they have a record, but it is very simple. It gives a short account of each head of the family, and the date of his death. He is always named Johannes, as God himself commanded Elizabeth, through the angel Gabriel, to name her son. John the Baptist had been married, and two children, the elder being named Johannes, who is recorded in the annals of the family as Johannes I. His son, Johannes II, was a learned man, and a physician. In 101 he moved to Damascus, where the Christian religion had already gained a strong foothold. Seeing the rapid spread of the religion of Christ, to whom he was related, he conceived the idea of founding and perpetuating his family. He laid down certain rules for the preservation of the family history. Accordingly, the eldest child should always be named Johannes, and, if a daughter, Johanna. If there were only daughters, the one who married first and had a son, should name him Johannes, and each descendant should have a number. His grandfather had the distinguished title of John the Baptizer among the Christians. He, therefore, began the numbers with his father, noting him in the record as Johannes I. The young man who has just passed our house is Johannes XXXI. His grandfather had three daughters, but no sons. According to the laws of the family, she was called Johanna IV. She married a worthy young man, now dead, and had six children. But we will call on the family, if you like. They are very simple in their habits, and, above all, shun notoriety. This has been their chief trait at all times. I know that you will respect the privacy of this noble family, and will not expose them to the inquisitiveness of a vulgar and sensational world."

The traveler gladly availed himself of the opportunity, and it was decided to call the following evening. Arriving at the house, they were received by the same young man they had seen the day before, and the German had a nearer look at him. He was about 18, and strongly built. His figure was graceful and tall for his age, but the most striking feature was his large, lustrous, black eyes.

Old Abner presented the stranger and asked for Johanna. Young Johannes asked them to be seated, and went in search of his mother. In a few minutes she came out, and Abner presented the traveler. Being again seated, a general conversation followed, in the course of which Johanna asked many questions about the stranger's country in a manner which showed that she was well informed. The German has little to say concerning her, but gives his impression of her in the following short and striking description:

"As I looked in her face I saw depicted there sublime majesty, transcendent beauty, and angelic innocence."

"They tell me," said the German, finally introducing the subject nearest to his heart, "that you are a descendant of Elizabeth, the cousin of the Virgin Mary."

Withheld Knowledge from Strangers

"We are really descended from Elizabeth," answered Johanna, pointing at the same time to her son, "and have had no difficulty in keeping our record, thanks to the protection of an all-wise God. Few strangers pass through here, and only three have become acquainted with our family. From infidels and undesirable foreigners this knowledge is withheld, and only very few among our villagers are aware of our descent. Friend Abner is one, and I thank him for bringing you to us."

"The honor and pleasure are all mine," broke in the German. "My host thought that I may have the permission granted to me to see the records of which you speak."

"The rules of the family are very strict regarding the records," replied Johanna, "and I shall be pleased to show them to you under certain conditions, which—"

"Are agreed without reservation," finished the German, eagerly.

"The conditions are that you will not reveal the name of this village or its exact location, and that you will repeat only such incidents of the record as I will point out."

"All accepted with the word of a gentleman," replied the traveler. "The documents she spread before them were a curious mixture of manuscripts in Syraic, Greek, Arabian, Latin and Turkish.

The first document was a parchment about eighteen inches long and ten inches wide. Here follows a modern, free translation of the record:

Johannes II. Fysician, of Damascus, Died 124.

Son of Johannes I, who was a son of John, called by the Christians "The Baptizer." Johannes II directs his son and descendants to continue this record, so that the name and family of Johannes may ever be perpetuated, "for that name bears relation to Christ, whom all men revere."

Johannes XI, of Beraea, died 762.

Under this head a story is told of an incident in his life.

In the year 706, when Johannes was eighteen years old (being under the Calif Waled), the Moslem troops, under Moslema, passed through a small town a short distance from Beraea, where Johannes was then living. Yusef, a Moslem captain, demanded that the inhabitants embrace the faith, or pay tribute. They all declined to renounce the Christian faith, or declared that they had no money. This enraged Yusef, and he ordered a general massacre of the Christians. At this extremity one of them, knowing the descent of Johannes, bethought himself of the injunction of Mahomet to his followers to venerate Christ as a prophet who had come before him to prepare the way, just as John the Baptist had prepared the way for Christ. He sought Yusef and appealed to him, shrewdly playing on his fanaticism.

Moslem Captain Prostrated Himself.

"Faithful follower of the great prophet, know that there is living in our midst a descendant of the family of Christ. You know the high esteem in which the prophet held him, and hope for His sake you will spare the poor people of this vallage. The prophet would have done likewise."

The good captain never questioned the statement, neither did he ask for any proof, but answered in a guileless fashion:

"It gives me great pleasure to hear this, and I want to meet this great man, and do him honor. Guide me to him."

Johannes was seated in his doorway as they approached. Without further ceremony the Moslem captain prostrated himself before the young man, who at first did not grasp the meaning of his conduct, especially as he had just heard of the order for the massacre.

Rising, the captain spoke:

"Great and noble Johannes, descendant of Christ, the favored one of the prophet, command my services. I am here to obey, and to protect you and your friends."

"Since you will grant a favor, let it be to restrain your soldiers from pillage and massacre."

"Granted, and I will furthermore beg you to accept a trifling gift from me as a token of my veneration and esteem for one so exalted, yet so humble as yourself. My soldiers will attend you."

A short time after departure of the devout Moslem there were brought to Johannes many costly presents, among them a crucifix of pure gold. He knew that they were the spoils of war, but could not well decline them. The crucifix has been preserved in the family ever since.

Johannes XVIII, of Kalah Shubbah, son of Johanna III, Died 1128.

In 1098, while Johannes XVIII was living at the mountain fortress of Kalah Shubbah, a French crusader was brought before Zaiyad, the governor and commander. He had been captured before Antioch, and was to be held for a ransom, being richly dressed and supposed to be wealthy.

Zaiyad had known Johannes from the time he was appointed governor by the calif, and had a high regard for the young Christian. Often he sought his advice. Johannes happened to be at the castle when the prisoner was brought in. The governor, finding that he could not speak his language, turned him over to Johannes, who managed to make himself understood in Syrian, which the Frenchman had learned during his stay before Antioch.

Johannes Acted as Interpreter.

Johannes questioned him regarding his country and the circumstances of his capture, and learned that the Frenchman was not a rich man, and that the rich apparel he had worn at the time of his capture was only booty. Johannes became deeply interested in the story of the crusaders as told by the stranger, and would have talked much longer, but Zaiyad, impatient at his inability to join in the conversation, told him to take the prisoner in charge. The two became good friends. There were many Christians at Kalah Shubbah, for the governor was no bigot, but permitted all his people to practice whatever religion they might choose. The Frenchman devoutly joined in the religious services of the Christians, and soon won the confidence and esteem of all.

He had thought of making some inquiries of Johannes regarding his release, when the latter brought up the subject himself.

"I know," he said, "that you are longing for your own country, and your family and friends. I have spoken to Zaiyad about you, and he is willing to let you go. Only he wants you to wait until the next expedition starts for Antioch, so that you may have the benefit of their protection; it will leave in less than a month."

The Frenchman expressed his thanks, and agreed to wait. The evening before his departure a Christian called, not alone to bid him farewell, but especially to grant him the knowledge of the descent of Johannes.

The devout crusader was dumb with amazement. He could hardly realize the full import of the information which had been given him, but he was eager to see Johannes, but the latter could not be found, and he did not see him again until the following morning just before his departure. Then he seized his hand, and, kneeling, kissed it. Johannes understood, and quickly bade him rise.

"Promise me," he said, "not to reveal my abode nor my history to anyone at your home."

The enraptured crusader promised, and, once having kissed the hand of Johannes, went to join the troops. Three days later the news came to the fortress that the Frenchman had been killed in a skirmish with some neighboring clan, but that he had fallen battling valiantly at the side of his former enemies and captors.

Johannes XXI, of Kara Amid (modern Diarbekir). Died 1298.

During the reign of Calif Orkhan a terrible pestilence broke out over the whole empire and spread over Europe and Africa. Some called it the plague of Asia, others black death, because the sufferer turned black a short time before his death. The disease was particularly virulent at Kara Amid, and thousands were carried away by it. The very name of the town seemed to have a significance of evil, for Kara Amid means black Amid. The people were terror-stricken. To come in contact with an afflicted person meant death, and the sufferers were abandoned to their fate, parents leaving their children, wives their husbands, for to stay meant to die together.

Johannes, with a small number of Christians, was the exception. Without rest or sleep for days they visited the victims and ministered to them, but they found the task hopeless. There were too many. Besides, one after another, the faithful Christians were seized by the contagion and died. Johannes was the only one who passed safe and sound through it all.

Johannes XXVII, of Diarbekir, Died 1760, Aged Eighty-four.

Preserved Family for 35 Generations

The Sultan Mustafa II, aware of the serious condition into which the empire had fallen under his predecessors, resolved to institute numerous reforms and to restore the simple Ottoman usages. He began by appointing men of ability and trustworthiness as governors of the different cities and provinces of his domain.

Hassan was selected governor of Diarbekir. He was a personal friend of the sultan and had his entire confidence. Hassan left for his post immediately. There he found the affairs of this important commercial center in the utmost confusion. He let it be known that he wanted the services of some young men, and many applied. Among them was Johannes, because, as he expressed it to one of his advisers afterward, he had a true eye. Johannes became keeper of the military stores, probably something like our present quartermasters. This position he held until his death, and won for himself the esteem and confidence of several succeeding sultans, who, like the Mohammedans, appreciated the value of a faithful official, so rare in those piping days of corruption.

The position must have been a lucrative one, for the record gives an account of a purchase of land by the succeeding Johannes, on which the family now lives. This purchase was made in 1807, just 100 years ago. Johannes XXIX, who died in 1854, and of Johannes XXX, who died in 1906, little is recorded. Johanna IV, the daughter of Johannes XXX, and her son are the representatives of the family now living.

This is all I could gather from the papers of the German traveler. He seemed to be convinced of the accuracy of the records and believed it quite possible that a family, maintaining a simple and pure standard of living, could preserve itself for thirty-five generations. This would make the average life a little over fifty years.

BATHING IN SPAIN.

Facts About the Feeling of Spanish Women Against Practice.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

Some time ago I happened to mention the dislike of the Spanish women for bathing. I cannot recall in what connection the remark was made, but it was merely meant to state an admitted fact. When I lived in Madrid the mother of a very dear friend, Senora S., gave to me a terrible shock by telling we that she "never had bathed in water!" "Ah, in milk, then?" I had exclaimed, wishing to make a record as a guesser. "No, indeed," was the reply. "In champagne, no doubt!" I said, wishing to pay a compliment, because the family was fabulously rich. "Wrong again," was the quiet reply. "I use an oiled towel, and my maid rubs me down with a crash hand cloth."

In Spain the dangers of bathing are constantly set forth by some monks. Originally the fair sex was warned by monks, who practiced the doctrine themselves, although the reasons therefor were not logical, that they should remember the sad cases of Susanna, Bathsheba and Count Julian's beautiful daughter, La Cava, all of whom owed the wreck of their lives to too much bathing! To this hour La Cava is mentioned as a warning to all women not to wash themselves with water. When one visits that quaintest of all European cities, Toledo, he is shown, upon the banks of the turgid Tague, below Wamba's palace, built in 674, an alcove in which La Cava was wont to bathe. One day Rodrigo, last of the Goths, beheld her there, and the result was quite similar to Bathsheba's experience with the sainted David. To me the story sounded like a warmed over version of the Judean escapade; but I stood in the arched alcove, with the water flowing at my feet, and, although there is an Arabic inscription over the Moorish arch that shields the place from the sun, but not from the surrounding palaces, I am bound to believe. I remember, also, that at the wretched little station of Pancorbo, twenty-five miles south of Vittoria, in northern Spain, some devout Spanish acquaintances bound for San Sebastian insisted on leaving the train to visit an ancient monastery near the village at which La Cava, disgraced but repentant, had immured herself until death relieved her sufferings. Of course the absurdity of this is that La Cava was not a Christian. At Malaga, also, was shown the Gate of La Cava, in a noble Moorish castle. As the mistreatment of this woman by the Goth, Don Rodrigo, was the cause of the Moorish invasion of Spain, the "gate" must have been built by the Arabs long after the poor woman had been carried off to Pancorbo.

But I am not dodging the bathing question. The aqueous anathemas in Spain extended not only to public but to private washings. Many instances of these injunctions are historic. For example, Isabella, daughter of Philip II, made a solemn vow never to change her undergarments until Ostend was taken, and as the siege endured three years three months and thirteen days, the "royal" garments acquired a tawny color, known as "Isabel" to this hour. Southey relates that the devout St. Eufraia entered into a convent of 130 nuns, none of whom had ever washed. To mention a bath was an abomination, only to be atoned for by application of the scourge.

In the land of Castile, Castile soap is bought and used chiefly by perfidious English and Americans. The Spanish Goths, rabid Christians, didn't believe in washing their bodies. Many a good fellow with enough traces of Arabic blood in his veins to insist upon a daily bath went to the flames of the inquisition.

THE PRESIDENT'S "WE."

(Washington Cor. New York World.)

The question agitating the public mind in Washington is "Who are we?" No, it is not a college yell; it is the demand for information concerning the president's meaning when he abandoned his old friend "I" and studded his message with references to "we," "us" and "our policies." The idea that the president meant himself by "we" and was merely adopting a royal fashion is scouted by those who know the president and are aware of his distaste for getting into the comparatively low class to which kings belong. It is generally accepted that Mr. Roosevelt was talking in the plural.

Consequently, there is much curiosity to learn the identity of the members of the We club. Careful inquiry results in establishing the fact that there are more of them than had been believed. Here is a practically completed list of "we," obtained with vast difficulty from high sources.

President Roosevelt, who holds the highest position in the club, that of "I."

Secretary Taft, who holds the next highest, that of "Me Too."

Herbert Knox Smith, who is first assistant "Me."

Milton D. Purdy, chief trust buster and second assistant "Me."

Charles J. Bonaparte, assistant to Mr. Purdy and deputy trust buster.

James R. Garfield, who holds the post of "Almost I."

Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Frank B. Kellogg, George Von L. Meyer, Jonathan Bourne, Herbert Parsons and Francis J. Heney, who serve in the ranks and are known collectively by the title of "Us."

George B. Cortelyou, it is learned, was formerly a component part of "We" and sometimes even had a look-in at "Our Policies." He is now a member of the class whom "We" refer to as "Them."

There is the highest authority for the statement that Edward H. Harriman, J. Pierpont Morgan, William D. Haywood, Chancellor Day, John D. Rockefeller, Joseph B. Foraker and Bellamy Storer do not belong to "We." The allegation that they do, from whatever source it may come, may be safely met with the shorter and uglier word.

YET?

(Indianapolis News.)

Have you really had the nerve
For a tangent from the curve?
Are you on?
Are you satisfied the jerk'll
Keep you clear from that old circle
And its con?

When you do that sort of riding
Do you have to go in hiding
From the bunch?
Do you think that you can stick
To the very place you pick?
What's your hunch?

When you know it will be all off
With you if you chance to fall off
With a jar.
Still it's something to have tried
E'en if you should fail to ride
Very far.

THE DIVINATION.

(Baltimore American.)

Cholly—I wondah why they call it leap yeah?

Wally—Because it gives the deah girls a chawnce to jump at us.