

QUEBEC TOWN AND HISTORY

Story of The Early Pioneers

MONTCALM AND WOLFE

Events That Shaped Future of This Continent

NEW FRANCE AND ITS LEADERS

Retrospect Suggested by The Celebration of the Tercentenary of City's Birth.—Final Battle in a Century's Conflict Between France and England.

The celebration at Quebec was more than a mere panorama and picture of a past time, however interesting, writes J. Castell Hopkins in the New York Tribune. Presented amidst surroundings of exceptional beauty, with conditions of great pomp and ceremony, it stands for much that is attractive, much that is important and vital, much that is unseen and still formative, in the history of this continent and the world.

With New France and its ambitious leaders striving for a vast French empire the thirteen colonies were, perhaps, bound closely to the crown and strength of England; without that menace to the north they had room for an expansion and political development which made much easier the path of continental progress and growth of independent power.

Around the career of Champlain centres one of the romances of history. A gentleman of France, a sailor, a soldier and a courtier, he was by instinct a pioneer.

The cost of steam, with the coal and labor, was much greater than that of electricity. During the threshing season labor alone cost \$50 a day for two-five days. Mr. Lee figures that the installation of electricity means a saving for the first year of \$2,000 on first cost.

TO BE BURIED IN CATHEDRAL

Body of Bishop Potter Will Find Its Last Resting Place in New York's Unfinished Church.

Prominent Episcopalians of the Diocese of New York have started a movement to have the body of the late Bishop Potter buried in the cathedral which he projected, and in the building of which he felt such a profound interest.

A prominent New York paper comments on this plan saying that "no other place of final sepulture could be so appropriate."

Also new scale not only weighs, but also counts the articles being weighed, provided they are all alike.

ELECTRICITY ON FARM

Ranch in Idaho Utilizes This Power for Work

PIONEER IN THIS RESPECT

Twenty-Five Horse-Power Motor Makes Hay, Saws Wood, Works Root Cutters, Hay Forks, Grist Mills and Churns.

Thomas W. Lee, until about two years ago general passenger agent of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, is the first man in the world to farm by electricity.

One year ago Mr. Lee utilized steam, but that proved too slow and too expensive. This year the grain of the Bungalow will be reaped, stacked, threshed, sacked, and made ready for market by electricity.

Ex-General Passenger Agent Lee is now haying by electricity.

A simple wheeled contrivance containing a heavy coil of wire is taken to the desired position. Motor and machinery are set, and in a few minutes the pleasant steady hum of certain power is heard.

Mr. Lee has installed private telephone and electric wires. These wires, erected at his own expense, are stretched two miles from the main line of the power company.

Water is pumped grindstones turned, saws, corn shellers, root cutters, hay forks, hay cutters, cider mills, grist mills, ensilage cutters, cement mixers, turning laths, ice-cream mixers, churns and separators are all run by electricity.

This season the entire crop of the Bungalow, aggregating 2,000 tons of hay, alfalfa and clover; 40,000 bushels of grain and potatoes and other products will be placed on trucks and with cable reels be handled with greater facility than it could ever be handled with human hands.

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BENEFITS AMERICANS

Prof. Munsterberg Advocates Use of Alcohol

PROHIBITION AND INSPIRATION

Americans Sober Are Not at Their Best.—Learned Gentlemen is Reminded That "A Little Knowledge is a Dangerous Thing."

Professor Munsterberg has attempted a psychological refutation of the abstract doctrine of prohibition, says the New York Post. Disclaiming and eschewing all personal criticism of the advocates of legal prohibition, the savant urges that the moderate use of alcohol liberates certain brain activities especially beneficial to Americans by releasing them from the monotony of a puritanical existence.

It is really true that our national habit of life is so russet-colored that elation and exuberance must be wooed at the Bacchic shrine? Moreover it is hardly in point for him to remind his readers of the fact, if it be a fact, that, "in almost all parts of the globe even religious life began with the intoxication cults."

Religion is to be congratulated on its progress away from this point of departure.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring; There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain; And drinking largely sobers us again."

CHRONICLES OF EMMITSBURG

Series Of Entertaining Articles Concerning Town And People

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT EARLY TIMES

Customs and Amusements Now Almost Forgotten Recounted by Oldest Inhabitants

ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE OF LIFE OF FORMER GENERATIONS

George H. Miles, One of Emmitsburg's Most Illustrious and Widely Known Citizens, Born Just 104 Years Ago To-Day.—Bachelors Degree Conferred Upon Him By Mount St. Mary's College.—Abandoned Practice of Law To Take Up Literary Pursuits.—Ended His Days at Thornbrook Near Town.—One of His Celebrated Poems.

SAID THE ROSE.

I am weary of the garden, Said the Rose; For the winter winds are sighing, All my playmates 'round me dying, And my leaves will soon be lying 'Neath the snows.

But I hear my Mistress coming, Said the Rose; She will take me to her chamber, Where the honeysuckles clamber, And I'll bloom there all December 'Spite the snows.

Sweeter fell her lily finger Than the bee! Ah, how feebly I resisted, Smoothed my thorns, and e'en assisted As all blushing I was twisted Off my tree.

And she fixed me in her bosom Like a star; And I flashed there all the morning, Jasmin, honeysuckle scorning, Parasites forever fawning That they are.

And when evening came she set me In a vase All of rare and radiant metal, And I felt her red lips settle On my leaves till each proud petal Touched her face.

And I shone about her slumbers Like a light; And I said, instead of weeping, In the garden vigil keeping, Here I'll watch my Mistress sleeping Every night.

But when morning with its sunbeams Softly shone, In the mirror where she braided Her brown hair I saw how faded, Old, and colorless and faded, I had grown.

Not a drop of dew was on me, Never one; From my leaves no odors started, All my perfume had departed, I lay pale and broken-hearted In the sun.

Still I said, her smile is better Than the rain; Though my fragrance may forsake me, To her bosom she will take me, And with crimson kisses make me Young again.

So she took me—gazed a second—Half a sigh Then, alas, can hearts so harden! Without ever asking pardon, Threw me back into the garden, There to die.

How the jealous garden gloried In my fall! How the honeysuckles chid me, How the sneering jasmins bid me Light the long, gray grass that hid me Like a pall.

There I lay beneath her window In a swoon Till the earthworm o'er me trailing Woke me just at twilight's falling, As the whip-poor-will was wailing To the moon.

But I hear the storm-winds stirring In their lair; And I know they soon will lift me In their giant arms and sift me Into ashes as they drift me Through the air.

So I pray them in their mercy Just to take From my heart of hearts, or near it, The last living leaf, and bear it To her feet, and bid her wear it For my sake.

George H. Miles, the author of the above beautiful poem, was for many years a resident in this vicinity. He was born in Baltimore just 104 years ago, July 31st, 1804.

a novel called "The Governess," and a blank verse tragedy for James E. Murdock, the celebrated American actor, under the title "De Soto."

After his marriage in 1859, he accepted the chair of English Literature at his Alma Mater, Mount St. Mary's College.

His pen was still busy notwithstanding his work as instructor and many essays, magazine articles, and minor poems were given to the world at this time.

His works in prose and verse have been recently collected and published by his devoted brother, Mr. Frederick D. Miles.

Prof. Munsterberg

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NEW YORK LANDMARK

Van Beuren Mansion Relic of Old City Homes

UNTIL RECENTLY WAS A FARM

Owner's Cow the Last to Browse in Lower Manhattan.—Grass Plot One of City's Sights.—Garden Has Never Been Built Over

Miss Elizabeth Spingler Van Beuren, who died last week at her home, 21 West Fourteenth street, New York, came of one of the oldest Dutch families of Manhattan.

Its garden is still kept up. Its fine trees give a pleasant shade, and its old-fashioned wooden gate and railings speak of the fashion of a by-gone age.

This garden has never been built over. It is the last vestige of the once-famous Spingler farm. In 1788 Henry Spingler, son of Balthus Spingler, whose name appears upon the poll list of the electors for the Assembly of 1761, bought for £950 from the executors of John Smith a plot of twenty-two acres.

Henry Spingler's purchase extended from about Broadway to half way between Sixth and Seventh avenues and from Thirteenth to Sixteenth streets. Gradually the city began to encroach upon its boundaries.

When the city took over Union Square, and the rest of their farm was cut up into building lots, the daughter of Henry Spingler, Mrs. Fonderden, selected a site in Fourteenth street for her home.

WHAT "LOCOED" MEANS

"Crazy Weed" of the West Points a Moral to Man

SHOWS EFFECT OF BAD HABITS

Poison Acts on Animals as a Powerful Drug Does on Members of the Human Family.—Illustrates Evil of Bad Companions.

In the free-spoken Western country a man is said to be "locoed" when his wits are astray. The Spanish word has a very vivid meaning on the ranches and in the cattle towns, for the loco weed brings serious losses to those with flocks and herds upon the ranges.

However, says the Chicago Daily News, this pest performs a sort of service to imperfect mankind. The domestic animal which has acquired a taste for the loco weed searches for it far and near, grows emaciated and insane through eating it, becomes a tottering wreck, and so dies—is "locoed," in short.

As the evil of bad companionship spreads among men, so spreads the pestiferous influence of a "locoed" steer among the other members of the herd.

Faith-breakers have poor credit.

ENGLAND GETS FIRST PLACE

Americans Win the Marathon

OLD ATHLETIC RITES

Olympic Games as They Were 2,000 Years Ago

CONTINUED FOR 12 CENTURIES

An Expression of Greek Religion Attended by Pomp and Ceremony.—Month of Peace Preceded Each Celebration.—Revived by Frenchman.

The Olympic games ended last Saturday and the first place was awarded to the athletics of the United Kingdom. America took the honors in the track events and by winning the Marathon race took first place in the hardest of all the contests.

For the series which opened on the little plain of Olympia, in Elis, 776 years before the start of Bethlehem ushered in a new era, was but a revival of athletic rites previously revived by Iphitus, King of Elis, in 884 B. C., and then said to have been practiced time out of mind.

Far different from the present purpose was that of the first Olympic games. They were religious rites, performed for the gratification of the Greek god Zeus, and they were surrounded by all the pomp and ceremony of that ancient system of belief which nourished civilization.

Once every four years during these twelve centuries the flower of Grecian youth came together in the small state of Elis, on the western coast of the Peloponnesus, and there, on the sacred plain, dedicated its manhood to the Hellenic deity and bore witness to the strength of the tie of blood that united Athens and Sparta with the distant dwellers in the Greek settlements along the coasts of the Black sea or of the gulf of Lyons.

In order that the contestants in the games might proceed to Olympia without molestation or attack, however, a month of peace preceded each celebration.

And during this month there journeyed to Elis the noblest specimens of Greek manhood.

The plain of Olympia, as described by Lord Desborough in a recent contribution to the National Review of London, (Continued on page 2.)

FIVE SOLDIERS KILLED IN ALL

Peculiar Marking Left On Bodies Of Those Struck By Lightning At Gettysburg Last Week.

The camp of the Pennsylvania National Guards at Gettysburg will be memorable for five fatalities in all. One man was killed on the railroad while coming to Gettysburg.

Practically all of the men who were stunned by the lightning were marked in a most peculiar fashion. For instance, the distinct form of a fern leaf was imprinted on one of the shoulders of Private Neal, of Company K, First Infantry.

One of the shoulders of Private Harry Applegarth, of Company A, Tenth Infantry, shows a star.