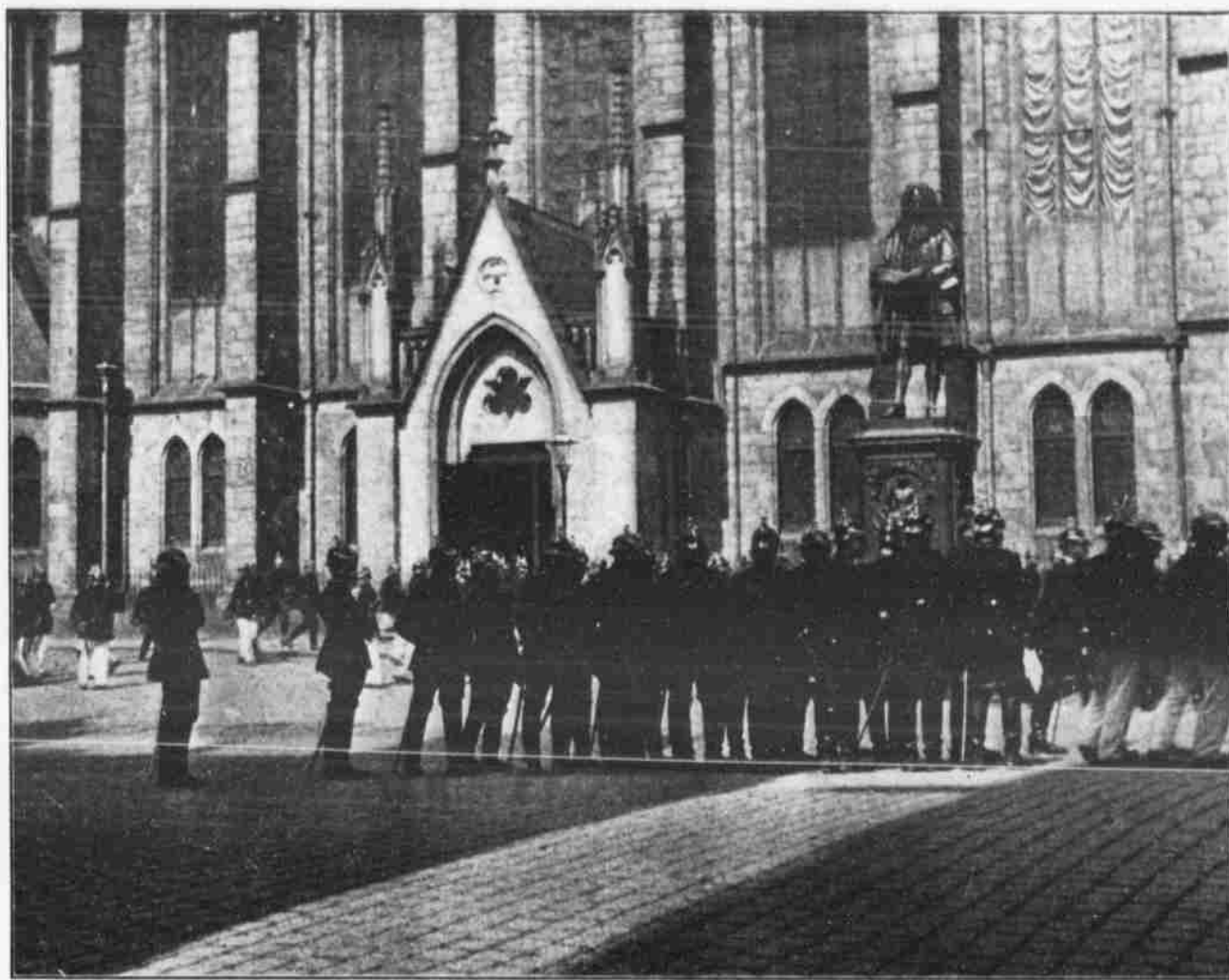


Music and Arms at Bach's Old Church



EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH WHERE THE MOTETTA IS SUNG.



A GERMAN REGIMENT GOING TO SERVICE IN BACH'S OLD CHURCH.

IN THESE modern days of the new world it is refreshing to feel that one of the most powerful of individuals living is strong in the belief that it is good for the soul of man to go regularly to church. It is insisted on by the kaiser of Germany that each man in his great army shall appear once a month at a kirche. In compliance, therefore, with this order the men usually go in a body and special times are set apart for respective regiments, or parts of regiments, when appropriate services are held for them in the most important churches of their stations.

There is perhaps no one of these services more interesting than that which takes place in the old Thomaskirche at Leipzig, world famous through its identi-

fication with Johann-Sebastian Bach. This ancient church, a good example of early Gothic, is very spacious and of an austere, uncompromising character. It shelters at the 10 o'clock service held on the first Sunday of every month something over 2,000 men. This means naturally that the galleries and seats are occupied wholly by belted and sworded dependants of the land.

That a woman should go to this service is an almost unheard of event, unless perhaps an officer high enough in rank to pursue his own will should choose to let a sweetheart or even a sister share with him his chief seat in the synagogue. Only a short time ago, however, two American women, with no other backing than a silver piece and a smile for a good-natured

guard, were permitted to take seats in a secluded corner and remain throughout the impressive service. The filing of the men in and out of the church, the system and silence with which they sought their places, were sights interesting to see, but what seemed more overpowering than any other feature of the service was the heavy, harmonious noise made by the swords whenever this large body of men arose from their seats. It was like the roar of distant, disturbed thunder. The many strong voices raised in simple, tuneful hymns and accompanied by wind instruments created also an impression long to be remembered. Happily, the guard had not seen the camera under the arm of one of the women. Further than this the accompanying pictures speak louder than words.

In the history of music as well as arms the Thomaskirche holds an important place. It was here that for many years Johann-Sebastian Bach played the organ. Here also he instituted the motetta, the blending of voices in song without instrumental aid. And here still every Saturday at 1 o'clock the motetta is rendered in commemoration of the great composer. On these days about thirty of the finest voices in Germany can be listened to without entrance fee or demand of any sort. Among them all a young voice soars higher than that of any other boy's in the world, excepting always the "pope's angel" in Rome. Always the Thomaskirche is crowded with the simple folk of Leipzig and the outlying country, eager to hear the motetta. Housewives leave their du-

ties, merchants their affairs and children their play at the first stroke of the bell announcing the hour, nowhere else in the world, perhaps, can so prosaically looking an audience be seen listening to such severely classic music.

Alongside of the church is pointed out to the stranger an old, quaint house, in the fifth floor of which Bach made his home and conceived the greater number of his almost superhuman compositions. His windows can be seen in the accompanying photograph.

Such, indeed, are few of the opportunities and sentiments that enter into the lives of the 1,500 American girls and men now studying music in Leipzig.

People in the Limelight of Publicity

SOME of the Boston boys have formed an Edward Everett Hale base ball club. They wanted uniforms and got up a raffle to raise the price. They asked Dr. Hale to take 50 cents' worth of tickets. He wrote back: "I do not like to subscribe to what seems to me a lottery, but I inclose \$5 for the uniforms. I am much pleased that you formed the club and that you gave it my name."

Thomas Brackett Reed, who is happier now in the peaceful practice of law than he was as speaker of the house, has a vast number of cartoons dealing with himself, but is particularly fond of one which he has hanging conspicuously in his library. It was the first ever printed in which his face and figure were portrayed. It appeared in Harper's Weekly some time in the '70s, when he was a young man. Of it he says: "When that cartoon appeared I felt that I had 'arrived,' not at the summit of political success, of course, but that I had at least reached the top of a foothill."

Prof. J. B. Smith, entomologist of New Jersey, has a fine grove of fruit trees in the grounds of his home in New Brunswick. With the view of preserving them from caterpillars he doused them with a new insecticide. The other morning early he saw some boys in one of his apple trees and was horrified at the thought that the lads might be poisoned. He turned in a police ambulance call and then rushed into the garden, half dressed as he was, catching the boys before they could get away. To his great relief, he found that they had not eaten any and was glad to let them scurry away just as the ambulance dashed up.

Someone was telling St. Clair McKelway of Brooklyn that certain men should be nominated for office "because the people wanted them." McKelway asked: "How do you know the people want them?" and, not getting a satisfactory answer, told this story: When Tilden was governor of New York and was looming up as a presidential candidate Henry Watterson visited him several times, and after each visit would write or say a great deal about the sage of Grammercy Park. One day Daniel Manning remonstrated with the governor about talking so much to a newspaper man. "I am afraid, Mr. Tilden, that your close acquaintance and intimacy with Watterson may result in some of our plans leaking out." "Daniel," said Governor Tilden with a twinkle in his eye, "maybe Henry is more intimate with

me than I am with him." The politicians who heard Mr. McKelway's story looked thoughtful for a time and then changed the subject.

Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow stands six feet four inches in his stockings, but when seated shows little or no indication of his great stature. The other day a country postmaster called to pay his respects and found Mr. Bristow seated in a low office chair with his long legs stowed out of sight. The rural visitor, a little fellow, stepped up to the desk with outstretched hand and Mr. Bristow proceeded to untangle himself. He is very deliberate in his movements and as he slowly raised

himself to his feet the ruralist dropped his hand and gasped: "Good Lord, is he never going to stop getting up?"

The one man Mark Twain has stopped having fun with is Colonel A. G. Paine, relates the New Yorker. Mark, Colonel Paine, Thomas Brackett Reed and others were members of a merry party on board Henry H. Rogers' yacht not long since in the arrangement of seats at the table Mark Twain found himself opposite Colonel Paine. It struck him as being funny to play deaf whenever the colonel was talking and to demand more trumpetlike enunciation. Finally, wearying of the repetition of the cry, "Louder, louder," Colonel Paine

hit on an expedient to quiet the exuberance of Mark Twain's humor. He accordingly borrowed the yacht's megaphone, which he concealed under the table at his elbow. The next time the funny man uttered the familiar warwhoop "Louder" the colonel drew the megaphone from its hiding place and yelled his reply into it with such force and effectiveness that the joker was nearly knocked out of his chair and through the boat's side. Mark threw up his hands and cried quits. He promised he would not be funny again on the trip—at least, not at the expense of Colonel Paine.

On several occasions lately Conan Doyle,

while walking in London, has been mistaken for Lord Kitchener, much to the author's embarrassment. Once he was nearly mobbed by a yelling crowd of enthusiasts, who cheered madly for "the 'ero of south Africa." By the way, it has seldom fallen to the lot of man to reach audience in a literary career so early in life as has been the case with Sir Conan. He is only 43, rich, titled and popular.

Thomas O'Day, of Switzerland county, Indiana, is one of the few survivors of the famous charge of the English Light Brigade at Balaklava, on September 25, 1854. In that conflict, immortalized by Tennyson, Mr. O'Day was in the thickest of the fight, but he escaped with only a few slight wounds. After the battle the brigade was reorganized, and when peace was declared it was transported to Gibraltar, and then to Quebec, Canada, where Mr. O'Day was honorably discharged.

Admiral Jouett says that when he first went to sea as a cadet he attempted some conversation with the executive officer who received him when he went on board. The officer, one of the strictest disciplinarians in the service, met his advances in this mild fashion: "Silence, sir. Who gave you permission to speak? Let me hear only six words from you, sir, while you are on this ship: Port, starboard, yes, sir, and no, sir."



LAWYERS AND REAL ESTATE MEN OF ALBION WHO PLAYED BALL FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THAT TOWN. Photo by McGill, Albion, Neb.

Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

EUREKA Harness Oil

Makes a poor looking harness like a new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.

Made by STANDARD OIL CO.