

THE PAVILION ATTRACTIONS

ENTERTAINMENT FOR VISITORS AT THE FAIR.

A Bewildering Succession of Special Attractions During the Exposition.

The program for the Pavilion portion of the State Fair embraces not only the first appearance in Sacramento of some of the finest, most original and costly specialties ever put on at an exposition, but also special fetes or organization nights.

The program begins with the opening on Monday evening, September 4th, which will be Ladies' Night, with the special attraction of a baby show, at which the prettiest babes of the city, county and adjacent portions of the State will be on dress parade.

The details of this baby show have been carefully perfected and every arrangement made for a large attendance.

About \$75 in prizes, mostly gold, will be distributed among the lucky winners. The show fits in very appropriately on Ladies' Night.

The second special event is an exhibition by the junior athletes in a very fine program, furnished by the Sacramento Athletic Club, for the second evening of the fair.

The conditions of the cake-walk are 100 points in judging, no entry fee, and graceful cake-walking only.

The cake-walk is the present fad, and this one should bring crowds to the Pavilion.

There is no question of the success of Odd Fellows' Night, which is Thursday, September 7th, and their program will be a pleasing one.

The committee met yesterday to perfect arrangements for their celebration.

George B. Katzenstein was elected Grand Marshal of the parade, and the following members Division Marshals: C. H. Martin, B. C. Brier, F. Joy, J. Spencer, J. Kromer, A. L. Keinsmidt, Shartzer, Wm. H. Tade, Fred Turner, George Lettigg, Wm. Trapper, C. M. Harrison.

The Commercial Travelers will have their turn on Friday of the first week and their reign at the Pavilion will be a tribute to Momus and the genius of the Drummer.

In a day or so the Committee of Arrangements of the Native Sons of the Golden West and the Native Daughters' second event night—Saturday, September 9th—will announce the program for that occasion.

It will be worthy of grand old Admission Day, and a feature of the State Fair long to be remembered.

For the second week the Athletic Club will take charge of attractions in their line for Monday night, September 11th, the Grand Old Days, and the bonnie Scots on Wednesday evening.

Caledonian Night will be marked by a program embracing a genuine Reel of Tulloch, a sword dance, Highland Fling by a number of jads and lassies, Scotch glee songs, and Professor Findlay will appear in Scotch dances.

Their program will be a fine one, and with Sacramento Day, Governor's Day, Exhibitors' Day, etc., the last week will be a lively one.

All of these events are in addition to the regular entertainment, which will be inaugurated the first week by the first appearance here of Charles and Kitty Willard, known not only in America but in England and Australia—as "The Original Musical Willards."

They have invented for the State Fair a new musical instrument, called a "Dewey Shell," on which they will play "The Day That Dewey Comes Home." Also a new composition, arranged by Miss Claire Maynard of Oakland for the Willards and called "Our Gallant First." It was played first in San Francisco on Thursday night, and aroused much enthusiasm. It pertains to the First California Regiment's return.

The Willards are also adepts with playing on the Trinity Chimes, the Guatemala Mirambas, the Staff Bells and other peculiar musical instruments, also cornets, trombones, etc. They came to this country direct from Australia, and have not been heard outside of San Francisco. They use some twenty different instruments in their performance.

There will not often be a chance to see an act as good as that of "The Flying Bananas," which will be put on during the first week. They perform most astounding mid-air feats and sensational leaps and somersaults high up in the dome of the building. They are accompanied by Little Ozark, the wonderful contortionist prince. Little Ozark is a marvel and is sure to make a hit here.

Since the engagement for the committee of the Electric Cake Walk by Manager L. W. Buckley the little tots who are to be seen in it—Master Harry Manzels and Little Etta Aronson—

have won the State championship at the Oakland Carnival as juvenile cake-walkers.

This makes the seventh gold champion medal each has won, and so far they are undefeated. They will appear at the San Jose Cake-Walk Carnival in aid of the O'Connor Art Building Fund this week, and will then come direct to Sacramento. They are led by Miss Pearl Hickman and in the great Electric Cake-walk are so bewilderingly clever that the applause is always unbounded. New costumes have been designed for each of these little cake-walkers, and they will be a feature unequalled.

Little Etta Aronson will also sing "Hello, My Baby," with a darkey chorus refrain from the balcony. Miss Hickman will give the "La Louie Fuller Fire Dance" and her Dewey dance on the same evenings as an additional attraction.

All of these features are booked for each night as regular staples attractions. L. W. Buckley, Manager of the Golden Jubilee Mining Fair, the Irish Fair, the Sacramento Food Show, the Portland Fair and the recent big Industrial Cake-Walk Carnival, will put all of these and other special features on for the Merchants' Committee.

He came yesterday from San Jose to arrange the program for the fair, and will be here again next Saturday and remain until the close of the fair. The various artists will arrive next Saturday to arrange their stage settings.

Grangers' Night will be enlivened by a ball-driving contest, with a silver plated hammer and a cash prize. There will be an apple-peeling contest, with a prize in cash, as well as an apple-peeling machine on exhibition.

The Locomotive Engineers.

When Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers got on a boycotted street car and rode through Cleveland, he gave public notice that the branch of labor which he represented had no sympathy with the manner in which the street car strike was being conducted.

And this act of Chief Arthur reminds us also that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has shown the world what a great power for good a labor organization has when it is wisely and discreetly managed.

Recently, before the Industrial Commission, Chief Arthur testified that his organization now had written agreements with more than 90 per cent of the railroad in the land, and that when differences arose between the men and the companies they nearly always were settled by joint conferences.

"Strike's," said he, "are now on the decline, and our strike fund, which has not been touched for many years, now amounts to \$100,000. We find that the companies are nearly always ready to meet us half way when we approach them reasonably, and I am about convinced that there may never be another occasion for an engineers' strike. To widows and orphans we distributed \$2,000 last year, and since the beginning \$8,000 has been paid out on the insurance account."

As a rule the engineers have little sympathy and no contact with the agitators who rant and rave about the country in ceaseless effort to stir up trouble between employees and their employers.

The locomotive brotherhood has returned to conserve its own strength, to keep its promises, to allow that employers have many rights, and to settle its differences in a way which recognizes the necessity of mutual concessions.

In contrast with the methods employed by the engineers is the policy adopted by some other labor organizations—the policy of employing the last remedy first, of striking without an attempt at arbitration. And what is more, the orders which pursue this mistaken policy almost always forfeit public sympathy by committing violence and using the boycott as was done at Cleveland thus killing the last hope of success even when primary justice is on their side.

There never was a strike accompanied by violence which had a successful ending. Indeed, it is doubtful if many strikes have had successful endings, for even where the objects have been attained, the cost often has been out of proportion to the benefits received.

The locomotive engineers have learned this fact, and they are getting along better than any other labor organization in the world.

About a year ago the United States Commissioner of Labor compiled some interesting statistics in relation to the strikes had in this country between the years 1881 and 1894. We have gathered these statistics into a little table, which is here given:

Number of strikes..... 14,389

Establishments affected..... 1,925

Employees out of employment..... 3,714,221

Number of strikes successful..... 6,321

Loss of wages by strikers..... \$6,858

Business loss to employers..... \$123,907,527

Business loss to employees..... \$2,388,789

Here, as a glance may be read the strike history of the United States—Kansas City Journal.

THE TRAMP SHUT OUT.

Nothing to be Said in Defense of the Lodging Rooms.

The home is the key to good citizenship, says Jacob A. Rills in the "Atlantic." Unhappily for the great cities, there exists in them all a class that has the least of both of these things.

For this class New York had until three years ago never made any provision. The police station lodging houses, of which I have spoken, were not to be dignified by the term. These vile dens, in which the homeless of our great cities were herded without pretense of bed, of bath, or food, are the plankers of the most pernicious parody on municipal charity. I verily believe, which any civilized community had ever devised. To escape physical and moral contagion in these crowds seemed humanly impossible.

Of the innocently homeless had they made a tramp by the shortest cut. To the old tramp they were indeed ideal provision, for they enabled him to spend every cent he could beg or steal for drink. With the stale-beer dive, the free lunch counter and the police lodging-room at hand, his cup of happiness was full. There came a evil day when the stale-beer dive shut its doors and the free lunch disappeared for a season. The beer pump, which drained the kegs dry and robbed the stale-beer collector of his ware, drove the dives out of business, and the business law forbade the free lunch. Just at this time Theodore Roosevelt shut the police lodging-room and the tramp was literally left out in the cold, cursing reform and its fruits. It was the climax of a campaign a generation old, during which no one had ever been found to say a word in the defense of these lodging rooms, yet nothing had availed to close them.

The Fate of the Other.

"My older brother always got humored because he was the biggest."

"And my other brother got humored because he was the littlest."

"Well about you?"

"Well, I had to behave myself."

Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla and health and happiness will be yours.

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

BAXTER'S SCHEME FOR MAKING A BIG FORTUNE.

The Postoffice Department Helps Out With an Advertising Feature.

(Special Correspondence.)

BUFFALO (N. Y.), August 23.—There isn't any doubt in the world that thousands and thousands believe in that Biblical saying that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," but a mere fractional part of the thousands who so believe have ever thought it might be a source of revenue to put the saying into practical form and profit therefrom.

One of the fractional parts of the thousands of believers in the great plan is Cyrus Baxter, a native of Buffalo, who has resided in the mellow age of 65, and who came into the office of Chairman Bleisten of the Publicity Department of the Pan-American Exposition a couple of days ago and asked for information.

"I want to make some money," said Mr. Baxter, "and have got an idea that ought to make me rich and I want to find out from you just how to see to it that I get the privilege of starting the Tourists' Cleaning and Rejuvenating Company. I want it started to catch the Pan-American visitors in the year 1901. The idea is this. I want to build the cleaning and rejuvenating department near the Union depot and there scrub and dust and generally clean up the visitors. Some days travel will bring in many thousands. Well, and I want to be ready for them. I want a great long building erected and when the trains come in I want the runners to take all the travelers and send them into that shed. The entrance into the front room will cost 10 cents, and all who go in will have their hats and coats nicely brushed by a force of boys, and after that they will step into a chair and get a shine. Then they can go out if they want, but it will cost only ten cents to go into the next room and there they will be shaved and get a hair cut and have a chance to wash. And for an extra dime we will supply them with a Pan-American collar. It will cost 65 cents to get into the next room, and all those there will be nice and clean and a ticket for the exposition thrown in with a neat little guide book.

"The scheme is a good one for the tired, dusty, hungry, dirty, unshaven, unkempt tourist, who goes in one door and in an hour comes out of another with hair cut and shampooed, with a clean shave, a wash, shoes shined, clothes brushed and a ticket for the fair in his pocket, and all for a dollar, and he feels like a new man."

Mr. Baxter was wildly enthusiastic regarding his new plan to cleanse the soiled and renovate the dust-covered visitors and to supply clean, stiff, starched collars in lieu of the soiled and wrinkled ones and the culmination of his idea, that dinner with exposition ticket tossed in, and all for the small sum of 65 cents, appeared to him to be the apex of charity and financial acumen. He was given no encouragement, and asked to put his ideas into writing for an easier assimilation by the Concessions Department.

That department is barricading its doors against his soon expected visit.

When Governor Roosevelt, the famous Colonel of the Rough Riders and the equally famous chief executive of the Empire State, appeared in the city a few days ago and gave the Pan-American Exposition the program of marked promises for his powerful aid the management was more delighted than it is possible to tell, for the support of the fighting Governor was earnestly desired at this time on account of an aggravating condition of affairs in connection with the State appropriation of \$300,000. There was a clause in the bill which made it impossible for the State board to make any preliminary arrangements for the construction of the State building; or in fact to expend a penny until the exposition had collected and had its credit in the banks the sum of \$800,000. It will be many months before that sum is on hand in cash, for through many times that amount has been pledged the treasurer will not call for it except as it is needed, the quarter of a million now on hand being ample to carry the project forward for the best portion of the coming year.

There was no real good reason for the clause being inserted in the bill, but it was developed that it was liable to cause a great delay and to sadly hamper the State board and possibly delay the completion of the building, which is expected to be one of the finest on the grounds. The matter was explained to the Governor during his visit by Chairman Scattergood and Messrs. Birge and Sprague of the Executive Committee and by Chairman Lockwood of the State board. It was looked upon as a great question.

But the Governor rode it down as easily as he did the Spaniards who sought to oppose him at Kettle Hill.

"Let your officials call the architects together and arrange your offices and get the matter settled as soon as possible," said the Governor quickly. "Don't take any chances of delaying the State Exhibit on that account. Advance the money yourselves and I will send out a special call for a meeting of the State board and we'll not drop the matter until it is settled."

And then the Governor indorsed the project in the most enthusiastic terms; promised his warmest support; said that it would be a pleasure and a privilege to come to Buffalo and participate in the ceremonies attending "Spade Day," and then stepped aboard a special car which was waiting and was whirled away to Niagara Falls.

It is considered a sign of the most far-reaching interest in the forthcoming fair that the rush of would-be concessionaires to the office of Director Taylor is increasing every day, though the fair is still many months away.

Each day his office is crowded with men who have ideas which they wish to submit and some of them are tremendous. Though something like 258 propositions have been submitted, there has been but one concession let, and that was the exclusive privilege to take photographs within the Exposition gates.

At first blush it would not seem that the privilege of taking photographs was one of great moment, but when one takes a second thought and recalls the fact that pictures of the main buildings of the Chicago Exposition were simply plastered across the continent, the significance of it all becomes more plain.

The lucky photographer whose bid was accepted out of the twenty-one submitted was the same Mr. Arnold who took the pictures at Chicago. At that

Exposition this artist was engaged at a stated salary. It was a generous one, but after he had taken it from his receipts and paid all the salaries of his large corps of assistants and the balance left, which was clear profit to the Exposition, reached the astounding sum of \$182,000.

The badge and gum and candy and soap and popcorn and peanut privileges all reaped rich rewards for the lucky men holding them at the great Exposition in the city of Chicago, and an army of men are bidding against each other for the privilege of making fortunes from the sales of the same commodities at Buffalo in 1901, but there are also some who are ambitious, as were Messrs. Ferris of Ferris Wheel fame and Eiffel of Eiffel Tower fame, and there are as many of these geniuses in the Concessions Department as there are gum, nut and candy men. The latest of the ambitious throng was Mr. Easton, who called two days since and submitted the working plans for the Zion Hill, which he hopes to construct.

The plans show a mammoth triangular hill constructed of iron, with railroads running up and down either side of the hill, over the apex, and all along the lower level. From this rail forty cars are to be suspended, each of which will be capable of containing twenty people. From the ground to the apex of the triangle the distance will be three hundred feet or thereabouts as high as the Washington Monument. It is the hope of Mr. Easton to have this monumental piece of engineering ingenuity constructed in time for the fair and he cannot see how he and his associates can fail to reap a financial flood if the plans are not availed of.

The forty cars will be suspended on either side of the hill, over the apex, and down the other side each fifteen minutes, each car laden to its full capacity, it would mean 800 fares at 50 cents each, or \$160,000 an hour. In ten hours the receipts would be \$1,600,000. In ten days the cost of the structure, \$100,000, would be paid for, and in ten days the profits would be \$1,600,000, which any man will concede to be a fair investment.

That's the way Mr. Easton figures it out.

Within the past two weeks one of the most effective and novel advertising methods ever adopted in this or any other country has been put into operation by the Publicity Committee here, and the wisdom of it and the oddity of it has created a great deal of commentary talk and incidentally has stirred up some people who have all along thought that the Postal Department of the United States Government could not be induced to lend its support to a project such as is the Pan-American Exposition. This advertisement consists in having the Postoffice at Buffalo add a special cancelling stamp with the words "Pan-American Exposition—1901" as its chief feature.

That has been done here and the results are simply startling, for the official figures show that the cancellation stamp is placed on 133,000 outgoing letters and 60,000 outgoing circulars every day. It simply means that the reading public of the United States know of the fair of 1901 before the gates are opened, for figuring on no increase at all in the next two years, not less than 156,000,000 letters and circulars will have passed through the Buffalo Postoffice between now and May, 1901, and each one will carry that little Pan-American Exposition story on its face.

ROY CRANDALL.

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

Evelyn Carpenter was a girl of decided opinions. She was also possessed of her own and a very determined way of enforcing it. A rather tall, handsome girl, with dark, penetrating eyes and smooth, thoughtful brow, in rather comical contrast with the proud bearing and independent appearance of her owner. She wended her way homeward with the quick, irregular step of one who chafes inwardly at the world, and knows none on whom to lay the blame. She sought a mission, a new sphere of action for the benefit of her fellow-creatures.

Suddenly, before she had sufficiently awakened from her reverie to notice whence it came, a flood of sweet songs seemed to soothe her ruffled feelings. A lark, imprisoned in a narrow cage, poured forth to the heedless world outside its soul of melody through hard bars of wire.

The sense of relief which had stolen over the girl gave place to one of anger, combined with a sense of satisfaction. Here at last was an opportunity to do good, even if it were but obtaining the freedom of one poor helpless lark. And who more suited to the task than she, the president, self-constituted only three days since, of the N— Society for the relief of the birds of the world toward animals. The song that had soothed her unwares now made her soul burn within her. Crossing the road with decided step, she entered a little shop, over the door of which the bird sang on. It was a cobbler's workshop, she found, scattered as such places are with implements of the trade, and pervaded with the pleasant smell of leather. A little, bent old man, with large spectacles on his wrinkled nose, and deft lean fingers that moved nimbly over the rough leather, put aside his work and shuffled forward to the newcomer. He rubbed his hands and difficulty, for his old limbs were getting past their work. Pleasantly, but rather curiously, he bade her "Good-day," scarce hoping for work in his poor shop from so smart and nicely dressed a lady. Evelyn felt somewhat uneasy at the old man's harmless aspect.

"This bird," she began rather timidly; "is it yours?"

"The cobbler looked at the cage with visible pride.

"Yes, yes, miss, my bird sure enough; and a fine bird, too; not a better bird in all N—." He rubbed his hands and smiled genially. Evelyn was silent as he continued, half to himself, as old men do:

"Four years it is I've had him; four years, and scarce a day off his song. It was my boy's, my Dick's youngest that's gone for a sailor; it seems only

"Woman's Work is Never Done."

The constant care causes sleeplessness, loss of appetite, extreme nervousness, and that tired feeling. But a wonderful change comes when Hood's Sarsaparilla is taken. It gives pure, rich blood, good appetite, steady nerves.



yesterday he came in just as it might have been you, miss, to-day, with the bird in his hand, and says he—

"But begin' your pardon; you was saying?"

"What will you take for the bird?" she asked, not feeling quite so sure of her cause, now she had actually plunged into the battle.

"Wouldn't sell him, miss; wouldn't take a sovereign for him, not if I was starving."

Evelyn took out her purse and counted its contents—two and sevenpence halfpenny. She drew out two shillings, saying in firm and superior tones: "Two shillings; not a penny more."

The old man looked at her kindly, and explained gently, as if to a child (it was really very irritating):

"No, miss, I don't want to sell him. I was sayin', you see, it was my lad gave me the little bird before he went to sea. No, I'm not likely to part with him for that dearie," indicating the coin with smiling contempt. "Ay, and him all the chick or child I've left since Dick died. It 'minds me o' my lad when I hear him sing so bright; often when I'm feeling lonesome and low-spirited he'll come in so cheery, and set me thinkin' how my boy's coming soon—oh, dear! oh, dear! No, you can't have him; but never mind, never mind." He nodded kindly, as if to comfort her in her disappointment.

Evelyn's patience could stand it no longer.

"Do you suppose I want to keep the poor bird?" she broke forth. "I want to buy it to give it back its liberty, to let it be free in the fields and the blue sky. Surely you know how very, very cruel it is to confine a creature made to soar and sink at the very gates of heaven in a narrow cage with scarce room to turn."

This was delivered fluently, being a verbatim quotation from her speech at the opening meeting of the before mentioned society.

"Poor, miserable bird!" she concluded, apostrophizing the unconscious lark.

The cobbler, simple soul! was a good deal taken aback at this convincing tirade. He attempted a defense, however:

"Nay, he's not miserable—hear to him sing; would he sing like that if he weren't happy?"

"Yes," cried Evelyn, "he sings because he longs to be free; that is the song of despair, and not of joy."

The old fellow's face fell. Her eloquence had convinced him. Evelyn felt rather heated, and wanted, she didn't know why, to get out of the shop.

"Come," she said, again proffering a coin. "Two and six, and far more than the wretched bird is worth."

"Nay," he said sadly, "I'm not going to sell him. He's like an old friend to me, and he loves me, too, that he does."

"Keep your bird, then," cried the angry reformer; "keep it, and let it die in its miserable prison. Some day you will perhaps repent your wanton cruelty!" with which grandiloquent threat she departed, with rather more haste than dignity.

That night, getting into bed, Evelyn came to the conclusion that she had made rather a poor show.

She had also a lurking idea that her motive had not been quite so much the cause of righteousness as the pleasure of reporting progress to her new society. Her passionate words kept recurring to her as she lay sleepless half through the night. She wondered if little birds had their duty to do, as she had; whether, perhaps, in giving pleasure to a lovely old man's declining days, the lark might not be unconsciously doing its great Maker's bidding in the place for which He intended it. She was, she decided, overyouthful to judge so hastily. And, being a thoughtful and conscientious girl, she bravely resolved to go the next morning, humble her pride to the dust, and own her error in the wrong.

About 9 o'clock the next morning, walking, with rather a red face, up the narrow street, she perceived the old fellow standing at his door with the empty cage in his hand; he was gazing toward the sky, and she saw a tear trickle down his wrinkled cheek. He turned as she approached, and smiled mournfully in answer to her inquiring glance.

"Maybe you was right, miss," he said; "maybe." He passed into his shop as a cock checked his utterance.

Evelyn turned away abruptly. Never in her life had she been so much ashamed of herself—Sunday Magazine.

Dentist and Christian Scientist.

The Jovial Dentist is a scientist and presumably a Christian, but the ways of the Christian scientists are a mystery to him, remarks the Buffalo "Express."

"One other day," he said, "one of the leading Christian scientists in Buffalo came to me to get some work done. He needed it badly.

"You are a Christian scientist, are you not?" I asked him.

"He admitted it, thanking God that he was not as some other men are."

"Am I right," I asked, as I made ready to operate on him, "in understanding that you deny the existence of disease?"

"Yes," he said, "there is no disease."

"Then, my friend, why do you come to have this tooth operated on?"

"Well, he evaded the question, said that it was difficult to shed light on minds that had not been touched by grace, and intimated that his time was limited. So was mine, and I said no more, but put on the forceps and did my duty.

"How he yelled! You could have heard him a block off. I haven't had a patient in a year that made such a fuss.

"My dear sir," I asked soothingly, as he quieted down, "am I right in understanding that in your view there is no such thing as pain?"

"He gave me a grievous look, thought a while, and said:

"With more perfect mental control I should have felt none."

"Would more perfect mental control," I asked, "have kept your tooth from decaying?"

"I fear I cannot make you understand," he said, "but he went. And my soul," ruminated the Jovial Dentist, "if fear he couldn't."

The art of starching linen was brought into England in 1553 by a Flemish woman.



Sacramento, Monday, 28 August, 1899.

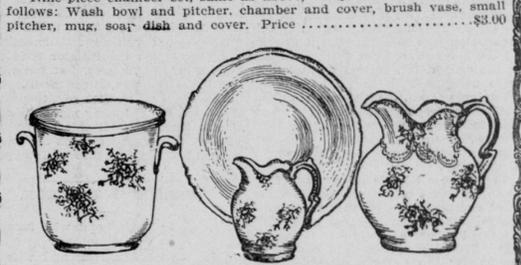
Bargains in chamber sets



CHAMBER SET, \$1.95.

American semi-porcelain chamber set of six pieces. Neatly decorated in assorted colors—blue, green, pencil and brown. Composition of set is as follows: Wash bowl and pitcher, chamber and cover, mug and soap dish. Price.....\$1.95

Nine-piece chamber set, same as above, composition of set being as follows: Wash bowl and pitcher, chamber and cover, brush vase, small pitcher, mug, soap dish and cover. Price.....\$3.00



CHAMBER SET, \$3.85.

Gold stippled chamber set of 10 pieces. The decorations unusually pretty, the colors richly enameled and the trimmings of heavy gold. Set consists of: Wash bowl and pitcher, mug, brush vase, hot water pitcher, soap dish with cover and drainer, chamber and cover. Price.....\$3.85

American china chamber set (same as above) of 12 pieces: Wash bowl and pitcher, mug, brush vase, hot water pitcher, soap dish and drainer, chamber and cover, large covered and handled slop jar. Price.....\$5.50



CHAMBER SET, \$7.50.

American semi-porcelain decorated chamber set of 11 pieces. Hand-somely decorated with filled in colors and gold edges. Set consists of: Wash bowl and pitcher, mug, brush vase, small pitcher, chamber and cover, soap dish and cover, covered and handled slop jar. Price.....\$6.50

Same as above without covered slop jar, making 9 pieces. Price.....\$4.50



OPENING

AUG. 31st—SEPT. 1st—SEPT. 2d, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, THIS WEEK.

FALL OPENING OF MODISH MILLINERY

VAN ALSTINE'S, 817 K Street.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE LADIES OF THE MACCABEES will give a Grand Trolley Party and Dance TUESDAY, August 29th. The cars leave 9th and J at 8 p. m. sharp. Tickets 50 cents. On sale at Pommer's store, a27-2t.

Dentist and Christian Scientist.

The Jovial Dent