

Lord & Taylor

Advance Sale

Women's Fur Lined Coats

Consisting of several hundred best quality squirrel linings in dark effects, which we had made up to our own special design in 45-inch length superior quality Broadcloth Coats, with Persian or natural squirrel full shawl collars. The actual value of these coats compared with present prices is \$78.00. This lot will be offered

At \$50.00 Each

Women's

Lingerie Lace Waists.

A Special Purchase.

Values \$10.00 to \$20.00 cash.

\$7.50 to \$10.00.

Broadway and 20th St., 5th Av., 10th St.

Stern Brothers

Early Importations of High Class Wool and Silk & Wool.

Dress Fabrics

Also Foreign Broadcloths in the Newest Shadings.

Advance Styles of Women's

Tailor-made Walking Suits

In all the new and most desirable materials FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR, at \$26.50 to 75.00

Ready-made Riding Habits, For Fall and Winter at \$34.50 to 58.00

Lace Curtains & Bed Sets

Early Fall importations at Special Prices.

Irish Point Curtains, Pr. \$3.25, 4.75, 5.75
Renaissance Curtains, " 4.50, 6.50, 8.50
Arabe Curtains, " 7.50, 11.50, 15.00
Stores Bonne Femme, Each 7.50, 9.50, 13.50
Ruffled Renaissance Bed Sets, 4.50, 6.75, 9.00

Exceptional Values in

Boys' & Young Men's Suits

NORFOLK SUITS, extra knickerbocker trousers, all wool, sewed with silk, Va. se \$4.95 & \$6.90, \$5.00, 6.40

YOKE NORFOLK SUITS, of Blue Cheviot, knickerbocker trousers, Value \$7.45, 5.00

NEW FALL STYLES SAILOR & RUSSIAN SUITS, Sailor and Eton Collars, Special Value 5.95

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS, single and double breasted, including the NEW LONG CUT SACK COAT, 14.75

Fine Oriental Rugs

Direct Importations—representing all the well known Persian and Turkish Weaves, suitable for Parlor, Reception Room, Library, Dining Room, Bed Room and Halls at Attractively Low Prices.

West Twenty-third Street

SYRIANS BLAME THE BISHOP.

ASK THE POLICE TO SAVE THEM FROM VIOLENCE.

Talk in the Quarter That the Rev. Raphael Hawaweeny Has Called a Meeting to Hear Newspaper Criticisms—Only a Peaceful Gathering, So He Says.

New York's Syrian quarter is in a state of more than usual unrest. Many men prominent in the picturesque little colony are marked for slaughter, so the gossip of the neighborhood runs, and persons who once walked abroad without fear now take to the middle of the street and give a wide berth to alleys and darkened hallways.

A committee sent to Police Commissioner McAdoo yesterday a petition asking for protection. In the little restaurants where the merchants gather to eat queer dishes and to sip sarak strangers are looked upon with suspicion. So far no one has been killed, no one molested, but to all intents and purposes war is raging.

The cause of all this trouble is the Rev. Raphael Hawaweeny, Bishop of the Orthodox Greek Church in Pacific street, Brooklyn. The New York Syrians declare that the Bishop has incited his followers to riot against the law-abiding, peace-loving residents of lower Washington street and that certain residents of that section are in danger. This is how it all came about, according to the gossip of the quarter: Syrian newspapers, they say, will accept for publication almost any article, provided money accompanies the request for publicity. Lately there have appeared in certain Syrian papers paragraphs that reflected upon the character of well known Syrians. The men attacked protested, and most of the papers consented to discontinue the columns devoted to covert attacks upon persons.

The Bishop took a hand in the crusade, but there were those who said that his place was in the church. One paper called him to account for his conduct. It was said that the Bishop was inciting members of the orthodox church to arise against those who did not embrace his faith. Then, it is said, the Bishop called a meeting in a basement in a section of Brooklyn where the less prosperous Syrians live. What happened at the meeting is told in the petition that was sent yesterday to the Police Commissioner. There it is set forth that the Bishop said that he had been attacked and that when he was assailed the honor of those who followed him was at stake. He said that he had been attacked and that when he was assailed the honor of those who followed him was at stake. He said that he had been attacked and that when he was assailed the honor of those who followed him was at stake.

The story goes on to say that half a dozen young men, headed by one upon whom it had been a price in Syria, placed their knives in front of the Bishop and took an oath that they would die for him. Then the version of the disturbed leaders of the colony on this side of the bridge. They worried and worried, and at last, with the help of Charles Le Barbier, former Assistant District Attorney, they called for police interference. A meeting was drawn up. N. N. Maloof, an importer, of 17 Broadway, was chairman of the committee signing the petition.

The big scene behind the desk of the Church street police station last night ended at the idea of bloodshed, and said that no extra police had been placed in the Syrian quarter. The riot was in post had been told to exercise vigilance. Bishop Hawaweeny said last night that he had not incited his people to riot. There is in New York, he continued, a Turkish society known as Jamiat-Al-Akhid. The literal translation of that is "Champane Glass Society." Its members do not make a business of arms and no one would expect of them, and they attacked me in the columns of a newspaper called Al Hoda. On Wednesday of this week members of my congregation met in the basement of St. Nicholas Church, of which I am in charge, and expressed their indignation at the slur cast upon me. There was no display of arms and no one would expect of them, and they attacked me in the columns of a newspaper called Al Hoda.

I am surprised that any one should believe that I would countenance anything unchristian. It is absurd. I am the Bishop of the Orthodox Greek Church in America and my paths do not lead me into politics. The Bishop was told that several Syrian merchants had written to him, asking him to send threatening letters since the meeting in the Brooklyn church.

"If that is so," said he, "I cannot imagine who wrote them."

COLLINS 'VAGS' GAMBLERS.

Nine Eighteen at Floating Poolroom Deck, Including Bud White.

CHICAGO, Aug. 26.—Chief of Police Collins's threat that he would 'vags' every gambler in the city of Chicago resulted to-day in wholesale arrests of those who patronize the floating poolroom, the City of Traverses. Eighteen gamblers were taken in custody at the dock at the Ninety-second street bridge at South Chicago just as they were about to board the steamer Eagle and the launches which were to carry them to the City of Traverses. Bud White, manager of the wireless poolroom, which has operated in defiance of the State, and his city authorities, was among the number of the first lot of prisoners who were taken to the South Chicago police station.

THE REAL THING IN SPORTS.

New Yorkers in Syracuse Meet a Surprising Challenge.

"It's a big mistake to think that all dead game sports haunt Broadway or live in New York," said the returned traveler, setting down his glass. "You are apt to find 'em in the most unexpected places, and that is no mistake in the genuine article when you do run across him, whether in the Waldorf-Astoria or at Danville-on-the-railroad track."

"All of which reminds me of a little experience I had a short time ago in the city of Syracuse, which is located on the main trail of what the natives of New York call vaguely 'up the State.' I was one of a party of four and we had been doing the town."

"Coming out of the Yates House in the afternoon we spotted a fine big automobile drawn up at the curb. The sight of it inspired us with a desire to continue the rounds on wheels."

"I object," said Mr. Tightly, one of the party, who was notoriously close in money matters. "They'll probably want about \$5 an hour for that machine."

"After a conference we decided to offer \$1 an hour. The driver, a big, good-looking chap, sat like a sphinx on the seat, a cap on his head and a big goggle over his eyes. It didn't take us long to make a bargain with him."

"The price suits me," he said. "Jump in and I'll take you anywhere you want to go."

"We hugged around to various points of interest within the corporation limits, not neglecting the bridge station, when some one suggested that we take a run out to a roadhouse. The driver knew just the place that would suit us, and he took us there."

"His judgment proved to be excellent. The place was a No. 1. We liked it so well that finally we began to order wine."

"Up to that time the driver had been content with the drink of the common people. The wine made us feel good and we asked the driver in to have a drink."

"Presently the quartet then before us was finished. The driver touched the bell. 'Another bottle, please,' he said to the waiter, 'and not quite so cold this time.' 'Well, that's his business,' said Tightly, and he could get no further."

"We all expostulated with the driver and told him to keep his money."

"The man all right," he replied, pulling out a roll as big around as a spare tire. 'I've made good money in the last week and I assure you I can afford it.' 'After that the driver turned and drove off. When we returned to the hotel Tightly approached the driver with a five dollar bill for his fare and a one dollar bill for a tip."

"The ride is paid for," he said cordially. "The fact is, he continued, with a broad grin, 'the machine is mine and I can't afford to let it sit idle. Glad you liked the ride. I'm at your service any time you happen to be in Syracuse.'"

"The driver Tightly reported we took the card to the hotel and asked the clerk if he knew the owner."

"Know him?" he replied. "Why, every one in this town knows him. He is one of the richest men in Syracuse."

"When we told our experience the clerk laughed."

"I'll take him," he said, "but wait till his wife catches him. She was waiting to take her home when you struck him. She had to finish her journey in a cab."

NAZARETH SHORT ON 'NIGHTIES.'

Not Half a Dozen in the Town and None Wore for Sale.

From the Philadelphia Telegraph. Nazareth, Northampton county, Pa., is a town of 1,500 people. It is a settlement of Moravians and Mennonites, with a cemetery and ancient buildings thrown in for good measure. It is content to live the simple life, and abhors the innovations and frills of what is popularly called civilization."

A Philadelphiaan of veracity returned the other day from a vacation spent in the quaint old town. He gave a convincing illustration of the simplicity of existence in the Northampton settlement."

"When I unpacked my grip at the inn before retiring for the night I learned that I had omitted to include my pajamas. Looking out of the window, which commanded a view of the main street, I saw the lights of one of the two general stores which the place boasts. A few minutes later I confronted the proprietor. Suspecting that Nazareth might shy at pajamas, I decided to put the town to a test."

"I want a night shirt," I said.

"The storekeeper appeared temporarily dumfounded, but finally a light dawned on him. 'You mean a white shirt?'"

"No, I mean a night shirt. A shirt to sleep in."

"Friend," said the storekeeper, "I don't keep night shirts. Maybe Jones, down the street, may have one."

FRANK B. GILBRETH.

GENERAL CONTRACTOR.

Contracts solicited only on the basis of cost plus a fixed sum as a form of contract at once most advantageous to the owner and equitable to the contractor.

NEW YORK. BOSTON. 34 West 26th St. 176 Federal St.

A SERUM CURE FOR HAY FEVER.

GERMAN SCIENTIST ABATES DIS-EASE WITH ANTITOXIN.

See Deep Brings Relief in Half an Hour and 50 Grains Carries a Sufferer Through a Whole Season—Discoverer Unveils Poetic Theory of the Disease.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—Details concerning the new cure for hay fever have been transmitted to the Department of Commerce and Labor by Consul-General Guenther, at Frankfurt, Germany. The preparation has been named "pollantine" by its inventor, Prof. W. F. Dunbar, director of the State Hygienic Institute at Hamburg.

It is an antitoxin prepared by inoculating a horse with the toxic pollen of flowers and using the serum obtained from the horse's blood. At first the cure was effected by subcutaneous injections, which were used with considerable success for some time, but rendered the patient immune for not longer than one or two weeks.

Recently in the course of experiments Prof. Dunbar found that a drop of the serum applied to the inner surface of the nose would cure the inflammation in half an hour, or if applied to the eye would reach the nose through the labyrinth canal.

The remedy is now used almost entirely in that way and has proved so efficacious that it has been placed upon the market in Germany. A further improvement is the pulverizing of the remedy, in which form it is not susceptible to the bacteriological decomposition. In its powdered form, however, it irritates the mucous membrane and it must be dissolved in sugar of milk when used.

The quantity necessary to carry a patient through a whole hay fever season was found not to exceed fifty grains. The success of the remedy is shown in the statistics collected by Dr. Liebert of Leipzig, where out of 608 patients treated 200, or 33 per cent., of those who used it were entirely free from attacks during the whole hay fever period. One hundred and forty-three of the patients used the remedy with partial success, while sixty-three received no benefit from its use.

During a series of lectures on hay fever before the Hufeland Society, Prof. Dunbar, discussing the cause of hay fever, showed by his experiments that it was due to pollen. He pointed out the fact that pollen toxin was a tox-albumin. He proved that a single grain of pollen contained enough toxin to produce intense irritation in the eyes of sensitive patients, clearly showing, he declared, that the objection that grains of pollen could not be the cause of hay fever or account of their scarcity in the atmosphere was entirely without foundation.

During hay fever time, that is, during the flowering time of the grasses, immense amounts of pollen pollen had been found in the air. As a result of experiments it was found that up to four millions could be deposited upon one square meter within twenty-four hours.

Most people are not susceptible to the influence of pollen toxin, but for hay fever patients it was an extremely strong acting poison, they being affected by even the minute quantities. The American brand of hay fever Prof. Dunbar attributes to the pollen of ragweed and goldsard.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

Blümminghaus' Pianos & Organs

Buy Now.

Only 6 Days More Sale Will Positively End Sept. 2nd.

A Phenomenal Sale

Do not miss the greatest opportunity of a lifetime to secure the best Piano that money and skilled labor can produce.

At about 1-2 value.

There were only 250 of these pianos at \$185 when this great sale began and there are only a limited number left.

Every piano bears the maker's name Your Home is not complete without one of these

\$350 Celebrated Tens-

Weigner \$195

Pianos for \$5 Down and \$1 a Week

STOOL AND COVER FREE.

THIS IS THE LOWEST PRICE EVER NAMED FOR A WEIGNER.

In buying one of these celebrated Pianos you save from \$10 to \$20.

Every Weigner Piano is built to last a lifetime.

Pianos Delivered on Payment of \$3.

No interest charged for time taken in making payments. No extras whatever.

10 Years' Guarantee.

Inserted in gilt letters on the inside top lid.

Exchange your old piano for a beautiful new Weigner and request a representative will call.

BLOOMINGDALE BROS.

Lex. to 34 Ave., 59th to 60th Street.

Profits Back to Give Way to the Canal.

URICA, N. Y., Aug. 26.—Profile Rock, the most picturesque rock in the State, noted for its resemblance to the human head and face, will shortly meet its fate, for according to the engineers it is the path laid out for the canal.

The rock's outline forms, at different angles, three distinct human faces.

These Specials for Monday and Tuesday

347-349 E. 22nd Street, N. Y. C.

ADAMS DRY GOODS CO.

Sensational Sale To-Morrow of 423 Women's and Misses' Last Season Suits

In this Clearance of Garments which has occupied our attention—and yours—for the past two months we have said nothing about the heavier weight suits, preferring to wait until the last days of Summer to give you the most sensational bargains of the entire sale. We cannot wait longer, for the new garments are crowding us for room. So to-morrow we shall place on sale the Suits which were carried over from last season and offer them at these prices:

Sixty-one Suits; Formerly \$12.50, Reduced to \$5.00
Seventy-four Suits; Formerly \$14.75, Reduced to \$7.50
One Hundred and Twelve Suits; Formerly \$19.75, Reduced to \$10.00
Fifty-Seven Suits; Formerly \$28.00, Reduced to \$14.75
Seventy-one Suits; Formerly \$22.50, Reduced to \$16.50
Forty-nine Suits; Formerly \$36.75, Reduced to \$18.00

We do not claim these to be new models, yet the styles are very good and the materials of the best. You may prefer some of them to the Fall styles. About every model that was good last season is represented. The poorest one in the lot would make you a smart, serviceable garment—and the price is a mere nothing. Ready to-morrow—Second Floor.

WE ARE NOW SHOWING AN EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF THE NEW FALL STYLES IN TAILOR-MADE SUITS FOR LADIES AND MISSES IN ALL THE ACCEPTED FABRICS AND COLORINGS. MEN'S WORSTEDS AND BROADCLOTHS ARE THE FAVORED MATERIALS—RED, PLUM WINE AND GREEN WILL BE THE PREDOMINATING SHADES. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING UNTIL YOU SEE THIS NEWLY ORGANIZED DEPARTMENT.

Two Extraordinary Lots of Fine Embroideries

Embroideries

Something like six thousand yards are represented in these two lots of Embroideries—extra fine cloth and in widths from 4 to 18 inches. They are especially desirable for dress and underwear trimming, being mostly on Swiss and Nainsook—a few on Cambric; openwork patterns, with combinations of blind and English eyelet effects.

LOT 1—Embroideries in widths of 6 to 10 inches, worth 25c. to 35c. per yard.

LOT 2—Embroideries in widths of 11 to 18 inches, worth from 35c. to 60c. per yard.

12 1/2c. 25c.

"I Make the Best Shoes in the World"

"And My Prices are 3.50 to 5.00."

We Sell Them at 1.89

the World's Greatest Maker of Men's Shoes.

We give you a choice of style in both high and low cut that comes from the factory.

We sell the very choicest selection of 39 Douglas Shoes at 2.39

No business transaction was ever consummated that has attracted such universal attention and comment as our contract with the W. L. Douglas Shoe Company, of Brockton, Mass., to take from them every pair of "factory" damaged shoes and oxfords that comes out of their works.

It has given us by all odds the greatest Shoe business in Greater New York. We are selling thousands upon thousands of these famous shoes to the very men who have been accustomed to paying \$5.00 to \$8.00 for the identical kind.

5,000 Pairs Are Here To-day

The Douglas factories make Eleven Thousand Pairs of Shoes every working day. In their unvarnished shoes, we take every pair that is the least hurt—such as a tiny pin scratch, the print of a tack, a mere oil spot, or any other slight defect.

We guarantee them to you just the same as absolutely perfect shoes. If you buy one pair, see if you don't—That's certain.

We can fit you in either high or low cut, having almost every size and width in about every style Douglas makes. Shiny leathers predominate, of course; but there are generous quantities of most every other kind.

Phenomenal Sale of Men's

\$2 to \$4

Vests, \$1.00

We have taken every Fancy and Washable Vest in this store that has previously been marked from \$2 to \$4 and priced them ONE DOLLAR for the business of Monday. This is the story in a nutshell. It is not a stock bought for sale purposes; it is a clean-up of our own—probably five hundred Vests all told. They come in both single and double breasted styles, in both light and dark colors. There are very few \$2 Vests in the lot; the greater part of them are worth considerably more. Choose at \$1.

Positively No Mail or C. O. D. Orders.

Men's Fall Suits, black Thibet, silk lined; regular fit quality; in both single and double breasted styles; sizes 34 to 46, in regular, stout and slim; finest making. \$10

Boys' School Suits, double-breasted two-piece suits, in sizes 7 to 16; also Russian Suits, in sizes 7 to 7. Garments to-morrow at 1.95

BALL PLAYERS' SUPERSTITIONS

They Have a Batch of Their Own and Believe in Them Impitely.

"Ball players are as superstitious as chorus girls," said the business manager of one of the American League clubs. "In addition to all the ordinary superstitions, they've got a whole batch of their own, and they believe in them impitely."

"They all fall for the thirteen superstition. You can't get them to ride in a bus in which there are only thirteen men, and they are always very careful to count noses, too."

"In the dining rooms of some of the hotels at which the players stop while traveling they put all the players at one table. It's fun to watch them fagging the thirteenth fellow who comes along to the table for a meal. If he doesn't roll his eyes around himself and count the bunch before sitting down, there are always plenty of them at the table who will, and if the newcomer makes the thirteenth, he is joined by one of the other players, to make the fourteenth, or waits till one of the others gets through and quits the table."

"Most teams are superstitious about having outsiders on the bench, even during practice. Few of them believe that you can win a game when an outsider has sat on their bench from the moment that they arrived at the park."

"But the kinky superstitions of the individual players make the queer stuff. I wouldn't go so far as to say that every player has some odd little pet notion, but it's a sure thing that not many of them are free from these whimsies."

"I know several pitchers, for instance, who thoroughly believe that when a game is postponed on account of rain or wet grounds so far as to say that every player has some odd little pet notion, but it's a sure thing that not many of them are free from these whimsies."

"There's often a plain enough answer to the superstitions of the players, but they won't see the answer, and just go right on nursing the superstition. For example, there's a renewed outfielder, who is positive that every time he gives himself a slight cut with his razor while shaving in the morning he's going to miff an easy fly at the game in the afternoon."

"Now, it seems to me that that's a fairly enough explained. When he cuts him-

self with his razor in the morning that shows that he's in a nervous state, perhaps due to excessive traveling or incautious eating, and he's still nervous when he muffs his easy fly during the game. But you never be able to make that outfielder see the connection. He simply knows that the razor cut presages the miff, and that's all there is to it so far as his heavy understanding of the situation is concerned."

"One of the best backstops in fast company has a deadly horror of a left hand being thrown off his sock by a thrown ball every morning right after breakfast, and, as happens three or four times on the average during the season, when he finds he's being scraped by a left hand hand he relaxes into the most profound melancholy for the remainder of the day. He solemnly affirms that he never yet in the course of sixteen years of playing caught a game on such a day that he didn't make a holy show of himself by performing miserably and piling up a stack of passed balls."

"Another first rate catcher has the superstition that when, in the progress of a game, he picks up his mask after having thrown it off to go after a foul, and involuntarily tries to put the mask on upside down, his team is just naturally bound to lose the game, no matter how big a lead the team may have at the time."

"The great majority of players believe that it's bad luck to pick up any bat but their own when going up to the plate. They always have bats that look alike notched or otherwise fixed up for easy identification, so that they won't pick up the wrong one, to do which they believe is to make dead sure that they'll be killed by the pitcher. Only when you see a batsman being struck by the ball at least once, and nothing will ever make him believe to the contrary."

"Some batmen that I could mention have achieved the reputation of being well wipers—that is, of being exceedingly all patient in waiting for the good ones—who are simply the victims of a superstition. They won't take a cut at the first one, no matter how perfect it is, because they absolutely believe that it's out of the question for them to put the first one in a safe place."

"I know one player who carries the super-

stition to the extreme that he won't even take a wallop at the second good one, but invariably waits for the third. He goes by with it at that, for he stands high on the batting line in spite of the fact that he deliberately waits for the third good one before he makes a sure enough swipe at it."

"The looks like dangerous business, but his success at it seems to justify him. He always looks, when he's up, as if he were trying to work the pitcher, but as a matter of fact he's simply burning incense to his pet superstition."

"Another hitter of high degree has got the idea firmly imbedded in his head that after he's put two or more foul tips out of the lot he's bound to make a swell hit. He's got the experience of years to point to when he's gently intimated to him that this is only a little superstition, and so there's no use in talking to him."

"Another player with a swell batting eye thoroughly believes that it is positively necessary for him to bite on a fresh chip of tobacco every time he goes up. He says that he has never yet succeeded in making a hit when he inadvertently overlooked this."

"A superstition of one of the top notch third basemen is that it is the vilest kind of bad luck to join the bunch of players that surround a man who gets hurt in the progress of a game. The fans have noticed for years back that this third baseman always sits on his sack at such a time instead of joining the gang of players around the injured man, and they have in fact a lack of sympathy to him on this account."

"A player whose person seems to be a veritable magnet for pitched balls, for he seems never to get through a season without being struck by the ball at least half a dozen times, declares that he never yet succeeded in making the circuit of the bases after having got first on being hit by the ball. He says that he's had a long time to think about it, and he's sure that he's never hit by the pitcher."

"Plenty of the old time players firmly believe that when they spill coffee on the tablecloth at breakfast they're bound to have bad luck during the entire week to follow, and they're as nervous as cats for fear of getting hurt in games or at practice until the seven days are up and the coffee is forgotten."

"One of the leading pitchers in the league grips his knife and fork while eating as if he feared somebody wanted to take them away from him. The answer being that it's his knife and fork that he fears, whenever he drops a knife or fork on the floor while eating he is bound to toss a whole bunch of wild pitches the very next time he works."