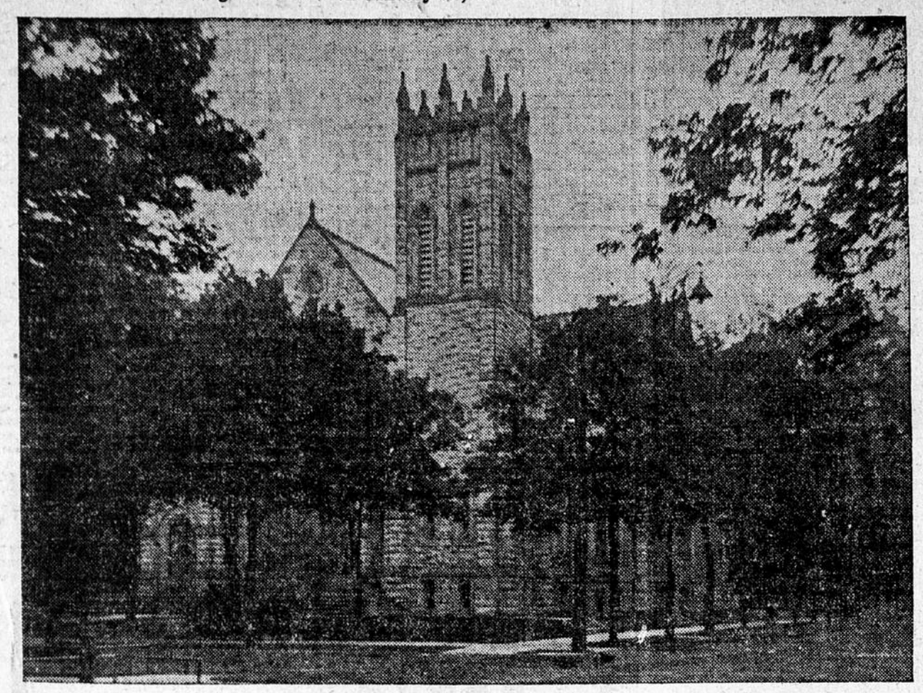
A BEAUTIFUL CHURCH DEDICATED

Second Church of Christ, Scientist, to Be in Its New Home To-morrow—An $115,000 Stone Structure on the Corner of Second Avenue South and Eleventh Street—Description of the Building and History of the Church Since Its Organization on January 28, 1897.



NEW EDIFICE OF THE SECOND CHURCH OF CHRISE, SCIENTIST, MINNEAPOLIS.

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW EDIFICE OF THE SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, MINNEAPOLIS.
—Photo by Journal Staff Photographer.

Second Church of Christ, Scientist, of Minneapolis, will dedicate to-morrow, with special services, the new stone edifice on the corner of Second avenue S and Eleventh street. The ground for this beautiful structure was broken on April 28, 1901. The work, begun May 22 of that year, has continued without interruption and was practically completed to-day.

The present decade is proving to be an era of building for the Christian Scientists everywhere. In nearly all the cities, the congregations have overflowed the largest halls and audience-rooms, and the necessity for building has become imperative. In Boston the "mother church" is at work on an edifice to cost somewhere in the vicinity of $2,000,000; in New York city, the First and Second churches have recently been built, one of them costing over a million dollars. The Denver society is expecting to enter a fine stone building this fall, and Kansas City already has a stone church completed and occupied. The three Chicago churches of this denomination are noted for their architectural beauty. The church at Concord, N. H., to cost $100,000, is especially interesting to Christian Scientists because of its location at the home of the leader of the movement, and because it is a gift from Mrs. Eddy to the society.

The records of Second Church of Minneapolis are quite remarkable because of the rapidity with which history has been made. The church was organized on Jan. 28, 1897, with fifty charter members. It was incorporated on Dec. 28, 1897. The first service was held on Feb. 7, 1897, in the little Swedenborgian church building on the corner of Ninth street and Fifth avenue S. At this memorable service the church was filled and people were standing in the aisles and on the steps outside.

On June 12, 1898, it was found necessary to move from these cramped quarters to the Second Adventist church building on the corner of Second avenue S and Fourteenth street. This building served until increasing numbers again compelled the society to move. On Oct. 7, 1900, the Sunday services were transferred to the Lyceum theater and have been held there with one slight interruption in the summer of 1902, when repairs on the theater necessitated the use of the First Unitarian church.

The necessity for a church building became apparent soon after the services were started. In 1899, the present site of the church was purchased from an eastern syndicate for $8,500. In January, 1900, an additional strip of land was secured from Mr. Pettit for $1,000, making the full size of the lot, 99x200, and its cost to the church $9,500. Of the first sum, $6,700 was raised by the society in two weeks, the children contributing $150. The total cost of land and church is $115,000. This sum has been paid in and the church is dedicated free from debt as is the custom with all churches of this denomination.

The cornerstone of the edifice was laid on Oct. 12, 1901. It is a cube of Concord granite with the words, "Second Church Scientist, Minneapolis, Minn.," "Purity," and "Healing," carved upon the faces.

Since 1897 the congregation has grown to 1,000. The new church will seat about 1,200, and the expectation is that it will be filled from the beginning. Such has been the history of nearly every church of this denomination.

The architecture of the church is along purely Gothic lines, with the customary Gothic buttresses. The material used is the Minnesota gray limestone. Sandstone is employed effectively in the trimmings. The main entrance shows Gothic doorways, reached by a broad sweep of stone steps. On either side of the approach are placed two bronze standards, nine feet high, with seven branches carrying electric lights. The inscriptions over the main entrance, carved in the stone, are: "Preach the Gospel" and "Heal the sick."

The architect was E. B. Stebbins, with William Channing Whitney as consulting architect. Within and without the construction is most solid and substantial. During its entire progress it called out much comment and admiration. F. G. McMillan was the contractor for the foundation and Pike & Cook for the superstructure.

The use of gray stone in the interior of the church is an unusual feature. There is an arch of stone over the readers' desks and heavy groined arches of wood drop from the ceiling and are supported by six massive stone columns. The capitals of these pillars are beautifully carved with foliage and flowers.

John S. Bradstreet has had the interior decoration in charge. The general color scheme is yellow and brown, giving a radiant effect. The woodwork is weathered oak. Above the wainscoating is a border of oak leaves in autumnal colors on the yellow ground. The carpet and cushions are of deep, rich crimson. The windows are opalescent with a predominant coloring of amber. The rose window over the main entrance contains a seven pointed star with the word "Love." The "children's window" in the south transept contains a design of the Good Shepard and the sheep. The colors of the windows are deep and rich.

The organ is said to be a very fine instrument. Its wood work is the dark weathered oak of the church with the pipes in dull Roman gold. Electricity is employed as the motive power, certain buttons bringing into use combinations of stops.

An interesting fact about the site of the church is that the old trees to whose setting of foliage the gothic architecture is so well adapted, were planted thirty years ago by E. Nagel, the florist, who is now a member of the congregation.

The Dedication Services.

The dedicatory services to-morrow will be very simple. At 11 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. there will be the regular services of hymns, solos, lesson sermon of scriptural reading, and reading from the text book, and addresses by the first and second readers. In the evening there will be a lecture by Carol Norton, C. S. D., member of the Christian Science board of lectureship of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Boston, Mass.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT--- A MORE CHEERFUL ONE NOW

A Modern Minneapolis Shirt Factory With Its Immense Output Compared to the Days When Shirts Were Made by Hand—Traveling Electric Knives Which Cut Thru Nearly Three Hundred Ply of Cloth in One Operation—Garret Dwelling Shirt Makers of Hood's Poem Give Way to Deft-Fingered Girls and Lightning Power Machines Which Sew 4,000 Buttonholes a Day.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt:
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"
—Hood.

MANY years ago Thomas Hood wrote his "Song of the Shirt," the poor seamstress, who toiled all day, and again by the feeble light of a "penny dip" or "short six" tallow candle by night, to gain sufficient to eke out a bare existence in a stuffy little garret room, when the modern shirt maker at work in an up-to-date Minneapolis shirt factory, with long-well lighted, abundantly aired and heated rooms, can by the aid of machines driven by electric power, readily turn out three dozen shirts in a day, while the struggling shirt maker of Hood's poem made but one.

Since the advent of the negligee and shirt waist for men's wear the styles, colors and manner of wearing or methods of making them up have differed with each season and a trip through a big shirt factory is a revelation.

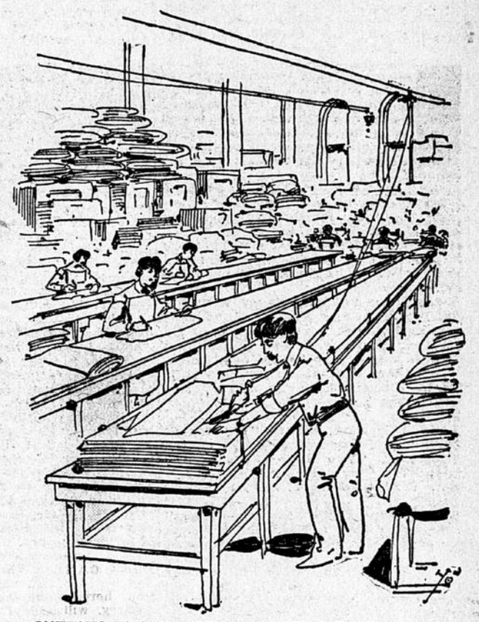
Here are great piles of goods to be made up. And these same goods in the form of finished shirts will find their way to every section of the United States, Canada and Mexico. Bales upon bales of white and colored goods, linens, cambrics, prints, just in from the great mill looms, are hoisted to the cutting floor where they are run out upon immense tables, thirty and forty yards in length,—thickness upon thickness until at times, they are two hundred and fifty ply.

Now the patterns for the various parts of the shirt are brought out and laid upon the upper length of cloth in such a systematic maner that scarcely a scrap is wasted, and their shapes are marked in red chalk.

The cutter then takes down the electric knife, which travels along the table, receiving its power from an overhead trolley, and following the red outlines of the patterns cuts in the one operation, from table end to table end, a total of nearly 250,000 pieces, bringing out every portion for the finished shirt—fronts, backs, cuffs, sleeves, gussets, gores, yokes, pleats, button pieces and bands—about twenty-three pieces composing an up-to-date shirt.

After the cutting is done these pieces go to many different hands. First they go to the front and back makers, then on to the operators who put on the bands, the sleeve makers, the double needle machines where the seams of the sleeves and sids are sewn iin one operation, the buttonhole and button machines, and now thru the hands of the examiner to the pressers, folders and boxers, where, after being properly put up in dozen lots, they are labelled and go to the stock room. while it required the seamstress fully a half hour to work a buttonhole, the modern buttonhole machine, attended by one girl, can easily finish 4,000 in a day, using up quite a number of the huge spools that contain each 12,000 yards of cotton thread in a week's work. Here in this modern Minneapolis shirt factory, side by side, are the great stacks of snowy white, immaculately laundered, dress shirts of the well-groomed gentleman, the gaily colored negligees of the golfer, tennis player, yachtsman, or lawn poser, and the serviceable shirts for the miner, lumberman or mill worker. Minneapolis has achieved an enviable record for the excellence of her output in this line.

ONE SHIRT A DAY.



CUTTING THOUSANDS OF SHIRTS A DAY.

STORY OF "PROGRESSIVE BEIRUT"

Where "The Hand of Europe Rests on the Shoulder of Asia"—The American Interests Which Admiral Cotton Is Protecting—A Beirut College Chartered by the Legislature of New York—The "Oxford of the Orient."

Boston Transcript.

Imagine the amazement of Beirut when Americans, on board modern battleships, came steaming up to the ancient city—imagine it, that is, for the amazement of Beirut could have been only imaginary. Hundreds of her people have lived in the United States, seen Americans by the million, and doubtless beheld not a few American war vessels in American harbors. Perchance some such returned rover remembers trying to sell Admiral Cotton some impossible commodities out of his peddler's pack. So the real amazement, if there was any worth speaking of, was rather that of our lusty Jack Tars, who must surely have raised some very live questions during their hurried voyage across the Mediterranean regarding the sort of harbor they were coming to, the sort of climate they must encounter, and the sort of city they would behold.

To all such queries the answers are eminently satisfactory. No finer spot could be chosen for an autumn sojourn than the harbor of Beirut. Ten years ago there was no harbor worthy the name in this bay of St. George (on whose shore, by the way, St. George slew the dragon), and our battleships might have come to mischief in the shelterless roadstead. But French capital has supplied a snug little port, tho so exorbitant are the dues that few of the myriad coasting vessels can afford to take shelter in it. As for health, Beirut is the sanatorium of Asiatic Turkey. Indeed, it is recommended as a winter resort for Europeans. The climate is delightful, never torrid, never very cold. There are no sharp changes and no chill winds. The air is as clear as in Colorado, and distances as deceptive to the eye. Foreigners sleep with their windows open and do not perish. For ten months of the year the land is bathed in sunshine. October, November and December in Beirut are like a genial New England May. The water supply, thanks to British enterprise, comes from Dog river (named for a long-vanished stone colossus of terrible appearance) ten miles away, and is pure. Beirut was the first town in Syria to acquire the distinction of a European water system. Besides, the city is clean. Our sailors ought to thrive there.

Admiral Cotton is to be envied the view from his flagship. Beirut is a city set on a promontory; it has the sea on three sides—the sea in which, not far away, Jonah had his little mishap with the whale. White with the glittering whiteness of eastern cities, the city climbs from the deep Mediterranean blue between dunes of red and tawny sand, thru rich groves of mulberry, fig and olive, thru dark forests of pine, to the snowy peaks of Lebanon. It is the Naples of Syria. "A glorious landscape," says George Adam Smith, "and the town has not spoiled it."

A city whose past belongs to Rome and to Phoenicia, a city which had been destroyed 140 years before Christ, might be expected to have its future all behind it. Not so Beirut. Poor in antiquities, it is rich in prospects. An earthquake robbed it of its oldest buildings in the year 551; a few columns of gray granite, a few fragments of tessellated pavement, are all that is left above ground. And what the earthquake spared the English destroyed in 1840. Since then the Berothah of the Phoenicians, the Berytus of the ancient Romans, has risen anew, becoming the most European of all the towns of Syria. It is proof of the possibilities of what we are pleased to call the "unchanging east."

To be sure it is Europe that has done it. The English gave it water; the French have given it gas. The French again gave it the magnificent turnpike which climbs serpentlike thru the steep passes of the Lebanon and goes to Damascus. They gave it, too, the Beirut-Damascus railway. Germany and France have given it hospitals. America, England and France have given it printing presses and schools. Europeans of all nations have made it their home, the seat of their commercial operations. They have brought with them European wants and European ways.

The result is curious. It is the east and it is not the east. The loathsome beggar and the "yaller" scavenger dog are there; but there too are the cafes ohantants of Paris and the boulevard cafes, with nargilehs looking out of place on the little round tables. Here is a Turkish bazaar; but here, too, is a street of fine European shops. You are in Europe on this broad white road with its pretty stone villas; but go down into the tunnel-like streets of the filthy old town and you are in the Arabian Nights. See, in this restaurant forty men lie smoking nargilehs, while a professional story teller regales them with the stirring tale of—"Jack and the Beanstalk," perhaps. They will lie listening half the night, thrilled to their toes with tales of giants and magicians, heard, it may be, for the hundredth time.

Here surely is the childlike east. Yet you have only to lift your finger to call a cab. And when it comes the horse will wear the inevitable blue bead to guard against the evil eye. In this single town of all Syria to have streets which make carriages possible, smart European turnouts dash about or bowl along the easy gradients of the Damascus road. But look! they are halted now and then by shining strings of many camels. All the romance of the east is in these amazing costumes; women swathed to the crown of their heads in shapeless folds of white, men draped in robes of satin brocade over rich belted tunics or gay vests and baggy trousers. Yet, here comes a fez with a gold-embroidered vest below it, and below that the trousers of a European check suit! With your eyes on the storied heights of Lebanon, you sip delicious drinks iced with thriftily gathered Lebanon snow. Truly it is "the hand of Europe laid upon the shoulder of Asia."

The hand of Europe is the really important thing about Beirut. It is a busy modern town. In 1902 its population was estimated at 120,000. Of these, the Moslems (Arabs and Turks) number 36,000; the Christians (Greeks and Maronites), 77,000; the Jews, 25,000; Druses, 400; and foreigners of all faiths, 4,100. There are not a few Americans there; last year a Princeton reunion was held in the city. Syriac is of course the more common tongue, tho so strong is the foreign influence thru business and the schools that French and even English are beginning to be freely spoken. No city in Turkey has grown so fast as Beirut. From being merely the port of Damascus, it has come to overtop Damascus in importance. Commercially it is the capitol of Syria. All the products of the terraced slopes of Lebanon., the golden wine, the fruits, the wool, the raw silk and cocoons come down to Beirut to be shipped. It is, moreover, the center of the transit trade of all Syria. And lying at the head of the Mediterranean it is the natural port of shipment for olives and silks that go to Italy, England and America. Its merchants are little princes, and build them stately stone mansions on the hill slopes toward Lebanon. Consuls and bankers are many, and society life in the foreign colony is quite a respectable shadow of the real thing overseas.

But Beirut boasts a higher glory than that of commerce or society. She is the "Oxford of the Orient!" Of educational institutions she has no less than one hundred, and some 12,000 students are in attendance thereat. Great Britain supports some of these schools, and the Jesuits support more. But it is to America that the "Lighthouse of the Turkish Empire," the Syrian Protestant college, chartered by the legislature of the state of New York, belongs. That is no doubt the biggest "American interest" which our fleet is safeguarding. On the western headland outside the town, in full view of incoming ships, the twelve stone buildings of the American college (of which, by the way, our consul, Mr. Ravndal, is a trustee) constitute a conspicuous feature in Beirut. And well they may. For if reports may be trusted, the institution's standards are as high as those of the great universities at home. Its 50 0students come from all parts of Syria, Egypt, and the Euphrates. On its faculty—of thirty-one men—are scholars of international reputation. The Medical school especially is casting great light in dark places. Aside from the formal medical instruction, the daily clinical work in the dispensary, where thousands of patients from the whole region round are treated without charge, is a priceless boon to poor, ill-doctored Syria. A little hospital treats a few in-patients, especially those afflicted with the terrible eye-troubles of the east. America has established for herself a center of influence in Syria which no missionaries and no commercial campaign could have secured her. The American college at Beirut is worth safeguarding.

But let us hope that Admiral Cotton's responsibilities will admit of a little visit to the old Phoenician road, near which he will find what William E. Curtis has called the "imperishable visitors' book." This travelers' record, we are told, dates back at least fourteen centuries before the Christian era. Says Mr. Curtis: "Upon a living rock beside the remains of an old Phoenician road, chiselled from the face of the precipice before written history began, for they had no dynamite in those days, are curious tablets commemorating the visits of emperors and other distinguished men at various periods of the world's history, from the Egyptian Pharaoh in whose brickyard occurred the first great strike down to the German kaiser, who honored this country with his presence in 1898. The first tablet relates to various expeditions of Sesostris, Rameses II., who refused to let Israel go until Moses demonstrated the expediency of that proposition. Another commemorates the presence of Sennacharib, who invaded Syria in the year 701 before Christ. There are several other mementoes of Assyrian and Egyptian kings, and it is remarkable that the tablets have been so well preserved all these many centuries. Marcus Antoninus, who reigned at Rome from 161 to 180, repaired the road and built new bridges, as we happen to know by reason of a fine Latin inscription in which he designates himself "The Conqueror of Germany." There is no such visitors' book in all the rest of the world, and no such register of arrivals at any place that I ever heard of." And, just for the fun of the thing, would it not be well for Admiral Cotton to carve his own name, with "U. S. N." added, in that ancient rock?

Always the First—$8.

The North-Western Line (C., St. P. & O. Ry.) will sell round-trip tickets to Chicago Sept. 26, 27, 28, good to return Oct. 5, on account of Chicago Centennial, at rate of $8 for round trip. Inquire at city ticket office, 600 Nicollet avenue, for further particulars.

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THE SERVICEABLE TOP COAT AND ITS AUTUMN VARIATIONS

A Garment Admirably Adapted to the Purposes for Which It Is Intended—Shirts With Turned-Back Attached Cuffs Are to Be Popular With Dressy Men.

Correspondence of The Journal:

New York, Sept. 11.—Among the topcoats of the season the English covert takes an important place, and this is no more than it deserves, for no better style was ever designed to answer the purposes for which it is intended. It is not a "dress" garment in shape, finish or color; it is not an ultra-fashionable cut in the sense of being in the least showy or distinctive, and it is by no means a new model, but it is light, comfortable, thoroly good style and serviceable to a degree; indeed there is no other coat that can exactly take its place for autumn and spring wear or for mild days in winter. It is good form for business wear with sack suits, is correct with the dinner jacket, is an excellent driving coat and may be used for riding in town or country whenever an outer coat is desirable.

The illustration which accompanies this article shows a cut and finish turned out by one of the leading New York tailors that seems likely to prove fashionable, tho its chief variation from the prevailing style lies in the shape and somewhat peculiar make of its pockets. These are cut in circular form and patched on, but, unlike the usual patch pocket, the actual openings are a quarter of an inch or more inside the outer lines, the shape of which the stitching follows exactly, and the flaps cover the actual opening only. Then, as will be noticed, the flaps instead of following the lines of the stitching, are cut to follow the edges of the pocket precisely like those of the ordinary square pocket.

In the shape of the collar and lapels there is also a slight difference, both being made with corners very much rounded and the notches being very broadly V-shaped. Two rows of stitching, a quarter of an inch apart trim the cuffs of the sleeves, but otherwise the coat is plain in finish. The coat is short and the hang is loose and easy without being noticeably full or flowing, in which respect it corresponds with the general fashion of the year.

Another model of the covert shown by a tailor of high reputation and equally correct in point of style, has simple inset pockets covered by flaps with a double row of stitching, five rows of stitching around the cuffs of the sleeves, three rows around the collar ad lapels and a double stticking thruout, and still other styles are made perfectly plain with stitching on the sleeves only, with vents in the side seams and with lapped or strapped seams. The latter finish gives the garment a somewhat more sporty appearance and is good for a coat intended to be worn more or less for riding or driving.

Then there is the distinct riding covert top coat which hangs almost to the knees, made lower in the back and skirts than the short coat and cut with a long vent up the back so that the sides will hang on either side of the saddle and well over the thighs. This is frequently made of water-proofed cloth and lined with light sporting flannel and is sometimes given vertical slip pockets and tab on lapels and sleeves or on lapel only. It makes an excellent rain coat, not only for riding but for driving or automobiling and is a decidedly swell garment.

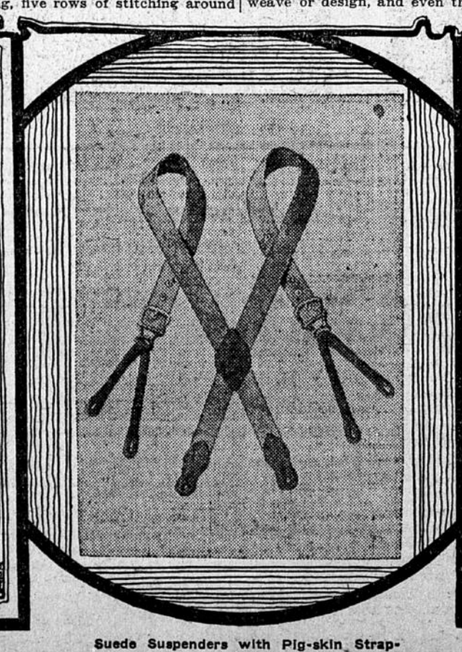
In general it should be said that the short covert has a character entirely its own and that if one wishes to preserve this character one should befare of some of the attempted improvements to be seen at the ready made clothing shops, such as velvet collars, silk faced lapels, turned back cuffs, diagonally set pockets, etc. None of these things belongs to the short top coat, which, by the way, should be short, not hanging to the knees, and if one wish them it would be better to select another type of overcoat.

There is nothing new in the shirt line for this autumn and winter except here and there a material of slightly different weave or design, and even the new stuffs have, up to date, been few and far between. The shops have all been so busily engaged in trying to sell off their old stocks at reduced cost that they have as yet hardly begun to show the new, and the result is one of a general sameness in line and figure markings. In the high priced stuffs it seems likely that silk weaves will be prominent and some crepe de chines and other partly silk fabrics have already made their appearance.

The illustration is a stiff front model from one of the fashionable makers in a peculiar shade of soft blue with silk woven designs of small cloverleaf in white. The opening is of the coat cut, that is to say, open all the way down the front. The cuffs are of white linen made turned back and with square corners, and the collar is attached and intended to be bent into slightly poke-point shape. Attached collars, tho supposed to be ultra-fashionable, are as a matter of fact comparatively little worn and not particularly desirable, because they set no better than others and are greatly more extravagant. But turned back cuffs seem to be a style that will be not only smart but fairly popular during the winter.

For the seekers after something a little out of the ordinary, the pig-skin covered cane with silver top and the suede suspenders with pig-skin strappings, shown by the accompanying drawings, offer somewhat novel styles and are in themselves by no means bad looking. These things are but little affected by rules of fashion and so long as they do not violate the canons of good style by extreme ornamentation, etc., choice is practically free and unlimited.
—Vogue.

English Covert Top Coat.



Suede Suspenders with Pig-skin Strappings.

Swell Shirt in Soft Blue With White Figures.

Defective Page