Straws in the Trade Wind

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

The business men's excursion is a popular institution nowadays, and it is an interesting fact that Chicago was the first city to conduct a junket of this kind. The merchants and manufacturers of the Windy City planned a trip in 1869 to celebrate the completion of railroad connection with San Francisco. The first stopping place was Salt Lake, and the tourists went to the Mormon Temple to hear Brigham Young preach. After the sermon Mr. Young entertained the party at a hotel. As the proprietor had just married a second wife, and the first helpmate refused to cook dinner until urged to do so by Mr. Young, the entertainment was somewhat delayed. When San Francisco was reached a feature of the programme arranged for the entertainment of the guests was a speech by a Chinaman, who was chief clerk in a large hotel. The tour included the Yosemite Valley, which was new to most of the Chicagoans, because until then the only means of going West was by stage.

Prosperity in the Northwest has caused a famine in draft horses. Oregon, Washington, and Idaho are almost unable to get draft animals even at the prevailing prices, which are 30 per cent in advance of those of last year. New settlements in the Northwest, and San Francisco building operations are said to be the cause which have created a drain upon the supply. No less than fifteen horses have been killed or injured daily since the earthquake and fire. The ruins are full of nails, glass, sharp pieces of steel, iron, and other things dangerous to horses, and as the work progresses, the lives of many horses are forfeited. Alaska is also using a great number of draft animals. In Portland many livery stables are unable to keep enough teams on hand to run their business, and many sprinkling carts are unused for want of horses.

It is indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good. The effect of the earthquake and recent strikes in San Francisco has been to stimulate the vehicle trade to a marked degree. Boycotted street-car lines create a need for more wheeled conveyances for passengers, and everything from buckboards to victorias is in lively demand. The great disaster at the Golden Gate has created a demand for vehicles unknown before. The work of rebuilding the city has caused every available vehicle to be put to use, and a shortage has resulted. Because of a lack of cars, railroads have been slow in delivering freight to the Pacific Coast, and some firms have had their stocks of vehicles sent by express. The Panama route and the line across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec has also been used.

Not long ago an American firm decided to introduce its line of talking machines into China. A shrewd traveling representative shipped for the Flowery Kingdom with a number of samples and a lot of advertising matter. One of his signs pictured a little dog looking into the horn of a phonograph, with a quizzical expression upon his face. The legend below was "His Master's Voice." But all attempts to sell the phonographs to Chinese merchants failed. One wealthy old Chinaman, who refused to handle the machines, finally told the salesman that the Chinese were not animals and would not listen to noises made by machines evidently designed to amuse dogs in America. The agent went back to his office to think it over. As a result of his thinking he wrote his firm to send forward immediately an advertising card representing a very wise-looking old gentleman listening at the horn of a talking machine, the inscription to be "Gaining Wisdom from the Living and the Dead." He then sat down to wait. In due time he received the new advertisements, and upon the next tour of the shops he laid the foundation for a good business in phonographs.

The modern craze for antique furniture has long since made a good business for manufacturers who imitate old styles and candidly acknowledge them as imitations. Since the collector of antiques has offered good prices for mahogany dating back to the time of Louis XIV a thriving trade of another kind has sprung up. A bright American woman has gone regularly into the business of "ransacking the continent" for old-fashioned furniture that will attract persons who decline to buy imitations. Her method is to go to Paris, where she has a regular arrangement with a manufacturer to make all sorts of exquisite pieces of furniture. She puts these out in an open court where the rain and snow fall upon them, and when the weather has made the finish sufficiently "antique" they are shipped to America. The vender then goes to fashionable seaside resorts where she meets persons to whom money is no object, and quietly disposes of her made-to-order curios at enormous prices. The swindle is made more complete by furnishing bogus data with each bed or table.

The business of selling insurance in this country is one of the most highly developed industries. New features are constantly being added, and there is always a novelty to offer the purchaser. Insurance against loss of property and personal injuries from the explosion of fly wheels has been in existence for some time, but recently a company has come into the market with a policy covering not only losses from this cause, but also losses resultant from inability to produce the usual factory output by reason of a fly wheel accident. In this manner time and opportunity may be insured as well as actual property.

A lively business in silk hats may soon be done in Abyssinia as a result of the recent visit of a party of Americans to the court of King Menelik. Whenever the conventionally dressed white man invades the realms of the savage or the barbarian, the silk hat of the stranger is regarded as his most precious possession. Much admiration for the beautiful "tiles" worn by this particular party was evoked in Abyssinia, and not even presents of pink pajamas so pleased the fancy of the natives as gifts of old silk hats. One muleteer kissed the feet of one of the party to express his gratitude, and another took his newly acquired pot hat to the court jeweler to have a row of emeralds mounted around the brim. A Kankee silk hat drummer would doubtless open up a thriving trade in Menelik's domain in response to the local demand thus created.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, but a good supply of information about one's business pays dividends. A little while ago a New York firm desired to popularize what is known as Shantung silk. It has been sold over the counter under that name for many years. It is particularly popular for women's clothes, and is not infrequently used for men's suits. An advertising man got up an advertisement in which it was stated that the firm had "landed another good one." He declared the novelty to be silk homespun suits, made from natural silk from cocoons spun in India by worms which fed upon the leaves of the Indian oak, instead of the usual mulberry leaves. The silk under the names Shantung tussa, tusser, or tussore would have created no particular interest, but here was something that caught the eye of the advertisement reader. The result was a rushing business in the clothing made from Shantung. In Japan the wild silk, from worms that feed upon the oak and the yamamai tree, is gathered in the cocoons by the natives of the mountain districts, and, until recently, was reserved for the use of the royal family. The New York advertising man probably did not know this, or he would have used it tellingly in the description of his goods.

Pure maple sugar had long been under suspicion when Congress passed the pure-food law, providing penalties against misbranding. Since the enactment of that law producers of the genuine article have been in clover. Like many other articles of food, the syrup or sugar made from the rock maple may be successfully imitated. A beet product or an adulterated maple syrup may be near enough like the purest article to deceive the palate of the most fastidious person. For this reason it was practically impossible to convince the average consumer, prior to the enactment of the law against misbranding, that all syrups and sugars branded pure were not imitations. At present the owner of a good, healthy grove of maples in Vermont, New York, or any of the sugar-producing States has a ready demand for all of his output. Like most good things, maple products are expensive. The syrup sells for a price above the purses of the poor, but they may still have imitations that are perfectly harmless and "just as good," or almost as good, at reasonable prices. The law works a hardship on none but the man who used to sell the imitation at the price of the genuine.

There is a large maple syrup industry in this country, but, unfortunately, the value of the rock maple for firewood has caused many valuable groves to be cut. The wood possesses peculiar qualifications as fuel in country homes where there is neither a furnace nor natural gas. A block of rock maple placed on the fire at night burns slowly, and a bed of burning coals is found in the fire place next morning. This causes the wood to bring fancy prices, and much of it is used for this purpose. As a rule, the owner of maples tries to save the best of the grove and cut the less valuable trees for firewood. The valuable maples are the ones that grow on the southern slope of a hill, where the warmth of the sunshine thaws the ground and causes the sap to rise swiftly. Trees on the colder northern slopes do not produce as much "sugar water," but are just as good for fire wood.

To-morrow — Historic American Duels.

MISS VAN ALEN ENGAGED.

Newport Society Girl Will Wed Divorced Husband of Mme. Nordica.

New York, Aug. 16.—Miss May Van Alen, daughter of James J. Van Alen and granddaughter of Mrs. Astor, will in the near future become the wife of Herr Zoltan Doeme, of Paris, who is identified here as the divorced husband of Mme. Lillian Nordica.

It develops that Miss Van Alen has written home that she has accepted the suit of Herr Doeme, and has asked her father to make formal announcement of the engagement in New York or Newport.

CUPID TRIES HIS WINGS

By JEANNETTE WILSON.

In the bachelor apartment on the top floor of Riverview Court, Paul Laurison paced restlessly up and down. Occasionally he stopped to look out at the spring landscape and sighed.

"You'll be all right now, my boy," was the doctor's parting shot. "Just take plenty of fresh air. Get up on the roof as often as you can."

"Confound the roof," muttered Paul, but he put on his overcoat and went up.

In the apartment below the bachelor's, her eyes red with weeping, Sylvia Randall was washing out a lingerie waist.

"It's mean of Sarah not to come today," she complained, regarding her shriveled fingers ruefully. "She knew I had to have this waist done up. And now I've got to go up on the roof myself and hang the thing out to dry."

But before she went up Sylvia stopped to obliterate the effect of tears and to throw a scarf jauntily over her head.

"I might meet some one," she explained, with a demure little smile at her reflection in the mirror.

A strong wind, whistling over the housetops, snatched the waist from Sylvia's hands just as she was pinning it to the line and would have carried it over the edge of the roof had not help come unexpectedly.

"Oh, thank you—thank you, so much," exclaimed Sylvia. Then, noticing how good looking her benefactor was, she stopped in confusion.

"You're very welcome, I'm sure," answered Paul, lifting his hat and resuming his constitutional.

"It's—it's my own waist, you see," stammered Sylvia.

Paul turned.

"Is it, indeed?" he replied. "Then I'm doubly glad I rescued it."

"I mean, I laundered it for myself. I don't go out. Sarah didn't come. I didn't think there'd be any one up here."

At this Paul burst into a laugh that even Sylvia in her embarrassment found contagious.

"I see," he said, "you are the queen in the garden, hanging out the clothes."

Sylvia assumed an injured look.

"You know that isn't right," she corrected. "It was the maid who was in the garden."

"Honest, was it?" asked Paul. "I never was much good on poetry. I always thought it was the queen, but I'm delighted to find it is really both."

Without another word, Sylvia vanished, leaving Paul transfixed with astonishment.

"How deliciously naive and childlike she is," he chuckled, as he sought a sunny corner in which to stretch his lazy length. Having found one, he smoked a cigarette or two, and then fell to scribbling.

What he scribbled remained for Sylvia to discover. This she did the very next morning, for Sarah, the faithless, was still conspicuous by her absence, and there remained a handful of fluffy trifles that had to be laundered. Sylvia went at the task with commendable resignation. The drying stage reached, with careless indifference to appearances, she ran up to the roof bareheaded and bare-armed. As no one was in sight this time to rescue articles vagrantly disposed, each piece was pinned to the line with a firmness that defied whirlwinds.

This accomplished, a scrap of paper flapping in the side of the chimney attracted Sylvia's attention. She pulled it out from between the bricks, and read the following:

The man was on the housetop
Seeking recreation,
When suddenly the wind changed,
Bringing variation.

The queen was in the roof-tree,
Hanging out her gown,
Along came a brisk breeze
And blew the thing down.

With a sniff, Sylvia tucked the paper into her belt. Then she picked up one of the little stones with which the roof was covered, and tried to mark with it, but without success. A small, sharp-pointed stick proved equally futile. Suddenly, in a corner, she found a burned match. Triumphantly she scratched a word across the rhymes, and then put them back in the chimney.

Here, an hour or two later, Paul found them. So the queen had not come into the garden again, he argued. It was just as well, perhaps. He was about to tear up the nonsense, when Sylvia's scrawling letters caught his eye.

"Silly," he spelled, and shouted with amusement.

Then he pocketed the missive, so oddly transformed from the ridiculous to the sublime, and sought his favorite corner. There was no sun shining on it to-day and the wind was bleak, but he turned up his coat collar and settled down to a smoke and more scribblings. The latter he soon read aloud:

One bright and sunny morning,
When windy was the weather,
I chanced to meet a young maid,
Sweet as Scottish heather.

I began to compliment
And she began to cry:
"How-do-you-do and how-do-you-do,
And why do you say good-by?"

After applauding his own performance Paul got up to deposit the effusion in the friendly chimney crevice. A miniature wash, however, dangling near by, suggested other possibilities. Closer inspection revealed a tiny monogram embroidered in the corner of a cobwebby handkerchief. There were undoubtedly other girls in the house—girls who might have monogram handkerchiefs—but Paul decided to take the risk. Accordingly he inscribed his rhymes "To S. R.," and, that he might not be accused of unfairness, signed his own initials. He then fastened the jingle with a clothespin to the top of a lace collar. The monogram handkerchief he appropriated.

Later in the afternoon a shower developed unexpectedly, and Sylvia rushed up to the roof. There was no stopping between drops to read nonsense rhymes, so she gathered them in with her washing and hurried downstairs.

"Sillier," was her only comment when she read them in the privacy of her room. Then, the loss of her handkerchief dawning suddenly upon her, she pronounced "P. L." not only a bold, bad poet, but a sneakthief, and for days shunned the roof religiously.

Finally, however, curiously got the better of her and she ventured to go up just once more and see what would happen. The prospect wasn't promising. The only person in sight was a trained nurse hanging out blankets.

"I hope no one is very ill," remarked Sylvia.

"Well, he's pretty sick," replied the nurse. "He took cold staying up here on the roof too long after getting over the grip. We're fearful of pneumonia."

Sylvia's heart thumped violently.

"I'm so sorry," she said sympathetically. "Is he delirious?"

The nurse looked at her curiously. "No, not exactly. He talks in his sleep sometimes. Are you a friend of Mr. Laurison's?"

"I—I know him slightly," stammered Sylvia. Then, after a moment, she added timidly: "Is Mr. Laurison conscious?"

"Oh, yes; he's conscious."

"Then please give him this," begged Sylvia, extracting a little crumpled paper from a mysterious hiding place. "Don't let him read it till he's better. He'll know who sent it." Then Sylvia made one of her characteristically dramatic exits.

The days that followed stretched solemnly on into weeks. Occasionally Sylvia inquired of the elevator boy how Mr. Laurison was getting on. It seemed an eternity before his lugubrious "About the same, miss," changed to the cheerful "They say he's much better, miss."

No more counselings now with Dame Grundy as to the propriety of trips to the roof. Sylvia went every day—twice a day. She knew that some time she would find him there. When at length she did she almost ran to him for joy, but remembered, suddenly, that they had met only once before. So she called to him from the distance.

"How do you do, Mr. Laurison?"

Paul started up in his steamer chair and gazed at her in glad surprise.

"Why, how do you do again?" he called cheerily. "Won't you come over and shake hands?"

Sylvia came toward him quickly and extended her little white hand.

"I suppose this is Miss S. R. I have the pleasure of greeting?" said Paul, with cordial informality.

"Yes, Sylvia Randall," she answered.

"I like the queen's name," Paul commented, "and wish I could ask her to stay a while, but I have no throne to offer her."

Without further ceremony Sylvia sat down on the roof and declared herself comfortable.

"I want to thank you, Miss Sylvia," began Paul slowly, "for your message while I was ill. It did me a world of good."

Sylvia looked up at him to see if he was making fun of her, but Paul lay back against the cushions, his eyes apparently closed. From beneath those closed lids, however, he was reveling in the glory of Sylvia's hair and in the color that came and went in her cheeks.

"I wrote it," explained Sylvia, humbly, "before I knew you were ill and before I found out that you are a real author."

"And how did you discover that?" inquired Paul.

"In a magazine," answered Sylvia tersely. "It was a good story—much better stuff than your rhymes."

"Well, you see, writing poetry isn't exactly in my line," said Paul, laughing. "I never did it till I met you. But I like it just the same. My two favorite lines are these:

P. L. was a poet—P. L. was a thief.
P. L. came to my house and stole a handkerchief.

Sylvia hung her head, whether from modesty or amusement Paul couldn't tell.

"The paper they were written on was suspiciously water-marked," he observed. "You didn't really cry, did you?"

"Rain wets things," answered Sylvia laconically. "Besides, what good would it have done to cry? You had my handkerchief."

After this auspicious beginning, the chimney post-office was a wonderfully busy institution, and the old roof woke up all of a sudden to its many romantic possibilities.

"It's truly a garden, isn't it?" whispered Sylvia one night, stealing about in the moonlight with Paul beside her.

"The queen's garden," answered Paul, and Sylvia didn't dispute him.

Then, after a minute of silence, he added: "Hark! I hear some one trying to get over the garden wall."

"Oh, dear! By the fire escape?" gasped Sylvia. Paul shook his head.

"Listen!" he urged. "You can hear his wings."

"Oh," laughed Sylvia shyly. "I know now."

"Shall we help him over?" asked Paul, drawing Sylvia gently to him.

"He doesn't seem to need much help," murmured Sylvia, so softly that Paul could hardly hear the words.

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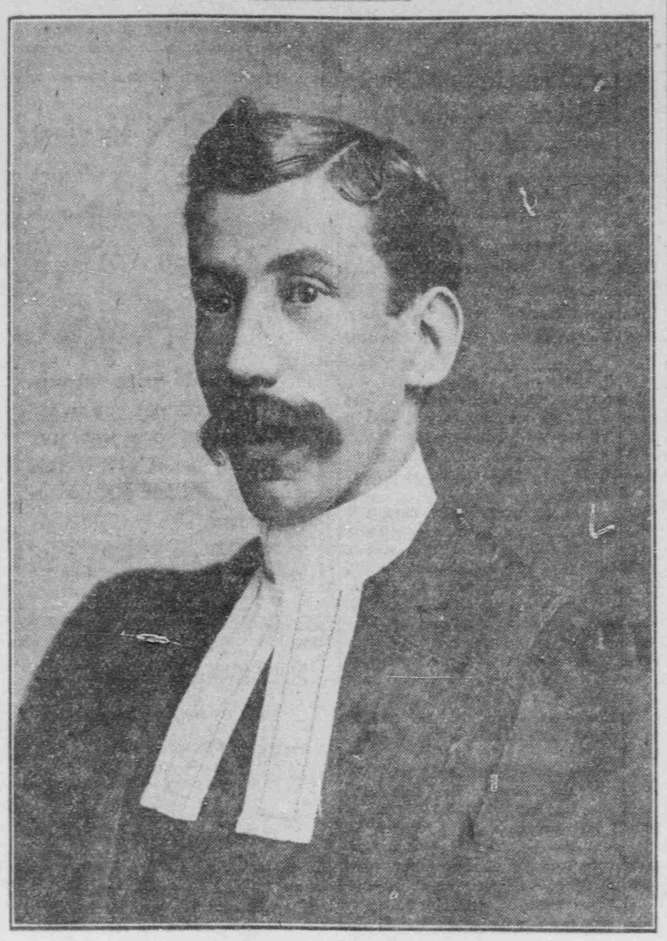
WASHINGTON PASTORS—XXIX.



REV. C. F. BERGNER.

Rev. C. F. Bergner, pastor of the Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church, is one of the most successful Washington pastors. Since his coming to this city, in April, 1904, after refusing a call the previous year, the congregation has grown, and but recently the new church, a handsome structure, built of Port Deposit granite, was dedicated. It is an ornament to the city and is handsomely furnished. It contains ten memorial windows, copies from Hoffman and Plockhorst, ten in number, commencing with the Nativity, over the main entrance, and ending with the Ascension, over the chancel. The other church fixings were also donated as memorials to loved ones. Twice in his short ministry has Rev. Mr. Bergner's salary been raised. The Sunday school has even outstripped the church in growth, and many societies have been organized, including the Ladies' Aid Society, the Men's Society, and many others, besides the Willing Workers and other children's societies.

Rev. Mr. Bergner was born in Utica, N. Y., in 1867. He was graduated from the Theological Seminary of Chicago in May, 1891, and the same year was licensed by the Wartburg Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. He was given his first pastorate, the Lovell charge, in 1892, having the church at Wyandot, Ohio. He served there until March, 1895, when he received his first call, to the First Evangelical Lutheran Church of Nashville, Tenn. During his pastorate there, extending over nine years, the church was twice remodeled, a new pipe organ was installed, and many valuable improvements made. In connection with the work in his pastorate he did considerable mission work in Tennessee and Kentucky. He established the mission Sunday school that later became St. Paul's Lutheran Church, of Nashville, Tenn., and the Zion Evangelical Lutheran Church of Simpson County, Ky. His efforts were also felt in Dixon, Gallerton, and Shelbyville, Tenn.

The officers of Zion Church are: Church council, Rev. Mr. Bergner, Harry Beaureed, and Holle Homerighaus; elders, William Martin, William Hasselbush, and Henry Rupertus; deacons, John A. Wagner, Christian Schmidt, and Elbert Wildman, and trustees, William Schleutter, Christian Herold, and Henry Brandt.

CATHOLIC CHURCH NOTES.

To-morrow will be Communion Sunday in St. Matthew's Church for members of the League of the Sacred Heart and Apostleship of Prayer.

Leaflets of the Living Rosary will be distributed on the following Sunday at 7:30 p. m., immediately after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Through the unceasing zeal and devotion of Rev. Father Edward L. Buckey, the spiritual director, this organization of the Apostleship of Prayer comprises now about 1,000 members of St. Matthew's parish.

In St. Mary's Church the 7 o'clock mass to-morrow will be offered for the living and deceased members of the Sanctuary Society.

The last mass, at 10 o'clock, will be followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

High mass will be sung at 8 o'clock on the Feast of St. Bartholomew Saturday, August 24.

So great is the esteem and affection cherished by Catholics of Washington for the faithful little servers of St. Aloysius' Church, known as the Little League of the Blessed Sacrament, that it seems but just to publish the following interesting letter to Rev. Father A. Leteillier, S. S. S., which appears in the current number of The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament, eliciting from the editor the comment that "It is too sweet and soul-stirring to keep all to our selves."

"Reverend Dear Father: With the permission of our Rev. Director we want to introduce ourselves to you for the purpose of subscribing to The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament and telling you something of ourselves. * * * We are seven members of the St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society of St. Aloysius' Church, and are united in a little society known as the 'Little League of the Blessed Sacrament,' whose duty and privilege it is to bear the communion card at all the masses in our church.

"Our director often reads the Sentinel to us, and we love it, hence wanted you to know about us, thinking you would be interested in our society. We think we are the only little society of our kind. Are we right? We would be glad if you could encourage the foundation of other societies like ours. We believe that the boys who carry the communion cards ought to be very good, since they sometimes bear our Lord Himself in the particles that fall in the cards, and we find that our little society helps us very much in being good boys * * *

"We shall look forward to the first copy of the Sentinel that will be all our own, and that we can take home in turn and read for ourselves.

"Please pray for us, that we may all one day be priests, if it be God's will.

"May we call ourselves, your little sons in the Blessed Sacrament.

"THE LITTLE LEAGUE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT."

Accompanying this earnest letter a picture appears in the Sentinel of the St. John Berchmans' Sanctuary Society of St. Aloysius' Church, the "Little League of the Blessed Sacrament" and their Rev. Spiritual Director, Mr. Francis A. Byrne, S. J.

St. Bernard, the great doctor of the twelfth century, whose writings are among the choicest treasures of the church, will be honored throughout the Catholic world next Wednesday, August 20, the anniversary of his death, which occurred in the year 1153. Eloquent, devotional, and at the same time profoundly philosophical, the writings of St. Bernard are the delight of scholars and thinkers and the edification of the devout. His name is associated with the history of many countries, but his nobler monument is the beautiful prayer, the Memorare (Remember, oh, most pious Virgin), which is embalmed in the hearts of millions of faithful Catholics, universally recited with fervor and devotion, and almost as frequently as the Angelic Salutation itself.

The following day, August 21, the Feast of St. Jane Frances de Chantel, the first superior of the Order of the Visitation, will be commemorated in an especial manner in the Convents of the Visitation.

The holy character and good works of this admirable order are well known to the Catholics of America, and are reflected in many virtuous lives which owe their daily beauty to the careful training of the nuns of the Visitation.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will be given in the chapel of the Convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and special devotions held on the morning of the feast in honor of the first saintly directress of the order.

In the Academy of the Visitation, in Connecticut Avenue, the early morning masses will be followed by solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, terminating in the late afternoon with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

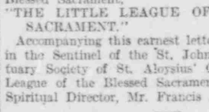
Novel features have been planned by the committee on entertainment for the amusement of those who attend the excursion to Marshall Hall, on Wednesday next, for the benefit of St. Joseph's Church fund, among which will be a laughing contest, a potato race, bag race, and a three-legged race.

The steamer Macalester will make three trips, leaving Washington at 9 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. for the accommodation of family parties, returning at 2 and at 5 p. m.

Those desiring the sail by moonlight can leave here at 6:30 p. m. and return to Washington at 11 o'clock.

St. Martin's Church—Mass on Sunday, 7:30 a. m.; rosary and benediction, 4 p. m.; baptisms, 4:30; mass on week days, 7 a. m. During the absence of Father Hannan, the parish is in charge of Rev. P. E. Conroy. The feast of the Assumption was observed with due solemnity. Rosary and benediction was at 7:30 p. m. The special choir of the Sunday school children rendered the music. Owing to the rapid growth of membership of the parish, exceeding the most sanguine expectations, the buildings at present are inadequate. Consequently a new church in harmony with the beautiful surroundings of this section of the city will soon be erected. A site has already been obtained at North Capitol and T streets for a cost of about $40,000. In order to increase the finances of the church a lawn fete was to be held in September. Father Conroy suggested to the members of the parish that each contribute directly the amount intended for the lawn fete and thus avoid the labor and expense attending church festivals. This plan was cordially indorsed and adopted. Subscriptions amounting to about $3,000 have been already received. Father Conroy thinks about $5,000 will be raised before the end of next week.

Jamestown visitors are arriving daily and looking for furnished rooms. An ad. in The Herald will get them. The Herald has the largest circulation at Norfolk and Jamestown of any Washington paper.



One pair of glasses to see near and far. 50% discount on oculists' prescriptions. SPECIAL PRICE....$1

A. KAHN, 935 F St. N. W.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH NOTES.

Bishop Satterlee is sending out an appeal for funds for the building of the cathedral. Those who know the bishop best have unbounded faith in his ability to secure, if not all the funds needed, at least a very large proportion of them, sufficient at any rate to enable the work to go forward without "let or hindrance," as one of the collects in the prayer book would have us phrase it.

The bishop says the architects were not limited, either as to time or cost. They were simply asked to embody their best and most mature thought in the cathedral design, even if it will take hundreds of years to build it. What, therefore, has been done is this: There has been lifted up before the church an ideal for a cathedral in the Capital of our country, and the same is left to tell its own story in its own way. But the architects say that if the funds are once in hand the cathedral can be built from the accepted designs within five years at a cost which will not probably exceed $5,000,000. But what is this sum, when a single battle ship of the Dreadnought class costs $10,000,000! Moreover, the battle ship lasts but fifteen or twenty years, whereas the cathedral will endure forever as a witness for the Prince of Peace and His gospel.

Of course, any special part of the cathedral, like the choir, can be built and used for public worship for a very much smaller sum.

The first stone of the cathedral is the stone altar, commonly called the Jerusalem altar. Beneath this altar stone will be laid the foundation stone, and if one glances at the exterior view of the south elevation of the cathedral he will see that owing to the sloping ground at the east end there is a well-lighted crypt in this part of the cathedral beneath the altar, illuminated by the handsome stained glass windows. The foundation stone will, therefore, be laid beneath the floor of this crypt.

The architects strongly urge, for practical reasons, that the entire foundation of the cathedral be laid now from the western towers to the apse on the east, so that the whole will become "well bonded together" for all future time. This will cost $250,000.

The foundation stone will be laid on the Sunday preceding the meeting of the international convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Washington. The day is also the Festival of St. Michael and All Angels.

On the occasion of the International Brotherhood convention arrangements are being made to have the various Washington pulpits occupied by the visiting bishops, each of whom is to preach on the same subject: "The Young Man and the Church." This will be in addition to the anniversary service on the same morning, when the speaker will be his grace the Lord Archbishop of the West Indies E. Nuttall, D. D.

Among the bishops who have already signified their intention of being present are: Bishops Olmstead (New York), Gray, Francis, Gravatt, Codman, Potter, Gibson, Darlington, Funsten, Griswold, Bratton, Brewer, Moreland, Johnston, Brooke, Edsall, Nelson (Georgia), Partridge, Kinsolving (Texas), McKim, Scadding, Whitehead, Brown, Cheshire, Tuttle, Brent, Woodcock, and Gailor. The last four are scheduled to speak during the convention.

Bishop Kinsolving, of Texas, is one of the sons of Anak, that is to say, he stands considerably over 6 feet in height. Some years ago, when he was attending his first general convention as a bishop, which happened to be held in Baltimore, a little boy, struck with his appearance, stopped him in the street, and said: "Please, sir, ain't you Buffalo Bill?" Quick as a flash came the reply, "No, my little fellow; I'm Texas George."

About Bishop Potter, of New York, all sorts of interesting stories are told, illustrative of the bishop's ready wit. Spending a night once at a country home, he removed the little silver articles on the bureau and placed them in one of the drawers, substituting his own. On leaving, the good bishop forgot to replace things as he found them. Soon an anxious inquiry came by telegraph: "What had become of the silver?" Back came the answer: "Poor, but honest. Look in the bureau drawer."

This, of course, was before Bishop Potter married Mrs. Clark, who was a widow with many millions.

In the country parts of the Washington Diocese this is the time for festivals and church picnics. One can not go far without running into one or two.

If you are in need of anything, put a want ad. in The Herald, and see how quick you get results.

CHURCH SERVICES TO-MORROW

IN WASHINGTON AND ITS VICINITY.

Notices for these columns should reach The Herald office by 9 p. m. Friday.

EPISCOPAL.

EPISCOPAL.

ST. THOMAS' CHURCH, Near Dupont Circle. 8 and 11 a. m., Rev. W. J. Cox.

PRO-CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION, 12th and Mass. ave. nw. Rt. Rev. H. Y. Satterlee, D. D., Bishop; Rev. Robert E. Browning, curate in charge. Services, 7:30 and 11 a. m. Preacher to-morrow, Rev. W. J. Cox, D. D. Cordial welcome for all.

PEOPLE'S OPEN-AIR EVENSONG, Cathedral grounds, Mount St. Alban, August 18, at 4 p. m. Special preacher, Rev. Charles C. Pierce, D. D., chaplain U. S. A. Vested choir, led by detachment of U. S. Marine Band. Take Tennallytown cars.

TRINITY CHURCH, 3d and C sts. nw. Rev. Richard P. Williams, Rev. Lionel A. Wye. Services at 7:30 and 11 a. m. au3,10,17,24,31

CHRIST CHURCH PARISH, Georgetown. Rev. James H. W. Blake, rector. 11 a. m., morning prayer and sermon. au17-sa2t

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, 23d st., near Washington Circle. Rev. Alfred Harding, D. D., and Rev. Charles H. Holmead, clergy. Holy Communion, 7:30 and 11 a. m. Morning service, 10 a. m. Choral evensong, 8 p. m.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, Georgetown. Rev. Dr. Howden, rector. Services: 7:30 a. m., Holy Communion; 11 a. m., morning service and sermon.

ST. MARK'S, 3d and A se. Rev. Dr. W. L. De Vries, rector. Services, 7:30 and 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. The rector will preach morning and evening.

UNIVERSALIST.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER, 13th and L sts. nw. Rev. John Van Schaick, jr., pastor. 11 a. m., morning service. 6 p. m., Y. P. C. U.

CONGREGATIONAL.

MT. PLEASANT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Columbia road and 14th st. nw. Rev. M. Ross Fishburn, pastor. 9:30 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., preaching by Rev. W. E. De Riemer.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, 10th and G sts. nw. Rev. Samuel H. Woodrow, D. D., pastor. 11 a. m., public worship, with sermon by Rev. Howard Mudie, of the Second Parish Church, Portland, Me.; 9:45 a. m., Sunday school; 7 p. m., Christian Endeavor. No evening preaching service. au17-sa2t

LUTHERAN.

MEMORIAL. Pastor, J. G. Butler. 11 a. m., Rev. Dr. R. H. Naylor; 7 p. m., C. E. No evening service.

CHRISTIAN.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH, 9th and D sts. ne. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Pastor, George A. Miller. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.

PRESBYTERIAN.

NEW YORK AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, N. Y. ave., H and 13th sts., Dr. Wallace Radcliffe, pastor. 11 a. m., Rev. William N. Kincaid, D. D., of the First Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, N. C.; no evening service; 6:45 p. m., Christian Endeavor Society. au10,17,24

FIRST—The Strangers' Sabbath Home. Donald C. MacLeod, minister. 11 a. m., "Safe Investments and Profitable Dividends;" S. S., 9:30 a. m.; C. E., 6:45 p. m. All are welcome.

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN (Southern Assembly), cor. 3d and I sts. nw. Preaching at 11 a. m. and at 8 p. m. by Rev. A. H. McArn, of Cheraw, N. C.; Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 7 p. m.; prayer meeting, Thursday, 8 p. m. Seats free. All welcome. au17-sa2t

THE CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, Conn. ave., N. and 18th sts. Rev. James M. Henry will officiate to-morrow at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor meeting at 7 p. m.

BAPTIST.

FIRST BAPTIST, 16th and O st. nw. S. S., 9:30 a. m. Sermon by pastor, Rev. Charles F. Wingler, at 11 a. m. Subject: "Vacation Sights and Experiences." All are welcome.

TEMPLE BAPTIST CHURCH, cor. 10th and N sts. nw. Sermons at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. by Rev. A. F. Anderson, of Harrisburg, Pa.; S. S., 9:30 a. m.; Y. P.'s meeting, 7 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

HAMLINE M. E. CHURCH, 9th and P sts. nw. Carl G. Doney, pastor. 9:30, Sunday school; 11, sermon, "Supply and Demand;" 7, Epworth League; 8, sermon, "Hedges and Serpents." Every one welcome.

FOUNDRY M. E. CHURCH, 16th and Church sts. nw. Rev. Robert M. Moore, D. D., pastor. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; preaching by pastor, 11 a. m.; vesper service, in charge of Epworth League, 8 p. m. Seats free. All welcome.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL SOUTH.

MOUNT VERNON PLACE M. E. CHURCH SOUTH, cor. 9th and K sts. nw. Rev. William French Locke, pastor. 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., preaching by the pastor; Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; Epworth League, 7 p. m.

ST. PAUL, 2d and S sts. nw. Rev. P. W. Jeffries, pastor. 9:30 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., sermon by Rev. W. P. C. Coe. TWILIGHT SERVICE, 7:30 to 8:30 p. m. au17-sa2t

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, 15th and R sts. nw. Service: Sunday, 11 a. m. Subject: "MIND." Sunday school, 11 a. m.; Wednesday, 8 p. m. Public cordially invited. All seats free. Free reading room in the Colorado Bldg, Suite 601.

OTHER SERVICES.

CENTRAL UNION MISSION—3 p. m., Mrs. R. R. Riedel; 4:45 p. m., N and Union streets southwest, Mrs. L. F. Olney and Miss Jennie Smith; 7 p. m., Market Square, Rev. J. C. Fernald; 8 p. m., Mr. J. C. Pratt.

AMUSEMENTS.

25c 50c 75c — To-night, 8:15 — OPERA — Mat. 25c. 50c.
NEW NATIONAL THEATER — Matinee To-day At 2:15. — ABORN OPERA CO. in
The Romantic Opera—MARITANA—Cast of Sixty.
LAST WEEK—SEATS SELLING. "IL TROVATORE." With ESTELLE WENTWORTH.

BELASCO THEATRE AND ROOF GARDEN
Prices, 25c to 75c. "Teddy Bear" Matinee To-day, 25c and 50c.
CHARLOTTE WALKER
In H. H. Davies' Clever Comedy, "Cousin Kate"
Next Week—"THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

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Direction Lafayette Amusement Company.
THE POPULAR FAMILY PLAYHOUSE.
OPENS NEXT MONDAY, AUGUST 19.
Matinees Daily, 2:15. Evenings, 8:15.
Prices, Mat., 15 & 25c. Evgs., 15, 25, & 50c.
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IN THE CHRISTIAN
'Phone M. 5116. Box Office Now Open.

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Daily Matinees, 25c. Evenings, 25c and 50c.
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OPENING MONDAY MATINEE, AUG. 19TH
Box Office now open for Advance Sale from 8:30 a. m. to 9 p. m. daily.
Magnificent inaugural bill, including Grigolati's Gorgeous Aerial Ballet; Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and Company; The American Comedy Four; Mlle. Clara Ballerini; Walter Daniels; Poulton & Dooley; Prof. Dubois' Educated Baboon, and the Motion Pictures, "The Boy, the Bust, and the Bath."
Buy Seats at once and secure the best.

POPULAR WITH THE PEOPLE — NEW LYCEUM
MATINEE DAILY ALL THIS WEEK.
THE INNOCENT MAIDS
WITH A LAVISH PRODUCTION OF SCENERY, COSTUMES, AND GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS.
NEXT WEEK—MINER'S AMERICANS.

GLEN ECHO HIPPODROME
GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S
To-night H. M. S. PINAFORE LAST NIGHT.
Big Chorus. Excellent Cast.
Reserved Seats—POPULAR PRICE, 25c., on sale at A. F. Jones' Ticket Agency in Topham's, 1219 F St. N. W.

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Also at the news booths throughout the Exposition grounds.

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