

WHERE OUR ROYALTY WORSHIP

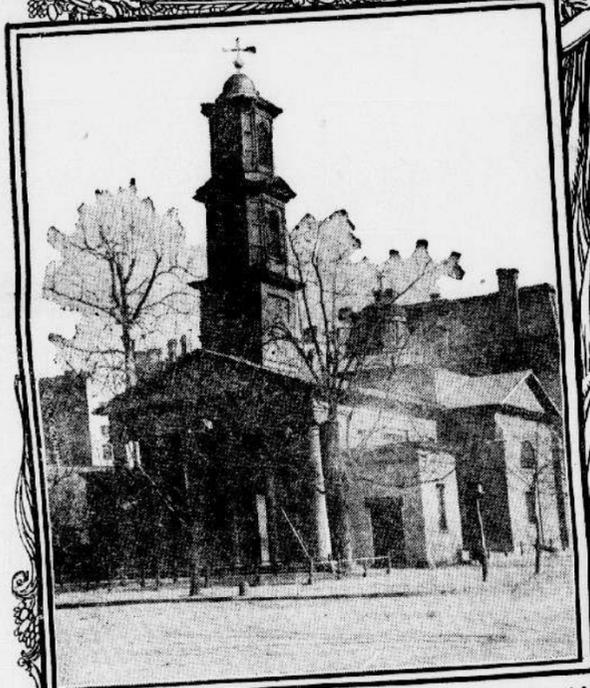
By WILL P. SHAFER



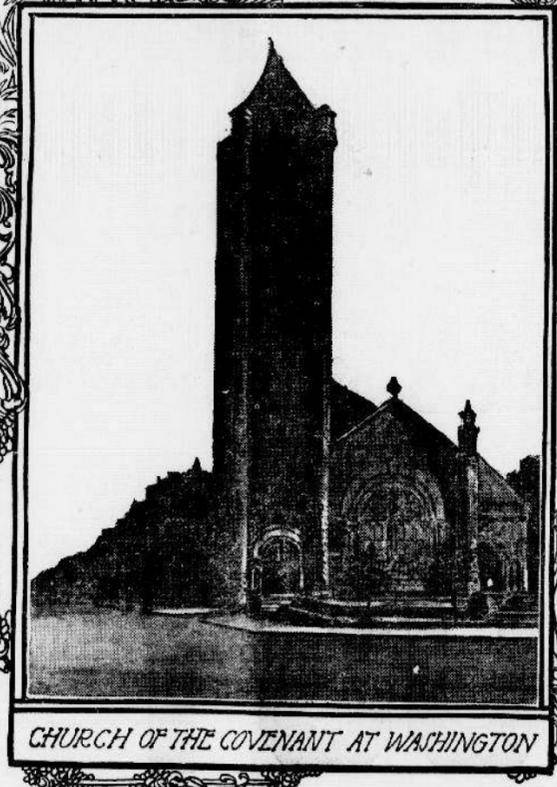
MRS. W. H. TAFT



MRS. J. S. SHERMAN



OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AT WASHINGTON



CHURCH OF THE COVENANT AT WASHINGTON

LIKE "EASY MONEY"

AMATEUR BEGGAR'S HARD LUCK STORY WON.

But Perhaps If He Really Had Been Hungry His Nerve Would Have Failed Him at the Critical Stage.

After turning down an uncouth looking stranger who expressed his desire for the price of a meal, John A. Thompson continued thoughtfully on his way.

"Must be embarrassing to ask a man for a dime and get turned down," mused John. "That poor fellow didn't know how to put up a plausible story. 'Tisn't so easy, meebby. Like as not I couldn't do any better."

These thoughts led to still more thoughts and the first thing John knew he had determined to find out if he could tell a hard luck story that would get the money.

Slowly and with measured stride, he strolled on down Superior avenue. He had decided to watch and prey, and keep on watching until he sighted his prey.

By and by, a well-dressed man, valise in hand, whom John felt sure was a total stranger to him, came walking briskly along.

John Thompson stopped him. "You doubtless have just finished a hotel dinner," began John. "I am hungry. Were you ever hungry?"

"I don't care to be cross-examined," returned the stranger tartly.

John winced slightly. Could the stranger know that he made his living cross-examining people? But he took hold of the man's lapel and renewed his line of talk. "I've got to have a piece of money, I tell you," he said with vehemence. "I'm hungry. You wouldn't stop to argue if you'd ever been real hungry. Possibly you've been reared in the lap of luxury and don't realize how gray the sky line looks when you haven't even the price of a sandwich in your pocket."

"You seem like an intelligent fellow," remarked John's victim, sizing him up, curiously. "You shouldn't have to go hungry. There is work for all in this world."

"You are complimentary," returned John, "but it does not alleviate my craving for food. My stomach has been almost entirely depleted for 24 hours. Have you no sympathy? Is there no feeling of humanity in your soul?"

"Your clothes are good tailor-made garments, I take it. You shouldn't be without funds. You've seen better days."

"You're evading the issue," sighed John, sadly. "The fact remains that I am hungry, almost to the point of starvation. If you are unwilling to aid a poor, needy person like me, say so and—"

"Oh, well, take this," cut in the stranger, dropping a quarter into Thompson's hand. "I didn't say I wouldn't help you. I am simply interested in sociology and wondered why a man, evidently of some intelligence, should—"

John was smiling whimsically as he replaced the quarter in the hand of his benefactor.

"I just wanted to see if I could do it," he explained. Then drawing a crisp new five-dollar bill from his vest pocket, he added: "Walk on over across the street with me and have a cigar or something."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dream of Grouchy Man.

Landlord W. J. Akers is authority for this story, told a few days ago by Congressman Adam Bede during a brief sojourn in the city.

It's about a man who got up wrong foot foremost, refusing to respond to his wife's cheerful greeting and working himself up into a sullen fury for no reason at all.

"Did you sleep well, dear?" she sweetly asked, all unaware of his huff.

"Sleep, nothing!" exclaimed the grouchy. "I did nothing but dream."

"How nice," she giggled. "I wonder if you dreamed of me?"

"Just that," he affirmed. "All night, too."

"And what did you dream, dear?" she ruthlessly pursued her inquiry.

"Dreamed you ran away with a fellow," he growled.

"Yes? And—"

"And I was wondering what in thunder he was running for."—Cleveland Leader.

Police Dogs Useful in Parks.

In the Amsterdam and Haarlem parks and woods the police dog is invaluable and has already saved many a woman and child from molestation.

The idea that such dogs are about causes a wholesome dread in the minds of would-be criminals. It is hoped that The Hague will also soon be favored with canine additions to the police force, for the extensive parks and woods are often rendered dangerous by tramps and other undesirable individuals.

Defends "Art" on Billboards.

Charles M. Bowman, a councilman of Wilkesbarre, has achieved fame by defending theatrical billboards. In a speech which turned the tide in the city council that seemed setting against these prominently pervasive objects, he said: "Where, I say, where can you get finer art than is on some of the billboards? These pictures excel in beauty the paintings of Benjamin West or the sculpture of Michael Angelo and are a delight to the naked eye."

JOLT FOR COLLEGE SLUMMERS.

Sociology Students Aroused the Ire of a Bowery "Boozie."

The class in sociology at Williams college, which occasionally makes a visit to New York's slums, is at least gaining material upon which each of them should make a reputation as a raconteur, if they don't learn how the other half lives. The other day they visited Magistrate Finn's court and were seated in a long row behind the bench. A pickled lady from the Bowery gazed at them with outspoken abhorrence. "Dirty little sussie judges," said she. "Oughter be 'shamed of 'emselves—comin' down here embarrass hard-workin' lady. If I could get at 'em, I'd learn 'em. I'll get at 'em anyhow."

The court officer restored her to her place in line, dragging her violently back just as she had half way mounted the rail separating her from the sussy judges. The sociologists flushed crimson. She still watched them angrily. The crowded courtroom, with never a smile in its hundreds, stared at the college boys dully. Now and then one spectator would point out something unique about the sociologists to his neighbor, and the pair would mutter together. Finn and his victims were forgotten in the interest aroused by the sociologists. The soused person was pushed along in front of the magistrate. She turned her back on the court to watch the sociologists. Failing to gain her attention, Magistrate Finn said: "Ten days."

"Sure, Dan, dear," she half whispered to Mr. Finn, "turn me loose wid them Nancies for just a minnut and make it twenty days."

Solitude and Society.

At the opposite poles of our inner being are two imperative needs. One is for solitude, the other for society. Women never reach their best development if they live in loneliness or if they spend their whole lives in the social whirl, writes Margaret E. Sanger in Woman's Home Companion. For our soul's growth in goodness we require time in which to be alone. To the busy mother with her little ones around her, to the woman who prepares three meals a day, to a third who is driven by social engagements, it seems idle to insist that she shall have an hour or two by herself between sunrise and sunset. Without this little space of quiet, let it be ever so hard to attain, let me tell my sister that she will cease to thrive mentally and spiritually. She must think enough about herself to claim this privilege and hold it fast; but no one should shut herself up and live apart from her neighbors unless neighbors are so remote that to reach them she must drive miles across country. In this case the best plan is to find society in books and to cultivate in the family a habit of playing games and uniting in evening amusements.

Religion in Business.

The difficulty of living as a Christian should was expressed last week by a young stenographer employed in a large Cleveland business house.

"You can't live as Christ did and be an employe of a large firm," the young woman said.

Sunday she attended the mass-meeting of young Christians at Epworth Memorial church. She was one of the 1,500 who stood up, promising to live for the next two weeks as Christ would. Two days of the experiment convinced her of its impossibility in Cleveland business life.

"It can't be done by an employe," she said. "The employe himself might carry the morality of Christ into his business if he chose. But the employe—at least, in my case—does not, and it is suicidal for the employe to attempt it. Christ's morality and business tact clash. An employe insisting upon rigid honesty would be discharged instantly."

"I don't mean to say my firm is dishonest. Along broad lines it isn't. But the managers resort to many evasions of the truth in order to escape unpleasant consequences."

Too Good a Story to Keep.

This woman was ill, or thought she was, which came to the same thing. Accustomed to the ministrations of the family physician, she sent out a hurry call, but the medico could not be located for the moment. She grew sick and sicker with every minute, and as a last resort, another medical man was sent for, a stranger, but of high repute.

Before he could respond, the family physician turned up and cared for his patient. He was not told that another had been called in, and when the second man arrived, the lady was so flustered and nonplused by the false position in which she found herself that she sent down word she was too ill to see the physician—would he excuse her?

He happened to mention the strange incident to the family physician, with whom he maintains close relations, and that is how the story leaked out.

Misanthropy.

"Don't you wish you were a boy again?"

"Yes," answered Sirius Barker. "I see a lot of people that make me wish my dignity did not prevent me from laying for them with a few dozen rocks."

In Distress.

Mrs. Newwed—Charlie, where is that hot water bag? Baby has the colic.

Mr. Newwed—Well, baby will have to wait until I finish thawing out these pipes.



VERY large proportion of the people of the country take the keenest interest in the religious views and denominational affiliations of the chief magistrate of the republic and his family, and this interest extends in only a slightly lesser degree to the church connections of the vice president and his household.

Practically all of the nation's rulers, from the days of George Washington to the present time, have been churchgoers and thus it has come about that instinctively the interest manifested in the church homes of the leaders of a new administration is second only to the interest in the personalities of the new leaders themselves.

There are a number of churches at the national capital that have at one time or another enjoyed the distinction of being the "President's Church," but with the inauguration of President Taft this honor will descend to an edifice that has never heretofore attained such prominence. All Souls' Unitarian church will be the new "President's Church," displacing the Dutch Reformed church which has served in similar capacity during the Roosevelt regime. While the present All Souls' now takes rank as a president's church for the first time, the predecessor of the present edifice as the home of this congregation had early title to the honor, for one of the founders of this historic Washington church was John Quincy Adams.

William H. Taft has been a pewholder at All Souls—the only Unitarian church at the capital—ever since taking up his residence at Washington. It may be remembered that during the campaign it was asserted that Mr. Taft was an atheist, but the charge was, of course, totally unfounded. The president-elect is of a Unitarian family, his father and mother both being Unitarians, his grandmother having joined the Unitarian movement with the famous Dr. Channing. William H. Taft, like his father before him, was a member of the Unitarian church of Cincinnati. After entering official life in Washington he took a pew in the church that is henceforth to be known as the "President's Church."

However, as might be expected of a Unitarian, President-elect Taft is broad-minded in his religious views. The Taft family, like the Roosevelts, is divided in religious views, but Mr. Taft is not so aggressively loyal to his own denomination but what he frequently goes with Mrs. Taft to the Episcopal church, of which she, following in the footsteps of her family, is a member. When the Tafts spent the summers at Murray Bay, Canada—a practice that continued for 16 years—Mr. Taft took a particular interest in the union chapel of the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches, which he was wont to attend every Sunday during the vacation period, and now that he has chosen a new playground—Hot Springs, Va., he has become a regular attendant at St. Luke's Episcopal church, a diminutive place of worship at this mountain retreat.

The new president's church in Washington is one of the most historic churches in what might be termed "The City of Famous Churches." John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, Bullfinch, the late Senator Hoar have been among its members. President Taft will be called to worship every Sunday morning by the far-reaching tones of a great bell cast by the famous Paul Revere of revolutionary fame. This bell, which has a place in a lofty belfry, has sounded on great public occasions since 1822, tolling for Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley.

All Souls' church is a red brick building with lofty steeple and an architectural style familiar in such edifices. It is, however, rendered distinctive in appearance by reason of the fact that it is draped from steps to steeple in ivy which never loses its luster.

The church, which is a large one with a commodious gallery, can seat upward of 1,000 persons. This is a valuable asset for a presidential church. When President Roosevelt came to Washington the congregation of which he became a member, and which had previously worshiped in a small chapel, had to build a large edifice because of the responsibilities entailed upon a presidential church, and the new edifice, although it seats close to 500 people, has seldom been large enough to accommodate the throngs of tourists who consider attendance at the president's church one of the features of a visit to Washington. The new president's pastor is the Rev. Ulysses Grant Baker Pierce. He is a native of Providence, R. I., and was born in the closing year of the civil war. He was educated in New England and at Hillsdale college, Michigan, and also pursued advanced studies at Harvard. He has had pastorates in Iowa, California and Ithaca, N. Y., and came to his present charge in 1891, in which year also he married Florence, the daughter of Capt. Lonsbury of Michigan. The Rev. Mr. Pierce, like the distinguished member of his congregation, has traveled extensively and lectures considerably upon travel subjects.

By odd coincidence Mrs. Taft is a member of the same church as Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt—old St. John's, situated just across the park from the White House and often called the "Church of the Presidents," from the fact that every president from Madison to Lincoln, and several since that time, have worshipped there. The quaint little edifice is also dubbed "The Court Church," from the

fact that many leading foreign diplomats and high officials of the nation have attended its services. Admiral George Dewey is now a vestryman at this church. St. John's is a tiny church, but the congregation can not buy a foot of land in any direction in this select neighborhood for purposes of enlargement, and so the membership of the congregation is necessarily pretty much of a close corporation. When a pew is released it is sold at auction and the successful bidder must usually pay well above \$2,000. A pew is set aside for the use of the president of the United States and his family, and this pew, which has been occupied by Mrs. Roosevelt and her children for the last seven years, will be at the disposal of Mrs. Taft if she

wishes it, but the future first lady of the land has for some time past had pew No. 24 in this church, a pew that is well forward in the church and in almost as desirable a location as the presidential pew, if she prefers to retain it. Mrs. Taft adheres rigidly to everything ordained by her church. There will be little social gaiety at the White House during Lent while the Tafts are in possession, and Mrs. Taft has steadfastly held out against the fad for Sunday entertainments which has grown rapidly in recent years in our cosmopolitan capital.

Miss Helen Taft, like Miss Ethel Roosevelt, has followed in the footsteps of her mother in religious inclinations.

St. John's church, where Mrs. Taft and her daughter will worship, is built in the form of a Latin cross with a portico supported by massive columns. The exterior has a pebble finish and portions of the church are well-nigh covered with ivy. The original building was erected in 1816, and there are few churches in this country that convey such an impression of great age. This church is little more than a square from the White House, and the president's church is also within easy walking distance.

The new vice-president and Mrs. Sherman are members of the Church of the Covenant, of the Presbyterian denomination. This edifice, which is unique and imposing architecturally, is located on Connecticut avenue, one of the fashionable boulevards of the capital. Directly opposite is the residence of Senator Dewey, and diagonally across the street are the British and Austro-Hungarian embassies. Benjamin Harrison worshipped in the Church of the Covenant during his term of office as president and James G. Blaine and the late Secretary Hay were pewholders. Miss Helen Taft was married in this church, and it has been the scene of many notable services.