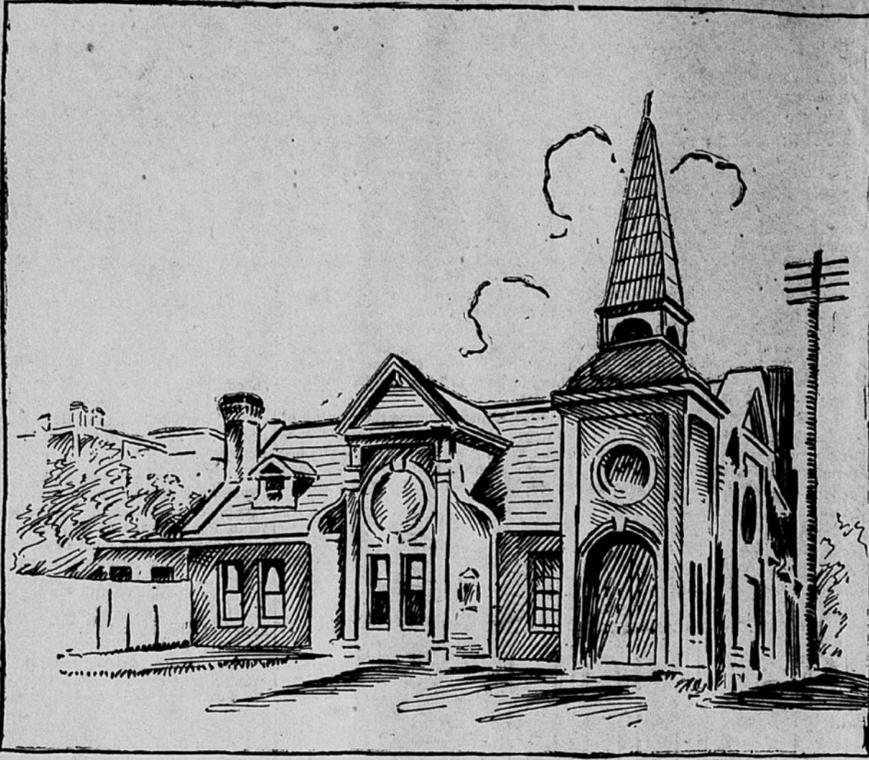


# PRESIDENT SINGS IN CHURCH.



LITTLE CHAPEL OF THE DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH IN WHICH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WORSHIPS. IT IS THE SMALLEST CHURCH BUILDING IN THE CAPITAL.

President Roosevelt attends divine service at the German Reformed church, of which the Rev. Dr. J. M. Schick is pastor. The church is situated at Fifteenth and O streets, Northwest, Washington.

The church is a small brick structure with a slate roof, and the regu-

lar congregation is only 21. The following telegram from Washington tells of the president's first Sunday at this church. The service on Sunday was the President joined with the congregation in singing the hymn, "Jesus, the Hope of Israel, the Desired of All Nations." The pastor announced as his text Ephesians iii, 17-19: "That

Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that we might be filled with the fullness of God."

## Russia's Neat Army.

The Russian soldier's diet is largely vegetarian. Favorite dinner dishes include "stche"—a cabbage soup—potatoes, peas, beans, macaroni and various kinds of porridges, eaten with onions and lard. Only half a pound of meat is allowed each man daily, and the Russian pound is ten per cent less than in this country. Mushrooms are consumed in great quantities when in season. Three pounds of black rye bread are included in the daily rations and if any is left over the men are at liberty to sell the remains. As the soldiers' bread is very nourishing and purer than the ordinary bakers', the extra rations sell well. In the way of drink, beer is too great a luxury for him, so he quenches his thirst with "qvas," a cheap substitute made from fermented black bread. On high days the soldiers are regaled with vodka, often at their officers' expense.

Their games are of the most primitive character. Their greatest pleasures are singing, dancing and playing on the "garmionika," a musical instrument like a concertina, or on the "bal-lalaika," a national musical instru-

ment something like a banjo, which will keep them amused for hours. Singing, however, is the soldier's greatest pleasure, and chorus singing is a great feature in the Russian army's accomplishments. The number of songs an ordinary soldier knows is beyond belief. Singing is encouraged by the officers, and the men with the best voices are especially rewarded. Among illiterate people the singer will always be able to exert a great influence. One has hardly to see a Russian regiment on the march to understand what moral power the singers can give the soldiers.

According to the latest returns for 1901, the statistics for the Russian army are as follows, on peace footing: Infantry, 900 battalions of foot, or 450,000 bayonets; cavalry, 59 regiments, or 51,000 sabers; artillery, 400 batteries, or 1,700 guns; Cossacks, 58,000 men and 108 cannon. The general total on peace footing, including those not in the ranks, garrison troops, and local reserve forces, amounts to 950,000 men, with 350,000 horses. On a war footing, including the reserves, the soldiers of the czar

amount to 3,500,000 men and 600,000 horses.

## The Japanese Maid.

A Japanese maid is now an absolute necessity to the society woman who desires to be strictly up to date. Prominent women in New York are all adopting the idea, and they are finding that the pretty Jap women can attend to their wants far better than the French maid, who for so long has been in such demand by the smart set. There are several reasons why the Japanese woman makes a better maid than the French, German or English woman. In the first place she is the most cleanly person on the face of the earth, and that counts for a whole lot. Then she knows how to dress the hair better than any of her sisters and she knows more little secrets which are of value, in millady's boudoir than the woman of any other nationality.

General Charles Heywood, commandant of the United States marine corps, holds the oldest commission in either branch of the fighting force. Next to him comes Admiral Dewey.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

DEFEATS OF OBLIVION LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"He Shall Be No More Remembered"—Job xxiv, 20—"The Righteous Shall Be in Everlasting Remembrance"—Psalms cxli, 6.

Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y. J. Washington, Sept. 29.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how any one can be widely and forever recollecting and cheers despondent Christian workers; texts, Job xxiv, 20, "He shall be no more remembered," and Psalms cxli, 6, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Of oblivion and its defeats I speak today. There is an old monster that swallows down everything. It crunches individuals, families, communities, states, nations, continents, hemispheres, worlds. Its diet is made up of years, of centuries, of ages, of cycles, of millenniums, of eons. That monster is called by Noah Webster and all other dictionaries "Oblivion." It is a steep down which everything rolls. It is a conflagration in which everything is consumed. It is a dirge which all orchestras play and a period at which everything stops. It is the cemetery of the human race. It is the domain of forgetfulness. Oblivion! At times it throws a shadow over all of us, and I would not pronounce it today if I did not come armed in the strength of the eternal God on your behalf to attack it, to route it, to demolish it.

Why, just look at the way the families of the earth disappear. For awhile they are together, inseparable, and to each other indispensable, and then they part, some by marriage going to establish other homes, and some leave this life, and a century is long enough to plant a family, develop it, prosper it and obliterate it. So the generations vanish. Walk up Pennsylvania avenue, Washington; Broadway, New York; State street, Boston; Chestnut street, Philadelphia; the Strand, London; Princess street, Edinburgh; Champs Elysees, Paris; Unter den Linden, Berlin, and you will meet in this year, 1901 not one person who walked there in the year 1801. What engulfment! All the ordinary efforts at perpetuation art dead failures. Walter Scott's Old Mortality may go round with his chisel to recut the faded epitaphs on tombstones, but Old Oblivion has a quicker chisel with which he can cut out a thousand epitaphs while Old Mortality is cutting one epitaph. Whole libraries of biographies devoured of bookworms or unread of the rising generations. All the signs of the stores and warehouses of great firms have changed, unless the grandsons think that it is an advantage to keep the old sign up because the name of the ancestor was more commendatory than the name of the descendant. The city of Rome stands today, but dig down deep enough, and you come to another Rome, buried, and go down still farther, and you will find a third Rome. Jerusalem stands today, but dig down deep enough and you will find a Jerusalem underneath and go on and deeper down a third Jerusalem. Alexandria, Egypt, on top of an Alexandria, and the second on top of the third. Many of the ancient cities are buried thirty feet deep or fifty feet deep or 100 feet deep. What was the matter? Any special calamity? No. The wind and waves and sands and flying dust are all undertakers and gravediggers, and if the world stands long enough the present Washington and New York and London will have on top of them other Washingtons and New Yorks and Londons, and only after digging and boring and blasting will the archaeologists of far distant centuries come down as far as the highest spires and domes and turrets of our present American and European cities.

Patagonia. Tell me something about your great-grandfather. What were his features? What did he do? What year was he born? What year did he die? And your great-grandmother? Will you describe the style of the hat she wore, and how did she and your great-grandfather get on in each other's companionship? Was it March weather or June? Oblivion! That mountain surge rolls over everything. Even the pyramids are dying. Not a day passes but there is chiseled off a chip of that granite. The sea is triumphing over the land, and what is going on at our Atlantic coast is going on all around the world, and the continents are crumbling into the waves, and while this is transpiring on the outside of the world, the hot chisel of the internal fire is digging under the foundations of the earth and cutting its way out toward the surface. It surprises me to hear the people say they do not think the world will finally be burned up when all the scientists will tell you that it has for ages been on fire.

Why, there is only a crust between us and the furnaces inside raging to get out. Oblivion! The world itself will roll into it as easily as a school-boy's india rubber ball rolls down a hill, and when our world goes it is so interlocked by the law of gravitation with other worlds that they will go too, and so far from having our memory perpetuated by a monument of Aberdeen granite in this world there is no world in sight of our strongest telescope that will be a sure pediment for any slab of commemoration of the fact that we ever lived or died at all. Our earth is struck with death. The axletree of the constellations will break and let down the populations of other worlds. Stellar, lunar, solar, mortality. Oblivion! It can swallow and will swallow whole galaxies of worlds as easily as a crocodile takes down a frog.

Yet oblivion does not remove or swallow everything that had better not be removed or swallowed. The old monster is welcome to his meal. This world would long ago have been overpowered if not for the merciful removal of nations and generations. What if all the books had lived that were ever written and printed and published? The libraries would by their immensity have obstructed intelligence and made all research impossible. The fatal epidemic of books was a merciful epidemic. Many of the state and national libraries today are only morgues, in which dead books are waiting for some one to come and recognize them. What if all the people that had been born were still alive? We would have been elbowed by our ancestors of ten centuries ago, and people who ought to have said their last word 2,000 years ago would snarl at us, saying, "What are you doing here?" There would have been no room to turn around. Some of the past generations of mankind were not worth remembering. The first useful thing that many people did was to die, their cradle a misfortune and their grave a boon. This world was hardly a comfortable place to live in before the middle of the eighteenth century. So many things have come into the world that were not fit to stay in we ought to be glad they were put out. The waters of Lethe, the fountain of forgetfulness, are a healthful draft. The history we have of the world in ages past is always one sided and cannot be depended on. History is fiction illustrated by a few straggling facts.

Why We Should Be Remembered. Now, I have told you that this oblivion of which I have spoken has its defeats and that there is no more reason why we should not be distinctly and vividly and gloriously remembered five hundred million billion trillion quadrillion quintillion years from now than that we should be remembered six weeks. I am going to tell you how the thing can be done and will be done.

We may build this "everlasting remembrance," as my text styles it, into the supernal existence of those to whom we do kindness in this world. You must remember that this inborn and treacherous faculty which we now call memory is in the future state to be complete and perfect. "Everlasting remembrance!" Nothing will slip the stout grip of that celestial faculty. Did you help a widow pay her rent? Did you find for that man released from prison a place to get honest work? Did you pick up a child fallen on the curbstone and by a stick of candy put in his hand stop the hurt on his scratched knee? Did you assure a business man swamped by the stringency of the money market that times would after awhile be better? Did you lead a Magdalen of the street into a midnight mission, where the Lord said to her, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more?" Did you tell a man clear discouraged in his waywardness and hopeless and plotting suicide that for him was near by a laver in which he might wash and a coronet of eternal blessedness he might wear? What are epitaphs in graveyards, what are eulogiums in presence of those whose breath is in their nostrils, what are unread biographies in the alcoves of a city library, compared with the imperishable records you have made in the illumined memories of those to whom you did such kindnesses? Forget them? They cannot forget them. Notwithstanding all their might and splendor there are some things the glorified of heaven cannot do, and this is one of them. They cannot forget an earthly kindness done. They have no cutlases to part that cable. They have no strength to hurl into oblivion that benefaction. Has Paul forgotten the inhabitants of Malta, who extended the island hospitality when he and others with him had felt, added to a ship-

wreck, the drenching rain and the sharp cold? Has the victim of the highwayman on the road to Jericho forgotten the good Samaritan with a medicament of oil and wine and a free ride to the hostelry? Have the English soldiers who went up to God from the Crimean battlefields forgotten Florence Nightingale? Through all eternity will the northern and southern soldiers forget the northern and southern women who administered to the dying boys in blue and gray after the awful fights in Tennessee and Pennsylvania and Virginia and Georgia, which turned every house and barn and shed into an hospital and incarnated the Susquehanna and the James and the Chattahoochee and the Savannah with brave blood? The kindnesses you do to others will stand as long in the appreciation of others as the gates of heaven will stand, as the "house of many mansions" will stand, as long as the throne of God will stand.

Defeat of Oblivion. Another defeat of oblivion will be found in the character of those whom we rescue, uplift or save. Character is eternal. Suppose by a right influence we aid in transforming a bad man into a good man, a dolorous man into a happy man, a disheartened man into a courageous man, every stroke of that work done will be immortalized. There may never be so much as one line in a newspaper regarding it or no mortal tongue may ever whisper it into human ear, but wherever that soul shall go your work upon it shall go, wherever that soul rises your work on it will rise, and so long as that soul will last your work on it will last. Do you suppose there will ever come such an idiotic lapse in the history of that soul in heaven that it shall forget that you invited him to Christ; that you, by prayer or gospel word, turned him round from the wrong way to the right way? No such insanity will ever smite a heavenly citizen. It is not half as well on earth known that Christopher Wren planned and built St. Paul's as it will be known in all heaven that you were the instrumentality of building a temple for the sky. We teach a Sabbath class or put a Christian tract in the hand of a passerby or testify for Christ in a prayer meeting or preach a sermon and go home discouraged, as though nothing had been accomplished, when we had been character building with a material that no frost or earthquake or rolling of the centuries can damage or bring down.

There is no sublimer art on earth than architecture. With pencil, rule and compass the architect sits down alone and in silence and evolves from his own brain a cathedral or a national capitol or a massive home before he leaves that table, and then he goes out and unrolls his plans and calls carpenters and mason and sashes of all sorts to execute his plans and when it is finished he stands around the vast structure and sees the completion of the work with his satisfaction, and on a stone at some corner of the building the architect may be chiseled. But the story of their work, and time, that takes everything, will yet take down the structure until there shall not be a stone left upon another. But the soul in heaven.

Graven on God's Hand. There is another and a more complete defeat for oblivion, and that is in the heart of God himself. You have seen a sailor roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a favorite ship, perhaps the first one in which he ever sailed. You have seen a soldier roll up his sleeve and show you his arm tattooed with the figure of a fortress where he was garrisoned or the face of a dead general under whom he fought. You have seen many a hand tattooed with the face of a loved one before or after marriage. This custom of tattooing is almost as old as the world. It is some colored liquid punctured into the flesh so indelibly that nothing can wash it out. It may have been there fifty years, but when the man goes into his coffin that picture will go with him on hand or arm. Now, God says that he has tattooed us upon his hands. There can be no other meaning in the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah, where God says, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands." It was as much as to say: "I cannot open my hand to help, but I think of you. I cannot spread across my hands to bless but I think of you. Wherever I go up and down the heavens I take these two pictures of you with me. They are so wrought into my being that I can not lose them. As long as my hands last the memory of you will last. Not on the back of my hands, as though to announce you to others, but on the palms of my hands, for myself to look at and study and love. Though I hold the winds in my fist, no cyclone shall uproot the inscription of your name and your face, and though I hold the ocean in the hollow of my hand, its billowing shall not wash out the record of my remembrance. 'Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of my hands!'"

Spaniards Proposed a Ballfight. They tell a story to the effect that when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals proposed to establish a branch in a leading city of Spain the municipal body courteously accepted the proposal and offered to hold a grand bull fight at once to furnish the funds.—Troy Times.

Australia Apples. Parts of Australia are becoming lively rivals to Canada and the United States in the European apple trade. Tasmania, especially, has been found a first-class apple-raising country. There are 8,373 acres in apple orchards there and the product in 1890 was 363,915 bushels.

## Burial Place of Presidents.



THE TOMB OF THE LATE PRESIDENT M'KINLEY AT CANTON—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL.

Those Americans who filed out of Westminster Abbey all possessed by the idea that there should be one burial place for American presidents were singularly indifferent to the most impressive feature of President McKinley's funeral. Perhaps if they had been a little nearer home themselves they might then have caught the full meaning of that last home-coming. The man of the people goes back to the people in death as he would have done in life had he survived his term of office. It is that close grip of the neighborhood, of the old circle of friends and acquaintances of the family, that habit of regarding his

official experience as but an incident of his American citizenship, that makes him in the truest sense a national character.

A great pantheon at Washington would rather separate him from the people than bring him to them. It would have too much of the official stamp, would have but one narrow significance as regards all its dead tenants, whereas the grave in the distant cemetery gives to the idea of the presidency the broadest significance possible. It is through belonging to his town, his county and his state that a president belongs in the most intimate way to the nation.

But while the last resting place of the body may be in Canton, or Springfield, or Cleveland, there is no reason why a national memorial should not be erected at Washington. For any president or for all the presidents. A single magnificent presidential arch would have room for many inscriptions covering the succession for many years. Or if it were desired to select one man for special honor the structure might be made a beautifully artistic tribute of regard for him and his work.

Such monuments could be built most appropriately in the capital and without affecting the question of burial.

The Roll of Armes. Call the roll of the armies of Baldwin I. or of Charles Martel or of Marlborough or of Mithridates or of Prince Frederick or of Cortes, and not one answer will you hear. Stand them in line and call the roll of the 1,000,000 men in the army of Thebes. Not one answer. Stand them in line, the 1,700,000 infantry and the 200,000 cavalry of the Assyrian army under Ninus, and call the roll. Not one answer. Stand in line the 1,000,000 men of Sesostris, the 1,200,000 men of Artaxerxes at Cunaxa, the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylae and call the long roll. Not one answer. At the opening of our civil war the men of the northern and southern armies were told that if they fell in battle their names would never be forgotten by their country. Out of the million men who fell in battle or died in military hospitals you cannot call the names of a thousand, nor the names of 500 nor the names of 100 nor the names of fifty. Oblivion! Are the feet of the dancers who at the ball of the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels the night before Waterloo still? All still. Are the ears that heard the guns of Bunker Hill all deaf? All deaf. Are the eyes that saw the coronation of George II. all closed? All closed. Oblivion! A hundred years from now there will not be a being on this earth that knew we ever lived.

In some old family record a descendant studying up the ancestral line may spell out our name and from the faded ink with great effort find that some person by our name was born somewhere in the nineteenth century, but they will know no more about us than we know about the color of a child's eyes born last night in a village in

eyes born last night in a village in