MORE WAR.

ALLIED FORCES AGAIN ENGAGE IN WAR.

ATTACK CHINESE FORTS

Advance Was Quickly Arranged and Was Executed But With Heavy Lose to the Allies.

New York.—(Special.)—New danger was injected into the Chinese situation yesterday with the capture of the Pei Tang and Lutai forts by the allies.

No explanation of the foreign attack accompanies the news from Shanghai, but it is significant that the correspondent sending the information to Berlin, adds to his dispatch the statement that Germany, as preliminary to peace, has insisted on the destruction of the Chinese coast defenses, as well as the Taku Tse forts.

Thus arises a new menace to the harmony of the action of the powers.

Further danger caused by this action of the allies is that China, anxious for peace before, may now be driven into declaration of war, as her minister in London unhesitatingly says that she should, if the attack on the forts be as unprovoked as it appears.

Meanwhile a special cable dispatch to the Herald from Berlin announces the German determination to punish those responsible for the foreign outrages as a preliminary to negotiations, with the co-operation of the powers if possible, but without it if it prove unobtainable.

Berlin.—(Special.)—The Lokal Anzeiger's Shanghai correspondent cables that the allies today captured the Pei Tang and Lu Tai forts with great losses.

Tien Tsin, Sept. 19, via Shanghai.—(Special.)—Two thousand six hundred Germans left Tien Tsin today to join a force forming in the neighborhood of Peking, already composed of 4,000 Russians, 1,500 Germans and other foreign troops, the intention being to attack the Pei Tang forts tomorrow.

Pekin, Sept. 16, via Taku.—(Special.)—General James H. Wilson, with 800 Americans and 600 British and six guns, marched westward today, and the Germans will move tomorrow to co-operate in taking Pei Ta Chu, where the enemy is supposed to be in lorge force.

The American commander will attack from the west and the Germans from the east. General Wilson will then take the San Hi Tien (San Kia Tin) arsenal. Probably this will be the last big expedition, as it is understood that the British and Americans will abandon the former plan of police campaigning and will prepare for the evacuation of Pekin.

The British have countermanded the orders for winter clothing and it is reported will fall back to Wei Hai Wei.

The German legation is expected to withdraw September 21, and it is generally reported the Americans will withdraw, but General Chaffee refuses to confirm the rumor.

HOLLAND HAS A CLAIM.

Wants England To Settle Damages To Dutch in Transvaal.

The Hague.—(Special.)—In the upper chamber of the state's general today the minister of foreign affairs and premier, Dr. W. H. De Beaufort, replying to an interpellation, said the government of the Netherlands had informed Great Britain that compensation would be demanded for expulsion from the Transvaal of the employes of the Netherlands railroad.

Regarding the offer of a Netherlands warship to convey Mr. Kruger from Lourenzo Marquez to Europe, Dr. De Beaufort said the Netherlands government made the proposition when it learned that Mr. Kruger desired to visit Europe for the benefit of his health. Simultaneously with making the offer, Dr. De Beaufort continued, the government of the Netherlands informed Great Britain of the action taken, and the latter, in thanking the Netherlands for the information, declared the British government had no intention to interfere with Mr. Kruger's projected journey.

Regarding China, Dr. De Baufort said the Dutch commander had been notified to abstain from all military action.

AFTER J. STERLING MORTON.

Attorney General Smyth Would Kill His Little Trnst.

Omaha, Neb.—(Special.)—Attorney-General Smyth has begun quo-warranto proceedings in the supreme court against the Argo Manufacturing company of Nebraska City. He alleges that on August 28, 1899, the defendant company transferred all of its real and personal property over to the United Starch company and by so doing ceased to perform the duties for which it was incorporated in Nebraska. He claims that the United Starch company is a trust, formed for the purpose of creating a monopoly of the starch business throughout the United States.

The Argo company was established by J. Sterling Morton, who put his capital into it for his sons, who pushed the business to unprecedented success. They deny they entered the trust.

Junction City, Ore.—Herman Petersfirst, a farmer, beat his wife to death with a club and then committed suicide with poison.

SOUTH OMAHA MARKET REPORT.

South Omaha, Neb., Sept. 20.

Live Stock Report, furnished by the Flato Commission Co. of South Omaha Neb.:

An indifferent demand has been the prevailing feature of the fat cattle market the past week, there having been nothing at all choice offered on this market, the bulk of the corn-fed cattle being short fed and of rather inferior quality. Strictly choice cattle are in as strong demand as formerly but the medium and common stuff shows a decline of 10@15 cents from last week. Although receipts consist almost entirely of range cattle, the number of steers suitable for killing purposes continues very limited and packers are still meeting with very keen competition for this class of stuff from the feeder buyers, which puts an edge on the market and holds prices very firm.

Receipts of cows and heifers have been liberal, mostly range stuff, but throughout the week there has been very little fluctuation, the market closing today with an active demand for both killing and feeding cattle of this kind. Common and fair steers sold today at $4.40 to $4.80, fair to good $5.00 to $5.25, beeves $5.30 to $5.50.

The demand for good heavy feeders and choice yearlings still continues heavier than the supply, being tasily disposed of at strong prices. The bulk of our feeding cattle have been light and medium weights of rather inferior quality and until the last few days has been a heavy drag on the market. The week opened with prices 20 to 30 cents lower than two weeks ago, but now that the corn crop is nearing maturity the demand for this kind of stuff has strengthened materially and dealers are experiencing less trouble in disposing of it than they have any time this season. Good to choice are selling at $4.20 to $4.70, fair to good $4.00 to $4.20, fair $3.75 to $3.90, common $3.65 down, stock heifers $2.75 to $3.50.

Hogs have been holding their own very well this week, and are as high today as any time of the month, with the single exception of Tuesday of last week. Packers have been very bearish all week, being slow to start doing business, with the evident intention of making a slow market and cheapen the cost of their droves. But sellers have almost unanimously held for steady or better prices and have been able to hold the market on a very firm basis. Heavy and trashy lights are selling from $5.10 to $5.22, light $5.20 to $5.35, mixed $5.15 to $5.25, average cost today, $5.21 7-8.

GALVESTON IS CLEARING UP.

Conditions In the City Are Growing Better.

Galveston, Tex.—(Special)—Conditions in the city are growing better, and to make a new and marvelous record in the upbuilding of the wrecked city is the object for which the citizens of Galveston are striving.

They hope, in a short time, to have a finer and more substantial town than the old one standing on the site now covered with debris.

Efforts are being made to open the public schools October 1, the date set before the storm, for opening.

Elevator A resumed business yesterday, and the other elevators will resume shortly. Expert wreck workers say it will take 2,000 men ninety days to clear away the wreckage and get all the bodies out. The estimated cost will be $500,000.

The most reliable information obtainable places the dead between 5,000 and 5,500.

Governor Sayers, in a signed statement, says the loss of life in Galveston cannot be less than 12,000, while the loss of property aggregates $20,000,000.

CARNEGIE TO BUILD A RAILROAD.

Said to Be Tired of Extortions of Pennsylvania Lines.

Pittsburg, Pa.—(Special.)—President Charles M. Schwab of the Carnegie company laid the plans of Andrew Carnegie before the board of directors at a meeting yesterday. Mr. Carnegie has decided to build a railroad from his plants to tidewater. He will finance the project. Mr. Carnegie will not put up with the extortion of the railroads to the coast any longer, so it is said, and he intends to show the world the greatest tonnage in history diverted to his new road. Two routes are under discussion. One project is to build from Homestead and Duquesne to the Connellsville region, thence east to meet the reading, arrangements to be made with the Reading for tidewater facilities. The other project is to extend the Carnegie line now running into the coke region, thence via the Monongahelai & Southern—a projected line—through West Virginia, Maryland and to Norfolk, Va., where the Carnegie company will construct its own terminal.

Prices are coming down and a big boom in railway building may be expected. Rails are now quoted at $35 to $40 per ton. It is said the new price may be cut to $25 and $25, according to tonnage.

AMERICAN LOSS IN BATTLE.

Manila.—(Special.)—A corrected list of the casualties sustained by the American soldiers in the latest engagement at Sinaloan, situated at the east end of Laguna de Bay, between a force of 1,000 Filipinos and detachments of the Fifteenth and Thirty-seventh regiments, shows that 24 men are dead, including those who have died from the effects of their wounds since the fighting, and the missing, and that nineteen are wounded, including Captain John E. Morgan of company L, of the Thirty-seventh regiment.

THE STRIKE.

SITUATION IN THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL STRIKE.

TRY TO ARBITRATE

Deputy Sheriffs Beginning to Appear and Many Persons Have Begun to Fear Trouble.

Philadelphia, Pa.—(Special.)—"Everything quiet and orderly" is the word that comes from the strike region. A few more mine workers joined the strikers' ranks today, but not many.

The temper of the mine owners on the question of arbitration, as indicated in interviews and statements given out today, is very much against the proposition. Nevertheless, Father Phillips came here from the Hazleton region tonight and is with Archbishop Ryan in consultation on the subject very near and dear to his heart—the quick settlement of the strike by arbitration or any other honorable means. Protestant clergymen in Hazleton have also taken up the matter and will endeavor to bring the opposing elements together amicably.

Coal scarcity is more keenly felt today, and although the Reading company is mining and shipping its usual quota of anthracite, dealers are finding it hard to get as much as they need The tonnage of other great coal territories is greatly diminished, and in the natural order of things,unless the strike is settled, will soon cease altogether from some districts.

Somewhat vague reports are coming in of preparations on the part of the sheriffs and county officials for a clash with the reckless element among the strikers. Nearly everybody believes that trouble must come, yet there has been no sign of an outbreak and the men appear to be well handled by their leaders.

FIRST DEATH OF STRIKE.

Hazleton, Pa.—(Special.)—There was little activity today around the United Mine Workers' headquarters, from where the coal miners' strike is being directed. Most of the union officials spent the day in the outlying towns meeting the striking men and giving them instructions. No overtures have been advanced by either side and there is at present no indication that any will be put forth soon. The strike officials are still at work getting the men out and say they will not cease their activity in that respect until every operation in the anthracite region is tied up. The operatives, though badly crippled, are today as confident of success as they have heretofore been.

The production of coal in the Hazleton region is growing smaller with each succeeding day. One of the best proofs of this is the report of the superintendent of the Hazleton division of the Lehigh Valley railroad, which handles the coal from all but six collieries in the region. This report shows that the shipments have fallen off to less than two-thirds of the normal quantity during the last four days.

There is no denying the fact that the inhabitants of this region fear trouble. There are very few persons who do not believe that there will be an outbreak somewhere in the region. Most if not all the coal coal mines are being protected by extra watchmen.

Rumors are afloat that the Sheriffs of Luzerne,Schuylkill and Carbon counties, which adjoin one another at a point two miles south of here, are swearing in deputies by the score. None of these rumors can be confirmed. When the sheriffs are approached on the subject they say there is no trouble; that they are not looking for any. Certain it is, however, that these officers are keeping a watchful eye on the situation and that they can be quickly found if their presence is needed anywhere.

No. 40 shaft of the Lehigh Valley Coal company, east of this city, was the center of numerous petty acts of violence during the day. Before 6 o'clock this morning a handful of Hungarian women wanted to whip three coal and iron policemen for persuading breaker boys to go to work. The police, however, managed to get out of their difficulties without a fight.

Shortly after that a mine worker says he was shot at by an unknown person, but not hit, while on his way to the shaft. Later in the day an Italian was badly clubbed. Tonight two mine workers on their way home from the shaft were attacked and badly beaten.

Aside from these incidents quiet prevailed throughout the region. The striking mine workers say they are doing their best to prevent disturbances.

A 15-year-old boy was found dead in bed in Colerain today. The doctor says his death was due to heart disease, caused by fright. The doctor added that the boy had been told that a mob was marching toward Colerain and the shock caused his death.

Meetings were held this afternoon in the Hazleton mines and at the Silverbrook colliery. At the former place addresses were made by mine bosses, who appealed to the men to resume work. Several labor organizers addressed the men and urged them to stay on strike until the fight is won.

The Lehigh Valley Coal company's collieries, the strikers claim, are being operated with a greatly reduced force of men.

Dubuque, Ia.—Ira Hanson, a resident of tis city forty-five years, is dead at the age of 76.

The Bondman

Continued Story.

By HALL CAINE.

SYNOPSIS.

Rachel Jorgensen was the only daughter of the governor of Iceland. She fell in love and married an idler, Stephen Orry. Her father and other hopes for her, and in his anger he disowned her. Orry ran away to sea. Of this union a child was born and Rachel called him Jason. Stephen Orry was heard from in the Isle of Man, where he was again married and another son was born. Rachel died a heart-broken woman, but told Jason of his father's acts. Jason swore to kill him, and if not him, then his son. In the meantime Orry had deserted his ship and sought refuge in the Isle of Man. He was sheltered by the governor of the island, Adam Fairbrother. Orry went from bad to worse and married a dissolute woman, and their child, called Michael Sunlocks, was born. The woman died and Orry gave Sunlocks to Adam Fairbrother, who adopted him, and he became the playmate of the governor's daughter, Greeba. Time passed and Adam Fairbrother and wife became estranged, their five boys staying with their mother on account of Michael Sunlocks. Finally Stephen Orry returned and Michael Sunlocks determined to go to Iceland, his father's home. His father confessed all to him, and Michael promised to find Rachel if possible and care for her, and, if dead, to find her child and treat him as a brother.

How long he sat there he did not know; he was thinking of his past, of his bad life in Iceland, and his long expiation in the Isle of Man. In the multitude of his sensations it seemed impossible to his dazed mind to know which of these two had been the forst, or the most foolish. Together they had left him a wreck. In the one he had thrown away the wife who loved him, in the other he had given up the son whom he loved. What was left to him? Nothing. He was a waif, despised and downtrodden. He thought of what might have happened to him if the chances of life had been different, and in that first hour of his last bereavement all the softening influence of nineteen years, the uplooking and upworking, and the struggle towards his atonement, were as much gone from him as if they had never been. Then he thought of the money, and told himself that it was not now that he had lost his son for the first time; he had lost him fourteen years ago, when he parted with him to the governor. Since then their relations had bee reversed. His little Sunlocks was his little Sunlocks no longer. He felt humiliated, he felt hardened, and by a strange impulse, whereof he understood but little he cursed in his heart his sufferings more than his sins. They had been useless, they had been wasted, and he had been a fool not to live for himself. But in that moment, when the devil seemed to make havoc of good and evil together, God himself was doing nothing.

Stephen Orry was drifting with the tide, when all at once he became conscious of the lapping of the water on stones near at hand, and of a bright light shed over the sea. Then he saw that he had drifted close to low ground off the Point of Ayre. He bore hard aport and beat out to sea again. Very soon the white water way was behind him; nothing was visible save the dark hull of the vessel going off towards the north, and nothing audible save the cry of a few gulls that were fishing by the light of the flare. It had been the work of three minutes only, but in that time one vivid impression had fixed itself on Stephen's preoccupied mind. The end of the old standstone pier had been battered down by a recent storm; the box that once held the light had gone down with it, a pole had been thrust out at an angle from the overthrown stones, and from the end of this pole the light swung by a rope. No idea connected itself with this impression, which lay low down behind other thoughts.

The fog had lifted, but the night was still very dark. Not a star was shining and no moon appeared. Yet Stephen's eye—the eye of a sailor accustomed to the darkness of the sea at night—could descry something that lay to the north. The Irish brig had disappeared. Yes, her sails were now gone. But out at sea—far out, half a league away—what black thing was there? Oh, it must be a cloud, that was all; and no doubt a storm was brewing. Yet no, it was looming langer and larger, and coming nearer and nearer. It was a sail. Stephen could see it plainly enough now against the leaden sky. It was a schooner; he could make out its two masts, with fore and aft sails. It was an Irish schooner; he could recognize its heavy hull and hollowed cutwater. It was taking against wind and tide from the northeast; it was a Dublin schooner and was homeward bound from Iceland, having called at Whitehaven and now putting in at Ramsey.

Stephen Orry had been in the act of putting about when this object caught his eye, but now a strange thing occurred. All at once his late troubles lay back in his mind, and by a sort of unconscious mechanical habit of intellect he began to put familiar ideas together. This schooner that was coming from Iceland would be heavy laden; it would have whalebone, and eider down, and tallow. If it ran ashore and was wrecked some of this cargo might be taken by some one and sold for something to a French smuggler that lay outside the Chicken Rocks. That flare on the Point of Ayre was the only sealight on this north coast of the island, and it hung by a rope from a pole. The land lay low about it, there was not a house on that sandy headland for miles on miles, and the night was very dark. All this came up to Stephen Orry's mind by no effort of will. He looked out of his dull eyes at the dull stretch of sea and sky,and the thoughts were there of themselves.

What power outside of himself was at work with him? Did anything tell him that this was the great moment of his life—that his destiny hung on it—that the ordeal he had just gone thro' was as nothing to the ordeal that was yet before him? As he sat in his boat, peering into the darkness at the black shadow on the horizon, did any voice whisper in his ear: "Stephen Orry, on the ship that is yonder there is one who hates you and has sworn to slay you? He is coming, he is coming, and he is flesh of your flesh. He is your own son, and Rachel's!"

Stephen Orry fetched his boat away to leeward, and in two minutes more he had run down the light on the Point of Ayre. The light fell into the water, and then all was dark. Stephen Orry steered on over the freshening sea, and then slackened sail off to wait and to watch. All this time he had been sitting at the tiller, never having risen from it since he stepped his mast by the side of the brig. Now he got on his feet to shorten sail, for the wind was rising and he meant to drift by the mizzen. As he rose something fell with a clank to the boat's bottom from his lap or his pocket. It was the bag of money, which Michael Sunlocks had returned to him.

Stephen Orry stooped down to pick it up; and having it in his hand he dropped back like a man who has been dealt a blow. Then, indeed, a voice rang in his ears; he could hear it over the wind that was rising, the plash of the white breakers on the beach, and the low boom of the deep sea outside. "Remember your promise, father. I have bought every hour of your life that's left."

His heart seemed to stand still! He looked around in the dull agony of a fear that was new to him, turning his eyes first to the headland that showed faintly against the heavy sky, and then to the pier where no light now shone, and then to the black cloud of sail that grew larger every instant. One minute passed—two—three. Meantime the black cloud of sail was drawing closer. There were living men aboard of that ship, and they were running on to their death. Yes, there were men, living men—men with wives who loved them, and children who climbed to their knees. But perhaps they had seen the light when it went down. Merciful heaven, let it be so—let it be so!

The soul of Stephen Orry was awake at length. Another minute he waited, andother and another, and the black shadow came yet nearer. At her next tack the ship would run on the land, and already Stephen seemed to hear the grating of her keel on the rocks below the beach. He could bear the suspense no longer, and hoisted sail to bear down on the schooner and warn her. But the wind was strong by this time, driving hard off the sea, and the tide ran faster than before.

Stephen Orry was now some thirty fathoms space to the north of the broken pier, and at that point the current from across Maughold Head meets the current going across the Mull of Galloway. Laboring in the heavy sea he could barely fetch about, but when at last he got head out to sea he began to drive down on the schooner at a furious speed. He tried to run close along by her on the weather sde, but before be came within a hundred fathoms he saw that he was in the full race of the north current, and strong seaman though he was, he could not get near. Then he shouted, but the schooner had gave no sign. In the darkness the dark vessel scudded past him.

He was now like a man possessed. Fetching about he ran in before the wind, thinking to pass the schooner on her tack. He passed her indeed, he was shot far beyond her, shouting as he went, but again his voice was drowned in the roar of the sea. He was almost atop of the breakers now, yet he fetched about once more, and shouted again and again. But the ship came on and on, and no one heard the wild voice, that rang out between the dark sea and sky like the cry of a strong swimmer in his last agony.

CHAPTER IX.

THE COMING OF JASON.

The schooner was the Peveril, homeward bound from Reykjavik to Dublin, with a hundred tons of tallow, fifty bales if eider down, and fifty casks of cods' and sharks' oil. Leaving the Icelandic capital on the morning after Easter, day, with a fair wind, for the outer Hebrides, she had run through the North Channel by the middle of the week, and put into Whitehaven by the Friday. Next day she had stood out over the Irish Sea for the Isle of Man, intending to lie off at Ramsey for contraband rum. Her skipper and mate were both Englishmen, and her crew were all Irish, except two, a Manxman and an Icelander.

The Manxman was a grizzled old sea dog, who had followed the Manx fisheries twenty years and smuggling for twenty other years, and then turned seaman before the mast. His name was Davy Kerruish, and when folks asked if the Methodists had got hold of him that he had turned honest in his old age, he closed one rheumy yellow eye very knowingly, tipped one black thumb over his shoulder to where the government cutters lay anchored outside, and said in a touching voice, "Aw, well, boy, I'm thinking Castle Rushen isn't no place for a poor man when he's getting anyways ould."

The Icelander was a brawny young fellow of about twenty ,of great height and big muscles, and with long red hair. He had shipped at Reykjavik in the room of an Irishman, who had died on the outward trip and been buried at sea off Engy island. He was not a favorite among the crew; he spoke English well, but was no good at a yarn in the forecastle; he was silent, gloomy, not too fond of work, and often the butt of his mates in many a lumbering jest he did not seem to see. He had signed on the wharf on the morning the schooner sailed, and the only kit he had brought aboard was a rush cage with a canary. He hung the bird in the darkness above his bunk, and it was all but his sole companion. Now and again he spoke to old Kerruish, but hardly ever to the other men.

"Och, sollum and quiet lek," old Davy would say at the galley fire, "but none so simple at all. Aw no, no, no; and wonderful cur'ous about my own bit of an island vander."

The Icelander was Jason, son of Rachel and Stephen Orry.

There is not a more treacherous channel around the British Isles than that which lies between St. Bee's head, the Mull of Galloway, and the Point of Ayre, for four strong currents meet and fight in that neck of the Irish sea. With a stiff breeze on the port quarter, the Peveril had been driven due west from Whitehaven on the heavy current from the Solway Frith, until she had met the current from the North Channel and then she had tacked towards the Isle of Man. It was dark by that time, and the skipper had leaned over the starboard gangway until he had sighted the light on the Point of Ayre. Even then he had been puzzled, for the light was feebler than he remembered it.

"Can you make it out, Davy?" he had said to old Kerruish.

"Aw, yes, though, and plain as plain," said Davy; and then the skipper had gone below.

The Manxman had been at the helm, and Jason, who was on the same watch had sidled up to him at intervals and held a conversation with him in snatches, of which this is the sum and substance:

"It is the Isle of Man on the starboard bow, Davy?"

"I darn' say no, boy."

"Lived there long, Davy?"

"Aw, thirty years afore you were born, maybe."

"Ever known any of my countrymen on the island?"

"Just one, boy; just one."

"What was he?"

"A big chap, six feet six, if an inch, and ter'ble strong! and a fist at him like a sledge; and a rough enough divil too, and ye darn' spit afore him; but quiet for all—aw, yes, wonderful quiet."

"Who was he, Davy?"

"A widda man these teens of years."

"But what was his name?"

"Paul?—no! Peter?—no! Chut, bless ye, it's clane gone at me; but it's one of the lot in the culd book, any way."

"Was it Stephen?"

"By gough, yes, and a middlin' good guess, too."

"Stephen what?"

"Stephen—shoo, it's gone at me again! What's that they're callin' the ould king that's gone buryin' down Laxey way?"

"Orry?"

"Stephen Orry it is, for sure. Then it's like you knew him, boy?"

"No—that is—no, no."

"No relations?"

"No. But is he still alive?"

"Aaw, yes, though. It's unknownced to me that he's dead, anyway."

"Where is he living now?"

"Down Port Erin way, by the Sound, some place."

"Davy, do we put into the harbor at Ramsey?"

"Aw, divil a chance of that, boy, with sperrits comin' over the side quiet-like in the night, you know, eighteen-pence a gallon, and as much as you can drink for nothin'."

"How far do we lie outside?"

"Maybe a biscuit throw or two. We never useder lie farther, boy."

"That's nothing, Davy."

(To be continued.)

CHEAP TEAMS.

There are many farmers who are not judges of horseflesh, who know little about the fine points of a horse and have made no study of horse breeding or care. There are many others who cannot profitably raise horses for market, they want only such as will do their farm and road work. Such men will find it profitable to keep only ordinary geldings to do their work. It will not pay them to keep a team worth a good big price on their farms. The cheaper ones will usually do their work as well, will cost less, involve less risk—and less trouble too for the man who does not thoroughly enjoy using and developing good horses. It is all right for a farmer to keep a $500 draft team if he likes that kind and can afford it, but it is all wrong for him to take such risk and expense otherwise. Cheap teams for farm work, when used by hired men or by unskilled owners, are the most profitable is breeding is not followed.

In spite of repeated urgings from the pastor, some female members of the Methodist Episcopal church at Knightstown, Ind., refused to remove their hats during service. Then he directed that those who persisted in wearing their headgear must occupy reserved pews in the "amen corner." Now these pews have regular occupants and there is a prospect that they will increase in numbers, for most of the women want to wear their hats, although many yielded to the pastor's wish.