

## BISHOP OF WALL ST.

ALTHOUGH WALL STREET IS CLOSED  
ONE INSTITUTION STILL  
REMAINS OPEN

New York, Oct. 5.—Though Wall Street is officially closed and as far as business is concerned is absolutely dead, yet one institution—one form of its life—continues as before. This institution is the Rev. William Wilkinson, better known to hundreds of the country's most prominent financiers and to thousands of habitués of the financial district as "The Bishop of Wall Street."

For the past ten years this pastor, who is one of the vicars of Trinity church, has preached daily on Wall Street. The church has been his pulpit and his congregation has been made up of millionaires and clerks. All are alike to him. They are all a part of mankind and it is to mankind that he preaches—not any class or division.

Since the war started and the stock market closed Broad and Wall Streets have presented a very dreary appearance. But "Bishop" Wilkinson has never missed a day's appearance there. And there always is a large "congregation" on hand to hear him preach.

The history of the "Bishop" and how he came to adopt Wall street as his church form an interesting story. Dr. Wilkinson formerly lived in Minnesota. In fact he achieved considerable fame there. Associated with Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, he was named a member of the relief committee to bring the succor to the sufferers in the great forest fire that swept that section in 1894. At the risk of his life he visited the scene of the disaster and buried 157 charred and mutilated bodies.

But the Rev. Wilkinson long had had visions of preaching to the workers and financiers on Wall Street. He had heard of how that was the most ungodly place in the world. They needed missionaries in Africa, in Asia and other foreign countries, he argued with himself but why didn't they need them in Wall street just as much.

So despite the objections of the late James J. Hill, Senator Nelson and the late Governor Johnson he came to New York from Minnesota. Those men wanted him to remain in Minnesota. His great work after the forest fires had endeared him to them and they wanted to keep him with them.

Dr. Wilkinson hesitated for sometime after coming to Trinity about broaching his project to his associates. He feared that his plan would be regarded as shocking and outrageous stately old dignified Trinity. But his fears were illgrounded. When he finally took up the matter he was met with the greatest kindness. The authorities at Trinity, while agreeing with him that he was guilty of a startling innovation, said that his apparent sincerity would offset any criticism that might be occasioned.

So the Rev. Wilkinson went into Wall street to save souls. When he first appeared on the street corner and started to talk he created a mild sensation. Passersby first thought he was some kind of medicine fakir. But on stopping to listen, they learned otherwise. It was not long before the minister became well known and he was named the "Bishop of Wall Street." And as "Bishop" he is known today.

First clerks and the toiling class in general made up his congregation. But news of him reached the financiers and some of them stopped to listen to him. And they received quite a shock when he attacked them for methods some had been reported as using. He warned them that he had but one gospel to preach and that it was for rich and poor alike. "You may disagree with me," he told them. "You may criticize me, but there is one thing you cannot do—you cannot patronize me."

"It wasn't long until the millionaires formed a large part of his audience. His 'sermons' appealed to them as much if not more than it did to the others. He was continually taking them over the coals but his statements were made in all sincerity and they knew it."

The "Bishop" now numbers among his best friends some of the biggest men the streets have ever known. They realize his usefulness and what he has done for the workers in the financial district. He has worked for the betterment of all and indeed has done a great deal for all classes.

"It is impossible to estimate the good accomplished in this section through the ministering of this modest and unassuming real man," was the tribute paid to the "Bishop" by Henry Clevs, dean of the financial district.

## AFRICAN MINERAL OUTPUT

Cape Town, South Africa.—The output of minerals in the Union of South Africa during June, 1914, was as follows: Gold, £3,051,904; silver, £9157; coal, £192,599; base minerals, £138,893; total, £3,292,553.

The total output of minerals for the six months ended June 30, was £19,311,418.

## HOW TO REMOVE WARTS

BY A PAINLESS REMEDY.

Don't allow those unsightly excrescences to spoil the beauty of your hands or arms. Remove them painlessly and for all time by applying Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Failure impossible, results always sure with Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor. Refuse any substitute for Putnam's; it does the trick in one night. Price, 25c, at druggists.

## TABLE NAPKINS

At Every Price at 20 per cent less than  
Regular

## NATION &amp; SHEWAN, LTD.

## ALL FANCY LINENS

Including new Xmas Stocks Selling at  
20 per cent Off

## Our Annual Thanksgiving Sale of Fine Linens

## Commences Tomorrow Morning and Continues Until Saturday

Our famously low prices for linens that we import from the largest mills in Ireland are lowered for this occasion to a remarkable extent. There are Values in this Sale That Suggest Laying in a Supply. Buying with linens at a saving, at any time is economy of the most practical kind, but buying at these wonderfully good savings just now is taking advantage of an opportunity that will not come again for years.

War time has effected the manufacture of Linen more perhaps than any other line of dry goods, eighty per cent of the flax used in Ireland and Scotland comes from Russia and Belgium, only a very small percentage of the flax in these countries have been harvested and already the big mills are running on short time. We are fortunate indeed in having just now the largest stock of linens we have ever carried, we were particularly fortunate in securing these linens at the old prices, and women who make purchases during this Great Annual Sale will be unusually lucky to share in such liberal savings on values that excel any this store with its linen fame has ever offered.

## Unbleached Table Linen

Regular 35c for, per yard..... 27c  
Regular 45c for, per yard..... 37c  
Regular 50c for, per yard..... 42c  
Regular 65c for, per yard..... 54c  
Regular 75c for, per yard..... 62c

## Bleached Table Linens

Regular 65c for, per yard..... 49c  
Regular \$1.00 for, per yard..... 77c  
Regular \$1.25 for, per yard..... 93c  
Regular \$1.65 for, per yard..... \$1.29  
Regular \$1.75 for, per yard..... \$1.39  
Regular \$2.25 for, per yard..... \$1.85

(Napkins to match all designs selling at 20 Per Cent Less.

## Table Cloths

With Border All Around

## BREAKFAST SIZE—

54x54 inches—Regular \$1.50, for..... \$1.20  
63x60 inches—Regular \$1.23, for..... 98c

## DINNER SIZE—

2x2 yards—Regular \$1.75, for..... \$1.39  
2x2 yards—Regular \$2.25, for..... \$1.80  
2x2 yards—Regular \$1.75, for..... \$1.39  
2x2 yards—Regular \$2.00, for..... \$1.60  
2x2 yards—Regular \$2.50, for..... \$1.95  
And all cloths up to \$7.50 at 20 Per Cent Off.

## Circular Pillow Linens

45-inch only—Regular 90c for, per yard..... 75c

## Dainty Tea Napkins of Irish Linen

With fine Maderia embroidery in one corner, and scalloped edge. A special purchase, shown in six different designs. Special, per doz., \$2.95 only.

## Hemstitched Cloth and Napkin Set

Regular \$6.75—Sale Price..... \$6.90  
Cloth measures 2x2 1/2 yards; one dozen Napkins, made to our order in a larger than usual size. A beautiful heavy pure Linen Damask, in a soft, rich finish. This is a set we consider good value today at \$10.50.

## Round Cloth and Napkins to Match

Very Special—Per Set..... \$6.35  
The cloth which is scalloped all around measures 81 inches in diameter. One dozen Napkins in 24-inch dinner size; 3 very handsome medallion designs at this price.

## Fine Damask Huckaback Towels

The Best Values We Have Ever Shown  
Regular \$1.00 for, per pair..... 80c  
Regular \$1.25 for, per pair..... \$1.00  
Regular \$1.50 for, per pair..... \$1.20  
Regular \$1.75 for, per pair..... \$1.40  
Regular \$2.00 for, per pair..... \$1.60  
Regular \$2.25 for, per pair..... \$1.80

## Guest Towels

In Fine Linen Huckaback

Regular 50c for, per pair..... 40c  
Regular 65c for, per pair..... 53c  
Regular 75c for, per pair..... 62c  
Regular 85c for, per pair..... 70c  
Regular \$1.00 for, per pair..... 80c

## Beautiful Embroidered Linen Huck Towels

Bedroom size, regular 75c to \$2.25 each; Guest size, regular 45c, 65c and 75c each—On Sale at 20 Per Cent Off.

## Fancy Huck Towellings

Exceptionally fine, and every thread Linen; wide choice of patterns to choose from—15 and 16 inch—Regular 35c for, per yard..... 27c  
22 and 24 inches—Regular 50c for, per yard..... 39c

## 1000 Yards of Check Tea Towelling

Will be measured off on the first two days of the Sale at, per yard..... 5c

## 1000 Yards of Linen Roller Towelling

In Brown or White with red border, 15 inches wide worth 10c, sale bargain per yard..... 6c

## Special Low Prices on Roller and Tea Towellings

Regular 10c for, per yard..... 8c  
Regular 12 1/2c for, per yard..... 11c  
Regular 15c for, per yard..... 13c  
Regular 18c for, per yard..... 15c

## Linen Sheeting

72 and 81 inches wide; regular \$1.25 for, per yard..... 98c  
90 inches wide; regular \$1.00 for, per yard..... 78c

## Embroidered &amp; Plain Linen Pillow Cases

A new stock purchased for the gift season, in plain hemstitched or scalloped edge, and Irish and Madeira embroidered. 45x36 inches—

Regular \$1.50 for, per pair..... \$1.23  
Regular \$2.00 for, per pair..... \$1.68  
Regular \$2.50 for, per pair..... \$2.15  
Regular \$2.75 for, per pair..... \$2.35  
Regular \$3.50 for, per pair..... \$2.95

## Fine Drawing and Embroidery Linens

36 inch—Regular 50c for, per yard..... 42c  
Regular 65c for, per yard..... 55c  
Regular 75c for, per yard..... 63c  
45 inch—Regular 65c for, per yard..... 55c  
Regular 85c for, per yard..... 72c  
Regular \$1.00 for, per yard..... 78c  
Patterns stamped on Linen at Sale Prices "Free of Charge."

## SITUATION IN SERBIA AT THE TIME WAR WAS DECLARED IS TOLD BY TRAVELLER

## HUMOROUS INCIDENTS OCCURRED WHILE AUSTRIANS WERE BOMBARDING BELGRADE—ITALIANS PLEADED WITH ANNOUNCEMENT

The following despatch has been delayed several weeks in transmission, but is nevertheless interesting as giving a good idea of the situation at the time. Nisch, Serbia—Since my last despatch was written the great crisis in world history has arrived and all Europe is at war. The probability of Austro-Serbian hostilities got me out of bed at an English seaside resort at 1 a.m. on July 26, sent me post-haste to London per motor car, and two hours after my arrival in the metropolis I was hurrying back across Europe to the Balkans I had left but 10 days previously.

En route I was able to convince myself that in the case of a European conflagration, Italy would find means to remain neutral, despite the tie of the triple alliance. The first awakening came at Milan. I was sitting vis-a-vis the beautiful and ever fascinating cathedral of that city, when a brigade of newsboys dashed along the streets and distributed their sheets to expectant buyers while they uttered an unusual clamor.

## Newsboy is Mirthful

The language of an Italian newsboy baffles me and a demand for information from the waiter brought a neighboring Italian of obviously good birth to my side who gleefully told me that war between Austria and Serbia had been officially declared. "You take it very merrily," I remarked, "considering that you may be drawn in." "Have no fear," replied my neighbor, "we have had enough of war and are not going to fight for Austria."

Thence to Brindisi I talked with all manner of men. The idea of taking up arms for Austria was universally ridiculed. A Socialist leader told me that any attempt to aid the triplice would immediately provoke a revolution; a barber who shaved me declared that he would respond to mobilization were its object to "take back" (his phrasing was in itself interesting) Trieste, but not otherwise. Strangest of all were the Italian naval officers. The Italian fleet was mobilized at Brindisi and at sunset the ships were unusually illuminated. Speaking with an officer I demanded the reason. "Have you not heard the report?" he asked. "It is rumored that the English fleet will arrive here tonight or tomorrow and we wish to give them a royal reception." I then said that in the event of a general war, we might find ourselves on opposite sides. "Not at all," corrected my officer, "we are with our friends, the English." So much for the triple alliance.

## Adriatic Sea Crossed

At Brindisi I joined the Italian steamship Sarda in which to cross the Adriatic sea to Patras. There were many interesting personalities aboard. There was Prince Arsene, the brother of King Peter of Serbia, scores of Servians returning home, and most significant of all, many Austro-Hungarian subjects, Slavs by nationality, who had escaped from the land of their birth and were hastening to Serbia to take up arms for their brother Slavs. Such is the power of race in the Orient.

Into the details of the necessarily uncomfortable journey from Patras to Nisch, the temporary capital of the Serbian kingdom, I need not go. Nisch is a very old and famous town in Turkish and Serbian history, and it was even, at one long distant time, the seat of the Roman consul of the Balkans. Under Turkish rule it sunk from its pristine importance, and it has remained, despite the addition of paved sidewalks, electric light and an iron bridge, a typical Macedonian market town.

Its wide, though cobbled streets distinguished it from cities of Turkish creation and the only evidences of the afore-

time Ottoman domination are a couple of mosques and a few fez-capped Muhammadan Serbian subjects.

Architecturally it is distinguished by a fine and imposing prefecture on the river bank, an old redoubtable barracks, and streets upon streets chiefly of single-story shacks.

## Conditions Are Abnormal

The existing conditions are frankly abnormal. The Austrian bombardment of defenseless Belgrade, though comparatively ineffective, drove ministers, foreign legations and thousands of citizens to Nisch post-haste, with the result that the few small hotels are crowded and every house with a spare room at its disposal has been invaded by some of the host of unwilling immigrants.

My own quarters consist of a small room in a tiny Servian peasant's cottage which possesses, however, the rare and refreshing virtue of being spotlessly clean. Foreign ministers are billeted in divers houses; Servian ministers are located in any available buildings where departmental chiefs work in small rooms with a table in one corner and a bed in the other.

The chancery of the British legation occupies half a narrow and very dirty room in a grubby hotel. The remaining half of the chamber serves as bedroom for the energetic second secretary who is distinguished by a determined liking for cold baths.

Perhaps the most curious turn in the tide of fortune is exemplified by the fate of the Metropole, the office of the local bishop, upon the door of which is pinned up a half sheet of paper bearing the words "Ministry of War."

## Assembly Meets In Cafe

In among a few trees by the waterside, there is a cafe, on the entrance to which hangs a card bearing the words, printed in English which mean "National Assembly." Here it was that the Serbian Parliament met a few days ago and took measures grossly affecting the destiny of the nation.

Yet, admitting these and many other similar "drolleries," remembering that in a short 48 hours the entire government with its administration and its archives was suddenly transferred from

Belgrade to the big village of Nisch, the marvel is that the machine is running with comparative smoothness. Very-thing goes on much as usual and the nation, civil and military, seems to have entered into the spirit of the game "la guerre comme la guerre."

Of news, that which we have come out for to seek, there is little. Belgrade is subjected daily to bombardment, with what intent no one knows. It is an undefended town, the old Turkish fort being nothing more than a summer rendezvous for the population, and it is difficult to imagine the utility of demolishing cathedrals, banks, private houses and foreign legations, after all of which the price will have to be paid some day. Those of the inhabitants who have remained, very wisely live in their cellars.

## Tin Cans Startle A strians

The bombardment has, of course, been attended by its humorous incidents. Only yesterday a newly arrived citizen of Belgrade complained most bitterly that the Servian Comitadj (irregulars) have developed a playful habit of attaching tin cans to the tails of the native dogs who are thereupon let loose along the cobbled street which follows the course of the river.

The Austrians, mistaking the clatter for the passage of artillery, forthwith commence a spirited bombardment from which my friend's property had severely suffered. So great was his annoyance that it took us some time to convince him of the humor of the situation. A further diversion has been created by the attaching of Servian military caps to dry gourds, which are then floated off into the river. The Austrians seeing an attempt to swim the stream, open a lively fusillade.

Probably the most humorous exploit, however, was perpetrated by a band of Comitadj, who during the night crossed the river in a small boat, chased the guard from the Austrian customs station, and there planted the Servian tricolor. The hero of the deed was a famous amazon who will figure large in Servian history.

## Contempt For Artillery

The people of Belgrade have, in fact, an extraordinary contempt for the Aus-

trian artillery. At the time of the official evacuation of the metropolis, there were left in the railway station over 2000 wagons, since when engines have crept silently, hitched on the carriages, and departed at full speed with their whistles screeching. By the time the Austrians have got into action the convoy is in safety round the bend of the line.

In Bosnia the Montenegrin and Servian armies have united and are gradually sweeping up northward. They are, of course, in a friendly country and are assured of a warm welcome and assistance from the population. That for which all are now anxiously waiting is news of the main Servian advance. The concentration of the army is believed to be well-nigh finished and operations cannot therefore now be long delayed.

I incline to the belief that the Servians will not attempt the passage of the Danube and Save rivers, but that they will cross the Drin near the junction with the Save, and work north from that point.

## ENGLISH IS BEST

Which language makes the best telegraphese? At so much a word one might hasten to say German, the Manchester (England) Guardian says, because of its purely typographical device of sticking a number of words together to look like one compound word. We really do exactly the same thing in English, only we print the elements of the compound as separate words. But in international telegraphing there is a word-length limit (or, as the Germans would print it, a wordlengthlimit.—Fifteen letters is the maximum allowed for a single word. Any word longer than that counts as two, or as three if it gets beyond its second fifteen, as some German words do.

When it comes to counting letters or making up intelligible telegraphese, English, it seems, is the tersest language in Europe. An Italian newspaper correspondent has lately discovered this in telegraphing news to his paper in Italy. At the beginning of the war he used Italian. Then when all languages except English and French were forbidden he took to French. Later, finding that French, though accepted by the post-

office, seemed to cause delay, he changed to English. And, to his surprise, he found that he is saving quite a lot of money in telegraph fees owing to the superior brevity of the English language as compared with French or Italian.

At the international road congress last year the reports of all the sections were printed in parallel columns in French, German and English the three versions being exact translations of each other. The English report invariably finished first, sometimes it won by a whole page. As a rule the French report was the most diffuse. This brevity of English is partly explained by the fact that English is made up to an extraordinary extent of words of one syllable. Its nouns, having, unlike the German, lost all their inflections except the possessive "s," have become more roots, a very large proportion of them monosyllabic. In Germany a monosyllabic root practically always gets an extra syllable tacked on by way of ease ending. In the second place English has little of the elaborate and explicit machinery of structure that French has, so it saves space in prepositions and such paraphernalia. Instead English has what the grammarians call inceptive agglutination—that is, sticking words together in groups without prepositions or case endings to connect them. This makes telegraphese easy.

## Suggestion to the Ladies

Your Household Worries—  
—Your Servant Troubles  
will be minimized if you take  
an occasional meal at—

## PRINCE EDWARD

A Dainty, Sustaining Luncheon  
for 75c. (12.30 to 2.)

A Perfect Dinner for One Dollar.  
(6 to 8 p.m.)