MOST MARRIED PEOPLE CONTENT, FEW ARE HAPPY

—The Marrying Parson

Rev. Gottlieb Andreae, Who Officiated at 999 Weddings, Says Few Separate.

UPHOLDS HIS RECORD.

Declares That Only One in Fifty of Couples He Has Wedded Have Divorced.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

"Ninety-eight per cent. of the people I have married are contented; but happy—ach nein! There is much difference between happiness and content."

The Rev. Gottlieb Andreae, of the German Reformed Church of Jersey City, will on Wednesday next perform his one thousandth marriage ceremony since he was called to his present pastorate twenty-five years ago. Mr. Andreae solemnized his 999th wedding Monday evening when Charles Burden took Sarah Wilhelm to wife. Mr. Andreae had married the young woman's father and mother and had christened her, a typical instance of his lifelong association with the 700 families which have grown up around him since in 1883 he first started religious services in Jersey City in a hired hall with scarcely a half dozen auditors.

But Mr. Andreae's fame as a marrying parson is not limited to his own religious family. It is said that as soon as an eloping couple from New York lands on the Jersey side, the Jersey cabmen do their utmost to steer them to the Fairview Avenue Church—partly because of the Rev. Mr. Andreae's popularity, but mostly, perhaps, because of the long distance to be travelled and the consequent larger fare.

One In Fifty a Failure.

"Perhaps two per cent. of the people I have married have separated or been divorced," continued the philosopher of the married. "The rest are contented—that is to say, more contented than if they had remained single."

I wilted under Mr. Andreae's sublime optimism. He was taking the wind out of my interview, which I had imagined would run like this:

"Gottlieb Andreae, you have been accused of aiding and abetting 2,000 persons to commit matrimony and have pleaded guilty. Do you know of any reason why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?"

But he took his 999 wedding ceremonies so lightly, they seemed to him so much of a kind with the 1,237 funerals and the 1,601 baptisms he has to his credit, that I wouldn't do it.

Instead I asked him to explain what he meant by saying that most married people are contented but not happy.

"Happiness? Who has happiness?" he ruminated, removing his big black cigar from his mouth, and unceremoniously puffing a mouthful of smoke into the framed visage of Martin Luther on the wall. "What is happiness?" For the moment the stout, rosy, jolly, middle-aged shepherd of a Jersey City flock became the German dreamer walking the speculative heights with Goethe and Schiller and Heinrich Heine.

Content Not Happiness.

"Few indeed find happiness in marriage. Happiness means to live in the clouds; to be exalted mentally and physically and spiritually by the beloved. How many marriages are there of which husband or wife could say that? But to be contented, to sleep and eat well, to play pinochle with your wife after dinner, and to win from her, of course; to have peace, not to owe money—these things 98 per cent. of the couples I have married possess. Content comes from realizing the troubles you haven't got; happiness from the joys you have or hope for."

With this the cigar went back under Mr. Andreae's grizzled mustache and his little soliloquy came to an abrupt end.

"And does love give this happiness you speak of?"

Married 25 Years Himself.

"Ach! What should I know of love?" laughed the pastor. "I've been married twenty-five years. We celebrate our silver wedding Oct. 3."

This remark led to the revelation that at the great majority of the 999 weddings Mr. Andreae has performed his wife and daughter have been the witnesses.

In the long register of twenty-five years, which the pastor has kept in his own handwriting, one reads at least five hundred times: "Witness, Concordia Andreae, Esther Andreae."

"They come as late as 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning sometimes, these couples," continued the pastor. "I marry them at any time, so long as I believe they are all right."

"Yes," volunteered his pretty daughter, Miss Esther. "I tell father he ought to have his clothes hitched over the bed ready to fall on him, like a fire horse's harness."

"And how do you like being a witness to so many marriages?"

She made a little face. "I don't like it a bit," she confided. "It seems to take all the romance away. It makes it seem so like a business."

Incidentally, it has been a very good business for Mr. Andreae, as his three children—Marcus, Esther and Paul—have been sent to college on his wedding fees. The 999 couples have ranged in age from sixteen to seventy-six. One of these couples, a prosperous drummer and his wife, drove up to Mr. Andreae's residence five years ago and were married. They were total strangers to him and do not reside in Jersey City. But every year they have come back to pay him a little call and thank him.

"So you see, some married people are happy"—and then:

"When I first came in I thought maybe you had come to be married," he added hopefully, glancing at a group of newspaper men in the room whom I had never seen before. And so much of the missionary was in the glance that I willed.

ENDS LIFE AFTER AGED WIFE HAS DIED IN HIS ARMS

Letter Left By Giese Indicates That She Asked Him To Follow Her.

HER DEATH WAS SUDDEN

She Was To Celebrate Sixty-eighth Birthday and He Had Provided Flowers.

Philopena Giese, long an invalid, would have been sixty-eight years old to-day. She died at 11 o'clock last night in the arms of her husband, Albert, who was eight years her junior. They were alone in their three-room flat on the ground floor, rear, at No. 244 East Ninetieth street.

Evidently her last request was that her husband should follow her into eternity, for as soon as she was dead he wrote two letters explaining the circumstances and disposing of his property, and then set about killing himself by inhaling gas. The bodies of the old couple were found early to-day.

Crippled by Accident.

Giese up to ten years ago was a prosperous carpenter. He met with an accident that crippled him. The couple had been living then for a long time at the East Ninetieth street address. When their own resources were exhausted they were supported by relatives, the Knights of Honor and Isabella Heimath, a charity devoted to easing the closing days of the lives of old people.

Although Mrs. Giese was an invalid she was always cheerful and her neighbors visited her frequently. Her husband, although he was forced to use crutches, was her devoted nurse. They were apparently a couple as happy as their circumstances would allow.

Mrs. Bertha Schmidt, a neighbor, visited the Gieses yesterday evening. As she was leaving the old man followed her into the hall and handed her some money. He asked her to buy a bouquet of flowers.

Flowers for Birthday.

"To-morrow," he explained, "is Philopena's birthday. I cannot walk to the florist's. Buy a bright bouquet and bring it to us early in the morning, so I may present it to her as a remembrance."

Mrs. Schmidt, with the bouquet, knocked at the door of the Giese flat at 8 o'clock. There was no response to her summons and she detected in the hallway a strong odor of gas. Summoning the janitor, she forced an entrance through a rear window. The Giese flat was full of gas. In the tiny bedroom off the kitchen Mrs. Giese was dead on the bed, the body straightened out and covered with a sheet. In a chair at the side of the bed the old man was sitting, lifeless. A long rubber tube leading from a gas stove connection in the kitchen, through a transom to the bedroom, had supplied the gas current which he had inhaled with fatal effect.

Letters Tell Story.

There were two letters on a table in the kitchen. One was addressed to Adolph Schuldsenberger, financial secretary of the lodge of the Knights of Honor, to which the old people belonged. It read:

"Adolph and all my friends—My poor wife died with all her senses and without pain in my arms at 11 o'clock. I obey what she asked. Please see that we are buried together."

The other letter was addressed to August Zaiser, of No. 189 West Fifty-ninth street, a trustee of the Isabella Heimath. It expressed thanks for the kindnesses that had been shown by the organization, and directed that $94, found in the old man's vest pocket, and the proceeds of the sale of the household goods be sent to Amelia Ludwig, of Los Angeles, Cal., a cousin of Mrs. Giese.

PLEAD WITH HUGHES TO TALK FOR TAFT

Governor Here to Confer With Hitchcock on Question of Stumping.

Governor Hughes came to town to-day to confer with Chairman Hitchcock, of the Republican National Committee, about a campaign tour of the country to check Bryan's growing strength.

"There is great demand for the governor in the West and Middle West," said Mr. Hitchcock. "Next to the national candidates themselves, Mr. Hughes is in greater request than any other speaker. We want him to give us all the time he can possibly spare from his own campaign in this State.

"I am to see him at the Hotel Astor, and I hope to then make arrangements that will be agreeable for the tour. I understand that he is willing to give us part of his time for national speeches."

The Governor will also meet in conference at the Hotel Astor Herbert L. Parsons, William R. Willcox, of the Public Service Commission; Lafayette B. Gleason, secretary of the Republican State Committee, and John M. Hutchinson, chairman of the Republican Speakers' Bureau. The two latter will represent at the meeting, over which the Governor will preside, Timothy L. Woodruff, chairman of the State Committee, who is detained up State.

Clubman Who Is Lost, Wife He Tried to Divorce and Her Alleged Rival

MRS. CARLTON R. BURNETT — CARLTON BOGGS BURNETT — VERA MICHELENA

BRYAN SLAPS TAFT WITH PROOF OF FILIPINOS' FAVOR

Begins Eastern Tour With Statement Contradicting His Republican Rival.

SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., Sept. 19.—William Jennings Bryan, Democratic nominee for President, arrived here to-day en route to Providence, R. I., on schedule time, in a special car attached to the regular train due at 9.14 o'clock. Mr. Bryan appeared when requested at the rear door of his coach, the last one on the train, and waved a farewell as the train drew out of the depot. Before leaving Mr. Bryan gave out the following statement, replying to that of Mr. Taft, given in his written interview of Sept. 15, to the effect that the Filipino independistas "prefer a Republican victory to Mr. Bryan's promises."

"When this appeared," Mr. Bryan's statement ran, "Mr. Fiske Warren, of Boston, cabled to Mr. Albert Barretto, of Manila, as follows:

"'Taft declares independistas prefer Republican triumph. Is this true? I desire immediate authoritative opinion of Centre, or of yourself as President.'

"I might explain that the Centre is the governing body of the Nationalist party and is composed of representatives elected from each of the thirty-nine provinces. Mr. Warren received the following reply:

"'Nationalist party, with immediate independence creed, prefers triumph of the Democrats. General convention of the 12th of July agreed unanimously and join enthusiastically Bryan's platform.

"'ALBERTO BARRETTO, President.'

"The Nationalist party is the largest group in the Philippine Assembly, and it, according to Mr. Barretto, is unanimously opposed to Mr. Taft's selection. On June 18 the Philippine Assembly, by a vote of 54 to 18, declared that the people desire immediate independence. If Mr. Taft wants to defend his policy on the ground that it ought to be adopted, whether the Filipinos want it or not, he can do so, but he cannot bring to the support of his position any authoritative declaration by any considerable portion of the Filipinos."

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 19.—William J. Bryan spent an hour and a half in this city to-day to pay his respects to the memory of one of his most loved friends, the late Alexander Troup. Upon his arrival from New York Mr. Bryan was met by Alexander Troup, son of the late editor, and taken in an automobile to the Troup residence, where he extended his condolences to Mrs. Troup and the members of the family. This was a purely private visit of Mr. Bryan, and he was not accompanied by any of the party who came with him from New York. After leaving the Troup residence Mr. Bryan, with Alexander Treup, went to Evergeen Cemetery, where upon the grave of Mr. Troup he placed a floral offering.

After a bewildering round of conferences, receptions, social functions and speech-making, William Jennings Bryan left the Grand Central Station on his private car at 8 A. M. to-day well pleased with the first lap of his campaign in New York State, which he expects to close the last week in October. He will return to be the guest of Senator McCarren, and speak in Brooklyn on Oct. 26 and at the Tammany mass-meeting at Madison Square Garden the same day.

Mr Bryan was accompanied by National Committeemen Cummings, of Connecticut; Green, of Rhode Island, and State Chairman Mahan, of Connecticut. They reached New Haven at 9.55, and visited the grave of the late Alexander Troup, the former National Committeeman who died recently in the Grand Central Depot here, and who was one of Mr. Bryan's warmest personal friends, and paid a visit of condolence to the widow.

Mr. Bryan and party left New Haven at 11.30 for Providence.

As he boarded the Boston Express to-day he made no statement except to say that he was exceptionally well pleased with the reception accorded him here yesterday and last night. Assistant Secretary to the National Committee, J. B. Burton, was among those at the station to see Mr. Bryan off.

To-day Mr. Bryan will speak at Riverpoint, R. I., at 2 P. M.; at Woonsocket at 4.15, and at Providence to-night. He will divide Sunday between visiting Judge Parker at Esopus and David B. Hill at Wolfert's Roost. He will return to Lincoln about Oct. 1 for a week's rest.

CARRIED $5,000 IN JEWELS IN APRON "TO POST LETTER"

Servant Girl Talked to Her Mistress As She Got Away With Plunder.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 19.—Under the eyes of her mistress, who suspected nothing, a servant girl thief walked out of the house of John E. Marsden, in West Philadelphia, with an apron full of jewelry valued at $5,000.

The girl went to Mrs. Marsden on Thursday and applied for a position as a domestic. She gave her name as Mary Kelly. She was engaged and began work immediately.

As Mrs. Marsden stood on the porch yesterday seeing her son off to school, the girl, dressed in street attire, passed out of the house. Mrs. Marsden noticed the apron tied in a bundle under her arm, and asked her where she was going. She said she was going to post a letter.

As time passed and the girl did not return, Mrs. Marsden went upstairs, examined the safe and found that all the jewelry was gone. There is no clue to the whereabouts of the girl.

How the girl learned the combination of the safe so quickly is a phase of the case that mystifies the police, and they can only explain it by their belief that the servant is an expert thief who has just been liberated from Auburn Penitentiary. There the woman they have in mind, was listed as Mary Slovensky, otherwise "Gold Tooth Mary."

The fact that she did not leave the safe open but locked it as it was always kept, or cause any disturbance of the effects in the room, is another point that strengthens the belief of the police that they are not dealing with a thief who acted on impulse.

The woman is said to come from Scranton, but the police say they are in possession of certain information which leads them to believe she has gone to New York.

Mrs. Marsden is well known in Philadelphia society.

BRICKS FROM ROOF SHOWER ON POLICE

Negroes Attack Reserves in "Blackbird Row" of Harlem.

A riot occurred to-day between the negro occupants of "Blackbird Row," at Second avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, and the police of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station. William Wilde, of No. 451 State street, Brooklyn, who happened to be passing, was hit by a brick, sustaining slight injuries.

Excitement was finally quelled when police reserves rushed up, under Lieut. Walsh.

Gertrude Jones, a huge negress, living at No. 249 Second avenue, who was caught throwing a brick from a roof, was arrested.

The trouble began early in the morning, when Policeman Silver ordered a group of negroes to move on. As he came around on his beat next time he was the target for fusillade of bricks thrown by negroes on roofs. He turned in an alarm for the reserves and a near riot followed.

The buildings which constitute "Blackbird Row," which is the "San Juan Hill" district of Harlem, were searched for the negroes who did the rioting. Many were women.

UNIQUE WEDDING GIFT FOR THE ABRUZZI'S BRIDE.

ROME, Sept. 19.—The officers of the Duke of the Abruzzi's ship, the Regina Elena, have ordered as a wedding gift on the occasion of his approaching marriage with Miss Katherine Elkins a silver statuette of Victory scattering flowers, based on the Duke's exploits in the Arctic and in the Rocky Mountains.

PRIEST SHOT ON SPEEDING TRAIN; MYSTERY IN CASE

Nobody Heard Report of Pistol or Gun and No Weapon Found in Car.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 19.—Mysteriously shot while asleep on a Pennsylvania Railroad train coming here from Washington, Rev. B. Bellamor, a Syrian priest of Scranton, Pa., is now in the Hahnemann Hospital in this city, and the railroad detectives, police and physicians are as much mystified as the man himself professes to be.

The priest was taken to the Hahnemann Hospital by a railroad brakeman as soon as the train arrived here at 10.05 last night. There he told his story.

He had ridden part of the way here from Washington in a regular day coach, he said, and when the train was well under way he made his way to the buffet car and dined. He then returned to the day coach and was soon fast asleep in a seat occupied only by himself.

It was perhaps an hour later when he was suddenly awakened, he said, by a severe pain in his arm. He thought he had been dreaming, but when he looked down there was blood on his cuff and it was spurting from his sleeve out into the aisle.

In an instant the priest seemed to realize that he had been shot, though neither he nor any one else could be found who had heard the report of a pistol or gun. Not a window in the car had been broken. Rev. Mr. Bellamor says that he carried no revolver, and a search of his clothing at the hospital verified the statement. He was also positive that he had not been shot while crossing the aisle between the cars.

Rev. Mr. Bellamor is thirty-three years old, and the pastor of a Syrian church in his home city. He had been in Washington on a business visit to the Turkish Consul, and says he knows of no enemies there, nor, in fact, of any person who would desire to do him bodily injury.

McCARREN OBJECTS TO BLACKMAR ON TICKET.

Senator Wants to Name Kapper for Supreme Justice and Stapleton Protests.

Senator McCarren announced to-day that he would not consent to placing the name of Supreme Court Justice Blackmar on the Democratic ticket this fall with that of Justice Stapleton.

Justices Blackmar and Stapleton were appointed by Gov. Hughes to fill vacancies made by the death of Justice George A. Abbott and the election of Justice William Barrett to the Court of Appeals. Justices Abbott and Barrett were Democrats and Senator McCarren contends that Gov. Hughes should have appointed two Democrats to the vacancies to preserve the political balance on the bench in the Second Judicial District. He purposes to nominate Ig. Justice Blackmar's place Isaac A. Kapper.

It is said that Justice Stapleton is incensed at McCarren's attitude and that he has put himself on record as declaring that he will not run on the Democratic ticket unless Justice Blackmar runs with him.

"TOD" BURNETT IS MYSTERIOUSLY LOST IN PARIS

Left Hotel on Sept. 11 Expecting to Return Soon, and Disappeared.

FRIENDS' SEARCH VAIN

Can Find No Trace of Young Spendthrift Who Fled His Divorce Suit.

Charlton Rogers Burnett, of New York, millionaire grandson of Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War under Lincoln, and known in clubdom as "Tod" Burnett, has come into the limelight again by disappearing in Paris, where a vigorous search for him has failed to reveal any trace.

Mr. Burnett left his hotel there on Sept. 11, saying he was going on an errand, and would soon return.

Burnett has been very little in the public eye recently. In February, when his suit against his beautiful young wife for divorce came up for a second trial, it was announced he had sailed for Europe. Justice Truax denied the decree, and Mrs. Burnett was so happy she was moved to refer to her millionaire husband as a "matrimonial lemon."

Had Fortune to Spend.

"Tod" Burnett's father made his millions in mining operations, and the young man, pampered pet of his mother, enjoyed a large income from her. He married Belle Goldberg, but soon returned to the home of his mother, No. 150 West Eighty-second street.

He filed a suit for divorce, naming Arthur G. Humphreys, a broker, and an unnamed man, as co-respondents. He said he had spent $35,000 the first year of their married life trying to make his wife happy, and had failed.

When he filed his suit for divorce he said that if successful he would marry Vera Michelena, a well known actress, who hastened to assure an interested public that she was wedded to her art, and hadn't the slightest intention of marrying "Handsome Tod," as the theletic young man-about-town is sometimes called.

Miss Michaelena, who is now rehearsing with "The Soul Kiss" here, was greatly surprised this morning when informed of Mr. Burnett's disappearance.

"Why, I thought he was having a jolly time in Paris," she said. "I didn't see him while on the other side, neither have I heard from him since my return. I cannot account for his disappearance. There must be some mistake."

"Weren't you to marry Mr. Burnett in the event that he secured a divorce?" Miss Michaelena was asked.

"How silly!" she replied. "Why, we were only passing acquaintances. He was one of the 'Johnny boys' of the front row. I met him, casually, and it's perfectly foolish to think of my marrying him."

Mother Is Worried.

When Mrs. R. L. Burnett, mother of the missing man, was seen at her home, No. 150 West Eighty-second street, by an Evening World reporter, she said:

"I am greatly worried by the despatches from Paris which tell of my son's having disappeared. I got a letter from him two weeks ago and then he said that he was happy and having a good time.

"My son left New York for London [illegible] and the greater part of his time since then has been spent in London. I don't know exactly when he went to Paris. I shall get my counsel here to communicate with the Paris police and see if my son cannot be located.

"Has your son been attentive to any woman lately? Has he been attentive to any of the actresses he knew in New York?" Mrs. Burnett was asked.

"I have no interest whatever in any actresses or other women to whom my son may or may not be attentive," replied Mrs. Burnett. "I have too much to attend to to concern myself about my son's affairs with women."

Child Playing with Bear Cubs.

WINSTED, Conn., Sept. 19.—A young son of Edward Spellman Webb was found on the side of Beartown Mountain in the Berkshires yesterday fondling two bear cubs which were eating berries. The women of the district are worried for fear their children may be attacked on their way to school, as they are sure a mother bear is in the neighborhood.

AVIATOR WRIGHT WANTS NO FAVORS FROM GOVERNMENT

Will Not Accept Any Money Until He Makes Required Aeroplane Test.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 19.—"There is no doubt that the American people would applaud a generous rather than a strictly technical attitude on the part of the Government toward Orville Wright," said Secretary of War Wright upon being asked for an expression as to what action the Government would take in view of Tuesday's fatal accident to the Wright Brothers' aeroplane at Fort Myer.

"Mr. Wright's achievements won the admiration and his misfortune the sympathy of the whole country, but with the War Department has some recommendation to act upon. I cannot say what course will be followed. It may be that should payment, full or partial, be adjudged an act of fairness under the contract, the department would be without power to make it, and an act of Congress would be necessary.

"Under no circumstances would Mr. Wright accept any money from the Government for his machine until he had fulfilled the contract requirements," said Charles R. Flint, the Wright brothers' business representative, when he learned that such a proposition was being discussed.

"Orville Wright is thinking only of getting well and is not making any plans just yet.

"The Wrights have several aeroplanes at Dayton, O., and I am sure they will make an effort to fulfill their contract with the Government as soon as possible. I presume they could get an extension of time if they asked for it. If Orville Wright is not fully recovered by the time Wilbur completes his tests in France, it is possible that the elder brother will come back to this country to make the official trials before the army board. I do not say that this certainly will be done, as Orville Wright may feel a special pride in fulfilling the contract himself."

MRS. ERVIN WARDMAN DEAD.

Wife of the Editor of The Press Passes Away.

Caroline Klinck Wardman, wife of Ervin Wardman, editor and publisher of the New York Press, died to-day in the family residence in New Rochelle after a brief illness.

The funeral will be held on Monday from her late home. Mrs. Wardman was the daughter of the late Rev. A. V. Klinck, of Washington, where she was married to Mr. Wardman on May 14, 1902.

ANNA HELD HAS A DAUGHTER WHO IS 8 YEARS OLD

Florence Ziegfeld Says Lillian Will Be Sent to School Here.

CAN'T SPEAK ENGLISH.

Even Intimate Friends Were Not Aware of the Child's Existence.

The mystery of the black-eyed, black-haired little girl in Apartment No. 41 at the Hotel Ansonia, occupied by Anna Held and her husband, Florence Ziegfeld, was explained by Mr. Ziegfeld to-day. The child is the daughter of the Ziegfelds, he says, and her seclusion in her nursery is due only to the fact that she cannot speak English.

"Of course, the child is Miss Held's," he said. "All the story of her being taught English and drawing and being seldom seen is correct, except her age. She is not thirteen. How could she be when we were only married in 1897? She is eight years old. Her name is Lillian Held Ziegfeld.

"She came to the United States two weeks ago, when we returned from abroad. Mrs. Ziegfeld, who is now in the country, had her under a private tutor in a French school. We are here, and she is old enough now to learn English, and just as soon as she acquires the rudiments of English she will be placed in a private school here."

The most intimate friends and associates of the star of musical comedy have never had a suspicion that Anna Held had a child. In all the biographies published of Miss Held no mention has ever been made of her. The child, it is said, has never seen its mother on the stage.

The little girl has seldom left the rooms, and when she has the maid has always accompanied and watched over her. All this while other children in the hotel have looked curiously at the pretty child and marvelled that she had no friends of her own age and that she spent so much time in her rooms.

Occasionally the daughter of Miss Held is taken for an automobile ride by Samuel Kingston, who for several years has been business manager for Miss Held, and Mrs. Kingston. Now and then on one of these rides Miss Held will trip from the hotel and take a seat in the car by her daughter.