

The First Year of Marriage. One of the problems that develop out of that trying first year of married existence is the equal adjustment of the amusement question.

Comparisons are proverbially odious when applied to persons; they are frequently misleading, especially if they deal with a part only of the facts, when applied to other matters.

Church Advertising. We do not believe that the average church can gain much from newspaper advertising. In a large city it serves one purpose only; it tells strangers where a preacher known to them perhaps by reputation may be heard.

Admiral Cervera, who commanded the Spanish fleet at the battle of Santiago, was retired lately from active service at his own request.

A Philadelphia detective on the trail of an embezzling restaurant employe had to eat six to twelve meals a day. How he envied the poor! Few people would have believed the Philadelphians rose early enough to eat so many meals in a day.

John J. White of New York went to Africa without the blowing of trumpet or a consignment of typewriters, bagged seven elephants, ten lions and a sunstroke, and on coming home gave out his experiences and observations for publication without charge even for time.

A New York bank caterers especially to deal mutants. Money makes motions there, we presume.

The Moscow millionaire who burned up his fortune to save his heirs from being cursed by riches, was not probably blessed by them. Somehow, the curse of wealth is one which the average man is sure he can bear with patience, fortitude and resignation.

The treasurer of the United States says that the population has more than doubled every 30 years, while the wealth of the nation has more than doubled every 20 years. Uncle Sam is getting to be a great-uncle.

Gossip of Washington

What Is Going On at the National Capital.

Sets New Record for Cabinet Members



WASHINGTON.—When Theodore Roosevelt retires from the presidential office, on March 4 next, he will have made a record for numerous cabinet appointments. The last cabinet meeting he presides over will be composed almost solely of comparatively new men.

In the seven and a half years of his tenure, Mr. Roosevelt will have had 29 different cabinet officers, but not as many different men, for Mr. Root has served under him first as secretary of war and then as secretary of state.

No other president has made so many changes. There have been six secretaries of the navy since Mr.

Roosevelt entered the White House—Long, Morton, Moody, Bonaparte, Metcalf and Newberry; and five postmasters general—Smith, Payne, Wynne, Cortelyou and Meyer. There have been two secretaries of state—Hay and Root. The recent announcement that Secretary Root is to resign as soon as he is elected to the senate from New York and that Assistant Secretary of State Robert Bacon of New York and Boston will succeed him assures three secretaries of state during President Roosevelt's term.

Mr. Roosevelt has also had three secretaries of the treasury, three secretaries of war, three attorneys general, three secretaries of commerce and two secretaries of the interior.

Grover Cleveland, the only other president since Grant's time who has served two terms, had but 23 cabinet officers. They were in two administrations, separated by a four-year period.

To Embark Again on Matrimonial Sea



Another interesting Washington romance is disclosed in the announcement of the engagement of Preston Gibson, millionaire clubman, athlete, author and playwright, to Miss Grace McMillan Jarvis, a niece of Lady Harrington and one of last season's most attractive and charming debutantes.

The engagement was announced by Miss Jarvis' grandmother, Mrs. James McMillan, wife of the late senator from Michigan, who was one of the wealthiest men in the Wolverine state.

Mr. Gibson is a son of the late Senator Randall Lee Gibson of Louisiana and a nephew of Associate Justice Edward D. White of the United States supreme court. He is also closely related to Mrs. William F. Draper, whose husband was former ambassador to Italy, both of whom are now prominent in Washington society.

This is Mr. Gibson's second venture on the sea of matrimony. In 1900 he married Miss Minna Field, daughter of Henry Field of Chicago and niece of Marshall Field, the merchant dry goods prince. Their wedding eight years ago was the result of a romance dating from their meeting in school, but the marriage turned out unhappily and two years ago Gibson and his first wife were divorced.

Shortly afterward she married Agnes Burnaby, a member of the British "smart set," and they are living in Leicester Square.

After his divorce Preston Gibson took up his residence permanently in Washington and at once became popular in the set which comprises some of the best known beaux and belles of the capital.

Amusing Stories on Tariff Revisers



A GOOD deal of amusement was created at the hearing of the committee on ways and means the other day, when a newspaper article was brought to the attention of the committee, stating that "the ways and means committee, which is now engaged in the task of framing a bill to protect American industries, had purchased toweling bearing the mark, 'Made in Great Britain.'"

"When the session is over turn up the chair upon which you are sitting and read the mark." This was done, and it was revealed that the chair was "Made in Vienna."

Further inquiry disclosed that the euphonium upon the walls of the committee room was imported from Canada, that the carpets on the floor came from Brussels, and that the woodwork of the imposing "throne" upon which the committeemen sit at hearings, was brought over from Italy.

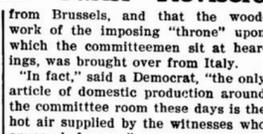
"In fact," said a Democrat, "the only article of domestic production around the committee room these days is the hot air supplied by the witnesses who appear before us."

All of this recalled to Democratic members of the committee a ludicrous incident that occurred during the consideration of the Dingley bill in the house, 11 years ago.

Mr. Dingley was followed on the floor by Jerry Simpson of Kansas, whose nimble wit and comic stories are a part of the traditions of the house. Mr. Dingley wore a high hat, and invariably brought it into the house with him, laying it on the chair adjoining the one he occupied.

"The gentleman should practice what he preaches," shouted Mr. Simpson, moving toward the unsuspecting Mr. Dingley. Picking up Mr. Dingley's hat, Simpson continued: "I find a label in the gentleman's hat, reading thus: 'Made in London.'"

Katherine Elkins to Become a Nurse



THE end of the romance of Katherine Elkins and the duke of the Abruzzi is to be like the final chapter of an old-fashioned novel, in which the heroine flees with her memories to convent walls and the hero betakes himself and his wounded heart to the wilderness of the world to seek forgetfulness.

The authoritative announcement that there would be no marriage between Miss Elkins and the Italian prince and cousin of a king was hardly cold when the cable brought from Rome the report that the duke was planning to be off to the unexplored mountain fastnesses of India.

Subsequent dispatches have confirmed that report, and ever since Washington has been wondering what the young woman would do, it being assumed that her affections had been as deeply wounded as her royal suitors' by the breaking of the engagement.

It is now learned that Miss Elkins' attitude toward society for the next six months at least, and perhaps longer, will be more serious than was anticipated.

Arrangements have been made by Miss Elkins to begin the serious work of study in the homeopathic general hospital in Washington.

The course which Miss Elkins will have to follow, under the rules of hospital training, will include attendance at all lectures, clinics and operations. She will have to spend a certain number of hours each day in various wards observing the treatment of patients and fitting herself to take temperatures, dress wounds, apply bandages and do all which a nurse must perform for the sick.

Kaiser Obeyed the Scene Shifter. A story is told in Berlin newspapers which places the kaiser in a somewhat curious light. Recently he visited a theater and strolling behind the curtain became liberal of advice to the managers, actors and even scene shifters, who listened in awed silence. Presently the emperor lighted a cigar, puffing as he talked. On both sides of him were flimsy draperies and on the floor heaps of paper.

BULL HUNT IN A RAILROAD TUNNEL

ECHOES OF HOOFF BEATS HEARD COMING AND RECORD TIME IS MADE TO DAYLIGHT.

ENGINEER WARNED OF DANGER

Cab Driver, Detective and Policeman All Vanquished by the Bovine Terror, Who Finally Became Disgusted with Passage.

Seattle.—An escaped bull, bellowing with rage and fright and dragging a long rope which was attached to his horns, charged into the Great Northern tunnel here shortly before five o'clock the other evening. The animal had been unloaded from a car in the switch yards and two men had undertaken to lead it with a stout rope when the bull decided to go in a wholly different direction.

Two 'bus drivers who were waiting for trains viewed the terrifying spectacle of the bull and the cloud of cinders, and straightway informed Patrolman George Osborn that the tunnel was full of bulls.

"Maybe it was buffaloes," said one 'bus driver. "We just saw the air full of dust and a string of bulls a block long go into the tunnel."

Detective Lee Barbee was at the station, and joined with Patrolman Osborn in the hunt. The trail was picked up at the mouth of the tunnel, where the rope had dragged in the mud. The policemen decided that the bull could not wander far afield beyond the city, and started at a brisk run.

When they arrived at a point almost beneath the Lincoln hotel, Detective Barbee heard hoof steps in the pitchy dark.

"Say, Osborn," said Detective Barbee, "did you ever meet a big, woolly-headed bull in a dark tunnel?"



They Swarmed Out of the Tunnel in About 10 Flat.

"Never did," replied Patrolman Osborn. "Met a bull in a pasture in Illinois, but as we were soon going in the same direction pretty rapidly, I never got much acquainted."

"Well, the thought occurred to me that somebody ought to warn the engineer of the north-bound train," said Detective Barbee. "Now, you stay here and hold the bull in check while I flag the train."

"No, let's both flag the train," said Patrolman Osborn. "I don't know this bull at all, and maybe he doesn't speak my language."

Echoes of hoof beats coming toward the men decided the question, and they swarmed out of the tunnel in about ten flat.

When they informed the engineer of the danger ahead, that genial monarch of the locomotive laughed.

"Come into the tunnel in about ten minutes and see if I have met the bull," said he. Then the train pulled out.

Fifteen minutes later the bull, uninjured and disgusted with tunnel life, promenade on the King street station platform. Four stout baggage smashers seized the rope and the animal was returned to its owner.

Teeth Kicked Out: Replanted. Pasadena, Cal.—Louis Torrana, having had three teeth neatly and quickly kicked out by a p-n-y, Dr. W. C. Smith, specialist in odd operations of that character, assisted by Drs. G. C. Sharpe and George Abbott, has succeeded in replacing the ivories so that within 24 hours from the time of the accident that young man seems just as well as ever.

The operation is one of the most unusual ever attempted here. The medical men thoroughly sterilized the sockets, and the teeth were set back in place and bound securely with wire.

It is said they will grow back firmly in place with time and be just as serviceable as the tooth in which the nerve has been killed.

Monkeys Fight Over Violin. Atlanta, Ga.—Romeo and Frank, trick monkeys, escaped from their cage at a local theater, and entering the dressing room of a musical team, grabbed a \$250 violin, which was soon a wreck. Frank was the first to seize the violin, which had an attractiveness also for Romeo, and there ensued a fight for possession. Romeo finally wrenched the valuable instrument from his partner's hand and with it struck Frank a terrific blow across the head, smashing it to pieces.

Judging by the Salary. "Prince Chun is to get a salary of \$105,000 a year for acting as regent of China."

Musings of the Metropolis

News of New York Town Outlined in Brief Form.

Trinity Church Corporation Loses Money

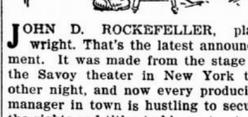


NEW YORK.—The Trinity church corporation for the first time has issued a financial statement in detail. The corporation maintains ten churches and 16 schools. Its total income for the year was approximately \$750,000, over the year was approximately \$750,000, of which was derived from the corporation's real estate holdings, only about \$5,000 coming from pew rents. Expenditures for the year amounted to over \$791,000, leaving an actual deficit of \$11,966 for the 12 months.

The real estate owned by Trinity which produced the income had a taxable valuation of \$13,646,300, upon which taxes amounting to \$134,000 were paid in addition to taxes paid by holders of the ground leases.

The corporation paid taxes upon all of its real property, with the exception of its churches, schools, and burying grounds. Trinity has a debt of \$800,000, incurred in the erection of modern business buildings and apartment houses.

John D., Dramatist, Censors New Play

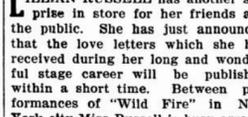


JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, playwright. That's the latest announcement. It was made from the stage of the Savoy theater in New York the other night, and now every producing manager in town is hustling to secure the rights and titles to his next output.

Mr. Rockefeller's first attempt is on the serious order. He has supplied Cleveland Moffet, author of "The Battle," with several paragraphs from his own pen on wealth and achievement. The lines will be spoken by Wilton Lackaye, who impersonates the character of John Haggleton, the millionaire, who in the play descends upon the East side, attacks socialism in its greatest stronghold, and routs it by practical demonstrations.

At the Savoy an opportunity was given socialists to combat the arguments set forth in the play. There were half a dozen ardent socialists and as many who had opposite views.

Lillian Russell to Publish Love Letters



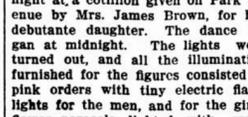
LILLIAN RUSSELL has another surprise in store for her friends and the public. She has just announced that the love letters which she has received during her long and wonderful stage career will be published within a short time.

"Ever since I first went on the stage I've saved all the letters that were written to me, and I have trunks full of them," Miss Russell said in explaining her purpose.

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Dance in the Dark Is Latest Novelty



THE search for novelties in social diversions still goes on. A rather pretty idea was sprung the other night at a cotillion given on Park avenue by Mrs. James Brown, for her debutante daughter. The dance began at midnight. The lights were turned out, and all the illumination furnished for the figures consisted of pink orders with tiny electric flashlights for the men, and for the girls, flower parasols lighted with small electric bulbs.

Another pretty social venture was made at the Hotel Plaza the other night when a grand ball de defete was given for the benefit of the helpless blind.

Before the ball, a number of social leaders gave elaborate dinner parties at their homes at which guests appeared with their heads dressed in the vogue of some special period, or in some special fashion of the past. One of these ladies, who is known for her love of her country, chose that the girls who appeared under her chaperonage, have their hair dressed to represent American beauty roses. At another table were seen an array of heads a la Mary Stuart, while the men were powdered as were the beaus of that day.

The ruff of Elizabeth and of Sir Walter Raleigh also appeared. The debutantes had their hair dressed to represent various flowers. The affair was very pretty when all

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The following interesting bit of information appeared in a Montreal paper: "Last December, in reviewing the year 1907, we had to record a wheat harvest considerably smaller in volume than in the previous year. Against ninety millions in 1906 the wheat crop of the West in 1907 only totaled some seventy-one million bushels, and much of this of inferior quality. But the price averaged high, and the total return to the farmers was not unprofitable. This year we have to record by far the largest wheat crop in the country's history. Estimates vary as to the exact figure, but it is certainly not less than one hundred million bushels, and in all probability it reaches one hundred and ten million bushels. The quality, moreover, is good, and the price obtained very high, so that in all respects the Western harvest of 1908 has been a memorable one. The result upon the commerce and finance of the country is already apparent. The railways are again reporting increases in traffic, the general trade of the community has become active after twelve months' quiet, and the banks are loosening their purse strings to meet the demand for money. The prospects for 1909 are excellent. The credit of the country never stood so high. The immigrants of 1907 and 1908 have now been absorbed into the industrial and agricultural community, and wise regulations have been forced to prevent too great an influx next year. Large tracts of new country will be opened up by the Grand Trunk Pacific both in East and West. If the seasons are favorable the Western wheat crop should reach one hundred and twenty million bushels. The prospects for next year seem very fair." An interesting letter is received from Cardston, Alberta (Western Canada), written to an agent of the Canadian Government, any of whom will be pleased to advise correspondents of the low rates that may be allowed intending settlers.

"Dear Sir: Now that my threshing is done, and the question 'What Will the Harvest Be,' has become a certainty, I wish to report to you the results thereof, believing it will be of interest to you. You know I am only a novice in the agricultural line, and do not wish you to think I am boasting because of my success, for some of my neighbors have done much better than I have, and I expect to do much better next year myself. My winter wheat went 53 bushels per acre—and graded No. 1. My spring wheat went 43% bushels per acre, and graded No. 1. My oats went 97 bushels per acre, and are fine as any oats I ever saw. My stock is all nice and fat, and are out in the field picking their own three square meals a day. The weather is nice and warm, no snow—and very little frost. This, in short, is an ideal country for farmers and stockmen. The stock requires no shelter or winter feeding, and cattle fatten on this grass and make the finest kind of beef, better than corn fed cattle in Ills. Southwestern Alberta will soon be known as the farmers' paradise; and I am all sorry I did not come here five years ago. Should a famine ever strike North America, I will be among the last to starve—and you can count on that."

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