

THINGS ODD AND COULD BE IN THE NEWS OF 1908 AS SHOWN IN QUEER AND DROLL HAPPENINGS

BY WARWICK JAMES PHILIP
WHO can survey the moving picture of the daily news and feel that the greater end of the story is told in "first-page displays"? We find there the gist of all that is to make copy for tomorrow's historians—but the heart-beats of man, the "human interest" items, most indicative of red blood and real life, are "inside," "buried." It may be in four-line paragraphs of happenings trifling only to a superficial reader. It is in the "small news" of the weeks and months that one finds the true indices of the old world's joys and sorrows.

Nineteen eight's passing days have been rich in such things. It was not odd, perhaps that Mrs. Carrie Nation should, last May, have suffered her thirty-third arrest, she was quite due to reach the highest "degree" in the Sorority of the Hatchet. It was out of the usual, however, for C. A. Gundaker, of Takway, N. J., to die on May 5, for he was born and married on that same date; and the Rev. Philip Pratscheider, one of the foremost of Pennsylvania Lutherans, increased the oddity of the situation when he departed this life on September 18—he, too, having owned that day as anniversary both of his birth and wedding.

What light humor was there, too, in the burning of a coal mine at Millvale, in the Keystone state? What must have seemed a deplorable waste to all wise only glanced at that dispatch led to a vast moral uplift for the community. For while the black diamonds were being consumed, thousands of snakes were driven surfaceward—they invaded the village streets; robbers were driven toward the mountains; and the anticipated followed. Every male Millvale signed the pledge and climbed upon the water wagon.

Starters.
That was in the year's initial month—when also witnessed a dust shower at sea; one does not expect just that. Yet, on the 11th, a peculiar white powder fell thick upon the decks of the Monterey, just cleared from Progresso, bound for New York.

January, again, heard a too-optimistic applicant for naturalization (this was in Franklin, Pa.) state his convictions that "God made Congress." Such ignorance was, of course, denied the mighty right of vote-casting.
Odder than this, though, was the word which went forth from the Bronx Zoo on with twelve-month's second, that "Pythagoras" had just had his first meal in a thousand years. "Pythy," as it is called, is a toad, found buried in limestone rock a little matter of 200 million years ago in a Butte Mont, silver mine. Four files and an earthworm constituted his banquet—and he swallowed as though his small green throat was rusty.

Love at the Helm.
The Blind God, Dan'l, has, of course, been busy turning out "heart-throb" telegrams. In March, a Chicago court limited Mrs. Ora Leedom to six kisses a day; Mr. L. absolutely declined to live with the demonstrative lady unless she would content herself with that. On the other hand, October saw Dennis Burns, of Bridgeport, Conn., arrested for disorderly conduct in a trolley car near Waterbury, all because he insisted on kissing his spouse in a way which the other passengers stigmatized as "objec-

tionable and obnoxious." (Why couldn't Dennis and Ora have hitched up?)
October also told of a certain M. and Mme. Goumar, who did their best to rival Mark Twain's young couple, who took



their honeymoon trips separately. The Goumars thought to celebrate their wedding by walking around the world, and have actually started. But why so far? It sounds like something more than twice the distance necessary to cover before finding a place to settle down.

Possibly it was not odd that Miss Bronislawa Machaczewsky-Bowles was married to Mickel Sosnow in New York last

year. Her husband, a Polish nobleman, was a member of the Polish nobility and had been in the United States for some time. The marriage was a notable one in the community.



April. Most any girl with such a name would do her best to change it.
The Elements Get Busy.
With a man from India (Peel was his name and Bombay his home) being pro-

trayed by the heat of a September day in New York, a reader is prepared to be surprised at nothing in the way of queer weather freaks.
As usual, produced the expected. The Smith County Pioneer tells the story, with Farmer Tucker as hero—Mrs. T. and the three infants—heraring honor. A tornado was sighted, but Tucker, senior, laid by with a broken leg, considered to stand by him. So they all piled upon the invalid's bed. A moment later Mrs. T. came to 20 yards off; the two little girls were in the bed of the creek; the small son was sitting on the straw pile—all unhurt. The house had been swept away—all except the bed, and on it lay the husband and father without a scratch.

Lightning did more than its share this year. Near Herrick, S. D., Frank Herman, driven from well-digging by a heavy rain storm, returned with the clearing sky by a bolt, and the water flowing freely. Connecticut (one storm was March 29 and the other July 18) did better than that. "Thundered Havens" boy has an iron tip to her horn (That lives at East Farms), and the lightning striking that, turned the evening's milk nugget-cold. In Union City a four-pound rat, practically thrashed by Albert Munserowski's big rat, was set free by a more-than-usually considerate host, while next door, Mrs. Jennie Scoville's clock, which hadn't been running for a decade, was set a-going, and has since been doing time-and-half-time.

"I Do Herby Bequeath."
All sorts of queer wills have gone to probate since January last came in. Merely to tabulate a few of the strangest wills show which way the year's wind of life sort has been blowing.

Under date of January 12, H. E. Sullivan, of New York City, decreed that his property should be used for buttons, his skin for pouches, and certain other portions of his no-longer-useful-to-him anatomy for violin strings. Scarce need to add that the testator was a violinist.
In February, bequeathed to the sum of \$25,000, under the will of an eccentric banker, who had left his counting-house forever, leaving a fortune "to provide annually a marriage portion for a deserving, good-looking girl of 16 with red hair and blue eyes." Dr. Boyce's "Red-Headed Men's League" one better.

Having found it difficult to dodge the honking auto, being rheumatic, Jeremiah Carrihman, of Jersey City, bequeathed, at his death in April, his entire estate (though it was only \$500) "to some one trying to perfect a flying machine, or to send to him a long step in advance."
Oscar Peterson's last testament, signed on June 14 last, at Elmhurst, L. I., is self-explanatory. It read: "I bequeath to my son, Augustus, in case of Accident, Suicide or Natural Death, all Bank Account, Purniture, or everything." The lady got it.
Michael Hammon, a London solicitor, left (August 17) \$40,000 to any convent his widow might enter, with \$3000 a year for her during life. If she refused the will, the whole property was devised to charities, she to be the recipient only of his personal jewelry.

Catherine H. Heckler, of Portland, Or., gave even with Mr. Hammon, in behalf of her sex, when, in October, she willed "the sum of one dollar, the same to be paid in four monthly installments, to the individual who married me." No contest.
This very month has seen quite as curious a happening of the same kind. John Delacy, a very considerable estate by a relative, dying in South Africa, has received offers of the following: Seven automobiles, three houses and lots, six "speech-making" inventions, one race-horse, one bull pup, three gold mines, one steam yacht, five motorboats, one trolley

line, two trotters, 15 private secretaries and 22 wives.

Feathers and Four-Foot.
A pure white sparrow, a four-foot garter snake daily milking a prize Alderney; a St. Bernard mothering three forsaken lion cubs, and a colt adopting four tiny piglets—these are a few of the 1908 "human interest"



events in the world of feathers and four-feet. The Pennsylvania towns of Bloomsburg and Lancaster, Chicago herself and Stewartville, Ind., are the sources from which the respective items have been so-called to a waiting and ready press.

But the so-called "seaside" cruising off Atlantic Highlands, N. J., has struck

the side of Headland Drive. Some even over the thing smells of gasoline.
After this one demands what is unique, if genuine attention is to be claimed—and another Jersey hamlet rises to the occasion. If the Chatham correspondent is to be believed (and surely they are) a certain Mr. Budd, there residing, has this year lost a remarkable heil. The lady entered the world in quite the usual way, but one day, while exploring, she wandered onto a patch of newly-laid concrete, just inside the Budd barn door. Her feet stuck, and the concrete set before the damsel-in-distress was discovered. But her spirit remained unbroken; her faculties unimpaired. Eternally shackled, she bore her lot uncomplainingly, for five months, eating and laying eggs quite as she ought. Then came the inexorable scythe-bearer—perhaps, for once, truly welcome.



a yet newer, less commonplace note. The creature looks like a seal, but the vital point is that it emits a cry so like an automobile coming round a sharp corner that many a wayfarer, hearing it, has jumped precipitately to

the side of Headland Drive. Some even over the thing smells of gasoline.
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Eternal Fitness.
What more beautifully fit detail of the '08 news than that which told what the organist at the second wedding of Anna Gould played after that ceremony? It was "Abide With Me."

How appropriate, too, that Dr. Galer, invited to the party to be given by Dewitt and Leon Fall, twin brothers, of Hackensack, Mich., should have said that ceremony? It was "Abide With Me."

Very much to the same point, again, are three of the 12 months' reported thefts. A burglar working in the jewelry shop of James Alpert, Philadelphia, capped off his operations by taking away the burglar alarm. Mr. Joe Simms, in Huttonsville, Pa., was "tickled" "lifting," escaped and carried off the Sheriff's Sunday clothes en route, and a Boston second-story man, playing his trade on the fringe of the Back Bay district, ignored silver and brick-a-brac, preferring a box of tobacco and a copy of Shelley's poems. The pipe mixture needs no comment—the poet, either, remembering the Hub's traditions.

Providence and the Church.
Bloomburg's white sparrow is not her sole claim to notoriety this year. J. C. Henderson lives nearby, and he has outburked Burbank. Two seasons ago he culled a crop of peaches from a certain tree; last year the fruit on those selfsame limbs looked peachy but tasted queer; this year it has borne plums! And the neighbors whisper of "Providence," for Mrs. H.—is plus, an invalid and a lover of daisies.

Was Omnipotence also behind the oil strike which was made on the tiny property of the Reformed Church of Petersburg, Pa., in April? The fact is that a "quaker" was found within the church after a prayer meeting had been held over the debt of the little congregation—property mortgaged and back salary due the pastor.
Something went a bit wrong, however, when Woodstock, Mass., prayed for rain last October. The heavens opened all right enough—but Stockbridge got the shower.

Two other paragraphs of "Religious Interest." Cash registers have been installed (June 15) in the vestibules of St. Cadimir's, Worcester, Mass., so that church-goers may now see their contributions properly "rung up." And Dr. E. Trumbull Lee, of the First Presbyterian Church, Walkersburg (the "swell" Pittsburg suburb) has asked the ladies sitting beneath his pulpit to remove their hats—"save, of course, the elderly ones." All the merry widows have come off without comment.
The Old World has sent full measure

across seas to such a gleaming as is this. Burgundy has passed a law for a "house of sinners" for sinners, classing the diminutive house-carriers as "game." An Oelenitz (Hungary) embroidery factory has had to shut down because a cloud of butterflies, sweeping in at the open windows, had clogged the machinery. And a Swiss couple has been married after a courtship of 45 years; 2000 love letters have passed in the meantime.
Switzerland, too, has produced "The



Happiest Man on Earth." Johann Schmid is the claimant to the title, the town of Stuhr his home, and here are his reasons: "I have never worked, never married, never been ill, never been

in at the Finish.
But what is the oldest, merriest, wretched, least-to-be-accepted face of all the year's passing days? Five good bids for primacy have been kept for this closing, as follows:

Fairbury, Kan. (of course) has found a fish with four legs and five toes, is each of the four feet. It gets round on land as readily as in its native element, and snaps viciously if fooled with. Gus Bitzer is the world's authority for this. A Cleveland, Colo., man (Patrick Flynn, a day laborer), out of work, desperately hungry and "stone" broke, pawned his false teeth to raise his price (one-cent) and then had nothing to eat of it!

Captain Mader, of the fruit steamer Farrago, Port Antonio to New York, saw on his voyage, on March 3, a sea serpent that chased the ship for two days; also a floating island, inhabited only by pink monkeys. Also a crow laid an egg in the crew's nest, while he was well down the bay, and, when he got up off the Statue of Liberty, some 300 live turtles aboard, gave his craft a bad time, a crowding over to see the Bartholdy lady.

John Keshock, of Sharon, Pa., started to steal a baking of Mrs. Pull's pie, but noticing that they were not quite hot, he put stove and all on his barrow and started off. Pursued by Pull, increased speed, created draught. Pies done to a turn. Pull overhauled the barrow, the pies smelt good—and each had one before starting back for the lock-up.

There is something to be said in favor of each item in this quartet—each is something more than worthy of the amber of immortal types—but hasn't little old Broadway won out, right under the tape? November's dispatches from the city's metropolises reported that Ionus Muller, a waiter at the Pavilion, had got into serious trouble with the walking delegate of his labor union because—he refused a tip!

Will Either of These Become Cardinals?

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Looking to the improvement of his city and its people, and more than once, while speaking at some big mass-meeting in the city's famous old Academy of Music, he had convinced his hearers by his rich wit and fund of good stories. "As archbishop of Philadelphia I naturally stand hand in glove with New York and Baltimore," he once wittily replied to a man who asked him where he stood in some difference that had occurred between the late Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, and Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore.

An Archbishop Who Was a Picturesque Bishop.
Before he became archbishop of Chicago five years ago, James Edward Quigley was bishop of Buffalo for nine years, and in that period furnished the Buffalo newspapers with good copy by his unusual manner of meeting and conquering problems that came before him. When the great dock strike of 1899 broke out, Bishop Quigley's heart was with the

men. "Henceforth the docks will be my parish," he said to the strikers; "you know as bishop I have no parish. And I shall not leave you until you are back at work and satisfied with the conditions." He struck by this declaration, became the virtual strike leader and saw the trouble settled to the satisfaction of the men.

While most of the ministers of Erie County were gathering in mass-meeting to protest against a prize-fight between the sheriff in his house, and demanded of the latter whether he wanted to put a stain on his official character by allowing the fight to take place. Receiving a negative answer, the bishop next asked the uncomfortable official whether he proposed to let the fight take place. "No, Bishop, I do not," was the reply. "Please state the fact in writing." Which the sheriff did. Then the bishop went to the mass-meeting, waved the bit of paper before the Catholic and Protestant clergy there assembled, and broke up the gathering. There was no fight.
Archbishop Quigley comes of two fam-

ilies that has furnished priests to the church for generations, and from which he was destined by his parents for the priesthood. He was the oldest son, and the oldest son of his mother's family has been given to the church for generations. But though he was trained from childhood for the priesthood, there was a time when he took the examinations for West Point. Not that he had any intention of entering the army, though. All the schools were asked to send candidates to the examination; the father in charge of young Quigley's school sent him to the examination without instruction, but to out-distance all the other candidates. This the young man did, and then relinquished his right to the honor that was his. Later on he graduated from the famous College of the Propaganda at Rome, summa cum laude. This was in 1878, and from then on until he became archbishop of the fourth largest Catholic archdiocese in the world he labored exclusively in New York state.

Like the archbishop of Chicago, the fourth archbishop of New York, John Murphy Farley, was set aside in babyhood for the church, and since he became a priest 28 years ago he has held practically every office in the church below that of cardinal, a circumstance which doubtless would stand him in good stead should he ever receive the red hat. In this respect his career contrasts strangely with that of the archbishop of Boston, who has held only three or four offices below that of cardinal.
Succeeding the late Archbishop Corrigan six years ago, Archbishop Farley, by his conduct in this country's largest Catholic archdiocese, has won an international reputation as an ecclesiastical administrator. Back in the early '70s, when he became the secretary of Cardinal Murphy, he was the first American to receive the red hat, he secured his wide reputation as an expert in canon law. Archbishop Farley was closely associated with him, and as his secretary kept the accounts of the building of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in which famous edifice he preached the first American to receive the red hat, he secured his wide reputation as an expert in canon law. Archbishop Farley was closely associated with him, and as his secretary kept the accounts of the building of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in which famous edifice he preached the first American to receive the red hat, he secured his wide reputation as an expert in canon law.

Stable Constructed of Concrete Throughout

The use of concrete in special forms of construction has ceased to be a matter of wonder to architects and contractors. Its cheapness, strength and adaptability are, however, much discussed in technical publications. From this point of view the stable recently built by Robert E. Griffith at Haverford, Pa., is interesting. It is thus described by Randolph Parry, of Philadelphia, who designed it:
The stable is of very solid character, comparing with that standpoint very favorably with the best examples of brick and stone. In designing the structure the practical and convenient features were given the first consideration. Artistic effects were a secondary matter, yet the results are entirely pleasing from an architectural standpoint. The same methods of construction here employed could, with equally good results, have been applied to a dwelling.
Except in one instance, the case of constructing such buildings constitutes a matter of decided importance and is closely scrutinized by the prospective builder. While the walls and columns of this stable did not cost more than if constructed of wood, brick or stone, they possess the decided advantage of never requiring painting or repairs. If the stables here employed were applied to a dwelling-house, a further economy would be effected through an elimination of the necessity for furring and plastering. A dwelling thus constructed would be fireproof and could be heated at a considerable saving of fuel, as compared with many other houses.
The building is 26x37 feet in ground plan, with a 14-foot shed, or overhang. The outer and partition walls are of concrete six inches thick, the former being 11 feet and 6 inches high. They were all carried up together as a unit, the forms employed consisting of only two boards inside and out, a method of decidedly quick construction. The foundations are 24 inches deep, consisting of a 12-inch concrete wall carried to the ground level. The concrete employed was one part cement, 2 1/2 parts Jersey gravel and five parts crushed rock three-fourths of an inch in size. This mixture was employed for the foundation walls and columns. The work was begun on April 15, and although only a small quantity of concrete was employed and numerous stops were necessitated by bad weather and delays in receiving materials, it was finished exactly two months later.
A box stall, three single stalls, carrying and harness rooms occupy the entire first floor. Concrete water and mixing troughs and a concrete hay chute are also located on the first floor. The second floor, in addition to ample storage space for hay and feed, contains the groom's room. The entire ground floor, together with that under the shed, are of concrete laid off in six-inch squares. The concrete stall floors are covered with planks.
As completed, this building presents a decidedly attractive appearance, the proportions being pleasing.

Hammerstein's New Opera-House in Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 28.—(Special.)—Hammerstein's new opera-house in Philadelphia should be called the Aladdin because of the extraordinary speed with which it was erected. It runs 240 feet on Broad and Carlisle streets, 100 feet on Poplar street. It is built of brick and stone in the modern French Renaissance style. It has carriage lobbies on the two sides and a main entrance on Poplar street, with five pairs of double doors leading to a broad lobby. The first floor has 46 rows of seats with no boxes to obstruct the view. The foyer at the back is 16 feet deep. There are eight proscenium boxes on each floor. The first balcony contains 28 boxes and behind them 14 rows of chairs. The gallery has 12 rows of chairs. Seating capacity \$100. The stage is 116 feet wide and 66 feet in the curtain line to the back wall. When the seat space opened a few days ago, Manager John Ward counted 2000 persons in line, so the season promises to be a success.

New York's New Public Library Will Be Completed in Two Years

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—(Special.)—The great public library of New York, which was to have been ready for occupancy Nov. 28, according to the original plans will not be in operation for at least two years to come, according to a report made by the architect in charge of the building. The architect explains that it seems too high because it is not complete—that when the statues designed for it are in place, it will be well proportioned.