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Marine Register. PORT OF NEW YORK, JANUARY 8, 1908. TODAY'S CALENDAR.

Table with columns for ship name, destination, and departure time. Includes entries for 'SOUTHAMPTON' to Liverpool and 'LONDON' to London.

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Evening Telegram's Weather Service IN NEW YORK. Fair and colder; thermometer 29 degrees at seven o'clock; wind westerly.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS. All your troubles will be light if your blooming liver's right.

BETTER CHECK THEIR KNIVES. The Ohio Republican State Committee has been called to meet at Columbus January 1.

SHE NOTICED IT. Mr. Enthuso—This sort of acting quite takes one off one's feet, doesn't it?

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AROUSING HIS SUSPICIONS. Meenmann—It gives me great pleasure to offer you this cigar. Clubman—Geel! Is it that bad?

BACK TO THE SADDLE.

It's back to the saddle for the army officers despite false rumors to the effect that the President, after a conference with the Secretary of War, had decided to modify his previous order of heart-breaking horseback rides for commanders.

Engineers, marines, desk officials and obese chair warmers suffered torture when the order was issued and agonies when it was put into effect.

The girth and weight of the Secretary of War they fondly thought, when he went into conference with the President, would insure at least a modification of the ride test, but the opposite was the result.

Colonel Roosevelt defended his rigid test plan and backed it up by photographs showing foreign officers going up and down almost perpendicular cliffs, like flies, and doing other weird things.

It is further currently reported that instead of helping out the tenderfoot, so to speak, Secretary Taft gleefully announced to the commander-in-chief that he had at last found a mount up to his weight, three hundred pounds and odd.

Bursting Into Song Over It.

How dear to my heart is the annual swear-off. The swear-off I make each year on the first; The signing and sealing of documents weighty, Which bind me to suffer a twelve-month of thair.

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BOOK TAUGHT BILKINS.



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Little Trips to Other Cities. No. 23—Detroit. By A KNICKERBOCKER.

Detroit has two excuses for being next to one of the most beautiful rivers in the world—one that it is a short cut by ferry to Canada, where the tobacco is very good, and the excitement of smuggling, it into the United States very thrilling to those who are unable to take an ocean voyage, and smuggle something more costly; and the other, that every now and then, mostly then, it is possible for some baseball team representing Detroit in the general theme of sport to win a baseball championship.

Detroit people seldom bother about making the grand tour. Once Fred Astelin was asked when he expected to go to Europe. This was after the good ship Katie M. landed in Detroit with a load of young pine trees for liberty poles to be used during the Ethel campaign.

Seeing New York with a Telegram Guide—No. 5

Old Family Traditions That Cluster Around No. 7 State Street. EIV dwelling houses in New York can boast of such distinguished family traditions as those that hang over the old colonial house at No. 7 State street.

House Now Shelter for Friendless Irish Emigrant Girls. It is now the mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, and for more than twenty-four years it has been a shelter for helpless Irish emigrant girls friendless in a new country.

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AROUSING HIS SUSPICIONS. Meenmann—It gives me great pleasure to offer you this cigar. Clubman—Geel! Is it that bad?

THE ONE THING NEEDED. We are sorry the President didn't give us some good hot stuff in his message on the perilous habit of wearing big hats in the boxes at the theatre.

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Men of the Hour on Timely Topics

It is surprising to me that Americans do not boom Florida as the ideal winter resort of the world, said Sir Thomas Dewar, who is at the Hotel Plaza.

What Florida needs is a corps of competent public men in Europe. People are getting tired of their aged winter resorts, but they have not yet learned about the beauties of Florida.

I think if you could get the English people to take up Florida all America would flock there in February and March. You should have first of all a line of steamships to make a circuit from London to Florida, and returning via the West Indies.

I am on my way to Florida now, and after a few weeks of tarpon fishing I shall go over to Jamaica, and when I get back to England I will be a new man. Palm Beach is my choice of winter resorts to-day.

Americans who are in London during the next few weeks will have a great treat in an exhibition of old masters, which is to be held in Burlington House.

Americans who are going to London shortly should not neglect to avail themselves of this valuable opportunity, as it is unlikely that such a collection will ever be assembled in any part of the world in our time at least.

Ireland is the worst place in Europe for grabbing tips and extras from American tourists, says Mr. J. W. Daniels, who was for twenty years Superintendent of Public Schools in Boise City, Idaho.

I fell so completely in love with dear, old picturesque Ireland, he concluded, "I hate to speak this harsh truth, and I hope that the good Irishmen in America will not come down on my head for making it, but rather write home to their relatives and friends and tell them to do what they can to stop this grabbing habit, because in a short time Americans will begin to shun the Emerald Isle on their tours."

Let me warn Americans, too, that the Canadians are scooping up the good land grants which formerly came to America. Canadians were even at the exposition in Dublin working all manner of alluring schemes, but in a very fair way. They had exhibits displaying the advantages of Canada, and they were giving out scads of literature and attractive publicity matter.

We are making good rubber down in Texas now out of the guayule plant, said Mr. O. B. Worth, of Houston, who was at the Knickerbocker Hotel yesterday.

The Southern Pacific Railroad has an immense experimental station near Marathen, and it is consuming several tons of guayule per day in the manufacture of a very fine grade of rubber.

The land upon which the plant grows is owned in large part by the State, and as it is useless land as a rule for farming purposes, the Eastern promoters of these factories are getting hold of as much of it as they can, and they will doubtless make fortunes in a few years on a very small investment.

Try to do something. Try to be something. Causing the world to remark: Don't be a quitter. Hopeless and bitter. Grooping along in the dark.

There is no reason why we should be, said I with a sudden access of boldness. She colored vividly. The express train was just coming in and the gray, leather lugged special policemen were bellowing directions and beginning to manhandle the crowd.

Just then one of the gray coated her-people tore us apart, jammed her onto the platform of a car, said "All right, get'er go!" the gates slammed and the train moved away, leaving me gesticulating frantically to Millicent amid the laughter and jeers of the waiting West Farms contingent.

When you inject comedy into the wrong place, then it's a tragedy result. You may laugh. But that's not my cue. Millicent hasn't completed her interrupted answer yet.

Sousa and His Band at Hippodrome

BEFORE a large audience in the Hippodrome John Philip Sousa, now quite recovered from his recent illness, offered an interesting programme last night. The traditional vigor of his band was felt in his descriptive composition, "The Last Days of Pompeii," where the carefully written crescendos made the destructive element most realistic.

The overture "Kaiser" (Westmeyer), "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" (Strauss), "Jubilee" from "Symphonic Sketches" (Chadwick), "Humoresque" (Dvorak), "Pomahata's Daughter" (Sousa) were each followed by old-familiar Sousa marches.

Miss Jeannette Powers, violinist, did credit to Gelsora's truly fanciful caprice, "Slay," which she followed with Chopin's Nocturne, No. 2 and "Hungarian Dance" as encores. For a young soloist Miss Powers shows an exceptionally broad and mature interpretation, and her mannerisms, at first noticeable, are quickly forgotten.

Others who assisted were Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, cornetist, who played "Roma's Caprice" (Clarke), and Miss Lucy Allen, soprano. Miss Allen sang "Roberto" (Meyerbeer) with some effectiveness.

"The Free Lance," a mosaic by Sousa, closed the programme. OPERA AND OTHER CONCERTS. THERE was much in the way of worthy musical offering in New York yesterday. Victor Maurel, the celebrated operatic baritone, gave a recital at Carnegie Hall in the afternoon, his only appearance in New York this season.

Two enthusiastic audiences attended the concerts at the Metropolitan and Manhattan opera houses. At the former Mme. Emma Eames was the star of the performance, with Miss Jacoby, Mr. Ricardo Martin and Mr. Journet also in the bill. At the Manhattan the long list of soloists included Messrs. Bass, Dider, Gilbert, Reach, Borelli and Agostinelli.

At the West End Theatre the Zeitman Philharmonic Orchestra, an organization of eighty local musicians, rendered an attractive programme. Notes of the Stage. Peter Pan, the delightful little boy who never grew up, vanished into Never-Never Land, from the stage of the Empire Theatre Saturday night, and Miss Maude Adams, who brought him to New York, was showered with gifts and floral remembrances by the company. Miss Kate Thomas offered this quatrain as her contribution:

Diapite it, ye who care, God doth regard that's common; He made a mischief human. Miss Adams appears to-night as the dainty little girl in "Quality Street," another of Barrie's charming plays.

Miss Corinne Malvern, five years old, who plays the part of Trouble in Puccini's opera, "Madame Butterfly," has a proper appreciation of her artist's value. During a recent interview the manager of this stage production was asked, "Now, confidentially, who is the most important of your six prima donnas?" "I am," came in a childish voice from a dark corner of the stage, and the spot light revealed Tremblay munching a big red apple.

Mr. Henry W. Savage is responsible for the circulation of a report that the ambition of Mr. Wells Hawks, publicity promoter at the Hippodrome, once soared high. He wanted to be a trapeze performer in a circus.

An Adventure in the Subway

THE subway may be a joke or a lonely lamentation, according to the viewpoint you voluntarily take or the one that you are compelled to take. It has afforded me both laughter and tears; but still I have an affection for that underground hurly-burly which amounts to almost a disease.

I love the subway with its wild humors, its constantly changing aspects and its incooperable "abuses." It would take up too much space to tell just what a "abuse" is. "Sam" Bernard, however, can enlighten you.

All of my adventures in the subway I have taken with a certain receptive tolerance, and but one of them has given me a recurrent pain. I am a rather bashful man, and for three years I had courted Millicent without mastering the courage to pop the question. Somehow or other a spirit of dare-devil recklessness takes possession of me whenever I enter the subway. It is a sort of fearless intonation which makes one feel that he doesn't care if he never gets to Harlem or the Bronx.

At the Grand Central station Millicent and I were waiting for an uptown express. "This crush is maddening!" she exclaimed. "True," I replied. "It is made up wholly of lunatics."

"Not excepting us?" she asked, tentatively smiling the while. "Well," I replied, "I shouldn't say we're much different from the others." "There's where you are wrong, I think," said Millicent a bit seriously. "All of these men have a weary but anxious expression of married men eager to get home to their wives. In fact, I'm sure they are married."