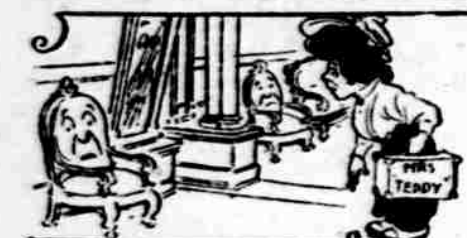


## ROUND THE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

### No New Furnishings in the White House



WASHINGTON.—Have sympathy for Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the president. She, of all beloved wives in the land whose husbands have an income more than sufficient to afford a bare living, is most to be pitied. Every other such wife in the land has added something to the house since returning from her summer spent away from home. There is probably not another woman in the land who has not added at least one piece of furniture, had a room papered, bought new curtains for at least one room, added a rug to the children's bedroom or has done something of that kind. But Mrs. Roosevelt has no addition to boast of.

When she got back to the White House not long ago she found everything just as it was when she went away. Some painting had been done inside and out, but that is all. It might just as well not have been done, because the new paint is just

like that which it replaced. Where ivory white greeted her eyes last winter it will do so again this season. Where the tint was cream or buff it will still be cream or buff at the time when she gives it up to Mrs. William on March 4, 1909.

Now wouldn't it get on your nerves, careful housekeeper, to know that you could not do anything to change the look of things; that you couldn't move the chifonier over into another corner, or get rid of the curtain in the dining-room that looked so good when it first came to your view, but now has grown almost hideous?

But that is Mrs. Roosevelt's fix precisely. Congress last winter did not make any allowance for new furniture, carpets, rugs or hangings of any kind. The allowance was merely for maintenance. That, of course, covers any repairs that may be needed to furniture, hangings or draperies, but it does not permit the introduction of new things.

Every vase, every chair, every side table and every picture is in exactly the place it occupied when Mrs. Roosevelt went away. The same old "throw" covers the piano, and the Florentine mirror hangs at the very angle it described when the family went to Oyster Bay.

### Changes Likely by Coming New Mistress



ON the walls of that apartment during the McKinley administration. She also selected furniture less ornate than the Louis XVI of the McKinley regime.

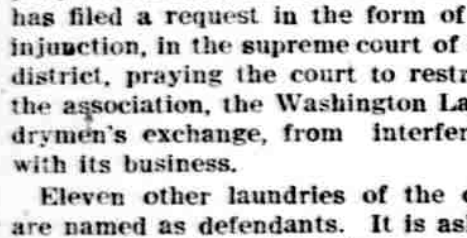
Col. Bromwell in submitting his estimate this year for the probable cost of maintenance and renewals at the White House during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, set the figure at \$50,000, or \$15,000 more than the current fiscal year.

That means that \$15,000 will be at the disposal of the new mistress next summer. Inasmuch as the appropriation bills for the year beginning on July 1 must all be passed before March 4, a mere nod from the new first lady of the land, if she has any particular idea of how things should be done, will be sufficient to get more money for her, even if her husband has not been inducted into office.

With \$15,000 to start with, the new first lady will be able to get new dishes if she does not like the kind used by the Roosevelt family, and probably have the wall coverings in several of the rooms changed. In a pinch it might be made to cover the place of the ugly stuff in the east room.

During the first year of a new family in the White House the cost of new furniture and maintenance runs up to about \$1,000 a week.

### Capital Laundry War Is Taken to Court



THESE is war among the washers of the American statesmen's shirts and collars and cuffs. Alleging that a combination has been formed among the local laundry concerns of Washington, the purpose of which is to drive out of business all competing establishments, in violation of the Sherman anti-trust act, the Model Laundry Company of this city, through its attorney, has filed a request in the form of an injunction, in the supreme court of the district, praying the court to restrain the association, the Washington Laundrymen's exchange, from interfering with its business.

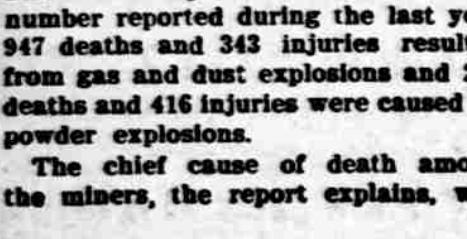
Eleven other laundries of the city are named as defendants. It is asked additionally that the injunction be made permanent.

The complainant alleges that in the defendants' efforts to ruin the business of the Model Laundry Company they have attempted, and in some instances have succeeded, in employing drivers from the Model Laundry Company, through whom a greater part of the laundry business is controlled, and have made threats to establishments selling laundry supplies that they would be boycotted in the future by members of the exchange if they continued to sell their goods to the complainant.

For many months the laundries of the national capital have attracted the attention of the official element in the city. Dinners seven nights a week have made a great demand on immaculate dress shirts, not to speak of the other accessories of a statesman's wardrobe. Last winter a Pennsylvania congressman introduced a bill making it a penal offense or something of that kind to tear shirts, etc., in the wash. This is the first time the laundrymen have sought the fame of the railroads, and the Standard Oil Company in joining the trust magnate class.

The Chinese wash-washers are watching the affair with smiling countenances.

### Many Disasters in Coal Mining Industry



due to the falling of mine roofs and coal. Such disasters caused 1,122 deaths and 2,141 injuries.

E. W. Parker, chief statistician of the survey, asserts that much benefit will result from the action of congress in appropriating \$150,000 to investigate mine disasters. He says one of the greatest needs of the coal-mining industry is the enforcement of military discipline in the operation of the mines.

Mrs. W. J. Bryan's Ancestry.

Mrs. William Jennings Bryan was the only child of John Baird, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, a man of fine literary tastes and devout religious temperament. On the maternal side Mrs. Bryan comes of English stock. Her mother's father was Col. Darius Dexter of Jamestown, N. Y. Mother of three children and grandmother of two at the age of 47, Mrs. Bryan is still confident and helper of her husband, though no longer the girlish figure that accompanied her husband everywhere on his whirlwind campaign of 1896.

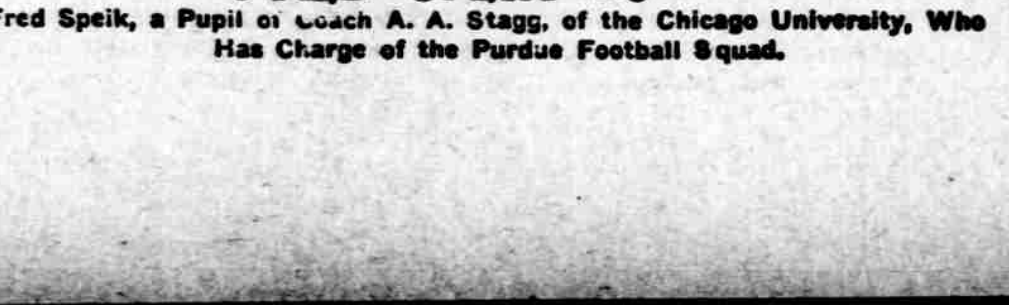
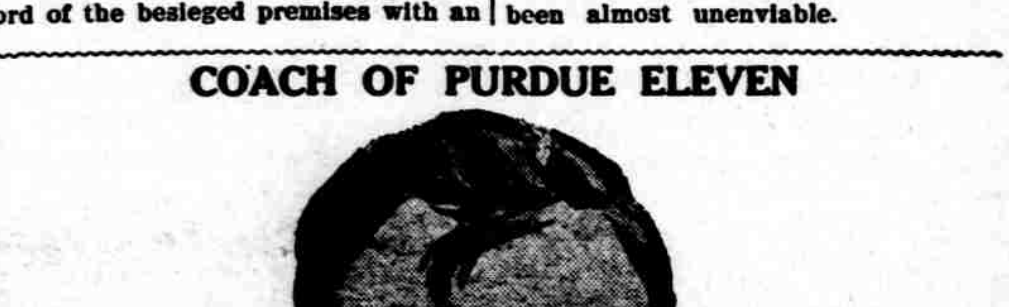
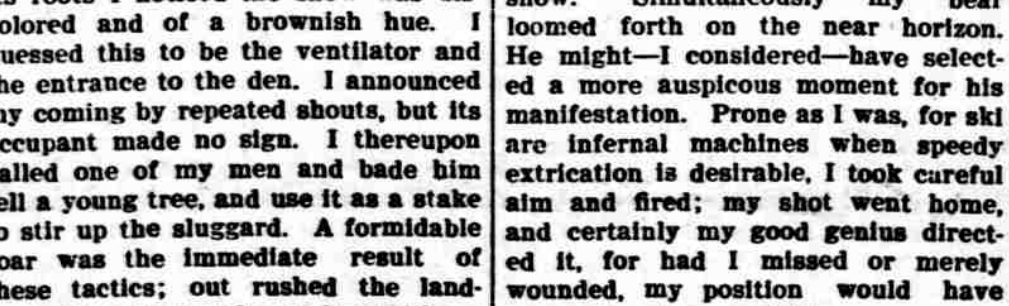
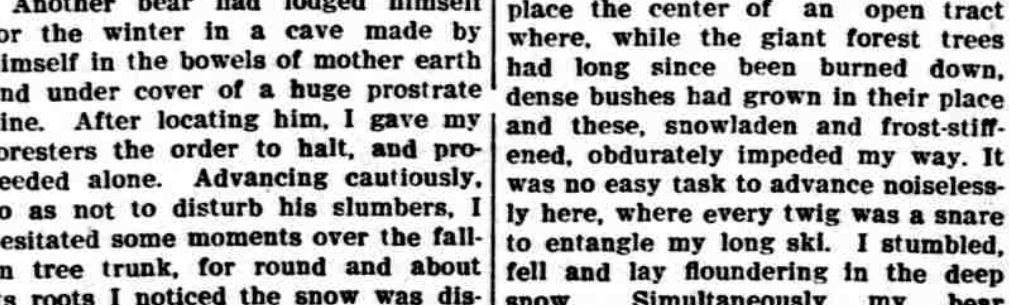
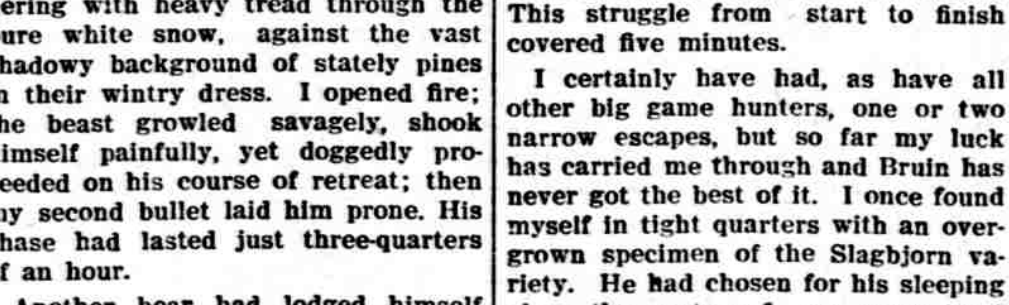
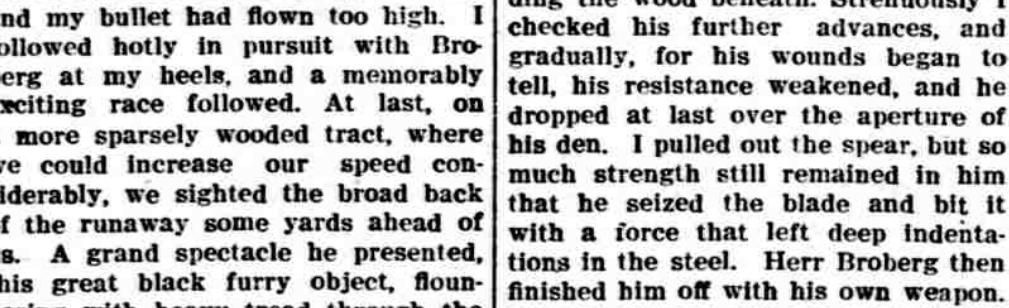
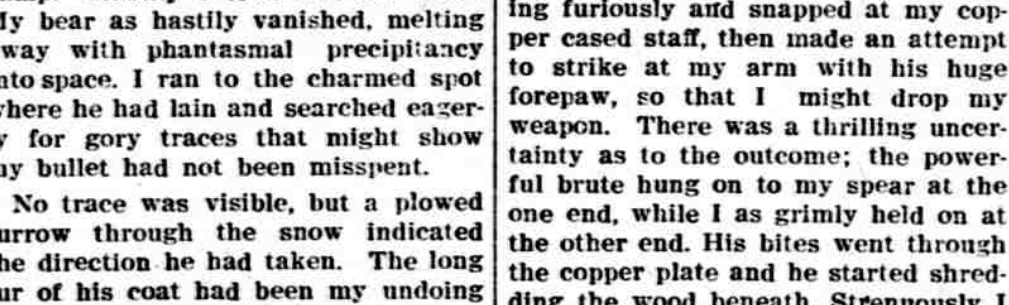
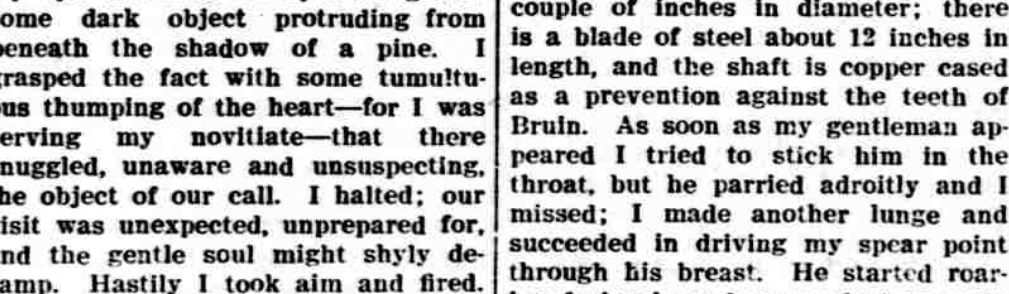
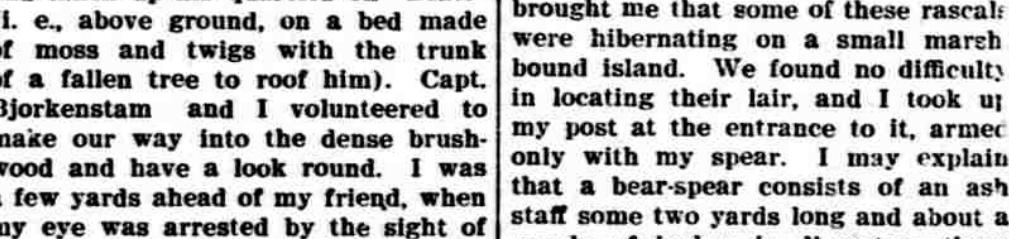
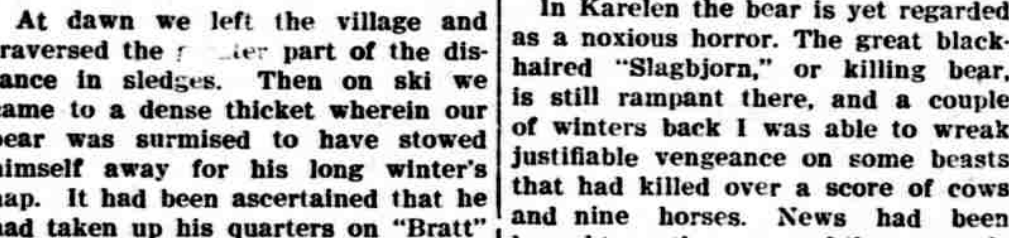
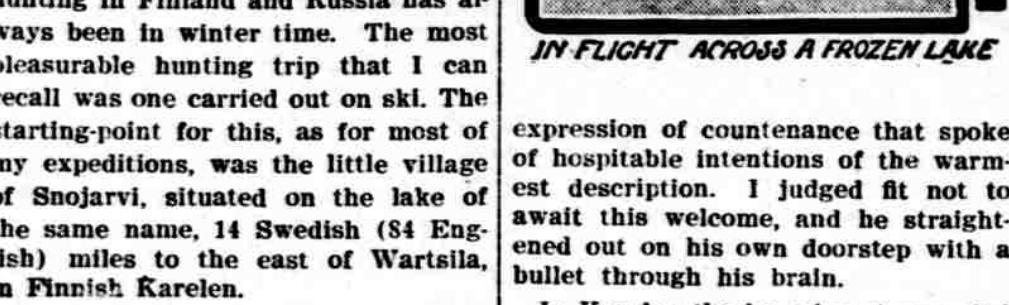
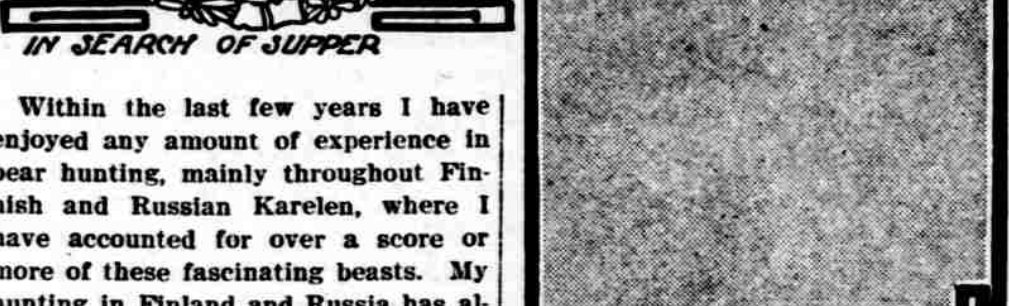
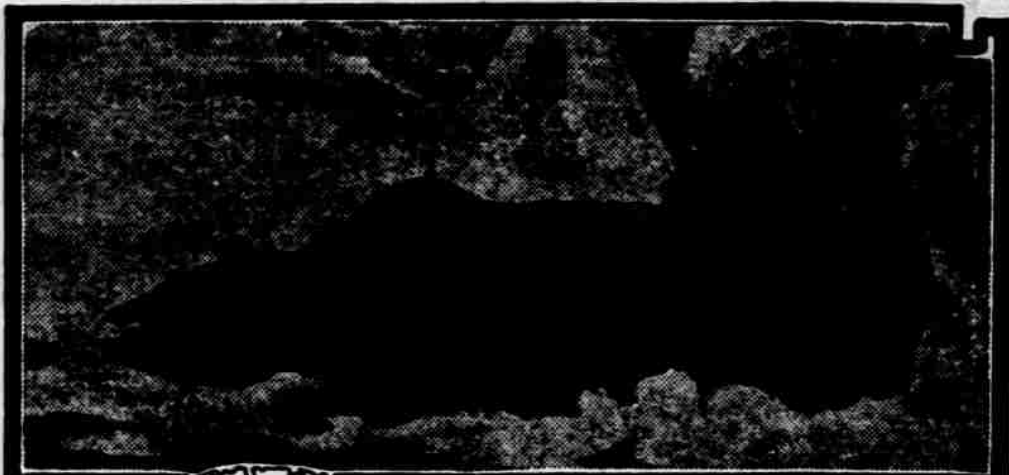
In a Hurry.

Excited Gent—Is that fellow in that coat that article about Jed Smith? Editor—I believe not—no, I know he isn't; he just stepped out to get his revolver loaded and get the necks ground out of his knife; take a seat; he won't be gone long. Excited Gent—No, I'm in a hurry; I may drop in later.—Toledo Blade.

European Women Architects.

## BEAR HUNTING IN SWEDEN

BY COUNT ERIC VON ROSEN



Fred Speik, a Pupil of Coach A. A. Stagg, of the Chicago University, Who Has Charge of the Purdue Football Squad.

## A Dungeon Made Glorious

Jeremiah, the Prophet, Cheered by a Heavenly Visitant.

BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

(Copyright, 1904, by the Author, W. E. Wilson.)

Scripture Authority—Jeremiah 32:2, 33:1-3, 38:1-6.

### SERMONETTE.

No prison has ever yet been built strong enough and tight enough to keep the Divine presence from penetrating its innermost recesses and holding communion and fellowship with the one whose devotion to the cause of righteousness has cast him therein.

Jeremiah is only one of myriads who through the ages have found the dungeon made glorious with the Divine presence.

Joseph's prison became God's schoolroom, where daily he drilled the young Hebrew for the great place he was to fill. The lion's den becomes for Daniel the Divine reception hall, the fiery furnace proves the trying place where the faithful three meet and talk and walk with their God. Paul found in the inner prison at Philippi the joy and harmony of heavenly songs whose vibrations shook the prison walls, and brought the jailer to his knees a penitent. From Paul's prison there came the richest and best of his writings. It was a Bunyan in prison who gave to the world that classic, "Pilgrim's Progress."

The darkest, most foul place on earth may become the brightest and sweetest place if faith reaches up and claims that heavenly companionship which it is the privilege of every one to enjoy.

"The soul can always rise above the physical condition. Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."—The words of Jesus. How sublimely he exemplified this teaching, and how ready he is to help his disciples to live above the mere physical and to fear not man, but God.

Truth always has and always will thrive on persecution. The effort to suppress the prophet Jeremiah and to discredit his message served but to advertise him to the nation and to give added force to his message. In the dungeon Jeremiah obtained new revelations from God so that not only was his personal experience enriched, but his ministry to the nation was strengthened. Surely the wrath of man does work to the praise of God.

THE STORY.

HE WHO is fearless to speak the truth is certain to bring upon himself the harsh judgment of others who may choose to believe a lie. But one course was open to Jeremiah to whom God had revealed his plan concerning the certainty of judgment upon Jerusalem. He must speak, and speak the truth, however unpopular and unwelcome that truth might be.

Surely it could not appear very loyal to his king and the city in which he dwelt to counsel submission to the king of Babylon, and yet he knew as God had revealed it to him that resistance were useless and that the judgment of God spoken against the nation because of its idolatry and sin could not be averted. And because the prophet feared God rather than man, and because he must obey him and speak his message all through Jerusalem, he cried, saying:

"Thus saith the Lord, He that remaineth in this city shall die by the sword, but he that goeth forth to the Chaldeans shall live; for he shall have his life for a prey, and shall live. Thus saith the Lord, This city shall surely be given into the hand of the king of Babylon's army, which shall take it."

What a str that message caused. Scarcely had Jeremiah finished delivering his proclamation in the market place in Jerusalem, ere the princes had come from the presence of the king with authority to seize him and do with him as they desired.

Now, the king feared the prophet exceedingly, and could never before be persuaded to lay violent hands upon him, though he had shut him up in the court of the prison on various occasions. But on this day the princes had come in such a rage that he could not resist their demands:

"Let this man be put to death," cried the king; "for thus he weakeneth the hands of the men of war that remain in this city, and the hands of all the people, in speaking such words unto them: for this man seeketh not the welfare of this people, but the hurt."

And having obtained the consent of the king, they rushed forth to seize the person of the prophet, fully determined upon killing him. But when they had come upon him they feared to do so because of the people, who, wasted by disease and lack of food, were now in great distress, and the hope of deliverance from their suffering held out by the prophet seemed good to them.

Instead, therefore, of killing him, the princes drew him to the prison of Malchiah, which was a terrible dungeon, into whose depths the light was unable to penetrate. Into this place then Jeremiah was cast, and into the thick, stinky mire of the bottom of the pit the feet of the prophet sank until he could neither move this way nor that. He was in great danger of losing his balance and becoming submerged in the soft, oozy ground. To prevent this, he worked his way slowly and painfully to the side of the pit, and bracing his body

in a slight niche in the walls, he waited.

He had been placed there to miserably perish, he knew. He had heard of the noisome place and had known of many desperate criminals who had passed days in the depths of the great pit. But none had ever been cast into the pit as he had been without a sustaining rope to hold upon and prevent slipping down, down, into the miry depths and to death. He looked up to see if he could discover any glimmer of light that told of sunlight above, but could see only the same black darkness above as pressed in about him. He listened for some sound, but only the loud beating of his heart could be heard in the death-like stillness.

"I shall die here," he thought. "And then I shall be with God," he added. The thought seemed to cheer him, and he began to chant one of the Psalms he had learned to love so well.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord."

He paused. Had the Psalmist, too, been cast into the depths of some horrible pit to die? And he wondered: "Did God hear and answer?"

As though by way of answer there floated in around him a light whose radiance transformed the noisome pit into a place of heavenly glory, and he heard his own name spoken, and he knew that God was with him. Ah, the blessed joy of that moment. For ten times the suffering and distress which he was enduring he would not have missed that blessed experience. There was a new joy and sweetness to him in the thought that he belonged to God and that no harm could come to him save that which God was willing to permit, and which would be for his honor and glory.

And while God was visiting and cheering Jeremiah in the foul dungeon, he was sending his messengers to the rescue of the prophet.

While Jeremiah was still lost in the contemplation of the vision God had given him he heard his name called, and instantly recognized the voice of Ebed-melech, the Ethiopian eunuch who served in the king's house, and who was his faithful friend.

"Put now these old cast clouts and rotten rags under thine armbones under the cords."

Quickly the prophet obeyed, and soon felt himself being drawn from the depths of the mire and on up, up, up, until the blinding light of day burst in upon his vision.

Never could he forget that experience in the dungeon, and later as the spirit of God moved upon him, he wrote: "Mine enemies chased me sore, like a bird, without cause. They have cut away my life in the dungeon, and cast a stone upon me. Waters flowed over mine head; then I said I am cut off. I called upon thy name, O Lord, out of the low dungeon. Thou hast heard my voice; hide not thine ear from my breathing, at my cry. Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon thee. Thou saidst, Fear not, O Lord, thou hast pleaded the cause of my soul; thou hast redeemed my life."

PRAYED TO STATUE OF LIBERTY.

Chinese Crew, Amazed by Size of "Deity," Burn Incense and Chant.

When the 37 members of the Chinese crew of the Braemar, a tramp steamship, found themselves under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty the other day at sunrise they rushed pell-mell below decks, returned presently in solemn state and while their braids wiggled in the wind kowtowed and burned incense before the giant figure. It was the biggest idol they had ever seen, they declared afterward, and they felt they owed it reverence despite the fact that it was some thousands of miles from home and was somewhat different from the deities they had been accustomed to seeing.

Capt. L. S. Saxby and the first officer, W. W. Clark, of the Braemar, which left Hongkong on July 3, were surprised, says the New York Herald, on looking for their crew to find that not one of the Chinese sailors remained on deck. The haze had just lifted from the bay and the great statue stood revealed in all its grandeur. Hi Wen, interpreter for the crew, explained to the captain that a few minutes previously the celestials had dropped everything and rushed below deck as if all the devils of northern China were after them. They cast back glances at the towering figure of Liberty.

While Hi Wen was explaining this hysterical disappearance to the captain the 37 Chinese passed through the forecastle gangway like a funeral procession, each carrying joss sticks and turning his eyes toward heaven. All ranged themselves along the deck under the shadow of the Goddess of Liberty. There they stood for five minutes, chanting a celestial prayer and bowing with true oriental dignity.

"Chinamen no sabe Chist," said Hi Wen. "Him man alee same you and we; walkee round Him big American Joss. Him good."

When the sailors had paid their respects to the statue they returned to their work, but at intervals during the day they looked with awe at the gigantic figure. They had never come to America before, and they marveled. Hi Wen said, what they would find inland when they encountered such a wonder at the mere threshold of the country.

Tulip Soup.

### PUTTING IT UP TO BILLIE.

Logical Reason Why He Should Be the One to Ask Favor.

The wagons of the "greatest show on earth" passed up the avenue at daybreak. Their incessant rumble soon awakened ten-year-old Billie and his five-year-old brother, Robert. Their mother feigned sleep as the two white-robed figures crept past her bed into the hall, on the way to investigate. Robert struggled manfully with the unaccustomed task of putting on his clothes. "Wait for me, Billie," his mother heard him beg. "You'll get ahead of me."

"Get mother to help you," counseled Billie, who was having troubles of his own.

Mother started to the rescue, and then paused as she heard the voice of her younger, guarded but anxious and insistent:

"You ask her, Billie. You've known her longer than I have."—Everybody's Magazine.

### NOT THE RIGHT MAN.



The Rejected—And will nothing make you change your mind? She—"Myes, another man might."

### GIRL WAS DELIRIOUS

With Fearful Eczema—Pain, Heat, and Tingling Were Excruciating—Cuticura Acted Like Magic.

"An eruption broke out on my daughter's chest. I took her to a doctor, and he pronounced it to be eczema of a very bad form. He treated her, but the disease spread to her back, and then the whole of her head was affected, and all her hair had to be cut off. The pain she suffered was excruciating, and with that and the heat and tingling her life was almost unbearable. Occasionally she was delirious and she did not have a proper hour's sleep for many nights. The second doctor we tried afforded her just as little relief as the first. Then I purchased Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and before the Ointment was three-quarters finished every trace of the disease was gone. It really seemed like magic. Mrs. T. W. Hyde, Brentwood, Essex, England, Mar. 8, 1907."

### Rival Dignities.

An Englishman, fond of boasting of his ancestry, took a coin from his pocket and, pointing to the head engraved on it, said: "My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling."

"What a coincidence!" said his Yankee companion, who at once produced another coin. "My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."—Ladies' Home Journal.

### A Common Regard.

"Just back from your vacation?" "Yes." "How was it?" "Fine. I haven't but one regret." "What's that?" "I wish I had waited until next month to take it." "Why?" "So I would have it to take."

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

At some period in a man's life he firmly believes that all his friends have conspired to injure him.

## Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts, with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elbur's Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper exercise and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elbur's Senna  
Prepared by the  
**CALIFORNIA**  
FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY  
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS

one cent only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.

## DR. BISO'S

Throat and Lungs  
used just the prescription equalled cold and cures that is obtained from  
BISO'S  
CURE