

TAFT'S SECRETARY OF STATE



Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania, secretary of state in the cabinet of President Taft. Before accepting his present post Secretary Knox was senator from his state.

QUITS "AD" HUSBAND

WIFE LEAVES HUSBAND PICKED FROM 1,000 PROPOSERS.

Mrs. Strunvez Finds Snags in Honey-moon Trail—More Joys in Singleness Than Bride's Philosophy Kened.

Chippewa Falls, Wis.—Just one month ago Mrs. Frances Livingstone Strunvez, who was Miss Frances Livingstone, leaned back in content and told a newspaper man it paid to advertise.

Mrs. Strunvez, after 1,000 proposals by letter in answer to her advertisement for a husband, had changed her name that day.

Now she has recanted that sentiment and says marriage was a failure in her case.

A honeymoon trial of only 30 days sufficed to convince Mrs. Strunvez there were more joys in single blessedness than had been dreamed of in her philosophy. So she has left her "want ad" helpmate and gone back to her home near the village of Boyd.

From the great mass of proposers Miss Livingstone chose Louis Strunvez of Dorchester, Wis., a widower with two children. After the ceremony the bride went to live with her husband and his children.

The couple issued a statement to a local paper requesting that no more be printed about them, saying they were satisfied with their lot, and wanted to live in peace.

Perfect bliss apparently followed the union, and it was unobscured to their neighbors when the bride packed up her suit case and announced she was on the point of departure.

Mrs. Strunvez will not state the exact cause for her latest step, nor whether she will apply for a divorce.

Mrs. Strunvez, when she was Miss Livingstone, had faith in the theory that everybody of her sex has somebody of another sex waiting around for him or her some place.

She fiddled around her home town until one day she made up her mind she wanted to get married. Now, of course, there were unmarried men in and about Boyd, and perhaps they were marriageable, and manageable, and even agreeable. But they did not suit Miss Livingstone, and still confident that somewhere the voice of love was calling for her, she resolved to meet the call at least half way.

That's the reason she advertised. And that's the reason she was jubilant after the marriage ceremony was performed, over having, as she thought, proved conclusively her idea that it was easy enough to find the right mate if you go at it in the right way.

When she placed her advertisement in the local paper she didn't expect to get more than a dozen replies.

The press of two hemispheres took up the story and soon answers began pouring in. When the number reached 1,000 she began the work of classification and elimination.

By this method she became convinced Strunvez was the nearest to being her ideal. She sent for him. He arrived, the next day they went for the license, and so they were married.

Reaches Goal After 25 Years. Canal Dover, O.—When Harvel Barnhill took the office of probate judge of Tuscarawas county he obtained an honor he has sought a long time.

Twenty five years ago he was a candidate for the office, and was a candidate either for the nomination of the office at every succeeding election, except where the incumbent was a man belonging to his party, the Democratic, and was up for re-election.

BACHELOR HAS SNAKE IN HAT.

Believes It Drives Away Pain That Comes with Neuralgia.

St. Louis.—James Barker, a bachelor, 72 years old, living at Windsor, in St. Louis county, has a snake in his hat. Others have had snakes in their hats and also in their boots, but Barker is a temperate although not a healthy man. He keeps this snake in his hat, he says, because it is a sure cure for the most virulent form of neuralgia.

Recently he visited the courthouse at Clayton to get on the pauper list. While waiting to have the blank filled out he took off his hat. Reposing in the top of his headpiece was a snake. County Clerk Rhul was frightened when he saw it. Knowing his own sobriety, he wanted to test it on the negro janitor and had him investigated.

Then they asked the bachelor for an explanation. He said he suffered untold agony from neuralgia, which caused his face to swell to large proportions. A friend told him to put a snake in his hat.

Now the snake is writhing inside his hat and he is bothered no more. Barker says he would rather have the snake writhing on his head than writhing with pain himself.

In any event the snake slides down the incline of his bald pate inside the hat, and now he has no more neuralgia than has the court house tower.

SAD PLIGHT OF 24 VOTERS.

Little Strip of Cleveland Suburb is Left Out in Annexation.

Cleveland, O.—If a community of intelligent, ambitious American citizens is amputated unwillingly from the body politic of a village which is in a hurry to become part of a big, bad city, what is to become of it?

About a hundred of the inhabitants of Cuyahoga county are wondering what is the answer. So far the answer seemed to be: nothing. That is, it—said community—is to become nothing so far as being a municipal unit is concerned.

The people who live in the strip of territory bounded by Penn street, the Nickel Plate railway and the Lake Shore tracks in Collinwood will be in just that plight when the rest of the village finally becomes a part of Cleveland. Not only will they be in this sad plight, but it is a question whether they will ever get out of it.

It takes at least 30 qualified voters to make a township. In the strip there are only 24. Some say it must be 23. That means no mayor, no village council, jail, constable nor anything else. Worst of all, no right to fire protection or power to build pavements, lay sewers or issue bonds therefor. There are not more than 20 houses in the area and not a school or church.

Finds New Plants for U. S. Washington.—N. E. Hanson, who for eight months has been traveling through Russia, Siberia, Central Asia, Turkistan and northern Africa in quest of new varieties of alfalfa and clover for cultivation in this country, has returned with more than 300 lots of seeds and plants. He found two new varieties of alfalfa in a section of Siberia where the mercury freezes and there is no snow. The department of agriculture will experiment with the new plants in northwestern states.

Bachelors' and Widowers' Tax. Senate Fe. N. M.—A bill has been introduced in the New Mexico legislature providing for the classification of bachelors and widowers and the levying of tax against them. Bachelors between the ages of 25 and 45 to pay \$10 annual tax and widowers will be required to pay \$25 annual tax. The revenue from the source is to provide support for unmarried women.

THOUGHTS OF THE OLD HOME.

When All Else is Forgotten, Those Linger in the Memory.

You can't forget, no matter how hard you may try, for your old home, the one you first knew, is so deeply impressed upon your mind that all the glories, the riches and the blandishments of modern times cannot blot the picture out, and in spite of all you go back to it by the memory route, and linger there often, and more often as the years gather around you.

That is why you like to read of the old days, even though you would not have them return.

Do you ever tell your children about your old home, and your visits to granddaddy's, your tours of exploration through old attics infested with wasp's nests, and hanging with dried herbs, seed corn, sickles and one truck and another?

And, maybe, some time you may have slept in an attic under a clap-board roof through which you could see the stars, and through which sifted fine snow when the wind was strong. Nor were you cold, for the home-made blankets and the quilts the girls had pieced, and the coverlets that grand-mother had woven were warm on top while the thick straw tick, and the soft feather tick formed a nest that would be "warm and comfy" anywhere.

You would hardly regard these as essential to your comfort in your new house, but they were real blessings then, and are blessed to recall and talk about now.

Would you forget these?—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

HAVE STRANGE SOUND TO US.

Peculiar Names Common in English County of Lancashire.

"Lancashire folk," one of them is reminded to tell us, "have their own ideas regarding Christian names, and one of the curious appellations they delight in appears in the London Daily News in an account of the clever way in which a runaway horse was stopped at Preston. The horse's name was Doctor Whittaker, and it is no uncommon one in County Palatine, where fond parents often give the seventh son that courtesy title, which leads to much misunderstanding when he grows up. Another freak is the reduplication of the surname, such combinations as Briggs Briggs, Yates Yates and Fish Fish being fairly frequent.

Compounds of the Sarah Alice, Phoebe Ann and John Henry type are," adds this authority, "greatly in evidence, and both names are always used in addressing the fortunate possessors—so much so that parents will sometimes have two of their offspring christened Sarah, the girls being in their opinion amply distinguished by the fact that one is called Sarah Jane and the other Sarah Alice."

Seeing and Thinking.

Most people see an object when they think of it. They can see before their eyes a geometrical drawing or the figures on a chessboard when they think of them. In order to think at all most men make use of images, though they may be of different kinds. Thus one man when he thinks of "Italy" sees just the printed word; another sees the country's outline on a map; another may see the country spread out before him, with its villages and towns smouldering in the plains. Psychologists are beginning to classify the different aids or images of which men make use. Some, for example, hear the words of their thought within themselves; others read them, as if the words were written generally in black on a white ground.

The Queen of Spades.

A correspondent sends an amusing story of a visit which the archbishop of Canterbury recently paid to a certain Sunday school. For a few minutes Dr. Davidson took in hand a class of small girls who were going over the story of Solomon. "Now," he asked, "who was the great queen who traveled so many miles and miles to see the king?" No one answered. "Why, you all know. The queen who came to see the king?" Still no one seemed to remember. "You do know, I am sure," persisted Dr. Davidson. "The name begins with S; and she was a very great queen." Just then a little hand shot up, and a shrill voice cried: "Please, I know, the Queen of Spades." M. A. P.

Sad is Sad.

A mother, who was rather fond of the cheaper 10, 20, 30-cent melodrama, one afternoon took her young daughter, who had grown to consider herself above that sort of thing.

The daughter was bored, but the mother was greatly interested, and finally, when the heroine had got into a seemingly inextricable position, broke down and sobbed heartily.

"Mother, I wouldn't cry here," whispered the daughter significantly, accentuating the last word.

"Let me alone," replied the other hysterically. "If a thing is sad, it's sad; I can't cry according to price."—Life.

Warning to Householders.

The frank statement of a burglar who was "caught with the goods" after a good description of him had been obtained from a pawnbroker, should serve as a warning to careless occupants of houses, says the Albany Journal. This candid housebreaker unbecomingly himself as follows: "It is easy to rob houses. In my two-months' experience I have had to break into only one of the nine houses I have robbed, the others all being easy by reason of unlocked windows."

URGES USE OF BROWN BREAD.

Convincing Arguments Made by English Food Reform League.

A plea for the use of wholemeal bread, especially by those who have the care of children, is made in an influential signed circular issued by the Bread and Food Reform League of Great Britain.

It is shown from official documents that the annual consumption per head in the United Kingdom of corn, wheat, meal, and flour is nearly 350 pounds, and that in working-class families, with incomes ranging from 21s to 52s a week, two-fifths of the weight of food consumed consists of bread and flour. Bread, it is pointed out, is almost the sole diet of numbers of poor children. "Owing to the present great distress and general shrinkage of incomes," it is stated, "a supply of nourishing bread is of vital national importance. Chemistry proves that the whole of the wheat grain contains more nutriment than the part usually made into fine white flour." Experiments in Germany are quoted which show that from finely ground wheat meal the body assimilates two and a half times more of the mineral substances which form bones and teeth and which nourish the brain, nerves and tissues, than from fine white flour.

ALMOST DESERVED TO ESCAPE.

Truant's Quick Grasp of Opportunity Compels Admiration.

The absent-minded professor returned home one night to learn that his son had played truant from school, and he was asked by his wife to hunt up the missing youngster and administer a sound thrashing.

"Why, I'll say him alive!" exclaimed the angry father. "I'll break every bone in his body! Just wait until I get him out in the woodshed!"

He came across his heir playing marbles about a mile from home, but the boy didn't seem to be a bit alarmed by the old man's threats. As they started to return home the absent-minded professor stopped to chat with an old acquaintance, and it was fifteen or twenty minutes later when he looked down in wonder at the boy at his side and asked:

"Why, where did you come from, Jack?"

"Don't you remember, father?" smiled the boy, we are on our way to buy me a box of candy, because of my excellent school report."

"Bless me, but so we are," agreed the absent-minded professor, as he patted the boy on the back and started for the store.

The Courage of Opinions.

The ways in which people form their opinions are most remarkable. Every man, when he begins his reasonable life, finds certain general opinions current in the world. He is shaped by these opinions in one way or another, either directly or by reaction. If he is soft and plastic, like the majority of people, he takes to his own. If he is self-assertive and defiant, he takes the opposite to those of his opinion and gives to them his vehement adherence. We know the two kinds well, and as we ordinarily see them, the fault which is at the root of both is intellectual cowardice. One man clings servilely to the old ready-made opinions which he finds, because he is afraid of being called rash and radical; another rejects the traditions of his people from fear of being thought fearful and timid and a slave.—Phillips Brooks.

Costs Less to Feed Women.

In a small Philadelphia restaurant that caters to persons on economy bent the bill of fare is headed by this notice: "Regular dinner—Men, 25 cents; women, 15 cents." "How is this?" asked a chance customer belonging to the sex most heavily taxed. "You charge us follows women cents more than you do the men. What have we done that we should be so discriminated against?" "You eat more," was the plain rejoinder. "It doesn't cost nearly so much to feed women as men, but we are the first to confess in this part of town that has been brave enough to say so in plain print. Many foreign restaurants have recognized that fact, and have regulated their charges accordingly."

Oriental Philosophy.

It is good for our arrogant western spirit to meet the calm, if somewhat backward, philosophy of the orient. When the motor cars which raced from New York to Paris went through China, the Chinese were not alarmed or excited. A mandarin blandly explained it thus: "There is nothing extraordinary in the motor car. There is nothing extraordinary in anything. Men invented it yesterday. They will invent something else to-morrow. Still the world goes round, and we're not an atom the happier." A refreshing draft of cool wind upon our fevered progress.—Youth's Companion.

Maturity of Men and Women.

It is supposed that a man reaches the maturity of his reasoning powers and mental faculties at the age of 25, while a woman is mature in mind at 18. This brings a man to the pleasant and satisfying conclusion that the nobler and more perfect and splendid a thing is, the slower it is to arrive at a state of maturity. Women may reply that brain matter has no sex and that girls, being brighter, find their own worth, sooner. However, every woman, old or young, must acknowledge the splendor and nobility of the male character under all circumstances and conditions.

AMPLE MEASURE OF REVENGE.

Time That Pat Got Gloriously Even With the Doctor.

Pat had had trouble with his eyes, and a friend having advised him to consult an oculist, he went a few days ago to see Dr. W., a distinguished specialist, for relief. On his arrival at the doctor's office he found the usual large number of patients in the ante-room awaiting attention, and though he was in a great hurry he was forced to wait several dreary hours before his turn came. He lost and regained his temper several times in the interim, but when all was over and he found himself out upon the street with the half day spent, indignation over the loss of valuable time was the predominant note in his feelings.

"How'd he had me reving?" he ejaculated with a broad smile, as he told his friend Mike about it afterward. "O! don't think he'll keep me waitin' again loke that."

"That did ye do to um?" asked Mike.

"Sure an O! wint back th' next day," said Pat. "O! got there at noine by the clock an' I very 'olme they said 'was me turn to go in O! said O! wait an' let some other fella have me place, until the clock struck 'twelve, an' th'in O! wint in.' Well, says he, 'phwat can O! do for yez this mornin', Pat?' 'Nawthin,' says O!, lookin' him shqure in the eye as O! turned on me beels and lift the room. Bedad, O! don't believe he knows yit what struck um!"—Harper's Weekly.

KITTY WANTED TO BE ALONE.

Story Well Illustrates the Workings of the Childish Mind.

When little Catherine first began to lip she was suitably instructed by her mother in religion. The omnipresence and the omniscience of God were explained to her in words of primer length. All this religious training evidently impressed her profoundly, but she kept her meditations to herself until the other evening.

The four-year-old had been tucked into bed after saying her prayers, and as her mother stooped to kiss her good night the child asked eagerly:

"Is mamma going downstairs now?"

"Yes, dear."

"An' is God going to stay in dis room?"

"Yes, yes, dear."

"Well, Cath'lin wants mamma to tell God to go downstairs, too, 'cause she wants to wear dat pretty dress to-morrow—de one dat's on de chair—an' if God sits down in dat chair he'll muss dat dress all up. An' God can see de candy in de drawer dat I'm saving to eat in de morning, an' he might eat it all up in de night if he feels hungry. So Cath'lin wants mamma to take God downstairs to play bridge."

Sneezing Superstitions.

Sneezing has an extensive folklore in many countries. Sometimes the act is considered ominous of good and sometimes of evil. Among the Jews it has always been regarded, at an appropriate moment, such as the conclusion of a bargain, as propitious, and a belief still lingers in many parts of the country that the regular habit of sneezing, particularly after meals, is conducive to longevity and a pre-cure against fevers. The old-English custom of saying "God bless you" when a person sneezed, so as to avoid evil consequences, has its counterpart in many far-distant parts of the globe. The early settlers in Brazil found the sneezer saluted with "God preserve you," while in Fiji it was customary to retort: "May you live." In superstitious Suffolk there is a sneezing tariff—once a wish, twice a kiss, thrice a letter and four times a disappointment.

One of the Remarkable Cases.

He began after the usual form, to-wit:

"I have a little boy at home who—" They interrupted him after much the usual form, to-wit:

"Pardon me, old man, I must be going along. Sorry I can't wait, but I'm due at the office."

"Just a minute," he urged, button-holing the two nearest. "It won't take me a minute."

They sighed and resigned themselves.

"All I want to say," he went on, "is that I have a little boy at home who never said a bright thing in his life."

They grasped his hands with a thankfulness that could find no expression in words, and then he added: "He's too small. He can't talk yet."

The Somewhat Educated.

The somewhat educated girl, known as a "young lady," looks upon cooking not as an art but merely as the "menial" work of the hired person.

The lady geographer, telegrapher, saleslady, private secretary, department store employe, etc., look at cooking "from above downward," not to mention the dainty college-bred "society girl."

If cooking were made a regular study in all our public schools as well as in our girls' colleges this senseless disdain for doing what keeps us all alive would certainly disappear in the course of time.—The National Food Magazine.

Easy Money.

GRIF—You look prosperous, old man. Grafton—Yes, I suppose you read about Nuritch's ambition to be a senator?

GRIF—Well, yes; I see by the papers that he says he's in the hands of his friends—

Grafton—That's it. I'm one of his friends.—Catholic Standard and Times.

REALLY A LITTLE IMPULSIVE.

New Boarder Might Have Waited Until He Got Acquainted.

When the new boarder went into the dining room and sat down there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a kind heart and thought he would be affable.

"I s'pose you're boarded here for some time?" he said to the other man.

"Yes. Quite a while."

"How is it? Any good?"

"Yes, pretty fair. I have no complaint to make."

"I landlady treat you decent?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to—" and then he hesitated.

"Oh, never mind, old man," said the new boarder. "That's all right, I'm on. But, say, maybe you never tried churking her under the chin once in a while. That's the way to get on with 'em. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me at 'em. It's all in the way you handle 'em. Call 'em 'sister' and give 'em soft, sweet, cozy talk about their looks. That's the way to fetch 'em. I'll bet I can live here for a month right now without being asked for a cent. Watch me ruder her when she comes in. Before this time to-morrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had her troubles. Probably got tied up to some John Henry, who was about man enough to shoe chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Smith. Let's see, I haven't heard yours, have I?"

"No—no, I believe not. But it doesn't matter. I'm just the landlady's husband."

AS IN HIS CHILDHOOD DAYS.

Probably Many Years Since Bishop Had Been So Tenderly Cared For.

At an unusually large dinner-party, where the guest of honor was an English bishop, the butler, an elderly man, was obliged to bring in from a friend's house an inexperienced lad to help him in the dining-room. The awkward helper annoyed the butler beyond endurance with questions as to his duties.

He continued interminably until the butler, worn out and nervous, said ironically:

"All you will need to do is to stand behind the bishop's chair, and whenever his lordship puts down his glass you must reach over and wipe his mouth with a napkin."

That silenced his assistant. But the young man actually took the order seriously, and as soon as dinner began he stationed himself behind the bishop, waited till his lordship had drunk and put down his glass, and then, as deliberately as his nervousness would permit, he opened out a large napkin and wiped the dignified old gentleman's mouth!—Ladies Home Journal.

Charm of the American Girl.

Here, girls, listen to what London Society says of you! "The charm of the American girl lies in her beauty and the social talents. She is an ideal partner to dance with, to take in to dinner or to sit out a picnic with, and she usually makes an active and successful hostess. But when her husband discovers that she is never happy except when going to parties, is bored in the country unless with a household of guests, and is always craving to bear from one fashionable resort to another—no rest, no peace—it is then that trouble comes in."

Much London Society knows about it, eh? Granted you are an ideal dancer, a beauty and a charming dinner companion, did you ever "sit out a picnic"? Picnics are believed to be obsolete, as far as the type of girl referred to here is concerned.

An Epistolary Hint.

In the letter from Boston was a special delivery stamp.

"What did she send that for?" the woman wondered. "The information she wants can be sent in an ordinary letter. It won't need to be sent special."

"That stamp," said the man, "is a delicate hint to be quick about answering. It is a hurry-up device used by many men. It is very effective. A two-cent stamp does not always spur one to any special effort, but a special delivery stamp means that the writer wants what he wants when he wants it, and the most dilatory correspondent alive is not going to let any grass grow between the scratches of his pen when answering."

Specialty of Blind Physician.

There is at least one physician in New York who manages to do excellent work and maintain himself without the use of his eyes. He is totally blind.

He has chosen for his specialty diseases of the chest, into which of course the best eyes in the world couldn't see. One of the compensations of nature has given him unusually acute hearing, which is especially valuable in his practice. His ears can find out more about the lungs of his patients than those of most seeing men.

Temperature.

The typhoid fever patient was looking very much disgusted with the work when the doctor arrived to pay his regular morning visit. He was coughing, but didn't feel that way.

"Well," said the doctor cheerily, pulling off his gloves, "how is he today?"

"Oh, he's getting along finely," said the patient's wife. "He is all right now except his temperature."

"Hub!" grunted the patient bitterly. "Hell's all right, too, except the temperature."