

The Happiest Woman in all the World



Signor Marconi's Sweetheart in Ecstasy at her Lover's Grand Triumph



"I would rather marry that kind of a man than a king," said the woman who has won the great inventor. It was little Miss Josephine Bowen Holman joyously talking to a Chicago American correspondent at No. 533 North Meridian street, Indianapolis.

"I was the very first person in the whole world to know of Signor Marconi's great trans-oceanic plans—and I was one of the first to know of his grand triumph. I am the happiest woman in all the world! And the proudest, too!"

"Yes, I was the first person to know of the trans-oceanic experiment of Signor Marconi. It has been a terrible state secret with me for a year or more. It was on this business Signor Marconi was coming across the ocean when we became acquainted, I might say, with each other. He confided to me the facts at the time, together with his hopes and expectations; but it was under the promise of strict secrecy, and I do not want to discuss them publicly.

"We have set no date for marriage. This experiment has been pending, and we decided we could not be married until he had definitely decided its outcome. It has been absorbing all his attention, and we are waiting until it is completed. I am, of course, rejoiced over the success that has come to him in his wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic ocean."

Marconi himself is not prouder of his triumph than the little woman who is some day to bear his name.

In fact, it is safe to say he is not as proud. He hasn't as much time as she has.

He has work still to accomplish. He is on the watch for the lifting of fogs, the changing of mid-ocean currents—and a hundred other things that Josephine Bowen Holman knows about only in a vague way.

Miss Holman is the happiest woman in all the world, not only because the wireless telegrapher has spanned the sea, but because she always said he would.

She never had a doubt of it, even when he took the trouble to explain to her the difficulties. And now the victory is hers, because—well, she explains the reason herself by exclaiming: "Didn't I always say so?"

Indeed, who shall say that the faith of the woman he loved has not been a potent factor in Guglielmo Marconi's success?

It is two years now since Josephine Holman first met the inventor. They were both going to Europe.

"Oh, blessed chance! I would rather marry that kind of a man than the greatest title in the world!"

That remark is Miss Holman's own. Probably to his dearest chum Mr. Marconi has said something of much the same sort, for the results of that trip marked a happy turn in his life. The sort of turn that all men dream of and some never find. Marconi fell in love with the dearest, loveliest—but that is his story. This is Miss Josephine Bowen Holman's:

It was a bleak November day in

1899, when she came aboard the American liner St. Paul, without ever a thought in her mind that a young inventor named Guglielmo Marconi, who a couple of years before had made some tests in space traveling messages and wireless telegraphy. She was intent on other things, the usual things that would absorb any woman starting to go abroad for the first time. Good-byes were resounding in her ears, friends were wishing her good luck, men were shouting orders, flowers were arriving, everybody was jostling everybody else, till at last the bell clanged and the most momentous trip of Miss Holman's life began.

"It wasn't in the least wonderful or interesting," she said, speaking of it afterward, "except to us."

But with what a world of meaning Miss Holman uttered those three words!

The happiest, gentlest sort of a smile crossed Miss Holman's face when she allows herself to talk of Mr. Mar-

bats and exchange a formal "Hope we may meet again."

In the course of the week they spent together Marconi learned that Miss Holman was a college girl and quite capable of understanding something about the properties of ether and wave motions through ether. He talked to her a bit about telegraphic communication through space without connecting wires, about how ether might conduct and carry messages as a land wire does, about his instruments, his purpose, his ambition.

It was all very interesting. The young girl looked at him with faith in her eyes and confidence in her voice. "Oh, you will succeed," she cried from time to time; "you must."

He found her an intelligent, charming pupil. Her reassurances were music to his ears, for he had found himself a thousand times among doubters.

Becoming more and more interested in his new pupil, Marconi suddenly dropped all talk of his inventions and insisted upon delving into her likes and dislikes, her ambitions and her life. She was going over to visit in a number of English houses. He described to her what she would find. She told him her hopes, her fears, her plans. They had passed from acquaintances to friends.

"Just before we got to the Needles," said Miss Holman, "a point on the south of England, Mr. Marconi set up his apparatus in the second cabin and began sending and receiving messages sixty-six miles away, while the ship was going at full speed. It was while the excitement about the Boer war was at its height, and the news he got was printed in a little paper that he issued on shipboard."

Of this little paper Marconi made Miss Holman his associate editor. It gave them an excuse for consultations and talks that might otherwise have required explanation. Numberless times the proofs had to be gone over. Every little phrase required consultation. The change of a word became vested with great importance.

Miss Holman enjoyed her literary labors as she had never done before. Perhaps she did not quite guess why till Marconi explained to her the state of his heart. Where this happened and when neither of them will tell.

"This is really and truly my secret," said Miss Holman. "No one can wrest it from me. It's one of the things a woman doesn't want to tell anybody. It happened, that's all. We didn't intend to tell anybody till we were ready to get married, quite ready, but somehow it leaked out, and now there is nothing to do but confess."

Miss Holman needn't trouble to confess. Anyone can read her happiness who looks into her eyes; anyone would know she had won the man she loves. "I really can't tell just now how it all happened," she said. "It didn't seem to me it ever could be. We met in London and talked as we used to on board ship, only there were no interruptions except when my mother would remark gently something about our never being done."

But, sure enough, about a week later there was a knock on my door and the optician presented himself, saying that he had come at the command of Dr. Liszt to examine my eyes and fit a pair of spectacles to them." One day Dr. Liszt was reading a letter in which a musician was referred to as a certain Mr. So-and-so. "He read that phrase over two or three times," writes Dr. Mason, "and then substituted his own name for that of the musician mentioned and repeated several times: 'A certain Mr.

"Of course, I have always been interested in his career—that is, ever since I met him, and he told about the wonders and possibilities of ether, and—oh, well, I guess I won't say much about that. It's a little too scientific for me to thoroughly understand it."

"But I know this," repeated the happiest woman in the world softly. "I would rather marry that kind of a man than the greatest title in the world!"

The illustrations and text of the foregoing are from Hearst's Chicago American.

FALLACIES ABOUT FLOUR.

That Made by Roller Process More Digestible Than Graham.

It is the general theory among the majority of people that graham bread is far more digestible than that made of flour thoroughly "bolted" or separated from the bran and middlings. Such does not appear to be the fact, however, if we are to credit recent experiments of the department of agriculture. Digestion experiments were carefully carried out with bread made from each of the several kinds of flour and the proportions of protein assimilated and rejected by the system carefully determined. The whole wheat flours may afford a greater proportion of the mineral nutriment, however, as this phase of the subject was not studied, but as far as the available protein fats, carbohydrates and energy are concerned the patent roller flours are preferable. According to the chemical analysis of graham, entire wheat and standard patent flours milled from the same lot of hard Scotch Fife spring wheat the graham flour contained the highest and the patent flour the lowest percentage of total protein. The results of the digestion experiments with these flours showed that they were available in the reverse order—that is, the standard patent roller flour afforded lesser amounts. This paradox, that the flour containing the smallest proportion of protein should afford the greatest proportion available for digestion, is explained by the coarseness of the particles of the whole wheat varieties. The bran and germ of these flours resist the action of the digestive juices to a great degree and consequently pass through the system unaltered. On the other hand, the finely ground condition of the patent flours improves its digestibility. It was also shown that the addition of wheat starch to flour did not improve its bread-making qualities or the size of the loaf. The most desirable flour for bread-making appears to be one produced by blending hard and soft wheat flours, in which the undesirable properties of the gluten of each are counterbalanced.—Chicago Chronicle.

STORIES OF LISZT.

Great Pianist and Composer Was Particular to a Nicety.

In his entertaining volume, "Memories of a Musical Life," Dr. William Mason tells a number of amusing anecdotes regarding the great pianist and composer, Liszt. Liszt was particular about the appearance of his pupils. "I remember two instances," says Dr. Mason, "which show how particular he was in little matters. I

have been near-sighted all my life, and when I went to Weimar I wore eye-glasses, much preferring them to spectacles. Eyeglasses were not much worn in Germany at that time and were considered about as much affected as the mode of wearing a monocle. The Germans wore spectacles. I had not been at Weimar long when Liszt said to me: 'Mason, I don't like to see you wearing those glasses. I shall send my optician to fit your eyes with spectacles.' I hardly thought that he was serious and so paid little atten-

tion to him. But, sure enough, about a week later there was a knock on my door and the optician presented himself, saying that he had come at the command of Dr. Liszt to examine my eyes and fit a pair of spectacles to them." One day Dr. Liszt was reading a letter in which a musician was referred to as a certain Mr. So-and-so. "He read that phrase over two or three times," writes Dr. Mason, "and then substituted his own name for that of the musician mentioned and repeated several times: 'A certain Mr.

Gave Up Wealth for Love

By marrying Lewis Herzog, an artist, Fannie Rayne McComb, a New York girl, may lose several million dollars. It was a case of love or wealth, and the young woman chose the former.

Miss McComb is the daughter of James J. McComb, a multimillionaire, who died March 31 last.

Mr. McComb objected to Mr. Herzog as a prospective son-in-law, and a few days before his death he added a codicil to his will which delayed the wedding until the present.

The McComb estate is said to be \$20,000,000 and the share of Miss Fannie, which the will will make the same as the share of each of the other children, would, it has been computed, yield her \$10,000 a year. But "the ninth subdivision of the third codicil" of the will reads as follows:

"In case my daughter Fanny shall marry Mr. Lewis Herzog, the provision which she shall enjoy from my estate shall be as follows:

"An annuity of \$15,000 a year shall be paid to her so long as she shall live free and clear from any enjoyment of interference herewith on the part of her husband."

There is also a provision that \$500,000 shall be divided among her children.

Some people predicted that the codicil would prove the means of break-

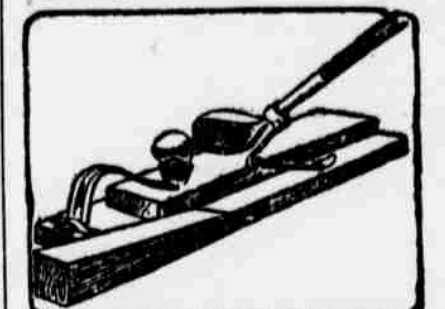


Miss Fannie McComb.

ing off the match, but they did not count on the spirit of Miss Fannie McComb. She had been reared in luxury and knew the value of millions, but her "heart was true to Paul," as the wedding proved.

INDOOR GOLF PRACTICE

Even the best players lose their "form" from continued absence from the links in the winter season, and it is safe to say that the apparatus here represented will prove practical in with accuracy. The invention has been patented by Eyre Crowe of Hanbury, England, and its chief feature



ferent clubs without the fatigue incident to traveling over the links while following up the ball. This apparatus consists of a flat board, with a lower strip attached at the side, and a curved spring at the end to carry the tee. The club has a spring attached near the head, with a leather bulb at the outer end. The tee is formed of a tuft of vertical bristles, and the ball is of wood or some other material, which will not injure the walls of a room. When all is ready the surface of the board is chalked or smeared with some marking substance, and a glance at the marks after the stroke is made will show its direction and accuracy.

Loss of Life in Alps.

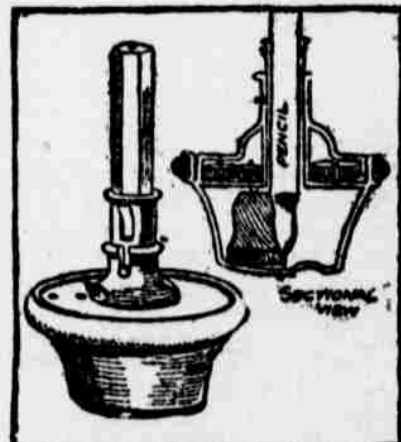
Since January 1, 118 lives have been lost by accident in the Swiss Alps—a larger number than in any similar period in the past.

Hand-Painted Lap Dogs.

Fashionable Moscow lap dogs are now hand-painted in decorative designs, according to the St. Petersburg Novoe Vremya.

NEW PENCIL SHARPENER

Between the large crank operated pencil sharpener and the small pocket one there has hitherto seemed to be no medium-sized article which had neither cost nor bulk as an objection to it. The picture shown below illustrates a novelty in this line. The upper view shows the front sections cut away to expose the gearing and show the position of the pencil. There is an inner sleeve, in which the pencil is inserted, with a clamp to aid in holding it rigid. The gear wheels are connected in a train between the outer hood and the cutting shaft seen at the side of the pencil. The pencil to be sharpened is forced into the sleeve until it strikes the cutter. The operator then grasps the hub in one hand, places the rubber-covered friction ring in contact with a desk or table top and rolls the ring on the plane surface, which rapidly revolves the cutter in connection with the pencil. Eugene Burke of Lakeview, Ore., is the patentee.



Quick Death from Snake Bite. To illustrate the quickness with which death comes from the bite of a big rattler: A resident of this city was after quail, with two fine pointers. After scattering a large covey he

began to pick up a stray bird here and there. One fell about fifty yards ahead, and calling to his dog, "Dead bird," he reloaded and slowly advanced. Just as the dog reached the bird he was seen to leap into the air a foot or two, the action being accompanied by a faint yelp. Now the quail fell, as I have said, only about fifty yards away, but when the hunter reached the spot the dog lay stone dead. He had been struck by a rattler six feet in length, and death was nearly instantaneous.

HONOR FOR MRS. VANDERBILT



comes through General Eaton of the English army, for many years a close friend to the king, and the husband of Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt's sister.

Mrs. Vanderbilt before her marriage was Miss Elsie French. They were married June 14 at Newport.

Stagging in Yukon Country.

The first winter schedule of the White Pass and Yukon Railway has been received by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Two stages a week run each way, leaving White Horse Wednesdays and Saturdays. The distance is 380 miles, which is traveled in about five days. There are seventeen posthouses, where relays of horses are obtained and where meals are served.

Music With Laughing Gas.

The French Academie de Medecine has been much excited over a new dental apparatus which combines the administration of gas with phonographic musical selections. While you are inhaling the one you are likewise drinking in the other, and the result is said to be "a most agreeable sensation."

A rumor is being circulated in New York society to the effect that Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and his wife have been invited to the coronation of King Edward. It is said that the invitation