"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. 953 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. We decided we could not be sure until he had definitely decided to come. It has been absorbing 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 that 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 could.

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 crosses Miss Holman's face when she allows herself to talk of Mr. Marconi. She is not in the habit of talking very much about anything she feels deeply. At Bryn Mawr, where she was graduated in '96, she used to be called intense. She was one of the quiet kind that always came out at the head of her class. She had a decided literary bent, which, queerly enough, was somewhat instrumental in fostering her acquaintance with the inventor.

But that happened later in the trip. During the first few days they exchanged views at odd hours when the ship was rolling and tossing, when the moon shone, when the stars were bright, and when the sun was obscured by clouds.

Their intercourse had all the informality of shipboard. Their conversations were interlarded with: "Have you sufficient covering on? Wouldn't you be more comfortable with your feet turned the other way? Do let me get you a baked potato! Well, I guess I'll go and have a smoke," etc., etc.

But in between these interruptions they learned many things about each other that brought them closer and closer and that made them want to continue their friendship after the other side had been reached, when many people were content to touch hats 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.

"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 nutriments, 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.

Pictorial Humor

A SURE SIGN.

Ethel—What makes you think they are engaged?

Maud—He stopped taking her to the theater, and takes her to church instead.

One and Two-Tenths Drunk.

"Judge, your honor, this man was one and two-tenths drunk last night," a policeman told a police court judge yesterday, when a decrepit old fellow named Kelly was arraigned on a charge of vagrancy.

"What's that?" asked the court. "How do you figure that out?"

"Well, your honor, your theory is that if a man takes 10 drinks he's loaded," replied the policeman, counting on his fingers. "Kelly told me he had 12 drinks."

Kelly went down for 30 days.—Washington Times.

Had Its Compensations.

"I am afraid, madam," said a gentleman who was looking for apartments, "that the house is too near the station to be pleasant."

"It is a little noisy," assented the landlady; "but from the front veranda one has such a fine view of people who miss the trains," she added, with an air of triumph.

Over the Danger Line.

"Weary," said Shiny Patches, as the two were resting as usual, "this is my birthday, and I draw a deep breath of relief, for I am out of danger."

"What are you talking about?" asked Weary.

"I am 35 years old, and for some time I have known that between the ages of 20 and 35 men do their greatest work. It has kept me worried, but now I feel safe."

Modest.

"Do you think that literature is likely to assume a higher standard?" inquired the serious thinker. "I do," answered the man with long hair and black-rimmed glasses. "In fact, as I am now at work on my masterpiece, I feel almost justified in giving a personal guarantee to that effect."

Had It Ready.

He—Of course, dear, I'll be back from the club in time for the opera, but in case it should turn out to be impossible I'll send you a note by messenger.

She—That's not necessary; it just dropped out of your overcoat pocket.

WHISKY IN THE KLONDIKE.

First Klondike Miner (looking down the shaft)—What is it, Bill?

Second Klondike Miner (from below)—I wish you'd step over to the cabin and cut me off about two drinks of whisky. The ice-saw is under the bed.

ARROGANCE REBUKED.

"I am the Duke de Bosso."

Hotel Clerk—Well, so long as you don't get noisy, and pay in advance, we'll let you stay here.

A Pleasing Result.

"You know that measly little cur that my wife made so much of?"

"The dog that bit me in the leg?"

"Yes. A motorman ran over and killed him. Yes. And I had to go down to the railway office and report the motorman so he could be promptly discharged. I went."

"What was the result?"

"The man was promoted."

One Explanation.

"How did the United States Senate get the reputation of being such an exceptionally dignified body?" inquired the man who is always eager to learn.

"Probably it was going into executive session at precisely the proper moment," was the cold-blooded man's answer.

Stains Were Gone, Weren't They?

"You told me, sir, that all I had to do was to leave the tablecloth outside during the night, and the fruit stains would disappear. Well, I did so last night."

"Ah! then the stains——"

"No! It was the tablecloth that disappeared!"

Did She Take the Hint?

A distinguished cavalry leader was once at a dinner party to which he had been invited as the guest of honor.

Beside him was a loquacious widow, with hair of raven black, who rudely interrupted the conversation by asking the warrior why it was that his beard was still black, while his hair was turning gray.

With great politeness the old warrior turned toward her.

"I fear I cannot give you a satisfactory answer," said he, "unless, possibly, the reason is that I have used my brain a little more than I have my jaw."

Her Way.

Mr. Hennypeck (musingly)—I wonder why a woman never gives her husband the kind of a Christmas present he wants?

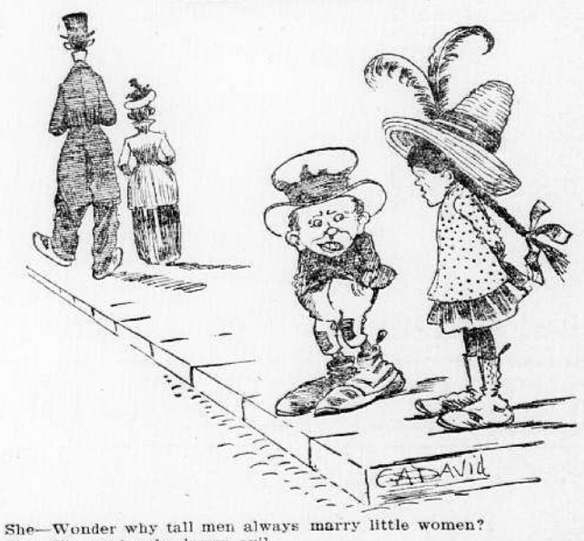
Mrs. Hennypeck (severely)—Because she doesn't try to. She gives him the present he ought to want.

He "Reckoned."

Johnny—Paw, what does it mean when it says "sound the tocsin?"

Mr. Wise—Oh, I reckon it's one of these fights about anti-toxin.

KNEW THE REASON.



She—Wonder why tall men always marry little women?

She—They take the lesser evil.

DINING IN JAPAN.

There You May Get Suimono, Kuchitor, and Kamaboko.

In each course there are half a dozen dishes, and the host tells what they are. First, suimono, a bead soup; kuchitori, chestnuts boiled and crushed into a mush; kamaboko, fished picked fine and rolled into balls and baked; sashimi, raw fish cut into thin slices and covered with ice. This is dipped into rich sauce called soy, and is really very good. Little cups of warm sake, the native brandy made of rice, are served with each course. Napkins and bread are unknown quantities. The second course is a small fish boiled whole; umani, bits of fowl boiled with potatoes or lotus roots, a salad of onions, peas and string beans, with a few leaves of lettuce; sunomono, sea snails served with eggplant mashed, and chamanmushi, a thick soup made of fish and vegetables, with mushrooms for a relish. The third course is a curry of rice and picked vegetables; and for a fourth and final course you have sobo, a sort of buckwheat vermicelli, served with soy and a sweet liqueur called mirin, shiruko, rice cakes, seaweed and confectionery of all sorts, which are very sweet. During the dinner each guest rises and proposes the health of the host, and one other guest, until the whole party is disposed of. This custom is rather hard on the guests, for sake is fiery stuff, and goes to the head more quickly than our own brandy. To make matters worse, after one has drunk the health of all the company, it is customary to drink the health of the waitresses, who bow their foreheads to the floor in acknowledgement.—Boston Transcript.

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 Weidmar 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 attention 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 exaine 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. Liszt, a certain Mr. Liszt, a certain Mr. Liszt,' adding, 'I don't know that that would offend me. I don't know that I should object to being called "a certain Mr. Liszt."' As he said this his face had an expression of curiosity, as though he were wondering whether he really would be offended or not. But at the same time there was in his face that look of kindness I saw there so often, and I really believe he would not have felt injured by such a reference to himself."—Chicago News.

Walking as an Exercise.

It is a mistake to begin by taking tremendous walks unless accustomed to much walking. The best way is to commence with very moderate exercise, say walking two miles a day, or even less, and increasing the distance gradually.

The Minnesota board of control recently bought two tons of chewing tobacco for the inmates of the state institutions.

Hazarding a Guess.

Delia—"Phwat is this copper company that the man o' the house does be talkin' about so much?"

Bridget—"Shure, Oi suppose 'tis a polissman's union, no less."

Would Be First on Record.

"Ah," said the great singer. "I have hit on a plan which will indeed bring me distinction." What is it?" asked a friend. "I shall make a farewell tour, and—I shall not go back."

Uncle Eben's Wisdom.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "seems to 'magine dat no matter how much dey tromps on yoh feet, dey's puffeck gentlemen if dey says 'scuse me afterward."

She—What is the correct translation of the motto of that lovely ring you gave me?

He—Faithful to the last.

She—The last! How horrid. And you've always told me before that I was the very first.

In Kentucky.

Many Citizens (as they see the keeper of the insane asylum leading Colonel Bluddangore, handcuffed, to his ambulance)—"Why, look hyuh, man, whut does this mean, suh?"

Keeper—"Gentlemen, I assuah yo' I am as prostrated ovah this affaih as yo' all, but the Cunnel has announced publicly that he will not touch anotheh drop of whisky afteh the fust of the comin' yeah. What else is thuh to do with him?"

Probably an Oversight.

Diggs—Old Noah missed the opportunity of his life.

Biggs—Enlighten me.

Diggs—When the ark was about to float he failed to appear on deck, wave his hand at the scoffers and say, "I told you so."

Big.

"He says there's no use saying anything when his wife puts her foot down."

"Why, did he marry a Chicago girl?"

Accounting for It.

Maud—Mr. Wellalong seems entirely wrapped up in his bride. I wouldn't have expected it in the case of such an old, old bachelor as he was when he was married.

Mabel—He had kept his heart in cold storage all those years, perhaps.

Why He Was Coming Home.

"Is your uncle coming home from the Philippines soon?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," said the editor's little boy, "his subscription has expired."

He'd Take His Chances.

"Would you go over Niagara in a bar'l, Weary?"

"If de bar'l wuz full o' beer, Limpy, I reckon I'd take my chances."

Doctor—You must give up drinking and——

Mr. Sickly—I never touch a drop.

Doctor—And stop smoking.

Mr. Sickly—I don't smoke.

Doctor—Humph! that's bad. If you haven't anything to give up I'm afraid I can't do much for you.