KISSING 'SQUIRE QUITS.

Closes Office After Having Tied Knot for 1,800 Couples.

St. Charles, Mo.—Fritz Knoop, justice of the peace at St. Charles, who has kissed more than 1,000 brides out of the 1,800 he has married, has tied his last marriage knot and is "going out of business" as he expresses it. He has been in the "marrying business" nearly twenty years.

It was Justice Knoop's one ambition to marry 2,000 couples, but impaired health has caused him to close his office and take down the familiar little sign that hung over the door. Justice Knoop is 70 years old. During his career he has married couples of almost every age, between 14 and 55. Over half of them were St. Louisans.

"For several years he was the only justice in St. Charles. During that period he did a thriving business. But two other justices have established themselves in St. Charles, and competition was keen. One of the justices found street car advertising an effective means of drawing candidates for matrimony. His "ad" in largegrred letters is conspicuously displayed in the St. Charles line cars.

Among Justice Knoop's clientele were many prominent St. Louisans who wished to get married "quietly." Many elopements have terminated in his office and at his home. On several occasions he was roused out of his slumber by an eloping couple. He began his career as a policeman, then became constable. He has married as many as seven couples in one day.

Profitable Hens.

Skowhegan, Maine—O. D. Wells, of Skowhegan is doing what no man in Somerset county has ever done. On three acres of land in the village and with 700 hens he is making an annual net profit of $1,500.

Four years ago Mr. Wells started out to keep hens without any previous experience and but little money, but from the start he made a good sized profit. The first year it was $900, the second a little more, and so on until last year he made $1,500. Wells does this by no unique system, but simply by systematic work and good judgment. The entire care of the hens, raising of green crops for them and the marketing of the produce is all done by Wells himself with the assistance of only his wife.

Wells built his hen houses which consist of a hen house proper 262 feet long for housing 700 hens and a brooder house. He keeps three varieties of hens, Rhode Island Reds and Barred and White Plymouth Rocks.

Captures Husband; Sues for Reward.

Clearfield, Pa.—Depositions were taken today in a suit brought by a Clearfield woman, Mrs. Annie Keeler, against Clearfield county to recover a reward of $500 offered by the county commissioners for the capture of her husband, John O. Keeler, who more than a year ago shot and killed Joseph Roessner at the latter's brewery, where Keeler was employed, and then escaped to the hills. The murderer came to his home and, upon the advice of his wife gave himself up.

Keeler, who is sentenced to be hanged at the Clearfield jail shows but little concern, but is anxious that his wife secure the $500 reward, as there are several small children to be provided for.

Rewards Men Who Nursed Attache.

Paris—In recognition of the care given to Captain D. von Winterfeldt, the military attache of the German embassy to France, who was seriously injured in an automobile accident last fall while following the French army maneuvers, the German emperor has sent an autograph portrait to Eugene Etienne, the French ex-minister of war.

His majesty also bestowed decorations on a number of French officers, surgeons and civilian officials and on several women who aided in nursing Captain Von Winterfeldt back to health. To the mayor of Grisolles the emperor sent $1,200 to be distributed among the needy persons of the town.

Say Girl Robbed Mail.

Mullens, W. Va.—Eighteen-year-old Gladys G. Graham, a clerk in the postoffice here, has been arrested by postoffice inspectors on the charge of rifling parcel post mail of women's finery.

She was released on bail by the United States commissioner to appear for trial in the district court at Huntington, W. Va., in April.

The officers claim to have discovered several hundred dollars' worth of missing merchandise in the girl's room. Miss Graham came here from Hinton, W. Va.

No Divorce for Booze.

Trenton—If a husband does not make some attempt to have his wife live with him, he cannot obtain a decree of divorce in the Court of Chancery, according to a decision by Vice Chancellor Backes, in refusing the application of Frank T. Booze.

Booze said he was deserted, but on the stand he admitted that he made no overtures to his wife to return to him and Vice Chancellor Backes immediately dismissed the suit.

Grandmother's Mistake

Grandmother Peabody struggled ineffectually with the drowsiness that always overcame her in the afternoon, and at last, with a sigh of resignation, went comfortably to sleep.

Her daughter-in-law, Eleanor, smiling lovingly, as she watched the gentle, motherly face, waited a moment to make sure the nap had begun, then she and Mrs. Gridley talked almost in whispers.

After a time the restraint was lessened somewhat, and as Grandmother Peabody's sleep became lighter, the conversation began to penetrate her consciousness; dimly at first, in a confused jumble, then gradually more distinct, until at last words reached her that nearly stopped the beating of her heart. After the first shock she doubted her own senses, but the subsequent utterances left little room for doubt.

"Old Ladies' Home!" There was no mistaking the significance of that. "Old and irritable!" A tear trickled down the old lady's cheek. "Interfering with the children!" Oh, that she had ever lived to hear her son's wife speak of her so. And yet, only the other day she had made a suggestion about the dressing of Donald. Eleanor's laughing but gentle reply that the suggestion would have been timely a decade ago, was now looked upon as indignant resentment.

"Yes," she heard Eleanor continue, "she is to go to-morrow. It does seem too bad, for I'm sure it will be for the best. The life there will be more in harmony with the old lady's whims than it would be in daily contact with the children. Grandmother Peabody is——"

Grandmother Peabody heard no more. A dizzy feeling seized her, and the momentary faintness made her oblivious to all sound. When she recovered, Mrs. Gridley was making her adieu. After her visitor's departure, Eleanor went about her duties in another part of the house, leaving Grandmother Peabody to her reflections, and bitter indeed they were. All the remainder of the afternoon she sat and meditated, and by dinner time her mind was made up. She would go to her old friend, Lucia Burbank, and with her help decide what to do in the future. At dinner her embittered state of mind distorted the loving deference of her son, Ralph, and Eleanor, into a disgusting hypocrisy to which she had previously been blind.

The pair had gone out for an evening of social diversion. Out in the hall an odor of burning cloth was strong. With a sickening fear in her heart Grandmother Peabody rushed to the children's room and opened the door. The lace curtains by the window were aflame. As the door was opened a burning fragment became detached from the rest and fluttered down upon Donald's bed. In an instant the coverlet was afire with the sleeping child beneath it.

It did not occur to the fear-crazed woman to throw back the covering and snatch the child from the bed. She saw only a destroying demon that must be fought, and with a scream that brought the nurse and housemaid hurrying up the stairs, she fell upon the flames with her bare hands, beating them and smothering them, and when help had arrived and a serious conflagration averted, Grandmother Peabody lay on the floor unconscious, her hands and face scorched cruelly, her hair singed, and the lace at her throat all charred and blackened. When she recovered her senses Eleanor, with hat and coat thrown hastily aside, was applying a balm to her wounds and doing what she could before the arrival of the doctor.

"Oh, thank God!" Eleanor whispered, when she saw the sufferer's eyes were open. "Do your burns pain you much, grandma?" she asked, solicitously.

Grandma shook her head. She was barely conscious of her external wounds. All other feelings seemed to be deadened by the agonizing, suffocating pains that attended every attempt to breathe.

"Do you know, grandma, that you saved Donald's life?" continued Eleanor. "If it hadn't been for you—Oh, grandma," she cried, impulsively, "what would we do without you?"

Grandmother Peabody smiled feebly in spite of her pain. "You won't," she whispered with difficulty, her wistful eyes on Eleanor's face, "send me to the Old—Ladies'—Home—now?"

"The Old Ladies' home!" gasped Eleanor. "Oh, Mother Peabody, is that what you thought? You must have heard me talking with Mrs. Gridley this afternoon about old Mrs. Jacobs, who has become so cross of late. And you thought I meant you? Oh, you poor, poor darling, don't you know it—it just couldn't be you."

Grandmother Peabody's lips moved in scarcely audible whisper.

Something in her eyes, and the painful irregularity of her breathing, caused Eleanor to start back in alarm.

"Ralph! Ralph!" she cried, and her husband sprang to her side. "See, Ralph, see, she—she's going from us. Oh, mother! mother!" and sobbing bitterly she tottered into his arms.

Supporting his wife in her grief, Ralph Peabody leaned over his mother. Her eyes were closed. A tremor shook the slight frame and a last faint sigh fluttered on her flame-seared lips. Grandmother Peabody had gone to the home of the old and the young alike.—Elizabeth W. Gerrition.

A BRITISH CENT.

The London Spectator renews the suggestion of a British coin, to be called a "cent," and to form the unit in a decimal system of currency. It says: "Why should we not add to the existing coins 'a British cent'—a coin value one-hundredth part of a florin? Then we should have at once for anyone who cared to use it a decimal system of money. The pound sterling is ten florins, the shilling a half a florin, or 50 British cents, a sixpence is 25 British cents. The British cents would seldom circulate, but they would be useful coins of account. The suggestion is, of course, not new, but we recommend it to the Master of the Mint and the Treasury for consideration." It will be noticed that the coin value of the new piece would be approximately one-half of that of the American cent. It would work out practically as follows: Sixpence equals 25 cents, a shilling 50 cents, a florin, or two shillings, 100 cents; a pound, 1,000 cents. This is, in a sense, a decimal system, but not in the complete manner of our own, as the florin is not in such common use as the others in the ordinary series of coins—pounds, shillings, and pence, crowns and half crowns. The utility of the new coin as a coin of account would therefore be limited.

CRITICISM ON HAMLET.

Clyde Fitch, at a dinner he gave in honor of a noted dramatic critic, read from his library of scrapbooks a Western criticism on "Hamlet." The criticism, which was dated 1873, ran: "There is too much chinning in this piece. The author is behind the times and seems to forget that what we want nowadays is hair-raising situations and detectives. In the hands of a skilful playwright a detective would have been put upon the track of Hamlet's uncle and the old man would have been hunted down in a manner that would have lifted the audience out of their cowhides. The moral of the piece is not good. The scene where Hamlet passes his mother is a very bad example to the rising generation. Our advice to the author is more action, more love-making, and plenty of specialties. The crazy girl scene should be cut out altogether and a rattling good song and dance substituted."—Kansas City Star.

ARGUMENT FOR PEACE.

No better argument for universal peace could be found than a perusal of the pension figures of this country. It appears that since its foundation the United States has paid out nearly four billion dollars to the pensioners of its various wars. The appropriation for 1911 will be about $155,000,000, and there seems to be no appreciable decrease to be looked for in many years. The appalling total sum gives an average for the 125 years since the end of the Revolution of $32,000,000 a year for pensions. These fabulous sums, coupled with the tribute paid by other countries, the result of war, ought to convert the most obdurate to the doctrine of permanent peace.—New York American.

HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION.

The power of what hypnotists call "suggestion" is many ages older than the scientific knowledge of it. In the Middle Ages ordeal by the Host detected perjury. He who swore was given a morsel of the consecrated wafer and bidden to pray that if he spoke falsely it might choke him. The truthful man swallowed it without harm; but the false-swearer's glottis underwent a spasm which convicted him. To this day, in Burmah, residents robbed of any valuable send for a soothsayer, who harangues the assembled servants and gives to each a morsel of bread, duly subjected to incantation, averring that the thief cannot swallow it. And he cannot!—London Chronicle.

RECONCILING EAST AND WEST.

One of Sir Laurier's latest statements is that a great object of his present talking tour is to reconcile the East and West. The idea is grand. The one thing necessary to Canada's complete happiness is that the Westerners shall cease speaking of the men who live on the other side of Rat Portage as cent belters, and that these practisers of thrift shall in turn refrain from smiling when the man of expansive views from Winnipeg or westward unfolds his painted map and tries to sell them lots in prairie villages at metropolitan building site prices.

KING OF ANIMALS.

Little boys since Bible times have believed bears eat bad children, but bears do not eat people. In the wild state a bear will come nosing where a man is asleep and never awaken him. A "Pacific" grizzly may weigh a ton. It takes a mighty big horse or a steer to do that. King of animals, the grizzly can clean out a whole menagerie of lions, tigers and leopards. Just think of a bear measuring fourteen or fifteen feet from tip of nose to tip of tail, and neither end long, at that. Perhaps in the past half century not one hundred persons have been killed from Mexico to Alaska by grizzly bears.

WON BY COOKING.

An Illinois widow about to marry a hitherto woman-hating bachelor explains that she won him with hot cuspidards and sugar cookies, and gives the recipes. It is only the instance which is new. The name is legion of the woman who knows that the only true love philters the world has ever known have been concocted on baking days.

A fool may give a wise man counsel—which proves he is a fool.

"LONESOME CITIES" SCORED BY KANSANS

Press and Pulpit Warn All That Centers of Population Are Like Deserts.

GIRL'S SUICIDE IS CITED

Residents of Metropolis Are Called Suspicious and Reserved—"Every City Is Lonesome to the Stranger Within Its Gates," Writes Kansan.

Wichita, Kas.—Is the city that makes you feel lonesome losing its soul?

That question has been asked in many Kansas pulpits, and editors who have traveled much are discussing the phases of city life that burden the stranger with utter loneliness.

It all is due to an Associated Press dispatch under a New York City date line, which simply quoted Hazel Deane, a pretty 16-year-old girl, as saying: "New York is the largest city in the country, but is the most lonesome place on earth. I was so tired and so lonesome I just gave up." She had taken poison to end her trouble.

Out in the country schoolhouses and churches roundabout this city, where the circuit riders and local preachers minister to their little flocks, Hazel Deade's sad experience in the nation's metropolis has been the theme of many sermons. The neighborly kindness of the country, the freedom from the sins of the great centers, and the willingness to lift up and help the deserving all have been exploited.

It was an editorial written by Henry J. Allen, of this city, that caused the country preachers to talk about the statement of Hazel Deane. "If you've ever been a stranger in New York you know it's true," he said.

"Every city is lonesome to the stranger within its gates," Allen wrote. "The larger, the more people, the more lonesomer. Alone in the wilderness, you have for companionship the trees, the birds, the stars; and you feel safe. But in the desert of the city you are surrounded by human hyenas and you don't know what voice to trust."

And then Mr. Allen, who led the Roosevelt forces in Kansas last year, told of the problem the city folks must learn if they would retain the confidence of their country neighbors. "In the city," he said, "the good and kindly people have their own homes and their own set, to which they speed when the toil of the day is ended. They are not used to the neighborly ways of the country or town. If you approach them they think you are forward, maybe criminal. They have lost the fine art of unaffected human fellowship. Their hearts are incrusted with suspicion or reserve.

"How to thaw this reserve, how to get folks to know one another just as folks, is the problem which the city will have to learn if it would have the finest human values."

Mr. Allen pointed out that the city conceives the idea that its only duty to the country folks who pass its gates is to sell entertainment and excitement. It has abounding marts for the sale of everything in the list of human needs "excepting this one great need of human fellowship, which cannot be sold; which must be given away, else it is spurious.

The desert of the great City of New York, and of all cities for that matter, needs life-saving oases, according to this Kansan. "Not places where you can be preached at, patronized, studied as an insect under a microscope, but centers of natural fellowship; centers of democracy."

Roses on Coffin of Pet Dog.

West Chester, Pa.—Bob, the dog mascot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, killed in an effort to jump off a moving train at Westtown station, was buried here with honors by employes of the railroad. The dog "lay in state" in the baggage room at the station for several hours, and was viewed by many. At 2 o'clock, covered with flowers and a blanket, Bob was placed in a coffin and carried on a station truck to a grave near the station. There were several dogs at the grave also. Bob took up his lodgings at the station about four years ago. He traveled on trains at will, and was the friend of all the railroad men.

Doctor Foresees Fountain of Youth.

Uniontown, Pa.—Science will produce a fountain of youth in which the aged can bathe and become young, according to Dr. Richard E. Lee in a speech to the Fayette county institute. He said:

"While scientists have been able to prolong the life of the lower animals they so far have been unable to discover a solution that will act on every part of the human body. There is a time coming when the solution will be presented by science. When this time comes old persons will take a bath in this solution and have the cells again rejuvinated to youth."

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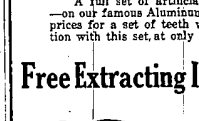

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