

THIS MAN WANTED BY MANY WOMEN

Lonesome Nebraska Ranchman Wooed With Well-Written Feminine Epistles

(Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

James Snell, a rich Nebraska ranchman, upright, moral, wants a wife, and doesn't know where to find her.

At least, he didn't know where to begin his search until last week, but now he can take his pick and choice of any one of more than a thousand who have heard of Mr. Snell's predicament and have volunteered to share his home and his ranch, his big bank account and his large herds of cattle. And this number is increasing hourly. Great stacks of letters are pouring in upon Mr. Snell, through the Rev. Charles W. Savidge, of this city, who is assisting the disconsolate wooer.

It was through Mr. Savidge that Mr. Snell let his wants be known to the world, and, although the desire was made public only ten days ago, the news has spread from California to Maine, from the Rio Grande to Lake Superior, and an army of spinsters, widows, divorcees and young girls—blondes and brunettes—describing themselves as "fair, fat and 40," "young and pretty," "vivacious and well educated," "refined and well bred," is preparing to march on the stronghold of Mr. Snell's heart and his Nebraska ranch. In the meantime "Barkis is willin'," and is calmly awaiting the expected onslaught.

Wanted a Wife.

Recently the Rev. Mr. Savidge, who takes pride in his record of joining

the futures of mankind and woman-kind, performed the ceremony for the eleven hundredth time. This fact was heralded throughout the land. Three days later the Rev. Mr. Savidge received a call from a stranger.

The stranger introduced himself as James Snell, a Nebraska ranch owner and cattle raiser. Without mincing words, after being seated in Mr. Savidge's study, the visitor began:

"I see that you have married 1,100 couples. With all that experience you will certainly be able to help a man like me out of a bad fix. Here I am, 37 years old, fairly good-looking, well educated, well fixed financially, and in need of a wife. I have been on the plains for many years while making my stake, and just naturally ran out of the way of looking for a wife. But I am now ready to settle down and enjoy the results of my years of labor, and I need a good, sensible woman to help me. There surely is such a woman somewhere who would be willing to marry a man like me. I will give her everything in the way of a home, as well as the love and respect due from a husband to a good Christian wife. Can you help me out?"

The preacher was taken a little aback. But he also was pleased by the man's straightforward honesty and directness. He promised to do what he could to help Snell in his search. Incidentally, he mentioned the matter in his sermon the following

Sunday. And that's how the world got the story.

Knows Few Women.

The case was a unique one. Here was a wealthy, honest, educated gentleman searching for a wife. Having lived on the great plains for years he had forgotten the ways of society and was actually acquainted with less than half a dozen women. In his predicament he had journeyed to Omaha and had applied to a popular minister to help him secure a life partner.

Twenty-four hours after that sermon was preached every large newspaper in the country had printed the fact that James Snell, of Nebraska, wants a wife and that he is wealthy.

Another twenty-four hours and the Rev. Mr. Savidge's mail increased 100 per cent. The near-by cities and towns were being heard from.

Forty-eight hours passed and another 100 per cent increase was shown. In another day it became necessary for Mr. Savidge to secure an assistant to answer letters. And shortly the "job" became so great that it was found impossible to answer the letters of application for the position of "Mrs. James Snell." At the end of one week nearly 1,200 letters were received. They are still arriving at the rate of about 100 per day, and, instead of decreasing, the number is increasing daily.

The first week's mail, when classified, gave the following list of volunteers:

Blondes	407
Brunettes	305
Widows	217
Divorcees	193

Total 1,122

The staid old maid town of Boston, the home of culture and "Hub of the Universe," led all the rest. One hundred and thirty-seven Massachusetts women laid siege by mail to Snell's heart and hand and fortune, and fifty-nine of these were Bostonians.

From Young Girls.

One of the first letters to arrive was from a native Chicago girl. She didn't beat around the bush, but went right to the business in the following way:

"Dear Mr. Snell—I thought I would introduce myself to you. I am a very pretty brunette, 18 years old, and am looking for a husband. I think you will do. If you think so please write and we will exchange photographs. Then you can come here and we will be married if we like the photographs. Answer quick. From your intended bride.

ANNIE

A young girl from the Blue Grass State wrote this letter:

"My Dear Mr. Savidge—Please tell Mr. Snell that I am much pleased at the idea of becoming the wife of a big cattle man. For years I have longed for the solitude of the great plains, and I'm not afraid of cows, either. I am 19 years old, with black hair and black eyes, and the boys say I am mighty pretty, and from the way they hang around me I believe I am. I am a graduate of Potter college and have a good education. No widower goes. I want to be a first wife." Ask Mr. Snell to write me. I haven't any money and am no heiress, but I am romantic and believe I will make a good wife. Very respectfully yours,

MAYME

"Bowling Green, Ky." If Mr. Snell should follow the advice of the elder Weller and "beware of widows" he would ignore the 217 letters written by widows from almost every state in the union. Some of these letters almost bear old Weller out in his advice; they seem almost on the point of annexing Snell, ranch and all. For instance:

Plainfield, Wis.

"My Dear Friend—I feel so sorry for you in your loneliness—I can sympathize with you. I am a young widow, just 29 years old. No children. My first husband died declaring that I was a model wife and housekeeper. I have light hair and blue eyes, and am very sure I would just suit you. Come to see me at once, or say when it will be convenient for you to meet me at the depot in Omaha, and I will come there. Arrange with the Rev. Mr. Savidge to perform the ceremony. Please telegraph answer immediately. I hope your ranch is very near Omaha. Good-by.

MRS. WILLIAM

But a large majority of the letters received by Mr. Snell are from seemingly well-bred women who are in

earnest. They write intelligent, well-constructed letters, without a feeling or thought of levity. Here is a sample from Holyoke, Massachusetts:

"The Rev. Mr. Savidge, Omaha: "Dear Sir—As you probably know, there are many more women in the East than there are men. Among these women are many noble, earnest ones who would make good wives, but the scarcity of men prevents many from marrying. If Mr. Snell is the right sort (and you, being a minister, should know something of the man whom you are assisting), I would like to correspond with him with a view to matrimony. I am 35 years old, a school teacher, fairly good looking, excellent health, good housekeeper and have some little means.

"This may impress you as being a strange procedure for women of good standing, but I assure you there is almost no hope on the east for a woman not possessed of considerable wealth and who does not go in society a good deal, to meet a man whom she would be likely to marry. It is unnecessary to say that I am honest and honorable in every particular. While this is a delicate matter, you can understand how every true woman longs for the care and protection of a good man.

MISS MAUDE—, Litchfield, Conn., furnishes a worthy candidate in the person of Miss Nellie—, who writes this letter: "Dear Sir—I understand you want a wife. I wish to marry, but women are in the majority in this state, and it is not so easy. Please write me what you require in a wife, and I will tell if I will suit you.

I am 36 years old, single, 5 feet 5 inches tall, weigh 160 pounds, Christian, good housekeeper, understand all branches of cooking, sewing, etc., am well educated and come of one of the oldest families in America.

"This is not from a matrimonial agency but from a woman in private life who would like to be made happy, and who is capable of making a good true wife to a true husband."

Miss Helen—, of Boston writes: "I am 37 years years old, well bred, well educated, and can keep house nicely. Am a good cook. If you are able to support a wife in a proper manner, and are the right kind of a man, moral and Christian, I will be glad to hear from you."

These letters do not smack of the matrimonial bureau kind, and it is easy to see that they do not belong to that class. Many of them, in fact a majority of them, ask Mr. Snell's religious belief and educational qualifications. Very few mention finances, and, from appearances, the writers are thinking more of getting a good husband than a wealthy one.

The Rev. Mr. Savidge has received letters from a number of men throughout the country who seemed to realize that Mr. Snell would not be able to care for all the women who would apply, and these have asked of the minister that he refer some of the left-over ones to them. Mr. F. J. Hade, of 1726 Lincoln avenue, York, Neb., is one of these. He writes as follows:

"Will you send me the address of one of the ladies who answer the Snell advertisement? I believe some of them can help me. I am 37, a Swede (one of the best kind), a first-class tailor, temperate, have some real estate, a home and also cash. Have two lovely children, boy past 4 years and girl 14. (Lost my wife from pneumonia). Inclosed I hand you my photograph. You have my permission to publish this letter."

May Establish Matrimonial Bureau. "Good homes have always been a hobby of mine," says the Rev. Mr. Savidge. "During all the years of my ministry I have insisted on young people (and old ones also getting married. God has put this thing into our hearts and it won't down. Marriage founded in deep thought, mature judgment and solid respect, accompanied by the fear of God and with a supreme desire for his blessing, would break up divorce courts without a particle of trouble in short order. But we are often told we have no more right to fall in love than to fall downstairs. This indiscriminate marrying without having taken deep thought on the subject is the cause of the many divorce proceedings of today. If I can be of any help, in a Christian way, toward the establishment of good homes, I intend to be of assistance."

The incidents revealed to the Rev. Mr. Savidge by the letters he has received in the Snell case is causing him to consider seriously the establishment of a religious matrimonial bureau, free to all Christian, God-fearing men and women throughout the country. But before he can lay plans for this he must manage to get rid of Mr. Snell and the hundreds of applicants for that gentleman's hand and heart.

Attends to His Knitting. In curious contrast to his daring in the air are some of M. Santos's other traits. He does not spend his spare time puffing at a cigarette or in sipping innocuous drinks. He devoted himself to embroidery, to knitting, and even to the more difficult accomplishment of making tapestries.

"I like it and always have," he says. "It is a relaxation."

M. Santos's bedroom, too, is a wonder for such a man. Everything is in blue and white. Pale blue silk covers the wall and the silk, in turn, has an outer covering of white dotted net. The bed is curtained and the curtains and the hangings in the windows are fastened back with blue satin ribbons tied in huge bows. On the floors are blue and white rugs. The furniture is white with blue coverings and cushions, and against one side

SANTOS DUMONT'S LOVE AFFAIR

Daring Cloud Feeler Brought to Earth by California Girl

Miss Lurline Spreckles is the daughter of C. A. Spreckles, the sugar king. In her is embodied everything that has charmed more than one foreigner into seeking his bride on these shores. She is pretty, accomplished and unaffected. She is heiress to many millions and will one day be one of America's—or some other country's—richest women. She is a trained musician, skillful with the whip, something of a golf player and a deep student of paintings and literature.

M. Santos, as he likes to call himself, has much more to commend him than many a man who comes to America with his heart upon his sleeve. He is of a fabulously rich family, is generous in charitable work, is a deep thinker—all of those in addition to being the most daring and skillful aeronaut in the world.

The two young people, each with so much to their credit, met in Paris six years ago. And the struggle has been going on pretty much ever since.

Miss Spreckles was not without admirers in Paris, but when M. Santos joined them nearly all others stepped aside.

Parts Hair in Middle.

Santos-Dumont is really a "rare bird." At first glance one would say that he had just stepped out of a comic weekly of a decade ago when there were slim "dudes." He is frail looking, with a languid air and a high collar, and his hair is parted in the middle. He is about five feet six inches tall, and every inch and every ounce nerve and muscle.

At this time the young aeronaut's star was just beginning to rise. He had only completed the airship known as Santos-Dumont No. 1. When on September 20, 1898, he sped 1200 feet into the air from the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in Paris, Miss Spreckles was on hand to clap for pleasure.

Suddenly her delight was changed to alarm. The balloon was seen to collapse, and come tumbling to earth. Great was her joy, however, when she found that the aeronaut had marvelously escaped from the wreck unhurt.

How could Miss Spreckles help liking a man with the pluck of Santos-Dumont? He quickly built airship No. 2, only to fall a second time and escape unhurt. He built the No. 3.

Made Trip Safely.

At 2:30 in the afternoon of November 13, 1899, Santos-Dumont mounted this machine in the Champ de Mars, made for the Eiffel Tower, circled the structure and came down safely in the Bois de Boulogne.

In August, 1901, in attempting a circle of the tower he lost control of the airship, dashed against the roof of the Hotel Trocadero and once more was wrecked.

Yet only twenty-two days later he was ready with the Santos-Dumont No. 6, and on October 19, 1901, won M. Deutsch's prize of \$20,000. This small fortune was generously distributed to the poor of Paris and to the assistants who had helped him in his great trip.

Hardly had Santos-Dumont gained these laurels in Paris than he was summoned to Monte Carlo by the Prince of Monaco to attempt a still greater feat, the crossing of the Mediterranean Sea.

There for two months he was feted and admired. Even the reclusive Eugenie, former empress of France, was drawn from retirement to visit his famous workshop. Thither also went royalties like the king of Belgium and ardent republicans like Henri Rochefort.

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of the wall is a large toilet table, all in white, and strewn with silver toilet articles.

It is a room that would naturally suggest a young and charming girl, but it is the expression of taste in one of the great inventors of the age.

Liked Him All the More.

That Santos-Dumont should add to his manliness the fastidiousness of a connoisseur did not lessen Lurline Spreckles' regard for him. Indeed, she liked him all the more. The little love story, however, did not read very well to Mrs. Spreckles, who is more ambitious than even most women from the Pacific coast. She had her husband tried to cast a damper upon the two. When they failed in this, Santos-Dumont was forbidden to enter the Spreckles home. That was a year ago.

What were the objections of parents to the winds? He soon found a way of meeting Miss Spreckles, though whenever in public or at a social gathering where they happened to be guests he carefully avoided her mother.

When the Spreckles are not in Paris they reside in New York, although their home was originally on the other side of the continent, in San Francisco.

So it came to be a fact that when Santos-Dumont was in France the Spreckles family was usually in America, and vice versa, the Spreckles parents having found it best to try to dodge him. Nevertheless, he and Miss Lurline have their meetings now and then.

Three weeks ago Santos-Dumont arrived in America on the way to St. Louis, where he is to compete for the \$100,000 prize offered for airships. By a strange coincidence he stopped at the Waldorf-Astoria, where Miss Spreckles makes her home. At the desk he was handed thirty letters—invitations to dinner, to musicales, requests for interviews and autographs.

Miss Spreckles, too, it was noted, received invitations to the same functions.

This in spite of the fact that Santos-Dumont is a very busy man.

"There is nothing like privacy for me," he admits. "When I go to my room people come; when I leave my room they are waiting for me; when I go out they expect me to speak to them."

Up To Date in Business.

When he went down into the lobby of the hotel the day after his arrival seven were waiting for him. With the suave manner born of much experience he dismissed the seven in five minutes.

Two were up to date business men who had propositions to submit to him; two other young men were prompted by curiosity to see and speak to the daring aeronaut; two more were wealthy New York men, who, having met M. Santos in Europe, were anxious to have him dine with them, and one was a young woman longing for his autograph, which she did not get.

None could criticize the inventor for the treatment he accorded them, yet all, no doubt, wondered how they had been dismissed at once with such brevity and courtesy.

When Santos-Dumont, sincere in the belief that he had won the sugar princess' love, started for St. Louis to arrange his plans for the fair, mamma Spreckles did not fail to see her opportunity.

With the aeronaut a thousand miles away she ordered Miss Lurline to pack her trunks, and a hasty trip across the ocean was begun.

They started aboard the North German Lloyd steamship Kaiser Wilhelm on March 15. At that time Santos-Dumont was in the west. Not a word of the flight did he hear until he arrived back in New York ten days ago.

Then he found that his bird had flown without leaving a little note. But did Miss Spreckles accompany her mother willingly? He does think so. Anyway, he is set on finding out. He knows of only one way of doing this—to go and ask her.

Santos-Dumont's airship is not yet ready for such a trip, so he is obliged to fret and fume about the Waldorf-Astoria for three whole days. Then he sailed aboard the Kronprinz Wilhelm for France.

Miss Spreckles and her mother are supposed to be in Paris. As soon as he can locate them M. Santos will find out for sure whether or not he has solved problem No. 2.

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A large line of choice clothing. You should see them. We can give you a suit for \$4.50 that will surprise you, for it is actually worth \$7.50, and we are offering all our others in like proportion.

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