

FAKE CENSUS OF PREACHER'S FAMILY

Exhibited Quadruplets Which Got Sympathy and Money, But Were Spurious

WAS ASKED TO LEAVE TOWN

Sightseers Came for Miles to Goshen, Mass., to See Four of a Kind that Are Now Declared Bogus—Some Doubtless Looked Up Records.

Northampton, Mass.—It looks as though the quadruplets claimed to have been born to Rev. and Mrs. Samuel H. Secombe of Chicago, but now of Goshen, a town near this city, are myths. The people of the little town where Mr. Secombe was engaged to preach in the Congregational church are astounded at some of the developments.

There has been a widespread interest in the reported births of the four babies which, as it is claimed, were born on May 26 and are still living very sprightly. The papers in all parts of the country have had stories about this interesting and unusual family.

The parents of the quadruplets who came to Goshen bringing with them four other children, have been the object of sympathy because of their needy circumstances, and there have been large contributions of money.

After Mr. Secombe had preached in Goshen a few Sundays, early in the summer, an investigation led to his being shut off from preaching. The family was allowed to remain in the parsonage, but on the revelation of what appeared to be facts showing that the quadruplets are spurious, the people of the town became so incensed that they asked that they leave town within two days.

Physicians and others in Chicago who became interested in the birth of the quadruplets and made investigations found that the Rev. Orin Jenks, an Adventist minister, married Mr. and Mrs. Secombe Nov. 9, 1908, and that quadruplets were born so it was said, on May 26, and the mother came with the children to Goshen June 21 to join Mr. Secombe. Mrs. Secombe's explanation was that she was frightened by a burglar breaking into the house and attacking her.

When the mother and babies arrived in Goshen the church authorities asked the pastor to explain the reports that he had been married before and divorced, and why he had advertised for a wife. He could not explain satisfactorily and he was told that he could not preach longer. Out of sympathy for the family it was agreed that it could remain in the parsonage two months.

People who are acquainted with the Secombe family in Chicago and were the next door neighbors, living at No. 2143 Fulton street, say no babies were born in the Secombe household, but claim that a baby was adopted in April, and they are sure that Mrs. Secombe's house was not entered by a burglar.

These quadruplets, as it is claimed, weighed from six to twelve pounds each at birth.

Mrs. Secombe's story is that she was attended by a lady physician, Dr. G. G. Craig, but no such doctor is registered in Chicago.

Since the family has been in Goshen people have come by teams and touring cars in great numbers to see the wonderful quadruplets, and in many instances the contributions have been generous. The last Sunday the minister preached before being barred from further occupying the pulpit he is reported to have said to some of the church people:

"Sometimes I feel that the Lord has overwhelmed me with blessings, and again I asked myself what have I done that He should afflict me so in sending me four babies."

Mr. Secombe is fifty-three years old and a graduate of Amherst College. His wife was from Maine, and before her marriage was a nurse in Lynn. It is a fact that no birth of quadruplets has been recorded up to several days ago.

ALASKA LONGEST CIVILIZED.

Scientist Finds Skeleton of High Type Thousands of Years Old.

Port Townsend, Wash.—News is brought by the United States revenue cutter Tohama, which reached Puget Sound after steaming around the world from Baltimore, that a party of ethnologists, headed by Dr. William Yochelson, a noted Russian explorer, encountered at the island of Attu, in the Aleutian Archipelago, has discovered relics and skeletons that would establish the record of population of northwestern North America during the prehistoric ages.

In a statement to Captain Queenan, of the Tohama, Dr. Yochelson told of differences from the present civilization on the islands. He said the relics uncovered would establish completely a belief that thousands of years ago the highest type of humanity existing in the new world existed in the North.

Cave Leonem.

Mountainside.—Walter Cook of this town has a lion cub which he is going to train to do the work of a watchdog. He proposes to turn it loose at night to guard his chickens.

BATHING WITHOUT WATER

A Good Rub and an Air Bath a Substitute for the Tub.

The conditions and conventions of our civilization demand frequent bathing. It is popularly supposed that this frequent bathing is essential to health. "This is quite untrue," says the Medical Journal. "We have seen fine and vigorous men among the habitants of Canada who had never taken a full bath in their lives. Were the truth known many thousands of our fellow citizens probably know nothing of the alleged benefits of the tub, though maintaining excellent average health."

"Such people do not present the fresh and pleasing appearance of the frequent bather, however long lived they may be. Is not, however, much of the benefit attributed to the water in reality due to the complete exposure of the skin to the air?"

"The respiratory function of the skin is of high importance, and although water may be dispensed with closing the pores to air would result in speedy asphyxiation. The historic instance of the boy who impersonated John the Baptist in a mediaeval procession, and whose body was covered with gold leaf with rapidly fatal results is proof."

"The ice cold bath is a superstition; it is a pastime for the abnormally vigorous; not desirable for the average civilized man. A bath not too cold is really an agreeable stimulant as well as being a luxury. The feeling of well being after a bath can hardly be obtained in any other way, and the rapid multiplication of tubs in hotels and private residences, soon to approach one of the individual, shows how they are appreciated."

"Unhappy persons, however, whose travels in the provinces or into the desert may temporarily deprive them of sufficient water for bathing may find a substitute that will at least afford a part of their accustomed enjoyment. The body may be energetically rubbed with a brush or coarse Turkish towel and afterward exposed to the air for fifteen minutes or so. The accustomed feeling of vigor will follow and the process will be found by the uninitiated to be astonishingly cleansing."

No Competitors.

A New Englander, travelling on foot through the Southern mountains, studying the people, asked a man whom he met to direct him to a certain cabin at which he had been advised to stay overnight. "Going that?" said the man. "Well, Tom's a first-rater, take him just right, but he's mighty queer."

"What do you mean?" asked the traveller.

"Well, it's like this, and the man looked at the stranger in a calm, impersonal way. "He's be setting outside, most probably, and he'll see you coming; he'll take a good look at you, and if you don't suit him, he may set the dog on you."

"If he don't, and you get to talking him, and say anything he don't just like, he may throw you down and tromp on you. But if you're too careful in your talk, on the other hand, he's liable to take you for a spy and use his gun fast and listen to explanations afterward."

"But it's no use trying to get by without stopping," concluded the man, with evident relish of the prospect he was opening up to the stranger. "If you was to undertake that, 'twould be all up with you, for he'd think you was proud and biggetty."

"If you want to come out of the mountain whole, don't go past Tom's cabin without stopping, whatever you do!"

Spilled the Performance.

The play was all about a horse—a famous horse, the autobiography of which is even yet among the "best sellers," and over the sufferings of which thousands of readers have shed tears of sympathy. The four-legged actor that had been cast for the part of the horse was doing its best, presumably, to look pathetic.

With drooping head, it stood on the stage, from time to time switching its poor docked tail. One of the two-legged actors was delivering an impassioned and really touching speech, when the audience suddenly burst into a fit of prolonged and uncontrollable laughter.

The oration came to a sudden stop. The actor glanced at the horse, then turned and fled in dismay behind the scenes.

"Black Beauty" was yawning.

Her Capacity.

"If teeth do just as well without nerves," she said to the dentist, "and just as white and don't break any quicker, why are the nerves put there in the first place?"

"I've often wondered myself," said he. "I don't know unless it is so you can suffer the pain of losing them. You'd be too happy, you know, unless you underwent a little suffering now and then."

"A little!" she shrieked. "You remember that tooth of mine last winter, and how I came within an ace of dying with the pain?"

"I remember," said he, "but you have a great capacity for suffering. I've seen other people lose four and suffer less."

Not by the Sweat of His Brow.

The Knights had moved into a new neighborhood, and Mrs. Knight was wondering aloud at the breakfast-table as to the occupation of a certain neighbor. "Oh, I know what he does, mamma," said the bright-eyed four-year-old of the Knight household. "What?" asked mamma. "Why, he takes up the collection at church!"—The Delineator.

THE FACTS IN "RACE-SUICIDE."

The birth-rate in the United States in the days of its Anglo-Saxon youth was one of the highest in the world. The best of authority traces the beginning of its decline to the first appearance about 1850 of immigration on a large scale. Our great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, estimated six children to a normal American family in his day. The average at the present time is slightly above two. For 1900 it is calculated that there are only about three fourths as many children to potential mothers in America as there were forty years ago. Were the old rate of the middle of the century sustained, there would be fifteen thousand more births yearly in the state of Massachusetts than now occur. In the course of a century the proportion of our entire population consisting of children under the age of ten has fallen from one-third to one quarter. This, for the whole United States, is equivalent to the loss of about seven million children. So alarming has this phenomenon of the falling birth-rate become in the Australian colonies that, in New South Wales, a special government commission has voluminously reported upon the subject. It is estimated that there has been a decline of about one-third in the fruitfulness of the people in fifteen years. New Zealand even complains of the lack of children to fill her schools. The facts concerning the stagnation, may even the retrogression of the population of France, are too well known to need description.

MONEY-MAKERS NOT ALWAYS INTELLIGENT.

People are very apt to imagine that a man who has acquired wealth must be a particularly intelligent man, whose advice it would be safe to follow on almost any question, but as a matter of fact there is probably more practical common sense to be found among those who have to work hard and live from hand to mouth than among those who have plenty of money and nothing to do; for the workers have more conscious need of wisdom and give more thought to the practical problems of life.

Few persons seem to be aware of the fact that the human brain is not a simple but a complex instrument. It possesses many different faculties, but not by any means in the same proportions or in the same relation to each other in all individuals.

The faculty for acquiring wealth is a very convenient one, which most of us would like to possess in some measure at least, but it is far from being one of the noblest of man's faculties, and does not indicate greatness of any kind, although it not uncommonly enables the man who possesses it to attain to much prominence and perhaps to political as well as social power.

A LUNCHEON REVOLUTION.

Russell Sage should have a monument erected to himself by his widow. The old miser educated all New York, south of Fulton street, how to be abstemious. His midday luncheon (when he had to pay for it) was a section of apple pie and a glass of milk. On this repast he thrived, retained his health and waxed rich. No corned beef and cabbage in "hiss." No wines, no beer, no fat pastries, nothing of the fleshy sort. A million young men are now imitating the old man who spent \$8 a year for clothes and left \$70,000,000 for his wife to squander on people who used to damn him as skinflint. Mrs. Sage is taxed higher than any other woman in New York, and she is working overtime to reduce her fortune.

WHOLE HOG NOW "CANNED."

It was the boast of a great Chicago meat packer that in his stock-yards every part of the pig was utilized except the squeal. Recently a manager of one of the rural plays wanted some realistic pig squeals for his show, and accordingly gave a contract for the required lumber to a phonograph dealer, who took a machine down to the stock-yards, "canned" the squeals, and turned over the records to the show manager. Those who talk about the extravagance of the present age should remember that with the by-product already mentioned, nothing now goes to waste in the pork industry.

GONE OUT!

The poor little black and tan dog! How they have faded into obscurity, unhonored and unsung. At one time they were largely the fashion and great ladies fondled them and were proud in their possession. Now they have been superseded by other varieties. The other day we patted one of these pathetic creatures on the head and he returned our caress with a deprecating wag of his tail, as to say that we didn't quite know what we were doing, but he thanked us all the same. And yet of all the dogs there be, there is none more intelligent than the black and tan.

David Lloyd George, chancellor of the exchequer, said in Albert Hall that a bill would be introduced to give women suffrag; and, if the chance to pass it was thrown away, it would be entirely owing to the lunacy of some who thought they were helping the cause by cleaning themselves to seats and breaking up meetings.

The only kind of ethical passion that greatly benefits the public is that which expends itself at first hand in the right conduct of the individual moved by it, and in the inspiration of those who come immediately within the sphere of his influence.

REVOLUTION CHATTERED.

The Moral Suggestion Scheme Didn't Work on Jack Jones.

A little boy came home one day from school in a very bad humor. Another boy, Jack Jones, had given him a thrashing, and he wanted revenge. "Oh," said his mother, "don't talk of revenge, Willie. Be kind to Jack. Heap coals of fire on his head. Then he will become your friend."

Willie thought he would try this method. So the next day at recess, just as he was buying a lemon pie for luncheon, Jack appeared and said:

"Look here, I licked you yesterday, but I didn't give you enough. Now I'm going to lick you again."

And he planted a hard blow on Willie's little stomach.

Willie gasped, but instead of striking back he extended his pie to Jones. "Here," he said in a kindly voice, "I'll give you this. I make you a present of it."

Jack, in glad amazement, fell upon the pie greedily, and it had soon disappeared.

"Gosh, it was good!" he said. "What did you give it to me for?"

"Because you struck me," said the bearer of the coals.

Instantly Jack hauled off and struck him again. "Now go and get another pie," he said.—Ladies' Home Journal.

FINANCE.



Landlord—"I'll give you ten per cent, off if you'll pay the rent to-morrow."

Tenant—"Thank you. Now, suppose you let me have that ten per cent now and I'll pay it to you on account to-day."

Exasperating.

From the dark kitchen there emanated a series of thumps and angry exclamations. Jones was looking for the cat.

"Pat!" called the son from the stairway.

"Go to bed and let me alone," blurted Jones. "I've just barked my shins."

"Pat!" insisted Tommy, after a moment's silence.

"Well, what is it? Didn't I tell you to keep quiet?"

"I—I didn't hear your shins bark."

And the next moment Tommy was being pursued by an angry sire with a hard hair brush.

A Sharp Retort.

"My dear," said a thin little Brighton man to his wife, "this paper says that there is a woman down in Devonshire who goes out and chops wood with her husband."

"Well, what of it? I think he could easily do it if he is thin as you are. I have often thought of using you to peel potatoes with."

The thin man laid down his paper with a sigh that sounded like the squeak of a penny whistle.

Again Those Immigrants.

Little Eleanor's mother was an American, while her father was a German.

One day, after Eleanor had been subjected to rather severe disciplinary measures at the hands of her paternal ancestor, she called her mother into another room, closed the door significantly and said, "Mother, I don't want to meddle in your business of yours back to Germany."

Almost as Good.

Little Ike came up to his father with a very solemn face.

"Is it true, father," he asked, "that marriage is a failure?"

His father surveyed him thoughtfully for a moment.

"Well, Ike," he finally replied, "if you get a rich wife it's almost as good as a failure."

Very Singular.

"That second speaker was a very singular man."

"There was nothing in his appearance to indicate singularity."

"But didn't you notice that when he got up he didn't say the toast-master's introductory remarks reminded him of a story?"

What He Wanted.

Small Boy (applying for situation)—What kind of a boy does yer want?

Merchant—A nice quiet boy that doesn't use bad words, smoke cigarettes, whistle around the office, play tricks, or get into mischief.

Small Boy—Yer don't want no boy; yer want a goll. See?

Double Charge, Anyhow.

Howell—Did you have double pneumonia?

Powel—I guess so; the doctor charged me twice as much as I thought he would.

Rather Dubious.

"Yes, indeed, this is a genuine spring lamb," declared the butcher.

"Which spring?" asked the careful housewife.

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Old Age.
Old age as it comes in the orderly process of Nature is a beautiful and majestic thing. The very shadow of eclipse which threatens it makes it the more prized. It stands for experience, knowledge, wisdom and counsel. That is old age as it should be. But old age as it so often is means nothing but a second childhood of mind and body. What makes the difference? Very largely the care of the stomach. In youth and the full strength of manhood it doesn't seem to matter how we treat the stomach. We abuse it, overwork it, injure it. We don't suffer from it much. But when age comes the stomach is worn out. It can't prepare to distribute the needed nourishment to the body into senile decay. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful medicine for old people whose stomachs are "weak" and whose digestions are "poor." Its invigorating effects are felt by mind as well as body. It takes the sting from old age, and makes old people strong.

China's Ban on Newspapers.
Acting upon the recommendation of the foreign board, the Regent issued a mandate last week closing up two of the ablest Chinese newspapers in Peking, the Kuopac and the Tatuopac. This action was taken because the papers published Government telegrams in which the Governor of Kirin discussed Japan's military intentions in connection with the opening of Kirin Province by the extension of the Kirin Railroad and the exploitation of the Chinese territory in accordance with the terms of the agreement recently signed by China and Japan.

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