

GIRL WINS A FARM

Philadelphian Draws 160 Acres on Indian Reservation.

Outdoor Life and Larger Freedom of Undeveloped Country Appearing in Contrast With Environments of City.

Spokane, Wash.—Miss Mary E. Bloomer of Philadelphia, who won a homestead of 160 acres in the Flathead Indian reservation in western Montana at the government lottery, has decided to become a farmer. She is now at Missoula with her mother and brother, and says her father living at Philadelphia, and brother, a resident of Seattle, will join them in a short time.

Miss Bloomer did not journey from Philadelphia to the Spokane country merely for the purpose of registering in the land drawings last year at Missoula, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene. In fact, when she left her eastern home for a visit in the Pacific country she did not know there was any such thing as a land drawing in progress. She had not even heard of the Flathead reservation, and Montana was to her not much more than a name convenient in identifying a huge portion of the great American desert—a vast, unmeasured hunting ground for gun toting cowpunchers, savage Indians and wild things.

But, while stopping on the way to visit relatives at Leavenworth, Wash., her uncle mentioned the big land opening, and then and there it was determined that she would stop at Missoula, Spokane and Coeur d'Alene, and register. This was done, and in course of time Miss Bloomer received notification from Uncle Sam that she should have first choice among the Flathead farms in Montana.

Evidently Miss Bloomer was happy in the prospect of becoming a farmer in the eastern part of the Spokane country. Missoula she thought to be a most progressive and attractive little city, and she seemed to appreciate at its full value the exquisite beauty of its surroundings. She is impressed with the activity and optimism of the people and believes she will become as much attached to the west as she was to her home city.

"There is much to attract one in the northwest," she said, when asked why she left the east. "The outdoor life and the larger freedom and more vigorous atmosphere in this land of magnificent distances and opportunities possess a fascination that few can resist, and I believe I will become a full fledged westerner in a short time. It is true I am what you would call a 'wanderfoot,' and I do not know a thing about farming, setting a hen or milking a cow, but I am going to learn, and I feel I shall make good with the best of them."

Miss Frances L. Loommore of Hilliard, a suburb of Spokane, who had first choice, filed on 81 acres, which, she says she will put into grain and fruit.

DOGS DRAG BOY INTO CANAL

Farm Hand Leaps Into Water Just in Time to Rescue New Jersey Youngster.

New York.—Small Harry Montague came preciously near being drowned at Brookdale, N. J., the other day. The team of dogs he was driving ran away and carried him and his "dog cart" in the Morris canal. Jonathan Garrabrant jumped in and dragged Harry senseless to the bank.

Montague, eight years of age, Little Falls road, Upper Montclair, took out driving Willie Slater, six years. They started after breakfast at a house on Passaic avenue, Brookdale. The sun was hot and soon Harry's dogs, Nip and Tuck, were panting; their tongues lolled out, thirstily. As they neared the canal, they sniffed the water and dashed for it.

Harry yanked on the reins but could not stop them. The little wagon hit a stone and Willie Slater, who was on the back seat, took a further back seat on the road.

Splash!—Into the canal went Willie Slater, Nip and Tuck. Harry fell out of the wagon, but pluckily held on to the reins. The dogs, lapping the water and greedily enjoying their bath, swam up the canal, towing Harry, his head under most of the time.

Garrabrant in a field near by, heard Willie Slater's yells, and went to the rescue. As Garrabrant plunged in Harry dropped the reins and sank, but Garrabrant grabbed him; he soon revived.

Having satisfied their thirst Nip and Tuck climbed out of the canal. Willie Slater took a stick to beat them.

"Let 'em alone, Willie," said Harry. "It was all my fault; I ought to have watered my horses."

Little Iron in Spinach. Berlin.—There is a notion among physicians as well as laymen that spinach is the vegetable which is richest in iron. This idea is erroneous, says Prof. Haasdel, a German scientist, who has completed a series of experiments showing that it is cabbage lettuce which contains the greatest amount of iron, while spinach comes lowest in the list. Professor Haasdel maintains that potatoes are more nutritious than spinach. Food specialists say the human body requires daily a quantity of iron, estimated at three-quarters of a milligram.

DETECTING A DRINK

WHEN OLD ROMANS WERE APOTHECARIES OF OSCULATION.

Stood Around Waiting to Sample Pretty Women's Breath to Discover If They Had Been Unlawfully Imbibing.

It may be said without fear of contradiction that there is no custom so universal and so common to all peoples of the earth as that of kissing. The kiss is also one of the oldest, if not the oldest, customs in the world, the Milwaukee Journal remarks. Its origin dates back to a period before history was written and the kiss appears and reappears in various countries and various ages in one guise or another, either as a demonstration of love, mark of affection, or sign of reverence or veneration. The custom of kissing may have originated with the Jews, but it is more likely that it was an old custom, even in the days of Noah. It is altogether probable that it had its origin in a sort of "spontaneous combustion" in the Garden of Eden. But no mention is made in the bible of an exchange of courtesy through the lips in the Garden of Eden, although the custom may have been too old even then to deserve even passing comment. As a custom was completed and the repair pits in the case of relatives and kissing on the cheek in case of friends. The custom was widespread and was merely a mark of affection and friendship.

Travelers having business with the Jews came to admire the Jewish custom of kissing and helped to spread the gospel of the kiss among the other nations of the earth. The Romans proved adept pupils of the Jews in this respect and the custom of kissing became a flourishing institution among the Romans at an early date.

When kissing became the rage in ancient Rome the significance attaching to it was modified. It became customary for the early Christians to kiss each other before the communion service, as an indication of brotherhood.

By custom the kiss became gradually a useful instrument, and it became the prerogative of any one to kiss any woman at sight. The theory was that as the use of wine and intoxicating beverages was prohibited women by law by kissing a woman it was possible to ascertain if she had broken the law and imbibed from the flowing bowl. It was great in those days to a policeman in Rome. But some how ugly women were never suspected of having taken a nip, and the result was that all those naughty Roman women stood around on the corners waiting for pretty women to pass that they might sample their breath and their lips, too. This may or may not be the origin of the corner loafer. Of course, this promiscuous kissing became a great evil and a public nuisance, especially as crowds would gather around good-looking women and tie up traffic. The Emperor Augustus, as well as Tiberius, a little later, found it necessary to enact laws prohibiting kissing on the streets, and after the ordinances were enforced the kiss was used in smaller doses, such as it is used today. But the Romans were the apostles of osculation and diffused the practice in conjunction with their war business. From one end of the known world to the other they licked the men folks and kissed the women.

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MAN HAS SLAIN 2,000 BEARS

Veteran Western Hunter Also Has Remarkable Record of Shooting 3,000 Cougars.

Spokane, Wash.—Tom Hopper, who has killed more than 2,000 bears in California, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and the province of British Columbia in the last 35 years, has returned to his home in Spokane from Kingston, Idaho, with the pelts of four bears, including the largest cinnamon bear ever killed in Idaho, and two cougars, the result of three days' work with a pack of hounds.

The big bear was killed on Pine creek, south of Kingston, after a lively battle, in which several of the dogs were severely pawed. The hounds were game, however, and stood their ground till Hopper reached the scene and dispatched the big fellow with a head shot. The other three bears and the cougars were bagged without much difficulty, though Hopper admits that one of the black bears showed a lot of fight.

The veteran has killed several thousand cougars in the Pacific and northwestern states since 1880, his largest bag in one year being 739, killed in eastern Washington and Oregon and northern Idaho and southeastern British Columbia. Hopper confines his work to predatory animals, upon which the various states have placed a head bounty.

Blowdown Camp on Steyer. Bloomsburg, Pa.—Spurred on by the gifts of his fellow students who declared he would not get 10 miles from home, W. J. Paeth of Millard, Pa., passed through here on a bicycle trip to Wheeling, W. Va., and return.

With several months' vacation he has started out to make the trip afoot. He has strapped to his bicycle a complete camping outfit, including a portable canvas tent, blankets, clothes, shoes and books, while strapped to his shoulder is the ever ready camera.

He camps at night wherever he happens to be.

One With Authority. Knicker.—Where was Jones going when arrested for speeding? Becker.—To deliver a speech on the extravagance of automobiles.

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NOTED LONDON HALL

Where English Journalists Entered Roosevelt.

Important in Former Days When All British Publications Had to be Entered for Copyright Purposes.

London.—Stationers' hall, where Mr. Roosevelt was the guest of the Institute of Journalism on his recent visit to London, was erected in 1671, and in the hall itself are hung the shields on which are painted the arms of the members of the court of assistants.

It was customary in bygone times for the freemen of the company on state occasions to carry the shields from the hall to Blackfriars, which journey was made by way of the river, and then on embarkation the shields were hung over the barge's side. The freemen were clad in long gowns of light-blue flannel, with yellow facings, being the proper livery color of the company according to its heraldic bearings.

The Worshipful Company of Stationers keeps the registers of copyright works from the date of its incorporation in 1557 until the passing of the copyright act in 1842 the company possessed an absolute monopoly, as all printers were obliged to serve an apprenticeship to a member of the company, and every publication, from a Bible to a ballad, was required to be "entered at Stationers' hall."

In their interesting collection is a notice of the first translation into English in 1569 of a "boke intituled Euclid." Mention is also made in the register for 1588 of Sir Phillip Sidney's "Acadia," written to please his sister, the countess of Pembroke. There is an entry in 1562 of the following comprehensive work: "An abstracte of the Genealogie and Race of all the Kynges of Englonde from the foudes of Noe unto Brute."

As a compliment to Mr. Roosevelt the composing stick used by Benjamin Franklin when working at a case in London and resting upon a pedestal draped with the stars and stripes was placed upon the table immediately in front of him.

One of the most notable features of the supper to Mr. Roosevelt at Stationers' hall was the speech of E. T. Cook, a prominent London newspaper man. It was he who retired from the editorship of the London Daily News because, in his judgment, the management sided with the Boers rather than the British in the late war in South Africa. The speech was full of humor and friendliness to America and repeatedly stirred the audience to shouts of laughter and applause.

Mr. Cook was scarcely less happy and successful at Stationers' hall than was Lord Curzon at the Sheldonian theater, Oxford. Lord Curzon can be rigid and frigid in his public appearance. Welcoming and eulogizing Mr. Roosevelt he was flexible, graceful, genial and delightfully eloquent. He spoke without notes and handled his Latin as if he, like the audience and especially the undergraduates, thoroughly appreciated the joke.

GERMANS CUT YANKEE GRAIN

Russia Will Furnish Bulk of Product This Year—High Prices Are Not Feared.

Berlin.—A great reduction in the importation of American grain into Germany is predicted by members of the Berlin grain exchange, who declare that this year the German consumer is practically independent of the United States as a source of supply.

Noting the fact that the recent sharp advances in the American market failed to produce any material effect on the Berlin exchange, the bureau expert of the Tagesschau says that the reason may be found in the exceptional conditions which enable Germany to rely almost entirely upon other countries. While American wheat has gone up in consequence of the general rise in all commodities, the Russian crops are expected to be large enough to cover the entire German demand at lower prices. Hence, adds the writer, the Berlin exchange are responding more readily to price conditions in Russia than to the fluctuations in the American markets.

Presentment Made Hymen. Allentown, Pa.—Through a mother's prohibition, the elopement of Miss Julia Cutler, seventeen years old, of Lansford, and Michael Daniels of this city, was frustrated.

The girl came to Allentown some time ago to work, and falling in love with a man ten years her senior, made all arrangements for her wedding, even buying her trousseau.

The couple had planned to get married the other night. The mother, however, having some premonition, came on during the day and after rigid cross-examination, the daughter divulged her plans.

The mother objected violently, and with the aid of a policeman, took the daughter home, to parents and all.

Old Hiding Place Safe. Bristol, Tenn.—After bidding \$1,000 in 20 gold pieces for 30 years of effort to find his promise, John Hopper of Washington County, Virginia, two weeks ago secreted the yellow coin under the kitchen of his home. When he went to get the money the other day, to count it, it was missing. There is no clue to the thief.

Shared Monkey in Balloon. Petrolville, Pa.—George and Alvin under the name of "The Flying Monkey" arrested the other day for carrying animals. They put a small monkey in a basket and sent it up in a balloon.

The balloon, after going a mile, was barely able to carry the monkey, which tumbled over the houses of a village, where it descended. The monkey had escaped from a thief.

FINDS LONG MISSING FATHER

Family Recognized Man in Fishing Scene and Pair Were Reunited in Seattle.

Seattle, Wash.—Capt. Sam Larsen of the schooner Bringgold, and his son William of Minneapolis, have just been reunited here after a separation of 11 years, during which Captain Larsen was thought by his family to be dead. The reunion was brought about by means of a picture show in Minneapolis last winter, which was attended by William Larsen and his uncle. The uncle told William that he saw his father's spook in a fishing scene in the show. Other members of the family were brought and all recognized Captain Larsen. In telling about it William Larsen said:

"I wrote to the firm in New York that made the pictures and learned that the picture had been taken at Petersburg, Alaska, in September, 1909. So I came west last month and went up to Petersburg. There I heard the old man was down here. It didn't take me long to find some one who knew Sam Larsen when I struck the water front in Seattle."

"I didn't believe it was Will, at first," said Captain Larsen, who sat on the fisherman's sofa on the end of the Chloepet dock. "I always thought of him as a little shaver. Now I know it's him, and I'm mighty glad he found me. I'm going to take him out to the banks with me and teach him to become a fisherman, instead of having him run up to Iditarod after gold, like he's wanting to. I remember that picture he's telling you about."

Preston, Eng.—Preston has its "Enoch Arden"—a husband thought to be dead, having just returned to find his erstwhile wife remarried. John Stevens is the name of the man, and in February last, when a body was found floating in the river, Mrs. Stevens by certain marks on the arm, identified it as that of her husband, who had been missing.

At the close of the inquest the coroner granted the necessary certificates, and Mrs. Stevens duly drew her husband's insurance money.

Later on she married again—a man named Harness—and was living happily when suddenly recently her real husband returned after nine years' absence. It appears he had been tramping through Wales.

He threatens, it is said, to have his wife arrested for bigamy, but considerable sympathy is expressed for her in her unfortunate position, and the facts have been reported to the county coroner.

Meantime Harness, the second husband, who married Mrs. Stevens, believing her to be a widow, has left her. "I do hope he comes back to me," she said tearfully. "We have been so happy together."

AUTHOR ON TOMATO RATIENS

Barry Pain, Noted English Humorist, Underwent Poverty Period After Success.

London.—Barry Pain, whose new "Eliza" stories are to be published shortly, is undoubtedly one of the most popular of living humorists. After leaving Cambridge university, Mr. Pain became a classical tutor at a "commoners'" while there he sent an article to the (Cornhill) called "The Hundred Gates." It was accepted, promptly by James Pate, then editor of that periodical, who, furthermore, sent the young author a very kind letter. The cleverness of this article attracted the attention of Sir Francis Funch, Mr. Pain's subsequent contributions to Funch and The Speaker were so successful that he resolved to come to London.

Then came a period of romantic poverty, a period in which he lived on bread and tomatoes and in a laborer's dwelling. It was during this time that Mr. Pain received a visit at the laborer's dwelling from the pompous butler of his editor with an invitation to dinner.

Mareened in Bering Sea. Seattle, Wash.—With the sailing a few days ago of the schooner Bander Brothers went the only means of communication with the outside world in nearly a year of three white people—Dr. Edgar O. Campbell, his wife, and Miss Anna Anderson, who are engaged in the Indian educational work for the government at Gambell, on St. Lawrence island, in the Behring sea. Since last October no word has come from them and some has been expected.

For the last week officials in the Alaska education service have been gathering magazines and other publications, which will serve to while away the hours during the long arctic nights among the whites and natives along the coast from Bristol bay to Nome.

Paradise in Advance. "The man died eating watermelons," some one said to Brother Dicky. "Yes, sah," he said. "Providing sometimes puts us in paradise here, we git to heaven."—Atlanta Constitution.

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RACER DARES DEATH

GRIM NERVE OF MECHANICIAN AT RIVERHEAD CONTEST.

When the Steering Gear Becomes Disabled He Climbs Out Over Auto's Hood and Rides on Cranking Shaft.

One of the noisiest spectacles ever seen on an auto regatta, says Hampton's Magazine, occurred in the Long Island stock car Derby at Riverhead. Herbert Bailey, mechanic for Louis Dabrow and his No. 1 literary shook hands with death.

When the car had passed the stand on its fourth lap and was two miles from the repair pits the pin fell out of the reach rod, disabling the steering gear. The machine threatened to become unmanageable.

What did Bailey do but climb out over the hood, lower himself down on the little cranking rod and sit facing the radiator with his feet propped against the front axle. With one hand he prevented himself from being dashed under the wheels by holding on to the little water cap on the top of the hood.

The other hand held the disabled steering gear together. Bailey rode twenty miles in that manner, with the car going full speed, until the circuit was completed and the repair pits made.

George Robertson had an experience in the famous basket-trick of the Merrimac Valley course which might have had pretty serious consequences. "We were making seventy miles an hour," said Robertson in telling the story, "when suddenly I heard a crack. The next second I fell through to the floor of the car. The seat had broken under me. There I lay with my hands on the wheel and my feet sticking up in the air."

"I could not see the road in front of me, and did not know where the car was going. Just before Glenn Ethridge, my mechanic, grabbed me by the shoulders and pulled me up, the car tilted perceptibly. It almost tipped over. I tell you, I thought we were goners! No, I haven't said anything about it. Why should I?"

Smiling George they call him, and his sunny countenance certainly bears out the nickname. Robertson is a big, solid, good looking youth, who gives the impression that nothing could move him. He fairly radiates vitality. In everyday life he is an easygoing, merry, careless chap.

In a race he is another man. At times he acts like a madman. He has been known to strike the men in the repair pits when they did not work fast enough to suit him. On the road he is absolutely fearless. The other drivers "turn out" for him. On more than one occasion Robertson has scraped the paint off a car that was slow in giving him leeway.

A story is told of Robertson's behavior during the Bristol race. It was said that he had hurled a monkey wrench at another driver who deliberately tried to block him. When Robertson was asked about this he appeared high lincensed.

"Honestly, do you think I'd throw my wrench at any one? Why, it's absurd! Suppose I should need that wrench during the race! If I threw anything, I throw spare nuts."

Nominated But Not Elected. "It's getting harder every year for a feller to get by," remarked Attorney M. B. Kneel. "Whatever line a man's in, whether it's politics or selling groceries, it doesn't pay for him to try much for nothing. I always think of the case of a man I know in a town near here who ran for a county office one year and had a bright young chap there to write a speech of acceptance for him, to have ready in case he was nominated."

"He did get the nomination, and delivered the speech in great shape, without the use of manuscript or notes. The speech was wonderfully well put up, too—so good, in fact, that everybody wondered who had written it, for the speaker himself was regarded as a person, who would have difficulty in writing a letter asking for a seed catalogue without getting somebody to help him with the spelling and the grammar."

"When he had finished and sat down, there went up a wild tumult of applause above what could be heard shouts of 'Author! Author!' Just then they do after the first performance of a play in which the actors have delivered their lines well."

"And that cry was the thing that defeated the candidate."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Passing It Along. "I've lost all confidence in Binkers since he worked that old horse off on me," said Markleigh. "I'll never trust him again."

"What are you going to do with the animal?" asked his wife. "Why—er—I expect a friend of mine, over this afternoon, to look at him," replied Markleigh.

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