

GIRL WINS LAND BY GREAT RIDE

Beats Men in Famous Race for Homes at Oklahoma Opening.

RECALLED BY FESTIVAL

Twenty-Second Birthday of Town of Jennings Brings Back to Memory of Old Timers Thrilling Story of Early Days.

Jennings, Okla.—Not for Al Jennings of "Beating Back" fame, but for Joe Jennings, an early day character in this section of the Southwest, cow boy, horse trader and general roustabout, was the town of Jennings named, according to Col. George McElroy, the last of the cowmen still in the business in this part of Oklahoma.

The original townsite of forty acres was given by Joe Jennings upon receiving a promise that the town would be given his name, McElroy says.

The Pawnee Indian country, including the old Oklahoma triangle, in the center of which is Jennings, was opened to settlement along with the old Cherokee strip in September, 1893, just twenty-two years ago. A number of the towns within the strip have just been celebrating the event of their twenty-second birthday with appropriate ceremonies.

The strip extended westward from the western boundary of the Cherokee nation, about thirty miles east of Jennings, to the Colorado and New Mexico border, including at one time, it is said, the famous No Man's Land, which is now divided into the counties of Cimarron, Texas, and Beaver.

Chose Daughter for Race.

The story of how Jennings was homesteaded and named is interesting, therefore, at this time, when the twenty-second birthday of the town has just been observed.

Joe Jennings had been a resident of this part of the Indian country for some time, according to Colonel McElroy, and had raised a family here,



Made the Race for a Quarter Section.

including a half grown daughter, then perhaps sixteen or seventeen years old. She was the typical country-raised girl of the border day period, able to ride, shoot, hunt and throw a lasso.

Jennings conceived the idea, when announcement of the strip's opening reached him, that this half grown daughter should make the race for a quarter section of land, which the family would homestead.

The race for homes when the Cherokee strip was opened to settlement will go down in the history of the Southwest as the greatest horse race that was ever pulled off under the sanction of the federal government.

Few Knew She Was a Girl.

There were several thousand choice quarter section farms as the prizes, and men came from all sections of the United States to make the race and win a claim if possible. The swiftest and most seasoned horses were selected wherever they were obtainable, for all the riders knew that by the men and animals with the best staying qualities would the farms be won.

Among the riders into the Pawnee country was the half grown Jennings girl, and she proved her ability as a horsewoman.

Dressed in men's clothing, with high-heeled boots and spurs, she entered the race and won a claim, a tract of valley land lying between two long ranges of low hills, one of the prettiest natural spots in the entire strip country.

Having won the claim, the family evidently did not care for it, for before long three-fourths of it had been sold to John Simmons and the other 40 acres had been given for a town site on condition that the new town be named Jennings. The family then left this section of the country, and in later years it was reported that Joe Jennings was living in Old Mexico.

Baby With Two Heads Soon Died.

Camden, N. J.—A baby girl, weighing 18 pounds and having three perfectly formed arms, two heads and four legs, was born to Mrs. Dranzky Zaneski of this city. It died within a few hours.

Kin Hubbard Essays



No Family Doctor Could Expect t' Enjoy th' Full Confidence an' Respect o' His Patients Unless He Had All th' Space on His Face Under Cultivation Except His Nose an' Forehead.

TH' PASSIN' O' WHISKERS

By KIN HUBBARD.

"It hain't been so many years ago since you could stand on th' corner an' come purty close t' guessin' ever feller's age who passed along by th' cut o' his jib," said Hon. Ex-Editor Cale Fluhart.

"O' course our estimates were based largely on th' length an' style o' whiskers. T' day whiskers are th' exception an' th' feller who throws himself on th' tender mercies of a capable barber can easily pass for thirty-two till he's seventy-nine.

"In th' ole days when whiskers wuz th' height o' ever feller's ambition nobuddy wuz ever taken seriously until they showed unmistakable evidence o' their ability t' grow a beard. After a feller raised a full set o' crisp, glossy whiskers, either red or black, he at once became eligible t' discuss th' most momentous questions, either national or international. Whiskers denoted a mature mind. Professional men cultivated them in large bunches. Sideburns wuz in high favor. Sometimes they were under control an' sometimes they were allowed t' follow their own inclinations. Full sets were all th' rage with medical men, an' no family doctor could expect t' enjoy th'

full confidence an' respect o' his patients unless he had all th' space on his face under cultivation except his nose an' forehead. A feller's ability wuz measured by th' length o' his whiskers, an' when they wuz streaked with gray his judgment wuz supposed t' be ripe an' ready t' pull.

"Once in a while some feller wuz darin' enough t' wear a smooth face, but he wuz soon drowned out o' th' conversation. If a young, bare-faced squirt proposed t' a girl she would call him fer his presumption an' say: 'Be gone! When you kin show me a neat, close-reefed, velvety mustache I'll talk business, but not until.' A girl used t' believe that a feller that could work up t' a firm, evenly spaced mustache could easily master all th' later problems in life.

"A few architects still stick t' th' ole-time Van Dykes an' we occasionally meet a government employee who stands defiantly under th' civil service laws wearin' a hedge. Th' trailin' arbutus, or Wild Bill mustache, is almost extinct. It wuz undermined above th' lip an' allowed t' droop from either corner o' th' mouth after th' fashion o' cypress moss. In some sections where land sells for eighty cents per acre we not infrequently meet human bein's wearin' a tangled mass interspersed with cowlicks."

TRUSTFUL MAN SEES A GENT WITH FITS

Stranger Puts Trustful One's \$63 in Sick Man's Wallet to Show They're Honest.

Chicago.—Joseph R. Posledsky's esteem for his casual stranger companion kept rising as they strolled east on Blue Island avenue. For instance, his kindly courtesy to the wretched sick man, who now speaks:

"Good sirs, I am an epileptic, and I want to get a car at Halsted street. Will you help me?"

"Yes sir," and the poor fellow offered to throw a few samples in his line right there on the curb. He was eager to do it. But Mr. Posledsky and his companion restrained him. The stranger said that he could not bear



Offered to Show a Few Samples.

to let the epileptic find his way alone to the cars.

"But how," whined the fitful gent, "how am I to know you're honest? I carry a large sum of money."

"We'll put our money in your wallet, won't we, Posledsky?" said the genial stranger as one humors a defective. "Then you'll be safe."

Mr. Posledsky's \$63 was accordingly transferred. At the car junction the epileptic returned Mr. Posledsky's wallet.

Space is tight, and it is scarcely worth while to relate what the trustful Mr. Posledsky found on opening his wallet, when he reached home at 2215 Sawyer avenue.

TRIBE OF HEAD BOILERS

University of Pennsylvania Expedition Discovers Mundurucus Indians' Home.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The University of Pennsylvania's museum's Amazon expedition has forwarded an account of its discovery of the original habitat of the Mundurucus Indians, a little-known tribe of savages who behead their enemies and then boil the heads.

Dr. William C. Farabee is in charge of the expedition, which, after wandering for months in Brazilian wilds where white men never before had penetrated, is now in civilization again, for a time.

Doctor Farabee passed a long time among the savages, studying their language, their manners and customs, and making a vocabulary and writing down much of their folk lore. As a result he expects to settle absolutely the long-vexed question of the relations of this tribe to the Tupi.

GROWS IN SHAPE OF CROSS

Peculiar Plant in a Michigan Library Is Exciting Much Curiosity.

Marquette, Mich.—In the public library building, in this city, is a plant which is growing in the shape of a cross. Three years ago Peter Dolf, the custodian, had some clover growing in a pot.

Out of this clover sprang the stalk of a strange plant which grew upright until this summer, when two shoots branched out near the top at right angles with the stalk and formed a cross.

Mr. Dolf has had amateur botanists and experts from the Northern State Normal school examine the plant, but nobody knows what it is. He does not remember planting anything but clover in the pot.

SNAKES IN SCHOOL LOCKER

Scare Girls, Who Now Pick Steps Because Some of the Reptiles Escaped.

La Crosse, Wis.—Normal school maidens are walking circumspectly since the discovery of a nest of so-called water moccasins, deposited in a locker by a reptilian mother evidently anxious to obtain education for her family.

There was real excitement when the nest of small reptiles was discovered. With the opening of the locker the snakes darted out and about the floor and there was a scramble. Some of the snakes met violent deaths, but several wriggled into holes of safety. Hence the circumspection.

SUDDEN DEATH

Caused by Disease of the Kidneys

The close connection which exists between the heart and the kidneys is well known nowadays. As soon as kidneys are diseased, arterial tension is increased and the heart functions are attacked. When the kidneys no longer pour forth waste, uremic poisoning occurs, and the person dies and the cause is often given as heart disease, or disease of brain or lungs.

It is a good insurance against such a risk to send 10 cents for a large trial package of "Anurie"—the latest discovery of Dr. Pierce. Also send a sample of your water. This will be examined without charge by expert chemists at Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. When you suffer from backache, frequent or scanty urine, rheumatic pains here or there, or that constant tired, worn-out feeling, it's time to write Dr. Pierce, describe your symptoms and get his

medical opinion, without charge—absolutely free. This "Anurie" of Dr. Pierce is 37 times more active than lithia, for it dissolves uric acid in the system, as hot water does sugar.

Simply ask for Dr. Pierce's Anurie Tablets. There can be no imitation. Every package of "Anurie" is sure to be Dr. Pierce's. You will find the signature on the package just as you do on Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the ever-famous friend to ailing women.

Worry is a frequent cause and sometimes a symptom of kidney disease. Thousands have testified to immediate relief from those symptoms after using Dr. Pierce's Anurie Tablets for the kidneys and backache.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, sick women well. No alcohol. Sold in tablets or liquid.

Every man must catch cold for himself. To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Explained.

"I'll say one thing for Diggs. He never gets a swelled head."
"That's true. Solid bone doesn't swell very easily."

The Remedy.

"Been taking anything for that cold of yours, old man?"
"Yes, but I'm willing to take another, if you've got the price."

And Tony Suffered.

"They say Tony's injuries were the result of a practical joke."
"Yes. The chappies told him that a big, burly fellow in the smoking room was deaf and dumb, and Tony walked over to him with a sweet smile and told him he was a fool."
"Well?"
"The man wasn't deaf and dumb."

Conservation.

"And," continued the lecturer, "I warrant you that there is not a man in this entire audience who has ever lifted his finger or in any way attempted to stop this awful waste of our forests and our lumber supply. If there is I want that man to stand up."

There was a slight commotion. In the rear of the room a nervous little man rose to the occasion—and to his feet.

"And now, my friend, will you explain in just what way you have conserved the forests of our nation?"

And with the utmost gravity and sincerity the little man said: "I have used the same toothpick twice."—Harper's Magazine.

A lot of people are disappointed in love—after marriage.

Write Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago for Illustrated Book on the Eye Free.

Dangerous.

"I see a great magnate has tried digging coal in one of his own mines."
"Now he may realize what hard work it is and raise wages."
"Yes, and he may feel justified in raising the price."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Not Necessary.

"Hello! Is this the telephone company? I'd like to have a telephone installed in my house."
"Very well, madame. Would you like a party wire?"
"No, I think not. We don't expect to entertain very much this winter."

The Only Way.

"I wish," said the pastor, "that we could induce your husband to attend church more regularly."
"I don't know how it could be managed," replied the delinquent's wife, "unless you could arrange to have it rain every Sunday so he couldn't play golf."

Wireless Sent Many Miles.

Following experiments extending over a period of several years, wireless communication has been established between a new station at Funahashi, near Yokohama, Japan, and the Hawaiian islands, over a distance of 3,380 miles. Wireless communication between Hawaii and the United States has been maintained for about a year, and now messages will be regularly transmitted between the United States and Japan, by way of the Hawaiian islands.



Is There a Photo of a Youth Leanin' Agin th' Talcum Can on her Dresser? If There Is, Study th' Necktie an' Hair Cut Carefully Before It's Too Late.

TODAY'S GIRL

By KIN HUBBARD.

When th' average mother gits t' reviewin' th' past she can't help comparin' th' pleasures an' opportunities o' t' day with th' slow goin' commonplace diversions o' her uneventful girlhood. So she sets on th' verandy in th' evenin' an' smiles an' quietly congratulates her daughter as th' tender striplin' hops int' a mouse colored six-cylinder Juggernaut an' spins away in a cloud o' cigarette smoke with some irresponsible pompadoured caterpillar. "Let th' poor child enjoy herself while she kin fer she'll be married soon enough." That's th' modern mother instinct croppin' out, but it haint th' motherly instinct o' th' ole Plymouth hen that never loses sight o' her chicks till they are feathered out an' on a payin' basis.

Th' mother o' t' day thinks that because she safely tided o'er th' wiles o' th' 1880 Lothario with his pink gum drops an' yeller-buggy that her daughter is too smart t' be carried away by a shepherd's plaid suit an' caviar an' lobster t' music.

Our girls are growin' up too fast. We no longer see th' meekness that used t' lurk under th' long lashes o' Miss Sixteen. Th' sweetness too, has vanished. Th' rambo flush that once enveloped her face at th' slightest slip o' th' tongue is off th' job. Th' miss o' t' day is interestin' but not girlish.

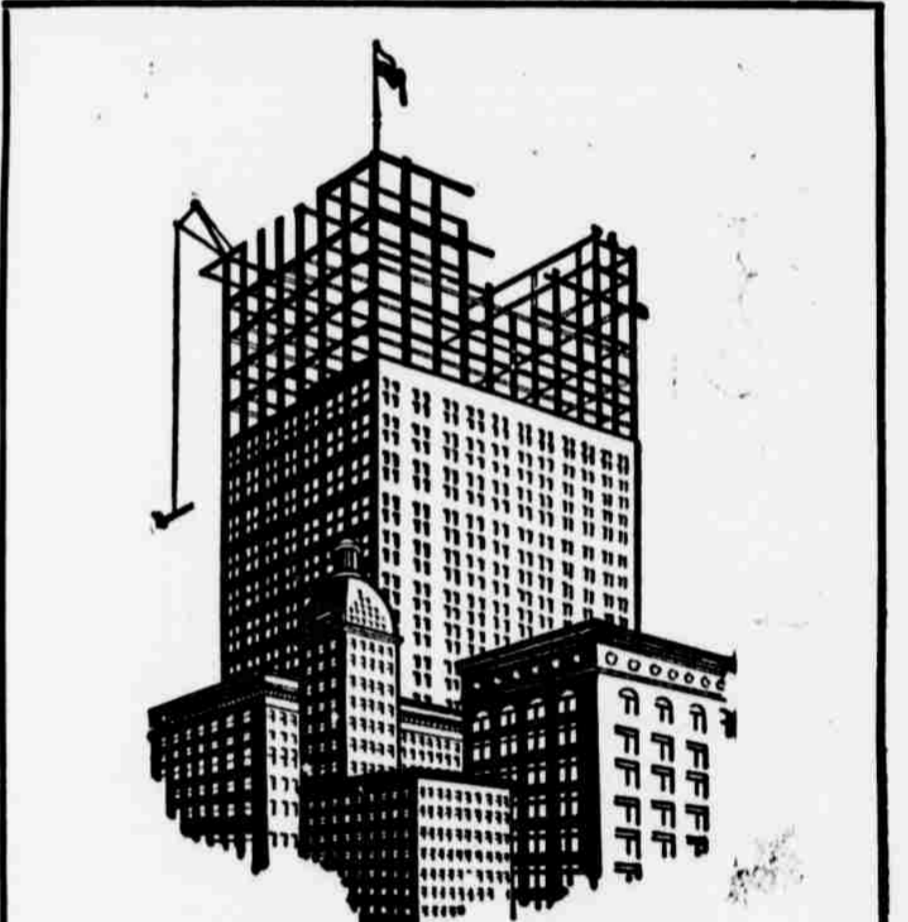
But after all there is much t' admire in th' new girl's pluck—her effort t' be self-sustainin' an' her aversion t' dishwater. We love t' see her goin' down town t' work, when th' economic conditions demand it, with a spool box full o' angel food. We love t' see her

homeward bound with her nose erect after th' business worries o' th' day. But we miss th' ole indescribable somethin' about th' girl in her teens that used t' make us stutter an' tremble in her presence. We wonder if she's gittin' all th' home trainin' that's comin' t' her. T' day th' charm o' girlhood is just as liable t' git rubbed off under th' soft glow o' th' parlor lamp er among th' tango dancers at a weekend party as in th' factory er under th' careful scrutiny o' th' pompous floorwalker.

What is your daughter readin'?" "Vanity Fair" er "Deserted on Her Wedding Morn." Is she singin' "Sweet Genevieve" er "Mingle Your Eyebrows With Mine?" Does she leave anythin' fer th' imagination when she dresses up? What is she playin' on th' piano? "In th' Gloamin'" er "At th' Devil's Ball?" Does she sigh fer a Shakespearean revival er is she lookin' forward t' a musical show? Is there a photo of a youth leanin' agin th' talcum can on her dresser? If there is, study th' necktie an' hair cut carefully before it's too late.

Father is th' one t' talk t' daughter. He knows what's goin' on downtown. Let him ferget his business fer an hour er so an' take th' little girl that only yesterday set on his knee an' asked t' see his gold tooth out under th' willow tree near th' pump an' tell her that when an automobile goin' forty miles an hour hits a telephone pole there is no appeal—that a gown o' gray radium silk with green stripes an' trimmin's o' green charmeuse is as nothin' t' a clear conscience, an' that many a heavy heart beats behind a pair o' perfect eyebrows.

(Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service.)



Building For Years to Come

In the erection of modern buildings the primary thought is for endurance.

The same thought should be given to building our own body and brain—but few give it. This building process requires certain essential food elements which, within the body, are converted into the kind of brain, bone, nerve and muscle capable of enduring the severe tests of work and time.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

is scientifically made of whole wheat and malted barley, and supplies, in splendid proportion, all the nutritive values of the grains, including their vital mineral salts, which are all-important for life and health, but lacking in much of the food that goes to make up the ordinary diet.

A daily ration of Grape-Nuts food is good "building" for sound health of years to come.

"There's a Reason"

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