



## Smithsonian Institution

*Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives*

### SMITH, HILDER

Extracted on Mar-28-2024 12:54:48

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[[image]]

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES G. GATES.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 5.— Charles G. Gates, son of the late John W. Gates, was rushed last night from a cafe and soundly whipped by his father-in-law, Frank W. Hopwood. Within an hour Mr. Gates had chartered a special train and left for the East without his wife, who was Miss Florence Hopwood.

Gates married Miss Hopwood about a year ago, a short time after his first wife had secured a divorce from him. Following his marriage he built a residence here which is said to have cost \$1,000,000 and has made his headquarters here.

The trouble was caused by the failure of Gates to keep an appointment with his wife and a party of friends to go yachting. The Hopwoods sent searchers for Gates and one of these reported Gates was buying wine and literally throwing his money away in entertaining a party of 'Greeters of America,' an organization of hotel clerks in convention. Hopwood, sr.,

and his son hurried to the cafe and the mix-up followed.

my husband. Mr. Bell thought the suit would be undefended but I swore it should be. I went to the American consul at Liverpool, but he refused to listen to me and I was shown the door.

#### Lawyer Goes to Her Aid

"I then found a lawyer in Liverpool who came to my aid and he instructed Ferguson & Goodnow, lawyers with an office in State street, Chicago, to defend the case. As soon as the defense was filed, Bell dropped his suit. Then he had the audacity to offer me, through my lawyers, \$750 if I would allow the case go through undefended.

"Following this offer of settlement I asked Ferguson Goodnow to sue Mr. Bell for maintenance. They replied they were unable to locate him. This is certainly curious, for there are a hundred persons in New York who are able to locate him in ten minutes.

"Then I heard of his marriage to Adele Ritchie. I had made up my mind that I could pardon his cruelty and immorality, but for him to marry Adele Ritchie, of all women! Well, I certainly mean to see that he is punished. A woman can put up with a great deal from the man she loves, but there is a limit to even her endurance."

#### 1 RESCUED, 1 DROWNED IN BONNER SPRINGS LAKE

Rocking the boat cost another life yesterday afternoon when Frank Pomeroy, 23 years old, was drowned in Cement lake, a water power site for the Portland Cement company, at Bonner Springs. Thirty employees of the cement company vainly tried to resuscitate Pomeroy by blowing into his nostrils, but they could not furnish the oxygen fast enough. Abraham Towers and A. A. Platt, who also were in the boat, finally got ashore, Platt towing Powers, who could not swim.

YOU WON'T BE FOOLED WITH CHEAP WINES IF THIS BILL PASSES  
WASHINGTON, July 5.—Democratic members of the finance committee have taken action that will compel the manufacturers of cheap and so-called spurious wines to so label them in the containers. The amendment agreed to by the caucus puts an internal revenue tax of 25 per cent on all wines made from pomace, flavoring extracts, etc., and fortified with chemicals instead of brandy. These are the very cheap and

WOMAN AERONAUT HURLED TO DEATH AT POPLAR BLUFF  
POPLAR BLUFF, Mo., July 5.—Mrs. Marie Coleman of Trenton, MO., an aeronaut, was killed last night when she plunged head first 200 feet to the ground while giving an exhibition at a picnic of the Knights and Ladies of the Maccabees.

She was the wife of Frank. T. Coleman, who was permanently crippled in 1901 at El Reno, Okla., and whose inability to follow the business of ballooning induced her to take it up.

Mrs. Coleman's parachute failed to open.

Carnegie Won't Talk—So He Writes It  
Laird of Skibo Castle Refuses to discuss Action of Nine Methodist Bishops  
LONDON, July 5.—Andrew Carnegie passed through here on his way from Paris to Skibo Castle.

When questioned concerning the action taken by the nine Methodist bishops concerning his \$1,000,000 gift for a medical school, the iron master refused to make a statement, but seated himself at a table and wrote the following.

"I will not say another word about this matter. The proper authorities have now accepted the gift and I have nothing to say—I never give to sectarian educational institutes for the reason that I feel no one should be barred from receiving an education, medical or otherwise, because of his theological views."

EVA TANGUAY DOES CARE AS SHE HAS AUTO CRASH  
BOSTON, July 5.—Miss Eva Tanguay, whose "I Don't Care" made her famous, proved yesterday she really does care, for Eva figured in an automobile crash and was arrested by a

No," said Old Gray Hen, "I do not think the Duck knows a bit more about the world than I do, just because she swims. If it wasn't for our Rooster she wouldn't know whether it was sunset or sunrise."

"But she has traveled farther than you have," said the Pig, raising her head from her muddy bed. "I saw her swim across to the other side of the pond the other day."

"What if she did? I have walked away through the woods to the other side."

"She never could do that," said the Rooster, who happened along just then. "her feet are too large."

"And she never leaves the ground," said Gray Hen. "She cannot fly to the fence around your pen, Madam Pig. Whatever made you think the White Duck so wise about this world?"

"Well," said the Pig, "she told me that one day while she was sailing along on the pond, she saw a turtle on the bank, and that it had a shell which it carried on its back all the time, and that when anyone went near it or it was afraid, it drew in its head and legs, and nothing could hurt it. Just think of seeing anything so wonderful," said the Pig.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Gray Hen. "I saw one myself, and I saw a dog bark at it, and the turtle snapped and caught him by the nose."

"You don't tell me!" said the pig. "Did the dog shake it off?"

"Not until the master pulled the turtle by the tail," said the Hen.

"Well," said the Pig, "the Duck told me she saw an elephant one day on the other side of the pond."

"Oh, oh" laughed the Hen, "that Duck is a quack."

"Well, I don't know," said the Pig, "but she seemed to know a great deal about the world."

"That White Duck is an awful brag," said Gray Hen, as she walked away, and she walked to the pond and looked across.

"I really should like to see the country over there," she said, "but I never can swim, that is certain." Just then she saw a boat, and she hopped on to the side. Then she saw a worm in the bottom of the boat and she hopped down to eat it, and the dog who came along just at that moment stopped to get a drink and pushed the boat, and off it drifted into the middle of the pond.

"What in the world has happened" said the Hen, looking up from the worm; "why I am in the middle of the pond. What will I ever do? I cannot fly out of the boat, for I cannot swim, and how will I ever get to the shore?"

The boat drifted around with Gray Hen perched on the seat.

"Well," she said, "I can see the other side of the pond and if there are any elephants I hope I shall see one."

Just then the boat bumped into a rock on the opposite side of the pond and Gray Hen hopped out.

"This is just like a trip across the world," she said, stretching her neck and looking around. She walked into the woods and picked the berries she could reach and was quite delighted with herself as a traveler, when all at once she saw an animal sitting on a rock. It held something in its paws which it would bite and then turn its head quickly from side to side, and over its back was a bushy tail.

"Mercy me," said Gray Hen, "what is that? I wonder if that can be an elephant?"

"Where did you come from?" asked the squirrel.

"I sailed across from the other side," Gray Hen answered.

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