

More Wholesome Sport.

Throughout the middle west, as in other parts of the country, athletic conditions in the high schools, colleges and universities had reached a state of disgraceful and sordid arrogance, when, two years ago, a conference of the governing boards of nine of the leading institutions of the interior took the matter under consideration. They found high-school boys who had been induced to leave school a year or two ahead of time in order to enter some college which was willing to smooth the intellectual pathway in return for athletic services. Professionalism was rife, and not only winked at, but almost openly encouraged; and rivalry was so keen that even middle-aged professors found their relations with professors in other colleges strained by the hostile feelings between the undergraduates. The desire to win, and the hope of making money by winning, had killed the true spirit of sport. The governing boards of the nine colleges which met to consider the matter took radical steps. Professionalism was prohibited by the most stringent regulations, all contests between certain of the fiercest rivals were discontinued, and a uniform date for beginning training in the fall was fixed. The new rules have now had a year's trial, with the result of clearing the air and establishing college athletics upon a saner and more wholesome footing. A second conference was lately held to consider possible changes in the rules. Although great pressure was brought by some of the student bodies, the members of the athletic conference committee stood firm. Only one change was made. The rule fixing a uniform date for beginning practice was rescinded. Even that may be restored. The colleges of the middle west, therefore, says Youth's Companion, are to have another year of cleanliness and decency and manliness in sport; another chance to learn that to win is not the main object of athletics among gentlemen, but that "the game's the thing."

We incline to believe that the capital punishment idea, whether it be right or wrong in any conceivable case, is likely to be done away with in time, although that time is evident not yet, says the Lowell (Mass.) Courier. The gradual whittling away of death penalties can have escaped no one, of course, and the chances are that even the taking of human life, deliberately and with malice premeditated, may one day be punished without exacting the extreme penalty even where it might seem that no less penalty fitted the crime. Humanity, whether right or wrong, is coming to revivify from it. Juries are harder and harder to secure. Death sentences, even when rendered in strict accord with law, commonly meet with a storm of public protest. Murders do not decrease. Is it not, on the whole, likely that in time the death penalty will be still further decreased until it ultimately disappears through the vanishing point, save perhaps in infelicitous cases of the most outrageously reasonable kind?

Prof. Henderson of the University of Chicago said to his class recently: "Chicago is a large city, like Peking, but it is not great. People live here only until they can go to New York, London or Paris on their way to heaven." That is almost as bad as what Jack London said of this city on his return to England. "Chicago," he said, "is a sort of cross between a civilized city and a western mining camp, except that things are done in Chicago every day with impunity for which in a mining camp a man would be shot on sight." Both of these critics may be right, but, remarks the Chicago Chronicle, it may not be amiss to inquire whether the University of Chicago is great or only large.

A Persian prince who is traveling in this country says he is too busy to think about matrimony. If he is required to do as his illustrious relative, the Igte shah, did and take unto himself 80 wives, he cannot be blamed for postponing the thing as long as possible.

A spiritualistic medium says Mars is angry because her signals are being ignored by the earth. Business must be dull on Mars when she sees so far out of her way to pick a quarrel with her neighbors.

A link with the past has lately been broken. The dowager Countess de la Peyrouse de Bouffels, who died in Aix-en-Provence the other day, was the goddaughter of Napoleon Bonaparte. He was sponsor at her baptism in St. Helena, where she was born in 1816.

A tower which will be 700 feet high is being erected at Coney Island. This should not be permitted. People who go to Coney Island ought always to remain as near the ground as possible.

The olive oil shortage complained of in Spain and Italy may be due, suggests the Atlanta Constitution, to the more profitable uses discovered for the cotton seed product.

Milwaukee is trying to decide upon a suitable device for its city seal, which leads the Cleveland Leader to ask how a clove would do.

Connecticut brings forward a planter who is absolutely deaf. This seems to be taking an unfair advantage.

Lady Isabel and the Curio Shop BY MRS. NEISH

"I don't know why it is," said Lady Isabel, "but the more one makes, the less one always seems to have." "Do you make so much, Isabel?" "No, only a scrap here and there," she said regretfully, "because, you see, it takes such an awful lot to make an income; but I wasn't thinking of myself."

"No?" "You needn't say 'No' in that tone, Marjorie, as though you thought me egotistic," said Lady Isabel, in a slightly aggrieved voice. "The fact is, I am trying to help a friend."

"How are you going to help her?" I asked with interest. "Well," replied Lady Isabel, "she has opened a shop for nice second-hand things—now don't look like that Marjorie, I don't mean clothes, I mean things like grandfather's clocks and broken china and old fenders, and all that sort of thing," she added vaguely.

"I've been going over the list of things in Laura's shop and rearranging them," said Lady Isabel the following afternoon. "Have you; how very good of you." "Oh, it's rather fun," she answered, bending over her table and writing something rapidly.

"What a lot you seem to know about the subject, Isabel." "Yes, Mr. Malcolmstein taught me a tremendous lot," she answered. "He told me how they make real old Worcester china and real Chelsea and Crown Derby over in Paris, and how they send it over here almost by the ton. And they make old English glass, too, over in Holland and in Germany, at a place called the Giant mountain—or the Giant something or other, but I think it was a mountain."

"Oh, that has just come back from Paris. It has had a new lid. Isn't it a pretty one—of course, it has no more intrinsic value than an enameled saucepan; but then, all values are only relative, aren't they dearest?" "What a pretty picture!" I said, turning away to a print that was lying on a small Chippendale table.



La Marquise Victorine—Victime de la Revolution.

metaphorically speaking, running my head against a wall of brick. "Fair!" she echoed; "my dear girl, of course it's fair—I am only telling you some secrets. All traders have secrets—grocers and butchers, and artists, and—and every one."

"My fortune," echoed Laura Staunton, starting at me in amazement; "it doesn't affect me, I only get my salary." "Your salary!" I gasped, for even I was taken aback by this assertion. "Do you mean to say that Lady Isabel pays you a salary?"

FISH WEARS FUR OVERCOAT.

Strange Tale of Freak of Nature from Alaska. Winnipeg, Man.—The following has been received by mail from Dawson City:

"Scientists will be puzzled when they hear of a recent discovery made at Moosehide. So strange a demonstration of freaks of nature has never before been published. "Indian Tom of Moosehide brought in the news. He says the whole tribe is worn out with speculation as to what the strange happening portends for the future of the Indian race."

"Every man who starts out with the intention of killing things should be made to pay a license." "I thought autoists already paid a license?"—Houston Post.

FARMER AND PLANTER

BARN YARD MANURE.

A Source of Fertilizer Not Generally Appreciated.

There is no fertilizer that can be more profitably used on the farm than barn yard manure, the resulting by-product in feeding live stock of all classes. The solid and liquid excrements of animals, together with the litter used as bedding, constitute a source of fertilizer that is not generally appreciated as it should be.

The planting of seeds to occupy the soil to the exclusion of a valuable plant is a serious matter. The testing of seed is a small matter. If the crop is worth raising, testing is worth while.

Impurity of seed is a very common matter, either intentionally or through carelessness of the seedman. There are numerous instances where the number of weed seed in a pound of clover seed ranges from 2,000 to 200,000.

STATES WEST OF MISSISSIPPI.

Agricultural Editor Says They Can Raise All the Cotton Needed.

There is not a shadow of a doubt in our minds, says the Progressive Farmer, that the states west of the Mississippi river can raise all the cotton needed to clothe the world.

INCREASE IN FARM VALUES.

Reports have been received from 45,000 correspondents, representing substantially all the agricultural neighborhoods in the United States, and the results obtained from the tabulations of these reports indicated an increase of farm estate values during five years of 23.5 per cent, or an amount approximately equal to \$6,133,000,000.

EVERY SCHOOL SHOULD HAVE ITS GARDEN.

A movement has been inaugurated around Lebanon, Tenn., by which it is believed the interest in breeding saddle horses will be greatly increased.

TEST YOUR SEEDS.

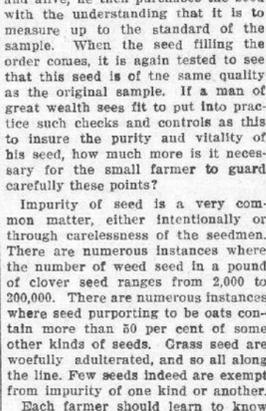
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HOUSE A "HOODOO"

TRAGIC HISTORY OF OLD WASHINGTON STRUCTURE.

Remarkable Series of Disasters Followed Residents of Building That Once Occupied the Site of the Russian Embassy.

In addition to its architectural beauty and the brilliant life for which it furnishes a setting, the Russian embassy, in I street, facing Farragut square, is one of the historically interesting dwellings in Washington.



Front of Russian Embassy.

As a member of Benjamin Harrison's cabinet he decided to live in the house which then occupied the site of the Russian embassy.

ROUGH ON THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

Representative John Sharp Williams, the minority leader of the house of representatives, tells a good story which illustrates his views as to the cause of friction that occasionally occurs between the north and the south.

EARTH HIS PROPER SPHERE.

Congressman Parsons of New York was invited to join the party that ascended from Washington in the big racing balloon America, but before he could reply his quick-witted wife intercepted the remark that he had been "up in the air" quite enough of late and that he would better remain on terra firma when he had a chance.

VISITOR WAS ONLY GRATEFUL.

A young man from the country was lazily ambling along a certain street in Washington, when he stopped in front of an engine house and looked in.

MIGHT TAKE A CHANCE.

A coterie of Washington "cabbies" were waiting for their patrons after the show the other night. The numbers were being called out, and one by one the drivers hurried away with their fares.

TRIALS OF THE MISSIONARY.

Dr. John Gibson Paton, the missionary, told in his autobiography how depressed he was when he first arrived in the New Hebrides in 1858.

SOMETHING NEW TO HIM.

Visitor to Washington Had Quest Idea of Monument.

A New Yorker just back from Washington is wondering what kind of odd specimens of humanity blow into the capital of this free and enlightened nation, says the New York Press.

WORN AWAY BY HANDLING.

Effect of Touch of Thousands of Hands on a Smithsonian Exhibit.

The touch of thousands of human hands for more than a score of years every week day in the year has worn away a portion of one of the exhibits of wood at the Smithsonian institution at Washington.

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