

# SPORTS

## BOWLING

James L. Garland, a well-known Minneapolis bowler, made a record score for the northwest when he rolled a total of 1,730 in seven consecutive games. His lowest score in any of the games was 215, and the highest 279.

## BILLIARDS

London Field says the recovery of form by E. Diggle, now nearing fifty-one years of age, is one of the surprises of the English billiard season.

The preliminary tournament for the right to challenge Melbourn Inman for the English billiard championship will be held in London, March 2 to 7, 9 to 14 and 16 to 28.

## AQUATIC

Richard Armstrong has been appointed head coach of the Yale crew. It is believed that Armstrong will abandon the English stroke and reintroduce the "Cook stroke," or a variation of it.

Coach Daly of the Army is anxious for Nuck Brown of Vandy to secure an appointment at West Point. The two government institutions are allowed to play men regardless of how much time they have had at other colleges.

While stating that Yale will probably be more successful with the Bob Cook stroke, Courtney, Cornell's famous coach, indignantly denies that the stroke used at Ithaca was copied from Cook and states emphatically that he worked it out himself.

## HORSE RACING

Battle was sold by the Allen farm for \$550, developed and raced then resold for \$10,000.

Trotters and pacers raced for upwards of \$3,000,000 in this country and Canada last year.

Ernest Artzell, 2:08 1/4, is the sixteenth 2:10 stallion sold to the foreigners in the last year.

Flower Direct, 2:01, is only three years younger than her sire, Direct Star, 2:09 1/4, both taking records last year.

The Denver trotter, Pass All, 2:13 1/4, is being strongly touted for the stakes this year. He is eligible to the M. & M.

## PUGILISM

Freddie Welsh, English lightweight champion, outpointed Frank Whitney of Cedar Rapids at Atlanta in a ten-round bout.

Boxing will be a part of the athletic training at the University of California. Indiana university also has boxing instruction.

Kid Williams of Baltimore knocked out "Chick" Hayes of Indianapolis at Baltimore in the seventh round. The boys are bantam weights.

Bob Fitz is still anxious to re-enter the ring. Perhaps the New York boxing commission might relent enough to let him box exhibitions.

Johnny Kilbane hopes to decisively defeat ex-champion Abe Attell, whom he will meet in a 20-round contest at San Francisco, on February 22.

A fight has been arranged between Bandsman Blake, English middleweight boxing champion, and George Carpenter, French champion, for \$2,500 a side and a purse of \$10,000. The bout will be at London.

## BASEBALL

Harold Janvry, the former Boston high school athlete, who is a member of the Red Sox, may be turned over to the St. Paul club in final payment for Walter Rehg.

Art Shafer of the Giants has announced his retirement from the game. When baseball dope is scarce Art can always be depended upon to put over the Patti stuff.

Should Theodore Brzozowski make good with the Athletics next season imagine what a time the umpire will have in pronouncing his name and the fans in catching it.

President Dreyfuss of the Pirates made Honus Wagner the only exception in any trade for big Ed Konetchy, when the manager Clarke discussed the proposed deal.

Earl Mack, son of Connie Mack of the Athletics, will coach the baseball squad at the University of North Carolina before he begins his duties as manager of the Raleigh team.

Clark Griffith has decided to abandon efforts to make Cashion great with a changed delivery. The big Carolinian will be allowed to pitch his natural underhand ball.

Tokio and Yokohama newspapers are strong for the American ball players touring the world. The two teams gained much prestige and made much money on their visit to Japan.

As a dispenser of surprises, sensations and bombs the Federal league is a great little institution.

## PONTIUS WILL BE MISSED.



Coach Fieiding Vost of Michigan in building up his football team will have much trouble in getting together a strong combination on account of many of his veteran players graduating. Practically a new team will be put onto the field this fall. Among the stars who will be among the missing is Pontius, who has played a brilliant game for Michigan.

## TENNIS

In the opinion of most of the American tennis stars, the adoption of the new service rule proposed by the Britons would result in ruining the game.

There is much speculation in tennis circles regarding the probable formation of the Australasian tennis team which will challenge for the Davis cup next spring.

The lawn tennis doubles championship of the Orient was won by William M. Johnston and Ella Fottrell, both of California, who beat the Japanese players, Kunagai and Nomura, in three straight sets. The score was 6-2, 6-4, 6-2.

## WRESTLING

Once more Frank Gotch has announced his retirement from the mat. "I will pay no attention to the ambitious promoters," declares the champ.

Friskensky is one of the most likable mat characters ever coming to America. He is a gentleman possessing good manners and is said to speak several languages fluently.

Peter Kototovich, a hero of the Olympic games at Stockholm, Sweden, who turned professional, is out with a challenge to Ernest Kariye and other aspirants for the middle-weight championship.

## GOLF

It is very nearly a certainty that both amateur and open golf championships will be assigned to the west at the annual meeting of the U. S. G. A.

English sporting publications are calling Outimet, the open American golf champion, a "professional," and are suggesting that "doubt about his amateur standing" will make it unlikely that he can compete in the British amateur championship next summer.

Three of the best British professional golfers will compete in the United States open championship at the Midlothian Country club of Chicago next summer. George Duncan, James Braid and J. G. Taylor are named as possible invaders.

## MISCELLANEOUS

Cornell is the odds-on favorite in the intercollegiate basketball league.

The American polo contestants will again hold a series of practice eliminations at Lakewood, in New Jersey, next spring.

Well, there's one championship old Harvard does not get from Yale, and that is the "big four" intercollegiate chess championship.

Northwestern university claims to possess the tallest athlete engaged in varsity sport competition in the person of Alvan Van Dyke. He is seven feet three and one-half inches in height.

It is said that a man has been discovered who has beaten both the chess champion, Capablanca, and the billiard champion, Willie Hoppe. But it seems that he played chess with Hoppe and billiards with Capablanca.

Syracuse university has a most commendable persistence. It will make another bid for the intercollegiate track and field championships, regardless of the numerous failures to secure these games in the past.

Yale captured the intercollegiate chess championship. Harvard didn't have a Brickley on hand to execute the checkmate in a needed moment from the eight-move line.

The pentathlon is the lure that may cause Platt Adams, the wonderful all-round jumper of the last Olympiad to retire from his determination to abandon the sport. He is anxious to win honors in the all-round event.

The Detroit Boat club has 1,150 members.

# GREAT MEN UNTIDY

### Noted Painter Had "Smallest and Dirtiest Hands on Record."

Doctor Johnson Was Grotesque, But It Was Fitzgerald Who "Took the Cake" for Slovenliness in the Ranks of the Great.

It is surprising how careless of their outer appearance many famous men have been. It is said of Turner, the great landscape painter, that his hands were "the smallest and dirtiest hands on record." Perhaps that is an exaggeration, but he was certainly very slovenly in his dress. He wore a black swallowtail dress coat, very much in need of a clothes brush vigorously used, and in the warmest as well as in the coldest weather, he wore round his throat a sort of wrap or muffler, which he would unloosen, letting the ends dangle down in front and dip into the colors of his palette. He always worked either with his old hat on his head or with this same large muffler over his head. His appearance was more like that of an old time coachman than of a famous Royal academician, for he was short and stout, with a red and blotchy face.

Doctor Johnson's slovenliness has almost passed into proverb. There are many contemporary accounts of his turning out of his house in Bolt court with his wig back to front and his stockings down. When Boswell visited him at 1 Inner Temple lane, he records, "His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old, shriveled, unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt neck and the knees of his breeches were loose, his black worsted stockings ill drawn up and by way of slippers he had on a pair of unbuttoned shoes." When it is added that this great man was constantly twitching, grunting, shaking his head, puffing his cheeks and blinking his eyes, it must be admitted that his appearance was not only uncouth, but grotesque.

Thomas Carlyle, coming out of a peasant race, never conformed to the society garb. He was always the soiled peasant. He would sometimes go out in his old dressing gown, over which he buttoned a big coat, gray with age. When he was left alone in the house he delighted in swilling his flagstones with pails of water, and many a distinguished friend found him thus engaged with a kind of smock on and his bushy hair all tousled. He went about all the summer among the highest aristocracy in a frize jacket which was part of an old dressing gown. All the cabmen and bus drivers Chelsea way knew him. One said: "He may wear a queer 'at, but what would you give for the 'eadpiece inside of it!"

It would not be seemly to describe Tennyson as slovenly in any real sense. He was a singularly noble looking man, but he did not care a jot what he wore. His old slouch hat had seen unnumbered years and flapped about at all angles, and the Inverness cape which he invariably wore was about as old as his hat. People who met him without knowing his immense distinction would have regarded him as a rather quaint character, and a tailor's cutter would not have assessed him at half a dollar, at all.

This is a description of the daily appearance of Edward Fitzgerald, the immortal author of "The Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam: "Straggling gray hair and slovenly in dress, wearing an ancient, battered, black-banded, shiny-edged tall hat, around which he would in wintry weather tie a handkerchief to keep it in place; his clothes of baggy blue cloth, as though he were a seafarer, his trousers short and his shoes low, exhibiting a length of white or gray stockings. With an unstarched shirt front, high, crumpled, standup collar, a big black silk tie in a careless bow; in cold weather trailing a green and black and gray plaid shawl, in hot weather even walking barefoot with his boots slung to a stick." Surely "Old Fitz," as Tennyson called him, took the cake for slovenliness of all the immortals!

### Senator "Zach" Chandler.

One hundred years ago Zachariah Chandler, a conspicuous figure in public life a generation ago, was born in Bedford, N. H. At the age of twenty he moved to Detroit, where he amassed a fortune in the dry goods business. He helped to organize the Republican party in 1854 and three years later was elected to the United States senate to succeed Gen. Lewis Cass. In the senate he became conspicuously identified with the anti-slavery cause, and with Simon Cameron and Benjamin F. Wade, drew up a secret agreement for each of these three personally to resist any attack by a southern senator on a northern member for words spoken in debate. Mr. Chandler remained in the senate 18 years. From 1875 to 1877 he was in President Grant's cabinet as secretary of the interior. In Chicago, whether he has gone to deliver a political speech, he was found dead in his hotel November 1, 1879.

### Exhilarating Sport.

First Tourist (abroad)—Ha, ha, ha! This is worth all the time, money and bother I've spent over here! Second Tourist—How's that? First Tourist—I deliberately kissed the little servant maid with the worst gossip in town looking on. There she is over there telling my wife about it, and the old lady can't understand a word of the language.—Judge.

### Have to Do It.

Mrs. Pankhurst, sailing from New York, talked to a reporter about the comparative deceitfulness of men and women. "Women," said the reporter, "are the more deceitful." "No," said Mrs. Pankhurst, "men are worse. Look at the way they deceive their wives." "Do you claim," the reporter asked, "that men should never deceive their wives?" Mrs. Pankhurst smiled and tossed her head. "Oh, no!" she said. "How could the average man ever get a wife if he didn't deceive her?"

# ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By JOHN E. FELLERS



It was in 1809. "The pendulum that ticks off the years has swung back to its starting point" more than a hundred times since then.

Charles Darwin, known to natural science as the foremost evolutionist of his time; Mendelssohn, the musician, who has given us those delicate and beautiful fancies, "Songs Without Words"; Tennyson, once the English poet laureate; Oliver Wendell Holmes, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table"; Edgar Allan Poe, whose life story has filled more eyes with tears, perhaps, than any other in the annals of literature; William E. Gladstone, who has written his name in England's history as her very greatest statesman, and our beloved Abraham Lincoln, were each born that year.

The nineteenth century was one in which education, commerce, statesmanship and Christianity found freer breath than they had ever known before. In the entire world, no other man of that century so completely represented the spirit of those vast movements as did Abraham Lincoln.

Notwithstanding the rude surroundings of the Kentucky hut in which he was born, he represented New England righteousness; New Jersey justice; Pennsylvania sympathy, and Virginia chivalry, for all these qualities mingled in the blood of his ancestors, who had emigrated from those states. In Abraham Lincoln great currents of character met and produced that rare type of American manhood, rugged honesty, quaint humor and firm purpose, which have written his name in the history of the world, not only as the emancipator of men, but of races and nations.

Of his early education, or lack of education, much has been written and said, but the best information we have indicates that the principal books to which he had access in early life were the Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Life of Washington" and "Shakespeare." Abraham Lincoln, however, even when a boy, learned deeper things than books teach, from the great school of nature, which is always in session and whose students never graduate. In this school he learned those wonderful lessons, which brought him closer to the heart of humanity than any man of his time, and so it came about that one day when a vast crowd had gathered and a whole nation was listening, he thrilled the world with that simple statement: "This nation cannot continue to exist half slave and half free." Those words were not very eloquent, but they found a response in the popular thought because of the stubborn fact they stated, and because a great man had spoken them. This was one secret of Mr. Lincoln's power and influence, an influence and power still widening as they answer the fall of tomorrow for yesterday's record of great things and great deeds. Mr. Lincoln's tomorrow of prospect was always good because his yesterday of retrospect was well pleased to himself and to those who knew him best.

Real Secret of Lincoln's Powers. The side of every man who today contends for justice and equality among men, stands Abraham Lincoln, his sad face rebuking the least sign of compromise with injustice and wrong.

A recent writer has given the following epitome of Abraham Lincoln's biography: Errand boy; farm-hand; flat-boatman; rail-splitter; clerk; storekeeper; soldier; surveyor; postmaster; congressman; country lawyer; politician; statesman; president; hero; martyr.

Struggling up through difficulty and through the years of preparation Mr. Lincoln began the practice of law in 1837. Viewed from today, it would seem that there was something in the general atmosphere of those times to which his nature responded. The world's thinkers were on good terms. Nations were at peace. England was the central sun in the political skies. Queen Victoria, gentle, kind and tactful, was just coming to the throne; Napoleon was sleeping in the island of St. Helena, and the duke of Wellington was still alive. Emerson was lecturing and writing in America; Carlyle in England was publishing, unhindered, the "French Revolution"; Victor Hugo was establishing in France the romantic school of the nineteenth century; Heinrich Heine was singing his German songs; Frederica Bremer was weaving into pretty romance the peasant life of Sweden and Norway; and the Irish melodies of Thomas Moore were finding their way to the universal heart. It is any wonder that the genius of Abraham Lincoln should begin to bloom at its time? It is any wonder that even in the swirl and whirl of the river on its way to the sea, he heard a song of liberty and freedom that filled his soul with enthusiasm and love?

The story of his wonderful development in forensic power, and in popular and political advancement, is one of the most remarkable in history. He appears to have felt disinclined to accept the estimate which others placed on his character. Men whom God selects for great achievement soon learn that what they WANT TO DO has but little relation to what they MUST DO. He could never quite understand why he was called from time to time to greater things. There was such an absolute absence of self-confidence in his character, and he was so conscious of his lack of education, his homely appearance and awkward manner, that the demands laid upon him, calling him to greater achievements, seemed humorous at times to him, and in this fact perhaps lay his aptness in the matter of story telling, for which he is so well known.

Abraham Lincoln, more than all others of our public men, repudiated the dictation of heredity, and lifted his ancestry from obscurity to a creditable place in our country's history. Was he educated? His life and work answer "Yes," and leave those who hold diplomas to prove that he was not. His Gettysburg address bears the mint-marks of the scholar. It was the profoundest utterance of the world's spoken thought, save one—the Sermon on the Mount. He stood there among the graves of the heroic dead and this is what he said:

"Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we may say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The winds of that chill November day bore that message to the ears of those who stood farthest, and when the last word died away the immense throng approved what he had said by a holy hush which made him feel that he had failed. That silence was a GREAT AMEN that consecrated and dedicated a sentiment to generations yet unborn.

And what shall we say of his Second Inaugural? Where among all state papers can one be found that favorably compares with that address for: serene and sustained majesty? Chastened by war, taught by its great crises and tragedies, he was conscious that he was speaking, not only to men, but to Nations. "With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work that we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all Nations."

However far we wander; to whatever issues our lives are touched; however wide our horizon may have broadened, when friends betray and promises fall, like tired children we long to lay our heads again in the lap of home. On the morning of the last day Mr. Lincoln lived, while out driving with his wife, among other things he said: "Mary, we have had a hard struggle since we came to Washington, but the war is over, and we may now hope for four years of peace and happiness. Then we will go back to our Springfield home and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. We have saved a little money, and during this term we will try and save up more, but we shall not have enough to support us. I will open a law office at Springfield and practice law. I am sure we shall do well."

"Such were the day-dreams of our lamented president on the last day of his earth-life, and with that vision of the home-coming back to his beloved state still flooding his memory, he slipped quietly, and without warning, into the shadow, and was laid to rest in the sepulchre of a Nation's grief.

### Punctuality.

The habit of being always a little late is so general in this country, that it might seem unfavorable, were it not that punctuality is secured from the very persons at fault when the occasions are as guarded as in the wedding to which the foolish virgins failed to get admittance because "the doors were shut." But that is an arbitrary fashion that will never be generally introduced, though it might do some women good. It is better to train up children to order, punctuality, honesty

### A Warning.

First Mother—Do you believe these fencing classes are bad for girls? Second Mother—No; I think they are fine. What is it you don't like them? First Mother—My daughter is about how much

# THE TALISMAN

By HARRY LE CLAIR.

Young Mrs. Holt was in bad humor as she walked down the street. Every little while she had to take out her handkerchief to wipe away the stupid tears that filled her eyes.

How could Richard ever have the heart to talk to her as he had done? They had been married only a year, and now he already behaved as if he were the master and she his slave. She had never thought that they would be unkind to one another, but of course she would not remain silent when he came home from the office in bad humor, so her replies were sharp and biting.

Again she wiped the tears away, for coming toward her at the next corner she saw her late mother's friend, her own godmother, Mrs. Berner.

"Come home and have a cup of coffee," she said, "Mary has just baked some cakes."

"Oh, I am so unhappy!" Richard does not love me any more!" "No, I am sure he doesn't, or he would not talk to me as he does." And she told about several of their latest quarrels.

"But you are quite sure that you are not to blame a little bit yourself?" "I know I am not," said Julie with determination, "but of course I cannot always be gay and jolly when he sulks and is unreasonable. There will be no happiness for me in life any more."

"Now, that is nonsense, my dear. I am sure your husband loves you as much as ever, but you are ruining your own happiness quarreling over trifles."

"But what do you want me to do?" "I will help you, dear," said Mrs. Berner. "I will send you a talisman."

"A talisman?"

"Yes, here it is," said Mrs. Berner, and handed Julie an old-fashioned bracelet.

"What do you mean when you say it is a talisman?" "I will tell you. When I had been married about a year, I too imagined that my husband did not love me because we sometimes quarreled. Then my mother gave me this bracelet and told me to wear it always.

Julie thanked her very much, but put no faith in the bracelet. When Richard came home for dinner he had unfortunately brought a friend and as the dinner was rather spoiled, his humor was not the best when he was alone with his wife afterward.

"It was disgraceful to offer Miller a dinner like the one you served to-night," he said angrily.

"I am very sorry, Dick, but I shall be very careful not to let it happen again."

One morning a few days later when Julie entered the dressing room she found her husband standing at the closet looking very much annoyed.

"You have not had my gray suit sent to the tailor to be pressed," he growled. "Why have you not done so?"

"Because I am not your slave," Julie was about to answer, but again she remembered the bracelet and also that Richard had several times asked her to send out the suit, but she had thoughtlessly forgotten it.

"Do not be angry, Dick, dear," she said, "I know it is a shame that I have forgotten it, but I shall send it to the tailor today."

Richard again looked at her, greatly surprised, but she pretended not to notice it.

"Well, it really does not matter so very much, dear. Today will do just as well."

A week later Julie visited her godmother. She looked as happy as during her honeymoon and Mrs. Berner told her so.

"Well, godmother, I do feel as if I were having a second honeymoon. I know that Dick loves me as much as he ever did."

"And how did you discover that?" "It was the talisman you gave me."

"Then it has brought you luck?" "Indeed it has. I have brought it back, as I do not need it any more."

"Are you quite sure?" "Quite. I have discovered its secret. Julie laughed. "One of my own bracelets will do just as well, now that I know the truth of the old words: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath,' but I thank you all the same, for it was really your talisman that brought me happiness."—Chicago American.

### Calhoun's Contemplated Duel.

One hundred years ago John C. Calhoun, the eminent South Carolina statesman, and one of his colleagues, Representative Grosvenor, met on the quelling field in Washington, but happily the affair ended without bloodshed. The quarrel between them originated in the debate on the embargo act. In a speech delivered in the house Mr. Grosvenor remarked with severity on the inconsistency of members who had voted against the act in the last session and were now found among its advocates. Mr. Calhoun, conceiving the observations to be directed particularly against him, retorted with bitter words. A challenge followed and a messenger was sent to Baltimore for surgeons. The combatants were accompanied to the field of honor by Speaker Clay and Senator King of New York. Through the mediation of these two an amicable settlement of the quarrel was brought about. Nowadays a dispute between our national lawmakers is usually solved by mutual apologies, which shows that in some respects we have improved on the customs of our forefathers.

### Might at Least Do That.

"What 'oo want, chicky?" asked a two-year-old girl in the country for the first time interpreting the chicken's cackling as an appeal for something. "Oo want drink?" The cackling continued. "Oo want my grampa?"

One Know for Them. She—And your father gave £500 for that picture. Just to show how much you care for art, I suppose? The Son and Heir—No. Just to show how much we care for the £500.

# FOUND GOOD IN ALL

### Humanity, Taken as a Whole, Not So Bad.

Two Women, With Ample Opportunity to Observe, Give Testimony That Comes as a Rebuke to the Chronic Pessimist.

She was very trim and neat in her black dress and little white bib and apron, and every day, year in and year out, she patiently handed fussy woman toilet accessories, helped them adjust veils and answered numerous questions.

The woman who understood watched her as she went serenely about her work and wondered if she never grew defiant at the sight of so much luxury.

"Aren't these women rather trying?" she finally asked confidentially.

"Oh, no. They're most always very polite and nice. Once in a while we come across one who is snippy and won't let us help her, but it does not make much difference, anyway; it isn't worth while to get mad, 'cause the ladies are always nice and the others don't count, as you don't get such a lot of fun out of watching them all. The actresses that come in here say such funny things sometimes, much funnier than they do in the plays."

The woman who understood passed on to rest a moment in a little waiting room of the big hotel, and as she sat there musing over the girl who was too fine to be envious she noticed another trim little maid sitting quietly in a dark corner.

She was very pretty and the woman who understood wondered if she was as sweet and unsophisticated as she looked.

"You must see some interesting tete-a-tetes here," she said casually. "Oh, yes," smiled the girl, "but you get so used to them you don't pay much attention. The girls come here and wait ages for the men some times. I don't think I'd want to do it, do you? It doesn't seem worth while. I guess they can't have any homes, poor things, or else they are ashamed to take their friends to them."

"Don't these men ever annoy you?" asked the woman, curious, as she rose to go. "No, indeed, they are always very polite and considerate," opening her big blue eyes very wide, "and they never are the least bit fresh; it's mostly a girl's fault when a man's fresh. She stares or something. Why, even in the men's writing room they're always awfully nice and kind."

"You surely have interesting experiences; it must be nice to be here," said the woman, who understood as she turned to go. "Yes, but I'd rather have my own little home and stay there and I'm going to soon," smiled the girl shyly as she turned a shiny new wedding ring.

Sleeping Places of Perch. The North American perch remains at night midway between the bottom and the surface of the water, perpendicular to the plants among which it lives. The dark bands on its body makes it very difficult for its enemies to distinguish the fish from the stems of the plants. The diamond perch, however, passes the night lying on the bottom, in the shadow of a plant or a stone. On account of its light marking it does not stir from the bottom all night. With the exception of gentle breathing neither of these species makes any notable movement. If there is any disturbance, such as the slight shaking of the tank, both kinds of perch show that they are awake and ready for flight by moving the forward fins. If the shaking is severe these fish dart around rapidly. Three small species of carp found in Venezuela like to lie upon the broad leaves of the water plants, but do not sleep very soundly.

Guessed Nine Times in 20 Years. The height, girth and weight of the Cheddar cheese which is brought into the rooms at Simpson's, Cheddar, London, England, each day at lunch time were correctly guessed recently by one of the diners.

The feat has only been accomplished nine times in 20 years. The cheese is brought in on a foot-high revolving pedestal and placed in front of the chairman. Each guest is supplied a slip of paper on which to record his guesses, and whenever anyone succeeds the proprietor asks all the guests to drink the health of the winner in champagne. The custom is believed to be nearly 200 years old.

Unique "Lightning Rods." Before the invention of the lightning rod various methods were employed to ward off danger from the lightning flash, which was supposed in the olden times to have no power to harm those who were asleep. The Romans believed in the power of the skins of seals and snakes, either worn upon their person or made into tents, beneath which they could take refuge until the storm was over. In remote parts of England today the cast-off skin of an adder is often suspended from the rafters of a cottage. In France the peasantry still wind a snake skin about their hats when they see a thunder storm brewing.

Display. She—And your father gave £500 for that picture. Just to show how much you care for art, I suppose? The Son and Heir—No. Just to show how much we care for the £500.

One Know for Them. She—And your father gave £500 for that picture. Just to show how much you care for art, I suppose? The Son and Heir—No. Just to show how much we care for the £500.

Did you know? remarked a Springfield lady to her Boston friend, "that we have several thousand Poles in the Connecticut valley?" "How nice to grow beans on!" replied the lady from Boston.—Exchange.

How nice to grow beans on! replied the lady from Boston.—Exchange.