AROUND THE WHIST TABLE

ALBANY AND ST. PAUL BATTLING FOR THE WHIST LEAGUE TROPHY.

No Permanent Possessor of the Trophy for Some Time Yet—The Latest Match Was Played Badly—How Albany Won.

By defeating the Whist Club of New York, Albany won the right to represent the East against the West at Detroit yesterday, her antagonist being the St. Paul Whist Club, which surrendered the trophy to the last congress. The match was not finished when this column went to press, but the result will be found on the sporting page to-morrow morning.

From present appearances it will be a year or two before the trophy comes into the permanent possession of any club. The conditions are that the holders shall defend the cup against all challengers, and the first club winning it twenty times, exclusive of the result of the annual tournaments, shall keep it. So far the Hamilton Whist Club of West Philadelphia is in the lead with fourteen games to its credit in four years. Albany is next with eight, then St. Paul with five, and Minneapolis with four. Those having two each are Baltimore, Capital, Continental, Narragansett, and Park, while New York and Philadelphia have one each. St. Paul has never lost the cup in a challenge match, having held it until the congress last year.

After a casual examination of the recorded play in the match between New York and Albany it must be confessed that both teams played very badly, but of the two New York was several degrees the worse. The result will probably be claimed by some persons as due to the difference in system, but it is too late to make any claims for difference in system now. The old school has borrowed so many ideas from the new and the new school has taught the other so many better ways of managing the old system that the difference between the two is only that of degree. In the reports of the game between Albany and Columbia, which was supposed to be ultra long suits against radical short suits, we find the following by an editor who had examined all the recorded play of the hands: "The play was very much after the same order by both teams; short suits were opened quite as often by the Albany team, who have heretofore been considered long-suit players, as by the Washington team, whose leaning has been toward the more frequent play of supporting cards."

It will take more than the result of a match or two to convince people that there is anything in a system. The steady gains made week after week by those who play in compass whist matches are much stronger arguments than individual games, the result of which often turns upon the play of a single card in one hand. Four of the most important matches for the championship at the last congress were lost in this manner. If the short-suiters lost by a single play of this kind, the system was blamed for the whole match; if the long-suiter did it, it was "rotten whist," but the system was all right. The play of one card, the club ace in both cases, lost the New York match with Baltimore and the Brooklyn match with the N. J. Athletic. New York lost to Chicago by the lead of a single card, a trump led up to a call. The Americans lost to Hyde Park by a finesse against one card. System had nothing to do with any of these results.

The match between New York and Albany was a tie at forty-four hands, and the play which practically settled it arose in a very simple situation which comes up every day. Both sides had an established suit, and the side in the lead had four trumps to the king and an ace to get in with. At both tables the same situation came about, and at both tables the player led trumps, won by partner with the ace. The jack is returned, covered by queen second hand and won by king. Partner is marked with a small trump, and if another lead of trumps finds those of the adversaries divided the play wins every other trick. One player boldly took the chance of dropping all the trumps together, the other did not, and the difference in the result was four tricks, whereupon the whist editors throughout the country set up a howl about a short-suit Waterloo!

Such things are continually happening in match play. Here is a hand from the opening match of the interclub championships in Philadelphia, played between the first teams of the Art and Philadelphia Whist Clubs, in which the hand is opened and developed the same way at both tables, but at one the player leads one suit, and at the other table he leads a different one, both being suits of four cards to an honor. That is the difference settled the match, as it lost Philadelphia six tricks. Had they been playing the common-sense game, it would have been heralded far and wide as a short-suit Waterloo. A-B are partners against Y-Z. Z dealt and turned the heart 8. The underlined card wins the trick, and the card under it is the next one led.

TRICK.	A	Y	B	Z
1.....	♡ 4	♡ 2	♡ Q	♡ 3
2.....	♡ 5	♡ J	♡ 9	♡ 6
3.....	♣ 10	♣ 2	♣ K	♣ 4
4.....	9 ◇	7 ◇	4 ◇	6 ◇
5.....	♡ 10	♡ A	♣ 5	♡ 8
6.....	A ◇	♣ 7	♣ 8	3 ♠
7.....	10 ◇	♡ 7	3 ◇	8 ◇
8.....	♡ K	A ♠	7 ♠	2 ♠
9.....	K ◇	4 ♠	♣ 3	5 ♠
10.....	Q ◇	8 ♠	♣ 6	6 ♠
11.....	J ◇	9 ♠	♣ 9	10 ♠
12.....	5 ◇	♣ J	K ♠	J ♠
13.....	2 ◇	♣ Q	♣ A	Q ♠

A-B win ten tricks, a gain of six.

A plays a very bold game to lead trumps without any card of reentry, not even taking the trouble to show his suit first.

At trick 6, if Y had been a common-sense player, he would have run for his life with the spade ace and kept his clubs quiet; but the ruling passion overcomes all else in the long-suit player, and even with the best trump against him, he imagines that he can establish, defend, and bring in his clubs! The tenacity with which some persons cling to error is amazing. Here is the overplay:

TRICK.	A	Y	B	Z
1.....	♡ 4	♡ 2	♡ Q	♡ 3
2.....	♡ 5	♡ J	♡ 9	♡ 8
3.....	♡ K	4 ♠	7 ♠	10 ♠
4.....	J ◇	7 ◇	3 ◇	6 ◇
5.....	Q ◇	♡ 7	4 ◇	8 ◇
6.....	♡ 10	♡ A	♣ 5	♡ 6
7.....	2 ◇	A ♠	K ♠	3 ♠
8.....	5 ◇	9 ♠	♣ 6	5 ♠
9.....	K ◇	8 ♠	♣ 8	J ♠
10.....	A ◇	♣ 2	♣ 9	Q ♠
11.....	10 ◇	♣ 7	♣ 3	6 ♠
12.....	9 ◇	♣ J	♣ K	2 ♠
13.....	♣ 10	♣ Q	♣ A	♣ 4

A-B win four tricks, a loss of six.

At trick 4, had A been a common-sense player he would not have stabbed himself in this manner, killing his only hope for his great suit by destroying his partner's power to lead it to him and leaving himself without a possibility of reentry. The club 10 would save a trick here, if A must trump the spade; but why he should be so quick to trump is a mystery.

Although there is quite a swing in the foregoing hand, both players are following "book," and leading long suits. There is not much satisfaction for the gainers on such a hand; they have done nothing but take the tricks presented to them by a trick. How different the enjoyment that results from a clever piece of strategy well planned and well carried out, such as occurs every day in the common-sense game! Here is a little gem in its way, played at the complete whist match in Brooklyn, Feb. 8. It is respectfully submitted to those who think the short-suit game is a non-informatory system of play, most of whom, by the by, belong to one of two classes: those who never played it and those who don't understand it. C. R. Kelley held A's cards, and E. A. Buffinton was B. Z dealt and turned the heart 9.

Trick 1. Of course this is an absurd lead, and contrary to all the established principles of the game, as laid down by "Cavendish" and Pole; nevertheless, Messrs. Kelley and Buffinton have been quite successful with it, and stand next the top in a club of 100 members; the only person ahead of them being a gentleman who opens his hand in exactly the same way. The information to partner in this case is, "Whatever my suit is, it is not clubs."

Trick 2. As all weak suits are played down, and the deuce fell on the first trick, the information to partner now is: "I have no more clubs, and have no objection to being forced."

Trick 3. The information to partner now is: "My next weakest suit is diamonds, and if I have anything it is in spades; but the combination that I have in spades is such that I prefer to have it led up to me, therefore I did not open the suit in the first instance."

TRICK.	A	Y	B	Z
1.....	♣ J	♣ 2	♣ 8	♣ 5
2.....	♣ 3	♣ 6	♣ Q	♣ 4
3.....	2 ◇	♣ 7	♣ A	♣ 10
4.....	2 ♠	♣ K	♣ 9	♡ 9
5.....	8 ♠	3 ♠	Q ♠	10 ♠
6.....	A ♠	5 ♠	7 ♠	4 ♠
7.....	Q ◇	4 ◇	3 ◇	5 ◇
8.....	7 ◇	9 ◇	10 ◇	6 ◇
9.....	9 ♠	K ◇	A ◇	8 ◇
10.....	♡ 6	♡ 4	♡ 2	♡ 10
11.....	♡ 3	♡ 5	♡ A	♡ K
12.....	♡ 7	6 ♠	♡ Q	♡ 8
13.....	J ♠	K ♠	J ◇	♡ J

A-B win ten tricks, a gain of three.

Trick 4. The information to partner now is: "You are already in possession of ample evidence of my weakness in trumps, and know the general characteristics of my plain suits; you are now informed that I have an honor in diamonds which I wish to keep guarded, because I would not otherwise discard from a suit in which you know I am probably strong."

Trick 5. Further information: "I don't want the lead, that is why I pass this trick."

Trick 6. B knows enough about A's hand, and it is now time for him to say something, so he returns the spade. This is as much as to say: "I don't want to open my diamond suit; get in the game, and lead me that honor you say you are keeping guarded. I want to know just how big it is."

Ten to three is the score: four kings killed in one deal; and there are people that call this a trick-losing game! Well, just try the lead of the ace and then the fourth-best spade, and after Y has forced Z and Z has led to B's discard of a diamond, which Y has passed and B has continued, just examine the way in which Y-Z get home every one of their kings and make six tricks. Z has nothing to signal for, and only leads back the trump to avoid changing suits. Y's play in passing the first round of diamonds is exactly the same as B's play in the third hand published in THE SUN Jan. 24.

TRICK.	A	Y	B	Z
1.....	A ♠	3 ♠	7 ♠	4 ♠
2.....	8 ♠	K ♠	Q ♠	10 ♠
3.....	2 ♠	5 ♠	3 ◇	♡ 8
4.....	2 ◇	4 ◇	10 ◇	8 ◇
5.....	7 ◇	9 ◇	A ◇	6 ◇
6.....	Q ◇	K ◇	J ◇	5 ◇
7.....	9 ♠	6 ♠	♣ 8	♡ 9
8.....	♡ 3	♡ 4	♡ Q	♡ J
9.....	♣ J	♣ K	♣ 9	♣ 10
10.....	♡ 6	♡ 5	♡ 2	♡ K
11.....	♣ 3	♣ 2	♣ Q	♣ 5
12.....	♡ 7	♣ 6	♡ A	♡ 10
13.....	J ♠	♣ 7	♣ A	♣ 4

A-B win seven tricks, a loss of three.

STRAIGHT WHIST.

If duplicate whist matches have demonstrated one thing more than another, it is that there is as much, if not more, luck in duplicate than in straight whist. The theory of the duplicate game is excellent; that the cards being equal, and the distribution of the players being impartial, there is nothing left to decide the result but the skill of the players. In practice this does not prove to be true, for the most skilful will often fail to make as many tricks as the most inexpert. Of course, the skill will tell in the long run, but so it will in straight whist.

The great objection to duplicate is that it is not whist. That is why they will not play it in England. Many persons in this country confess to being a little tired of the duplicate game, the results of which are often very unsatisfactory, and they would like to see a revival of straight whist, with or without honors. It is very improbable that honors will ever be counted in this country, but a return to five or seven-point whist would restore to the game one of its best features, playing to the score, and would bring back some of the old dash and brilliancy that characterized the game before men got into the habit of taking twenty-two minutes to decide between the play of a ten and a deuce. The solemnity that marks a duplicate whist match is sometimes appalling, and is only surpassed by a Scotch funeral. Whist, as now played, can no longer be included in our list of sports and pastimes, but rather comes under the head of those occupations which are known by the generic name of "killing time."

Those who have given the subject careful attention refuse to admit that the luck in straight whist is any greater than in duplicate, and point to the astonishing variations in the score between confessedly equal players. If two players are defeated at straight whist, they say: "We had no cards." If it is duplicate, they say: "The cards lay very badly for us," or "the hands did not work well."

It is not unlikely that before the next congress a cup may be offered to the league for competition under the same conditions as the present challenge trophy; that is, to be held subject to challenge during the winter, and to be competed for by teams of four from league clubs. The idea would be to change partners just as at present, but to play straight whist, the games to be seven points up, playing the last hand out, and to play an equal number of games with each distribution of the partners. The tricks won would decide the match.

If this project is carried out, which is more than probable, it will undoubtedly encourage many good players to enter the arena of intercluh competition who would not think of doing so now. So-called second-class clubs would brace themselves and challenge the best of us, and by thus being brought into competition with one another all would be benefited and interest would be kept up all the time. The game would lose many of its present terrors, and might even become once more a source of recreation and enjoyment to those who play it. It would soon settle one much-mooted question: "How much is skill worth at whist?" and it would result in much more brilliant and interesting games than those now played in our duplicate matches, most of which are simply examples of human depravity and carelessness. We should have more brilliancy and dash, and many a game would be won that would be lost at duplicate. Nothing cools a man's courage so much as the dread of the overplay at duplicate, and the parallel score on the blackboard—and in the paper.

OUR PROBLEMS.

The point in the problem published Feb. 7 is for N to get rid of the club king. He leads club deuce, and S wins as cheaply as he can and leads two rounds of trumps, followed by the established clubs. On these N discards all but his ace of diamonds and his spade tenace.

Here is another double dummy problem, sent to THE SUN by Mrs. E. B. Everitt of Meriden, Conn., who gave our solvers a hard nut to crack in the problem published Jan. 10. Most of our solvers are too careless in their examination of the defence in dummy problems, and try to force solutions by making E and W play badly. In the following, hearts are trumps. N to lead, and, with S for a partner, take all thirteen tricks, in spite of the best defence of E and W. Names of successful solvers will be published March 7.

	♡ A Q 10 2 ♣ A 9 ◇ K Q 3 ♠ A K 10 3	
♡ K 9 8 ♣ K Q J 10 4 ◇ J ♠ Q 9 8 7	N W E S	♡ 7 6 5 ♣ 8 7 6 5 ◇ 8 6 5 4 2 ♠ J
	♡ J 4 3 ♣ 3 2 ◇ A 10 9 7 ♠ 6 5 4 2	

CLUB NOTES.

The Whist Club of New York moved into its new quarters at 11 West Thirty-sixth street on Wednesday last. Mr. William Decker won the first game at straight whist, while Wilcox and Smith, E and W, and Cole and Eustis, N and S, carried off first honors at duplicate. The card rooms in the new club are excellently lighted and ventilated, the high ceilings and exhaust fans keeping the air perfectly clear. The first floor, with twelve tables, is given up entirely to duplicate, which promises to be a great feature in this club. From March to June inclusive the records of all duplicate scores will be kept, and those who come out at the top will be sent to Put-in-Bay as club delegates at the next congress. Upstairs straight whist and bridge are played, separate rooms being provided for each game.

Any person who will look at the names of the players in the Brooklyn Whist Club that headed our lists all last winter, and will compare them with the following, will find but one the same, and that one a convert to the common-sense game. The great players of a year ago, the stanch long-suiters, are not in it to-day. They are there as much as ever, seven points up, playing the last hand out, and to play an equal number of games with each distribution of the partners. The tricks won would decide the match.

C. Henriques.....	263	J. S. Gilhooly.....	181
C. R. Kelley.....	206	E. T. Baker.....	158
E. A. Buffinton.....	187	J. B. Elwell.....	158

The first four names will be easily recognized as those of players who first brought this game into notice when they were members of the Manhattan and New York teams.

The Park Club of Plainfield has now five wins to its credit for the New Jersey State trophy, Ridgewood has three, Jersey City two, and Roseville one.

Mrs. Breckenridge and Mrs. Ten Eyck continue to make high score at the Women's Whist Club in Brooklyn with astonishing regularity. Neither of these ladies uses American leads, which is quite a surprise to those who thought the club could not live unless Miss Wheelock's teachings were followed.

RED SHIRT'S CARD TRICKS.

AN OLD-TIME SHARPER'S RAILROAD WAYS AND MEANS.

Kelley Was His Name and He Was Among the First to Play Upon Overconfident Fellow Travellers—How His Euchre Hands Brought Us Poker Games.

"Among the old-time travelling card sharps that I knew," said a veteran railroad conductor, "was 'Red Shirt.' This slick rascal's name was Kelley, and he was a product of life in the Pennsylvania coal-mining districts. He was an expert three-card-monte manipulator and marvellously skilful at tricks with cards. He was the originator of many of the card-sharper tricks that are doing duty to this day in the hands of the profession. The 'tissue-paper guy,' an idea in cards that originated with him, made him and his imitators thousands of dollars. I shall never forget the day Red Shirt introduced it on our road. He showed himself such a perfect artist that I confess I had to admire him.

"Red Shirt's favorite rôle was that of a traveller bored all but to death with the monotony of riding on a railroad. In those days the newsboy, with his packs of cards to hire or sell and his lap board to play on, had not yet made his appearance on our railroads, and card playing to pass the time away was a new thing. Red Shirt—and why he was called Red Shirt I never knew—might easily have been taken for the easy-going son of a wealthy father, overburdened with both time and money. He always had a dainty, brand-new pack of cards in his satchel, and he seldom had to wait long in getting up a social game of euchre or other harmless game. An infallible judge of human nature, he never failed to select players suited to his purpose. Their social game had rarely progressed far before Red Shirt, in a careless, offhand way (the thing is old and threadbare now, but it was new then), and speaking apparently more to himself than to any one else, would say:

"'This would be a beauty of a hand in a game of bluff. I declare it would!'

"Poker was almost universally called bluff in those days. When Red Shirt had come to the stage in his little scheme when he made that remark, it would have been a safe bet for any one to make that he wasn't the only one in the game who held a hand that would be a beauty in a game of bluff, and that the other hand never failed to be four aces, cold and hat. And so well did this graceful sharper judge his men that the one who held those aces never failed to be one who knew their poker value, and had game enough in his make-up to remark that his own hand showed up pretty fair itself for the making of a nice poker hand. The skill of Red Shirt became now that of the finished artist that he was, so perfectly did he succeed in his aim to break the monotony of his journey by an innocent game of euchre with pleasant companions, he did not notice the allusion of the man with the four aces to the possibilities of his hand, but directed all his attention again to further promptings in the selection of his game.

"Now, a man with four aces in his hand, who has had the subject of hands in their relation to poker called to his attention, even casually, is not a true-born American citizen if he consents to sacrifice them at euchre without a protest. Some one knew this well before Red Shirt. What was the inevitable consequence? The man with the four aces would insist on testing the relative value of the two hands in the usual way. Red Shirt would at first decline, declaring that he would prefer not to bet, but not in any positive way that he could not at least be induced to back his hand. The other man would raise him, of course; and so it would go, back and forth, until the moment arrived when it suited Red Shirt to bring the matter to a close, when he would call him.

"'Four aces!' that lucky person would triumphantly exclaim.

"'What!' Red Shirt would say, in seeming astonishment. 'You don't say so? Let's see 'em!'

"The man would throw down his cards. Red Shirt, picking them up, would run them over quickly, and then, rubbing his thumb over one of the faces, would proceed to rub off a covering that revealed two more spots, making it a trey!

"'Look here, my friend!' he would exclaim, indignantly. 'I thought I was playing with gentlemen!'

"Then he would throw down his hand, which was always the beating of three of a kind, and before the other had recovered from his astonishment, the money would be in Red Shirt's possession, and he would be going out of the car door. It was no trick at all for him to get off a train going at twenty miles an hour, and he always timed his departure so as to be the slowing up of the train as it approached a station. I never heard of his being caught once by any one he had thus victimized. Red Shirt made thousands of dollars, but died in the pauper insane asylum in Orange county, N. Y."

COLD FACTS FROM A FREEZE.

What the Over-Sanguine People of Florida Learned in the Winter of 1895.

From the Chicago Record.

Thoughtful people now agree that "the greatest freeze of '95" was a good thing for Florida—a blessing in disguise. It was a costly lesson, however. A hundred thousand citizens, more or less, paid $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 to find out that the "frost line" that had been recognized since the "cold winter of '42" was not permanent, and was likely to be changed, like railway time tables, without previous notice. They were taught that it was not good policy to put all their eggs in one basket, and that the single-crop plan of farming was a failure. Many were discouraged and left the State. Those who had more courage and wisdom remained, and while they were resuscitating their frozen groves they discovered that they could make $400 or $500 an acre by truck farming—by raising peas, beans, cabbages, cauliflower, lettuce, celery, onions, cucumbers, potatoes, strawberries, and other fruits and vegetables for the Northern winter markets.

The demand for this sort of produce during the winter months is practically unlimited, and the prices unnaturally large. It costs no more to raise a bushel of potatoes in this warm, sandy soil, in December than in July, yet they can be sold for $1 a bushel in December and for only 40 cents in July. The supply of unseasonable vegetables formerly came from Bermuda and the Bahamas. "The great freeze" taught the farmers of Florida that they could have a monopoly from December to March, when the early crops of southern Georgia are ready for market.

So the wise ones stopped boasting about profits of $2,500 an acre from orange groves. They stopped telling the familiar story about "$1 a box for oranges on the plantation, twenty five boxes to the tree, and 100 trees to the acre—all clear gain." And now they talk about profits from vegetables, which are not so profitable as oranges, but are reasonably certain of paying from $400 to $500 an acre net.

Down in the southern part of the State the cultivation of pineapples was found to be even more profitable, and experience blundered upon the discovery that the best ones were grown under shelter. So all the pine fields are now covered with lattice work, laid three inches apart on rough scantling, and costs about $500 an acre. It not only furnishes perfect protection against all possible frosts, but the fruit thus protected from the heat of the sun is more juicy and of finer fibre than that grown in the open air. Industrious farmers are now raising 6,000 pineapples to the acre, and selling them on the plantations by the thousand at 25 cents apiece, while the shoots that are plucked from the plants are worth from $2 to $3 a dozen to those who are starting in the business.

Another industry that can be attributed to the "frost" and is bound to be permanent and profitable, is the cultivation of Cuban tobacco. The scarcity and high prices caused by the revolution have given it a decided stimulus, for the tobacco plantations in Cuba have been very generally destroyed, and if the island should ever be at peace again it will require several years to get back to the magnitude and the quality of its former product.

Before the war of the rebellion, up in Gadsden county, between the Gulf and the Georgia line, where the people still hunt wildcats for sport, a good tobacco was raised. At one place it was considered the finest of the country, and the average value of the crop was $400,000, but after the big plantations were broken up and worked on shares by negroes, who formerly worked them as slaves, tobacco cost too much labor and was abandoned, until H. R. Duval, President of the Florida Central, got seed from the celebrated Vuelto Abajo district of Cuba and distributed it free of charge to all the farmers who were willing to make the experiment. Many failed, as is always the case, but others were successful, and the result was the establishment of a factory at Quincy by a New York firm, to consume the local product, which is now the largest in the State, and this firm annually plants a large acreage on its own account.

After the "freeze" the public took up tobacco generally. Mr. Duval again went to Cuba and not only got seed, which he distributed free, but also brought over a number of experienced planters, who worked up and down the line of his road, superintending the planting and instructing the farmers in the art of cultivation, for tobacco is a good deal like children—its value depends upon the manner in which it is brought up. Thus the industry has become general. Sumatra as well as Cuban seed has been introduced. With proper cultivation it is claimed that crops from 600 to 1,000 pounds to the acre can be raised anywhere in Florida, and there is a steady demand for it from the cigar factories in the State at from 25 to 80 cents a pound, according to the quality. It requires experience and a peculiar knack to raise good tobacco. There are some Cuban refugees down in the end of the State who produce a leaf that is rated as high as the best that comes from Havana, but the ordinary farmer doesn't seem to get the hang of it. There is plenty of Cuban labor to be had this year, and much is expected from the next crop.

COLLEGIATE STRONG MEN.

Lovering Breaks the Harvard Test Record—Putnam Shines at Dartmouth.

From the Boston Journal.

The Harvard strength test record was smashed yesterday afternoon (Feb. 17) by Arthur Lovering, '97, at the Hemenway gymnasium.

The previous record, held by Klein, was 1,529, but Lovering beat this by 131 points, making a total of 1,660.

This easily entitles Lovering to the championship as the strongest college student of America, as measured by Dr. D. A. Sargent's famous methods. Nash and all the other strong men from the various colleges in this part of the world will now have to drop their claims to this championship.

It was reported some time ago that Lovering had broken the record by six and a half points, but this was erroneous, through a mistake in the figures given out by Dr. Sargent. Lovering and his friends were very much disappointed when the error was discovered, because it was generally believed that the young Harvard giant could break the record. And at that time Lovering declared that he would try the test again, and that he was confident that he could make the record at least a hundred points better than Klein's. Accordingly, yesterday afternoon he went to the gymnasium determined to break the record. He has been not a little annoyed by the reports that he takes time to rest between the different events that compose the complicated system. He also had this in mind yesterday when he took the test, and the entire time devoted to the whole test was no more than eight minutes. It was so short a time that Dr. Sargent and his assistant had difficulty in reading and recording the marks as quickly as they were made. In fact, Lovering went from one event to the next without stopping at all for breath.

The various measurements are as follows: Strength of lungs, 37; push up, 40; strength of back, 410; pull up, 17; strength of legs, 665; weight, 67.2, or about 146 pounds; strength of right fore arm, 85; strength of left fore arm, 80; chest and upper arms, 383; total strength, 1,660.

It should be mentioned here that on all machines except the one at the Hemenway gymnasium, on which Lovering took his test, the hole through which the chain passes for the back and legs tests is very large, thus giving the man who takes the test a great advantage in the matter of purchase in lifting. In the Harvard machine, however, this hole is only about an inch and a half in diameter, and this necessitates pulling the chain up exactly perpendicular, thus giving absolutely no freedom of purchase to the one taking the test.

Another noteworthy fact is that Lovering is a light man. Klein weighed about 170 pounds when he took his test, which is more than 20 pounds more than Lovering's weight.

Lovering has not been taking exercise regularly in the gymnasium this winter to prepare for the test. In fact, he has been in the gymnasium to exercise exactly three times during the whole season. This fact, of course, adds to the notoriety of his achievement, for it shows that his great strength lies in the fact that he is never out of training, and is invariably particular about his diet and his physical condition. He takes light exercise daily with Indian clubs, dumb bells, and chest weights in his room.

Unless he should show an extraordinarily strong men, Lovering can use his strength to advantage in other things than breaking strength test records. Klein tried to put the shot and throw the hammer while he was in college, but made an utter failure of it. On the other hand, Lovering has put the shot in practice, and from 36 to 39 feet in competition. He is not heavy enough to throw the hammer to good advantage, because when he exerts his utmost strength in the hammer event he usually throws himself out of the ring.

Lovering will begin a day or two to train regularly with the varsity crew. He has never had any experience in a boat except a little last fall with Capt. Goodrich in a two-oar shell. But if he can master the stroke, his strength will come most opportunely into play, and he will be an invaluable addition to the Harvard crew. He received some attention from Mr. Johnson last fall, and it was then rumored about the college that the famous English coach was well pleased with him as a possible oarsman.

HANOVER, N. H., Feb. 17. In the physical measurements taken of the freshman class of Dartmouth College, J. H. Putnam of Hudsonville, Mass., last year's left tackle on the 'varsity eleven, proved the most powerful man. His back lift was 583 pounds, his leg lift 1,034 pounds, his forearm lift 143 pounds; he pulled up 12 times and pushed up 100. Some of his measurements were: Height, 181.2 centimetres; waist, 92.5 centimetres; biceps, 37.5 centimetres; thigh, 65.5 centimetres; calves, 42.5 centimetres; lung capacity, 330 cubic inches.

HOW HE SAVED THE BOYS.

A Heroic Sacrifice by a Miner in British Columbia.

From the Morning Oregonian.

SPOKANE, Feb. 11.—A rare act of heroism, such as deserves to be recorded in history and song, was performed at Rossland, B. C., to-day, which saved the lives of two miners and proved plain Jim Hemsworth to be one of nature's noblemen.

Jem Smith and Frank Conson were working at the bottom of a narrow shaft of the Young America mine, at a depth of nearly 150 feet, engaged in loading ore into an iron-bound bucket, while Jim Hemsworth's duty consisted in hauling the bucket to the surface by means of a windlass. The heavy bucket, filled with ore, had almost reached the top of the shaft when the iron crank of the windlass snapped in two like a bit of pipe, hurling Hemsworth to the ground.

Springing to his feet half dazed by the blow Hemsworth saw the windlass whirring around at a frightful rate of speed as the loaded bucket shot down the shaft upon the men below. He had not a second to lose. There was but one chance to save them, and he took that chance. Jumping forward, he threw his body upon the jags of the whirring windlass, thrusting his arms and shoulder between the swiftly revolving wheels. The iron jaws crunched and tore the flesh, crushed nerves, bone, and sinews, tore ghastly wounds from finger tip to shoulder, but the windlass stood still. With an awful jerk the bucket stopped just above the heads of the two men for down the shaft.

Pale as death, with the blood flowing in streams and suffering intense agony, Hemsworth never uttered a cry nor even a sound as the jaws of the wheels ground him fast as in a vise. Superintendent Shields, who witnessed the accident from a short distance away, rushed to Hemsworth's aid and blocked the machinery.

As Hemsworth staggered back and was about to fall, Shields caught him in his arms, exclaiming: "My God, Jim, this is awful!"

"Oh, what's the difference?" replied the plucky fellow, "so long as I saved the boys!"

His wounds were dressed and the injured man made as comfortable as could be under the circumstances. The attending physicians are at this time unable to state how serious Hemsworth's injuries are likely to result, but unless he is hurt internally they hope to save his life. His arm, however, in all likelihood, will have to be amputated at the shoulder.

HALF FISH, HALF REPTILE.

It Is Found in the Amazon and Has Other Interesting Peculiarities.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

A *lepidosiren* has been caught at the mouth of the Amazon River. Dr. Emil Goeldi, director of the museum at Para, reports with pride and glory the capture of this rare and interesting creature.

One of the great ambitions of Dr. Goeldi's life since he took charge of the museum has been to become the possessor of a lepidosiren. For several years his ambition remained ungratified, but now he is happy.

The lepidosiren is half fish and half reptile, but this peculiarity is not its only claim to distinction. It has many strange habits. Hitherto naturalists have been divided in opinion as to its classification, some calling it a fish, others a reptile, and others a combination of the two.

It has legs and lungs and can live out of water, but its head is distinctly that of a fish. In the construction of its gills it shows some resemblance to a newt. The lepidosiren is sometimes inelegantly called the mudfish.

It lives in shallow waters which are completely dried up by the sun during a long period of the year. The muddy beds are baked into a hard and stony flooring, and these animals would soon become extinct if they did not possess unusual means of defence against this infliction.

When the hot season has set in and the water has greatly lessened, the lepidosiren wriggles its way into the mud. Its eyes are so constructed that they are not in any danger of injury, and the external nostrils are two shallow blind sacs.

After it has reached a comfortable depth it curls itself around, with its tail wrapped partly over its head, and in that position awaits the arrival of the rainy season. It has a very flexible skin, enabling it to curl up thoroughly.

While it is curled up it secretes a large amount of slimy substance, which makes the walls of its cell very smooth and aids in binding the mud together. It lies in a torpid condition, and is able to live without air.

When the rain falls the moisture penetrates rapidly through the fissures of the earth, cracked in all directions by the constant heat, reaches the cell of the lepidosiren, dissolves its wall and restores the inhabitant to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in the water.

The cell of the lepidosiren is technically called a cocoon. Until thoroughly soaked in water its wall is very hard. The mucous substance lining it forms a sort of skin.

The lepidosiren attains a considerable size and has very powerful jaws and teeth. The one in the possession of Dr. Goeldi measures over two feet in length.

MAINE'S GROTESQUE CLUB.

CALLED THE THOUSAND AND ONE, AND LADEN WITH SECRETS.

It Meets on Presque Isle, Where Scotch Whiskey Has Ever Flowed Without the Check of Prohibition Law—Its Power in the Courts and Its Vagaries at Initiations.

AUGUSTA, Me., Feb. 19.—About thirty active members of Presque Isle's famous One Thousand and One Club held a reunion in the Commissioner of Labor's office on Saturday night, to call up memories of old times and make plans for the initiation of new candidates. Among those present were five Senators and eight Representatives in the present Legislature, three Judges, two Councillors, the State Treasurer, State Land Agent, and an ex-Governor of Maine, not one of whom has ever been known to say a word in public about the club. The One Thousand and One Club is an ancient and exclusive order. When a new member is initiated he learns several secrets which he does not care to tell, and lives in a state of general trepidation until the next candidate comes along and is installed. In this way the burden of secrecy is made to rest heavily upon the newest member. His face wears a look of yearning uncertainty at all times, and he distributes cigars and liquid favors to entire strangers with an abandon that is not in keeping with his general character.

The club was begotten of a need of recreation which was felt by the officers of the Aroostook war, who went up to defend the northeastern boundary of Maine in the autumn and winter of 1838-39. It was pure horse play at first, but as fresh recruits came in and fresh victims paid the penalty of their curiosity a countersign was adopted, and the club became full-fledged. It was called the One Thousand and One Club on account of the secret sign which the members adopted. This sign was made by placing the palm of the right hand over the mouth, so that the index and middle finger were astride the nose. By these means the numerals 1001 were expressed, the index finger representing one thousand, the second finger standing for one, and the two nostrils forming the intervening ciphers. Strangers who tried to imitate the sign always made a mistake and put the fingers astride their mouth and were mockingly called members of the One Hundred and One Club. After the Webster-Ashburton treaty was signed and the troops went home, the club languished for a score of years. In fact, if Neal Dow's prohibition law had never been enacted it would have died a natural death. From 1855 to 1875 Maine was an arid waste, absolutely destitute of alcoholic nourishment in any form. Presque Isle is on the border, and as Scotch whisky flows perennially in all New Brunswick towns, the overthirsty made long pilgrimages to the village for the purpose of quenching their thirst. As Scotch whiskey provokes mirth, and as the One Thousand and One Club was the soul of jollity and good fellowship, a new lease of life was given to this institution, the secret of its membership increased until some of the best men in Maine were on the rolls.

The stories that were told at Saturday night's reunion were strange and full of interest. Judge Smith of Presque Isle, who went there twenty years ago a young lawyer, spoke feelingly of his own initiation. The club stripped him, greased him all over in black oil, and swung him in a blanket until he was dizzy. Then the high priest asked:

"Do you believe in the elevation of man?"

"I believe in the elevation of man," murmured the future Judge. No sooner had he said this than the blanket made a violent swing, lifting him over a broad partition and dumping him in a big tank of ice cold water. About ten years ago Mr. Cyrus Hill, a real estate dealer of Augusta, went to Presque Isle on business, and was induced to join the club. As he was a powerful young man, the initiatory services were unusually severe, so that Mr. Hill was sick for a week. When he had recovered and gone home he grew mad about it, and brought suit against five members of the club for assault and battery. In selecting a lawyer to prosecute the suit he picked out unwittingly one of the men who had helped to swing him in the blanket. Seven of the twelve jurors who heard the case were club members, and the presiding Judge had been high priest for two years. Mr. Hill failed to get a verdict, but the club men used him so well that he forgave his enemies and got full consolation by attending and assisting in the initiation of two new candidates. Mr. Hill said that it he had his life to live over he would join the One Thousand and One Club as soon as possible.

Sena Jordan, of Aroostook county, who is a member of forty years' standing, told of a young lawyer, John Cornish, who came up to Presque Isle in 1876 to plead before the courts. He was an unusually able man, and felt very smart among a lot of backwoods lawyers. A vigorous initiation followed which took all the smartness out of him, but grieved him so that he sued about twenty of the leading citizens of Aroostook county. Like all suits of a similar nature, Mr. Cornish's suit was dismissed without argument. The Supreme Court was asked to investigate the matter, but refused, for the reason that Mr. Cornish had taken up his law books and quit Maine, saying he would never return to a State that had used him so shabbily. He is now a municipal Judge in a New Hampshire town, and though he forgave the club years ago, he still speaks of Maine laws and Maine justice with disrespect.

WORN HORSES TO LET.

Many Hired Daily—Men Who Hire Them, and Why They Do It—The Cost.

A man who had seen, at one time and another, here and there, in town, a sign like this, "Good Work Horses to Let," and had a vague idea that the few work horses that were let must be hired by men who were not able to buy a horse, found, upon inquiry, that his ideas on this subject were very inadequate. It is, of course, possible that a work horse might be hired by a man not able to buy one, but it would quite as likely be hired by a man or a firm that could afford to buy a thousand horses if it were desirable to do so. As a matter of fact, work horses are hired by a great variety of men.

There are stable owners who make a business of letting work horses, and work horses are sometimes let by other large business concerns employing many horses, which might not all be fully employed the year round; so might be the case for example with the horses of an ice company, or a street sprinkling concern or other enterprise using many horses whose business runs more or less in seasons. It does not by any means follow that because a man hires a work horse he must take a poor one; he certainly wouldn't take a poor one if he could get a good one, and he usually can get a good horse. Many of the work horses that are let are of the very best grade, fine draught horses that are well cared for and are in perfect condition. Work