USED A BEAR AS AN ELEVATOR

THIS AFTER HE HAD KILLED TWENTY-SIX WOLVES.

How Uncle Soc Tinklepaugh Had a Lively Day in the Woods and Later One of His Descendants Had His Feelings Hurt by Uncle David Beckindarter.

CHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 19.—"Uncle David Beckendarter has went an' hurt Cousin Marcellus Merriweather's feelin's ag'in," said the man whose allegations of Pohuck domicile would if made under oath, it is believed by many, make him liable to prosecution for perjury. "An' Uncle David coaxed Cousin Marcellus on too.

"'David Beckindarter,' says Aunt Sally, 'you know 't Cousin Marcellus can't never fergit his Uncle Soc an' the things he done,' says she, 'no more than I kin fergit the day I come to be a Beckindarter,' says she, 'only his feelin's in not fergittin' his Uncle Soc is gladsome an' free, so to speak,' says she, 'while my feelin's in not fergittin' the day I come to be a Beckindarter is quite the contrairy—quite!' says she. 'So if you don't keer to have Cousin Marcellus bring up his Uncle Soc what makes you egg him on?' she says. 'David Beckindarter,' says she, 'I'm blushin' fer you!'

"Aunt Sally was blushin', all right, but sarcumstances was setch that there ain't no doubt but what Uncle David had it on the p'nt of his tongue to say to her that hard cider took now an' then outen a pitcher was liable to make folks blush, so he had heerd. Uncle David is fond o' peace in the family an' he took it out in thinkin' instead o' mentionin' of it to Aunt Sally. But he says:

"'Egg him on?' says he. 'How did I egg him on?'

"'Didn't you up an' say, jest as Cousin Marcellus come in,' says Aunt Sally, 'that here comes Cousin Marcellus jest at supper time, an' that you bet he was hungrier yit than a pack o' wolves?'

"'Why, yes,' says Uncle David. 'Natur'ly I said somethin' like that,' says he.

"'Well,' says Aunt Sally, 'didn't that put Cousin Marcellus in mind of his Uncle Soc Tinklepaugh,' says she, 'and how he done somethin' to a pack o' wolves wunst?' says she.

"'Natur'ly,' says Uncle David. 'Of course,' says he.

"'Then,' says Aunt Sally, 'wa'n't that eggin' of him on?' says she.

"And Uncle David picked up the swill pail an' went out to feed the pigs without another word.

"Well, that's about the way it begun with Cousin Marcellus and Uncle David. Aunt Sally was gittin' supper when Cousin Marcellus come in, an' Uncle David looked up from his greasin' of his cowhide boots with the taller candle stub an' says:

"'Thumps! Cousin Marcellus, by hokey! An' hungrier than a pack o' wolves, I'll bet a skip o' bees!' says he.

"Cousin Marcellus sot down an' puttin' his hand to his forehead a minute as if somethin' was hurtin' him there he started right in rememberin' his Uncle Soc Tinklepaugh, the idee o' the pack o' wolves havin' brung up that astoundin' relation o' his'n an' Aunt Sally's with more than usual stren'th.

"'Uncle Soc was out in the woods one day,' says Cousin Marcellus so sudden that Uncle David dropped his stub o' tiller dip an' laid back in his splint bottom cheer an' kind o' gasped as he gazed at him, 'an' the fust thing he knowed there was a pack o' wolves chasin' him.

"'Now Uncle Soc was used to bein' in tight places an' gittin' out of 'em,' says Cousin Marcellus, 'but he wa'n't quite equal to settin' down an' waitin' fer twenty-eight hungry and ravagin' wolves to come up an be killed with an axe, that bein' the only weepon Uncle Soc had with him. So he just trotted along, keepin' fur enough ahead o' the snappin' an' snarlin' pack to keep 'em hot, hopin' he mout run 'em along to his clearin' an' into his barn, where he could have 'em foul an' could pick 'em off an' skin their pelts offen 'em jest whenever he wanted to.

"'An' he'd 'a' done it too if somethin' unexpected hadn't happened. He hadn't gone more than half a mile when he came face to face with a tremendous big panther. It was boundin' along twenty foot at a leap, an' Uncle Soc knowed to wunst that it was hurryin' up to git him fer its dinner 'fore the pack o' wolves could git him for their'n.

"'Swizzle take it!' says Uncle Soc, all put out at this turn in sarcumstances. 'Swizzle take it!' says he. 'This here, I'm afeard, is goin' to knock my plans all into a cocked hat!' says he. 'By the time I kill this panther,' says he, 'the wolves 'll be so nigh that they'll nish me in runnin' 'em into the barn, sure as cats. Plague take that panther!' says he.

"'Uncle Soc was so put out with that interferin' panther that he didn't calc'late to show it any mercy at all, an' he didn't. He pitched in with his axe, but the panther was so big an' tough that before he had it killed the wolves was almost on Uncle Soc's heels.'

"'Massyful Peter!' says Aunt Sally. 'This jest does get my narves most all pervadin', Cousin Marcellus!' says she. 'David Beckindarter,' says she, 'why is your nature so outlandish as to call up wolves to Cousin Marcellus till his heart overflows with 'em?' says she.

"Uncle David didn't say why, but stuck to his boot greasin'.

"'Almost on to his heels,' says Cousin Marcellus, pickin' up his Uncle Soc an' the wolves ag'in. 'Somethin' had to be done.

"'That minute he seen a tall tree that had been blowed down. Leastways, it would 'a' been blowed down if the top of it hadn't lodged on the bottom limb of a tremendous hemlock, an' that limb was seventy-five foot from the ground with not a limb below it. The tree was leanin' at an angle o' more'n forty-five degrees.

"'Well, it didn't take my Uncle Soc more'n the tenth part of a second to know what he was goin' to do. He made fer that leanin' tree an' went up it clear to the hemlock limb so quick that them wolves jest stopped still in their tracks, their eyes bulgin' out onto their cheeks, Uncle Soc said, 'most like seed onions, an' not a single wolf sayin' a word, they was so flabbergasted.

"'But runnin' up the len'th o' that slantin' tree an' gettin' out o' reach o' the wolves was only the beginnin' of Uncle Soc's idee—only a little part of it. So arter he had his laugh an' fun with the disapp'inted pack down there at the foot o' the tree he started in to carry out the main part o' the idee.

"'He chopped at the fallen tree where it got lodged ag'in the hemlock limb until he had it chopped so it held by a piece that one good whack of his axe would cut away. Then he p'tended that he was goin' to climb out o' that hemlock tree by slidin' down its trunk. Jest as he had calc'lated, the wolves crowded round the foot o' the hemlock, every jaw wide open to grab holt of Uncle Soc the minute he got in reach.

"'That was the very thing Uncle Soc was countin' on. He gave the piece o' wood that held the slantin' tree to the hemlock limb a whack with his axe and down it went. An' what did it do, Aunt Sally,' says Cousin Marcellus, 'but ketch twenty-six o' them wolves as it went crashin' down and squash the ever-lastin' daylights outen 'em—killin' 'em deader'n it was itself!'

"'Massyful Peter!' says Aunt Sally. 'An' the two it didn't kill,' says she; 'did it skeer them two to death?'

"'No,' says Cousin Marcellus, an' seems to me Aunt Sally looked disapp'inted in Uncle Soc. 'Them two got away, an' they run off so fast that it made Uncle Soc up there in the air laugh so that he come nigh losin' his holt an' fallin.'

"'He didn't fall, though, but as he got over his glee at seein' them wolves tear 'way with their tails betwixt their legs he diskivered that he would have to do consid'ble more plannin' 'fore he got home to his clearin'. Fact is, Aunt Sally, it turned him solemn as an owl.

"'"Well swizzle take my gizzard!" says he to hisself. "Who'd 'a' thought that a feller citizen so all pervadin' up to snuff as me," says he, "could be sech a comperhensive an' uncompromisin' fool?"

"'Aunt Sally, he had gone an' chopped 'way that slantin' tree an' killed twenty-six wolves, but he had left his ownself stranded on a limb seventy-five feet up above the ground, with nothin' betwixt him and the ground but air an' the trunk of a hemlock tree four foot through, which no livin' man, not even him, could shin down, nohow he could fix it!'

"'Cousin Marcellus Merriweather,' says Aunt Sally, 'I want to know,' says she, 'but Uncle David, havin' got through with his boot greasin', only just looked out o' the winder, sort o' fur away like, an' said nothin'.

"'Yes,' says Cousin Marcellus, 'there my Uncle Soc Tinklepaugh sot, 'way up on that limb, wonderin' how a man as smart as he was could be setch a tremendous idjit. He jest sot there an' sot there, tryin' to think up what he was goin' to do about it, when he seen a big bear comin' slouchin' along through the woods an' headed straight for the hemlock.

"'The minute Uncle Soc seen the bear he knowed that the gittin' down outen the tree was goin' to be as easy as rollin' off a log. Uncle Soc figgered it out to a dinktum that when the bear came along an' set his eyes on them wolves layin' there dead he'd calc'late to wunst that somebody was layin' back in the brush some'rs an' poppin' things over an' he'd act accordin'ly.

"'Sure enough, when the bear got there an' his eyes fell on them dead wolves he shivered all over, he was so skeert. He glanced all around an' behind him to see where the poppin' over mowt be likely to be comin' from an' then made a dash fer the hemlock and begun to climb it to git away from the lurkin' danger.

"'"Things is workin' prime," says Uncle Soc as he seen the bear climbin' up, an' he moved out o' sight to t'other side the tree tunk.

"'When the bear was nigh as five foot from the limb Uncle Soc got back on to the limb an' lit hisself down with both feet on top o' the bear's head, which was 'most as big as a prize punkin.

"'When the bear felt Uncle Soc standin' on his head, not havin' seen him, he thought that instead o' gittin' away from the danger he must be runnin' right ag'in it, an' so he stopped an' begun to back down the tree trunk. Of course as he went down he took Uncle Soc down with him an' landed him safe on the ground. But the bear didn't stop to see who or what it was that he had brought down outen the tree, but picked hisself up an' went tearin' away through the woods faster yit than the two wolves did that got away.

"'An' jest to think, Aunt Sally,' says Cousin Marcellus, 'of a man like my Uncle Soc Tinklepaugh slippin' off of a log, arter all, an' not long arter that, an' fallin' in the creek an' droundin' 'fore he could git out ag'n!' says he.

"Aunt Sally had her hands riz above her head to say somethin' tetchin', but 'fore she could say it Uncle David brung his fur away look in from the winder an' says:

"'It's saddenin',' says he. 'I'd 'a' thunk, though, him bein' a Tinklepaugh, mixed some with Merriweather, that he'd been shyer o' water than that!'

"'David Beckindarter,' says Aunt Sally. 'Now you've went an' hurt his feelin's! I blush for you!' says she.

"An' lettin' pass that idee o' his'n about hard cider an' blushin', Uncle David took the swill pail and went out to feed the pigs. Hurt as his feelin's was, though, which Uncle David hadn't orto went and done, Cousin Marcellus stayed to supper, an' it seemed to set first rate on him."

HOLIDAY TIME IN MUNICH.

Streets Lined With "Christbaume"—Plays Staged for Children.

Munich at Christmas time is full of interest and charm to the foreigner. The churches all exhibit krippen, as the Germans call the quaint wax groups representing the Nativity.

In the National Museum at Washington there is a wonderful collection of these groups, brought from Italy and Spain, where famous artists still consider it an act of piety to construct them. In comparison with these the Munich krippen are crude, but they are picturesque and interesting.

The figures vary in size from three inches to three feet in height and are placed on small stages behind glass. The stable, by the way, is invariably an ivy clad ruin swarming with silk robed personages.

At Christmas time one stands spellbound before the windows of the baker shops and the conditorei. Truly such wonderful edibles were never before constructed, says the *Travel Magazine*. It seems a very profanation of art to dream of eating them. Marvellous chocolates moulded into the shapes of every known bird, beast or fowl are to be had for less than the proverbial song.

The lebkuchen especially are veritable creations. One of the latter represents the Christ child with his tree, another a fat old St. Nicholas, a third an officer in full uniform making love to a pretty maid, while a fourth portrays an entire Christmas scene (as in a holiday number of *Punch*) with joke and all outlined in the finest pink and white icing on a huge brown cake.

Outside the churches and shops Christmas is equally in the air. Five mornings before the great day one awakens to find the broad avenue below one's window a mass of waving treetops. Serried ranks of pine trees fastened on squares of wood and standing up straight and proud line the sidewalks as far as the eye can reach. Like the proverbial fairy forest it has sprung up in a single night.

The sale of the Christbäume, as the Germans call them, is presided over by ruddy faced peasant women, who in spite of the biting cold look as if they enjoyed their employment. Perhaps no better example could be cited of what heavy manual labor German women are capable of performing.

Women assist in the felling of these trees in their far off mountain homes; women cart them to town, where after nailing them to blocks, piling them together at night and rearranging them in an upright position each daybreak (no pleasant task on a bitter December morning) women will finally deliver each at the house of its purchaser.

Labor and time are reckoned cheap by the poor in Bavaria, for—after a considerable expense of both on the part of these indefatigable creatures—one may purchase a seven foot specimen of their wares for about twelve cents.

But the supreme pleasure of Christmastide for Munich children is found at the theatre. The holiday performances consist of some familiar nursery tale charmingly dramatized in the simple rhymed verse to which the German tongue so peculiarly lends itself.

The piece is then staged as magnificently as if "Faust" or "Midsummer Night's Dream" were to be given and is presented by the best actors and actresses of the company. Day after day the theatre is crowded with happy children and older folk.

Indians' Choice of Guns.

From Fur News.

While some Indians prefer repeating rifles others in actual hunting choose the muzzle loader, as they do not take long range shots, preferring to get close to the game and be sure.

WITH THE COLLEGE ATHLETES

DOINGS IN THE FIELD OF SPORT IN EAST AND WEST.

Changed Scheme for Rowing Poughkeepsie Races Will Be Satisfactory to All, Especially the Onlookers—How Michigan Is Being Welcomed Back.

Not since the rowing races began over the Poughkeepsie-Highland course in 1895 has there been need of making the college crews compete the "wrong way" of the four mile strip, that is to say, from south to north. However, the stewards have decided that the tides for June 26, 1909, will best be served by racing on the flood instead of on the ebb. Not only that, but it appears likely that for two more seasons rowing up stream will be necessary. The stewards aim to have the races on a certain day each year and the matter of the tides is taken just as it happens to come.

There should be little question of getting the crews used to rowing this way. Not one of the coaches but has time and again sent his oarsmen over the full course up stream. As a matter of fact every extra fast time performance has been done on the flood tide. There is a mark of 18 minutes 24 seconds for the four miles negotiated by a Cornell crew three seasons ago, if memory holds. If the followers of rowing are looking forward to seeing a record or so broken the coming regatta ought to produce something like that. Time performances amount almost to nothing in rowing races, but to some folks it means much if a crew breaks a record.

At first when it was learned that a flood tide would be running the stewards had an idea they would send the crews from a point about a mile below Milton straight up the river, finishing off Poughkeepsie. To make the course perfectly straight that would have meant starting close to the west shore and ending over toward the east shore. The view of the last mile of the race would have been spoiled because in the dusk crews so far out from shore would hardly be visible, and as one rowing man puts it: "We want to see the last ten feet these days, let alone the last mile."

Rowing the race from below the bridge to Krum Elbow will be a marked improvement as far as the observation trains are concerned. There will be a clear view of more than two miles of the race after the group of houses above the ferry landing is passed. From the Pennsylvania boathouse, which is at the two and a half mile mark, counting from Krum Elbow, there will be a very clear view of what is going on. Furthermore the train will be closer to the boats at the very finish than ever before, because the marks at Krum Elbow are very close in. This is an advantage that should outweigh any objections.

BRIDGE TROUBLE ELIMINATED.

It has been suggested by some coaches, perhaps as a sort of excuse, that the bridge has been the cause of more than one crew losing out in a tight race. That is to say, meeting the swirl at the buttresses with a tired crew at the three mile mark has had an unfortunate effect on the oarsmen. Whether this is so there probably will be all sorts of argument, but the opinion entertained by most persons is that only one crew in a race is at all likely to be affected by any such condition, or rather only one crew might have been some seasons ago, when the targets for the courses were not up just right. Since the changes have been made the courses are fair for all as far as going under the bridge is concerned. Assuming that there is any justice in the plea that the bridge still has something to do with a tired crew at three miles, all that will be removed by the conditions this time. The crews will tackle the bridge at the end of the first mile and from then on there will be three clear miles of nothing but rowing.

The demand will be for coxswains who can adapt themselves to the slightly changed conditions, because it will not be quite as easy to steer a boat up from the bridge as it was steering down from Krum Elbow with the bridge always ahead for three miles. The coxswains will have to fix marks on the east shore of the river. The bank takes a bend around at Krum Elbow, so there will be land to hold the eye instead of an expanse of water, which would make an impossible background. The steersmen will have to be a bit more clever than ordinarily is required in holding on to a course, but after all it will be a matter of holding straight for two miles. The last mile is well marked by the lane of sightseeing boats.

At New London changing from one direction to the other is no new thing for the oarsmen. Sometimes it is convenient to row the race one way of the course, from the bridge up, sometimes from above the navy yard to the bridge. At New London there is a fixed day for the race, always the last Thursday in June, so that conditions are not the same as on the Hudson.

NEW ROWING COLLEGES.

There has been a very complete body of reports recently about the colleges that are going to take up rowing soon. Of Minnesota much has been written in the last two or three seasons, and there are serious assurances that the Gophers are likely to start rowing within a year or so. Now Michigan and Marquette have been added to the list. The Wolverines are to have plans drawn up and all will be made lovely when it comes. If it is true, as reported, that some member of the faculty has been commissioned to investigate the cost of establishing rowing, that gives something like probability to the story.

As for Marquette, who can say what is going to be done? The Marquette football team worked last fall with the definite purpose of putting Milwaukee on the map as a town interested in college sports. The excellent football game between Wisconsin and Marquette helped to show that the Milwaukee men might be considered as dividing honors with the Madison players. But whether this report of a crew is a matter of helping along the fame of Milwaukee as a college athletic centre or whether it is meant in good faith it is hard to say. It has too much of the familiar ring of "will form a crew and will take part in the intercollegiate regatta on the Hudson," which all the suppositious rowing colleges announce.

It is a pretty safe bet that none of these colleges will concern the stewards for this year at least and probably not for some years to come. But there are two things that may be called to the attention of the stewards very soon. About the chances of having the Navy crew on the Hudson again there is not much to be said. It is believed that most of the midshipmen would be glad to have a chance at the college crews again, but there does not appear to be any real likelihood that the midshipmen will get that chance. The academy authorities are opposed to taking up time that might better be spent on the work of the institution and anyway the Navy probably gets more satisfaction out of rowing two mile races on the Severn. Inasmuch as the Navy is reported as seeking races with Cornell and Syracuse again, among other colleges, it looks as if the Naval Academy folks had abandoned the idea of going to the Hudson. They wouldn't be after races with the Hudson regatta crowd probably if they were going to get a chance at them for four miles later on.

PACIFIC CREW SURE.

As for the much discussed Pacific coast crew in the intercollegiate race the facts are these: The Pacific coast colleges, Stanford, California and Washington, have been instructed to form an association to row the annual race under the rules of the Intercollegiate Regatta Association, that is to say, as regards student eligibility and so on. The winner of the race between these three colleges will be entitled to row in the Hudson regatta if invited and it is certain that an invitation will be sent by the stewards. The makeup of the three crews will have to be forwarded to the stewards, because at the time when entries are due the stewards hardly will know which is the winner of the title. It will be an invitation solely to the leading crew, but the stewards will want to know about all three.

Capt. Witter of the University of California crew was East last June and he saw something of rowing here at the big regattas. Coach Conibear of the University of Washington also spent much time in the various quarters. An idea got around that Conibear was not entirely discreet in what or how much he had to say about Eastern rowing, but most folks thought he was very keenly interested in the sport and that he would lose no opportunities of bringing East a Washington crew should that university win the coast championship again, as it has for the last two seasons. Stanford was without the services of Dan Murphy, its coach, for a time, but it now appears that he will be back at Stanford in time to take charge of the early work, so that Stanford should not suffer much. Murphy is reported as saying that some of the Eastern colleges made him offers to take work hereabout. There are very few colleges that are not well equipped in the line of rowing coaches.

At any event it is certain that Columbia, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Syracuse and Wisconsin will be represented in the regatta. Georgetown and the Navy are very slim chances. At this time there is little doubt that a Coast crew will come East, especially if it is Washington, because the business men of Seattle will respond generously to any appeal for funds for the crew. There should be a lot of money in Seattle this coming year too because of the Alaska-Yukon exposition. That should release a great deal of ready cash in the city. The Seattle business men gave up very readily last June when they thought Washington was entitled to enter the regatta without further preliminary. A private car for the transcontinental trip was hired before the Washington folks found out there were some other preliminaries to be adjusted.

NO WELCOME FOR MICHIGAN.

The supposed desire of Michigan to return to the fold of the conference for athletic competitions has aroused some comment on the part of the stalwarts of the Western Intercollegiate Association. Although Chicago, the most important rival of Michigan, apparently is willing enough to have the Wolverines back again, Wisconsin does not regard the change of heart with friendly feelings. The *Daily Cardinal* of Wisconsin says: "Michigan's desire to become a member again of the big eight in athletics is amusing. When the recent reform movement in athletics began Michigan, arrogant with successive victories, opposed reform, scoffed at the possibility of purer intercollegiate athletics and when the time came to decide left the league. She set out in her belligerence and might to conquer the East, and she has met with humiliation and defeat. Now she puts on the clothes of penitence and asks to be received among those she left because they sought to be pure in heart.

"Her penitence is commendable, but does it alone qualify her for admission? Are her athletics clean; will she keep them clean? Will her policy be of sane reform? Will she be a sincere advocate by word and deed of wholesome intercollegiate athletics? Will her admission prove advantageous to the other members of the big league? We want from her a favorable preponderance of proof upon these questions; then possibly we might favor her admission. Until then we are content to let her wage war upon the East and to grow in her penitence. There will be no invitation to join extended to her. She must come as a penitent should and with a desire to do in athletics what the Big Eight believes to be right."

That is obviously a very unconciliating attitude and one bound to make the high spirited Michigan folks feel very unwilling to risk a snub in applying for restoration to the Big Nine, as it would be with Michigan in. The Wolverines had to give a pledge when they came into the I. C. A. A. A. that they would stick to it and under those conditions they are bound to remain in that association. Every time there is any discussion of the chances of Michigan rejoining the conference it has to be remembered that any such alliance could not well concern other sports than football and baseball, with basketball possibly, because the Wolverines are pledged to come East for their track sports. To be sure, if dates were right, the track and cross-country teams could take part in both championships. That would be asking a great deal of the men, but there is no reason why athletes well trained should not take part in two sets of championships separated by a week. That is really very little after all. It is the matter of long railroad trips that has to be counted. These journeys do a great deal of harm.

SYRACUSE COMING UP.

The showing of the Syracuse cross-country team in the intercollegiate run was very satisfactory indeed to the Salt City folks. They feel that they are coming up in the world, because last year, on the occasion of their first appearance in the run, they were fourth. Being second this time leads to visions of eventual championships. Syracuse has been a strong rival of Cornell on the water and in recent years has been the only institution to win the varsity eight oared race from the Ithacans. Perhaps it will be something of the same sort in cross-country running. At any event with strong teams in football, baseball and cross-country running and a first class crew Syracuse has reached the front rank in college sports. The faculty declared a university holiday to celebrate the cross-country performance and the football victory over Michigan.

Cornell isn't likely to be overthrown in cross-country running very easily, however. The Ithacans have a splendid system and an excellent coach. Year after year new men turn up who win the points for the cross-country team. Coach Moakley never has to worry much about veteran material apparently, because he is able to dig up some new men who are good enough. In the recent cross-country intercollege race at Cornell there were 194 names on the list of starters. This did not include a single member of the varsity squad. Most of the men who ran in that race could hardly earn a place on a varsity team, but the interest is there and that is what helps to develop the teams of the future.

At an Illinois football celebration recently some blank versifier produced the following:

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
But in black ink she soaked the lamb,
Which made her a lamb dyer.
In which she differed from those
Who rank Wisconsin above
Illinois in football this year.

Princeton is feeling the need for some better organized system of sports for the men of the university, and a suggestion to that end appeared in a recent number of the *Daily Princetonian*. "When one can see of an afternoon large numbers of men either kicking a football aimlessly about the campus or throwing a baseball back and forth or playing tennis and knows of the larger number who are taking little or no form of exercise he cannot help but think how much better results could be secured if these men were taking part in well organized series of baseball games, tennis matches or the like. Many men who take no part now in the hit or miss methods of exercise open to the ordinary undergraduates would undoubtedly enter largely into such an organized system of competitive series in the different sports of the various seasons. Traces of such an organization of sports are seen now in the interclass competitions in baseball in the fall, the Caledonian track meet, the interclass indoor relay races on Washington's Birthday and the interclass regattas on Carnegie Lake."

The plan suggested is: "That a body be formed of representatives from the upper class clubs, which should become the permanent executive body. It would have control of all series started in any of the four classes. In the case of baseball this spring, for instance, it was suggested that under the direction of this committee freshmen and sophomore series would be planned and carried through, while the upper class club baseball series, which was more of a success last spring than ever before, would also be continued. This plan could be made in this way to include interclub tennis team matches, soccer series and basketball series.

"There is, we believe, no doubt as to the need of such an organized system of sports for these men who have not the ability to try for a varsity team. It would afford them a much more interesting opportunity for exercise, and what is more, though far from the chief benefit to be derived, it would also afford a well graded system of training for so large a number of men that the varsity teams would be sure to feel the energizing effect."

FEWER BUMPING CREWS.

A review of dormitory rowing at Harvard sets forth that interest in that form of athletics for fun is dropping off. In 1905, when the dormitory rowing began, there was keen interest. In the second year twenty crews took part. There were only twelve crews in the recent bumping races. Several dormitories, either through apathy or poor material, went unrepresented, although they had had crews before. In spite of that the *Harvard Crimson* says: "It must be remembered that this year, which was the poorest so far in point of numbers, over one hundred men competed in the bumping races. A scrub sport of any sort that employs one hundred men can hardly be called unsuccessful. One thing is certain—there have never been so many men rowing under any other system in the university as there have been under the dormitory system this year. Until a very much better plan can be evolved enthusiastic and careful supervision of the dormitory system is likely to give a large number of men a chance to row for the fun there is in it. After all the plan was started for that purpose."

Puzzling Canadian Time.

From the Kansas City Star.

A traveller at the Union depot this morning was looking up some Canadian connections.

"You connect with a train leaving at 13:20 o'clock and arriving at your destination at 22:10," O. E. Barbre, the information dispenser, said.

"What in thunder are you talking about?" the traveller demanded.

Then Barbre had to explain that several of the Canadian railroads use the twenty-four hour system of time, using clocks with figures beginning at midnight and counting the hours straight through to midnight again. The train the traveller desired to take left his connecting station at 1:20 o'clock in the afternoon and arrived at the destination at 10:10 o'clock that night.

WINTER RESORTS.

NEW YORK.

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