SCALP HUMOURS

Itching, Scaly and Crusted With Loss of Hair

Speedily Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment

When Every Other Remedy and Physicians Fail.

Warm shampoos with Cuticura Soap and light dressings of Cuticura, the great skin cure, at once stop falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, soothe irritated, itching surfaces, destroy hair parasites, stimulate the hair follicles, loosen the scalp skin, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, and make the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all else fails.

Millions of the world's best people use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings and chafings, in the form of baths for annoying irritations and inflammations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery. Cuticura Soap combines in one soap at one price the best skin and complexion soap, and the best toilet, bath and baby soap, in the world.

Complete treatment for every humour, consisting of Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment, to heal the skin, and Cuticura Pills, to cool the blood, may now be had for one dollar. A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning and scaly humours, eczemas, rashes and irritations, from infancy to age, when all else fails.

GOLDEN RULES FORFEIT GAMES.

Mannheimers Win Straight Set From Court House Team.

In the Class A of the Commercial Bowling league rolled last night Mannheimer Bros. took three gabes in a row from the Court House team on the Pfister alleys. The Golden Rules scheduled to roll with the Great Northerns on the Court alleys forfeited their games. The scores:

Mannheimers—			
Grayum	166	177	141
Zachow	156	163	152
McDonald	158	198	165
Peterson	168	151	169
Mample	168	253	180
Totals	816	942	807
Court House—			
Gosewisch	159	183	218
Jansen	161	143	149
Hillman	160	195	167
Leppen	155	119	113
Keller	135	169	134
Totals	770	809	781

Sterling McKinney.

RICHMOND, Ind., March 30.—Sterling McKinney, by McKinney, 2:11¼, was today sold by Charles A. Durfee, of San Jose, Cal., to Sterling R. Holt, of Indianapolis, for $5,000.

SNOWBOUND.

The oldest settlers sat in a ring 'round
the stove in the wet goods store
And anointed with juice of the navy plug
the planks of the unswept floor
As they talked of the terible March snow
that had fallen a day and a night
Till all of the mountains around were
banked in a mass of the purest
white.
"It isn't a marker," said old Jake Bates,
"to the April of fifty-eight
When the snow come siftin' fur three
whole weeks at a truly infernal
rate
Till it covered every house in the camp,
jes' buried 'em out o' sight
An' it wa'n't till along to the last o' May
that we saw the ol' sun's clear
light."

"I kin sw'ar to that," said ol' One-Eyed
Bill; "I war' out a prospectin'
then.
An' when the ol' beautiful blocked the
trail I crawled in a gray wolf's
den.
An' I reckon a hundred feet o' snow piled
upon that livin' tomb.
An' it sot me workin' the pra'r game, fur
I thought I had struck my doom.
Tuk jes' three weeks fur to tunnel out, an'
nuthin' on airth to eat
But snowballs served on the allymode, an',
pardners they tasted sweet.
Fur when a feller's digestin' works hain't
nuthin' no better, why
He thinks snowballs is a dainty dish an'
tackles 'em mighty spry."

"I war out in the Sierras onct in the
winter o' sixty-five,"
Said Angel Jim, "an a fall o' snow jes'
buried me thar alive.
An' I lay thar' like I war' coffined up, not
able to move a hand,
Fur sixteen days, an' I hones' thought I
war booked fur the Promised Land!
But a snowslide cum an' I tuk a scoot an'
I landed on somethin' hard,
An' in less than a wag of a bobcat's
tail I war' shakin' hands with my
pard;
The slide had landed me squar' on top o'
the chimbly, an' down I shot
Right into my cabin three miles below
the place whar' I done got caught!"

They turned for a story to Uncle Jack,
the nestor of pioneers.
But he silently chewed at his navy plug,
while his eyes were affood with
tears,
And his tanned old face was a map of
pain, wore a humbled and conquered
look,
And his iron-gray locks grew a deeper
gray as his grizzled old head he
shook.
The startled crowd at the old man stared
as he sat in his cloak of shame
For he'd never failed in a score of years
to win in a story game.
And he only said in a humble voice as
they gazed in his face in wonder:
"I ain't got nuthin' at all to say. You liars
has snowed me under!"

— Denver Times.

Gallant Mr. Choate.

It is related that at an informal dinner at which several friends of Ambassador Choate were present, one asked him: "If you were dead and could come back to this world in another body, who would you prefer to come as?" Without a moment's hesitation the gallant ambassador retorted: "As Mrs. Choate's second husband."

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1,000 Choice Varieties Grown from Seed.

Make Your Selection Early.

CATALOG FREE. Tells You How to Plant.

L. L. MAY & CO. 64 E. 6TH. ST.

The News of the Sport World.

GRANEY VISITS THE FIGHTERS

Selected Referee Wants All Points of Agreement Understood.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 30.—Eddy Graney, who will referee the fight between Young Corbett and Terry McGovern tomorrow, visited both training quarters today. He wished to get an exact interpretation from the two pugilists of the agreement which Corbett and McGovern's managers signed last night.

As the agreement reads, in case a foul shall be claimed by either side, the decision of the referee must be withheld until after a reputable physician has made an examination and reported what injury, if any, has been inflicted.

Graney wants to have the full meaning of the agreement understood by all parties. It must be known whether the examination is to be made at the ring side, and who will make it.

In fact, all the circumstances surrounding such an event must clearly be laid down.

At noon today the betting odds on Corbett and McGovern remained at 10 to 8. McGovern, as has been the case right along, is on the long end of the argument.

McGovern did the last boxing he will do before the fight, not wishing to run any risk of hurting his hands. Dr. Riley, of Alameda, called at his camp and made a thorough examination of the little fighter. Terry was pronounced as sound as a new piece of machinery, and fit to make the battle of his life. Last night he played pool with some of the boys, and retired early. Before going to bed he drank a bottle of ale, which was the first he had while in training.

"Terry weighed only 124 1-2 pounds today," said Joe Humphreys. "He told me he felt better than at any time since he fought Pedlar Palmer, and he looks it. If he wanted to, he could do 120 pounds, and this is no dream. I think Corbett made a mistake in training out by the ocean, for it is colder there, and moreover the salt air is bad for a fighter who wants to make a low weight. He should have come to a place like this."

Today Terry took things easy, as he is several pounds to the good. He took a short walk and then received his friends. He expressed the utmost confidence in the result.

The claim is made for Corbett that he has at last reached the limit of 127 pounds. He had a hard day yesterday, and though it was raining heavily, took a six-mile tramp in the face of a fierce wind. He was attired in the garb of a patrolman of the life-saving station, so he did not suffer from the downpour. Today he was abroad early for air. His trainers pronounce him in prime form, and say that a warming up and rub-down tomorrow will wind up his work.

YOUNG CORBETT PLANS TO WORRY M'GOVERN

Champion Will Attempt to Get Terror in a Rage.

NEW YORK, March 30.—"I'll never train for any other man. I may fight, McGovern, but whenever I fight you I'll be in shape all right. There may be other men who can knock me out, but you are the man I've got it on. Whenever we fight you are going to get licked."

These are the words Young Corbett spoke to Terry McGovern the last time they met in New York before going to California.

A few days ago, in San Francisco, McGovern and Young Corbett met accidentally. Terry, in his usual openhearted way, advanced to his conqueror, and, holding out his hand, said:

"Hello, Corbett, how are you?"

Corbett drew back and held his hand behind him.

"I don't care to talk to you. Any relations we have may have we will settle in the ring," was his reply. Terry turned around with a grim smile on his face and walked away.

Some of these incidents may be ancient history. I am repeating them with a purpose—to give an idea of the plan of battle Young Corbett has outlined for the defeat of McGovern in their coming fight.

Corbett in San Francisco is using all of his knowledge of the McGovern temperament. He has on every occasion tried to undermine Terry's confidence in himself. When he told him that he would never train for any other man, but would always be in trim to beat him, he was putting a thought into McGovern's brain that would tend to worry him all through his training. When he refused insultingly to speak with him in 'Frisco he was tampering with Terry's temper.

If Corbett can get McGovern in a rage before the fight or during the earlier rounds it is a good bet that the championship will not again change hands for some time to come.

Corbett shows generalship in this matter.

Corbett has one advantage over Terry McGovern besides the coolness of head for which he has become famous. He hits a little straighter. His blows pass inside of McGovern's when they exchange.

This time Terry knows exactly what to expect if he fights with any degree of incaution. He knows that if he leaves an opportunity for any of Corbett's forcible punches he is in a fair way to be knocked out. He knows that he must keep his temper, take his time, crouch and cover up instead of standing straight when the whirl of conflict is going against him, and send his own blows as directly to the mark as he can. All that Terry knows as well as any man.

Corbett has made a poor showing in all of his recent fights.

But there are widespread suspicions connected with the Corbett fights. Corbett is backed and financed, when out of funds, by a big betting clique. I do not believe that he actually faked any of his recent fights, but this he did do: He went into them without a moment's training.

RYAN THINKS CORBETT WILL WHIP JEFFRIES

Middleweight Champion Says Boilermaker Is Physical Wreck.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 30.—"Corbett will beat Jeffries if they ever meet in the ring," said Tommy Ryan, middleweight champion, before leaving for Chicago yesterday.

Corbett, according to Ryan, is in the best condition he has ever been in his life, and will surprise everyone by his strength and stamnia.

"Corbett has been training for over a year, preparatory to the possible rematch with Jeffries," continued Ryan. "He is much stronger than ever before and has developed a punch with which he will be able to do considerable damage when he sends it against the champion.

"Jeffries, on the other hand, is a physical wreck, and will never be able to put up another good fight. He is in such a condition physically he could not stand a severe course of training."

Ryan trained Jeffries for his fight with Fitzsimmons and Corbett, and he should know what he is talking about. It is true that he and the champion had a falling out a year ago and that they are bitter enemies now, and this may have something to do with Ryan's statement, but the middleweight champion asserts that it is not personal enmity that causes him to belittle the present heavyweight champion. He says it is a clear case of where a champion has broken down.

Ryan was greatly surprised by Charles Neary's work on Friday against Kid Farmer, of Chicago. He says the local boy has the punch of a middleweight and that when it connects it stings badly. He said yesterday that if he could handle the local boy for a year he was confident that he would be able to make a topnotcher of him. Ryan says Neary has all the requisites of a good fighter.

Ryan will remain in Chicago for a few days, after which he will go to Mount Clemens to recuperate, as he is in ill health at present. Ryan said before leaving the city that he is not anxious to meet Fitzsimmons, but that he will be ready to take him on later if Fitz will come down to 154 pounds.

BRITT TO FIGHT FOR WHITE CHAMPIONSHIP

San Francisco Club Arranges Title for Its Idol.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 30.—Representatives of Willie Fitzgerald and Jimmy Britt met at the office of the matchmaker of the San Francisco Athletic club tonight and arranged the details for a fight between these lightweights for the "white championship." Willie Britt and Harry Pollock signed articles, with the special agreement for 133 pounds at 6 o'clock, on April 24, with a 75 and 25 per cent division of the purse. Fitzgerald is going to work at Sheehan's, while Britt will cross the bay to get into condition at Frizzis', in Lark Spur.

JOE CHOYNSKI LOSES TO JACK O'BRIEN

Philadelphia Fighter Has Veteran at His Mercy.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn., March 30.—Jack O'Brien, of this city, tonight outpointed Joe Choynski in a six-round bout. Choynski was no match for O'Brien, whose failure to score a knockout was due to the lack of force behind his blows. Choynski started well, but appeared to lose heart under O'Brien's unceasing rain of left-hand jabs. From the second until the last round Choynski's only object seemed to be to stay the limit. The third and fourth rounds were particularly tame, and the referee warned the men. In the sixth O'Brien was more aggressive, and subjected his opponent to a severe drubbing, but his jabs and punches lacked the power to put Choynski to sleep.

MILLER PLAYERS OFF FOR THE SOUTH

Wilmot Leaves for Leavenworth With Squad of Men.

Capt. Wilmot, Dan Lally, Dave Martin and "Lefty" Sporer, composing the local end of the Minneapolis baseball team which is to gather at Leavenworth, Kan., for preliminary practice, left Minneapolis last night at 8 o'clock. The other members of the team are now on their way to the Southern city and Wednesday morning the entire squad, about twenty-one players, will be on hand to begin work. Yesterday afternoon ten men, in charge of President Johnston, left Chicago for Oelwein, where they will join the party which left Minneapolis last evening. Several others will report direct from their homes.

Capt. Wilmot, Lally, Martin and Sporer, before leaving, said they were all in the best of conditioon and eager to begin the practice. Wilmot said he never felt better and declared that if his men go through the preliminary work without accident the Millers will be ready to do battle with the best of them April 23.

The deal for Kruger, of the St. Louis National League club, has fallen through and Capt. Wilmot is now out for another shortstop. Several men are in view and it is very likely that before the season opens a new man will have been landed for the short field.

ENGLISH STUDENTS WIN CHESS MATCH

Referee Pillsbury Decides Sixth Game of Tournament.

LONDON, March 30.—Referee Pillsbury has decided the sixth game in the inter-university cable chess match in favor of England.

The annual international cable chess match between the university students of Great Britain and the United States came to an end Saturday night, but no definite announcement of the result was made. Two unfinished games on board four and board six were submitted to the adjudication of Referee H. N. Pillsbury by the English players, who had to return to their homes.

Mr. Pillsbury eventually decided, after playing the game on board four, that the Americans had won. This made the score equal. The referee then experimented with the game on board six between Bridgeman, of Harvard, and Brown, of Cambridge, but at midnight he decided that he could not adjudicate this game, which decided the contest until Sunday or Monday.

BILLIARD TOURNAMENT ENDS.

Extra Matches Will Be Necessary to Decide Third Prize.

The final game in the competition for the amateur billiard championship of the Twin Cities was played last evening, and the honors went to Hogue, who downed Logan 200 to 178. Logan had a good lead on his man close to the finish, but a run of twenty-three in the fifty-seventh inning enabled Hogue to tie the score, and a moment later he made a run of twenty-two, which was sufficient to give him the game.

Thayer, Huyck and Hogue are now on even terms for third place, which will necessitate two extra matches to decide the winner of the third prize. Last night's score follows:

Hogue—0, 0, 4, 0, 15, 2, 3, 0, 3, 1, 1, 0, 1, 2, 6, 2, 0, 1, 1, 0, 0, 7, 0, 1, 0, 2, 1, 0, 0, 15, 8, 1, 2, 0, 2, 9, 4, 1, 4, 1, 0, 0, 0, 2, 0, 1, 8, 12, 9, 2, 0, 3, 3, 1, 23, 1, 2. Total—200. Average—3 23-59. High run—23.

Logan—0, 2, 0, 0, 1, 0, 0, 1, 9, 4, 18, 4, 4, 15, 0, 4, 2, 5, 5, 2, 0, 1, 1, 10, 0, 2, 19, 0, 1, 0, 4, 8, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 3, 3, 0, 1, 1, 3, 0, 0, 4, 0, 7, 6, 0, 2, 0, 4, 0, 6, 8. Total—178. Average—3 4-58. High run—19.

St. Paul Dogs Entered.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 30.—The fifth annual bench show of the St. Louis Collie club opened here today with more than 200 entries from St. Paul, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Fayetteville, Pa., and St. Louis. Owing to the lateness of the arrival of the Chicago entries, judging did not begin until late this afternoon. Robert McEwen, of Myron, Ont., is the judge.

ORDNUNG WINS MONTGOMERY

Schorr's Chestnut Gelding Outruns the Odds on Favorite.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 30.—The Montgomery handicap, the first big all-aged stake of the year, was won this afternoon by John W. Schorr's chestnut gelding Ordnung, in a driving finish with Harry New. Witful, the New Orleans derby winner, finished third, two lengths away. McChesney, the odds on favorite, was outrun from the start. One of the largest crowds ever seen at the local track was on hand when the handicap was called. The weather was all that could be desired, and the track was in excellent condition. The fourteen starters lined up in perfect order and were sent away at the first attempt. Ordnung jumped to the front, and, followed by Harry New and McChesney, passed the stand at a merry clip. Odom used the whip freely on the favorite at the start, but he did not respond, and no where through the journey did he appear prominent. Ordnung, well handled by Bullman, made all the running, and led into the stretch by half a length. Here he was challenged by Harry New, and in a spirited finish, the former won by a head. The three-year-old Witful ran a surprisingly good race, and coming from behind, finished third.

It was a field for the Schorr stables and Jockey Bullman. Summary:

First, inaugural purse, five frurlongs—Whiskey King, 114, Matthews, 7 to 1, won; Benson Hurst, 104, Bullman, 9 to 2, second; Golden Rule, 120, Odom, 5 to 1, third. Time, 1:02¼. The Lady, Stratton II., The Censor, Foxy Kane, Scorpio, Automaton, Red Hook, Autumn Leaves, Carrie I., Jake Greenburg and Joe Martin ran.

Second, half mile, selling—Cloverton, 108, Bullman, 4 to 5, won; Flo Bob, 108, Wonderly, 4 to 1, second; Dr. Loder, 108, Helgerson, 7 to 1, third. Time, :49½. Milkirk, Brick Fowler and Ringwalt also ran.

Third race, mile, selling—Arachue, 109, Fuller, 9 to 2, won; Sambo, 105, C. Kelley, 10 to 1, second; O'Hagen, 107, Hoar, 9 to 1, third. Time, 1:44. Drummond, Alfred C. Ecomo, Ruby Ray, Little Elkin, Dandy Belle and Scotch Plaid also ran.

Fourth race, mile and a sixteenth, Montgomery handicap, $2,500 added—Ordnung, 111, Bullman, 15 to 1, won; Harry New, 107, Hoar, 30 to 1, second; Witful, 99, Buller, 10 to 1, third. Time, 1:49. McChesney, Flocarline, Waswift, Major Tenny, Dewey, W. B. Gates, Huzzah, Barrack, Wax Taper, Huntressa and Audiphone also ran.

Fifth race, four furlongs—Walter In, 105, Bullman, 4 to 5, won; Sarasosa, 105, Matthews, 50 to 1, second; Jessie Weller, 105, Helgerson, 50 to 1, third. Time, :50½. Carmelite, Bernice, Mildred M, Mary Dunn, Laura Ireland, Big Goose, Nettie E, Shades of Night also ran.

Sixth race, six furlongs, Cressida, 99, C. Kelly, 5 to 1, won; Oronte, 101, Philips, 5 to 2, second; Wine Sap, 97, J. Daly, 25 to 1, third. Time, 1:17½. Siloam, Effie S, Ruralist, Polite, Memphian, Glas Leader, Naufrage, La Cache and Van Dorgan also ran.

Entries for Tuesday.

First race, five furlongs, selling—Bright Girl, Suburban Queen, 97; Goudy, 99; Louise Collier, Mamie Reilly, 102; Senator Morrisson, 107; Loretta Gale, Mollie T, Miss Hume, 114; Little Jack Horner, 110; Pride of Surrey, 116; Playlike, 119; Ed T, 120.

Second race, half a mile—Billy Johnson, 98; Forehand, 100; Ugly Ben, Myrondale, 101; Elwood, 105; Dan O'High, 108; Benaficent, 109; Arnold K, 113.

Third race, Tennessee club purse, six furlongs—Lady Churchill, 100; James F, Sir Faust, 102; Pericles, Judge Himes, Postmaster Wright, Canyon, 105; Sarah Maxim, 107; Avold, 107; Topsoil, Hedge, 109; John A. Scott, 112.

Fourth race, Mile—Wateredge, 100; Kenova, 102; Thane, 107; Nitrate, 114; Stratton II., 104.

Fifth race, steeplechase, short course—Lord Radner, 125; Ada G, 107; Allegiance, 133; Sherwood, 144; Tennison, 148; Montanic, 135; Ceylond, 153; Torreon, Darlye, 153; Islip, 160.

Sixth race, six furlongs, selling—Squanto, 87; John Coulter, 89; Merry Sister, 90; Daddy Bender, 89; Lisbell, 99; Annie Thompson, 97; Della Strand, 93; Birdwood, 97; John J. Regan, 98; Golden Cottage, 107; Paul Creyton, 102; Allyar, 103; Lacrimae, 105; Farmer Jim, 105; Count Emot, 115.

HORSES AT BENNINGS RUN IN A SEA OF MUD

Two Favorites, Two Second Choices and Two Outsiders Win.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 30.—The races at Bennings today were run in a driving rain. The track was a sea of mud. Two favorites, two second choices and two outsiders captured the events. Mrs. Frank Foster, at odds of 1 to 4, took the fourth race in impressive style. Daly beat Yellow Tail, an odds on favorite, in the fifth. Jockey Redfern rode two winners. Summary:

First race, five furlongs—Aloha, 94, McCafferty, 3 to 1, won; Gloriosa, 94, Redfern, 3 to 2, second; Midnight Caimes, 105, Wilkerson, 6 to 1, third. Time, 1:04. Elizabeth Moan, Ithan, Bohemia, Belle, Gelisha Girl and Alhambra also ran.

Second race, half mile—Termagant, 99, Haack, 3 to 1, won; Woodshade (no jockey nor weight given), 8 to 5, second; May Holladay, 99, Gannon, 3 to 1, third. Time, :51. Hoofbeat, Echinate, Calyx, Transmigration, Ora McKinney, Swivit and Berty Waddell also ran.

Third race, four and a half furlongs—Graziallo, 112, Redfern, 6 to 5, won; Spring, 102, Haack, 7 to 5, second; Circulator, 102, Wilkerson, 4 to 1, third. Time, :59. Braceville also ran.

Fourth race, six and a half furlongs—Mrs. Frank Foster, 101, Redfern, 1 to 4, won; Musical Slipper, 101, Wilkerson, 4 to 1, second; Sapena, 103, Doyle, 60 to 1, third. Time, 1:25. Black Diana also ran.

Fifth race, seven furlongs—Daly, 112, T. Burns, 3 to 1, won; Examiner, 96, Haack, 10 to 1, second; Yellow Tail, 122, Waterbury, even, third. Time, 1:31. Wagram and Red Damsel also ran.

Sixth, mile and sixty yards—Meister Singer, 106, Henderson, 20 to 1, won; Ben Chart, 106, Haack, 4 to 1, second; Moderator, 106, Hicks, 6 to 1, third. Time, 1:50. San Andre, St. Sever, Rough Rider, Dark Planet and Wheeler B also ran.

Entries for Tuesday:

First, five, furlongs—Demurrer, 126, Wealth, 120; Illyria, 112; Elizabeth, Moan, 113; Black Diana, 110; Basseriene, Dr. Taylor, 108.

Second, four and a half furlongs—Race King, 112; Pleasant Memories, 107; Boy Blue, Peter Paul, 104.

Third, hurdle handicap, mile and one-half—Gould, 156; Collegian, 150; Alma Girl, J. A. Warner, 143; Captain Conover, 142; Dick Hasoe, Fabius, Willard J; Haversack, Vassar Dance, 140; Gibson Light, 138; Concertina, 137; Imperius, 135; Ben Battle, 134; Burmish, 130.

Fourth, four and a half furlongs—George P. Harrison, 103; Storchee, 102; Symphony, Souriere, 99; The Brown Monarch, Fortune Hunter, 105; Imperius, 104.

Fifth, seven furlongs—Interlude, Carroll D., H. L. Coleman, 105, Brisk, 104; Jove, 98; Lord Advocate, 96; Star and Garter, Whiten, 84.

Sixth, mile and a sixteenth—Blye Victor, 115; Lucky Day, 100; Duke of Kendall, 95; Hist, 90.

Detroit Sunday Games.

DETROIT, Mich., March 30.—Arrangements were concluded tonight between President Campus, of the Detroit driving club and President S. F. Angus, of the Detroit American league baseball club, whereby the Sunday ball games of the Detroit team this season are to be played at the Grosse Pointe track.

Shamrock Trial Again Delayed.

GLASGOW, March 30.—Owing to the fact that a gale was sweeping over the Clyde today, Shamrock III. and Shamrock I. remained at their moorings. The wind moderated late in the day, and fresh arrangements were made to start the trial spins tomorrow.

International Field Meet.

LONDON, March 30.—The Globe today says a Harvard-Yale, Oxford-Cambridge field meeting has been arranged for this summer.

GIRLS NOW WANT AUBURN LOCKS

With Red Hair It's Easy to Get in Front Row of Chorus.

Red hair has always been held to indicate a quick temper, but beyond that the students of the past did not go; or if they did, they kept the result of their studies to themselves. Recently psychologists and thinkers have been finding out many interesting things about the red haired woman—the most interesting, if true, being that, as a type, she was dying out.

Another theory advanced by a learned Western professor was that all blondes indicated disease, and that the kind producing red hair was the most malignant. All of this demonstrates surely that the red haired woman is growing in interest and is being talked about, whereas twenty years ago a girl with red hair was considered severely handicapped in the race matrimonial.

At that time the golden haired blonde was admired to such an extent that about every other woman sought to gild her locks. But the reaction was violent. The bleached head became a blight, and even in the chorus it was frowned upon. Nowadays the girl with designs upon the front row lets her hair grow naturally, and if she possesses a red crown she fluffs it out conspicuously and applies confidently for a place.

Stage Makes the Fashion.

For it is the stage that has made the fashion, just as it makes many others. It came about with the almost simultaneous success of two women stars and the appearance in New York of a French vaudeville singer whose locks were a most brilliant red.

Up to this period decidedly red and naturally red hair had not been deemed a charm in the making of a heroine. But now it created attention. Just as the scrawny girl of ten years ago has become the willowy type that is the correct thing today, so the red haired woman is the acknowledged type of beauty.

"It is a fact," said a Broadway hairdresser to a Sun reporter, "that the fashion for red hair has a vogue at present, but I doubt if it will be a lasting one beyond, say, two seasons.

"Whatever may be the artistic fashion of the moment, and no matter how it may bring money to our place, we cannot help having our own ideas, and we place fine golden hair first.

"But red hair and the really golden hair are almost equally scare, and the reason we prefer the golden haired woman is undoubtedly that in our experience with her she is easily pleased, gentle, and always beautiful, according to the usual standards.

She Won't Listen to Reason.

"The red haired woman may be subtly fascinating and all that, but the hairdresser is not apt to be impressed with her charm of manner, for she is always intensely in earnest as to the exact angle at which she wishes her hair, and what she wills she insists on having done.

"We never try to reason with a red haired woman as to what is the prevailing style or what she should have in the way of arrangement. She always knows her own mind thoroughly and you cannot change it.

"Other women, the brown haired and the golden haired kind, will ask suggestions, naturally, as to what is the prevailing style, and will welcome suggestions as to any new fad that may be in vogue.

"Red hair is apt to be artistic. That is, it is fluffy and easily controlled. It arranges itself, and even in a rain storm it never hangs straight.

"Women are coloring their hair today more than they ever did before, but they are not bleaching it. Every brown coloring that is used has a tinge of auburn in it, and some women insist on having the auburn predominate for the reason that this touch of red in the hair lights up the skin and eyes prettily, if it is not overdone.

"Women who wish to have their hair turned to the actual red shade are many, but we do not encourage this idea, for the unnatural red hair is extremely trying to most faces, and, except upon the stage, under the calcium, it never can pass as a natural growth.

Like Brown Tinged With Red.

"The brown shades just touched with red are, on the contrary, beautiful and impossible to detect. Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Langtry and other first made this shade of hair fashionable just at the time when the gold bleached hair was losing its novelty.

"The trouble in producing the color of natural red is not in the hair itself, but in the fact that with such hair the skin is always transparent, the eyelashes and brows are an exact match, and even the coloring matter of the eyes is peculiar to this type.

"We do a great deal of theatrical work, and I can tell you in confidence that in half a dozen new theatrical ventures for next season the leading woman has chosen to have red hair.

"There will be a rage for red-haired heroines next season, and no doubt there will be many discoveries as to the peculiar temperament that goes with this complexion. I have heard it said that red-haired women are fiery in temper and imperious, but it is also said that they are the most constant of women, great flirts, but not to such an extent as to endanger their husbands' happiness.

Inclined to Be Nervous.

"Red-haired women are of a nervous temperament and are not inclined to grow fat. They are apt to be gifted in some artistic way, but, above all, to be excellent managers. The head dominates the heart to an extent that makes the red-haired woman mysterious to her admirers. They never quite understand her.

"I am not giving these opinions as my own, understand, but some time ago in my study of coiffures I came upon a chapter devoted to the red-haired women of history and these were some of the facts cited.

"That the type is growing rarer there is no doubt. Just watch some day as you travel about town in the streets or on cars and you will notice not one red-haired woman in ten. You may see plenty of dark hair with the auburn tinge, but I am speaking of the natural red blonde with white skin, light brows and lashes above pale blue, grayish, sometimes greenish eyes.

"There will be one year of red-haired heroines on the stage, and then the audiences will begin to show the red-haired woman in plenty. They will hardly essay the bright red shades, but the auburn coloring in the brown hair will be pronounced and by degrees the color will grow common.

"Then the fashion will be dead and women will go back to their own natural colorings."—New York Sun.

To Beautify Our Cities

Work Undertaken by the American Institute of Social Service.

Dr. W. H. Tolman, director of the American Institute of Social Service, is working hard to secure a betterment of social and aesthetic conditions in all our cities.

WIPES UP THE FLOOR WITH HIM.

Youth Who Rebukes Fat Man for Spitting Gets Into Difficulty.

A fat man—fat and apparently coarse, and with a predilection for bullying over the common people—stirred up a big rumpus yesterday morning on the Staten Island ferry-boat Robert Garrett, which left St. George at 7:10 o'clock.

This person chewed tobacco with a noticeable vehemence, and with consecutiveness and frequency he was obliged to dispose of the usual by-product. It was the fat man's method of disposing of his by-product that made the rumpus. Perhaps there were cuspidors, but the fat man didn't hunt for them. He picked out vacant spots of the floor instead. There were women passengers, and some of them became almost panicky. Then it was that a small, heroic man made his appearance. He was a young man with pale-blue eyes, a slim waist, and an unhaltng expression around his chin. He had dodged the big man's hydraulic efforts once or twice, and felt called upon to do something. He might have chosen a more original remark, but under the stress of great mental excitement he resorted to the old saw: Catching the fat man's eyes, he said, angrily:

"Do you expect to rate yourself as a gentleman?"

(Swish!) "Huh?" said the fat man.

"Then don't expectorate on the floor," added the young hero.

A lot of "serves-you-right-you-horrid-old-thing" looks from the women rewarded the young man, who thought he had done his whole duty. Perhaps he had, but——

The fat man relapsed from his contemplative mood into one of strenuous action. He reached forth his big, chubby hands, and hooked them fast to the clothes of the young hero with the pale blue eyes. Then he bore down on the little fellow and doubled him half up like a knife, and by sliding him backward and forward on the floor across the area of his temporary tobacco-chewing domain, he removed all traces of wet brown from the cabin floor.

There was plenty feeling over this incident. The young man didn't like it. He was in an uncomfortable position, as he afterward asserted with great positiveness. The aim sought for had been practically achieved, but the means—the means! There was the rub! He was incensed at the rub. Several coarse men gurgled with glee, others swore right out, and the women set up such a clatter that the attention of the deckhands was attracted. One of these hands was chewing tobacco himself, but long years of introspection had enabled him to observe proper sanitary precautions. The deckhands "went for" the fat man, but he wriggled between the horses and trucks and lost himself in the crowd at the opposite end of the boat. The young man with the air of discouraged-looking trousers and determined air was hot foot all over the boat after the large person, but could not find him. With the deckhands he stationed himself at the gangway when the passengers left the boat at the Battery, confident of catching the large person. But he didn't, the 220-pound offender wriggled past them and went on his way, while the young hero, after watching until the last man had stepped ashore, went to his office chewing the bitter cud of reflection.—New York Tribune.

SALOONS TAKE COUNTERFEITS.

Where One's Bad Money Is Seldom, If Ever, Refused.

Few of the products of the counterfeiters' art find their way to the execution block which every well-regulated bank maintains for the purpose of putting "queer" money out of circulation. Occasionally the receiving teller has the satisfaction of placing a counterfeit coin on the block and, by a well-directed blow of the die-faced hammer, ending its unlawful career, but most of the spurious dimes, quarters, and halves pass current with little inconvenience to the community, for there are places in which they are seldom if ever refused.

These places are the saloons. Whether actuated by superstition or by long-headed business sense, few saloonkeepers will question the integrity of a coin offered over the bar.

"We use them in our business," said a Park Row bartender the other morning when a coin of doubtful value was offered to him with a remark that it looked "queer."

"How is that?"

"Well, you see, I take this counterfeit quarter and serve you your drink and give you a good dime in change. That looks like a dead loss, but next time you want a drink you give us the preference over the other four saloons in the block. It brings us your trade.

"If you get any more of 'the queer' passed on you, you come here with them, and then you feel you have to come again to make up for passing them on us, and so you see it pays us well."

"But what do you do with these coins?", the bartender was asked.

"Keep 'em handy to catch more trade," was the reply.

"How so?"

"Well, there are several ways of using them. If one of our customers begins dropping off we pass a bad quarter on him, and he comes back, and, ordering a drink, lays down the 'queer' and says he got it from us. Of course we make good and apologize, ask him to 'have one' on the house, and this seldom fails to bring back his custom.

"Or a stranger comes in who looks as if he might make a good customer. I tip the cashier, and he puts a bad coin in the change. Sometimes we let the man carry it away, so it will fetch him back. Other times the bartender will pretend to spot the coin as the man is gathering in the change, and in nine cases out of ten the man will say: 'Oh, well, I'll take another drink for it.' In either case the bogus coin helps us to make the man our customer. I tell you there is use for 'the queer' in business—in our business, at least."—New York Evening Post.

Democratic Cortelyou.

Walter Wellman declares that Secretary Cortelyou is one of the most democratic members of the cabinet. Before his rise to ministerial honors, Mr. Cortelyou habitually took his luncheon at a dairy luncheon in Washington, D. C., eating his 15 cents' worth of sandwiches and pie surrounded by newspaper men, government clerks, and an occasional higher official. When Mr. Cortelyou was promoted to be a member of the cabinet some of his friends thought he would abandon the domestic lunchery. But he hasn't done so. Every day he makes his appearance at the same old place, usually accompanied by Mr. Barnes, President Roosevelt's invaluable assistant secretary. The lunchroom in question is a famous clearing house for government, legislature and newspaper gossip. Secretary Cortelyou says he has received 3,000 applications for places in the department of commerce and labor. This is by actual count, and not a mere estimate.

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