

ANOTHER CUP DEFENDER

Thomas W. Lawson Willing to Build a Boat For the Trials.

A MODEL HAS BEEN COMPLETED.

Copper King Awaits Decision of Boston Yachtsmen Before Ordering a Possible Competitor of Shamrock II—Views of Some of the New York Yacht Club Members.

Thomas W. Lawson of Boston, the "Copper King," admits that the New York Journal's exclusive announcement the other morning that he will build a yacht to enter the trial races as a cup defender is correct. He was approached on the subject and in order to make his position plain has given out the following statement, which is self-explanatory:

"In regard to my building a cup defender to represent Boston I have only this to say at the present time: I sincerely regret that my name has been published in connection with the matter at this stage. I could almost say it was unfair to me, and certainly it is unfair to the numerous veteran yachtsmen who have always seen that Boston was close up to the starting line whenever and wherever yachting contests were on, and I certainly should do nothing to make myself the Boston representative in the coming cup contest until the old yachtsmen to whom I have referred have signified their disinclination to again take up the burden and their wish that I should do so.

"While I do not pretend to be an active sailing yachtsman, I am sufficiently acquainted with the burdens which go with an attempt to participate in the cup defense to not be anxious for the responsibilities which would necessarily go with this honor. Unquestionably all Boston yachtsmen would like to have Boston represented in the race, and if a boat can be successfully built and sailed by our townsmen I am willing to do it if necessary to insure our city's representation.

"All that has been done so far in the matter, as far as I know, is that Boston yachting experts have designed a boat which, they think, will be a winner. Boston yachtsmen, including myself, have looked her over carefully and have thought that it will be a winner. A number of representative Boston yachtsmen of the class I have referred to as being the ones who should have the first show have asked my cooperation in the carrying through of the project, and I have said to them that I would do what in their judgment was best to have Boston represented, and I am awaiting their decision.

"If they desire me to become one of

a syndicate, I will do so. If they conclude that better results can be obtained by my owning and managing the new boat entirely, I am ready. One thing the yachting world can rest assured of—Boston interests could be in no safer hands than in those whose decision I am awaiting."

There are some members of the New York Yacht club, however, who claim that even if Mr. Lawson built a cup defender and she should defeat the Belmont syndicate yacht, she would not be eligible to defend the cup, as Mr. Lawson was not a member of the New York Yacht club. With a view of evading this rule Mr. Lawson, it is said, is now trying to arrange for a Boston syndicate to build the boat, and so long as one member of the syndicate is a member of the New York Yacht club the boat would be eligible to race and defend the cup.

However, the fact that Mr. Lawson is not a member of the New York Yacht club should hardly stand in the way of his building, as in every cup race year, except possibly 1899, the New York Yacht club has always issued a circular letter to yachtsmen, asking them to assist in the defense of the cup by building boats to enter in the trial races. This is as it should be, as the cup is no longer a mere club matter, but is of national importance, and the safety of the cup should be the first and only consideration.

W. Barber Luman, Jr., the manager of the Belmont syndicate boat, who is a true sportsman as well as a first class yachtsman, voiced the views of the majority of members of the New York Yacht club the other day when he said: "So Lawson is going to build. Well, the more the merrier."

When asked if the fact that Mr. Lawson was not a member of the New York Yacht club would prevent his taking part in the trial races, he said: "I know of nothing to prevent the boat coming in. I don't see how you can keep him out. In the old days the club used to invite yachtsmen to come to the defense of the cup, and I think the club would have done the same thing this year had they thought any one else wished to build."

In spite of any denials that may come from Boston, Mr. Lawson is still seriously considering building a cup defender, and the best proof of it is that a prominent New York yachtsman was hastily summoned to Boston the other afternoon to consult with the Boston financier.

Advantages of Irrigation.
It is estimated that 75,000,000 acres of land may be made fruitful by irrigation. That is 470,748 quarter sections, capable of supporting a population of 2,355,740 people. Such an addition to the producing and consuming power is of great importance, but it does not represent all the results of irrigation and the forest and range policies which are impinged upon it. Leasing the

ranges and preservation of the forests, says the San Francisco Call, mean the sustenance of many more millions of people.

What the Barber Said.
"To shave a man at home," said a barber, "I charge a quarter, but to shave a dead man half a dollar is the price. About a tenth of my private customers are women."
"I shave at their houses six or seven women every day. I don't know why it is some women have beards. It is very distressing to them, and they shave close and often. It is their only remedy. The electric needle is no good for them, you see, because their beards are so thick that it would take a lifetime for the operator to go over their faces and pluck each hair out separately, as must be done in the electrical depilating system."
"Beards only grow on old women. They are one of the feminine disfigurements of age. It is the same trouble, I suppose, as that which affects old men. Old men, you know, have thick growths of hair in their nostrils and ears that must be cut out weekly, and their eyebrows if not regularly trimmed would grow to two or three inches."—Philadelphia Record.

She Was "Founded."
Netta was a little girl who lived in a foundling asylum, a place where homeless children without relatives are cared for.
A visitor who often came to the foundling had taken a great fancy to Netta. It was the birthday of Muriel, the lady's little girl, and permission was asked for Netta to take tea with Muriel.

As it was Muriel's birthday Netta wished to be very nice to her. At the same time Netta felt she had an advantage over Muriel, for it was not every one who lived in a foundling hospital.

"You were born, Muriel?" she asked. Muriel nodded and smiled.
"Up went Netta's head a little higher. "It is so common to be born," she said. "I was founded!"—Exchange.

A Village of Lunatics.
Laos, in Cochin China, is, according to Dr. Lefevre, a village of out and out fools or lunatics. A common form of mania with them is to believe they have a buffalo in the stomach. Hopeless cases of this delusion, or "pipop," as they are called, are thrown into the water and if they save themselves are accounted free from the possession.

A Good Memory.
"Excuse me, sir, but haven't we met before? Your face is strangely familiar."
"Yes, madam, our host introduced us to each other just before dinner."
"Ah, I was positive I had seen you somewhere! I never forget a face."—Harlem Life.

THE HEAD OF MOSES.

WHY THE LEADER OF ISRAEL IS REPRESENTED WITH HORNS.

The Error Which Gave Root to the Curious Idea That is Perpetuated by Paintings, Coins and Statues. Michael Angelo's Masterpiece.

In one of the schools of the District is a copy of Michael Angelo's "Moses." That small statuette was a storm center for weeks, the pupils and teachers vying with each other in an attempt to find an answer to the question of one of the small pupils who gravely queried the why of the incipient horns which ornamented the head of the rugged leader of the Israelites as he is represented in this masterpiece of Michael Angelo's, a masterpiece, by the way, which started out to be a Jove or some other fiction of the brain, but which the great sculptor finally shaped into the likeness of Pope Julius and christened "Moses."

For 40 years, just as long as Moses and his people wandered in the wilderness, this statue stood in the workshop of its gifted creator before the world saw it, but it types today the universal conception of the great law-giver, horns and all.

It has been known for centuries, though, that the translation of Habakkuk, which says, "And his brightness was as light; he had horns coming out of his head," is incorrect and the mistake of the "intelligent" compositor, who in his illuminated text got mixed up on his "a's" and "e's" and made "qaran" head "qeran," as nearly as Hebrew can be made into old English. The former means "rays," the latter means "horns," and there you are.

St. Jerome in rendering "his face shone" in the passage in Exodus gave it its primitive meaning and mistranslation and has sent down to us through the ages "faciem esse cornatum," being "his face was horned." Thus it seems that a mistake stereotyped in stone remains to torment the youth who likes to know the why of things.

Just why artists and sculptors keep on perpetuating this idea is one of the inscrutable things of life. But more than anybody else perhaps artists cling to tradition, and since the great masters gave Moses horns it must be the proper thing to do, and that is probably why he wears horns in modern as well as mediæval art.

In the Congressional library, on the south side of the big sunflower clock, is a gigantic bronze Moses by Niehaus, and he has horns that look not unlike those wonderful bumps that Ben Hur's big head used to wear. In the Boston library John Sargeant, the great painter, for a centerpiece to a procession of the prophets painted Moses with full front view and horns like a Texas steer, and infolding him is

a queer conventional kind of drapery that looks like eagles' wings.

In striking and pleasing contrast to these horned conceptions which the ancients have imposed upon us and which we still accept is a copy of a splendid Moses by Ploekhorst representing the archangel Michael struggling with Satan for the dead body of Moses, which is upborne by three little angels. The Moses has instead of horns upon his grandly conceived head rays of light which seem to mellow and soften the stern face of the dead law-giver. Ploekhorst has painted real child angels, too, not fat little kids with legs and arms like prizefighters and bodies like beer tanks. This heliostat, which is in the library of congress, is a present from the royal gallery in Berlin.

Nicolas Poussin painted some 20 pictures of Moses from a pudgy little baby in the burlush basket to Moses "on gray Bethpeor's height," some of them with horns and some of them without. Five of these pictures are of the baby in the water and just out of it, and the heads are as varied as those of Columbus on the exposition postage stamps.

Some of them look like advertisements for hair restoratives and others as though wigs would enhance the appearance of the baldheaded babies whose painted faces look as many years old as the baby Moses had lived minutes when found by Thermutis. Another by this author has horns that extend out from the sides of the head like the ears of a mule and represents Moses as striking the rock in the wilderness. This is a very funny picture, anyway, for the camels have heads like horses, and the horses look like almost anything that stands on four legs excepting horses.

This curious idea of a horned Moses has not only been perpetuated by paintings, coins and statues, but has also passed muster with many writers of acknowledged fame. Grotius, for instance, identifies Moses with the horned Menevis of Egypt and suggests that the phenomenon was intended to remind the Israelites of the golden calf. Spanheim, however, stigmatizes the efforts of art in this direction as "preposterous industry" and distinctly attributes to Jerome a veritable belief in the horns of Moses. Crude as is the mistranslation not one person in ten, as the schoolteachers and pupils found out, have any idea why it is that artists and sculptors still depict Moses with horns.—Washington Star.

Naming the Chinese Baby.
In China girls are called instead of Mary Ann or Marguerite "Spring Peach," "Cloudy Moon," "Celestial Happiness" or what may not be considered so nice. "Come-along-a-little-brother" or "Add-a-younger-brother" or "Lead-everlasting-younger-brothers." The latter means that a son would have been more welcome than a little "go away child," as they call the girls. They belong to the family of

the husbands to be and do not count in the family of their birth, so that when a Chinaman is asked, "How many children have you?" he makes no count of the girls, although he may have ten. The boys only he counts, and his reply will indicate only the number of boys.
He gives his sons such names as "Ancestral Piety," "Ancestral Knowledge," "Practical Industry," "Able to Sing Out," "Second God of Learning," "Excite the Clouds," "Beginning of Joy," "All Virtue Complete." The little slaves who begin life as household drudges before they graduate lower answer to such names as "As You Please," "Sparrows' Crumbs," "Joy to Serve," "Your Happiness," "Not For Me."—Kansas City Journal.

A Little Mistake in Medals.
The chief officer of a Yorkshire rearmy regiment while congratulating one of the troops on its appearance made a stirring allusion to the medals worn by some army veterans in the ranks. One of the men, a native of Wharfedale, afterward went home in a very thoughtful frame of mind, and next morning he came on parade with several medals on his breast.

Said the officer, "I didn't know you had been in the regiments."
"No, I ain't," said the man.
"Well, how about the medals, then, my good fellow? They can't be yours."
The man promptly answered: "Can't they? Aye, but they be. My old coo won 'em all at Otley show."—Upper Wharfedale.

Not Available.
When at 3 o'clock one morning Mrs. Newman was convinced that she heard a burglar in the parlor, she cautiously awakened her husband.

"Very well," said Mr. Newman, with a doze of patience born of frequent similar alarms. "I'll get my revolver from the drawer and go down and investigate."
"But, William," said his wife, with a sudden gasping remembrance, "your pistol isn't here, dear. I—I tied it up with ribbons for an ornament under your father's sword today!"—Youth's Companion.

Means to the End.
Goldfox—So you want to marry my daughter. What means have you to that end?

Mr. Forehen-Hunt—Oh, we'd be married in the usual way—by means of a minister. That's easy enough.—Philadelphia Press.

The mineral resources of western Siberia are vast. Between Tomsk and Kooznesk lie 60,000 square kilometers (23,167 square miles) of coal lands which have never been touched.
The Mayflower, after her memorable trip across the Atlantic with the pilgrim fathers of New England, went into the West Indian cotton trade and was lost in a cyclone.

Genetius the Actor.
Some English investigator has discovered that actors have a patron saint who was an actor in the days of Bio-dictian and won his place by proclaiming before a heathen audience his belief in Christianity. He was put to death and for many years afterward was considered by Christian actors as their patron saint. His name was Genetius.

The taxidermist makes an honorable living at a skin game.—Philadelphia Record.

I WERE KING OF IRELAND.

My love's a match in beauty
For every flower that blows;
Her little ear's a lily,
Her velvet cheek a rose,
Her locks, like gillyflowers,
Hang golden to her knee;
If I were king of Ireland,
My queen she'd surely be.

Her eyes are fond forgetfulness,
And no such snow is seen
Upon the heaving Larchwood bush
As crests her bosom green.
The thrushes, when she's talking,
Sit listening on the tree;
If I were king of Ireland,
My queen she'd surely be.

Her full look more above her brow
I know the daffod better;
So I've set down my love for her
All in one secret letter.

And here's her answer back to me;
My heart, my heart keep steady!
If I were king of Ireland,
I'm king—I'm king already.
—Alfred Perceval Graves in Cornhill.

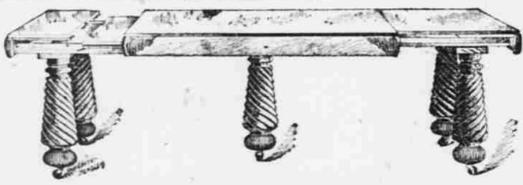
A Dogfight in Church.

The Westminster Budget says that it was once usual for highland shepherds to take their dogs to church and leave them outside the pews. Two shepherds at enmity sat on opposite sides of the aisle one Sunday. Soon after the sermon began the dogs, one a collie and the other not, seemed to enter into their masters' quarrel. One tender of the flock and then the other egged on his animal, and each faithful dog obeyed his master. The people at last craned their necks over the pews, and when the dogs actually fought not a few of the congregation were standing up.

The minister's patience was ultimately exhausted, and so he called to his "hearers" and said, "Ah, well, my brethren, I see ye are more interested in the dogfight than in my sermon, and so I'll close the book—and I'll bet half a crown on the collie!"

Had It Lowered.
Sir Augustus Harris once settled the pitch question in his own offhand fashion. A famous prima donna of his opera company came to him complaining that the piano used for vocal rehearsals was too high and asking that it might be lowered.
"Certainly," replied Druricolanus, with a bow. "Here, Forsyth, have a couple of inches sawed off the legs of this piano."

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