Some Facts ɒut Football

Enormous Sum Requirec Equip a College Team

THE football rooters are begio make a noise in the land, and enthusiasts predict that theg season will be the most successful in the history of the Golf cranks who, a short time ago, ventured the assertion that diron would be deserted this fall for the links are drawing in thes, so to speak, and reluctantly admit that the number of teamsndividuals now preparing to engage in football is greater than efore. Golf is a good game for gentlemen of uncertain age, but not particularly appeal to the younger element which prefers and baseball in the summer and football in the autumn.

An authority on football was the other day how many players of the game he thought there wthe United States, including high school boys, collegians and amatams, referring, of course, to the American college game only. "Fithousand," was the reply. He estimated that there were 3,000 teamhe country, and an average of 15 players to the team is a very coive one. At the big universities, such as Harvard, Yale, Princetonsylvania, Columbia, Cornell, Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin and nus others, the squads run from 75 to 100 men each in the early part season.

The amount of money that ended every season in supplying this army with the necessaries ducting their campaigns has engaged the attention of a New Yornewspaper statistician. The game

A MOMENT OFENSE INTEREST.

has spread from one ocean to ther and the money spent for railroad fare in carrying out the seasonedule is no small item. Then there are hotel bills, training table ges, expenses for officials, liniment, employes to look after the ground last, but by no means least, the expenditure for equipment, whicludes moleskins, jerseys, sweaters, headgears, shoes and footballs.

There is, in fact, no game puts so much money in general circulation as football. Baseball and horse racing, if the latter can be termed a game, involves larger amount capital, but football circulates the money more freely among the p at large. Some of the big universities spend as much as $2,000y fall for body equipment alone, and the entire expense account of onlege last season—and it was not one of the biggest ones either—was000. Take the well-known universities, say Harvard, Yale, Princ Pennsylvania, Cornell, Columbia, Brown, Chicago, Michigan and Insin, and it is estimated that they will spend for football regalia, h are principally uniforms, a total of $20,000 each season, and these form but a small part of the gridiron community of the entire cor.

It is a hard thing to say just much football teams spend in a season, but an estimate of $1,000,00uld not be too high. Football is, nevertheless, a very profitable s and the colleges make much more out of it than they spend. Thotball profits support the crews and other athletic branches. With s at two dollars apiece and crowds from 15,000 to 30,000 at the big es one can readily see that the gate receipts are not to be despised. a million dollars is spent by all the teams of the country in a seast may be assumed that as much as $2,000,000 is taken in.

The charge has been made thf late years there has been too much tinkering with football playing s, that the sport was being made too complicated and that weight anctics were crowding out individuality and fundamental knowledge of game. Yet, in spite of these complaints, which are by no meanithout foundation, the game with its burdens of intricacy is everywhadvancing with tremendous strides and bids fair to become what basebnce was, "the national game."

Military men consider foot an excellent sport for soldiers, and at many posts, both in the eamd west, the game is being taken up by the enlisted men who are orging teams for the purpose of playing a championship series.

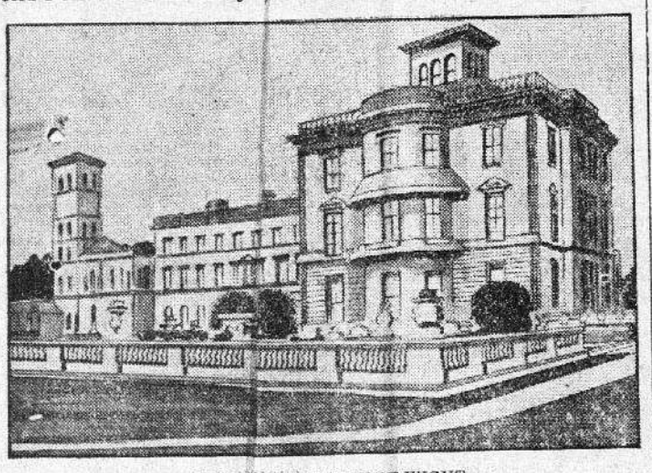
A few years ago football what golf is now, an aristocratic game. It was played by the select fewd the games were witnessed by the exclusive set. But now it is gett to be a democratic game, the popular game for the people. This is a should be, unless—and there's the rub—the professional football playshould arrive upon the scene, backed by the money-making speculator, mbination which would lower the sport in the eyes of high-minded amars and the respectable element of American society.

Osborne House, Isle of Wight

King Edward's Conation Gift to His People

OSBORNE HOUSE, Isle of ght, which was given to the British people by King Edward VIIs a coronation offering, was one of the favorite estates of the l Queen Victoria. It is doubtful if the king could have found a mosuitable present, and his intention, announced a few days ago, to cort it into a home for disabled army and navy officers meets with the f approval of the British public, according to enthusiastic accounts receiv from London.

The Osborne house estatepace called Austerburne, or Easter Brook, was held for many years byie Bowermans, an ancient island family. There were several owners u, in the time of Charles I., it was purchased by Charles Mann. Thivil war found Mann with a large sum of gold and silver in the strc box of his magnificent castle. He considered the dense woods neary a more secure hiding place, and buried his treasure. The legend has that he forgot to mark the spot and was never able to recover his alth. His heiress and granddaughter married a Mr. Blackford. Lady Bella Blackford, their descendant, sold the



OSBORN HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

estate to Queen Victoria in 840. It is stated that the prince consort, father of King Edward, helpe Architect Cubitt plan Osborne house as it exists to-day. The estate roper was enlarged from time to time by extensive purchases, until it ow contains some 5,000 acres.

The new house is in the style of Palladio. There are two striking towers—the campanile, or bll tower, 90 feet in height, and the flag tower, immediately behind the late queen's private apartments, which rises to the height of 107 feet. The rooms occupied by Queen Victoria will be the only part of the house not given over to the public.

The garden is arranged in terraces, and ends in a superb lawn, which slopes to the water's edge, where there is a little jetty used by the late queen. In these gardens he prince consort made his harmless and at one time much ridiculed experiments in agriculture and forestry.

Outside of the apartments occupied by Queen Victoria the council room at Osborne is of mos interest. It was at a meeting in this room, in 1845, that the Peel cabiet split over the repeal of the corn laws as a relief for Irish famine. In the same room hangs Landseer's famous painting, "The Deer Drive," one of the rarest specimens of English art.

King Edward never lied Osborne house, where he received many sharp lectures from his august mother in the days when, as prince of Wales, he was the leader of the "fast set" whose doings were condemned by the venerable queen in language which sometimes approached the emphatic.

SOUTHERN EDUCATION

NOT ALWAYS IN BOOKS.

While the Book is Necessary There is Much in Education That is Not Set Down Therein.

In this day of so much talk about education, which seems to turn upon plans for sending children to school, it may be well to pause now and then to consider the careers of men who have been really educated—that is, fitted for useful lives. Many of these have had to deal with facts, and not with books. They have been their own teachers, and practical experience has been their school.

"There is danger that opportunities in the country for real education may become more and more limited. So great emphasis is laid upon book learning that the mass of folks are rapidly falling into the habit of regarding book learning as education, when it is nothing of the kind. Education may be well assisted by the use of books under the guidance of competent teachers, but the mistake should not be made of depending entirely upon the books. That will, in the majority of cases, result in the very opposite of education, which is the training of boys and girls to think and act for themselves in such a way as to lead happy lives and to advance the real interests of their fellows. So it is well for the self-educated man not to be forgotten."—Southern Farm Magazine.

This is well said, and it can not be said too often. It seems in most of our schools that nothing can be learned except with a book. Nine teachers out of ten are helpless without a book in hand. All geography is in the book. Of course there is none out-of-doors. There was no arithmetic until somebody—a plague upon him!—wrote one. History was invented by the man that discovered dates. He had to invent it in order to have somewhat to put his dates.

A book is necessary; so is a servant. A book is a good servant if it is a good book; but it is a terrible master.

"Self-educated!" How much there is in that word. No one is ever properly educated unless self-educated. The only true school or college is one where the student may have the opportunity to "self-educate." In the vast majority of our "schools the child is regarded as a memory machine into which lessons are poured; and he is expected to grind out answers like a cornsheller. And we call that "education." The word has been warped and wrested from its real meaning. Send a boy to school and college and let him learn a lot of facts from books and he is said to be "educated." Let him study botany and geology out-of-doors; let him become a close observer and a clear reasoner without books and he is still "uneducated." He must cram books, books, to be "educated."

In his excellent book, The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths, Walter H. Page gives this conversation with a country schoolmaster:

"What would you think of schools where men should now be trained to occupations—schools here in this neighborhood, to make plows, wagons, furniture—everything?"

"That'd be a mighty good thing; but that ain't education," was the reply of the teacher.

We may truthfully say of much of the book learning, "that ain't education." The south needs schools where the boys and girls may learn "to think and act for themselves in such a way as to lead happy lives and to advance the real interests of their fellows."

OUR FIRST GREAT WORK.

The Education of the Children of the South the First Great Work of Every Lover of Country.

Ex-Gov. and Ex-Senator Thomas J. Jarvis, of North Carolina, is now in the sunset of life. His has been a noble record on the pages of North Carolina history. The following words from a private letter written by him breathe a lofty statesmanship and a proad patriotism:

"I look upon the education of the children of the south as the first great work to engage the time and thought and labors of every lover of his country and his kind.

"I am greatful for the help of the people of the north, but all the work must be done by the men and women of the south. We understand the conditions better and can deal with them wiser than strangers. But our people themselves must be taught to deal with these conditions in a spirit of fairness and broad statesmanship. We have two races living in the south. These races are distinct and must remain so, and yet they must live together. My judgment is that it is better for both that each be educated and trained and elevated to the highest state of citizenship of which it is capable. It is also my judgment that the church and school houses are the best agencies for making good citizens. If these agencies can not help us in solving the race problem, then indeed we have a hopeless task on our hands. But thank God I am a man of faith. I believe in God and in my fellow-men, and I believe the people of the south can solve all problems presented to them if they will cleave to the church and the school house; and that too in a manner which shall make them and their section a great power for good in the world."

Beacon of Southern Growth.

The Georgia School of Technology is one of the beacons of southern material growth. May its light continue to shine before men with ever-increasing brilliancy.

The Georgia "Tech." bids fair to do this very thing. Recently the general education board offered the institution $10,000 if a like amount was raised by friends of the institution. The amount was soon raised, and the $20,000 will be used for much-needed laboratories.

HUMOROUS.

First Young Lady—"I wonder if I shall lose my looks, too, when I get to be your age?" Second Young Lady—"You'll be lucky if you do."—Stray Stories.

"Some of these people," protested the telephone girl, "would try the patience of a saint." "And do you consider yourself a saint?" "Well, I always have a 'hello' around my head."—Philadelphia Times.

The Boorish Bachelor—"I see that a man has got himself into a lot of trouble marrying two women." "Why the extra one?" queried the boorish bachelor; "couldn't one make trouble enough?"—Baltimore Herald.

"The wedding presents, I suppose, were something gorgeous." "O! princely," replied the guest. "There was a necklace of diamonds, a yacht, a solid gold dinner set and a complete ton of anthracite coal."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Snooper—"I wonder if it is true, as Dr. Jacob says, that the baby of today has a better chance in life than the baby of 50 years ago?" Snooper—"Certainly it is! The baby of 50 years ago is half a century old now."—London Answers.

Tom—"Why so melancholy, old man?" Jack—"Miss Jones rejected me last night." Tom—"Well, brace up. There are others." Jack—"Yes, of course; but somehow I can't help feeling sorry for the poor girl."—Chicago Daily News.

He—"Darling, I have tried to tell you of my love! Will you sail with me over the sea of life?" Voice from upstairs—"Mary! Oh! Mary, If you're going to take passage with that fellow you'd better grab the rudder and do the steering."—Detroit Free Press.

Towne—"Subbubs told me he wasn't going to use the railroad any more unless he could get a pass." Browne—"Well, he travels on his face pretty often now." Towne—"Worked a pass, eh." Browne—"No, got an automobile."—Philadelphia Press.

MONEY IN YOUR POCKETS.

The Ordinary Cabman Often Has More Cash with Him Than the Man He Carries.

If a man is worth only as much money as he can immediately command—a financial axiom ascribed to Jay Gould—then there are members of the stock exchange who are paupers compared with the "cabbies" who touch hats to them, says the New York Herald.

An actor, well known to all theater-goers, spoke about this at the Lambs' club the other night. "Do you know," said he, "that I lost $50 yesterday on a wager in which I felt myself a sure winner?

"I needn't tell you the name of the young chap from the avenue who knows it all and thinks he's a bouquet to us, while we jolly him along. 'Davvy' brought him in to me while I was making up. 'He looks like an oriental prince,' said Davvy. 'He's blazin' like an incandescent.' And I saw he was, when I gave him the glad hand, after wiping the grease paint off.

"'Will you have supper to-night with me at Sherry's?' said he. I told him I would if he'd pay for it, and then, on the spur of the moment, I said: 'Because, old chap, I haven't a sou about me. How much have you?'

"He stared and grinned a bit, and searched his pockets, and said: 'Not a cent.' Quick as a shot I turned to Davvy, whose wages, you know, are six a week, and said: 'Davvy, attention!' Then I turned to the other and said: 'I'll bet you $50 even that my man here has more money in his clothes just now than you have in yours.' 'I'll take you,' he said. He did.

"I turned Davvy inside out, even to his underclothing, and got 46 cents. The chap undid his crush hat and took out of the lining a $50, a $20, two $10s, some $5s, and I don't know what."

This was not the experience of a writer in Wall street in making a chance and practical experiment to determine the amount of cash contained in the pockets of the apparently wealthy and poor.

"I beg your pardon," said the writer to a broker friend on the rush for luncheon, "can you change me a five-dollar note?" The search of his pockets and his answer were almost instantaneous.

"Dear chap," he said, "I couldn't change you a nickel. I'm not a bankrupt, but I'm dead broke just now."

The writer darted across the way to a cabby.

"Can you change me a 50?" said he.

"Certainly," said the cabby, and he did it with ease.

Lived Down His Reputation.

The king of Italy was unpopular at the time of his coming to the throne because of the stories of his extreme economy, but has lately shown that, though he is circumspect in his expenditure, he is liberal and benevolent. He gives largely to charity, both organized and individual, and in his social life seems ready to make any outlay that is necessitated by his position. Among his recent benefactions was a gift of 100,000 lire to the town of Palermo, to be distributed among the poor and three charitable institutions. Of this sum 50,000 lire is to go to the poor, 30,000 lire to the town hospital, 10,000 lire to the marine hospital and 1,000 lire to the Red Cross society.—London Chronicle.

Fleas Called "Wild Animals."

A custom house decision on fleas has been rendered in Switzerland. A package marked "Trained Fleas" reached Geneva. The nearest analogy the collector could find was that of June bugs, which had been ruled to be "edibles." The case went from one official to another, till it reached headquarters at Berne, whence, after much investigation and deliberation, the conclusion was reached that the fleas came under the head of "wild animals in a menagerie."—Toledo Times.

Cause and Effect.

The Mont Pelee disaster was taken as a text by one of the speakers at a recent near-by camp-meeting of negro Zionists. He explained that the eruption was a rebuke to the greed of mankind along the following lines:

"De earf, my fr'en's, resolves on axels, as we all know. Some'fin' suah am needed to keep 'em axels greased; se, de good Lawd, in His wisdom an' fo'sight, put lots ub petrolyum in de bowels ub de earf for dat purpose. De Stan'ard Oil comp'ny comes along an' 'strax dat petrolyum by borin' holes in de earf. De earf sticks on its axels and won't go 'round no more; dere is a hot box, just as tho' de earf wus a big railroad train—an' then' my fr'en's, dere am trubble."—Philadelphia Times.

Dog's Fine Digestion.

The dog of a sweet girl graduate from a Rhode Island high school ate up her diploma while it was still brand new, and its late owner is inconsolable. A good many other things are tried on a dog, but this is the first time that one has tested the filling qualities of a high school education.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Cream of Barley Soup.

Put into a saucepan two ounces of butter, and when very hot, add four ounces of well-cleaned pearl barley; heat it, then moisten with four quarts of broth; cover the saucepan and cook the barley slowly for three hours or more, until it yields easily to the pressure of the finger, then drain and pound in a mortar, diluting it with its own stock, afterwards straining through a sieve. Return it to the fire, and in case it should be too thick, add more of the broth; stir continually with a spatula, bearing on to the bottom of the saucepan, until the soup is ready to boil; season with salt, sugar and nutmeg, and add the thickening to the soup, stirring it in well until all the butter is melted.—Boston Budget.

Bread Omelet Rolled.

Crumb two slices of bread and soak in a cupful of cold milk until soft. Beat six eggs light, adding a level tablespoonful of butter chopped up small. Pour bread and milk with eggs and mix together. Season with salt and pepper and pour into a shallow biscuit pan; sprinkle onion juice over the top and bake the omelet in a hot oven until set, then roll it up like a jelly cake and turn it out on a hot dish. Garnish and serve at once.—Washington Star.

Great Waste of Money.

"Yes, I have had my girls all over Europe."

"And did you meet no one?"

"Not one, except a few beautly Americans."—Town Topics.

HOME VISITORS' EXCURSIONS via the IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

To points in Ohio and Indiana. One fare for the round trip plus $2.00. Tickets on sale September 2d, 9th, 16th and 23d, good to return within 30 days from date of sale. Excellent opportunity to visit the old folks at home. Call on or address nearest Iron Mountain Agent for particulars. H. C. TOWNSEND, G. P. & T. Agt., St. Louis.

Word Painting in Missouri.

An editor of a southern Missouri paper speaks thus feelingly in a recent obituary notice: "Just about daylight the Pale Horse came to him with the saddle and bridle of righteousness, and he straddled it and rode Home."—Indianapolis Journal.

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.—Johnson.

The Invalid.—"So Sokeleigh's health is gone, eh? What became of it?" "He drank it."—Puck.

To know mankind is easy; but to comprehend any one man or woman is impossible.—Town Topics.

Obedience sums up our entire duty.—Ballou.

Appropriate.

Mrs. Sharpe—They call the bell boy in the hotel "Buttons," I believe. I wonder why?

Mrs. Sharpe—Probably because he's always off when you need him most.—Philadelphia Press.