

"What is more potent than the dollar?" Oh a few millions of it.

Mrs. Langtry is 60 years old, but at a little distance you can scarcely notice it.

A western observer says that almost all the street railway companies now run "Pay-as-you-enter" cars.

Philadelphia boasts of a magazine devoted exclusively to aeronautics. One of those fly-by-night publishing concerns, eh?

It is claimed that the mound builders were the first baseball players, but nobody has ever discovered anything to indicate that they were the first umpire maimers.

Asbestos sheets are being instituted under the mattresses of sleeping cars on some of the railways of the United States to shut out the heat from the radiators underneath.

The elevator originated in central Europe. The earliest mention of the elevator is made in a letter of Napoleon I. addressed to his wife, Archduchess Maria Louise.

Dr. Hills thinks the millennium has arrived. The man who needs 14 tons of hard coal and doesn't know where he is going to get the money to pay for it is probably convinced that a millennium doesn't amount to much, after all.

A simplified spelling society in England wants to have school children taught to spell by ear. To show how tastes differ, it is a matter of common complaint among business men here that some of the graduates of the common schools spell that way now.

Can the proposition that the minimum salary for an unmarried Episcopalian clergyman in the diocese of New York should be \$1,200 and for a married clergyman \$1,200 with a suitable place to live in, or \$1,500 in money, be taken as an official statement of the exact cost of a wife?

When the officers of the American battleships arrived at Tokyo last month they were welcomed by crowds of school children, who sang "Hail Columbia" and other American songs in English. When have American school children ever welcomed foreign visitors by singing songs in their native tongue?

In view of the fact that the price of stock exchange seats in New York has jumped recently from \$70,000 to \$75,000, it is a little discouraging to learn that the owner of a pew in fashionable Grace church, on lower Broadway, which he bought for \$3,000, has been able to get only \$1,100 bid for it, at auction.

Cornetists standing in the belfry of the Park Street church in Boston played "America" at noon on October 21, in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rev. S. F. Smith, the author of the words sung to the music in this country. "America" was first sung publicly in this church, on July 4, 1832.

About 250 buffalo, remnant of the famous Pablo herd recently purchased by the Dominion government, will be taken from Montana and placed in the new buffalo park on Baltic river, a thousand miles northwest of Winnipeg. The animals now are being rounded up by Michael Pablo in Montana and will be brought north in special trains.

There has recently been opened in one of London's fashionable streets a toilet club for dogs. There the pets of the smart set can have their hair dressed and their coats trimmed to immaculate perfection. For three shillings they can be bathed. If their teeth are imperfect they can be filled or extracted, and if their claws protrude too far they can be daintily manicured.

Germany in 20 years has increased its yearly mining product from 100,000,000 metric tons to 242,609,000 metric tons, worth \$439,086,200. Coal forms 85 per cent. of the output. Other minerals are salt, iron ores, copper, lead, zinc, pyrites, gold, silver, manganese, arsenic, saltpeter, vitriol and alum. The workmen number about 700,000, and the companies about 2,000.

Dr. Norman Ditman has received the Gibbs prize of \$20,000, offered by the New York academy for the best original research work on the kidneys. The prize was founded to create an interest in the study of Bright's disease. Dr. Ditman's investigations tried to account for the unnecessary two-thirds of man's meat diet, and to see if this had any close connection with the poisons present in the system of a person afflicted with Bright's disease.

AGAIN MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPION



Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan fighter, who regained the middle-weight championship of the world by defeating Billy Papke in the eleventh round of their bout at Colma, Cal.

FOREIGN SWIMMERS MUST RECKON WITH AMERICANS

Achievements of Team at Olympic Games Show Yankees Rank with the Best.

It cannot be said truthfully that the outdoor swimming season of 1908 was a brilliant or even an unusually active one, yet it will go down in history as a decidedly remarkable one.

The achievements of our small team of swimmers at the Olympic games were passed over with hardly a word in the heat of controversy over sensational disputes. Daniels' capture of the 100 meter race had been expected and nobody else took a first, so what need of wasting time in comments? Nevertheless, our representatives won a great victory, for they proved that we are now at least on equal terms with other countries—a thing foreigners have refused to admit, so far—and that in future they will have to reckon on us in all international swimming meets. The sprinting of Harry Hebner of the Illinois A. C. and Leslie Rich of the Brookline S. C. was an eye-opener to Britishers, who thought Daniels was our only good 100 yarder, and they were not a little surprised at our relay quartette—Daniels, Goodwin, Hebner, Rich—giving them a good rub for their money and finishing third, ahead of several European teams considered their betters.

Then the fancy diving of George Gaidzik of the Chicago A. A.—the best of the meet, despite his being given only third place—took them completely off their feet.

Marathon swimming again proved the feature of the season. The Chicago event was won in clever style by C. S. Jensen of the Illinois A. C. in 44:41 2-5, and his clubmate, H. J. Handy, obtained a second leg on the \$1,000 Missouri A. C. cup, which is competed for yearly over ten miles of the Mississippi river, and which must be won three times before becoming absolute property of winner.

In the east Bud Goodwin of the New York A. C. took both the big events—five and 13 mile championships—the first in 2:10:25, the second in 4:30:00. His work was a revelation. He seemed to hold over these distances the exact stroke, speed and all that he uses in mile swimming, and his time was certainly wonderful.

Besides these three, several other very promising endurance men were developed. Jaeger, the two Johnsons, Frizelle, and Hall in the west, and Wenck, the Manleys, Hennen, James, and Hyde in the east, showed better form and more speed than the best swimmers of the previous year.

In sprinting there was not very much of an opportunity to judge of relative merits, but it is worth mentioning that Daniels went an official 100 yards in a pool in 0:54 2-5, which, though not accepted as a record, may dispel the fear, felt by some, that the New Yorker is losing his speed. Apart from Daniels there are three men who deserve to be mentioned in a class by themselves: Harry Hebner of the Illinois A. C., Leslie Rich of the Brookline S. C., and Curtis Sloan of Pittsburgh. They certainly ought to be heard from if their summer's work is any criterion of what they will do next winter.

Will Try Criss on First. Criss is to be tried on first base by the Browns. If he can make good the team will gain greatly in hitting power.

FOOTBALL IS SHELVED; OTHER GAMES TO FORE

Track Work, Basketball and Indoor Sports Will Now Receive Attention of Colleges.

Now that the football season has ended the athletes in the colleges and universities are turning their attention toward those games which, during the winter months, go to make the calendar of intercollegiate sports complete. Basketball, hockey, indoor track, aquatics and gymnastics are all coming in for their share of recognition after being dormant for eight months.

The track athletes have already donned their indoor shoes, trunks and jerseys and sought the banked turns of the runways in the gyms. Nearly every afternoon these would-be flyers can be seen swinging around, developing both stride and wind under the watchful eyes of some captain, who is anxiously looking over the material for this winter's team.

The dissolution of the Intercollegiate Basketball association does not appear to have in the least retarded interest in this branch of athletics, and while it was feared at the close of last season that the discontinuance of this organization might materially affect the playing schedules of those colleges and universities connected with it, it has evidently had an antithetic effect.

It is said that, as a rule, harder playing lists are being, or have been, compiled for the big eastern teams than ever before. If such is the case, then it is evident that enthusiasm among basket ballists is on anything but the wane. It is rather on the increase, and long, hard schedules will undoubtedly tend to boost it still further. Yale has announced that its schedule is composed of just as many important games as last season's. Further than this, all the teams that last winter met in I. B. A. play are again given places among the playing dates.

WINTER BASEBALL GOSSIP

John J. McCloskey, for several years manager of the St. Louis National league team, and a ball player of the old school, will manage the Milwaukee American association baseball team in 1909. He succeeds Barry McCormick.

"Kid" Nance, who played in the American league the first year of its existence, is wanted by both Fort Worth and Austin in the Texas league. Nance played great ball for Waco last season.

Little Rock again will be the training camp for the Boston Red Sox next season. President Taylor has made arrangements with Manager Finn of the Arkansas Travelers for the use of the grounds and has promised the Little Rock club two pitchers as partial payment for the park.

Youngstown, O., contains quite a baseball colony in Manager McAleer of St. Louis, Outfielder Charlie Hemphill of New York, Shortstop Starr of Pittsburg, Infielders Phyle and Whitney of Buffalo and Curley Blount, Jack Wood and Jack McAleer.

Frank Killen, once the great south-paw of the big leagues, will umpire in the Central league next season.

"Deacon" Philippe of the Pirates is one of the baseball players who believes in saving his money and not turning actor during the off-season. He has just purchased a farm near Butler, Wis., and paid \$7,200 cash down.

Kathleen, the Embassadress
By Alan Sanders

(Copyright, Ford-Pub. Co.)

"Come in!" My office door opened very gently, and a little face I knew well peeped round. In sheer astonishment I dropped my pen.

"Kathleen!" I said. "How in the world did you get down here? You're not by yourself, surely?"

"Oh, no; course, nurse's with me," and the blue eyes smiled at me so sweetly; "but she's gone shopping. I'm not to go till she comes for me."

"But what will mother and auntie say? They'll think you're lost."

"I'm too growed-up to get lost," she said, with a dignified little air.

I could not help smiling.

"Now, you little rogue," I said, "when I've helped you off with that pretty blue coat and hat I shall expect to be told why you've honored me with a visit to the city in business hours."

She settled herself sedately in a chair opposite to me, quite unconscious of the pretty picture she made with her mass of fair hair and sweet little face.

"It's a most 'portant visit," she said. "I've come to ask you to my party next We'n'sday."

"Indeed? I shall be delighted to come. So that's what brought you down here, is it?"

I had heard great tales about this party, but not from Kathleen. This was evidently her surprise for me.

"Shall I be expected to do anything in particular?" I asked.

"You'll have to make believe all the time, like you always do at our house."

This was certainly a candid statement. I wondered if the rest of the family shared the same view. I hoped not, because I was as a rule

In the intervening days the postman left strange notes for me.

Sometimes the missives were stuck together with jujubes, but I had no difficulty in deciphering the signs. They read: "Don't forget the party, next We'n'sday." As to the crosses—well, the most ignorant person knows what those mean in a letter.

"We'n'sday" came at last, and, of course, I went to the party. It was a great success. The house was turned upside down by a merry crowd of little folks who kept the fun going until long after they ought to have been in bed.

Kathleen queened it all very prettily, and after the last little guest had departed and the blue eyes could scarcely keep open, she persisted that she wasn't a little bit tired, "on'y hungry." That was a subterfuge she was always guilty of at bedtime.

Next day I saw Kathleen in the park, and we discussed the party.

"You were a funny man," she said.

I was glad to know that I had given satisfaction in this direction.

"Did you learn all those stories from pttcher books, or were they just make-believe?"

"Both," I said.

"And you didn't cry when you had to go home like little Charlie did, did you?"

I assured her that I was able to refrain from weeping.

"And you liked me the best of all the little girls there?"

"Of course, I did."

"Quite sure?" she said, coaxingly.

"Quite sure," I repeated.

"Then mummie was wrong," she said, triumphantly.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well when mummie and Aunt Merva came to say 'Good night,' I heard auntie say how fond you were of me, and mummie said: 'Yes, and I know some one else he's very fond of, too, or would be if she'd let him,' and auntie went quite funny, and said: 'Don't be ridiklus, Daisy—Daisy's what daddy calls mummie—but mummie only laughed and said: 'I don't think you're always kind to him.'"

Kathleen stopped to take breath after this long recital, and then went on: "So after mummie went downstairs, and auntie brought me a sweetie 'fore I fell 'sleep, I asked if it was true if you liked some little girl better'n me. Auntie said 'No,' and then I asked her if she wasn't always kind to you. Auntie said: 'Pr'aps not, sometimes.' Then I said she ought to love you like I did, 'cos you were lonely and had no nice little girl of your own like my daddy had. Then she stooped down to kiss me, and her cheek was quite wet, just as if she'd been crying. I've never seen Auntie Merva cry before."

There was a serious look in Kathleen's blue eyes.

"What made Auntie Merva cry, do you think?" she asked, quite distressed.

"I think I can guess," I said, and with a full heart I kissed the little up-turned face.

Kathleen had told me something I wanted to know—something that I have been grateful to her for telling me, all my life.

Dryness of City Air.

It might be supposed that the heat of large towns would hasten evaporation and make their air moister, but recent observations abroad indicate the reverse. In northern Germany city air exceeds country air in relative humidity by six to nine per cent., according to season. This diminution in moisture is most marked in the evening and is more evident in summer than in winter, so that it can hardly be due to fires or to the condensation by smoke or vapors. The primary cause would appear to be the general drainage of the ground in cities. In the hot summer of 1904 country and town moisture were practically equal, a result probably due to the excessive drying of the soil in both city and country by the long drought.

Meant to Cheat the Dogs.

In a certain part of Scotland, according to Dean Ramsey, the shepherds used to take their collies with them to church. The dogs behaved well during the sermon, but began to be restless during the last psalm, and saluted the final blessing with joyful barks. In one church the congregation resolved to stop this unseemly detail; so, when a strange minister was about to pronounce the blessing, all remained seated instead of rising as he expected. He hesitated and paused, till an old shepherd cried: "Say awr, sir; we're a' sittin' to cheat the dows."

A Cruel Jest.

"Anyway," remarked Noah, as the ark began to float, "the folks that were threatened by forest fires ought to be thankful!"



"Then Mummie Was Wrong," She Said Triumphantly.

particularly serious after Kathleen had gone to bed.

"Auntie Merva will be there, of course," I ventured to suggest.

"Course she will," replied Kathleen.

Then she made a tour of the room, came back and resumed her seat, and asked me seriously: "Is this where you play all by yourself in the daytime?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I do."

"Do you keep your toys in those big tin boxes?"

"Well, they're not toys like those in your nursery."

"Do you sit here all by yourself, then?"

I nodded.

"And never feel lonely?"

"Sometimes," I said, smiling in spite of myself at the serious little face.

"I heard mummie tell daddy one day you were a lonely man."

"Oh!"

I was certainly hearing some home truths.

"But you won't be lonely when you come to my party, will you?"

"No, dear. I like to come as often as I can to your house," and I spoke the truth.

By this time Kathleen's nurse had returned—I expect she had been waiting outside all the time—and with strict injunctions "not to forget the party next We'n'sday," my little visitor kissed me good-by, and I tried to settle down to work again.

But a pair of blue eyes would keep dancing in front of me on my blotting-pad. Sometimes I thought they were Kathleen's, and sometimes I thought they were—some one else's. Kathleen's eyes and her Aunt Merva's were strangely alike. I had noticed it before.

The room seemed quite cheerless now that she had gone.