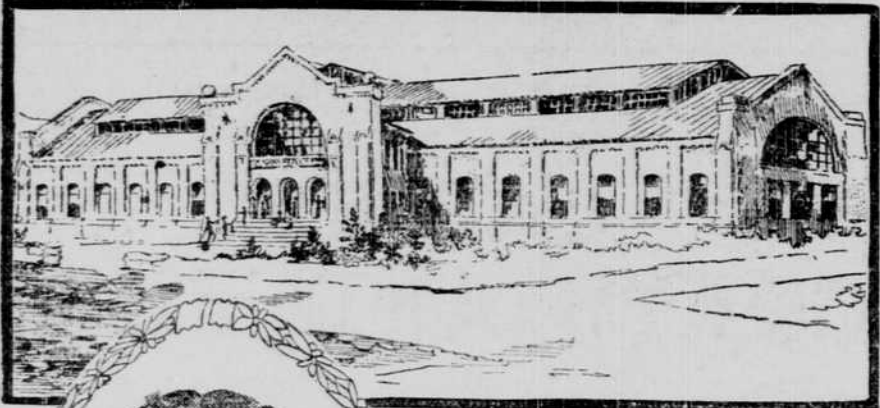


BASEBALL UNDER GLASS

BIG GYM PROPOSED FOR DARTMOUTH



DR. JOHN BOWLER, DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS AT DARTMOUTH

The college gymnasium has come to occupy a most conspicuous place in every quadrangle, and the buildings at most of our large universities and colleges are architecturally as artistic and complete as are the more imposing structures devoted to the exercise and development of the mind. But that the present type of building which is dedicated to the development of a sound body in which a sound mind can dwell is all that it can and should be are questions which arise with the new huge gym proposed for Dartmouth college. This institution of learning would take a great forward step and provide a structure large enough to accommodate all the major athletic sports, except rowing, and it is probable that Dartmouth's move will fix the type of future construction of college gymnasiums.

This plan for a huge gymnasium building, really a big athletic field under glass, is being fathered by the alumni of the college, and so enthusiastic are they over the project that there is little doubt but that they will be able to bring their plans to complete realization. The building which their plans provide will be so huge that track men will be able to practice on a track of eight laps to the mile, and with straightaways of more than 100 yards; so huge that baseball men will have space in which to bat the ball and to run, yet without encroaching upon the ample area reserved for shot-putters, jumpers and pole vaulters; so huge that the entire college may take exercise at one time under its roof.

The indoor dirt track, the largest in the United States is, perhaps, the most remarkable feature of the proposed gymnasium. It will be a regulation cinder track with built-up turns, ten feet in width and as nearly perfect as such a track can be.

The A. B. Shaws and Stephen Chases of the future Dartmouth shall need no more seek out, in the spring, some restricted stretch of dry, bare ground on which their hurdles may be set up. Entirely independent of however laggard a springtime, undisturbed by rain or any windy weather, they shall fit themselves at their pleasure for record-breaking flights over the high sticks.

This splendid indoor track will pass and return beneath the first floor of what is really the gymnasium proper, and circle out and around the two far-reaching shell-like wings that will extend on either side, and in which will be contained the expanses of native earth, 140 feet by 110 at least, which the baseball men and track squad may call their own.

This track as planned will be larger than the bicycle track erected at the Madison square garden in New York for the six-day bicycle races, and will be nearly twice as large as the indoor track in Mechanics' building, which is of 13 laps to the mile, or 130 yards.

A building which thus provides for organized athletics, as well as for gymnastics, is the type of gymnasium which the college men of the present and future will applaud and covet. What is more, it is the type of gymnasium which they will insist upon having. College men everywhere will realize the important advantages which Dartmouth athletic teams must gain by this enormous addition to their equipment. They will insist upon having equal advantages.

On the second floor will be situated

The gymnasium proper containing all the apparatus for gymnastic work, and an open floor space where basketball can be played, and where half the college could be given class drill at one time; also courts for court tennis, squash courts, boxing and fencing rooms and many other features.

In the upper story, too, there will be provided opportunity for training men for indoor athletics. A board track will run around the inside wall of the entire building, which, while this track is not in use, will be available for spectators of baseball practice and track sport taking place on the mother earth below.

On the ground floor, under the main building, the plans show a space where a swimming pool of large size will be constructed ultimately if present intentions can be carried out. On either side of this open cellar run out the huge wings, lofty shells surrounded by the galleried walls.

The roofs, all glass, and the windows, numerous and near together, should make these inclosed and sheltered spaces as bright as the day outside, and the proper temperature will be maintained by a system of steam heating fed from the central plant of the college.

The skylights of the wings will stretch 40 feet from the ground and will be protected with wire gratings so that the baseball can be batted as well as thrown, and Dartmouth ball teams, which for years have practiced in a chill and dimly lighted wooden "cage," on a dusty floor of rough boards, need never again come down to play Harvard having had less than a week of adequate practice before the event.

The greatest length of the gymnasium will be 360 feet.

The greatest width of the long wings, which make possible the long running stretch, will be 110 feet north and south, while the dimensions of the gymnasium proper contained in the cross are 200 feet north and south and 80 feet, a part of the greatest length of the building, east and west.

The baseball diamond will be located in the west wing, while in the east wing, in addition to the room for field events, there will be space for several handball courts.

Re-enforced concrete will be the material chiefly used in the building of the new gymnasium.

The design, while by no means ornate, possesses dignity and the beauty of long lines. The building in itself and by reason of its proposed location will handsomely round out the present group of college buildings at Hanover. It will certainly be an impressive structure, with its strong and simple Roman arch construction, its arched entrance. There will be a decided hint of magnificence about it.

It is planned to build it in the form of a cross, parallel to the street as to its greatest length. It would be entered by the shorter arm of the cross, the other arm giving upon the athletic field, where almost as much level ground is now available as Harvard has reclaimed in Soldiers' Field. The gymnasium will be located north of the oval, nearly opposite the Alpha Delta Phi house.

The gymnasium proper, according to the plans, will be located within the arms of the cross and that section of the long building to which they join. The long wings will contain the huge open spaces.

On the main floor the trophy room will be situated, and this trophy room, it is believed, will be the very heart and soul of Dartmouth athletic life. It will be as large in itself as Bonissell hall, 65 feet by 80. Two monstrous fireplaces will yawn at each other from opposite walls of enameled brick, every brick bearing the name of a Dartmouth man who gave of his substance for the building of the Dartmouth gym.

The walls will all be of brick, and not a brick unnamed, so the optimistic and enthusiastic alumni leaders declare. In the bricks will be set bronze tablets bearing the names of the non-Dartmouth donors who have contributed to the good cause.

FORCED TO TAKE LIFE OF PARENT

SHALL IT BE MOTHER OR FATHER?

Terrible Alternative That Has Been Presented to Children in Various Parts of the Country—Tragedy Made the Daughter the Instrument of Vengeance—Pistol Duel with Father.



YES, I shot my father; I hoped to kill him," sobbed the boy as he bowed his head in his hands, sitting there in his cell. "I had to do it to save my mother's life. Is he dead?"

The police already have all the evidence they want against Theodore Eller, the 19-year-old boy. They have the revolver with which he put the bullets into the body of his father, John Eller, at their home, 30 Littleton avenue, Newark. They have the boy's confession; they have his word for it that his married sister gave him the pistol to shoot his father.

John Eller did attack his wife just once too often. The evening he came home on that fatal moment he began abusing his helpmeet for 25 years—mother of his six children. He raged up and down the room. The patient wife was silent. When she didn't reply to the man's ravings Eller picked up an iron mangle and flung it at her with unerring aim. It struck her full in the forehead; she sank to the floor with a cry of agony.

The boy upstairs heard the cry. Then he heard his father shout out: "I'm going to get my gun and finish you right now!"

In the boy's pocket was the pistol. He remembered the injunction of his older sister, Mrs. Frederick Prestler, who had gone out for the evening, as she gave it to him: "Keep this always by you for you will need it to protect your mother. Don't be afraid to use it if your father should raise one of his jealous rages."

Three steps at a time the lad dashed downstairs. As he ran into the room his mother fell upon him. "Theodore, Theodore!" she screamed, "save me, save me!"

She flung her arms around him. He put one arm around her and faced his father, who came charging on at the two of them.

"I'll kill you both!" yelled the man. "Shoot, shoot, if you must; save our lives!" screamed Mrs. Eller.

Mother's Life, or Father's.

For an answer Theodore leveled the pistol at his father more quickly than it takes to tell it. The man never stopped. It was the mother's life or the father's. The boy had to choose. He let the pistol do the choosing.

It barked once. On came the father, closing in. Again the weapon spit forth a bullet. Eller dropped, mortally wounded. The mother swooned in her son's arms. But her life had been saved.

They hurried the father away to a hospital, where the surgeons said he was mortally wounded. The boy was arrested and held without bail. Had he allowed his mother to be beaten to

death he would not have been put in a cell; he had his choice to make, and only a moment to make it in.

What would the everyday son do in such a case?

Has he a right to shoot down his father to save his mother? Should he not be impartial? Would it not be better to fight than to shoot? Is a son justified in killing his father to save his mother's life?

Other sons have been called upon to decide, just as Theodore Eller has had to decide, and in the twinkling of an eye, too. And occasionally even a daughter has been forced to make the same decision in a moment's time.

Only two weeks ago 15-year-old Frank Peterson, out at Greenport, L. I., had to face the same dilemma. If he didn't shoot his father, then his mother's life would pay the forfeit.

Frank didn't hesitate. He fired, brought his father down with a serious wound in the head and saved his mother's life. Then he ran for the doctor to come to his father, Frank Peterson, Sr.

The Petersons are well-to-do and live in a pretty home at 48 Bridge street, Greenport. Frank is the eldest of seven children. But the father, apparently, has little love for his family, and more than once his wife has felt the effect of his blows, so the son said when the shooting was over.

It was Sunday. The husband had been browbeating the wife. Suddenly he turned and with clenched fists started for her. She screamed for the boy.

"Shoot," yelled Frank, as his mother cowered to the floor.

Boy's First Shot Fatal.

On the other word, the boy, without another word, drew a revolver from his pocket, and as his father struck out at his mother, fired one shot. It hit the frenzied man in the jaw, ranged upward and lodged behind the right eye. Peterson dropped.

"I've shot my father because he was going to strike my mother," said Frank, running into the house of Dr. A. C. Loper. "Go to him, quick!"

Then the boy went to the home of the chief of the police and gave himself up. He was put in the village jail. The mother and the children corroborated Frank in all he said. The father was hurried to a hospital.

Mrs. Madeline Langlotz had even a harder task set before her than these boys. She saw her father, George Wasser, shoot her mother down in their flat at 2658 Third avenue, where Mrs. Langlotz, a widow, was living with her mother. The daughter had to make her choice only too quickly.

"He was a beast," she declared, vehemently. "I'm glad I shot him. He

shot my mother, the best woman that ever lived. When I saw her fall I fired at the man the best I knew how and I'm glad one of the bullets hit him—my father!"

The Wassers, husband and wife, had separated. When Mrs. Langlotz's husband died she went back to live with her mother and her little sisters. Three years ago the man came into the little home and attacked little Annie, one of his daughters. He was arrested, but nothing came of the case. This made him bold.

Forced His Way Into House.

Wasser hung around the home and more than once he tried to get in. He was arrested, but each time got free on some plea or another. This made him bolder still. On the fatal morning he knocked at the door of the flat and demanded admission.

"If you don't let me in I'll kill you and all the brats!" he yelled.

There was no answer. He broke down the door. Mrs. Wasser stood facing him. There was fire in her eye and decision in her voice.

"I'll never take you back, George Wasser," she said, firmly.

This was her death warrant.

"Well," sneered Wasser, "you'll never telephone for the police again."

Mrs. Wasser started to run. Wasser pulled a revolver out of his pocket. Before his wife had taken two steps he fired. The bullet struck the poor woman in the breast. She fell to the floor with her clothing ablaze, so close was the range. Mrs. Langlotz and little Annie were in a rear room. They rushed out just in time to see their mother fall. Remembering the revolver her mother kept in the bureau drawer, Annie ran and got it. Quick as a flash she handed it to Mrs. Langlotz. Just then Wasser was raising his weapon to shoot again at his helpless wife.

Daughter's Aim Deadly.

His daughter fired first. The bullet grazed his face. Wasser returned the shot, but he missed, though they were but 12 feet apart. Then the daughter fired again and both emptied their revolvers. Every shot of Wasser's missed, but the daughter's last shot found its mark. It made an ugly hole in the man's forehead and he sank to the floor with a groan. Then the young widow dropped her revolver and fell in a faint after the duel with her father.

The police came in; the two wounded persons were taken to the hospital. The wife died in the afternoon at three o'clock; the husband an hour later. The daughter was arrested, only to be freed next day.

"She wasn't a murderer," said one of the coroner's jury. "She was a heroine!"

And for all that, facing her father's loaded revolver, firing shot for shot, the young widow hadn't been able to save her dear mother's life. But she had made her choice between the two, and she did the best she could.

Constantin Pellegrino, barely 17

He fired twice, as quickly as he could. Both bullets hit the would-be murderer in the left side. He dropped his victim and ran for the door. Twice again the boy fired. This time he hit his father twice in the back of the head. The man fell in his tracks.

A policeman heard the shots and came running up.

"I've killed my father," said Constantin, coolly. "I want you to arrest me. I had to do it to save my mother's life."

The mother implored the police not to arrest her son, but law is law, and he had to go to the station house. The son, knowing the choice he had made, was perfectly cool.

"I knew I would have to kill my father some day," he said. "He has always been saying he would kill my mother, and I am glad it is over now."

In Bowerton, Miss., it was only a little boy who stood between his mother and his infuriated father. Frank Mullins was whipping one of his children unmercifully, when the mother interfered.

"Curse you!" cried the husband and father. "I'll kill you if you don't let me alone."

The mother stepped between the child and her infuriated husband. He struck her and knocked her down, kicking her face as he did it. Their ten-year-old boy saw it all from across the yard, and, running in from behind the woodpile and levelled it from behind the woodpile and shot his father dead. But he saved his mother's life.

Ordered Son to Kill Father.

Frederick Cramer, his wife and their children lived at Page, South Dakota. Husband and wife had domestic differences and it was agreed that he should have the first floor of their home and she and her sons the second floor.

One night Cramer came home in an ugly mood and tried to break into the second floor of the house. Mrs. Cramer barricaded the downstairs door, but her husband broke it down.

"I'll settle you!" he cried, plunging up the stairs. Mrs. Cramer ran and got her loaded revolver. She leveled it down the stairs, but her hand trembled so that she could not aim.

"Take this and shoot him," she said to her oldest son, Arthur, a boy of 16, handing him the pistol. "I'm too nervous to hold it."

The boy obeyed only too well. One shot was fatal.

"I only did what my mother told me," he said, "and that was to save her life from my father."

Ezekiel Gregory, an old farmer, of Davidson, N. C., didn't like the hours of his son, David. He told him that he ought to rise earlier. He killed his father with an ax and escaped.

John and James Randall, 14 and 15 years old, of Marshall, N. C., found their mother murdered, as they believed, by their father. They hurried for their rifles, and one of the boys wanted to kill him then and there when they found him.

"No," said the other, "let's keep him

SOME REMARKS FROM MINNESOTA EDITORS.

What They Think of Western Canada.

A party of editors from a number of cities and towns of Minnesota recently made a tour of Western Canada, and having returned to their homes they are now telling in their respective newspapers of what they saw on their Canadian trip. The West St. Paul Times recalls the excursion of the Minnesota editors from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast ten years ago. Referring to what has happened in the interval of ten years, the editor says: "Thousands of miles of new railway lines have been built, and the development of the country has made marvelous strides. Millions of acres, then lying in their wild and untouched state, have since been transferred into grain fields. Towns have sprung up as if by the wand of a magician, and their development is now in full progress. It is a revelation, a record of conquest by settlement that is remarkable."

The Hutchinson Leader characterizes Western Canada as "a great country undeveloped. The summer outing," it says, "was an eye-opener to every member of the party, even those who were on the excursion through Western Canada ten years ago, over considerable of the territory covered this year, being amazed at the progress and advancement made in that short space of time. The time will come when Western Canada will be the bread-basket of the world. It was a delightful outing through a great country of wonderful possibilities and resources."

Since the visit of these editors the Government has revised its land regulations and it is now possible to secure 160 acres of wheat land at \$3.00 an acre in addition to the 160 acres that may be homesteaded.

The crops of 1908 have been splendid, and reports from the various districts show good yields, which at present prices will give excellent profits to the farmers.

From Milestone, Saskatchewan, there are reported yields of thirty bushels of spring wheat to the acre, while the average is about 20 bushels. The quality of grain to be shipped from this point will be about 600,000 bushels. Information regarding free lands and transportation will be freely given by the Canadian Government Agents.

A HINT TO GOLFERS.



The Visitor—What on earth does that chap carry that photograph round for. Is he dotty?

The Member—No! But he's dumb. So he has that talking machine to give instructions to his caddie or to make a few well chosen remarks in case he fumbles his drive or does anything else annoying.

Her Experience.

Letty was a little colored girl whose chief occupation was the bringing of water from a distant spring. This was very much to her discomfort, for the summons to fill the empty water bucket called her often from her play.

One day her young mistress was giving her a lesson in Bible history, the subject being Noah and the flood.

"Letty," she said, "what did Noah do when he found that the water was all gone?"

Letty, who had been giving scant attention to the story, replied with a sigh:

"I spec' he sent after mo'."

Uncle Ben Liked Her.

A Kansas City girl recently married a man who lives in one of the smaller near-by towns, and went there with him to live. The bridegroom was naturally eager that his relatives should like his bride and as one, an old farmer, voiced no complimentary opinion in his hearing he at last asked:

"Uncle Ben, what do you think of my wife?"

"Wal, for a fact, George," responded the old fellow, "you shore outmarried yourself."—Kansas City Times.

UPWARD START

After Changing from Coffee to Postum.

Many a talented person is kept back because of the interference of coffee with the nourishment of the body.

This is especially so with those whose nerves are very sensitive, as is often the case with talented persons. There is a simple, easy way to get rid of coffee evils and a Tenn. lady's experience along these lines is worth considering. She says:

"Almost from the beginning of the use of coffee it hurt my stomach. By the time I was fifteen I was almost a nervous wreck, nerves all unstrung, no strength to endure the most trivial thing, either work or fun.

"There was scarcely anything I could eat that would agree with me. The little I did eat seemed to give me more trouble than it was worth. I finally quit coffee and drank hot water, but there was so little food I could digest, I was literally starving; was so weak I could not sit up long at a time.

"It was then a friend brought me a hot cup of Postum. I drank part of it and after an hour I felt as though I had had something to eat—felt strengthened. That was about five years ago, and after continuing Postum in place of coffee and gradually getting stronger, to-day I can eat and digest anything I want, I walk as much as I want. My nerves are steady.

"I believe the first thing that did me any good and gave me an upward start, was Postum, and I use it altogether now instead of coffee." "There's a Reason."

Named given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-being," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

BLUFF THAT WORKED WELL

Lawyer Freed Client and Got Home in Time for His Dinner.

Charles O'Connor and James W. Gerard were once opposed to each other in an important trial. When Mr. O'Connor produced his first witness Mr. Gerard rose and said: "Mr. O'Connor, what do you propose to show by this witness?"

Mr. O'Connor told what he wished to prove.

"It is useless to waste the time of the court and jury in proving that," said the other, "I admit it."

Mr. O'Connor then called his next witness, and the same question and answer were repeated. "I admit it," said Mr. Gerard; "don't let us waste time." Another witness began and Mr. Gerard interrupted: "I admit all you say you are going to prove. Let us hurry along."

With a rapidity which took O'Connor's breath away all the facts which

he had accumulated were accepted wholesale. There he rested his case, and Gerard, for the defense, called no witnesses, but at once began his address to the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "some of you know me personally. I have no doubt those of you who are not personally acquainted with me know me by reputation. Now, gentlemen, you know that if my client had been guilty of any fraud I should be the last man on earth to admit it. I should hide it from you. I should cover it up. I should fight, fight—and I know how to fight—against the proof of his getting in evidence. If my client had been guilty of fraud, do you think I would admit it? No, no! Never! Never!" Here he looked at his watch.

"Gentlemen, excuse my brevity. I have an engagement to dine to-day, and my time is almost up. I will detain you no longer. I will de-

—N. Y. Tribune.

Warns Followers of Danger

Responsibility Assumed by Leader of Band of Apes.

Apes know how to face danger or to avoid it by flight, and they also try to foresee it and avoid exposing themselves to it. A troop of apes, it has been found, generally give the leadership to one of their strongest and most experienced members, who takes a great deal of trouble for the security

of his subjects and does not abuse the authority which he possesses. Always at the head, he keeps from branch to branch, and the band follows him. Every now and then he scales a tall tree and from this height carefully scans the neighborhood roundabout. If he discovers nothing to arouse his suspicions, a long, deep grunt so informs his waiting companions. If, however, he perceives some danger,

he warns them by a cry, and all draw in, ready to follow him in his retreat, which he directs in the same way in which he guided the forward march.

Cause of Winds.

Winds have their origin in the different pressures which exist in various regions of the atmosphere. Since the sun is shining more powerfully upon the equatorial than upon the more northern regions of the globe, the heated and therefore rarefied air ascends, while a current of colder air

flows in from the poles on both sides to take place of the ascending air. The ascending column of air flows over from the equator toward the poles, so that the general atmospheric circulation consists of an under current from the north and south poles, toward the equator, and of an upper current from the equator toward both poles. This general circulation proceeds in spite of other circulation on a smaller scale and of a local character which may be going on at the same time.