FEWER INJURIES AS RESULT OF THE NEW FOOTBALL RULES

Reformed Code Passed to "Debrutalize" Game Is Regarded Effective.

"The reformed football rules have increased minor injuries but have decreased fatalities."

This is the consensus of opinion among gridiron coaches of the middle west. A sufficient number of games have been played now for the coaches to get a pretty good idea of how the rules passed for the purpose of "debrutalizing" the game are going to affect the men and the general idea is that there is a bigger percentage of minor accidents than under the old rules, though the danger of fatalities is greatly decreased.

Reason for this change is obvious. The new game is more open-field running and broken bones and knee twists come easily and quickly from hard tackling when running with the ball. Under the old game the man was sent into the line like a pile driver, head foremost, and many injuries then happened to the head and neck that sometimes proved fatal. Most of this style of play is done away with now and the ball is carried forward on off-tackle plays, end runs and tricks, which means more open field running.

After watching the game closely so far this season I am firmly convinced that the new rules are beneficial to the players, for the reason that, though they tend to increase minor injuries, such as broken bones and strained tendons, the percentage of fatalities will be greatly decreased," says Dr. Huchins, coach at Wisconsin and a graduate physician.

"Most of the injuries, I believe, will be broken bones and twisted knee joints. The broken bones will come largely from being thrown in open-field running, when a runner is tackled and thrown. The knee twists will come, I figure, more in the end runs and other line plays generally used this year.

"By dropping the old style of line plunging, such for instance as Minnesota used to exhibit, the danger of fatalities is greatly decreased. In those days, when a man was called on to smash into the opposing line, almost like butting his head against a stone wall, something had to give way, and the result too often was injury to the head or neck that was far more serious than broken bones or twisted knees. Even the linemen themselves were in danger in those plays, for where the play was piled up somebody was almost sure to get hurt, and the danger was that they would get hurt badly.

"I have talked with a number of other coaches in this section of the country and I find they all hold practically the same views that I do in regard to the injuries.

"A couple of weeks ago I lost a player, Sokup, in just this way. He was one of my half-backs, and he was practically all of the speed the Badgers had. He was hurt in one of those off-tackle plays—had his leg broken just above the ankle. It was one of the worst breaks I ever saw, the bone cutting through the flesh, skin and even through his stocking. He showed wonderful grit, and when I saw him just before going on the operating table the first thing he asked me was how the game came out. The next morning he wanted the papers so as to see how other games came out.

"He was hurt by falling over a man already down and another man falling on top of him. It is these kind of injuries that will predominate under this year's rules, according to my observation.

"Of course, there have been some fatalities already this year, but I am confident that nine-tenths of the boys who have been killed so far should never have played the game at all, and would not have been permitted to do so had the examination to which a college man is subjected before he can play football. Such fatalities should not be permitted to weigh against the gridiron sport, for it is too often the fault of the parents rather than the game in permitting boys physically unable to stand such a sport to play it."

CAPTAIN OF THE ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY TEAM.

By a strange coincidence, Capt. Carrithers has been out of every game the Illini has scheduled with Michigan since he has been a member of the Illini football squad. He saw the recent game from the sidelines on account of an injured knee.

PRATT DROPS FOOTBALL.

Instructor Claims That New Rules Have Made Game More Dangerous.

Pratt Institute of New York city has dropped football. The executive committee of the institution at a meeting threshed out the matter, and for the welfare of the student body determined that no more matches should be played. The last game was at Lakeville, Conn., where the boys met the husky Hotchkiss school eleven. The team has dropped its schedule, defaulting to several prospective opponents, including Stevens' institute, and a class team at West Point.

Dr. Voorhees, physical instructor of Pratt institute, when interviewed, was outspoken about the new rules, and he censured them severely.

"Yes, we have dropped football," said the instructor. "We find that the game has been brutalized to such an extent that a player has to be practically a prize fighter to endure the knocks. I doubt if any of our best 'scrappers' could be induced to take a chance on the game, as it is played today. The open play, with sturdy ends ready for a tackle on any portion of the body, is a great menace.

"Why, we have today a body who has concussion of the brain as the result of a contest. I will not say who he is, but the boy received a bump on the head, and was unconscious for hours afterward, and he was taken to the hospital at Princeton in very bad shape. That is only one of the cases. There are several others, and I think the new rules are responsible."

Navy Loses Quarter Back.

A severe shock was given the football contingent at Annapolis by the news that Norton, the regular quarter back and one of the mainstays of the team, was threatened with appendicitis. If Norton is out of the game for the season his loss will be felt severely and will balance West Point's loss of Quarter Back Geary, who broke his leg in practice.

Be Not in Haste.

Throw not away the old straw hat,
Though soiled it still is useful, good;
Mash it fine within a bowl
And serve it up for breakfast food.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

STORY OF A STAMP.

UNKNOWN FACTS CONCERNING EMBOSSED POSTAGE

Familiar Stamped Envelope the Product of the Skill of One Man, Henry Mitchell.

Everybody is familiar with the stamped envelope of the United States postal department, and everybody most who has used the mails at all has used such stamped envelopes, but without any thought perhaps as to where and how and by whom made.

For 40 years Mr. Henry Mitchell has been engraving the plates from which these stamps are made. When the United States government wishes to issue a new set of stamped envelopes it comes indirectly to Henry Mitchell of the Studio building on Tremont street, Boston. This happens usually when the postmaster-general, fresh in his office, desires to commemorate his term with a fresh stamp issue. The procedure is brief. The design is selected, sent to the United States Stamped Envelope company of Hartford, and thence to Mr. Mitchell.

The selection of Mr. Mitchell as the official engraver of the dies for the stamped envelopes is an old story to him now. His service began in 1868. That is a long record in an era of spirited competition for government contracts, but the art of intaglio engraving is very scantily disseminated. The output of expert craftsmen in this kind of work is so rare that if Mr. Mitchell were to decline to execute the next design of the embossed stamp the United States Envelope company would be put to great exertion to find a competent successor to him.

On the wall in the workshop of this expert craftsman in the Studio building on Tremont street, there is a large frame containing perhaps 28 or 30 examples of embossed stamps. They represent, of course, only a part of the issues of the past 38 years, but in showing the changes of three decades they help mightily to impress the layman with the longevity of their maker's service.

The art of making these dies properly, with Mr. Mitchell, depends on making the matrix properly. The matrix is born of a small steel block topped by a disk about a half-inch thick. All the engraving is done on this upper structure, and it is done downward. Here enters the difficulty of the task; the greatest difficulty of engraving is to cut downward, that is, to make an intaglio instead of a relief.

When the matrix, or, as Mr. Mitchell calls it, the mother die, is done, a soft hub slightly less in diamter is thrust into it and kept there until a relief design of the figure is obtained. Then the die is complete, and from these two parts—the intaglio and the relief, the two-parent dies—many thousand embossed stamps may be produced. This manufacture is, of course, done in Hartford; Mr. Mitchell's task is ended when the dies are ready for service—in commemoration of the new postmaster-general or some special event in the history of the country, as, for instance, a national exposition.

More than one set of dies is used by the envelope company in Hartford.

Henry Mitchell.

But every die is obtained from that original matrix. New hubs are mated with the mother; they in turn create new matrices, and the process of propagation is kept up until evidences of wear and tear on the original dies show and the finer lines begin to lose their absolute resemblance to the original engraving.

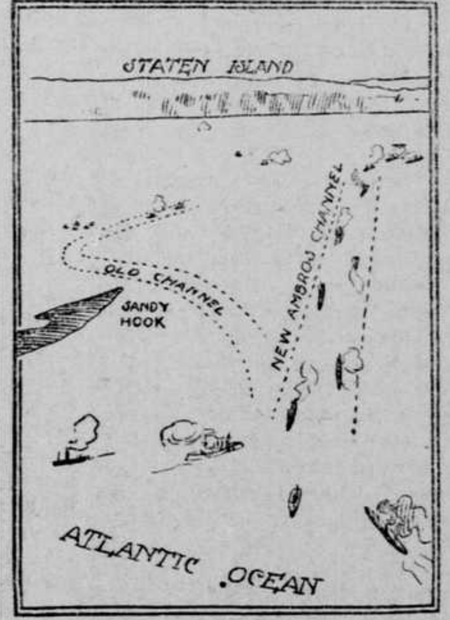
In addition to the engraving of stamp dies for the postal department, Mr. Mitchell serves other departments of the government. The seal of the secretary of the navy and the seals of the internal revenue service from Alaska to Florida and Maine are out of his studio. In the engraving of stones, Mr. Mitchell uses a revolving steel knife, touched with diamond dust and oil; in the engraving of steel dies for the manufacture of the stamped envelopes only a hard steel knife, yet you can count nearly all the intaglio engravers of steel on one hand.

MAKING A SHORT CUT.

NEW YORK DREDGING NEW CHANNEL FOR BIG SHIPS.

Millions Are Being Spent to Give a Quicker and Safer Route to Inner Harbor.

At a probable cost of $4,000,000 there is being dug in New York harbor a new channel which will reduce the distance ships will have to traverse in passing in from the Atlantic ocean to their dockage in East river. In fact the work which has been going on for years has progressed so rapidly that within a year it is expected that the Ambrose channel, as it is called, will be available for use of incoming and outgoing vessels. Reference to our illustration will at once make clear the advantage of the new channel over the one that is in use at the present time.



Map Showing the New and the Old Channel.

The project for dredging the channel was adopted by the government in 1899, the total cost of which was estimated to be $4,000,000. This plan involved the excavation of a channel about seven miles in length, 2,000 feet wide and 40 feet deep at mean low water. Four great dredges, the Manhattan, Atlantic, Mills and Thomas, built expressly for the work at a cost of nearly $1,500,000, have been engaged in the work. When fully completed such a channel means that ocean steamers may enter the harbor and depart therefrom at any stage of the tide, and a regular hour of sailing may be made, thus obviating the necessity of leaving some days at six o'clock in the morning, and other days at all hours up to four o'clock in the afternoon. The original depth of water over this course was 16 feet, which made it dangerous to navigate except by tugs and the smaller class of coasting vessels. The fact, few vessels attempted to cross the shallow middle ground, their commanders fully appreciating the great danger of such a course.

The steam dredges which have been engaged in this stupendous task are among the most interesting vessels in the world to-day. They are a modern invention, a type of craft which has been evolved by marine engineers to meet the demands of twentieth century progress. The ships—which do not look unlike ordinary ocean-going steamers—not only do the digging, but fill themselves and carry their loads to sea, where they dump the mud and return for another load. In this way wonderful progress is made, and as they can work in rough water there is practically no limit to their performance.

By means of powerful centrifugal suction pumps the mud and sand on the bottom is sucked up and forced into large hoppers in the center of the vessel, the surplus water running off as the hoppers are being filled. When a full load is secured the vessel steams off to sea and discharges the entire load into deep water.

When these odd craft are at work sucking up mud, sand, gravel and even great boulders—in fact, whatever comes within several yards of their capacious maws—they are like enormous sea monsters feeding on the floor of the ocean and taking everything within reach.

At the present time the route for steamships making for the sea from new York harbor is by way of Gedney channel and the so-called main ship channel, which sweeps in around Sandy Hook bay, describing a complete horseshoe. In this channel the depth of water is now 30 feet at low tide, and when dredged to this depth a few years ago it was thought to be ample for the needs of commerce for years to come; but ocean steamers have increased in size so rapidly during the past ten years that only on the highest tides can the big fellows enter and leave the harbor. To-day it is not safe to load a boat to a greater depth than 32 to 35 feet, although many of the ships now trading at this port, if filled to their capacities, would go down into the water to nearly 40 feet. The new 785-foot Cunarders Mauretania and Lusitania, now building in England, and which will be placed in commission next year, will draw, with full loads, over 35 feet. At the present ratio of increase it will not be many years before ocean steamers will draw 40 feet and over, at which time they will not be able to get in or out of the harbor except by means of the completed Ambrose channel. Indeed, shipbuilders and ship owners are only waiting the time when harbors will be enlarged to increase the draft of water of the steamers.

TWO KINDS OF POUNDS.

Mr. Phat—I've gained four pounds since I came here.

Miss Slim—Have you? I've just money enough to last the week.—Scraps.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A FISH

Matrimonial Dialogue After One Month of Married Life.

"This fish is bad, Ethel," I said, as I surveyed a piece of ancient-looking plaice.

Ethel looked up from her plate with a start. "Bad?" she said. "I think you must be mistaken, Jack."

"Not much room for a mistake here. The fish doth protest too much."

"You have had a bad day downtown," retorted Ethel, "and in consequence are somewhat critical and bad-tempered."

"One doesn't need to be very critical to discover a fact that is so obvious."

"The fish isn't bad, and you have no right to say so. It's a reflection on me."

"Nothing of the sort. It's a reflection on the fish dealer."

"It's a reflection on my housekeeping. And I got three prizes for domestic economy at school and I have studied the subject deeply ever since we were engaged. And here you are finding fault after we have been married only a month." And Ethel burst into tears.

"Well, there is no need to make such a fuss over a small matter."

"It's not a small matter to be found fault with by one's husband. And I—I thought you so different from other men!"

Here followed another rainstorm.

"And I thought you were a deal prettier and had more common sense than the average woman."

Ethel unconsciously put a rebellious curl into position at this remark.

"You married me simply because you wanted a housekeeper. I can order the fish, but I can't order the weather," she moaned as she proceeded to drench a lace handkerchief. I could not help but notice, with a certain amount of satisfaction, that she was one of the very few women who can cry without making their noses red.

"Don't behave like a spoiled child," I said. "Do try and be reasonable."

"The law interferes when a man beats his wife," continued Ethel, "but when he treats her with refined cruelty she has no remedy." And the lace handkerchief went into play again.

"I think I had better leave you to yourself for a short time," I said, "and then, perhaps, when I return you will be clothed in your right mind. I will look in at the club."

Ethel sat bolt upright at the mention of the odious word.

"Club!" she said, and her eyes blazed. "Yes, go to the club, stay at the club, live at the club! And may the club fall in upon all those heartless husbands who have deserted their heartbroken wives!"

"A nice, pious wish for a four weeks' old wife."

"It's a fate too good for such conduct."

"If during my absence," I said "you find time hang heavily on you hands, you might read 'Much Ado About Nothing.'"

"Thanks for the advice," retorted Ethel. "Men are not the indispensable creatures they appear to think. I shall have no difficulty in occupying my time. I, too, will look in at my club."

"Ethel," I said, sternly, "I was not aware you belonged to a club."

"That's quite likely," she replied in an exasperating tone of voice. "Bella Dashwood belongs to the 'Doves,' and I will look her up this evening. It will be a good opportunity to have my name put down for membership. It is as well to have outside interests when one's husband is merely a lodger."

At this remark I stalked out of the room and closed the door with a deal of energy.

On entering the club I met a fat, selfish bachelor. I am now of the opinion that all bachelors are selfish.

"Looking rather hippy, Carlton," he cried. "Doesn't double harness suit you? I notice all you newly married men slink back here after a few weeks of matrimonial strife."

I refrained from kicking the animated barrel and passed into the billiard room. After missing a couple of easy caroms and nearly slicing a piece of the cloth, I threw the whole business up in disgust and returned home. I wondered how Ethel was enjoying herself at the club. I thought I would just look in her room to make sure that she had gone. The door was open and I entered. There was Ethel, and as she caught sight of me she immediately pushed a book, which I recognized as a learned treatise on cookery, under some cushions. Her eyes were very red and I felt like a brute.

"They keep very good hours at your club," I said.

"O, I didn't go after all; it was too much trouble to change my things. Did you enjoy yourself?" she asked with formal politeness.

"No; I didn't."

"I trust your capacity for enjoyment has not entirely deserted you."

"On the contrary, it has been greatly increased. But I prefer a mixed club."

"You might have saved me that remark," said Ethel. "Though you may not find satisfaction in the company of your own wife, you might at least refrain from boasting to her of your predilection for the company of other women."

I went over to Ethel and put my arm around her.

"I repeat, I prefer a mixed club like this, where I can always meet the prettiest and most reasonable woman in the world—the woman I love."

"I, too, think this kind of club best," said Ethel, as she held her face up to be kissed.—Baltimore Sun.

Too Much Evidence.

Anthony Preszyniski produced his wife's ashes and a certificate from a crematory company as evidence of her death when he tried to withdraw her deposit from a Vienna bank. The cashier has since posted a notice explaining that an affidavit is all that is necessary.—Wiener Caricaturen.

An Office Ruse.

Another way to get the office boy into the habit of sweeping under the radiator is to put a quarter there occasionally.—Exchange.

A DESPERATE GAME

By Julian Ralph

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Barney Moriarty had done well for himself. Starting with nothing but health and ambition, he got a city lot on the strength of money he did not have, and then got the money on the strength of owning the lot. After this he built a monument to his own success in the form of an apartment house in which he set up his own home, and on the granite front of which he blazoned his triumph in carved letters reading "Moriarty Maisonette."

By a mere chance, no one except Florence, the elevator boy, was at hand when Miss Cordelia Byrne called to inspect the fifth floor back, which was advertised for rent. She took it and her furniture came the next morning, when Mr. Moriarty was again absent.

Miss Byrne was about 20 years of age, slender, of middle stature and dressed habitually in black or dark blue. How anyone who looked at her melting blue eyes, her sensitive pouting mouth, and her pale complexion, enriched by her auburn hair, could have found reason to doubt her goodness, few men would be able to say.

Among her belongings was an upright piano, and she and it combined altered the temper of the people in the Moriarty Maisonette with a suddenness, and to a degree, which was astonishing. This was because she and it either knew but one tune, or, at any rate, played but one. This was a dainty, rippling trifle by Paderewski. On the first afternoon and evening Miss Byrne played the Paderewski peasant dance over some dozen times. Now when the exquisite, rollicking, merry, melodic current flowed through the wall to the fifth floor front, through the floor to the fourth story suites and through the ceiling to the sixth story's tiny homes, the "star" tenant sat entranced, his silken-robed better half leaned forward, plucking her youngest from the floor to bid it listen to "the pooty moozicks." Upstairs and downstairs the delighted tenants blessed the day that Moriarty's builders scamped their work, leaving the house so like a colander that Cordelia Byrne could play them all into the seventh heaven of delight with Paderewski's peasant dance—so suited to the joyous temperament of the Irish audience and to their pretty taste in music.

Miss Byrne was taken into the warmest corners of the hearts in the Maisonette on that night. She could almost have demanded instant membership in the Bloomingdale Bowling club, to which nearly all the tenants belonged.

That was, as we recollect it, on a Friday night. The following Wednesday found everything unchanged except the temper of Moriarty's tenants.

That night the Pinochle club, composed of six of the male tenants of the Maisonette, met in Mr. Mahoney's apartments. Five of the members were on hand promptly and waited for Mr. Moriarty, the sixth, to arrive. Miss Cordelia Byrne, in the rear suite on the same floor with the Mahoneys, regaled the club members with that choice morceau of Paderewski's to which we have referred, and with which all the men and women in the Maisonette had for some time been familiar.

The plot was afoot. The innocent proprietor of what he once boasted as being "the happiest bunch of homes on the island" was to be trapped when he came for a night's enjoyment, by a rebellious band of tenants who had sworn that either they, Miss Byrne or her piano must leave the house on the first of the incoming month.

Meanwhile Miss Byrne finished the one hundred and sixty-eighth rendition of the dainty peasant dance, and, closing the piano, moved across the neat and cozy parlor, faintly perfumed with a delicate odor of lilac, to the little writing table and penned a note to her sister. We may read over her shoulders as she writes:

"There is nothing to write, only I know you are wondering. It is win all or lose all with me. I may go back to the counter of a department store—but it won't be until I have to.

"I've taken the little money mother left me and furnished the apartment and dressed myself with the quietest taste, so as to look ladylike on the smallest outlay. I've thrown myself headlong into everything that's doing in a swell church; and I am so quiet and demure that I don't think you'd recognize your merry romp of a sister if you saw me. Butter wouldn't melt in my mouth and I never lift my eyes above the sidewalk. I should have thought by this time some man would break his neck, almost to get acquainted with me, just to see if he couldn't make me raise my eyes.

"The trouble is that I only see women at the church, and I made a bad choice of an apartment house because the men here are nearly all married and are such oysters that not one has yet made my acquaintance. The landlord is single, though, and rich.

"Not that I want to fool anybody, Lou, dear. Only, I'm as good as any girl that's got a home and a husband—and love. I'm too good to stand and yell 'cash! here, cash!' behind a counter, year in and year out, with a filmy, one-to-a-thousand chance of marrying a floor walker before I die.

"I am so lonely and I am playing such a desperate game! But if you could look in on me, Lou, I'd just simply let loose and we'd have a real old time romp. I am breaking the ice here in the Moriarty Maisonette in the funniest way. I am doing it with a piano. It's bound to get me acquainted with somebody of the adorable sex. But you must wait until I tell you how my piano is helping me—when I know how it all turns out. Your loving sister,

"CORDELIA."

"That's our last word, Moriarty," Mr. Mahoney was saying to the landlord, who stood with his back against the wall, facing the other members of the Pinochle club, "the Maisonette's turned into a music box that plays only the one tune, and it's a case of 'good riddance to bad rubbish' with the lot of us."

"Hold on, now," said Moriarty, "what's the use of such talk between friends? Leave it to me. I'll go and see the girl and give her the Ki-bosh, all right. What's her and her pianner to me, where the likes o' you old friends is concerned?"

When Miss Byrne opened the door to receive his visit, she greeted him with such evident, though guarded and blushing, pride, as would have flattered any man alive. As she set out a chair for him, she said that he was the first visitor who had honored her apartments and that she thought it most kind of him to pay her this high compliment. She was not so overcome with delight but that she bethought herself to open the door into the hall and leave it open during his visit. Then she sat opposite to him, at a well chosen distance, suggestive neither of familiarity nor prudish decorum. And, all the time, she let flow a current of the most shrewdly chosen remarks, the purpose of which was veiled by great maidenly simplicity and modesty.

Sat opposite him.

Sometimes a very obscure little woman reveals the genius of a great diplomat in ways such as these.

While Mr. Moriarty was yielding to a sense of shame for having planned rudeness to so pretty a little lady, he gradually became interested in the matter, as well as the manner, of her speech. He learned of her loneliness, her piety, her domesticity and of her very respectable family connections. His sympathy was first aroused, then his admiration. His gallantry yielded to devotion. He was netted like a moth; and as the wings of his freedom were rumpled in the meshes of her attractions, he felt the danger that threatened. But he made no effort to escape. He was a very willing captive.

"But how rude I have been!" Miss Byrne presently exclaimed. "I have not asked whether you had any special errand. Or, did you really come to offer me the first kind word I have had in my new home?"

"I heard your pianner," the clumsy fellow began in reply, "and—and—" He pretty nearly blurted out the truth.

"Oh! did you like the little piece I was playing?"

"'Twas the most angelic towne ever I heard in my life," Moriarty answered, recovering his native tact.

"Then do let me play it for you. Oh, I don't mind a bit."

She ended the performance with a medley of Irish airs, played with a fair amount of cleverness. She was finished. And the last string which held Moriarty's heart in place was loosened; both that organ and his brain went afloat upon the troubled sea of love.

When, at length, he bid Miss Byrne good night, she dropped a hint that her pious duties at St. Catharine's were interesting her to such a degree that she was seriously thinking of "taking the veil" and devoting herself to the church. The rogue said this so soberly, with such half expressed suggestion of earnestness and doubt of her worthiness that she put Moriarty in an agony lest she should take holy vows before it would be fit time for him to propose marriage to her.

Facing his friends at the card table somewhat later, he was unable to conceal his scorn for their unmanly behavior of an hour before.

"We'll pass no words," said he, "except that I'll be saying this: Come or go, as ye will, but that lone girl'll not be inconvanienced by anybody or anything while she does us all the honor to seek shelter under this roof!"

KINDNESS BROUGHT A FORTUNE.

Good Samaritan Receives One-Fifth of Rich Man's Estate.

Denver, Colo.—Because he befriended Dr. Albert B. Cummings, of Pittsburg, Pa., many years ago, W. P. Harris, of Denver, has received $13,500.

In 1889 Harris was employed in a hotel at Cresson, Pa., where Dr. Cummings, a guest of the hotel, was taken ill one night, and Harris, an absolute stranger, attended him until he recovered. They met but once afterward, at a dinner table.

Harris recently received a letter from the lawyer of Dr. Cummings, stating that the physician had died and in his will bequeathed young Harris his entire estate, valued at between $50,000 and $75,000. Later relatives contested the will, and a short time ago a compromise was effected by which Harris accepted $13,500.

Harris is at present salesman for a biscuit company.

Pot Luck.

"Stay and take pot luck with us, won't you, old man?"

"Yes—provided it isn't potted luck."—Judge.