

A RAMBLE IN AOSTA



THE HAPPY WAGGERS HOME FROM THE MARKET

THE descent by car from the St. Bernard Hospice to the town of Aosta is a swift transition from the frigid to the semi-tropic zones. The sublime and savage desolation of rocks and mountains, where, even in the height of summer, scarcely a weed grows without its fall of fresh snow, gives place with startling rapidity to the olive groves and vineyards of the valley 6,000 feet below. Here the difference of a few thousand feet produces a richness of variety that could only be experienced by the traverse of thousands of miles on the more level parts of the world. It is this diversity that gives Aosta its particular charm. There is probably not another town in Europe of equal importance that is so closely overshadowed by great peaks. To this day it remains, as Pliny termed it, the last town in Italy on the northwest; and it is doubtless due to this seclusion that it has so completely maintained the character given to it by its Roman builders. To the traveler fresh descended from the icy wastes above, the quaint mixture of Roman and mediaeval antiquities with the modern life of the town provides the most agreeable of contrasts. Picturesque street vistas greet him at every turn; at every step he is reminded of the doings of a bygone age. Here is a massive Roman bridge half sunken in the ground, which once spanned a tributary river that has long since left its ancient channel. Near by is a street crucifix reared close by an archway beneath the houses through which pass peasants, priests and soldiers to the surrounding villages. Few pass the shrine without making salutation; Aostans in general are particularly devout as compared with the natives of other Italian towns. On market days the street is traversed by peasants in their native carts and on the backs of asses. These animals are larger than the common gray species, dark in color and often quite handsome beasts. A few yards distant is the Honorary Arch of Augustus and the massive Roman walls, 21 feet in height, which to this day still exist in their entire circuit. Blind men and cripples support themselves against the weather-worn masonry of the eastern gate, the Porta Praetoria, keeping up a continuous wail, calling upon passers-by to regard them in their pitiful loss of sight and health and invoking loud blessings on all and sundry to mark appreciation for favors to come.

A short ramble through the narrow streets gives many indications of the sub-alpine character of the town. Here is a cobbler's shop, its exterior decorated by half a dozen chamolais skins, with horns and hoofs intact. Next to it is a gunsmith's, with implements of the chase and ice axes of a primitive type. Metalware shops abound, attracting notice by their array of polished copper. The windows are filled with the glitter of cow bells and metal-studded collars of varying shapes. Milk churns, pans and strainers, and the huge copper cauldrons used in cheese-making, gleam like mirrors in the dark little interiors, frequently encroaching on to the pavement, where

the mistress sits at the receipt of coin. The main street presents a constant succession of interests, ancient and modern. A motor dashes along the narrow causeway, bounding over the uneven cobbles, its six cylinders snorting defiance to all old-time institutions. A team of stolid oxen, drawing a ponderous wagon of a type unchanged for nearly two thousand years, bars the way. There is not room for the two. By sheer inertia the product of the first century triumphs over that of the twentieth, which coughs and splutters with impatience as it finds itself reduced to following its rival at an uneasy two miles per hour. At evening time one appreciates most fully the romance of the place. The mellow tones of the vesper bells from the cathedral are heard softly swelling and falling over the town; unconsciously almost, one is drawn in their direction. On turning the corner of a side street, the towers of the cathedral suddenly come into view, with the mighty Grand Combin soaring into the blue firmament 14,000 feet above. In the last rays of the sun, which have long since left the valley, the snows of the mountain flash and redden as if no longer cold, but glowing with internal fires, and as they turn from pink to vivid crimson they appear to flash above the earth, and the mere thought of climbing them seems an empty dream. The mule paths that wind over the nearer hills lead past numerous wayside shrines, each containing

AT A WAYSIDE SHRINE

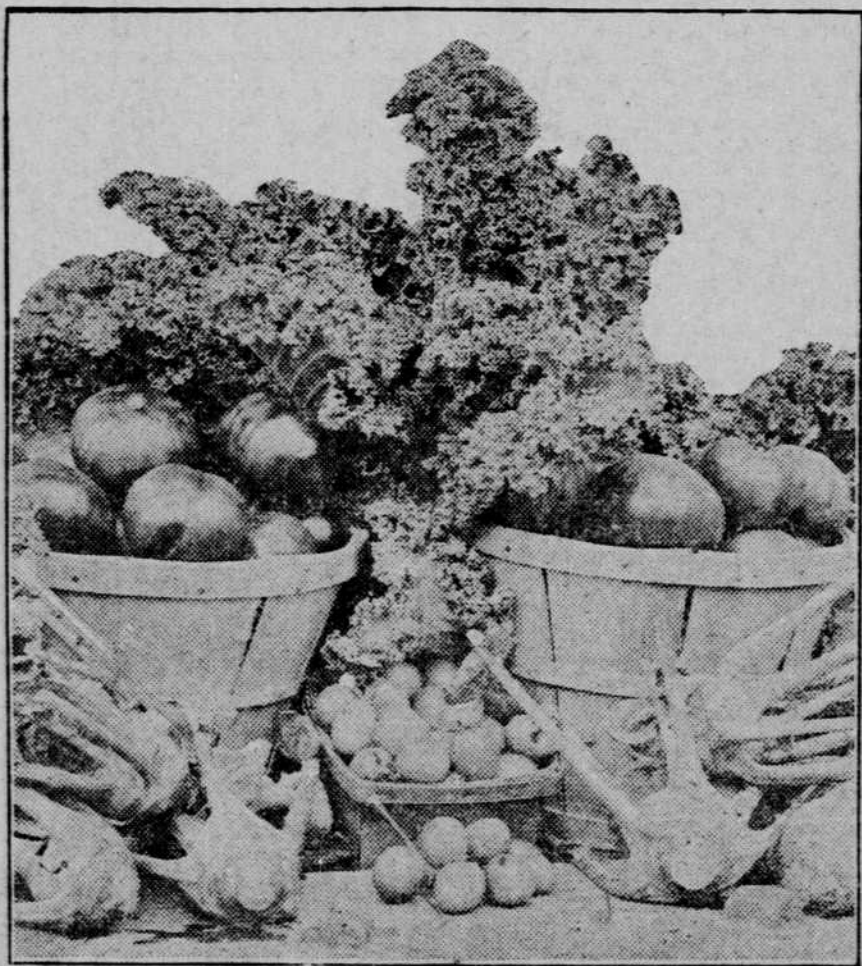
its waxwork figure of saint or Madonna, illumined by a glimmering light, and before which, at this hour, a kneeling peasant may often be seen. The spirit of devotion is always strong among a mountain people, a scarcely surprising circumstance in localities where even the greatest of human constructions are dwarfed into insignificance by the grandeur of the Alpine masses.

Within the cathedral, candles here and there faintly reveal the curious mosaics of the tenth century and the rich carving of the early Renaissance stalls, in which the forms of flowers and fruits are so ingeniously wrought that they seem like the living reality. Near at hand is a remnant of the first Christian church of the valley, a small altar on whose worn steps, as is testified by an inscription, have prayed 40 generations of Aostans. Scattered through the building are peasants in devotional attitudes, perfectly oblivious to passers-by, with eyes fixed on the distant lights of the great altar, and with lips moving with off-repeated prayers. The shrine of Notre Dame de Grace within one of the side chapels is specially favored by the natives. There would seem to be something in the adoration of the Virgin particularly adapted to the southern temperament. Throughout Italy, if one may judge by the number of statues and paintings and dedications, she is given precedence over all other personages. Laborers returning from their daily occupation, valley dwellers throughout the day, kneel before the altar on the wooden Pre Dieu, utter a few aves and paters and then proceed on their course. Quite apart from their religious suggestions, ancient structures and symbols have an influence that is felt by the most materialistic temperament. They would almost appear to retain something of the spirit of the devotees with whom they have been associated through the slow revolving centuries. They teach lessons and impart ideas not to be found in books of history, and will doubtless continue to do so long after the usages that gave them their first significance have passed away.

Prudent in One Way.

"Here's a nickel, but I'm afraid you will use it to buy whiskey."
"Never fear, mum. I've taken some big chances in my day, but I ain't never yet tackled any booze that could be bought for a nickel a drink."

CROPS THAT MAKE LITTLE FARM PAY



These crops were all produced on a twenty-acre farm, three years after the land had been reclaimed from a wilderness of small trees and brush. This shows what can be accomplished by brains, muscle, and good business sense in working a small farm.

mount importance in education. We train the conscious intelligence, but wholly neglect the harmonizing of these deeper emotional states on which music and the elements in all the arts which are akin to music play so powerfully. Plato held that the introduction of a new kind of music might imperil the whole state, by subtly insinuating a disturbing influence into the character of the citizens. And really we have only to remember how different we feel in a room that is nobly proportioned and in a room

which has been built without any care or idea of proportion, to realize how strongly we are affected by these silent influences. Think, too, how the pattern of a wall paper may affect us, even though we may be quite unconscious of what it is that makes the difference. The very fact that we talk of patterns as gay, restless, depressing, or the like, shows how they respond to our moods.—The Atlantic.

There are women carpenters in Tibet.

Welcome Change.

"Before you take this house," said the honest real estate agent, "I wish to tell you something that is against it."

"What is that?" said Hemmandhaw. "It's right next to a boiler shop."

"As he took out his wallet to make the first payment, Hemmandhaw replied: "Oh, that's all right! The family next door to where we now live has a parrot, a photograph and a pair of twins."—Judge.

Change of Business.

"Where's what's his name, the leading romantic actor of his day?" "Kean Kemble? Why, he's filming at a thousand a week." "And where's Patty Lind, the marvelous young soprano?" "She's cabaretting at two hundred a night."

PATTERNS ALL HAVE VALUE

Their Meaning May Be Subtle, but They Undoubtedly Have Effect on the Human Mind.

No pattern is without meaning. Just like related tones of music, the relation of tones and colors or of lines and spaces in a pattern appeal to something in us below the surface of ordinary consciousness, perhaps, but all the more sensitive on that account. The Greeks gave to music a para-

Says London's Fog Is Healthy. "The Londoner," writes Frederick Rawlins, "far from being harmed by the sooty air he breathes, is benefited. I maintain that long residents in London gradually absorb so much carbon in the form of soot they become, to all intents and purposes, like walking filters and their food is naturally purified."

This optimistic analysis of the notorious London fog goes on to aver in all seriousness that "one's insides are lubricated with the natural grease in the air."

As to their lungs, it must be obvious that, crusted with carbon, as they are, and nourished on it, their lives are greatly prolonged.

WANT GRIDIRON SERIES

Postseason Match Between East and West Is Urged.

Critics Ridicule Plan and Declare Proposition Is Impracticable From Every Standpoint of Game—Few Reasons Cited.

Every once in a while some critic or a number of critics conceive the brilliant idea of a world's series in football with the champion of the east meeting the champion of the west in a postseason conflict.

Just at present the idea seems to have taken a hold in the east and a number of experts are calling for such a contest. They declare it would be a great thing to have a championship gridiron eleven and propose a conflict in some neutral territory.

They compare the proposed game to the world's baseball series and declare a contest between Chicago and Yale or Harvard and Michigan or some similar meeting would fill the largest athletic field in the world.

It is all very well to speak of such a contest, but the easterners evidently have forgotten a number of objections to the plan. First and foremost, of course, would be the difficulty of getting the faculties of the schools interested, but granting this to be obtainable, how is one to determine which is the sectional champion?

Of course, last year produced a well defined eastern leader. Harvard won the premier place in the east beyond a question, but could any one pick a similar leader in the west. Wisconsin and Notre Dame had an equal right to the title last season, and to select either one would provoke a riot at the other school. So far as picking one this season—help!

These seldom have been well defined champions either east or west. Of late years there has been no western champion in fact, the honor being claimed by two, three or a half dozen teams. To talk of selecting a title holder when there is no elimination throughout the country, and townfolk throughout the day, kneel before the altar on the wooden Pre Dieu, utter a few aves and paters and then proceed on their course. Quite apart from their religious suggestions, ancient structures and symbols have an influence that is felt by the most materialistic temperament. They would almost appear to retain something of the spirit of the devotees with whom they have been associated through the slow revolving centuries. They teach lessons and impart ideas not to be found in books of history, and will doubtless continue to do so long after the usages that gave them their first significance have passed away.

Michigan Aggies this season and South Dakota last year.

Nor is the eastern champion so easy to pick. Yale, Harvard and Princeton are usually considered the triumvirate of the eastern gridiron, but it is not too much to say that every year sees some other eleven with equal claims to press. For instance, Brown a couple of years ago and Penn State, Dartmouth and Carlisle more recently. The person who picked the strongest eastern team would have just as pleasant a task as the man to whom selection for the western title holder was delegated.

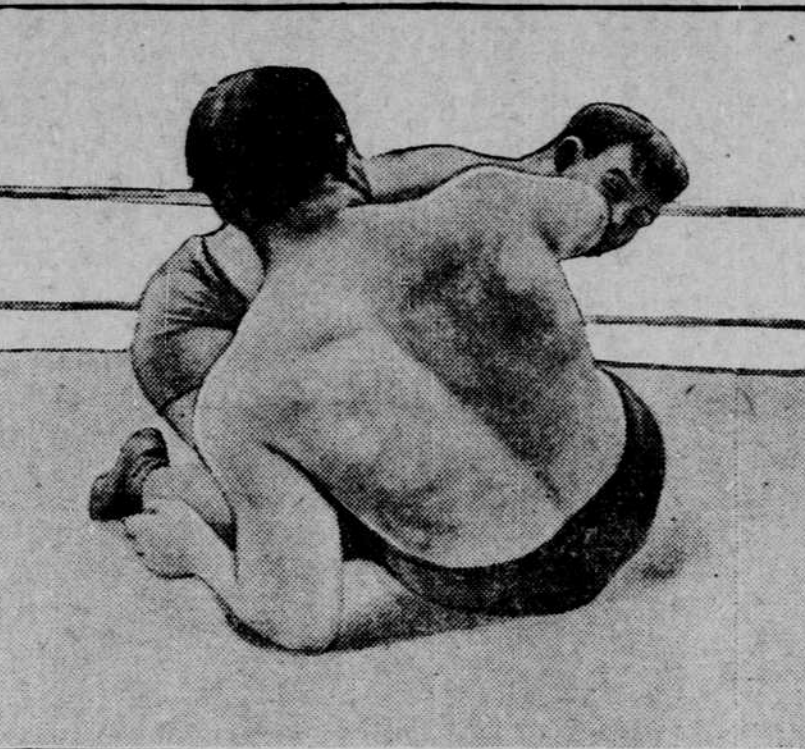
Up to date intersectional football games have proved flat failures. The Chicago-Cornell series was abandoned for this reason. Of course the Maroon-Red games drew good crowds and became the "society" games of the year, but they were not football. Chicago would a hundred times rather beat Purdue or Northwestern than Cornell, and Cornell cares more for one Pennsylvania contest than for the entire list of Maroon contests.

Exception might be taken to this assertion by quoting how the Michigan-Pennsylvania games have drawn. This is about the classic of intersectional contests and has become Michigan's big game of the year. Ask any Michigan alumnus or undergraduate how he would like to have Chicago and Minnesota substituted for Pennsylvania and Cornell on the Wolverine schedule and one will discover how scantily these games have taken root in the affections of the Wolverine rooters.

Some Game. A Honolulu paper announced a game arranged between the Twenty-third infantry team which was recently in Spokane, at Fort Wright, and an all-Chinese team captained by Sam Hop. A Frenchman named La Mere is slated to umpire this Yankee contest between the yellow and the dark. The Hawaiian sporting writer announces the Chinese line-up in the following fashion: Sam Hop, second base; Bum Wing, pitcher; Wan Run, left field; Hop Hed, shortstop; Hit Long, first base; Hi Fly, right field; Low Hit, center field; So Kum, catcher; Sam Bing, third base.

Some Fisherman. Dr. C. D. Dorchester set a new world's casting record in the salmon fly contest by casting 155 feet at the National Amateur Casting association in Chicago recently.

FRANK GOTCH CRUSHES HACKENSCHMIDT



Final Fall in Gotch's Second Battle With Hackenschmidt.

Volumes have been written on the second encounter of the world's champion with Hackenschmidt, in which the "Russian Lion" was decisively beaten before the largest crowd that ever watched a battle of mat gladiators in modern times. Some writers have cast suspicion on the integrity of this match, alleging that the public was victimized. This is an erroneous opinion and a manifest injustice to the world's champion.

The real fact is that Hackenschmidt was defeated before he went on the mat. He feared Gotch and his toe hold, but he did his best, and the better man triumphed.

Hackenschmidt and his trainers contended he was handicapped by strained tendons in one of his knees. This Gotch has repeatedly scouted, contending it was in the heart that his famous foe was injured. There was no hipodroming in this match, Gotch asserts. He went to the mat with the Russian with the intention of taking no chances and of crushing his opponent in a decisive fashion as possible.

The story of the battle, which occurred September 4, 1911, at Comiskey's new baseball park in Chicago, is one of the triumph of speed over slowness, of courage over fear, of brain over mere strength. From the time the gladiators took the referee hold at the call of time until Hackenschmidt yielded for mercy at the finish, the superiority of Gotch was manifest.

At the start the wrestlers bulled it about the mat for five minutes, stabling for holds, with the American on the aggressive. Suddenly Gotch caught Hack by the neck, pulled him

forward, and tried for a leg hold, but Hackenschmidt dodged away. They tugged and pulled and shoved, each missing attempts to gain leg holds.

Gotch, after 12 minutes of rough work, made a lightning shift, sprang forward, secured a leg hold and hurled Hackenschmidt to the canvas. Gotch tried for the toe hold and Hackenschmidt, scenting danger, crawled about the mat to elude the much feared grip. Hackenschmidt, in a desperate mixup near the ropes, came to his feet, but Gotch again put him down. Hack came to a sitting posture, broke a waist hold and again was free. Hackenschmidt at this point showed to the best advantage in the match. He bored in, secured a waist hold and put Gotch down, but the American easily broke away and again hurled Hack to the mat. Gotch caught Hack off his guard, lifted his near leg, grappled the far leg in a flash and then reversed the grip into a crotch, applying a half nelson, and Hackenschmidt fell back in defeat in 14:18.

At the start of the second bout there was some preliminary feinting and stabbing, then a shuffle, a moment of suspense and Hack went sprawling to the mat. In a flash Gotch had one of his opponent's legs imprisoned for his famous toe hold. Hack begged Gotch for mercy, but the world's champion insisted on a fall. Gotch pressed his free arm against Hack's chest and pulled his foot back. Hack grabbed the ropes, but was forced to let go. It was the despairing effort of a defeated veteran of the mat and Hackenschmidt sank back for the bitterest defeat of his career in 5:38.

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NOTES of SPORTIDOM

Judson Girl trotted 85 heats this year and won \$17,960, which is something remarkable for a 4-year-old.

Spike Kelly thinks there is no money in fighting except in opposing champions and Packey McFarland.

Capt. R. G. Ritson, who led the English polo team which failed to lift the polo cup in the Meadowbrook matches, is ill in India.

Boxing promoters say there is no money in promoting fights, but few are known to quit the business which is their privilege.

Yale university's new bowl-shaped stadium will include a 220-yard straightaway. The players will start out of a chute.

Jimmy Duffy, the Lockport, N. Y., fighter, scored a knockout in the sixth round over Frank Carroll of Toronto at Hamilton, Ont.

Walter Maranville and Tommy Griffith of the Braves have gone on the stage for the winter. They will sing songs written by Griffith.

George Castle picked up a mighty good horse in Tommy Finch, 2:09 1-4. This stallion won three firsts and a second during the two weeks at Dallas.

The Athletics have a great baseball team, says Walter Johnson. "And," he adds, "they have an Abe Lincoln on the bench watching every move they make."

Minds of Penn is rated as one of the best forward-passers football has ever developed, and few colleges, by the way, have turned out more good men in that respect than Penn.

Princeton numbered its players in the game with Harvard and lost. This was no argument against the system, as Erickley wasn't looking at those numbers when he booted the o-l through the posts.

Bonesetter Reese says that Hans Wagner is good for years and years to come, after a survey of the Terrible Teuton's shins. We only had to scan the 1913 average to learn that.

That 20 per cent. dividend declared by the Washington American league club is said to establish a record for modern baseball in the way of season profits.

Bernie Wefers is among the seven coaches whose retention has been approved at Columbia. The once great runner has charge of the Columbia track men.

Princeton athletic authorities are taking up a pronounced attitude toward abolishing professional coaches in any sport and not tolerating summer baseball.

All Swimming Records Are Broken at Frisco

Myrtle Wright, twelve years old, swam the Golden Gate at San Francisco the other day, and broke all previous records for women swimmers. Her mother, Mrs. Myrtle Wright, swam with her, and also made a new record. The young miss made it in 35 minutes 40 seconds; the mother in 35 minutes. The best women's record is 42 minutes. The distance is between a mile and a quarter and a mile and a half in a straight line, but swimmers always are carried well out of their course.

A. A. U. CLEARS KOLEHMANN

Noted Finnish Olympic Runner Satisfies Investigators He Has Not Forfeited His Standing.

Hannes Kolehmainen, Olympic runner, who came here from Finland and joined the Irish-American Athletic club, appeared before the registration committee of the Metropolitan district of the Amateur Athletic union the other day.

Kolehmainen surprised the committee by producing three more trophies



Hannes Kolehmainen.

than the investigators had recalled. The Finnish runner drove up in an automobile filled with cups and medals, and proved to the committee's satisfaction, it was said, that he had not pawned any prizes awarded him.

All of Kolehmainen's prizes were returned to him. It was learned that no direct charges were filed against the runner, and in some quarters the inquiry was regarded as the outcome of statements by athletes envious of Kolehmainen's success.

The Baseball Season in Cuba. The baseball season is now under way in Havana, Cuba, and will continue until March of next year, first with exhibition games with teams from the United States and later the regular games of the Cuban league.

Paris in Olympic Revival. The 20 years' anniversary congress of the revival of the Olympic games will be held in Paris in 1914. Rules to govern international athletic track and field games are to be finally passed upon at the meeting.

HAD FUN WITH REGINALD

Unkind Comment on Young Aristocrat's Style of Riding Made by Street Youngsters.

They were two youngsters who perched atop of a bridge over the bride path in Central park. Came along on a raw-boned mount, Reginald—and Reginald had been to the riding school. He affectionately rode his horse just abait of the curb, and leaned forward over the animal's neck as if to whisper secrets in his ear.

"Gwan, boss, tell it to him out loud," yelled One. "We ain't listenin'."

"You'd better sit farther back," added Two, "else yer'll give him de headache."

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Ask your grocer. Adv.

When a good man gets into a bad place his conscience will show him the way out.

SCALY PSORIASIS ON LIMBS

Troop H, 6th U. S. Cavalry, Camp McCoy, Sparta, Wis.—"I was troubled with psoriasis for nearly two years. Portions of my arms and limbs were affected mostly with it. It appeared in scaly form, breaking out in very small dots and gradually grew larger and white scales formed when about the size of an ordinary matchhead. The looks of it was horrible, which made it very unpleasant for me. It itched a little at times.

"I tried several treatments which cured me for a month, but it always broke out again. One day a friend saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment in the paper and I sent for a sample. They helped me, so I purchased two more boxes of Cuticura Ointment and some Cuticura Soap and they completely cured me. It took three months for Cuticura Soap and Ointment to complete my cure." (Signed) Walter Mahony, Oct. 22, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Teacher Forgot the Toes. Teacher—"Now, children, try to figure just this once without counting on your fingers. How much is three and four?"

Peper! (looking under the bench after a long wait)—Seven.

Teacher—Right. Four and six?

Peper! (again peeping under the bench)—Ten.

Teacher—Hold up there, you little rascal! I'll teach you to count on your fingers! (Takes Peper's hands and clasps them behind his back.) Now, then, five and three?

Peper! (after another long look under the bench)—Eight.

Teacher—Well, how did you manage to do that?

Peper!—With my toes, teacher.

Best Sign of Genius.

"My son," said the Old Philosopher, "when you hear a feller talkin' night and day about 'the fire of genius,' just trail him to where he lives at and you'll very likely find a cold hearth and the wind whistlin' through the cracks in his dwelling-place. I much prefer to hear 'em talk about the 'strength' of genius, and see 'em give an example of it by swingin' an axe and choppin' trees stove-length. You see the freight twinklin' from the windows of that feller's home, and you can lay yer last dollar on it that his table's always got enough to say grace over."—Atlanta Constitution.

Too Much for the Angels.

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary lung powers. One day baby's brother, little Johnny, said to his mother: "Ma, little brother came from heaven, didn't he?" "Yes, dear," answered the mother. Johnny was silent for a minute, and then he went on: "I say, ma." "What is it, Johnny?" "I don't blame the angels for slingin' him out, do you?"—London Tit-Bits.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Compensation.

Knicker—How would you like to be a man without a country?

Bocker—Fine, you wouldn't have to go brook sending your family there for the summer.

Material Matter.

In the apartment house hall: "Has the paper boy been here yet this morning?"

"No; only the meat man and the bread girl."—Lippincott's.

Not Up to the Minute.

"Are you familiar with the Mexican situation?"

"Only up to eight o'clock this morning."

Its Use.

Knicker—They can now take photographs under the sea.

Bocker—To show the size of the fish that got away.

The king of England has officially confirmed the report that he never travels on Sunday unless it is absolutely necessary.

Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops effectively drive out colds and stop all throat irritations—5c at Drug Stores.

Heart-grIPPING love and old-fashioned roses will never go entirely out of style.

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

It is difficult to say just when a pig becomes a hog, but we feel sure certain men never were pigs.

A word to the wife is sufficient—to start something.