

**FOOTBALL.**

**The Old Fashioned School Game Wherein Everybody Played.**

There is no such spirit in the school today as in old times. They have a football eleven, it is true, and it holds its head well up among its mates; a little above 'em, too, most of the time—the old school's the old school yet, I tell 'em—but, after all, it isn't the old game nor the old spirit. I go out some times to watch them and think, "Well, it's a queer game they play now and call football!" They trot out in such astonishing toggery—padded and guarded from shin to crown, welled, belted, strapped and buckled beyond recognition. And there's no independence in the play; every move has to be told 'em. It's as if they weren't big enough to run alone, and so they hire a big stepmother of a university "coach," who stands round in a red sweater and yells and berates them. Not a man answers back; he doesn't dare to. They don't dare eat plain Christian food, but have a "training table" and diet like invalids. I've seen 'em at a game not dare take a plain drink of water. When they got thirsty they sucked at a wet sponge, like babes at the bottle!

It was not so in our day. No apron strings of a university coach were tied to us. We were free born men. When we wanted to play we got together and went down to the old pasture, to the big oak tree that stood near the middle of it, and there we would "choose up" and take off our coats and vests and neckgear and pile them round the oak and walk out on the field and go at it—everybody—not a pitiful dozen or so, while the rest stood with their hands in their pockets and looked on, but everybody! And it was football; no playing half an hour without seeing the ball in the air once. We kicked it all the time except when we missed it, and then we kicked the other fellow's shins. And when we got thirsty we went down to the spring and took an honest drink out of an honest tin cup.—G. H. Teeple in Atlantic.

**THE DANDELION.**

**No More Successful Plant and None More Wonderful.**

Perhaps none of our plants is more common or more familiar than the dandelion, and certainly none is more wonderful. First of all it is not a native, but was introduced from Europe, whence have come many of our worst weeds, fitted by centuries of struggle in cultivated fields to overcome the native plants of a continent where cultivation had previously been practically unknown and where natives had had no opportunity of adapting themselves to the conditions of civilized agriculture.

One of the dandelion's strongest points is the ability to obtain nourishment under strong competition and in unfavorable situations. A deep, strong, perennial taproot draws all available nourishment and moisture from surface and subsoil, stores nourishment during the winter and enables the plant to start far and away ahead of most of its competitors. This same taproot is exceedingly bitter, which very likely protects it from destruction by moles and other animals. At least I do not remember having seen a root that had been disturbed by animals of any kind.

But only a small portion of its food comes from the soil. Air and sunshine are just as necessary, for the air is food and the sunshine is digestion for our vegetable neighbors. Note the shape of the leaves. Narrow at the base and widening at the outer end, they form a dense rosette that not only gets for the dandelion all the air and sunshine coming its way, but smothers all but the most sturdy competitors. Here lies the secret of the dandelion's presence in lawns and walks and open waste places. In lawns the grass is kept low so that it cannot overtop and shade the dandelion, while its own leaves lie so low and close that they are little hurt by the mower and can smother the grass underneath.—Harper's Magazine.

**Ancient Child Burial.**

There was an order in the Church of England up to the year 1552 that if a child died within a month of baptism he should be buried in his christom in lieu of a shroud. The christom was a white baptismal robe with which in medieval times a child when christened was enveloped. A sixteenth century brass in Cheshe Bois church in Buckinghamshire represents Benedict Lee, christom child, in his christom cloth. The inscription underneath the figure stands thus:

Of Roger Lee, gentlman, here lyeth the son, Benedict Lee, crysom whos soule this p'do.  
—Westminster Gazette.

**An Expensive Error.**

The commuter started up from his seat, twisted about, frowned and sat down again as the train moved. "Anything the matter?" asked the chap who had got on at the last station. "Yes," replied the commuter gloomily—"yes, there is. For the second time this week the conductor has punched my meal instead of my railroad ticket. I must get glasses for him or for myself!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**Politeness.**

Little Elmer—Papa, what is politeness?  
Professor Broadhead—Politeness, my son, is the art of not letting other people know what you really think of them.—Town Topics.

**Merciful.**

Man—Oh, yes; she refused me and gave me no reasons whatever.  
Maid—Isn't she a saint?—Judge.

Nature knows no pause in progress and attaches her curse on all inaction.—Goethe.



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THE CHIEF takes pleasure in announcing that someone of its subscribers will in the near future be presented with a \$100 buggy. We have determined to increase our subscription list, and at the same time offer an inducement to old subscribers to pay up. Here is the plan:

For every dollar paid on subscription, by either new or old subscribers, the person paying the same will be entitled to four guesses on the total number of admissions to the World's fair at St. Louis on opening day, April 30, 1904. The person making the nearest correct guess will be presented with a handsome \$100 buggy, absolutely free. The buggy will be on exhibition at Peterson's implement house.

To enable subscribers to form an estimate on the probable attendance, we give the following figures on previous similar events:

Number of admissions on opening day at Philadelphia Centennial, 1876	186,072
At opening of the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893	137,507
At dedication day of St. Louis World's Fair, April 30, 1903	103,337

**APHORISMS.**

Philosophy is nothing but discretion.—John Selden.  
All imposture weakens confidence and chills benevolence.—Johnson.  
The only wealth which will not decay is knowledge.—Langford.  
Trouble teaches men how much there is in manhood.—Henry Ward Beecher.  
Your real influence is measured by your treatment of yourself.—A. Bronson Alcott.  
Human judgment is finite, and it ought always to be charitable.—William Winter.  
Kindness in us is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.—Lander.  
Politeness is a sort of guard which covers the rough edges of our character and prevents their wounding others.—Joubert.  
The constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts and to strengthen them for the help of others.—Ruskin.

**Speaking Without Words.**  
Spanish young ladies hold animated conversations with their lovers by means of a fan, which they always carry. Italians use a flower for similar purposes, and a young girl who may be apparently idly pulling the petals from a rose is in reality making arrangements for perhaps a secret visit to the opera house with her lover.  
In Malta comparatively few people can read, yet nearly every one holds a prayer book when at church. The reason for this is that a prayer book language is in existence, and by carefully watching each other's movements two persons can readily and secretly communicate with each other through the various positions in which the books are held being recognized as code words.

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