

# "BULL-HEADED" PARKER.

## HE WAS A HERO TO THE VERY LAST.

By Albert Britton.

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When George Parker made his first appearance on the football field at Clevedon college about two weeks after the term began, he came unheralded and unknown. The football enthusiasts had been busy for days discussing the merits and qualifications of the various new men who had come up for the first time that year and were trying for positions on the team. Good football material was scarce at Clevedon, and the captain and the coach were at their wits' end to construct a winning team with the candidates who had thus far appeared. The very day that Parker made his initial appearance they held a council in the directors' office at the gymnasium before going on the field for the afternoon practice, and the outlook, as they viewed it at that time, was gloomy indeed.

Candidates for positions behind the line were many and some of them gave promise. The ranks of the scrubs came the substitutes for the first time among the crowd of youths passing and kicking the ball. He was of medium height, rather light but firmly built, resembling the other young men around him in general appearance, except for a rather unusual squareness of jaw and levelness of gaze.

He came to Clevedon from an obscure little academy in a distant state, where he had prepared for college. The captain of the scrub eleven had noticed him in chapel in the morning and afterward had hunted him out and having learned by dint of hard questioning that he had played football and at least knew the rudiments of the game, had asked him to come out to the field in the afternoon and have a try at the second eleven.

The second, or scrub eleven, he known, is composed of the "varieties" who are needed a place on the "varsity" and who yet, for the sake of the sport and in the hope that one day promotion may find them out, are willing to work on without glory or reward unless they find them in the hard practice game played daily with the "varsity." From the ranks of the scrubs come the substitutes for the "varsity" and a good player in the former may well dare hope to be chosen for the "varsity" the next year. It is, as one may see, a sort of apprenticeship or training school through which one must pass before he reaches the "varsity."

It had been the bane of the scrub captain's life hitherto that he had not been able to find any man in his miscellaneous lot who was able to play a hard enough game against Brice, the "varsity" left tackle, either to cause that gentleman any particular inconvenience or to satisfy the demands of Shaw. They had all made the mistake of "bucking" straight into him and being to a man inferior in weight and muscle to Brice, who was a giant in size, if not in intellect, the result may be imagined. This it happened that a shrewd desperation Parker was chosen on this, his first night out, to go in against Brice and if possible frighten him into improving his playing.

As the two men looked each other over for a moment before the ball was put in play Brice thought of a scrab of a deal contemptuously, that he would have no trouble with this stripling, but after Parker had broken through two or three times on plays around his end and downed the man with the ball, he began to realize that he had a very tough fellow to contend with and that it would require something very different from his ordinary style of practice game to keep this fellow occupied. After he awoke to this fact Parker's hot become rather harder and he was forced to contend with him rather rather contentedly than the interference when the runner was slow or the ball was poorly passed.

But the climax came just before the close of the fifteen minutes practice. The "varsity" had carried the ball down the field directly in front of about twenty yards from the scrubs' goal. Parker had become somewhat used to the "varsity" play by this time, and when he saw the fullback drop back and the halfbacks move out from and back of their regular positions he knew that a goal from the field was to be tried. Here was his last chance to outwit the now fully awakened Brice.

Instead of moving out as he might have been expected to do in order to get a clearer field and open the line, he moved in close and made a feint as though intending to dive between tackle and guard, which was just the sort of a play it was the delight of Brice's heart to stop. He was practically immovable, and was to the unlucky mortal who attempted to "go through" him. Nothing, however, was farther from Parker's mind than the attempting of such a feat. Instead, as the ball was snatched, he wheeled out quickly, caught Brice's arm in his own and, whirling upon him as on a pivot, struck at the fullback just in time to block a well-directed try for goal.

The men on the side-line cheered lustily for the plucky scrub tackle and the coach gladdened his heart with a few words of commendation, while the discomfited Brice had a bad five minutes explaining to the captain how it all happened. After that Parker played as carefully watched by both Shaw and Arnold, and Brice was warned that unless he looked sharp and worked hard he might yet lose the position which he had begun to look upon as necessarily his own. Under this stimulus he improved wonderfully and the hopes of the rooters rose again as they saw the line grow stronger and faster day by day.

The great game of the season for which all the others were but a preparation, was to be one with Hanover college, and was to be played this year at Clevedon. For three years the yellow and blue of Hanover had waved triumphant and their team was regarded to be in better condition than ever.

At the last great day arrived and at the morning train brought with it the Hanover team and a great crowd of students already boasting of the victory that was sure to be theirs. Odds were offered freely, but the Clevedon boys, mindful of the lessons of former defeats, were slow to bet, and much Hanover money went begging. The day was an ideal one for football, crisp and cool, with that suspicion of frost in the air that puts every player on his mettle and makes every nerve tingle with pure human joy of living. On such a day even a disordered liver loses its ascendancy over the mind, and the blood races through the veins in an exhilarating food. In spite of the lateness of the season, the close clipped turf was green and soft as velvet, and the field, lined on either side with bleachers filled with gaily dressed, ribbon-bedecked crowds was an inspiring sight. Every one in the little town, without regard to age, sex or present condition of servitude, had turned out to witness what proved to be a battle royal.

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For the first five minutes of the second half it was the same story over again, but after one of Hanover's fierce rushes into the line a figure was seen stretched on the ground, and a thrill of apprehension ran along the side lines. "Who is it?" Is he playing for Clevedon?" "What subs have we?" were some of the questions anxiously asked. To the dismay of the Clevedon contingent, it was discovered in a moment that it was Brice, the big left tackle, whose lame ankle was being pounded to a severe wrench. For him to continue longer in the game was out of the question, but who was there to take his place? The only man who had practiced in that position was Parker, and when the "rooters" saw him strip off his coat and step across the back against the captain's summons their hearts sank within them. What chance would such a green stripling as he have against such a heavy experienced player as the Hanover tackle, but the captain remembered Parker's play against Brice and held his place.

HE WHIRLED HIS HUSKY OPPONENT HALF ROUND AND RUSHED AT THE FULL-BACK LIKE A TIGER.

until a final breathless rally stopped the advance on the twenty-yard line. One minute to play, and the Hanover fullback dropped the pigskin and sent it whirling well down into the enemy's country, with the ends close after it, and the battle was on. Hanover sent their backs around the Clevedon ends for a few short gains and then lost the ball on a fumble. Clevedon held for a few plays and lost it, and so the battle raged back and forth, in the center of the field, they fought. Occasionally a long kick by the fullback would drive the ball down the field, and one goal or the other would be temporarily endangered, but soon the ball would be carried back to the center and the struggle would be begun again. The teams were so evenly matched that neither was able to gain more than a temporary advantage over the other, and the first half closed without either having scored.

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THE AMERICAN BOY.

YOUTH'S Companion.  
I wonder if the boys and girls  
Who lived in older time  
Were like the boys and girls we know  
In our age and clime.  
I wonder if the girls had dolls,  
Or did they have rag dolls,  
Or did they play with dolls  
Know how to play at all!  
I love the sweet Babes in the Wood,  
And oh, how my heart grieves  
To think they slept upon the ground,  
With cover made of leaves,  
I love the Prince in the Tower  
In curls and ruffles fine,  
I love the little ones,  
I'm glad he isn't mine!  
I wonder if they laughed and talked,  
Or were they always sad,  
Am sure I should be glad  
An uncle had so bad.  
With my brave company of boys  
I would like to go,  
To capture him, and rescue both  
Those Princes in the Tower!  
O children of the older time,  
I read of you in my books,  
I see your pictures on the walls,  
And love your names and faces,  
Your and eyes seem to follow me  
About wherever I play,  
If you would, take me into the fun  
We children have today!

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Now, children," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "can any of you tell me the meaning of 'vice versa'?" "Yes, I can," replied the youngster at the foot of the class. "Well, Hobby, what is it?" "It's when you sleep with your feet toward the head of the bed," answered Bobby.

"Tommy" asked a mother of her 4-year-old son, "where did that hole in the screen door come from?" "I don't know, mamma," replied the little fellow. "Are you sure you don't?" she asked. "Course I am," answered Tommy. "I threw my ball awfully good and then I saw the hole, but honestly, I don't know where it came from."

Little Dot was very fond of bible stories, and one day after her mother had read the story of Lot's wife, she asked: "Mamma, what did Mr. Lot do when his wife was turned into a pillar of salt?" "What do you think he did?" asked mamma. "Why," replied the practical little miss, "I suppose he went out and hunted up a fresh one."

frankly, "we don't do that in the regular school, you know; only in the Sunday-school."

"Mamma, I caught a soldier!" This is what a little girl said the other day as she dragged one of the returned boys in blue into a fashionable residence on Capitol Hill, relates the Denver Times.

"Why, Dorothy!" exclaimed the frustrated mother, "aren't you ashamed to be so rude?" and then she turned her attention from the little one and began to apologize to the bronzed veteran of Santiago.

"You needn't apologize, mamma," said the soldier, "I was just going down the street here when I met the little girl and she grabbed hold of my hand and said I had to go with her. She is so near like my own little girl down in my home in New Mexico that I could not help but baby her a little."

"I just don't 'cause sister and me had a bet mamma. Sis is old enough to have fellows and I ain't, but I bet her the gum that I would catch a soldier before she did, and I did get him, too."

This pleased the boy in blue and, planting a kiss on the little cheek, he lifted his hat to the mother and walked away. He was one of the Rough Riders and was on his way home to New Mexico.

Gossip About Noted People.

Gladstone had a wonderful memory, and, like many men so gifted, was rather testy with those who were not. At a dinner on one occasion he asked Lord Granville if his lordship had taken part in a certain division in the House of Commons, Lord Granville said he did not remember, whereupon Gladstone said in an amazed tone:

"Not remember! Why, it's only forty-eight years ago!"

When Mr. Spurgeon first began his ministry an anonymous critic used to write to him constantly about his mistakes in grammar and pronunciation. Mr. Spurgeon at first resented these criticisms, but he soon learned to profit by them. "After awhile," he said, "in getting the story I looked for his weekly memoranda with much interest. If I repeated a sentence which I had used two or three Sundays before he would write: 'See the same expression in such and such a sermon.' Mr. Spurgeon, like everybody else, had his pet quotation, and he used this line: 'Nothing in my hand but letters' rather frequently. So his commentator wrote him 'We are sufficiently informed of the vacuity of your hand.'"

The appointment of Dr. Henry K. Carroll as President McKinley as an special commissioner to Porto Rico, inquired by the laws, institutions, customs, currency, industries, productions, schools, etc., of that island, has made it necessary for him to resign his place on the editorial staff of the New York Independent after a service on that paper of more than twenty-two years. Dr. Carroll came to be widely known as the compiler of the religious statistics in the last census, a work which he performed with conspicuous ability, and his report on the state of Porto Rico will undoubtedly be of great value and interest.

The National Magazine tells this story of Queen Wilhelmina: "Two of the court children were missing one day, and grave fears were entertained as to the probability of their having been kidnapped. A prolonged and careful search resulted in finding no trace of them, and two attendants were arrested as suspicious characters. On further inquiry it was learned that these two children were last seen playing with the little queen the previous day. On questioning her as to their whereabouts, she said they were locked up in a cellar that could be reached from the courtyard. It seemed they refused to do her bidding, and so, exercising her prerogative as chief executive of the kingdom, she had imprisoned them for rebellion."

Horace J. Wickham has just left the government envelope works in Hartford, Conn., after twenty-four years of continuous service. He designed the intricate machine that the envelope expresser, the postage stamp on it, printed the return address, folded and gummed the envelope and then counted, bunched and wrapped the completed envelopes in quicker time than it takes to read this paragraph. The patent on the machine having expired, his term of service is ended. Of the 200 employes, twelve have been with him during his entire term of service and fifty have served with him for at least twenty years.

William C. Whitney is a mascot in the young man who enters his employ. He made Dan Lamont a millionaire. He took George Brinton McClellan Harvey of the World, where he was managing editor, and made him his confidential clerk. Harvey now owns a large part of Staten Island, with prospects of controlling it all. He took Harry Macdonia away from Joseph Pulitzer, whose confidential secretary he was, as well as his personal representative in the home office of the World, made him counsel for the Metropolitan Street Railway company and now shows him in as secretary of the American Indus company. Harry will be a millionaire in a few weeks. He took hold of the turf through Sydney Paget, an interesting young Britisher who happens to be his son-in-law's brother. Paget has made a quarter of a million this season and is finally getting in, in consequence, there are greater riches in store. There could be no pleasanter occupation in life than giving youth a chance.

A Narrow Escape: Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart of Glaston, S. D.: "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally turned into consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial and took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and, thank God, I am saved and now a well and healthy woman. Trial bottles free at King's Dispensary, 50c and \$1.00, guaranteed or price refunded.

## TALKS ABOUT WOMEN'S CLUBS

Mr. Platt Favors the Broadening of the Field of Work.

Suffrage has a beneficial effect.

She Turns the Tables and Says it is the "New Man" Who Recognizes Women as His Equal.

Save for a small number who are visiting the exposition today few club women are in the city. Ever since Thursday they have been departing, for there is to be another congress in Chicago the coming week. It would seem that one meeting after another would wear these energetic creatures out, but their zeal evidently supports them in the following work:

Those remaining in town Mrs. Sarah S. Platt of Denver, vice president of the General Federation of Women's clubs, and the president of the Woman's club of Denver, are one of the most practical and earnest workers. In speaking of the advantage of the woman's congress, Mrs. Platt said that they enabled women from all parts of the country to exchange ideas, compare their methods of work and broaden their views on all the important questions of the day. Mrs. Platt is irrevocably in favor of the unfettered club. While conceding that the old, small clubs, literary and social, were of undoubted benefit in awakening interest in the club, their period of usefulness has now passed. With the great problems that confront all thinking people, all lines of social barriers should be abolished and the society woman should work shoulder to shoulder with the laboring woman.

The woman's club of Denver is one of the largest in the country, having 1,000 members and an "extension" membership of 250. This branch of the club includes the women in remote districts who would otherwise be deprived of the advantages of a club. The main club has eight departments, the home, the education, the art and literature, the philanthropic, the scientific and philosophical, the city improvement, to which men are eligible, the music and the reform.

The educational department consists of a school of domestic science, in which girls and women are taught the rudiments of cooking and housekeeping, and the duties and the difference in those duties of mistress and maid; and five kindergartens for the poor children with a reading room for the scholars.

The educational department concerns itself with the bettering of the public schools and the school commissioners, the study of the labor problems and runs a noon school for newspaper boys and other urchins, with the co-operation of the school authorities. By the efforts of the art and literary department many pictures have been put in the schoolhouses and their walls have been decorated.

Pingree Garden Work. The philanthropic branch has devoted itself chiefly to the Pingree garden work. Last year in Denver seventy-five families were cared for at a total cost of \$250, and their crops brought \$2,500. In Philadelphia, where the work is carried on by men hired by the city, forty-five families were helped at a total cost of \$2,500. Of course the Denver women gave their time, but the result points a moral. The work is kept up during the winter by teaching the women sewing and the like. Last year three families were made independent and took up land in the country.

The departments of science and philosophy are mainly devoted to study, but they have charge of the traveling library of the state.

The work of the reform division is done in looking after the state institutions, suggesting improvements, and trying to get the best officials for important positions. Sanitary work, local option laws and general improvements come under the province of the sports department of the club.

Though the musical branch is largely for pleasure, it has instituted many free concerts in different parts of the city. By the working of this club the scope of women's clubs is well illustrated. In the speaking of the suffrage question Mrs. Platt said that a woman's right to vote was demanded by justice and that the fancied evils accruing from woman's voting were merely imaginary. Yet undoubtedly it would be better for women to learn parliamentary law and study before she voted. If each of us business training were introduced in all women's colleges their benefit would be enormous, for while many women may never need to use the knowledge thus gained, it is always well to be prepared. Suffrage has not made the Colorado women unwomanly, but more womanly, for a clear stratum of water cannot be turned into a muddy one without leaving its mark.

In Mrs. Platt's opinion there is no "new woman," but a new man, who has come to regard woman as his peer and helps in solving the problems of the world and in elevating its morals.

Mr. Reuben Martin has been in business at Barnitz, Pa., for almost fourteen years. He says: "I have never sold a medicine that gave such good satisfaction as Chamberlain's. I sell every bottle on a guarantee, but know I take no risk for my customers come back and praise it. I am confident with its help I have completely and permanently cured of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy."

Sleep-Walker Wanders on Railroad Tracks and Avoids Trains.

From Olive Hill, Carter county, Ky., comes the story of a most remarkable case of somnambulism. A few nights ago Emma, the 14-year-old daughter of Captain and Mrs. Brooks, living on a farm a mile east of Olive Hill, after having finished her studies for the next day, lay down on the bed to rest, but did not intend to go to sleep. She promptly went to sleep. The rest of the family, thinking she had retired for the night, did likewise.

About 10 o'clock Emma arose, put on her makintosh, and carrying her shoes in her hand, left the house unobserved in a deep sleep. She went to the Chesapeake & Ohio track near the house and started east. She walked rapidly, and was seen by no one until she passed Aden, seven miles east of her home.

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Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CARCARET, I will never be without them in the house. My liver is in a very bad shape, and my head ached and had a dizziness. Now since taking CARCARET, I feel like a new man. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for her stomach."

VALUABLE APPENDIX

THE STUDENTS' STANDARD DICTIONARY

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and that she remembered nothing else till she awoke.

On her journey she had met three trains and had been overtaken by two, unconsciously stepping out of the way. She had crossed fourteen bridges and treated, one of the former being more than 200 yards long and one she had refused to cross in daytime. She had also passed through two tunnels and over innumerable cattle guards. It was her first sleep-walking experience. Captain Brooks, Emma's father, is a well-known railroad man.

For broken surfaces, sores, insect bites, burns, skin diseases, and especially piles, there is one reliable remedy, Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. When you call for Dr. Witt's don't accept counterfeit or frauds. You will not be disappointed with Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve.

### How to Get the Good of Wool Soap.

When you find that Wool Soap won't shrink woollens, don't use it alone on wool. Why be more careful of wool than you are of your face?

Wool Soap is made on purpose to cleanse woollens without shrinking or injuring. The same ingredients that make it best for this purpose make it best also for the human skin. No roughness or redness follows its use. That shows that it's pure.

Wool Soap is always best wherever purity is necessary. Wool Soap is so pure that it is white—so pure that it swims. But some other soaps are that pure. Wool Soap is the only soap so pure that it won't shrink wool. That's the supreme test, and only Wool Soap stands it.

Wool Soap. It Swims.

All Grocers and Druggists sell it.

### WINE OF CARDUI

#### TRUE WOMANLY BEAUTY.

HOUSTON, ARI., Jan. 18.  
I feel satisfied that Wine of Cardui saved my daughter's life. A good doctor treated her for two years with little benefit, but two bottles of the Wine brought her around all right. She is now red and rosy, and as healthy a woman as I know of.  
J. W. HARRIS.

More than half the women and girls of America are thin and emaciated. There is scarcely any flesh upon their bones. The slightest disorder in the feminine organs is enough to cause the loss of weight. Protracted neglect of the trouble increases the wasting away of the tissues. The ideally beautiful woman has a well-rounded figure. She is not "fat" but plump. A very thin woman can never hope to be attractive. When the flesh wastes away and the color leaves the cheeks, a halt should be called instantly. Wine of Cardui will correct the tearing down of the tissues. It will cure all the weaknesses, pains and disorders which women suffer. It will make them really well again. Their figures will round out, and their cheeks will again assume the red, rosy glow of health. Proof of this is given in the above statement of Mr. J. W. Harris.

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