

# THE BAD BOY



The Bad Boy Describes a Trip on the Suez Canal—He Goes Up Through Gibraltar in an Elevator—He Outlines a Gigantic Plan for the Capture of the British Fortress.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.  
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor of "Peck's Sun," Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.)  
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Gibraltar, in Spain and England—My Dear Foster Uncle: It seems good to get somewhere that you can hear the English language spoken by the Irish, and the English soldiers are nearly all Irish. When you think of the way the British government treats the Irish, and then you look on while an orderly sergeant calls the roll of a company, and find that nine out of ten answer to Irish names, and only one out of ten has the cockney accent, you feel that the Irish ought to rule England, and an O'Rourke or an O'Shanessy should take the place of King Edward. It makes a boy who was brought up in an Irish ward in America feel like he was at home to mix with British soldiers who come from the old sod.

Dad says that there is never an army anywhere in the world, except the armies of Russia and Japan, that the bravest men are not answering to Irish names, and always on the advance in a fight, or in the rear when there is a retreat. Dad says that in our own army, and when the north and south were fighting, the Irish boys were the fellows who saved the day. They wanted to fight nights and Sundays, and never struck for an eight-hour day, or union wages. When the fighting was over, and soldiers were sick, or discouraged, and despondent, an Irish soldier would come along, maybe on crutches, or with a bullet in his innards, and tell funny stories and make the discouraged fellows laugh in spite of themselves, and when another fight was on, you had to tie the wounded Irish soldiers to their cots in the hospital, or put them in jail, to keep them from forgetting their wounds and going to the front for one more fight. Dad says if there was an Irish nation, with an army and navy, the whole world would have to combine to whip them, and yet the nation that has the control of the Irish people

treats them worse than San Francisco treats Chinamen, makes them live on potatoes, and allows landlords to take away the potatoes if they are shy on the rent.

(Gee, dad looked over my shoulder, and saw what I had written, and he cuffed me on the side of the head, and said I was an incendiary, and that I ought to have sense enough not to write treason while a guest on British soil.) Well, I don't care a darn. It makes me hot under the collar when I think of the brave Irish fellows, and I wonder why they don't come to America in a body and be aldermen and policemen. When I get home I am going to join the Fenians, and raise thunder just as quick as I am old enough.

Well, sir, we have been through the Suez canal, and for a great modern piece of engineering it doesn't size up with a sewer in Milwaukee, or a bayou in Louisiana. It is just digging a railroad cut through the desert, and letting in the water, and there you are. The only question in its construction was plenty of dredging machines, and a place to pile the dirt and water that just came in of its own accord, and stays there, and smells like thunder, and you see the natives look at it and keep away from the banks, for fear the banks will cave in on them, and give them a bath before their year is up, 'cause they don't bathe but once a year, and when they skip a year nobody knows about it.

Our boat went right along, and got out of the canal, because it was a mail boat, but the most of the boats we saw were tied up to the bank, waiting for the millennium. We saw some Russian boats waiting for the war to blow over, and as we passed them every Russian on board looked scared, as though we were Japs, that were going to fire a torpedo under them, or throw a bomb on deck, and when our boat got by the Russian boat the crew was called to prayers, to thank the Lord, or whoever it is that the Russians thank, because they had escaped a dire peril. I guess the Russians are all in, and that those who have not gone to the front are shaking hands with themselves, and waiting for the dove of peace to alight on their guns.

The Suez canal probably pays, and no wonder, 'cause they don't charge what they please to boats that go through, and if they don't pay, all they have to do is to stay out, and go around a few thousand miles. It is like a

flat language. "Yes, the walls of our flat are so thin that my husband and I learned the deaf and dumb alphabet." "What for?" "So we could do our quarrelling without being overheard." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Yardstick of Summer Time.  
Mrs. Knicker—How long will you be away this summer?  
Mrs. Bocker—I don't know. I shall stay \$1,000 at the seaside and \$500 at the mountains.—N. Y. Sun.

erry across a little stream out west, where there is no other way to cross, except to wade or go around, and the old ferryman sizes up the wagon load that wants to cross, and takes all they have got loose, and then the travelers are ahead of the game, 'cause if they didn't cross the stream they would have to camp on the bank until the stream dried up. Some day an earthquake will split that desert wide open, and the water in the Suez canal will soak into the sand and the steamboats will lay in the mud, and be covered with a sandstorm, and future ages will be discovering full-rigged ships down deep on the desert. Dad says we better sell our stock in the canal and buy atrapish stock. And talk about business, there is more tonnage goes through the Suez canal, between Mich-



AND GETS THE WORTH OF HIS MONEY.

igan and Canada, than goes through the Suez, and we don't howl about it very much.

Well, sir, I have studied Gibraltar in my geography, and read about it in the papers, and seen its pictures in advertisements, but never realized what a big thing it was. Now, who ever thought of putting that enormous rock right there on that prairie, but God, I suppose the English, when they saw that rock, thought the good Lord had put it there for the English to drill holes in, for guns, and when the Lord was busy somewhere else the English smothered the rock away from Spain, by playing a game with loaded dice, and when England got it, that country decided to arm it like a train robber, and hold up the other nations of the earth.

When a vessel passes that rock it has to hold up its hands and salute the British flag, or get a mess of hardware fired into its vital parts, but that is all it amounts to, 'cause it couldn't win a battle for England, and could only sink trading vessels. The walls of the rock are perforated from top to bottom, with holes big enough for guns to squirt smoke and shells, but if the enemy should stay away from right in front of the holes, they might shoot till doomsday, and never hit anything but fishing smacks and peddlers of oranges.

Gibraltar is like a white elephant in a zoological garden. It just eats, and keeps off flies with its short tail, and visitors feed it peanuts, and wonder what it was made for, and how much hay it eats. Gibraltar is like a \$20 gold piece that a man carries in his watch pocket for an emergency, which he never intends to spend until he gets in the tightest place in his life, and it wears out one pocket after another, and some day drops through on the sidewalk, and a tramp finds it and goes on a hat and gets the worth of his money, and has a good time, if he saves enough to buy a bromo-seltzer the next morning after. It is like the Russian war chest, that is never to be opened as long as they can borrow money.

If Gibraltar could be put on castors and rolled around from one country to another, England could whip all Europe and Asia. It would be a Trojan horse on a larger scale, and a terror, but, say, if it got to America, we wouldn't do a thing to it. We would run a standpipe up the side, and connect it with an oil pipe line, fill Gibraltar's tunnels and avenues, and magazines and barracks with crude oil, and touch a match to it, and not an Englishman would live to tell about it. Gee, but I would be sorry for the



PINCHED DAD'S WATCH.

Irish soldiers, but I guess they wouldn't be there, 'cause they wouldn't fight America.

Well, if England ever has a big war, and she gets chummy about Gibraltar, and says it is impregnable, and defies the world to take it, I bet you ten dollars it could be taken in 24 hours. If I was a general, or an admiral, I would have about 40 tank steamers, loaded with kerosene, and have them land, innocent like, right up beside Gibraltar, ostensibly to sell oil for luncheon hour. It was noticed that all be improved by using kerosene on their persons. Then I would get on a barrel, on deck of my flagship, and command the English general to surrender unconditionally, and if he re-

framed, I would set a slow match on every oil vessel, and have the crews get in shifts and pull for the opposite shore, and when the oil got on fire and rolled up all over Gibraltar, and burned every living thing, I would throw water from the fire department boat on the rock, and she would split open and roll all over the prairie, and then I would bury the cremated dead out on the desert, and seek other worlds to conquer, like Alexander the Great. But don't be afraid. I won't do it unless they make me mad, but you watch my smoke if they peck on your little Henney too much, when he grows up.

But I haven't any kick coming about Gibraltar, 'cause they treated dad and I all right, and the commander detailed an ensign to show us all through the fortress. Now don't get an ensign mixed up with an ensign, such as showed us through the Turkish harem. An English ensign is just as different from a Turkish unique as you can imagine. Every man to his place. You couldn't teach a Turkish unique how to show visitors around an English fortress, and an English ensign in a Turkish harem would bring on a world's war, they are so different. Well, we went through tunnels in the rock, and up and down elevators, and all was light as day from electric lights, and we saw ammunition enough to sink all the ships in the world, if it could be exploded in the right place, and they have provisions enough stored in the holes in the rock to keep an army for 40 years, if they didn't get ptomaine poison from eating canned stuff.

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When a husband or wife is taken away, there is an upheaval in the home, as if an earthquake or a cyclone had swept the house from its foundation. The survivor feels at first as if the world had come to an end. It does not seem as though ever again there can be joy and gladness in the universe, or any chance of going on. Things have collapsed for the hour.

Outsiders are very apt to gauge the fidelity to an ideal of man or woman by the length of time that passes before there is an effort to fill the empty place. It is, however, only in accordance with a law of nature that there shall be, after a time, cessation of grief and the effort to go on again under new conditions, and with a new partner.

Nature always hastens to repair her waste places. Flowers spring up and bloom in the track that has been swept by fire. The greenest spots are those where battles have been fought.

No grief should last forever. It implies not the slightest disrespect, hardly forgetfulness of the past, in beginning again a new chapter of life, in new circumstances, with some one else.

In most cases it is inevitable that a desolate heart should snatch at some probability of renewed comfort and that there should be once again the enjoyment of home life which is incomplete to the widowed.

It is the outsider who has nothing to do with it who generally feels and expresses most jealousy at a second marriage of neighbor or friend. It happens, too, that often there is apparently good cause for this impersonal jealousy. For instance, a husband who was sufficiently devoted to a first wife, yet who made no fuss about her, who surrounded her with few delicate attentions, and took for granted all the sacrifices she made, is often most gallant and lover-like in his attitude to his second wife. She comes to him after the first difficult strife of youth, to acquire a competence, is over. In a way, she inherits the self-denial and sacrifice of her predecessor. The wife of the man's youth did her own work, saved, and skimped, had few outings, and seldom a long holiday. A handsome gown was perhaps an event to her. She was satisfied with few luxuries. She was helping her husband to get a firm foothold, and make his money. By and by, it may be, worn out with incessant labor, she slipped away into the grave.

The woman who, after a decent interval of mourning, has taken her place is younger, prettier, and much less inclined to strenuous domesticity than she was. She wears delicate gowns and hats, and has plenty of charges in her wardrobe. Her step-children do not weigh heavily on her hands, the older ones being promptly sent to school, and the younger ones put under the care of a nurse or governess. This wife has leisure, retains her good looks, is her husband's comrade and companion every where, and has the joy always prized by a woman of knowing that he is proud of her. Not infrequently the lot of a second wife is far more enviable and desirable than that of her who was wooed and won in the freshness of early girlhood.

There is room in the same breast for faithful love as we all know, in more than one direction. We love our friends, our parents, our children, and the various affections do not crowd or jostle or quarrel one with another. We love people for different reasons, and along different lines. Thus, a second marriage may be equally as congenial and equally as beneficial in its results to both parties as the first, if only it be not a marriage of convenience. When people marry for any lower reason than mutual esteem, and a wish to help one another on the road of life, they are likely to arrive at failure and disappointment. They have dared to lay prostrate hands on the ark of God.

If a woman marry her second husband because he has wealth and can give her opportunities for herself, or for the children of her own first marriage, she is taking a tremendous risk. Of one such marriage I think I have seen the gallantry of the lover fell away like a husk the day after the wedding, and the wife found herself united indeed to a millionaire, but as well to a sordid miser. From the ample house to which he took her the hired help was sent away, and she was bluntly told that he married her that he might save money.

When a man looking about him for a second wife decides that this woman or that will make him a good housekeeper, that she will do his mending and preside well at his table, and so addresses her, omitting all thought of romance, he is not likely to give or receive much happiness. Such a union is hopeless in the higher sense. Married happiness must have love for its foundation stone. A satisfying pleasure by the hearth is kindled by the breath of true love. This is as true in a second or third marriage as in the first.

We must admit that people sometimes find their true mates later rather than earlier in life. We are not the

# SECOND MARRIAGES

## GREAT DISPARITY OF AGE SHOULD BE AVOIDED.

No Disrespect Implied in Taking Second Partner—Outsiders Often Express Impersonal Jealousy—Second Wife Respects Fruit of Self-Denial of the First—Man Who Marries Simply to Have a Good Housekeeper Will Not Receive Much Happiness—Young Woman Should Not Wed Man with Daughter Her Own Age.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.  
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)  
In a little hamlet by the sea, never mind where, there dwells a family to the members of which exceptional good fortune has been granted. Several years ago the father and mother celebrated their golden wedding, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, an unbroken circle. No death had invaded their ranks. There was no vacant chair at any table. Such continuities of blessing is exceptional and delightful, but most families undergo loss and change, and not all who love one another are privileged to live together to the very end of their days.

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# STORY OF A CRIME

## DOUBLE FURNISHMENT DEALT TO A RUSSIAN OFFICER.

In a Mad Frenzy He Kills the Man Who Would Have Befriended Him on His Wedding Day.

The following story of a terrible crime committed by a Russian officer and its strange sequel appears more like a tale from Alexandre Dumas than a simple statement of an actual happening.

As the principal person concerned is still living, let him be called Halkoff. He has just been released from a long term of imprisonment in Sakhalin island.

Twenty years ago Lieut. Halkoff was one of the smartest officers in St. Petersburg, and by far the most popular. Every house in the city was open to him, from the mansions of the wealthy to the palace of the grand duke.

Yet, in spite of this, Halkoff was not happy. He was in debt. Ruin stared him in the face. For a time he had been able to stave off the peril by borrowing large sums from a money-lender.

But a day of reckoning must come. The money-lender would not remain patient for ever. To Halkoff it seemed that only one loophole lay open to him. He must marry—and marry wealth.

Some weeks later it was whispered amongst the fashionable that the lieuten-

ant had become engaged to a wealthy widow.

Even this event brought little happiness to Halkoff. Day and night he was haunted by a terrible fear lest the money-lender should demand payment, and thus bring down his ruin before the marriage took place.

One morning, the third after his engagement had been announced in the newspapers, Halkoff received a letter. A glance at its envelope told him from whom it came. He tore it open, reading the curt contents with feverish haste.

What did it mean? Why did the money-lender congratulate him, and then, in words full of meaning, add that he had prepared a great surprise for his client's wedding day? To Halkoff it sounded as a threat. There was a fiendish satire in the lines.

His wedding day! The thought drove him mad. He snatched his sword from the table, and half running, burst into the money-lender's office.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

The Jew smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Then an ungovernable fury came over the lieutenant. He drew his sword and lashed blindly at the bent figure of the old usurer.

Then he fled from the office, leaving the old man—dead!

In a drawer in the money-lender's office was found a letter addressed to Lieut. Halkoff. When opened, it revealed the "surprise" that the old man had intended for his client's wedding. It was not a demand for instant payment, but a full acquittal of every penny that Halkoff owed him. Moreover, when the old Jew's will was opened, it was discovered he had left all he possessed to—the man that had taken his life. For the intended bride was the money-lender's god-child.

The feelings of Lieut. Halkoff when these facts were discovered were indescribable. Rage, disappointment and remorse all found a place in his heart—but it was too late. He had wrecked his life, and a convict prison was all that the future held for him.

**Cleaning the Mists.**  
Don't whine! Take what comes to you and do your best with it. Make the bravest fight you can; train yourself to see the cheerful side of things, even the funny side of the mishaps you cannot help. Strangle complaints with a laugh—a cheery laugh is good for heart and brain, and clears the mists from the eyes of faith. Endure what must needs be endured, go forward bravely, die if you must, but don't whine.—Home Messenger.

**Courageous.**  
In Atchison a man called another man a liar recently, and the accused replied: "I know I am a liar, but I thought you were too much of a gentleman to refer to it."—Kansas City Star.

# SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

## Probably no more interesting and so more odd a match has been recorded in the annals of pugilism than that which was the other day contracted for by James Edward Britton and Bettling Nelson of Chicago.



Jimmy Britton, previous fight between them, was the victor, but he declares that the "native son" feature had much to do with the referee's opinion and that Nelson really had the best of the argument. Had the men been given an extra round it is declared that the boy of the coast would have taken the count. Nelson regarded the decision as such a glaring breach of Queensberry etiquette that he has practically challenged the California lad. In his last deft Nelson offered to accept any terms which might be offered, simply for the privilege of getting one more chance at Britton. Now he has that chance and fight fans in and about Chicago are predicting great things for Nelson. The men have signed articles to fight 25 rounds before the Colma Athletic club at Union Course, for a purse of \$20,000 or 65 per cent. of the gross receipts and a \$10,000 side bet. The winner is to take all. Both men are to weigh 133 pounds on the morning of the contest. The agreement was arrived at after three hours of wrangling. Britton insisted upon a \$20,000 purse or 65 per cent. of the receipts at his option, but refused to concede the same choice to Nelson, who is only to receive the percentage if he wins. As the club refused to guarantee the cash purse, Nelson's manager guaranteed to make up any deficit between the gross receipts and the \$20,000 purse. The referee will be chosen two weeks before the contest.

Fight followers have elucidated on the luck which invariably have attended a "native son" who fights on the coast. The decisions are not what might be called rank, but whatever shadow of doubt exists, the native son gets the benefit thereof. It was predicted before Nelson's bout with Britton that if he did not knock the westerner out he would lose his fight, that was the "dope." And that was Nelson's fate. He failed to send his opponent to the mat for the count and he lost. The Chicago lad has learned much since that bout last December and he goes into the ring on September 9 prepared to gain the verdict. Britton is more than ever determined to defeat his eastern rival and his intention also is to put Nelson to sleep and thus conclusively prove that the referee was right in the bout last winter.

The familiar face of Jack O'Connor, for 15 years a backstop in the big leagues, has not been seen on the diamond this season. Before his retirement McAleer, his manager with the St. Louis Americans regarded him as the king of catchers and the pair were the best of friends. For 15 Jack O'Connor, years O'Connor and McAleer have been comrades. When Jack was a known quantity in baseball McAleer spare of frame and timid as a schoolgirl, joined the Cleveland "Spiders." The newcomer's modesty attracted the brusque and open-hearted O'Connor, and he took him under his protection and acted as sponsor for him. The pair became inseparable companions, and during the term of their service with the Cleveland club were roommates. McAleer proved the sensational fielder of the league, and O'Connor gloriied in Jimmy's success as much as if it were his own triumphs, over which he loved to dwell. O'Connor's retirement did not break up the old friendship that has always existed between him and Mr. McAleer. Promises of social visits and pledges of the best of feelings were given and exacted by each.

The catcher decided to devote all his time this summer to his business, with the exception of Sundays, when he may catch for a semiprofessional team and act as manager. Jack is one of the oldest catchers in point of service in baseball to-day. He started to catch when he was a boy, and has been at it ever since. He was with the Robinsoms at Cleveland for more than a decade, and they declare that he was one of the trickiest and most conscientious ball players that ever worked for them.

When the Robinsoms transferred their National League franchise to St. Louis O'Connor came here, but he was traded for a cash consideration to Pittsburgh. In Pittsburgh O'Connor was a warm favorite and developed such star pitchers as Chesbro, Leever and Phillipi. When the war broke out between the American and National leagues O'Connor cast his lot with the new league and took with him to New York such players as Chesbro, Conroy, Jimmy Williams and "Lefty" Davis. O'Connor had some trouble with Clark Griffith, manager of the Highlanders, and was turned over to St. Louis in a trade for John Anderson. McAleer believes that O'Connor is still one of the greatest catchers in the game. "I think O'Connor has a better baseball head than any catcher in the business," said Jimmy. He is not the flashy type of backstop, but he knows how to work batters to perfection, and is a great man to steady pitchers.

**Where Ignorance "Is" Bliss.**  
First Sweet Young Thing—What did you think of Professor Snodewitz?  
Second Sweet Young Thing—Oh, isn't he awfully, shockingly clever?  
First Sweet Young Thing—My dear, he's just crammed full of it! Why, he was talking to me for more than an hour, and I declare I couldn't understand a word he said. Oh, he's a wonder!—Ally Doper.

**Graceful Waist.**  
points which cross below the bust; they are each trimmed with fancy silk ornaments. The sleeves form a full puff to the elbow, then are finished with four frills of lace sewn on a net foundation. Silk ornaments also trim the bodice above the bust.

Materials required: 2½ yards 44 inches wide, ¾ yard lace 18 inches wide, 10 yards lace, 10 ornaments, 2 yards lining.

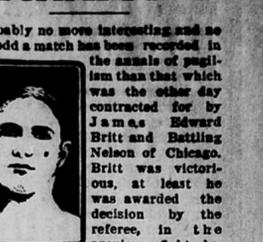
**Discovered.**  
"Confidentially, public office is a private graft, if you know how to work it."  
"Yes, but it's a parlor game, old man; the smoothest are pretty sure to get caught."  
"True enough, if they don't possess the peculiar immunity that, fortunately, I enjoy. You don't know me!"  
"W—who are you?"  
"His! S-sh! Mum's the word! I'm the mysterious Tertium Quid."  
"W-what! Is it possible that you're the man that struck Billy Patterson?"  
"Give us something modern; I'm the Man Higher Up!"—Washington Post.

**Carnegie's Highland Home.**  
The sporting attractions of Skibo Mr. Carnegie's highland home, are thus summed up: The extent of this shooting is about 20,000 acres, of which 10,000 acres are moor, 6,000 acres arable and 4,000 acres wood; 600 to 800 brace grouse, 22 stags, four fallow bucks, 42 roe deer, besides black game, partridges, pheasants, snipe, woodcock, hares rabbits and wild fowl may be expected. There is a fair salmon and sea trout fishing in about 15 miles of the Eweil, and good trout fishing in Lochs, Migdale, Laggan, Lars and Buldhie.

**Hangnails.**  
Hangnails should be softened with vasoline and then removed very carefully with the pointed scissors. You will not have hangnails if you will lift up the cuticle about the nail and keep it from adhering.

# SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

## Probably no more interesting and so more odd a match has been recorded in the annals of pugilism than that which was the other day contracted for by James Edward Britton and Bettling Nelson of Chicago.



Jimmy Britton, previous fight between them, was the victor, but he declares that the "native son" feature had much to do with the referee's opinion and that Nelson really had the best of the argument. Had the men been given an extra round it is declared that the boy of the coast would have taken the count. Nelson regarded the decision as such a glaring breach of Queensberry etiquette that he has practically challenged the California lad. In his last deft Nelson offered to accept any terms which might be offered, simply for the privilege of getting one more chance at Britton. Now he has that chance and fight fans in and about Chicago are predicting great things for Nelson. The men have signed articles to fight 25 rounds before the Colma Athletic club at Union Course, for a purse of \$20,000 or 65 per cent. of the gross receipts and a \$10,000 side bet. The winner is to take all. Both men are to weigh 133 pounds on the morning of the contest. The agreement was arrived at after three hours of wrangling. Britton insisted upon a \$20,000 purse or 65 per cent. of the receipts at his option, but refused to concede the same choice to Nelson, who is only to receive the percentage if he wins. As the club refused to guarantee the cash purse, Nelson's manager guaranteed to make up any deficit between the gross receipts and the \$20,000 purse. The referee will be chosen two weeks before the contest.

Fight followers have elucidated on the luck which invariably have attended a "native son" who fights on the coast. The decisions are not what might be called rank, but whatever shadow of doubt exists, the native son gets the benefit thereof. It was predicted before Nelson's bout with Britton that if he did not knock the westerner out he would lose his fight, that was the "dope." And that was Nelson's fate. He failed to send his opponent to the mat for the count and he lost. The Chicago lad has learned much since that bout last December and he goes into the ring on September 9 prepared to gain the verdict. Britton is more than ever determined to defeat his eastern rival and his intention also is to put Nelson to sleep and thus conclusively prove that the referee was right in the bout last winter.

The familiar face of Jack O'Connor, for 15 years a backstop in the big leagues, has not been seen on the diamond this season. Before his retirement McAleer, his manager with the St. Louis Americans regarded him as the king of catchers and the pair were the best of friends. For 15 Jack O'Connor, years O'Connor and McAleer have been comrades. When Jack was a known quantity in baseball McAleer spare of frame and timid as a schoolgirl, joined the Cleveland "Spiders." The newcomer's modesty attracted the brusque and open-hearted O'Connor, and he took him under his protection and acted as sponsor for him. The pair became inseparable companions, and during the term of their service with the Cleveland club were roommates. McAleer proved the sensational fielder of the league, and O'Connor gloriied in Jimmy's success as much as if it were his own triumphs, over which he loved to dwell. O'Connor's retirement did not break up the old friendship that has always existed between him and Mr. McAleer. Promises of social visits and pledges of the best of feelings were given and exacted by each.

The catcher decided to devote all his time this summer to his business, with the exception of Sundays, when he may catch for a semiprofessional team and act as manager. Jack is one of the oldest catchers in point of service in baseball to-day. He started to catch when he was a boy, and has been at it ever since. He was with the Robinsoms at Cleveland for more than a decade, and they declare that he was one of the trickiest and most conscientious ball players that ever worked for them.

When the Robinsoms transferred their National League franchise to St. Louis O'Connor came here, but he was traded for a cash consideration to Pittsburgh. In Pittsburgh O'Connor was a warm favorite and developed such star pitchers as Chesbro, Leever and Phillipi. When the war broke out between the American and National leagues O'Connor cast his lot with the new league and took with him to New York such players as Chesbro, Conroy, Jimmy Williams and "Lefty" Davis. O'Connor had some trouble with Clark Griffith, manager of the Highlanders, and was turned over to St. Louis in a trade for John Anderson. McAleer believes that O'Connor is still one of the greatest catchers in the game. "I think O'Connor has a better baseball head than any catcher in the business," said Jimmy. He is not the flashy type of backstop, but he knows how to work batters to perfection, and is a great man to steady pitchers.

**Where Ignorance "Is" Bliss.**  
First Sweet Young Thing—What did you think of Professor Snodewitz?  
Second Sweet Young Thing—Oh, isn't he awfully, shockingly clever?  
First Sweet Young Thing—My dear, he's just crammed full of it! Why, he was talking to me for more than an hour, and I declare I couldn't understand a word he said. Oh, he's a wonder!—Ally Doper.

**Graceful Waist.**  
points which cross below the bust; they are each trimmed with fancy silk ornaments. The sleeves form a full puff to the elbow, then are finished with four frills of lace sewn on a net foundation. Silk ornaments also trim the bodice above the bust.

Materials required: 2½ yards 44 inches wide, ¾ yard lace 18 inches wide, 10 yards lace, 10 ornaments, 2 yards lining.

**Discovered.**  
"Confidentially, public office is a private graft, if you know how to work it."  
"Yes, but it's a parlor game, old man; the smoothest are pretty sure to get caught."  
"True enough, if they don't possess the peculiar immunity that, fortunately, I enjoy. You don't know me!"  
"W—who are you?"  
"His! S-sh! Mum's the word! I'm the mysterious Tertium Quid."  
"W-what! Is it possible that you're the man that struck Billy Patterson?"  
"Give us something modern; I'm the Man Higher Up!"—Washington Post.

**Carnegie's Highland Home.**  
The sporting attractions of Skibo Mr. Carnegie's highland home, are thus summed up: The extent of this shooting is about 20,000 acres, of which 10,000 acres are moor, 6,000 acres arable and 4,000 acres wood; 600 to 800 brace grouse, 22 stags, four fallow bucks, 42 roe deer, besides black game, partridges, pheasants, snipe, woodcock, hares rabbits and wild fowl may be expected. There is a fair salmon and sea trout fishing in about 15 miles of the Eweil, and good trout fishing in Lochs, Migdale, Laggan, Lars and Buldhie.

**Hangnails.**  
Hangnails should be softened with vasoline and then removed very carefully with the pointed scissors. You will not have hangnails if you will lift up the cuticle about the nail and keep it from adhering.