PECK'S BAD BOY WITH THE CIRCUS

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The Bad Boy Begins a Diary—Dad Has Become Manager for a Circus—The Bad Boy Expects to Curry the Hyena and Do Stunts on the Trapeze—Ma Says Pa Will Ogle the Circassian Beauty—Pa Buys Some Circus Clothes and Lets His Whiskers Grow.

April 10, 1905.—I never thought it would come to this, that I should keep a diary, because I am not a good little boy. Nobody ever keeps a diary except a boy that wants to be an angel, and with the angels stand, or a girl that is in love, or an old maid that can't catch a man unless she writes down her emotions and leaves them around so some man will read them, and swallow the bait and not feel the hook in his gills, or a truly good bank cashier who teaches Sunday school, and skips

And Pa Swatted Her on the Back.

out for Canada some Saturday night, after the bank closes, and on Monday morning they find the combination of the lock on the safe changed, and when they hire a reformed burglar to open the lock the money is all gone with the cashier. Those are the only people that ever kept a successful diary.

But I had to promise ma that I would keep a diary, so she could read it, or I never could have got her consent for me to go with pa on the road with a circus. All ma asks of me is to tell the truth about everything that happens to me and to pa during the whole summer, and I have consented, and I can see my finish, and pa's finish, and ma's finish, and the finish of the circus that is going to take us along.

Gee, but we have had a hot time at our house since pa and I got back from our trip abroad. I brought pa back in better health than he was when we went away, but he has got so accustomed to excitement that I knew something would be doing pretty soon, so I was not surprised when he told us at the breakfast table that he supposed he should have to go and travel with a circus this summer.

Ma looked at pa as though she wanted to call the police, and an ambulance to take him to the emergency hospital. He looked at ma and at me, speared another waffle, and said: "I know you will think I am nutty, but for almost ten years I have had a block of stock in a circus and menagerie. I went into it to help some young circus fellows, and put up quite a bunch of money, because they were honest and poor, and for a few years things went wrong, and I thought my money was gone, but for the last six years the circus has paid dividends bigger than Standard Oil, and to-day it stands away up among the financial successes, and the dividends on my circus stock is better than any bank stock I have got, and it comes just like finding money. The company decided at its annual meeting to invite me to take the position of one of the managers, and I shall soon go to the winter quarters of the show, to arrange to put it on the road about the 1st of May. Now any remarks may be made, pro or con, in regard to my sanity, see?"

Well, ma swallowed something crosswise down her Sunday throat, and choked, and pa swatted her on the back so she would cough it up, and when she could speak she said: "Pa, do you have to wear tights, and jump through hoops on the back of a horse, and cut up didoes, at your time of life? For if you do I can never live to witness any such performance."

Pa was calm, and did not fly off the handle, but he just said, kindly: "Mother, you have vague ideas of the duties of the owners of a circus. The owners hire performers to do stunts, and break their necks, while we manage them, and take in the shekels from the Reubens who come into town on circus day. We proprietors touch the button, and the actors and animals do the rest. I shall be a director who directs, a man who sets a dignified and pious example to the men and women who adorn the profession, coming as they do from all climes, and your pa will be the guide, philosopher and friend of all who belong to the grandest aggregation of talent ever gathered under one canvas, at one price of admission, and do not fail to witness the concert which will be given under this canvas after the main performance is over."

Ma looked at pa pretty savage, and said: "O, I see, you are going to be ringmaster, but what is to become of Hennery and me while you are cracking your whip around the hind legs of the fat woman, and ogling the Circassian beauty?"

Pa put his hand on my head and said: "Mother, Hennery will go with me, to see that I do not get into any trouble as a circus financier and general manager of the menagerie and Wild West aggregation, and hippodrome, in the great three-ring circus, and you can stay home and give us absent treatment for what ails us, and pack the money I shall send you in bales with a hay press, and put it in cold storage till we come back in the fall. It is settled, we go to conquer, and the world will lay at our feet before the middle of August, and you will be a proud woman to own a husband who will be pointed at as the most successful amusement purveyor the world has ever witnessed, and a son who will start in at the bottom round of the circus ladder and rise, step by step, until he will stand beside the great Barnum."

Ma thought seriously for a few minutes, and then she said: "O, pa, if it was anything but the circus business you and Hennery went into, like selling soap or being a bank defaulter, or something respectable, I could look the neighbors in the face, but of course if there is money in it, and you feel that the good Lord has called you to the circus field, and you will see that Hennery does not stay out nights, and Hennery will promise to see that you put on a clean collar occasionally, and you will promise me that you will not let any of those circus women in spangles make eyes at you, I will consent to your going with the circus, just this once, as the doctor has advised that you lead an active life, and I guess you will get it traveling with a circus, for it nearly killed me that time I took Hennery to see the animals, and the tent blew down, and we got separated, and the sacred cow chased me up the church steps, and Hennery and a monkey were brought home by a policeman about daylight the next morning, that time you were off fishing, and I never told you about going to the circus when you were away. So we are circus proprietors, are we? Well, it ain't so bad," and ma went upstairs to cry at our success, and pa and I went out to walk off the effects of the breaking the news to ma.

The Sacred Cow Chased Ma Up the Church Steps.

I had a long talk with pa about our changed circumstances, and asked him what I would be expected to do in the show, and he says I will fit in anywhere. He says that a boy who knows as much about everything as I think I know, but don't know a blamed thing about will be invaluable about a show, and that going into a new business is like going to college as a freshman, as all the old circus men will haze us, and we must not expect an easy life, but one full of excitement, sleepless nights, ginger, the glare of the torchlights, the races, the flying trapeze, the smell of the sawdust and tanbark, the howling of the wild beasts, and the plaudits of the multitude of jays and jayesses, and it will be like one grand circus day spread all over the summer and fall. He says he wants me to learn the circus business from the ground up, from the currying of the hyenas with a currycomb and brush, to going up into the roof of the tent on the trapeze and falling into the net, while the audience faints with excitement. I asked pa if he wanted me to keep on playing tricks on him while we were on the road, and he said he had got so used to my tricks that he couldn't live without them, and he didn't want me to let a chance escape to make him have a good time.

April 11.—Ma and pa have had several discussions about what kind of a position it is going to leave her in, among the neighbors, for pa and I to go off with a circus, and ma wanted to withdraw from the church, and board up the windows of the house, and make folks think we had gone to the seashore, but pa convinced her that we would have preaching in the main tent every Sunday, and he says there is no more pious lot of people on earth than those who travel with a circus, and then ma wanted to go along. She said she could do the mending of the long socks that the women wear when they ride bareback, but we had to shut down on ma's going with the show, cause we never could have any fun with a woman to look after. Pa says nowadays the men and women who ride on bareback horses in the ring dress in regular evening costume, the women with low-neck dresses, and long trains, and the men with swallow-tail coats and patent leather shoes, and they are as polite as dancing masters.

We have compromised with ma, and she is to meet the show at Kalamazoo and go with us to Kankakee and Keokuk until she is overcome by nervous prostration, when we shall have her go home. Pa thinks ma would last about two days with the show, but I guess if she took a course of treatment with peanuts and red lemonade one afternoon and evening, she would want to throw up her job, and go back home in charge of a stomach specialist.

Well, pa showed up at the house in his circus clothes, this afternoon, and he certainly is a peach. Pa has been letting his chin whiskers grow for about six weeks, and to-day he had them colored black, and he looks as though he had swallowed the blacking brush, and left the bunch of bristles outside, on his chin. He looks fierce. Then, he has got a new brand of silk hat, with a wide, curling brim, and he has had a vest made of black and blue check goods, the checks as big as the checks on a checker board, and a pair of pants that look like a diamond-back rattlesnake, and he has got an imitation diamond stud in his white shirt that looks like a paper weight.

Ma wanted to know if there was any law to compel pa to dress like that, cause he looked as though he was a gambler or a train robber. Pa says that a circus proprietor has got to look different from anybody else, in order to inspire fear and respect on the part of the hands around the show, as well as the audiences that flock to the arena, and he asked ma if she didn't remember old Dan Rice, and old John Robinson. Ma didn't remember them, but she remembered Barnum, because Barnum lectured on temperance, and she said she hoped pa would emulate Barnum's example, and pa said he would, and then he took a watch chain with links as big as a trace chain and spread it across his checkered vest, from one pocket to the other, with a life-size gold elk hanging down the middle, and ma almost had a convulsion.

Gee, but if pa wears that rig in the menagerie tent, the animals will paw and bellow, like a drove of cattle that smell blood. Pa is going to wear a sack coat with his outfit, so as to look tough, and he wouldn't hear to ma when she tried to get him to wear a frock coat. He said a frock coat was all right in society or among the crowned heads, but when you have to mingle with lions and elephants one minute, that would snatch the tail off a coat and chew it, and the next minute you are mixed up with a bunch of freaks or a lot of bareback riders or trapeze performers, you have got to compromise on a coat that will fit any climate, and not cause invidious remarks, whatever that is.

I will have to stand up beside the giant once in awhile, to show the difference in the size of men, and at other times I will have to stand beside the midgets, and look like a giant myself. We are all packed up, and in two days we start for the winter quarters of the show, to pound it into shape for the road. By ginger, I can't hardly wait to get there, and see pa boss things.

VICTIM OF THE FAMILY.

Having Made a Fortune, This Old Man Is Now Under Discipline.

Every morning at nine o'clock precisely an old gentleman, walking with the aid of a stout cane, enters a saloon and takes a seat in a corner where he is comparatively safe from observation, says the New York Press. The bartender, without asking questions, carries to him a cigar and a drink of whisky, and the old gentleman smokes and sips in apparent contentment. Just before the cigar is finished he takes another drink. Then he walks slowly down to Riverside drive and sits in a shady spot until lunch time, when he enters a fine mansion near by and is seen no more until the following morning.

"That's a funny case," said the bartender, as the old gentleman went out after his customary cigar and drinks. "He's a retired banker and lives in luxury. He has a large family and they have everything they wish for. But the old man is looked upon as a sort of necessary evil about the house. He is not permittted to smoke in the house, and as for drinking—why, any member of the family would have a fit if they saw anything of an alcoholic nature on the premises.

"Now that he has made the money which supports them, they relegate the old man to the rear, and he is at that age where he hasn't spirit to rebel. So he comes in here every day and 'sneaks' his drink and smoke and goes back home contented. Ain't that queer world?"

A MODERN PROBLEM

WHOSE SOLUTION WOULD BRING FAME AND FORTUNE.

AMERICANIZED SERVANTS

Effect of Transplanting on Scandinavians — Cross-Questioning the Mistress—Ordeal of Intelligence Office.

"The King was in the counting-house
Counting up his money;
The Queen was in the kitchen
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden
Hanging up the clothes,
When along came a neighbor and offered
her a dollar a month more wages."

CHICAGO.—The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year by far. You have returned from the country place to take up again life in the city. That fact in itself need not be regarded in a sorrowful light, for the city in winter has much to offer; it is the keeping the machinery of living going that induces the woeful state of mind.

At this time of year all the servants are moved to desert their former place of service, to seek new kitchens, new chambers, other mistresses. We have tried to analyze this accompaniment of the falling of the leaves, but have not been able to satisfactorily. Is it that the keen autumn air makes them frisky and restless and ambitious, does it give them Utopian dreams of "a place" where there is to be plenty of money and the lightest of labor? We cannot, cannot say; if we could diagnose correctly, arrive at a remedy, our fortune and fame would be assured. At present we are able only to contemplate the exodus and initiation.

In Chicago most of the servants are Scandinavians, everywhere one comes across Swedish and Norwegian maid; golden-haired, pink-cheeked young women of apparent health and muscle. But it is wonderful how America seems to affect them, how quickly these girls that at home toiled in field and on mountain side become unable to handle ordinary household tasks. When they first arrive they attack housework with willing hand, the observer enjoys their splendid strength, the strength that seems to make nothing of sweeping and scouring and baking and brewing; but a little while and they have learned from their fellow immigrants of longer residence that America is a land where the servant girl need not strive to please, that American mistresses are indulgent. And, lo, a great change occurs. Hilda and Alma discover they cannot do the washing, ironing is really too hard for them; polishing windows impossible. Assistants here, assistants there, must be brought in; the householder's money all is spent in the luxury of servants.

A New Place.

THEY take all the money and they take French leave too. It is dangerous for the mistress to feel safe, she must be ever on the qui vive to prepare for a change.

It were well if she, like the servants, stood in with milkman, coffeeman, grocerman, butterman, the half-dozen and so gentlemen that knock frequently at the back door. A personal acquaintance with these is desirable; they are the confidantes of "the girls;" they know the secrets of many households; if "she" is satisfactory, what wages "she" pays, what kind of presents are to be expected; the good and bad points of many a place. And they act as middle men, obtain for apparently desirable mistress apparently desirable maid. It helps their custom, they feel the satisfaction of having performed a noble deed.

The girls lacking the kind offices of the business gentlemen mentioned, start out themselves in pursuit of the ideal situation. On the day off they make the campaign, answer advertisements or congregate in employment offices. Thursday here in Chicago is the day they are abroad in numbers, and it is of much interest, though also of depression, to stand by and watch the employment office play. Here is a young Swede who can say barely more that is intelligible to the American mistress than Ja and No and $5. She knows absolutely nothing of American housekeeping, very little of any kind of housekeeping, but she is tremendously sure she is worth five dollars.

The Search for the Golden Girl.

AFTER an average good housewife has had the Swede and Norwegian in training a few weeks, the Swede and Norwegian as a rule are attractive in appearance, a neat and dainty part of the household. The neat uniform, the coquettish aprons go well with the blonde good looks; until spoiled they have a respectful address, not necessarily servile, just decently respectful. And the ignorant bride, or new housewife of any sort, looking at a friend's menage says: "O, I, too, must get me just such a piece of perfection as Hilda or Alma; straightway I will advertise and, to make assurance doubly sure, will register at an employment office."

The bride, or new housewife of any kind, seats herself of a Thursday to await with confidence the arrival of the perfect maid, who is to at once step into her new quarters and at once begin the role of perfect maid. The reality does not fit the vision; they come, but not to be interrogated, to interrogate. They do the questioning, they pass the judgment: "What time is te tinner?" "How many in te family?" "The yanitoor clean te rugs and wash windows?"

The ardor dampened, the employment agency is visited. Here discouragement deepens, en masse Hilda and Alma are overpowering; en masse, awful judges, whose lowering, suspicious looks convict the fainting mistress at once; all apparently high-priced specialists who scorn your modest price.

The Search Continued.

WEARILY they go to and fro in search of the golden girl, women with money and women with but moderate income. I, who have written statistical, studied themes on the Servant Problem, who have called it really a mistress problem, the mistresses mostly to blame, am about ready to have a little sympathy for the mistress class, to consider them now the under dog, hold them now the victims. But in this sketch I intend to blame no one; just present a glimpse of household difficulties. I'll call nobody names, I'll try to smile over vexations and hindrances.

I advertise for a maid, and receive immediate reply that there is an experienced high-class Swedish girl awaiting my pleasure; she will call upon me. She does not call. I go to the address given in the advertisement. It proves an intelligence office, a close, unclean place presided over by a most untidy female. Yes, the high-class Swede is here. She enters, a young, moderately nice-looking girl. At once the questions begin. The answers seem satisfactory, and she agrees to accompany me to my home and look the ground over. But a second thought strikes her, she interrogates farther: "'Who in your family?" "My mother and two sisters." She turns from me, reseats herself, remarks to the manager of the office: "O, I won't go there; I don't want to go any place where there's no man." Sadder and wiser, I wend my solitary way home.

I have advertised for a maid, now I must advertise for a man.

Oriental to the Rescue.

ONCE I dwelt in a tropic land where there was no servant question, perhaps for that reason called the Paradise of the Pacific. There, noiseless, white-robed, deft-handed China boys and Jap stewards ministered to one's needs. You gave them an order once and the order was carried out with ability and dispatch. So gladly I learn that the Jap steward and China boy have penetrated to Chicago; speedily thereafter search the advertising columns. This is what I come upon:

Situation Wanted.—Japanese, reliable, first-class butler in respectable family; neat; neat; finest worker; ref. Yamasaki. Alas, Yamasaki, the butler proposition overpowers me. And reading Japanese advertisements further does not give me what I seek—although it gives me amusement:

Situation Wanted.—Japanese highest butler, in highest great family; so neat and bright; best reference.

Ah, are we finding the clew? Is it that maid and valet and butler are searching for the "highest, great family?" Does it make for them a rise socially, that rise for which they all come to America, land of striving aristocracy?

The situation grows more and more hopeless. We are lost in its thick fog.

KATHERINE POPE

FOND OF COON HUNTING.

Oklahoma Postmaster Quits His Job So He May Go Out After Game.

Dr. Stephen Call, an octogenarian resident of Ingalls, in eastern Oklahoma, boasts that he has killed more coons than any other living man, and although an octogenarian, Dr. Call still follows the sport.

Dr. Call learned to burn powder with Gen. Lew Wallace in Mexico during the war with that country, and later he followed this same leader through the civil war. In addition to being through two wars he has had three wives.

The time of year is rapidly approaching when coons are the "ripest," according to this veteran hunter, and this winter will be spent, as have all those in the past, hunting in the woods.

When there was a vacancy in the post office at Ingalls several years ago Dr. Call won the place with ease. But the position was too binding. He soon employed another man to look after the affairs of the office, so that he could hunt. Recently he resigned the office, stating that he could not find the time to give both it and hunting coons the attention they required.

THE BOY SPOKE TOO SOON

Elated Over Passing Bad Half-Dollar and Spoils Mother's Scheme.

W. Caryl Ely, of Buffalo, the president of the American Street Railway association, was talking, during the convention in Philadelphia, about motormen's and conductors' adventures.

"A conductor came to me with a smiling face the other day," he said. He wanted to tell me what had happened on an incoming car.

"It seems that a middle-aged woman and her little son, a lad of six or seven years, got on the car, and, as soon as they were seated, the woman took a half-dollar out of her pocket and handed it to the youngster to pay the fare with.

"The boy held the coin in his small, fat hand, and examined it closely and solemnly.

"The conductor appeared for the fares, and the youngster gave him the half-dollar with owlish solemnity.

"The money was pocketed and 40 cents in change was put in the small extended hand.

"As soon as he got this change the boy laughed and shouted gleefully:

" 'Oh, ma, he's taken the bad half-dollar.' "

Back Up!

Scrappy—Do you call that thing on your head a hat?

Mrs. Scrappy—Do you call that thing in your hat a head?—Life.

FLICKERTAIL NUGGETS.

Linton.—An ice rink is being agitated for this place.

Oakes.—Our people are proud of the high school football team.

Linton.—Rudolph Taggle of this county raised oats that went 81 bushels per acre.

Minot.—Three men held up a Russian. They secured six eggs and a bushel of oats.

Des Lacs.—Another elevator is being built here which will make the second in this town.

Bismarck. — The sewer is being rushed to completion to get it out of the way of cold weather.

Fargo.—The city council passed the ordinance granting the right of way asked by the Great Northern.

Milnor.—A boy was helping the folks at home do the threshing when some one jumped his claim at White Earth, Minn.

Bismarck.—Beavers are reported to be damaging the Missouri. Lots of people have tried their hand at that same thing.

Minot.—A stranger sought to purchase chloroform, but his actions were so suspicious the druggists refused to sell the stuff.

Fargo.—Some North Dakotans who have returned from Northwest Canada report sleighing has been good up there for some time.

Litchville.—A barn on Henry Giebenk's farm, near here, was destroyed by fire. Four horses and other live stock perished.

Kenmare.—Two children of Ernest Landrock were burned to death in their home near here Friday. Cause of fire unknown.

Courtenay.—Charles E. Hoffman recently died. He had his back broken some years ago in a runaway and had been a sufferer since.

Fairmount.—A local man planted some sweet potatoes last spring, and he is so well pleased with the results that he will plant more next year.

Hankinson.—A Soo mail car was burned here. It is supposed the stove exploded. Some mail was destroyed and other letters considerably charred.

Derrick.—Joseph Dahl lost a pocketbook containing $75. A few weeks later he drove across a field, where he had formerly made a trip, and found his money.

Minot.—A negro imagined he was robbed and accused his roommate. After a fruitless search for the money it was finally found in the nigger's own pocket.

Napoleon.—This is one of the places that has been crowded with grain this fall, and as many as 66 teams have been counted in line waiting to unload wheat.

Courtenay.—An old-fashioned singing school has been established here, and the old-fashioned results may be expected in the shape of wedding announcements.

Churches Ferry. — Ex-Commissioner of Forestry Barrett reports there has been more or less damage in his section of the state for two years from the Hessian fly.

Linton.—Emmons county is furnishing cattle to be shipped to Maryland for finishing. Just think of the profit the raiser is losing by not doing the finishing himself.

Eckleson. — Thomas Hinchberger's body was found dead a few feet from the depot Friday morning. It is supposed he was struck by a train and instantly killed, though none saw the accident.

Velva.—A barn and four stacks of oats on the farm of W. D. Robertson, east of here, burned Tuesday. Mr. Robertson is unable to account for the origin of the fire, as there had been no one near the building for several hours, nor was there any stock in the barn.

Edgeley.—The laying of rails and ties on the Edgeley extension of the N. P. has not been completed, but work is still being done to finish the line. There are a good many cuts and fills on the western end of the line, and a large amount of standard snow fence has been built to protect the line from drifts of the beautiful.

Fargo.—The recent heavy exports of durum wheat solves the problem as to where some of the crop has gone, and the big millers can tell about the rest—they are mixing with other grain. The price will soon be so close to that of the other wheats there will be less profit in the mixing.

Butte Sentinel.—A. L. Martin returned from St. Paul, where he marketed a shipment of sheep. He struck a fairly good market and is pluming himself as an estimator. He estimated the amount he would receive for the band, and received 69 cents more than he expected.

Upham.—A cripple solicited money with which to get a pair of artificial feet. The fellow already had a pair, but when he went out to beg he would leave these in his room, that he might work on the sympathies of the public, and when he had accumulated enough money he donned his feet and went on a glorious drunk.

Fargo.—The finish of the local and the Grand Forks land offices can be seen without the aid of a telescope. Another effort is being made to have the two consolidated at Fargo instead of combining Grand Forks with Devils Lake and Fargo with Bismarck.

Fargo.—An explosion in the store of the Hunter Mercantile Company at Wheatland at midnight was followed by a fire, resulting in the total loss of the building and contents, amounting to $20,000. The loss is well insured. The cause of the explosion is unknown, but it is presumed to be due to the efforts of burglars to blow open the safe and secure the contents.

Bismarck.—Lieut.-Gov. Bartlett recently received a large box of fish from a friend in Alaska. The box contained one large salmon and a large halibut. They were packed in ice and came through in fine shape.

Forman.—The house on Ed. Reiser's farm, southwest of here a few miles, was burned to the ground with its entire contents, including a pocketbook containing $105 in bills. Mr. Reiser was slightly scorched.

Linton.—Material has been distributed for the new telephone line from here to McKenzie. This will give the people of Emmons county long distance connections with all sections of the state.

Bismarck.—State Auditor Holmes, Secretary of State Porter and Insurance Commissioner Cooper went duck hunting in the northern part of the state and reached Bismarck with 500 ducks. They told of one party leaving the same hunting grounds with 1,300 and another with 1,300. Ducks must be thick there.

Fargo.—In some towns in the state merchants advertise they will duplicate all orders for goods at the prices offered by the catalogue houses. Other merchants don't advertise and put in their time roasting the editors because the latter don't devote a goodly portion of their space in roasting the catalogue houses.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

The entire equatic world was interested in the big match race which took place the other night between Homer J. Handy, of Chicago, champion of the Central A. A. U., and Marquard Schwarz, of the Missouri Athletic club of St. Louis, western A. A. U. champion, at the Central Y. M. C. A. natatorium in Chicago. The crack little Chicago swimmer won the race, which was for a quarter of a mile. Incidentally he broke the national record for 330 yards. Handy set the new mark at 4:28, the previous record being held by C. M. Daniels, of the New York Athletic club, at 4:29. After the race Alex Meffert, director of the Missouri Athletic club, on behalf of Schwarz, challenged Handy, through his manager, Frank Sullivan, to a return match in the Missouri club's tank. The most important feature of the contest was the competition between two entirely different strokes as swum by Handy and Schwarz. Schwarz swims the double overhand, otherwise called the four-arm stroke. He takes four strokes—two with each arm—to every kick he makes. Handy is an exponent of the new crawl stroke. Schwarz is big and powerful and depends largely upon his heavy legs for motive power. Handy, on the other hand, relies solely upon his arms, allowing his legs to trail motionless behind him, that all his blood may go to his upper limbs. At present he is the only man in the world who swims in this manner to any extent. So revolutionary and tiring is this new stroke that outside of Goodwin, of New York, no man has been able to hold it for over 100 yards, and he cannot keep it up beyond the furlong distance, though even such a performance has been marveled at by the east. One man, an Australian, once covered a quarter of a mile using the stroke, but was unable to introduce the element of speed in connection. Central's "water devil," as he is called, has not only swum the punishing method for a mile, but has gone so far as to use it in competition for the championship at that distance at New York this summer. The recent race with the St. Louis star was the first fair chance Handy had to show what he could do with the new method of propulsion, as his former performances with it have been over strange courses, under which conditions no swimmer is expected to do his best.

HANDY.

Three different strokes have been introduced for the mile swim since the first record for the distance was recorded, 20 years ago, by Meffert, who is one of the foremost exponents of the swimming art in the country. He made the mark with the side stroke and is of the opinion that it will again become popular before long with aquatic stars. Meffert at the time was only 16 years old. After he had covered the distance in little more than 30 minutes, all the swimmers began using the side stroke, and it was not long before the novices were contesting in this manner. "After I introduced the side stroke and established the record for a mile," said Meffert, "all the swimmers took it up, and for eight or ten years it was the leading style of swimming in this country. The others had always been using the breast stroke and underarm side stroke, but most of the swimmers found the side stroke easier and soon adopted it. About ten years ago W. C. Johnson, of the New York Athletic club, won the 100-yard championship with the trudgeon stroke, which is now so popular with the swimmers. After he introduced this new stroke the side motion saw its decline and the shorter distance swimmers began learning the trudge. It went well at first for the short distances, but many pronounced it too tiring for a mile. Several swimmers finally mastered it for the big distances and about five years ago began swimming a mile. After the trudge had been mastered for a mile most swimmers thought it was the greatest stroke ever introduced, and four-fifths of all swimmers were soon using it. The trudge did not prove the last of the stroke, however, but the crawl was introduced. Many crack short distance swimmers are now using this stroke, but very few have mastered it for the mile. At first it was very tiring for 50 yards, but finally worked up to 100. As was the case with the trudgeon, it is very likely that the crawl will be used in mile championships soon. In the 20 years the mile record has been greatly reduced, but I believe that the side stroke will become the popular stroke in the course of a few years. The present record for a mile is about 26:42, recently made by Daniels in the New York championship meet. Previous to that Rausch, the German, had held the mile record with 27:18, which he made at the world's fair in 1904.

SCHWARZ.

Announcement has been made that N. W. Savage, owner of Dan Patch, has bought Ed Patch, 2:08¼, from Edgar Beeming, of Danville, Ind., for $5,000. He has proved the fastest of the get of Dan Patch.

Arthur Duffy the, world's champion sprinter, has caused quite a sensation in the athletic world by an article in which the champion is quoted as saying that the expenses received by a star athlete on a "pot-hunting trip" are sufficient to take a man around to the principal cities of the world. Duffey has been champion since 1898 and during the past seven years he has held a high place of honor among amateur athletes, although, according to the latest news, he has been a professional all the while.