

## BLIND FOOTBALL BOYS

Have Same Love For Game as Those Who See

### THEIR PLAYING GOOD.

To a limited extent their tackle work is uncertain—To the Layman Very Little Difference Noted in the Playing—In Rushing They Are Particularly Strong.

First of all, is that the inmates of the Kentucky Institute for the Blind are just like any other boys, with the same instincts, the same love for fun and the same wholesome desire for supremacy.

In a general way they are absolutely unconscious of the fact that they do not see because nature having deprived them of vision as we understand it, has turned their ten fingers, their ears and every muscle of their bodies into as many eyes, whereby they may have vision after their kind.

Strange as it may seem, blind boys actually believe they do things just a little bit better than those known as "seeing boys." This is perhaps due largely to the fact that when strangers visit the institute they are continually exclaiming "wonderful!" "It seems incredible!" until the students become very vain of their accomplishments. This statement is made on the authority of Superintendent B. B. Henson, who has been in charge of the institute for nearly forty years.

It is nearly four years since any certain attempt was made to develop the "boy" in the blind boys of the institute. They are by nature playful and full of pent-up animal spirits, anxious for all kinds of sport, but not knowing just how to go about it. It was then that Mr. Gregory took charge.

During the first year the task was not an easy one, though the boys were anything but stupid, the very contrary being true, but you said I who have played football and watched the game from bleachers and grand stand know its difficulties, and can therefore fully appreciate just what these little blind would-be athletes had to contend with.

The following year the thing was easier, and during the season of 1904 the football eleven made a most remarkable record, playing three games, winning one and tying one.

In only two respects does their style of play differ from that put up at Yale or Harvard or on any other gridiron.

The first of these "exceptions" is found in the ball, for instead of using the regulation, or Rugby ball they employ the association sphere. This is due to the fact that the Rugby ball, being oval, does not bounce in a straight line, but rather at a tangent.

If the game was one that did not require prompt sort of action, this would not make any material difference, for the blind players know just the direction the ball has taken, but their affliction does not permit them to turn so quickly as their more fortunate brethren. This inflicting a handicap that is almost impossible to overcome.

As the association ball is perfectly round and bounces in a straight line, these blind fellows are enabled to follow its course by the exercise of their wonderfully-developed sense of hearing.

On the kickoff they plunge down the field, just as does any other team, and they are generally right on top of the man who captures it. Now and then they make a mistake and tackle one of their own team, but the error is generally discovered before any great harm has been done.

The second difference in play comes in passing the ball. It is never "passed" back, but is passed directly into the hands of the man who is to make the play—and what these little fellows don't know about tricks and stunts peculiar to the great Rugby game is not written in the books. When the signals are tolled off every man is on the alert and they generally move as one piece of machinery.

It is here that what Trainer Gregory, Jr., calls "muscular action" asserts itself. By this he means that any movement, whether forward or to either side, is instantly transmitted to the line and by them to the backs as accurately as though each of them had seen the play. To put it perhaps a little plainer, suppose the opposing side has the ball.

The signals are called off, the two sides come together, and then by the mere touching of their opponents they know to which side of the line the ball has been passed, of whether it is a straight line play. No "seeing" team could be "blinded" and successfully accomplish this; for no other reason than their muscular sense has not been developed to such high perfection.

Some of the plays made by these blind boys are really little short of wonderful. In rushing the ball they are particularly strong.

It is only in defensive tactics that they evidence any sort of weakness and their inability to see as their opponents is hardest to overcome.

To a limited extent their tackle work is uncertain, but by degrees they are learning this by developing a sense of hearing that permits them to distinguish between the difference of the heavy step of the man with the ball and the lighter fellow who is running down the field for the purpose, thus to get an interference.

The layman there does not seem to see any difference between the two, but the difference is there, and the blind boys know it.

## THE DECLINE OF APPLEJACK.

Passing of a Beverage Once Famous in York and Jersey Towns.

Applejack has always been popularly regarded as a tipple for the production of which New Jersey was particularly responsible. As a matter of fact, says the New York Sun, Orange county, N. Y., from the earliest history of applejack making and until the last year or two, was a larger producer of the liquor than any one district of New Jersey, and at one time distilled as much of it as all New Jersey.

The oldest applejack distillery in the United States is at Warwick, and in that town alone a few years ago there were twenty-three of the distilleries. The pioneer still at Warwick has been operated continuously by the Sayre family since 1812. The worm used in the still was brought from England years before the revolutionary war, and was used at Newburgh until purchased by the original Sayre in 1812 and removed to Warwick, a royalty being paid to the English government for its use up to the time of the revolution.

The capacity of the old Sayre still when the demand for apple whiskey worked it to its full was 20,000 gallons for the season. Formerly whiskey was made in all parts of Orange county, and the county paid to the government an annual tax of \$125,000 on its production, more than twice as much as any other district in the union paid on the distilling of spirits from fruit.

A few years ago a number of the largest among the farmer distillers of applejack in Orange county became converts to temperance during a crusade and abandoned their stills, refusing to sell their apple crop to any purchaser who intended it for distilling.

Time was when a farmer's hospitality was gauged in Orange county by the readiness with which he produced the jug of "apple," and the quantity with which he replenished it when its contents ran low.

But for years past the demand for applejack has grown less, and less, not only the local demand, but in the trade generally.

The reasons given for the decline in the demand for applejack are various. One is that the large and growing consumption of beer has supplanted the taste for strong liquor, and that applejack has had to suffer with the rest of its kind, but the fact is that there is more rye drunk in the applejack country today than there ever was of applejack.

But the chief and all-sufficient reason for the passing of applejack is that the internal revenue tax on apple whiskey is the same as it is on rye or corn whiskey, and that to make a gallon of whiskey out of grain costs the distiller about one-fourth what it costs to make it from apple.

### WHEN TO SHOOT AT DEER.

Advice to the Still Hunter Regarding Stalking and Firing.

In still hunting stop very often and look with the greatest care in every direction up and across the wind, and remember to look low. Most persons do not look over the ground enough, they expect to see in plain sight some noble stag, with head erect, and every sense on the alert—very much as he is pictured in the old sporting prints.

What one generally does see—if he sees anything at all before it is too late—is the tip of a horn or the quick toss of a tail or a dark shapeless mass apparently without beginning or end. You are just as apt to see the animal lying down as standing up, provided you have made a good stalk. A white-tail stand about as high as a small Shetland pony; a caribou is not very much taller, and the height for a moose may appear much less than it really is because he is standing in a hollow, or soft ground, or because he is largely hidden by bushes.

Look, also, for peculiar spots of color—look long in the dark places and try not to mistake for foliage the rumble, neck or side of your game. Look, also of course, for movement; the small tree trunk behind that big log suddenly disappears and another one takes its place—this may mean that the buck has become suspicious and is stamping at you, lifting first one foreleg and then the other, and bringing each down as quietly and smartly as he can.

When you come up with the animal you want to prepare to shoot at once, but do not actually fire until you are ready. If you have approached well he will not know of your presence and you can take your time. Get as close as you can, look him over thoroughly to be sure you want him, and then for the shoulder, or for the neck if you are sure of yourself.

A good deal of buck fever or nervousness is caused by the fact that you think he sees you or is about to start; whereas, as a matter of fact, your seeing him at all probably shows that you have him at a disadvantage—and he doesn't know it.

Take all the time you can—watch his ears; he will begin to use them the instant he hears any sound or gets a tell-tale puff of air; then let him have it. With moose keep on shooting until your animal is down; take another shot at a caribou if he doesn't seem to feel sufficiently hurt at your first, and keep your eye on master white-tail just as long as you can—let him run off with his big brush elevated the chances are you will not see him again. But if his tail is down, he probably won't go far—Outing.

While praying for what you want don't forget to give thanks for what you get.

Familiar figure on Wall Street—St. Louis Post.

## THE CHAMPION BOXERS

Some Held Laurels for Years. Others Short Lived.

### GANS LONG HELD TITLE

Nelson Does Not Believe Prize Fighters Are Born to Success—Requires Years of Hard Work and Experience to Be Able to Handle Dangerous Opponents.

Gans held his title for many years and was a conspicuous figure in pugilism while he was in the limelight. Gans might have been a very popular fighter but for his shady methods in the ring. Even his bitterest enemy must admit that he was one of the greatest lightweights developed in many years. Up to Gans' advent the honors belonged to Kid Lavigne. The "Saginaw Kid" was a fighter in every sense of the word. He never flinched in the face of punishment, and was ever ready to mix it up with anybody at or near his weight. Lavigne, though, did not possess the generalship, speed, science and craftiness that were the colored man's stock in trade.

Gans in his heyday was an exceptionally clever man. He is still active, but he lacks the fire and ability to knock his men out as of yore. Gans was a great two-handed fighter. He had the knack of bringing one of those short arm hooks seemingly from nowhere. These would invariably land a lodging place on his opponent's jaw and with so much force and precision that the recipient was barely able to recover his equilibrium before ten or twenty seconds had elapsed. The physique of Gans never suggested that of a hard puncher. He looked more like a scientific boxer than a fighter. Still he was both of these, a rare combination in the pugilist of today.

There always has been some doubt as to whether Gans was a really game fighter. This trait received many tests in many of the negro's encounters. He has been accused of quitting several times. When he fought Frank Erne at the old Broadway A. C., New York, Gans was making excellent progress and to all appearances it looked as if he would win. Abruptly, though, Gans refused to continue, saying that Erne had butted him in the eye.

There was no doubt about Gans suffering from an injury, for he displayed his optic and showed a deep gash. Those who were at the ring-side said that the cut was the result of a swing which Erne delivered in a fair way. Yet Gans would not go on, and the fight was over. Those who had backed him were dumfounded over his action, and denounced him then and there. This fight gave Gans' reputation a black eye, and there were rumors that he deliberately quit because of a lot of money that had been placed on him to lose by those who had been previously tipped off. This fact, though was never proved, so the reverse must be laid to Gans' cowardice more than anything else.

Still in other fights in which Gans has been a principal he gave the impression that he was a courageous pugilist. For instance, when he fought Joe Walcott at California, not so long ago, Gans received a sound thrashing. Yet at the end of the mill he was up and doing and the verdict of the mill was a draw. In a lot of other combats Gans has shown his steel and never wavered when he got punched. Gans was too clever, though, to allow any of his rivals to get to him very often. No matter how learned in the many art a fighter may be, he is almost certain to receive several hard thumps in a scrap. Gans has been accused of faking a number of times and there have been good grounds, too, for this suspicion. When he met Terry McGovern at Chicago, when Terry was at the height of his fame, the negro's showing was far below his form. He allowed McGovern to get to him without much trouble and was knocked out in a hurry.

This battle had all the earmarks of being a hippodrome and for years Gans was barred from fighting in the Windy City.

All time titles in the various fighting classes are now held by white men. Six years ago it was different. At that time the featherweight, lightweight and welterweight divisions were divided among George Dixon, Gans and Joe Walcott. All three have since passed out of the game and their laurels have reverted to white men. Abe Attell has succeeded Dixon, Nelson has replaced Gans, while Honey Melody is looked upon as Walcott's successor. As there are very few colored fighters in the ring today it looks as if the white race will dominate the roped square in the way of leading honors for some time to come. Most of the clubs throughout the country have frowned upon the efforts of negroes to become conspicuous in ring history. The only place where the black man receives any kind of encouragement nowadays is at Baltimore. There, however, he is only allowed to participate in battles royal and in the preliminaries.

Dodola and Rain.

The Serbian peasants have a curious old ceremony of invoking rain, which they carry out during dry weather. The women of the village dress a girl in leaves and grass from head to foot and lead her from house to house. At each door the occupant pours a bucketful of water over her head, while her companions, who are mostly girls of her own age, chant prayers for the wished-for showers. Invisible clouds of rain are believed by the peasants to follow the girl, whom they name "Dodola," and to refresh the fields and vineyards.

## ATHLETES IN PERSIA.

Methods Practiced in Training Not Like This Country.

The athletes of Greece and Rome thought to maintain their prodigious strength by frequent and violent exercises in the gymnasium; but the Persian professionals follow quite another course.

They avoid severe exertion and fatigue. They eat five or six times a day, and are warmly clothed, especially during the cold season.

As the Persians also treat their horses in the same way—and all the world knows the endurance, strength and beauty of the Persian breeds—this system may not be so absurd as it at first appears to us with our different notions and practice.

These athletes, on ordinary occasions go abroad but once daily, and then toward evening and walk with great deliberation.

When the period for practicing or for exhibiting in public approaches, the Persian athlete lies in bed for several days, gathering force for the contest of strength. Our plan is to gain strength by exercise; their not so much to gain as to keep what strength they have.

Strange as this theory of the conservation of forces may seem, there is yet no question that some of these Persian athletes sometimes display prodigious power.

The public exhibitions are held in places especially contrived for the purpose. The arena or pit is excavated at least five or six feet below the surface, and the earth is beaten hard and foiled smooth. The spectators sit, Persian fashion, on their knees and heels on the floor of the gallery built around the arena, and carefully protected by an awning or roof from the elements.

The arena, whether oval or round, has an average circumference of 140 feet. In the better class of amphitheatres the floor of the arena is sometimes spread with thick, massive felt carpet, and the sides are padded with cushions to prevent injury to the performers.

When time is called, the athletes run forward and leap from the gallery into the arena, sometimes alighting and balancing themselves some moments on one leg—a remarkable feat.

Their only garment is a pair of close-fitting breeches of leather. Their skin is oiled, to enable them to elude the grasp of their opponents.

A number enter the arena at once and begin with prolonged exercises with heavy Indian clubs, which they swing in every position, gradually increasing the weight until toward the close of this practice clubs of oak are sometimes wielded in each hand weighing 60 pounds. This club exercise continues over two hours; the movements are made to the accompaniment of music, and toward the close, the strongest athletes stand on one leg and balance the clubs at arm's length for several seconds.

This species of exercise is of great antiquity in Persia. The athlete who is able to outlast all the others in the club game is accounted the victor and receives substantial rewards from the spectators.

After this sport is over the wrestlers begin. When they are ready to grapple, each places his right hand on the head of the other, as a salute. They then grasp each other with deliberation, placing one arm over and the other under the shoulder of the opponent.

Then the struggle begins in earnest. As with us, the chief object of the Persian wrestler is to throw his antagonist, and on the back, if possible.

At the very outset one or other of the wrestlers drops on his hands and knees, and then he makes the efforts of his antagonist to turn him over on his back.

One might easily imagine that a tall, muscular athlete would have little difficulty in accomplishing that feat, especially as it is permitted by their rules to lift one's antagonist by the leather band of the breeches; but the strength, suppleness and quickness of the Persian athletes are such that the maneuver is one of extreme difficulty.

As a last resort, the wrestler who is down may still further resist the attempt to turn by falling flat on his stomach. Experience shows that in this position a skilful athlete offers still greater power of resistance than on his knees.

If the standing wrestler finally succeeds in laying his antagonist flat on the back, the latter remains there long enough to thank him, then springs erect and once more salutes the victor with every mark of deep respect. The latter receives the courtesy with silent gravity, as conscious that he in turn may soon be among the vanquished; for the victor must meet all newcomers, until he encounters one both stronger and fresher than himself.

Cases have occurred of Persian athletes who have successfully overcome every antagonist who has presented himself at one exhibition of strength, men having been known to conquer from twenty to twenty-four contestants in one afternoon.

Presenters are showered on each victor, the one remaining last in the field sometimes receiving hundreds and thousands of dollars from the wealthy and enthusiastic spectators.

This sport is highly esteemed in Persia, and men of rank and physical strength sometimes condescend to enter the arena and try a bout with the professional athletes.

The latter are shrewd enough on such occasions to give the victory to their wealthy antagonists, who, flattered by their success, present costly gifts to the professional.—Waverly Magazine.

Even a joke will sometimes turn.

## YACHTING REVIVAL NEEDED.

Why the American Cup Can Not Be Won at Present.

The leading yachting article in the Field of London, of recent date, has the following interesting remarks upon the America's cup and international yacht racing in general.

The position of that coveted trophy is at the present time fairly secure, and we may add, unless a considerable revival takes place in British yachting, it is likely to remain so for a prolonged period. In making this statement, we do not mean to cast any aspersion upon the great yacht designers of this country, for the record in the 52-foot linear rating class during the past season shows that Fife and Mylne have been more than a match for Herreshoff on level terms in boats of that size under British Y. R. A. rules. The racing in the 52-foot class was merely a repetition of the America's Cup on a smaller scale, and the all-important reservation that the conditions were in favor of the defenders undoubtedly obtained.

The British designers were building under their own rules, racing in their own waters and they had had greater experience, or, to put it in another way, more practice in designing 52-footers than the American challenger. The result was favorable to the British defenders.

Conversely, in British challenges for the America's Cup, it is clear that the conditions are such as to secure the success of the Americans. Herreshoff is practically unassailable in his own waters, he is building under his own rules, and he has undoubtedly had a wider experience of 90-footers than any other designer. It is, therefore, only in the natural sequence of events that the result of the America's Cup should be favorable to the American defenders. Any attempt to start a rival international trophy in this country to attract American yachts to race in England should be looked upon with contempt. Indeed, no yachtsman of experience would think of suggesting anything of the kind.

There can be but one America's Cup, and we still hope the time will arrive when a British yachtsman will recover that prize.

In the meanwhile it should be remembered that if American yachts come over here to race they are always welcome, and it is significant that nearly every sailing match throughout the season is open to them. If we had our wish there would not be a single event on the coast of Britain at which the entry of an American yacht would be refused, and we can imagine nothing that would give a greater flip to British sport, or tend to maintain our yacht architecture at a high state of efficiency than to throw open the King's Cup at Cowes to all comers and let the best vessel win the prize without handicap or penalty. Unfortunately, those in authority dissent from this view. Efficiency has not been their watchword in yachting, and British yacht racing has been allowed to decline. In 1904 and 1905 the open R. Y. S. cups at Cowes, similar events to the cup won by the schooner America in 1851, were again secured by American yachts—Ingomar won in 1904, and Navahoe in 1905—and it may be recorded that these vessels were not shells, but fine, comfortable cruising yachts. Both were designed by Herreshoff.—St. Louis Republic.

When the Kaiser Stag Hunts. The Kaiser is nothing if not up to date and practical and even in his sport he employs "all the modern improvements." The imperial deer stalking forest in East Prussia is twenty-six miles square and is intersected with a network of telephone wires, forming a connection with the game keeper's boxes which are scattered all over the preserve, and the royal hunting box. Thus the appearance of a stag worthy of the imperial gun is reported by telephone, particulars begin given of where the animal was last seen. Within three minutes the imperial motor car starts for the spot. In order to make the deer stalking still easier for his majesty, hidden platforms, covered with green branches and leaves, are distributed all over the forest in positions that command the favorite haunts of the deer. As soon as a stag is sighted a game keeper hands a gun to the Kaiser, who, being an excellent shot, invariably kills. Two artists are always in attendance, one to paint the deer and the other to model especially fine specimens. The expense of feeding the deer with chestnuts, oats and potatoes amounts annually to \$4,000.

Storm Cannons. The storm cannons now in use along the southern side of the Alps, where damage from hail storms during harvest time is imminent, look like a huge megaphone, such as boat crew coaches use, and they are set, with their wide mouths gaping skyward, besides little houses that look like sentry boxes. When they are fired they boom like "sure-enough" cannons, and send reverberating, echoing, boom-booms caroming about among the hillsides; but instead of a ball or shell, or other similar projectile, they emit a ring of smoke, which grows larger and larger as it ascends, until at last, before it breaks, it is big enough to surround a ten-acre field. What the effect of a smoke ring upon a mischievously intent cloud is I can not exactly say, but instead of hail, only rain falls when the guns are used, and damage to crops is prevented.—Chicago News.

Mrs. Dobbs—"Has that doctor been asking you to call again?"

Mr. Dobbs—"Yes, he says I owe him twenty visits."

## TIGER AND SNAKE VICTIMS

In India Alone 20,000 Human Beings Perish Yearly.

The annual death rate from snake bites in India is from 18,000 to 20,000. This represents a greater mortality than results from the epidemics of some diseases there. The British government, duly aroused to this fact, now offers a bounty for the head of every cobra, in fact, of any deadly poisonous snake, of which there are forty species on the Indian continent. A dead tiger naturally has an intrinsic value of its own, and as a result there need be no incentive offered to stimulate efforts looking toward their annihilation, even apart from considerations of self-preservation.

At the last compilation tigers averaged an annual killing of 180 adults, while the man-eaters and wolves between them made away with any number of children.

There are tigers—and tigers, in fact, there are three different sorts of tigers as regards habits. First, there is the game killer, a powerful, husky beast, as cunning as a fox, as lithe as a steel rod, and with teeth and claws that rip and cut like buzz-saws. There there is the cattle killer. He is a beast who has grown a trifle lazy. In the course of his experience he has found that a bullock may be killed with a great deal less trouble than a deer or other sort of game, and he has also discovered that the flesh is just as good, if not better. He begins with a calf, and, finding that easy to kill, he works up through the various stages until he learns that the largest bullock or ox that walks is very easy prey. A tiger who becomes a "cattle lifter" has started on the downward path. He does not know this, of course, but he has, nevertheless—he is on the sure road to the man-eating trade, and that in the end means degeneracy and certain death.

Once a man-eater, always a man-eater. A man-eating tiger is almost invariably an old tiger whose teeth and claws are blunted and who feels his pristine agility departing. Even cattle killing tigers him, and as has been said, he tries his luck with man, and thenceforward he has rather an easy time of it until he is killed, as he always is, sooner or later. As time goes on he degenerates terribly, according to animal men. He grows lean, his blood turns bad, and he is so many that his pelt is worthless from a commercial point of view.

But the killing of a man-eater is no easy task, for the reason that he never kills twice in the same village. Instinct has taught him that after he has made a killing in a village it is much more conducive to his health and longevity to move on to another village. And he does. The average range of a man-eater is twenty miles, and as all of his range lies in the jungle, it is no easy matter to hunt him out. Yet he always is hunted out in time. For the advent of a man-eater in a village is a wonderfully exciting event, and every villager who has a gun is in arms, while those who have not constitute themselves into a corps of hunters, rushing through the jungle, shouting and ringing bells and frightening the beast out of cover.

When an imperial mail carrier falls victim, then the government becomes interested, and all the great sahibs for miles around come down with their elephants and their double express rifles, to the end that the beast may be done away with. Mail carriers travel along the roads on foot, and they have little bells about their waists which jingle musically, notifying the villagers that mail is at hand. But it also notifies the tiger that a well-fed government employee is at hand, and not infrequently all that is found of the carrier is a mail bag, and sometimes not even that.

Poisonous snakes literally swarm in India. Cobras live in dooryards, in cellars, in gardens, and sometimes you will find a score in a field. Natives walking about in their bare legs are killed day after day, year in and year out. Perhaps the mortality would not be so great were the natives not fatalists, but they are and when they are bitten they argue that if their days are not numbered, then their lives will surely be saved in the present instance, and all efforts looking to that end will be wasted. And so, being bitten, the majority of them do not bother about it for four or five hours, when, perhaps, the pain will drive them to a village doctor. Of course it is then too late. Perhaps it was too late in the beginning, but the British government has lately adopted an antivenom, which is said sometimes to result beneficially when a cobra victim is treated in time. The poison of a cobra attacks the nerves, whereas the bite of American vipers attacks the blood, and in fact there is little to choose, although the snake curator at Bronx Park, R. W. Dittmars, says that despite the fact that the cobra is popularly believed to be the most poisonous serpent in the world, he would rather be bitten by that species than by a rattler. In any event, he said, the proper thing to do, being bitten, is to cut the wound out with a penknife, and then tie a tourniquet above the wound, and run for a doctor.—New York Times.

Enormous Reservoir. One of the largest works of man's hands is the artificial lake or reservoir, in India, at Rajputana. This reservoir, said to be the largest in the world, known as the Grand Tank of Dhebar, and used for irrigating purposes, covers an area of seventy-one square miles.

Budapest's dead street continues 23 houses, which no one will enter because of the abnormal death rate that has prevailed there in the past.