

THE HUGGING MATCH
By M. QUAD
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The man with the bear was waiting at a small station for a train from the Adirondacks to New York. He was an old man, and the bear was a big one. It was explained that bruin had been a captive about two years and was to be sold to the zoological gardens in the big city. Of the dozen men who gathered around one asked: "Is he anything more than a bear?" "No—just a bear," was answered. "Any tricks?" "No tricks, but a specialty." "Eating raw meats?" "No, sir. It's hugging. I claim he can outlug anything in this vain world. He can break a bull's back or hug down a tree a foot thick. Let him get his paws around a barrel of kerosene, and one little hug does the business. He crushes beer kegs as you would a fly."

They were trying to arrange for a hugging match with a hitching post when the train came along and bear and man were taken into the baggage car. The owner was doing some more bragging when an old man came into the car to see about his trunk. "Mebbe you think I'm totin' an old byena around the country," said the bear man to him. "I guess it's a bear," replied the other, "but I see nothing remarkable about him."

"You don't eh? Well, I do. Mebbe you'd like to see him hug that trunk of yours? What he can't silver when he gets his paws around it has got to have roots forty feet underground."

"But I should think the law would step in."

"It can't. There ain't no law on the books ag'in a man tryin' to outlug a bear if he wants to. When he sets out to do it he takes his chance, you see, same as steepie climbers."

"If I wasn't sufferin' from liver complaint," said the baggage-man as he looked defiance. "You'd tackle my Hunyado, would you?" "I sure would."

"Then I'm glad for your sake that you have got liver trouble. One hug-one wild yell—and it would be all over with you."

"I don't believe it," said the old man, who had come in to look for his trunk. "You don't?" "No, I've got a son back in the car."

"Your son? Egad! Will you match your son ag'in my bear?" chuckled the owner as he danced with delight. "I guess so."

"You do? Bring him in. Trot him out. I'll give him all the show he wants and bet to 1 on the bear."

The old man slowly took in a chew of tobacco, left the car, and when he returned he had his son Martin with him. Martin seemed to be about twenty years of age, and a little taller than a hitching post. He was built of the ground, with a back like a writing desk and arms which seemed to have been sawed from a railroad tie.

"Martin, this ere man wants to bet to 1 that his bear can outlug you," quipped the father as the son sat down on a trunk.

"Yes, that's it; that's it!" cackled the owner. "I'll muscle him so he can't bite, and I'll bet to 1 he'll make you better in two minutes."

"Muscle your bear," was all that Martin said as he pulled out a five dollar bill and handed it to the baggage-man. The bear man put \$25 with it, grinning like a boy in a cherry tree, and in a minute he had the bear ready. Martin removed his coat and paper collar and carelessly inquired: "Is this to be a square bug, with no gougin'?" "Jest so, jest so," replied the bear man. "You hug the bear and he will hug you, and the one who squeals first loses his cash. Now, then, all ready."

As Martin approached the bear rose up with a sinful glare in his eye, and the two embraced. It was a sort of backhug, with no sell out on the crowd.

"Go in, Hunyado, go in—go in—screamed the bear man. And bruin laid himself out as if he meant to pull a railroad water tank down.

"You might squeeze a lit-tle bit harder, my son," carelessly suggested the father as he split from the open door, and Martin called out his reserve muscle.

Each had his best grip. There was no tumbling around to waste breath, but it was a stand up, stand still hugging match. Little by little the bear's eyes began to bulge and his mouth to open, and Martin's face grew to the color of red paint.

"Hang to him, Hunyado! He's got my last dollar on your head!" shrieked the bear man as he saw a further bulge in the pet's eyes.

But it was no use. All of a sudden the bear began to yell and cough and strangle. He was a goner. Martin knew it but he wanted no dispute, and so he gave Hunyado a lift from the floor, a tug which rolled his eyes around like a plunked and then dropped him in a heap on the floor.

"Well, may I be shot!" gasped the bear man as he stood over the hairless heap of hair and claws.

"Martin!" said the father as he handed him the \$30, "you'd better go back there and watch our stitches."

That was the bear they were feeding, grieved in an Albany saloon two evenings ago. One man was feeding him gravel and another feeling along his spine to find the fracture.

The Supremacy of Verse.
Gray's "Elegy" was not much commended by its author, who in one of his letters said that "the public would have received it as well had it been written in prose." The poet was a poor critic, for the third line of the first stanza achieves the supremacy of verse. There can scarcely be another to equal it in English literature. "The plowman homeward plods his weary way." Now, that line is such a supreme way that you may recite it this way and that and it is still as good as ever.

The weary plowman homeward plods his way.
Homeward the weary plowman plods his way.
Weary, the plowman homeward plods his way.
The plowman, weary, plods his homeward way.
Homeward the plowman plods his weary way.
The plowman plods his weary homeward way.

And so on. But if it is not poetry it is the supremacy of verse.—London Chronicle.

The Split Log Drag.
The split-log is due to the ingenuity of a Missouri farmer, who, to improve the condition of the highway between his farm and the neighboring village, devised a rude contrivance to smooth the rough places and round up the surface from the ditch to the center so as to drain off the water. This device was most simple since it consisted of a log split into two equal parts, with a few braces between them and a chain by which the horses hauled the drag. It was tried after a rain when the road was soft, and it worked so well that its fame soon traveled far and wide. This was the beginning of the split log drag, the improved form of which any farmer can make in a short time. It has revolutionized the work of maintaining dirt roads, work which had always been expensive and ineffective.—Harper's Weekly.

Fried Salt Herring.
When Kipling wrote about east and west never meeting he might, with almost equal truth, have made it north and south. England and Scotland have their own national ideas, particularly about cookery, and they won't mix. North of the Tweed it is rare in the extreme to find a man or woman who will eat east, and south of it haggis has never succeeded in making itself a popular dish. Then there is salt herring. I heard lately of an English lady resident in Glasgow who went home to London on a holiday, taking with her, as a distinctive Scottish delicacy, a keg of Loch Fyne herring. To please her the Londoners tried to eat them, boiled, as they ought to be. But it was no good. They wouldn't do. So after that they had them fried, and I understand the keg was finished.—Glasgow News.

Where the Apostles Fished.
The abundance of fish in the sea of Galilee is to this day the wonder of travelers. Most of the fishing done by the Syrians involves the use of nets probably identical in construction with those of the apostles, and the best evidence of the fishing having thrived through the centuries been done with nets is to be found in the case with which most of the fish may be deceived with the help of any bait, natural or artificial. The pellucid water of this beautiful lake, with its ever changing reflections, is in striking contrast with the muddy depths of the Jordan, but the fish in the river, however unskilful in their fishing, does not seem to be cognizant of its fish, which are extraordinarily plentiful even in the lower reaches before it falls into that deathly lake which the Arabs call the sea of Lot.—London Outlook.

Michelangelo.
Michelangelo stood in the front rank both as painter and sculptor. In both arts he was worthy of the highest praise. The fresco of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine chapel is considered the most wonderful picture in the world, showing the omnipotence of artistic science and the fiery daring of conception that but few other paintings can even approximate. In sculpture the "Moses" and the "Slaves" not to mention other pieces, rank among the finest creations of the art and proclaim Michelangelo to have been as masterful with his chisel as he was with his brush.—New York American.

The Scot Caddie.
Of the Scot caddie's contempt for lesser callings than the golfer's there are many examples. A professor—not Putter, but a Scot of equal eminence—was making a very poor show on the green. The caddie eyed him loftily and then sighed. "Aye, aye, professor, ye may be verra fine at the mathematics, but it takes a man of genuine abeillity to be a gowfer!"—Windsor Magazine.

A Girlfish Scheme.
"Your daughter plays some very robust pieces."
"She's got a beau in the parlor," growled Pa Wombat, "and that loud music is to drown the sound of her mother washing the dishes."—Exchange.

Respect.
Teacher—Elmer, you may define the word "respect." Little Elmer—the feeling one kid has for another what can lick him.—Chicago News.

Likewise Last.
Nobody knows what was the first thing Adam said to Eve, but the chances are she spoke first.—Charleston News and Courier.

Fortune is not on the side of the saint hearted.—Sophocles.

An Able Demonstrator
By F. A. MITCHEL

The Emperor Napoleon I. on a certain gala day, when the people were celebrating some one of his many victories, his accession to the throne of France or some other anniversary with which he was connected, dressed himself as an ordinary citizen and went out into the garden of the Tuilleries to mingle with the throng and hear what the people were saying about him.

A little boy was shouting "Vive l'empereur!" at the top of his voice when Napoleon took him by the arm and said to him:

"Why do you shout for Napoleon? In him you have but exchanged a king for an emperor."

For a moment the child was staggered, then, recovering his equanimity, said: "The king was king of the nobles, Napoleon is emperor of the people."

The emperor was put in a good humor by this speech and, dropping a coin in the boy's hand, passed on. After wandering about for a while he seated himself on one of the garden benches and watched the people go by, some speaking words of praise for him, others condemning him, while the main number, glad of the holiday, were intent upon their own enjoyment of it. Presently a young lieutenant in the army sat down beside the emperor.

"What fools these people are," said Napoleon. "to throw off one yoke and immediately take on another. This man Bonaparte has no qualifications for a ruler. He is not even an able general."

"I grant you the latter part of your charge," replied the lieutenant, "but the first part I deny. I think I see in the emperor the elements of a governor. I admired him for overthrowing the directory. Those men were a lot of blunderheads."

Napoleon was interested that a soldier should deny that he who had dethroned the world with his brilliant exploits as a general was not a competent military leader.

"My friend," he said, "I am delighted to meet one who agrees with me as to Bonaparte's military talents, or, rather, the absence of them. I am curious to know if you condemn him for the same deficiencies that I condemn him for. Tell me."

"Well," said the lieutenant, "he violates every principle of war."

"So he does."

"I was with him in the Italian campaigns and was shocked at what I saw. Instead of moving his army in an orderly manner he was in such a hurry that most of the time it was straggling out like a rope, ready to come apart at any point."

"I noticed that myself."

"What? You were there? You were a soldier?"

"I was a soldier, but now I have a better job. But what other fault have you to find with General Bonaparte?"

"This I went through the course at the military school at St. Cyr, and if Napoleon is a great general then those books should be burned."

"Books are not to be burned," said the lieutenant, "but a soldier up to date in his knowledge of what others know, or, as supposed to know, the general keeps the books, not the books the general."

The lieutenant then began to state principles of war he had learned at the military school, defying Napoleon to find any fault with them and showing such apt scholarship and especially admirable demonstrative powers that Napoleon was astonished. The young man proved to him conclusively that in his campaigns he had time and again violated principles of war that had always existed and would always exist.

"How, then," asked Napoleon, "do you account for Bonaparte's success?"

"A coincidence of abnormal conditions—conditions that would not occur again in centuries."

Napoleon thought for a few minutes, and the lieutenant congratulated himself that he had made an impression. When the former spoke again he said:

"You have confirmed my opinions of this upstart, and I have been much pleased with your powers of demonstration. You have a remarkable faculty for making things clear to another. I see you belong to the Ninety-third regiment. May I ask your name?"

"Suchard—Antoine Suchard, at your service, yours is—"

"But Napoleon, who had risen from the bench, pretended not to hear and in another moment was lost in the crowd.

The next morning Lieutenant Suchard received an envelope from the minister of war containing an appointment as professor in the military school at St. Cyr. He was greatly astonished, but it did not occur to him that the stranger with whom he had talked in the garden of the Tuilleries had anything to do with the matter. His tastes led him to accept the appointment, and he at once entered upon his duties.

One day the emperor visited the military school for inspection. When professor Suchard saw him he collapsed with a "Mon Dieu! He is the man with whom I talked in the garden."

From that time the professor in closing a lecture on military science invariably said:

"But remember, gentlemen, that books do not top the general; the general tops the books."

New York's First Electric Woman.

"It was in 1841," said the oldest lieutenant, "that I was a witness to that wonderful event, the appearance on Broadway of the first electric woman. It was a one horse affair with a very white canvas cover, on which was painted conspicuously in very black letters the word 'Express.' The woman made its way up and down the thoroughfare, to the wonder of beholders who soon became curious to learn what it meant. Men came out of their stores and women looked out of the windows to look at this ridiculous affair. People of that time were considered either lazy or proud who objected to carry home the purchases they made. A tale went the rounds that a woman customer of A. T. Stewart, the dry goods merchant, had required him to send home to her some insignificant purchase she had made at his store and that he had hired a dray to do it. Sending the bill to her, in this he was considered entirely justified. His wife's delivery of goods was made by any chance carrier who would go out of his way to get what was required to be brought home."—New York Sun.

A Matter of Taste.
Mr. Brown was in a bad temper, said, as Mrs. Brown knew, there was only one way of curing it—to rouse him thoroughly—for when miserable himself he always accused other people of being miserable. He did so on this occasion.

"Jane," he grumped at last, "you're as dull as an old owl. Bulking, I suppose, because I refused to buy you that new hat."

"No," sighed his wife; "I wasn't thinking about it. As a matter of fact, I've been turning out some old letters, and—oh, it's nothing of importance, only a fit of the blues."

"What letters?"

"Love letters?"

"Some I wrote to you, I suppose?"

"No," said his wife calmly. "Some I received before I'd met you. It's of no consequence—none at all. How is your cold?"—Exchange.

Grattan's Study of Oratory.
Professor Howard Marsh has just told the story of a lodger who complained of the "rattling" noise which he walked the floor all night (talked to himself). The "rattling" was John Bright preparing his speeches, and one recalls how Grattan-in-like circumstances concerned his landlady. "It was a sad thing," she used to lament, "to hear her young lodger talking half the night to somebody he called 'Mr. Speaker,' when there was no speaker present but himself." Grattan's studies in the art of speaking, however, were not confined to the bedroom. He often walked in Windsor park addressing the oaks in parliamentary strain. And there is the story of the polite stranger who found him haranguing an empty gibbet. "However did you get down?" he asked.—St. James' Gazette.

Primitive Breadmaking.
The Arabs adhere to those ancient principles of breadmaking which have been sanctioned by the experience of ages. The very best baker of bread that ever lived must have done his work exactly as the Arab does at this day. He takes some meal and boils it out in the hollow of his hands while his comrade pours over it a few drops of water. "He" then mixes the meal and water in the hollow of his hands, and the result is a sort of "bread" which is eaten by the Arabs. This is the "bread" which is eaten by the Arabs. This is the "bread" which is eaten by the Arabs.

The Days of Dogcart.
There are probably people still living who remember when dogs drew carts in England. These original dogcarts, which were suppressed by law in the middle of the last century, were largely used by costermongers and the humbler members of the fancy for Sunday outings. The dogs employed were large animals, of mongrel breed, with a strain of the old English quaffing. A twenty or thirty mile run in and out was nothing to them, and they kept up their strength on the journey with a scanty allowance of bread soaked in beer.—London Mail.

A Talleyrand Retort.
The Duchess of Lauraguais, who was somewhat given to making poetry, could not think of a word to rime with coffee. Turning to Talleyrand, who chanced to be by her side, she said, "Prince, give me a rime to coffee." "Impossible, duchess," replied Talleyrand without a moment's delay, "for that which pertains to the head of a woman has neither rime nor reason."

Clever Woman.
She—Don't you think a woman is clever enough to do any work that a man can? He—She's smarter than that. Why, she's clever enough to make the man do the work and give her the benefit of it.—London Telegraph.

Rightly Occupied.
When men are rightly occupied their amusement grows out of their work, as the color petals out of a fruitful flower.—John Ruskin.

Banks Won't Cash It.
The saying is that "Time is money," but the busy chaps can't get the banks to recognize it as such.—Atlanta Constitution.

The fox may lose his tail, but not his cunning.—Dutch Proverb.

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