In the Arena of Sports

Our Athletes In Sweden.

Officials of the A. A. U. expressed great gratification over the outcome of athletic contests in Sweden, where an American team of five men upheld American honors in good style

After a hard trip across the Atlantic denied permission to land at Kirkwall England, for a brief practice, the American quintet, composed of Fred S. Murray, Ted Meredith, Robert Simpson, Andy Ward and Jo Loomis, gave a good account of themselves.

Murray and Simpson the two wonderful hurdlers of the party had no

Photo by American Press Association.

TED MEREDITH.

trouble at all in winning their events and in the 110 meters hurdles Simpson clipped two-fifths of a second off the Olympic record, made by Fred Kelly of California, in the last Olympic games. Murray's best performance was over the 220 meters hurdles.

Ted Meredith's performance was the only disappointment, but to beat the former champion American quarter miler Sweden's best, Bolin, was forced to equal a world's record in the 1,000 meters event.

Willard and Dillon.

I think Jess Willard compares favorably with any heavyweight champion we have ever had. I don't agree with the view that he is the greatest big fellow of all time, but he certainly does not suffer much in comparison with any of the others, says Damon Runyon in the New York American.

Jack Dillon, the recognized light heavyweight champion is a good man probably a little overrated but undoubtedly as good as we have had in a long time. One of the chief differences in the boxing game of today and the past as I see it is that reputations are much more easily made and [illegible] frequently get a lot more credit than is coming to them, which in my opinion, is Dillon's case, but he is undoubtedly a good man.

Bronder Quits Cornell

George Bronder, the national javelin throwing champion, will not return to Cornell university, but has sailed for Havana on a business trip. His departure will also hurt the chances of the Irish American A. C. club in the coming senior and national indoor championships.

Smartly Said

Cut your expense a bit closer than your income.

Delay breeds forgetfulness and consequent loss and disaster.

A hot temper makes a cold friendship and a sharp tongue a dull neighbor.

Before going into any business or side line look on the dark side for known flaws.

If you want to know just what you are take the yardstick of the Bible and measure yourself.

A hasty temper can get its owner into deep trouble quicker than a flash. Better put the brakes on and control the first impulse and save the explosion.

SYMPATHY.

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.—Bacon.

The best society and conversation is that in which the heart has a greater share than the head.—De la Bruyere.

The human heart finds nowhere shelter but in humankind.—George Eliot.

A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind.—Goldsmith.

Worth Knowing

Freshening Clothes.—When clothes are unpacked and full of creases hang on a line in the bathroom, close the windows and doors and let the hot water run until the room is steamed. The creases will disappear. Let the clothes air before being hung in closets.

A Pineapple Hint.—When cutting pineapple much of the good fruit adheres to the stalk and is wasted. So after removing outer rind do not cut in slices, as usual, but hold the pineapple by the top and shred the fruit away from the stalk. Very little is wasted in this way, and less sugar is required to sweeten.

Washing White Silk. White silk gloves and white crepe de chine waists should be washed in tepid water. After washing and rinsing and squeezing (not wringing) crepe de chine should be rolled in a Turkish towel for an hour or so and then ironed with a medium hot iron on the wrong side. Silk gloves should be dried in the dark.

Drinking Water With Meals Aids Digestion

Occasionally one hears conflicting assertions in regard to the wholesomeness of the practice of drinking water at meal time, these assertions being often based upon hearsay or unfounded impressions, says Dr. M. K. Mason of Colorado Agricultural college. Somewhat recent physiological studies indicate that, while the drinking of water with meals has no apparent effect upon the utilization of the fats, sugars and starches, its copious use does result in the better digestion and absorption of the ingested protein, the tissue building constituent, which is the most abundant of the solids in lean meat, eggs and cheese and that constituent which also characterize certain other foods.

The conclusion to be arrived at then is that the use of water as a beverage with meals is a desirable practice. It may be added that drinking generous quantities of water during the course of the day is an important health measure in the upkeep of the general health of the body.

An unfortunate eating habit is that of depending upon water as an aid to swallowing food. If one has not learned to thoroughly masticate food, swallowing it without the aid of a beverage, then it would seem wise to subscribe to the creed of the "dry eaters."

RULES OF LIVING.

Honor thy father and thy mother.

Take no thought of the morrow; don't worry.

Work, work, work, with hands, legs, feet and brain.

Learn to sing no matter how miserably.

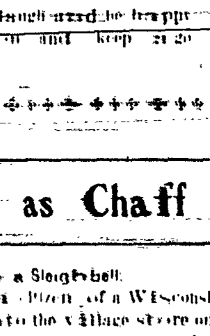
Sing and laugh and be happy and keep on and keep a-going on.

Light as Chaff

Like a Sleighbell.

Yon Yenson, a citizen of a Wisconsin town, rushed into the village store one night just before closing time. Yon was hatless, coatless and breathless and as he dashed in he dropped on his knees and begged the storekeeper:

"Carl! Carl! Hide me! Hide me! The sheriff's after me!"



"I've no place to hide you here, Yon," answered the storekeeper.

"You moost! You moost!" screamed Yon.

"Crawl in that gunny sack then."

He was no more than hidden when in ran the sheriff.

"Seen Yon?" he questioned.

"Don't see him here," replied the other, truthfully.

But the sheriff wasn't satisfied, and he went nosing around. Soon he spotted the gunny sack.

"What's in here?"

"Oh, just some old harness and sleighbells."

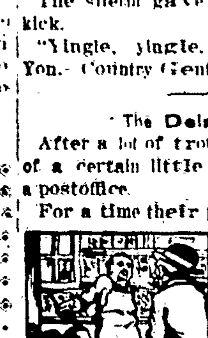
The sheriff gave the sack an awful kick.

"Yingle, yingle, yingle," moaned Yon.—Country Gentleman.

The Delayed Mail.

After a lot of trouble the inhabitants of a certain little village were given a postoffice.

For a time their pride in their acquisition was intense. Then complaints began to come into the district head office that letters were not being sent off properly. So an inspector was ordered to see to it.



"Course they ain't!" snorted the old man angrily as he pointed to a large and nearly empty mail bag hanging in a corner. "I haven't sent it off because it ain't near full yet!"

A SHARK STORY

By SADIE OLCOTT

A number of women over afternoon tea cups were talking about marriage and how trifling may be the cause of two persons meeting, marrying and spending their lives absolutely dependent upon each other for comfort, happiness and, even in rare cases, existence. Some of the present ladies narrated stories of wonderful happenings. A demure little woman listened attentively without comment to all that was said. Finally one of those who had told of happenings that could take place only in the most lurid picture plays asked her if there was not something worth hearing in her first meeting with her husband.

"I have been married only a few weeks," said the little lady. "There was an episode connected with my meeting my husband, but I hesitate to tell it after the recital of the thrilling experiences of the others."

She was reminded that in story telling it was not the happenings that counted nowadays, the modern school of high literature [illegible] all that. The object was to make a simple episode [illegible] interesting. The lady upon this said that the little incident that caused her to be united to her husband for life was in itself very tame, she would only add its simplicity to make it interesting.

"My husband and I met at a summer hotel on the New Jersey coast. I have spent the hot season on the sea shore ever since I was a year old. When I was two years old my father took me to the beach one day. I being dressed in a tiny bathing suit. It was just after a storm and the waves were rolling in savagely. My father waded out up to his neck with me on his shoulder, then set me on the crest of a wave and let me go."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed several ladies at once.

"In that way," continued the demure lady, "I was taught to swim. When I was four years old I would dive off a dock in twenty feet of water and when I was ten I never swam inside the cafes. At twenty I was considered the best swimmer on the Jersey coast.

"You all remember the horror felt by the sharks eating the legs off a boy and devouring a man within a short distance of land. Well, I was at the Ocean House at that time and in the midst of the excitement. The love of danger is inherent within all mortals and I though a weak woman am no exception to this passion. I was seized with a desire to kill a shark. Providing myself with a knife used in cleaning fish I had a very sharp point and edge put on it and made a sheath for it in the waist of my bathing dress.

"Every morning I went to the dock ready to take to the water and watched for sharks. Several days passed without my seeing one. Meanwhile the bathers were regaining their courage and occasionally the good swimmers would disport themselves in the water about the docks.

"On the fifth morning of my watch I was sitting on the top of one of the piles used in the support of the dock, looking down into the water, when I saw a dread sight. One part was a man leisurely floating on his back, the other a shark moving slowly in his direction. The man was unconscious of his danger, but it would be useless for me to warn him.

"Drawing my knife I took it between my teeth and dived headlong, striking the surface about ten yards ahead of the shark. I let myself go as low as I could, which I think could not have been over seven or eight feet, and before beginning to rise shifted myself to my back and looked up. Directly above me was something white which I believed to be the belly of the shark.

"Taking my knife in my right hand I permitted myself to rise. Of course I had posted myself as to the shark's methods of attack and his vulnerable parts. I knew that I must approach from beneath him and stab him in the stomach. It was but a few seconds before I was near enough to see him plainly, and I confess I was a little teeny weeny bit staggered by his elliptically curved mouth."

At this point several of the listeners made exclamations, and the speaker paused and waited for quiet. When it was restored she continued:

"The great fish had not quite reached a point directly above me, and I found it difficult to keep from rising in time to reach this frightful mouth, whereas I needed to permit him to pass so that I would come up directly under his stomach. If I rose near his mouth he could easily take me into it. If I struck his stomach he would have to back water to do so. Indeed in the latter case I would be perfectly safe.

"By wriggling I prevented myself from rising before I had his white belly above me. Then, giving a kick, I shot upward and with all my strength plunged my knife into the shark's stomach, making as large a rip as I had the power to make, and the deed was done."

"And you saved the man who became your husband?" asked one of the ladies eagerly.

"Yes, and he saved me too. He saw me dive, and when I did not come up at the expected time he swam for me and found me exhausted, partly from excitement, and bore me to a boat, into which I was pulled."

"Ladies," said one who had heard the story, "that feat is simply impossible."

"Not at all," interrupted another. "I once saw a man kill a shark the same way in a moving picture show."

Grand Duchess Olga, Eldest Daughter of Russian Czar

The Grand Duchess Olga, eldest of the four daughters of the czar of Russia, is also considered the most beautiful of the four. Her latest photograph shows her in military uniform, she being an officer in one of the crack regiments. Olga's military duties, however, have not been on the fighting line. With her sisters, she has been of great service in Red Cross work,

Photo by American Press Association.

GRAND DUCHESS OLGA OF RUSSIA.

her aunt, sister of the czar, and also a Grand Duchess Olga, taking the lead in hospital work.

Previous to the war Grand Duchess Olga, who is twenty-one years of age, was reported to be engaged to several different young men. She was first said to be betrothed to her second cousin, Grand Duke Dimitri. Then it was announced that she would wed Crown Prince Boris of Bulgaria. Again it was Prince Charles, now crown prince of Roumania. Another aspirant was Prince Arthur of Connaught. Further speculation as to Olga's future husband must now wait until the war is over.

Mother's Doll Story

Peggy Goes Nutting

Once upon a time there was a nice rag doll that wanted to go out in the woods nutting.

So she called through the back fence to the rubber doll that lived next door, "Run get a basket! Let's go out for some nuts."

Now the nice rag doll's name was Peggy, and the rubber doll was a little boy by the name of Bob.

So the rubber doll ran for a basket which was pretty big enough for two dolls, and, hand in hand, off they trudged till they came to a high fence between the meadow and the wood.

Of course Peggy caught her dress on a knot in the fence and tore a big hole in her skirt. But Bob, who was very strong, lifted her off, and on they went.

They had to cross a brook. But this did not matter to Bob, because he was made of rubber. And Peggy took off her shoes and socks and carried them in her hand the rest of the way. Bob carried the basket, because it is a boy's job to carry things. Soon they came to the woods, and there in the high trees, so high that two dolls could hardly climb them, were as many as eight little squirrels helping themselves to chestnuts, beechnuts and acorns.

"Keep the acorns yourselves, and throw us down some chestnuts!" shouted the rubber doll, Bob. So the friendly squirrels dropped enough nuts to fill the dolls' basket and two of their pockets. And off home trudged Peggy and Bob to roast the nuts in the cook's oven.

Feather Fun.

Let the players seat themselves on the floor around a square, over which they are to stretch a sheet. Now, all the players but one being thus seated they hold their part of the sheet up under their chins and prepare to blow. A feather is then tossed in the air over the sheet, and the player who still stands endeavors to capture it. Each seated player blows, with the result that the feather probably flies out of the clutcher's grip. At any rate, there is great blowing, great laughing and great sport. Generally when the outside player finally catches the feather he changes places with the player in front of whom the prize is taken.

Raton Is Spanish For Mouse.

Raton, the county seat of Colfax county, New Mexico, is the center of the mining industry of the coal field on the south side of the Raton mountains although no large mines are located in the immediate vicinity. The Santa Fe trail passed through Raton, then known as Willow Springs. The word Raton is Spanish for mouse.—United States Geological Survey.

A UNIQUE ROBBERY

By WILLIAM CHANDLER

From time to time some young man appears in the criminal world who from the pranks he plays, his daring and the eel-like way he slips through the fingers of the police excites the admiration of such as are prone to read dime novels.

Such a one many years ago loomed up in Italy in the person of Giuseppe Vampa.

In Vampa's day most of the travel was done in the diligence or the post chaise. One day a diligence left Bologna for Florence. Although there were two compartments beside the coupe, but one compartment which would hold six persons was used. It contained four carabinieri, or national policemen, in disguise. Two of them wore women's, the other two men's clothing.

Vampa had appeared on the route between Bologna and Florence, turning up suddenly first at one point, then at another, levying tribute, Robin Hood like, of a prelate here and pouring it into the lap of a poor woman there, setting the police beside themselves to [illegible] him. A peasant told a carabineer that Vampa had met him on the road and asked him at what hour the daily diligence reached a certain point. This was taken to mean that the bandit intended to rob it. The next time it passed over the road arrangements were made to capture him.

On arriving at a certain point, where horses were changed, a young woman wearing some flowers in her corsage asked to be taken aboard. Since her presence was not desirable in an attempt to capture a bandit her request was refused. She appeared to be very much disappointed, saying that she was anxious to reach her mother, who was very ill. Those in the diligence still refused her and were driven on without her. Presently the policemen saw that something on top of the diligence was attracting the attention of persons beside the road and, having pulled up, one of the men got out to see what it was. He saw the girl who had asked for a ride on the top of the coach. She had climbed up unseen by them when they had started from the relay. The leader of the policemen concluded to take her inside.

Despite the fact that she was going to her sick mother, she was very cheery. Before long she had her fellow passengers laughing at her sallies of wit and humor and they were all quite infatuated with her. The diligence made a long descent before reaching Florence, this part of the road being traveled after dark. The night was fine and the girl complained of the cold wind coming in at the windows. Every man hastened to shut them. To show her appreciation of their consideration the girl passed around a box of cigarettes. Every man took one and the compartment was soon filled with tobacco smoke.

Presently one of the men sank back in his seat apparently in slumber. Then another succumbed and another till all but one dozed as a woman remained awake. This person was sitting beside the girl when suddenly he felt her arm around his neck in a vise-like grip and a bunch of flowers held under his nose, from which he was forced to inhale some peculiar odor. He struggled to free himself and, being a powerful man, succeeded, but only to feel the cold muzzle of a pistol against his cheek.

"Cease your struggles," said the girl, whose voice, now undisguised, was evidently that of a man, "or I will settle you with a bullet in your brain."

"Who are you?" asked the victim.

"Giuseppe Vampa."

The name, backed by the pistol, was quite enough to insure an easy victory but Vampa's plan was to rob the coach, and to do so needed he must put this fellow to sleep with the rest. Holding the pistol to his head with one hand, Vampa held the flowers under his nose with the other till he was unconscious.

Having thus rendered the whole four unable to resist, he began to go through their pockets. Raising the skirt of the person he had put to sleep with his bouquet, he felt the material of a man's trousers.

"Oho!" he exclaimed, lighting a match. "We have a party of carabinieri. I am pleased to meet you, my fine fellows, but I shall make no great haul."

In this he was right. Not more than 20 lire were obtained from the whole party.

When he had done all he cared to do he put his head out the window and called upon the postilion to stop, that he might alight. The man, ignorant of what had taken place, obeyed.

"Goodby," he said to the postilion. "Give my compliments to the good people of Florence and tell them that I shall pay them a visit soon."

The postilion, wondering, cracked his whip over his horses' heads and drove on. He had been told to drive to police headquarters on reaching Florence, and he did so. No one inside the diligence seemed inclined to leave it, so he was about to open the door when the chief of police, seeing the arrival of the expedition of which he was well aware, emerged from his office and opened the door himself. He found four men drugged and in the lap of one their collected funds in a paper on which was write:

Give it to the poor.

GIUSEPPE VAMPA.

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