

WORD WILL NOT BE MISSED

Mr. Skimmerton Rejoices Over Passing of Overworked "Gruelling" Put Away With "Raucous."

"We don't see so often now in print," said Mr. Skimmerton, "the word 'gruelling,' and I am glad of that, for to tell you the flatfooted truth I had begun to tire of reading about 'gruelling' contests for supremacy between two fleet runners or two pug-pounding each other's face, or between two men rowing or playing tennis."

"In fact, gruelling had begun, as you might say, to pall on me just as raucous did, not so long ago. Don't you remember that there was a time when no writer ever failed to describe some one of his characters as speaking in a raucous voice?"

"Positively raucous came to be painful to me, so that it would prejudice me against a whole book to find that word in it, and then happily authors put that word aside."

"But there seems to be always in use some word that is sorely overworked. It was a good word maybe originally and it catches many writers' fancy. And then they wear it tread bare, old, decrepit, till the very sight of it wears."

"Such a word had gruelling come to be. You could read of scarcely any trial of strength or speed without finding that it had been a 'gruelling' finish; or that it had had a 'gruelling' finish; they were all gruelling in some way; but most gruelling of all to the reader, it seems to me."

"But now gruelling has gone out of fashion, it has been put away along with raucous and with our once familiar dull thud and other much overworked words and phrases."

NEW SCIENCE OF FREEZING

Production of Artificial Cold Becoming Important Industry—Machines on Big Vessels.

The production of artificial cold has during the last 15 years, become quite an important industry. "Freezing machines" are now among the permanent requisites of civilized life.

The refrigeration of perishable articles of food for transport by ship stands first on the long list of commercial applications of the science.

In the cold air freezing machines now employed on board ships for the transport of meat from Australia, New Zealand and America, the meat is placed in large chambers the walls of which are double, the interspaces being filled with wood charcoal as a non-conducting material.

A jet of intensely cold air is delivered into the chamber at each stroke of the piston of the expansion cylinder, and the temperature of the chamber is thus kept at or near the freezing point during the whole voyage.

Another interesting application of cooling by means of solutions which have a very low freezing point has lately been made in mines. One of the greatest difficulties which can occur in the operation of sinking a shaft is that presented by a stratum of sand saturated with water. In more than one case this difficulty has been overcome by freezing the sand and water into a firm mass through which the shaft can then be easily bored as into a solid rock.

How to Wash Windows.

Strange as it may seem, there is a right and wrong way to wash windows, and as this operation is usually dreaded, the following method will doubtless be appreciated as it saves both time and labor. Choose a dull day, or at least a time when the sun is not shining on the window, for when the sun shines on the window it causes it to be dry streaked, no matter how much it is rubbed. Take a painter's brush and dust them inside and out, washing all the woodwork inside before touching the glass.

The latter must be washed slowly in warm water diluted with ammonia—do not use soap. Use a small cloth with a pointed stick to get the dust out of the corners; wipe dry with a soft piece of cotton cloth—do not use linen, as it makes the glass lustrous when dry. Polish with tissue paper or old newspaper. You will find that this can be done in half the time taken where sponges are used, and the result will be brighter windows.

Tattooed by Lightning.

Herr Lehmann, a well-to-do farmer, was returning home to the village of Wlen (Canton Thurgovie) the other day, when in a thunderstorm he was struck by lightning. His hat, collar, suit and boots were burnt on the left side, while on the right he was untouched. Lehmann was found senseless, but soon recovered, and is fairly well now. Curiously enough it was found that his left side had been beautifully tattooed by the lightning, the skin being entirely covered with "prints" of oak, chestnut and fir leaves.

The Value of Solitude.

A population may be too crowded, though all be amply supplied with food and raiment. It is not good for man to be left perforce at all times in the presence of his species. A world from which solitude is expunged is a very poor ideal. Solitude, in the sense of being often alone, is essential to any depth of meditation, or of character; and solitude in the presence of natural beauty and grandeur is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without.—John Stuart Mill.

Showing Him Up.

Gunner—That is Count DeBluff. He says everything he gets is O. K. Gayer—I thought it was O. T. Gunner—O. T. Gayer—Yes, "on tick."

Was Bound to Come.

Emeralds—What a deliciously light, fluffy, airy affair that is! Gwendolin—Yes, this is my aviation costume; my going up gown, you know.

Friendly Criticism.

He (at the concert)—Miss Shrocker says she is always nervous when she attempts to sing in public. She—Well, I'm not surprised. She has heard herself before.

AMERICANS GREAT READERS

Exemplification of a Well-Known National Trait Noted by a Foreign Visitor.

"Great readers, you Americans," said a foreign visitor to these shores, according to the New York Sun. "You seem to be reading all the time—newspapers or books—and you read everywhere—in public as in private on the elevated cars, in the subway, everywhere—and I was getting quite used to seeing the manifestation of what appears to be a national habit; but I was a little surprised this morning—yes, just a little—when I saw a lady reading a newspaper as she rode up on an escalator from the sidewalk to an elevated railroad platform."

"I know the restless American energy which prompts you to the utmost economy of time, to the utilization of every minute, so that no chance for gain shall be lost; but it seems to me in my dull and stupid old-world way that there might be such a thing as overdoing this bitter economy of time, don't you know?"

"In the case of the lady, reading on the escalator, for instance, I was afraid it might lead to an accident to her. It is only a short ride on an escalator, and I was afraid she might forget and fall at the top, for she seemed very intent. In fact, I couldn't tell whether she was economizing time or whether she was reading because she was so interested in what she was reading."

"But, however, she read and read intently all the way up, or until she had got three steps from the top and then she stopped and looked up, and then stepped off briskly and quite safely."

"It must take about twenty-five seconds for that escalator to carry one from the ground to the platform and she had read all but three steps, she had utilized twenty-two seconds of the time consumed on the trip and lost only three. The most remarkable exemplification I have yet seen of your characteristic economy of time and national habit of reading."

LACK OF BUSINESS ABILITY

Leader in Municipal Art League is Shown Where He is Deficient by Well-to-Do Citizen.

"I suppose," said the man who was active in the Municipal Art League, "you would not think of permitting anyone to bring into your house a picture of a woman in tights?"

"Of course I shouldn't," replied the well-to-do citizen.

"You are not in favor of doing anything that would have a tendency to spread immorality, either, are you? That is to say, you would not permit anybody to hang signs upon your porch advertising questionable resorts, would you?"

"Certainly not! I cannot understand why you should ask me such absurd questions."

"You see, I have just learned you are the owner of the vacant lot in the middle of the next block—the one on which there is a big billboard with a picture of an almost nude female and an advertisement of a place that the police have had to close several times during the past few months. I suppose you get paid for permitting the billboard to remain there, do you not?"

"Say, you fanatics who have this city beautiful bug make me tired. The trouble with you is that none of you have any more idea about business than a Tom cat. You'll have to excuse me now; I'm busy. Run along and see if you can't start a scare by discovering a naked wall somewhere."

Laundry Stamped for Identifying.

In foreign countries some strange methods are adopted for identifying the contents of the washbub. In some parts of France linen is defaced with the whole name and address of the laundry stamped upon it, and an additional geometrical design to indicate the owner of the property. In Bavaria every patron of the washbub has a number stamped in large characters on his linen. In Bulgaria every laundry has a large number of stamps engraved with designs, and in Russia the laundries mark linen with threads worked in arrow shapes. In some Russian towns the police periodically issue regulations for laundries.

Not Related.

Michael McCarthy was suing the Swift Packing company in a Kansas City court.

A colored witness was called. "Did you work at the plant?" he was asked.

"Yassir." "Do you know the foreman and the other officials?" "Yassir." "What were your relations with them?"

"Now, look here," said the witness. "I'm black and they's white. They ain't no relations of mine."—Cleveland Leader.

He Knew.

Teacher—What happens when an irresistible force comes in contact with an immovable body? Small Boy—A spanking.—Harper's Bazar.

An Exception.

"He believes in making himself heard on all possible occasions." "Does he speak up briskly when contributions are called for?" "Well, no-o, he doesn't."

Important Person.

"To look at Pippis, you'd think he had the world on his shoulders." "Yes; he seems to think life is a baseball game and he's always at the bat."

Will Add Water Front to Harbor.

The improvement of Jamaica bay, which is now under way, will add 150 miles of water front to the New York harbor.

Becoming Modesty.

Drowning Man—Help! help! I can't swim! Man on the Shore—Neither can I, but I don't go bragging about it.—Harper's Magazine.

JOHN KLING STILL HOLDS HIS OWN



Catcher Kling, of Chicago Cubs.

When Catcher Johnny Kling pitched up his differences with the Chicago Cubs last spring there were quite a few baseball fans who predicted that he would not return to the form he had previously displayed. It was said that he had been out of the game for a whole season, that he had not kept himself in good shape, and a lot of other things. But he has fooled all of the skeptics. He has played as good ball this year as he ever did before. This has been displayed by the way

he has played since Captain Chance's forced retirement, owing to a bad "Charley-Horse." While Jimmy Archer has been playing first base during the absence of the captain-manager all of the back-stopping has devolved on Kling. He has not only fielded his position in masterly fashion, but he has been hitting the ball hard. It is almost a certainty that Kling will do the most of the catching during the series for the world's championship probably opening in Chicago on Oct. 16.

NOTED PLAYER HAS RETIRED

Frank Bowerman, One of Most Eccentric Figures in Baseball, Drops Out of Game.

With the retirement of Catcher Frank Bowerman, baseball loses one of its most eccentric characters. Bowerman has been playing in the bigger leagues longer than many of the other players in the same company today have been living. He made his debut years and years ago, and has played in fast company continuously since. His best work was done for the New York Giants, with whom he played when they were at the pinnacle of their fame. Bowerman has always been a lively, scrappy player, up to his neck in the struggle all the way. He left the Giants and took a whirl at the managerial end of the game in Boston, but his Beaneaters, after making a glorious start, fell by the wayside when



Catcher Frank Bowerman.

the race grew warm. Reports say that he trained his men too fine early in the season. At any rate he left Boston before last season was over, and announced that he had retired from the game. Later he joined the Indianapolis club, and was with them again this year. Recently he left the team and went to his home in Michigan.

Steffen to Coach Indiana.

Walter Steffen, Chicago half-back, quarterback and captain, is to succeed Sheldon as coach at Indiana university after this season. This rumor gained credence yesterday at Indianapolis when it was announced that the Maroon star would assist Sheldon this season. It is a well-known fact that Sheldon will retire this season to practise law in Chicago, having coached the Crimson six years when the last game is played this season.

O'Connor on Wagner.

Jack O'Connor thinks that Hans Wagner is the greatest thrower in the game. He is and has been the best thrower in the game, according to the game. There are many others who think the same as O'Connor in spite of the fine showing of the youngsters who have come up in the last three or four years.

Wasmund to Coach Texas.

Former Quarterback Wasmund of Michigan university will coach the Texas university football squad at Austin this fall.

HOW PLANK GOT HIS START

Simply Closed His Eyes and Cut Loose—Afterwards Studied the Game and Pitchers.

BY EDWARD S. PLANK. They all say I got my start the day of the battle of Gettysburg, but they exaggerate somewhat. I was born in Gettysburg in 1875, and that gave the boys a chance to say things. I admit the 1875 without trying to get away and scalp half a dozen years of my age as some of them do. At any rate I think I am rather a freak as a baseball player because I seldom have heard of any case anything like my own.

As I told you I was born in Gettysburg and I played some baseball around there in an amateur way, and without giving the game much thought. I started to college about the time most of the other fellows are getting enough. I was twenty-five when I began pitching for the Gettysburg college team, and I was big and strong and fast and wild and inexperienced and everything else that goes to make up a college pitcher. I simply shut my eyes and cut loose and



Edward S. Plank.

most of those who didn't strike out got bases on balls, and I have suspected since that a lot of them struck out just to escape from standing up there at the bat.

Seriously I think the real reason for my start was that I was older, stronger and better developed than the average college man. That made me stand out among them and it attracted the attention of professional clubs. I had not thought of baseball as a profession at all until offered a job, and I joined the Athletics in May, 1901, after school closed, knowing about as much about major league ball as I know about who will make a next base hit in the morning game next Decoration day. Suddenly I saw that there was more to it than throwing as hard as possible and curving them. I saw I would have to do some thinking and I began to study the game. Queerly enough I went wrong right away. I was guessing wrong, but luckily for me I had enough speed and shoots to hang on by sheer power until I learned more. I worked and studied hard at the game, watched the other pitchers, picked up their tricks and began to pitch with much less exertion and strain and still get results. If I had gone on the way I started I would have been out of it in two seasons, and I'm still here. On the other hand, if I had known as much when I started about pitching, I'd be here a long time.

NOT TO TRY FOR DAVIS CUP

No American Team Be Sent to Australia and Preparatory Matches Are Called Off.

No American team will be sent to Australia this year to play the holders of the Davis cup for the famous international lawn tennis trophy. This announcement was made in New York the other day by R. D. Wrenn, vice-president of the American Lawn Tennis association, who said that the decision had just been reached, owing to the inability of T. C. Bundy, the California tennis star, to make the trip to the Antipodes.

Ball Players Scare.

"It's a queer thing," said President Navin of the Detroit club, "that out of the \$9,000,000 people of the United States and the 8,000,000 of Canada, that there are less than 200 first-class ball players. Probably there are actually more capable of playing in the big leagues, but discovering them is what keeps a lot of scouts and pocketbooks busy."

Berlin Bars Mat Game.

Public displays of wrestling have now been added to the long list of things "verboten" by the Berlin police. The reason of this new mandate is said to be the obviously pre-arranged nature of several "championship" contests which have recently taken place, one of which led to a disturbance among the spectators.

Value of Mexican Derby.

The Mexican Derby, to be run early in November, will be worth \$30,000 to the winner. This will be the first contest.

SOLDIER DEGRADED

PUNISHMENT INFLICTED ON A FRENCH PRIVATE.

Was Accused of Murdering Wife of Banker—Military Degradation in France an Impressive but Sad Spectacle.

"George's Marie Graby, you are unworthy to bear arms." This short, sharp sentence was heard in the barracks square on the Boulevard Mortier on the eastern extremity of Paris at 8 a. m. the other morning. Graby, the murderer of Mme. Gouin, the widow of the well-known banker, to whom these words were addressed, appeared in the uniform of the ordinary infantry private, rather smarter than most of his fellows, but looking deathly white.

Two minutes later he was marched back to the barracks with his uniform in rags, his back bent, his head hanging low, a sorry-looking piece of humanity. A military degradation in France, carried out in accordance with the exact regulations of the law, is always an impressive though essentially sad spectacle.

It was not surprising, therefore, that a large crowd gathered near the Porte des Lilies that morning soon after breakfast, having heard the announcement that the degradation was for eight o'clock in the morning.

Special detachments of all the services represented in the garrison of Paris were on parade, and at eight o'clock at trumpet call, they formed a hollow square. The colonel in command gave the order "Shoulder arms!" and then Graby was seen coming from one of the buildings, marching slowly but with some composure, and with a guard of four infantrymen.

The guard accompanied him to the middle of the square, presented arms and then made three steps backward, leaving Graby in shameful solitude, the cynosure of neighboring eyes. The officers were drawn up on horseback in front of him. The colonel gave orders to the bugler, and once more the high notes rang out.

Then a sergeant stepped up to within a pace of Graby and read out the judgment of the courtmartial condemning Graby to death and the presidential decree commuting his sentence.

The proclamation began: "In the name of the French people," and the sergeant concluded by making the usual announcement: "This judgment has been read aloud before the condemned man, and before the troops assembled under arms." At this Col. Lejaille, who had dismounted, stepped up and addressed Graby: "Graby, you are unworthy to bear arms; in the name of the law we degrade you."

The adjutant then tore away the buttons from the uniform, the strap from the kepi and all other decorations, including the epaulettes. The bugle was heard once more and the same four privates who had led Graby out of the barracks led him back again.

Razors of Centuries Ago.

We wear things and use things daily of the origin of which we have not the slightest idea, and were we to be would be at a loss to answer. This was illustrated when two young men, well but quietly dressed, were admiring a well-known picture of life in the time of Julius Cæsar, which was exhibited in a store window not far from Herald square.

One of the men remarked while looking at the picture that he wondered how the Romans kept their faces smooth and whether they ever had shaved; and, if they had shaved, what were their razors like? Neither of the men could answer the question, and so they immediately consulted various authorities on the subject and found to their surprise that razors were used for shaving in a very early part of the world's history.

The Egyptians used some kind of a razor, though the Levitical code expressly forbade the shaving of the beard.

It is believed the primitive shaving instruments were made of sharpened flints. Savages in the remote islands scattered throughout the Pacific still use two pieces of flint of the same size for this purpose, and pieces of shells or sharks' teeth are also used.

Prompt Punishment of a Liar.

Years ago the courthouse in San Francisco fronted the old Plaza. A trial was in progress, and counsel for the defendant was cross-examining the plaintiff. An earthquake shook the chandeliers and dislodged some of the ceiling. Judge, jurors, witnesses and spectators rushed for the door, but, finding that the seismic disturbance was over, they returned.

"You can proceed with the cross-examination of the witness," said the judge.

"Pardon me, your honor," said counsel for the defendant, "but after the exhibition of the displeasure of the Almighty at the lies this witness was telling I do not care to further invoke Divine wrath. I will ask him no more questions."

Thoughtful to the Last.

Ashley—Isn't it too bad about poor Fuser? Seymour—Indeed, it is. I shall always remember him as the most considerate man I have ever known. It seemed to be his ruling passion to make as little trouble for other people as he possibly could.

Ashley—Yes, that's a fact; and that characteristic of his was manifested even when he committed suicide.

Seymour—I don't think I quite understand! Ashley—Why, he used so much dynamite that there was nothing left of him for other people to pick up.

Just a Bit Particular.

First Crook—Say, haven't you two brothers—both gamblers? Second Crook—I have two brothers, but only one is a gambler.

First Crook—I thought the other one was, too. Second Crook—No; he never takes any chances of getting mixed up with the police. He's a burglar.—Chicago News.

ONLOOKER BY WILBUR D. NEBBETT

The BANQUET PICTURE



Ah, here is the picture taken By a flashlight at the feast—When it snapped, your nerves were shaken. Yes, they were, or shocked, at least. Let us look at it together. To discover who is who—Also, try to find out whether This is he or that is you.

For you are a Judge and he is a Sir—But one is a smudge and one is a blur; And maybe that's Scott and maybe that's Burt. But who is the man who is nothing but a blank?

It is splendid in the morning To reflect on how you sat When they gave to you the warning That the lens would go to bat. How you Henryclayed your features, How you lifted up your face, Knowing that of all the creatures None excels the human race!

Well, one came to speak, and one owns a bank. But one is a streak and one is a blank. And one down in front has a face that must hurt. But who is the man that is nothing but a shirt?

Since Belshazzar's famous blow-out It has always been the same. When the flash would spurt and go out All the diners dreamed of fame. But upon the morrow morning When the picture they would see, With a frown their brows adorning Each would murmur: "Which is me?"

For there was a Judge and there was a Sir—But now one's a smudge and one is a blur. Yet let me, I pray—and don't think me pert—Who is the poor man who is nothing but a shirt?

"S. P." and His Dare. We are in receipt of a poem from "S. P." who informs us that he is "another Hoosier and a member of the Indiana Society in good standing." It is in reply to some utterly innocent lines in this column not long ago, which lines meekly inquired why a man wanted to wear a silk hat. "S. P." says: "I dare you to print it." It being axiomatic that a man who will take a dare would steal sheep, we beg leave to print.

Poor man—No wonder you're wrinkled and hurt. And your fashions disturb your mind. You gart Dunlap and Knox with whom you say, And others may think your words are not kind.

Who'd ever think that an Evanston sweet With his high-toned airs and Creams and Claret. Would make use of space to holler like well Some Sioux, when you wear a black Sombor.

Now, my dear friend, of poetical chat. Nothing you've seen will ever look queer. And straightaway I think you'll buy a silk hat.

If you go home and look in a mirror. We are not opposed to the silk hat. If an anti-silk-hat society were organized we should be the first to decline membership. Our good friends Dunlap and Knox will bear witness to the fact that in times past we have adorned ourselves with their productions. Confidentially, we think the silk hat is a glossy joy. The trouble with us is that when we put one on we want to run for office. Has anybody a word to say for the uncombed push hat—especially the wet malted sort?

The other day we printed a couple stanzas having to do with the pronunciation of "Goethe," when mentioned by street car conductors on approaching the thoroughfare of that name. From the responses sent in we call these: Man rides upon the trolley car. And his location quickly knoweth When the conductor, o'er the jar And rumble, hoarsely shouteth: "Goethe!"

I stood on the car at midnight And I murmured "Goethe!" When the erudite conductor Stepped the car and shouted: "Goethe!"

The Experimental Stage. "Ah," says the young man who has called, "I observe that you are already doing some of your holiday decoration."

"Yes?" inquires the beautiful young thing. "Yes, I notice you have a sprig of mistletoe tied to the chandelier." "Oh, I just put that up there as an experiment. I've heard so much about the properties of mistletoe that I thought I would see if it really worked before trying it in earnest."

Unmanageable. "This," gasps the first man, "is what the poets call the 'driven snow.'" "Yes," wheezes the second man, endeavoring to pick a handful of it out of his ear, while about a peck of it slides down his back. "And it acts as if a woman were driving it."

Brevity being the soul of wit, we begin to understand the immortality of the conundrum about the cow that crossed the road.

Wilbur D. Nebbett