

Montour American

FRANK C. ANGLE, Proprietor.

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YALE HAS A GREAT CAPTAIN

Ted Coy, the Foot Ball Star and Some of His Work on the Gridiron.

Even with little knowledge of football has but to witness the Yale team at work to realize that in Ted Coy the college has a wonderful player. This fact was brought out two seasons ago, and this year his work on the gridiron is proving as brilliant as ever. As a line smasher and punter he stands alone, and his sensational plays have astonished even the men on his own team.

Ted Coy is a native of Connecticut and since he was a youngster has



TED COY, YALE'S GREAT STAR.

played and studied the game. He is very strong physically and is built on massive outlines. His shoulders are broad and large boned. His chest is deep, and the muscular development of the torso is superior to that of the average man of his age and height.

Add to this a pair of legs which seem to be without limit as to power and energy and which must be fed by boilers intended for an engine of forty horsepower and an idea may be obtained of the amount of resistance which is needed to combat him on the football field.

In a Harvard game once Coy was held by sheer force of numbers and could not move an inch further, but he was not downed—not a bit of it. He stood upright, the center of all of the group. The ball was still in his hand, and the referee had blown his whistle to announce that it was a fresh down, but Coy was standing up. They had been unable to throw him to the earth.

Last season Coy made ten touchdowns for Yale, and there are some who believe that if he had been allowed to run once more in the Harvard game when he was close to the goal Yale would have scored a touchdown. The Crimson was watching him in every play, however, and almost all of the Harvard defense was devoted to stopping Coy.

An American Grammar.

Robert R. Hitt, who at the time represented our government in Paris as a secretary of legation, went to Egypt in regard to a matter involving the life of a Greek American subject. He landed in Alexandria and went to the Hotel Europe and found the rooming clerk busy assigning rooms to the newly arrived passengers, a regular pilot in languages. He heard him speak Arabic, Greek, French, Italian and German. So when it came Mr. Hitt's turn to register he jocosely said, "Do you speak American?" The clerk promptly replied: "A leetle. Der was one American here lately who gave me an American grammar." Mr. Hitt asked to have a look at the book. The clerk promptly told one of the garçons to get the book out of his room, and while the book was being brought the clerk said, "De grammar is phonetic." When the book was brought, lo and behold, it was a copy of Petroleum V. Nasby's letters. D. R. Locke while in Egypt had presented a copy to the clerk, telling him it was an American grammar.

The Hunter and the Wind.

In hunting against the wind in open forests more game is passed than many hunters would suppose. The animals see the man, note that he will pass them and hide by getting as near to the ground as possible. If they scent him after he has passed they evidently realize that the danger is over, though some, mostly the younger, inexperienced animals, then sneak off. Where game is very wild it is often in such localities as I have mentioned only possible to approach them with the wind by outdistancing the latter, because a big game animal at rest depends on its nose to save it from danger in the direction from which the wind comes and on its eyes to watch the side from which it can get no other warning.—"Track and Tracking," by Josef Brunner.

To Tame Him.

"So you're going to introduce baseball among the prisoners? I don't approve. What will become of discipline?"

"If a man gets too obstreperous," replied the warden confidently, "we'll make him umpire."—Philadelphia Ledger.

First Turbine Locomotive.

A British locomotive company recently completed and tested the first steam turbine locomotive. The new engine is pronounced a success.

HIS MONEY TROUBLE.

He Gained a Dime and Then He Figured Up the Loss.

The next time Lionel, whose other name doesn't matter, gets his optics on an unattached dime he'll look the other way. For Lionel is all peevish over an adventure he had the other night—an adventure that had a dime for its foundation and for which he can blame no one but Lionel. He rehearsed his money trouble thuswise:

"In a Broadway car I saw it—the dime that was hoodooed. It lay upon the floor of the car unclaimed and lonesome. No one else seemed to care to take it in and give it a welcome, so I did. But even as I reached for the bit of silver the trouble drama opened. My suspender snapped with the strain—for, as you can see, I'm not built on the sunken garden plan as regards avoidpudis. Thereupon I reached back to gather the frayed ends of the busted string, still feeling for the chunk of white metal with the other hand. My watch, not to be shoved out of the drama without a chance to do its little part, dropped out of my pocket, making a decided hit. The crystal broke into 7,869 pieces, not counting the one that I got in my finger later. The works mingled with the dirt and shattered glass, and the case tripped gayly into a corner. Just to show it was also interested, a perfectly good silver dollar bounced out of my waistcoat pocket and did the vanishing act—where, I know not. A fountain pen, all framed up with gold bands, followed suit. By this time I was giving the rest of the passengers the show of their lives—and nobody coming across with anything but the giggle gag. And I couldn't vocalize my feelings because there were ladies present. Holding on to my wrecked raiment and carrying my assorted ruins as well as I might, I hurried myself off that car at the next corner. Then I beat it for a friendly retreat and totaled up the event. The wreck had set me back \$41, but I had the dime!"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

HIS LEGAL AUTHORITY.

It Seemed to Fit the Case, and Joey Was Discharged.

There was consternation among the young folk. The "music" for the dancing at the picnic in the glen had got into trouble. No one ever considered any other "music" but Joey the fiddler. He was indispensable, but he was also erratic. In the old country Joey had been a schoolteacher and a man of considerable learning, but here he had fallen into evil ways. He was overfond of two things—a bottle and an argument. Having become engaged in the latter on this day of the picnic, he broke the former over the head of his opponent and was haled away to the lockup. The young people called a hasty meeting and appointed a committee to wait upon Squire Nugent to secure the release of the "music" if possible. The squire was hearing Joey's case when the committee arrived. The spokesman respectfully explained the absolute necessity of Joey's presence at the picnic that day.

"That's a good soul, squire. I've me go," put in Joey.

The squire took down a ponderous lawbook and began thoughtfully to turn the pages.

"If you're lookin' for the legal authority coverin' my case, squire, you'll find it in Byron." the prisoner suggested.

"Can you quote it?" asked the magistrate, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Aye, so I can," Joey promptly retorted. "It reads, 'On with the dance; let Joey be unconfin'd.'"

The squire adjudged Byron a competent authority, and Joey was unconfin'd.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Enjoying Himself.

A fond mother sent her small boy into the country and after a week of anxiety received the following letter:

"I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out in a boat, the boat tipped over, and a man got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothin' for a long while.

"The other boy has to be buried when they find him. His mother came from her home, and she cried all the time. A horse kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay the doctor for mendin' my head. It was broken a bit.

"We are goin' to set an old barn on fire tonight, and I am not your son if I don't have some real fun. I lost my watch, and I am very sorry. I shall bring home some snakes and a toad, and I shall bring home a tame crow if I can get 'em in my trunk."—London Globe.

A Matter of Smokestacks.

The smokestacks on ocean vessels of recent years have been made to slope backward more particularly to give the steamer a rakish air, the masts also being given the same slope. As to the effect on the draft, there is a slight one, as the wind pressure on the front of the stack sloping up and over the top of the stack is more apt to draw the smoke out than to cut it off, but from all we are aware of this seems to have been held of secondary consideration. The shape of the smokestacks also is changing from round to oval so as to present less surface to the front. If you compare the steamers with the sloping and straight smokestacks, in one case the former, while motionless, still appears to have life, while the rigidity of the other gives it an appearance of stiffness even while under considerable speed.—St. Nicholas.

Prompt Rebuke.

"Orlando, you mustn't put your arm around my waist."

"Why, Gloriana, it's been there for half an hour."

"Well, I didn't notice it till just now."—Chicago Tribune.

The Real Victim.

"After a man has been sick a week his wife looks worse than he does from taking care of him."—Acheson Globe.

Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.—Shakespeare.

A QUESTION OF BAIT.

Should the Beggar Leave Few or Many Cents in His Hat?

"One thing that I've never been able to settle in my mind is my own satisfaction," said a street beggar whose specialty is sitting on a step and holding out his hat to passersby, "is the question of how many pennies it is wise to have in the hat for people to see as they go by. Of course you understand there are two theories on this. Working on one you leave there only a few, just three or four pennies scattered around irregular, but pretty far apart, and on the other you leave in the hat a lot of pennies.

"Of course the idea of the first plan is to make people when they see how little you've got want to chip in and help, and the idea of the other plan is to stir people up to generosity by showing them how generous others have been, and there's a heap to be said for that. There's lots of people that give because other people have given—because they like to go with the crowd.

"I've tried both plans and had good days with lean bait and bad days with a full bait in the hat, and then I've had good days with a full bait and bad days with a lean bait. All you can do, if one plan doesn't work well, try the other. You never can tell."—New York Sun.

AVIATION.

The Dangers Involved in Three Dimensional Steering.

The navigation of the air is a form of locomotion that differs from all the others to which men have resorted in that it involves three dimensional steering.

It is in the three dimensional nature of aviation that the real wonder of it lies. Its demands upon the aviator's attention are almost appalling in number and constancy. The automobile has to mind what he is about not a little, and a moment's carelessness means disaster, but his divagations from safety are all horizontal. The road and gravity take care of the others for him, while the aeroplane can make mistakes all the way around a sphere; hence in addition to leading an attentive ear to every sound from a complicated and delicate engine, he must manipulate one rudder for up and down, another for right and left and two more at the ends of his wings. And all these must be combined and co-ordinated. Water is stability itself in comparison with the medium through which he moves. When in flight, therefore, the aviator is probably the busiest man alive, and there is not an instant of rest for him till after he has made his perilous descent.—New York Times.

He Put the Brake On.

In his autobiography the late Professor Shaler of Harvard tells this story: Once he was present at a dinner in England where Tyndall, the renowned scientist, started to tell about experiences in America. His descriptions were, to say the least, exaggerated. Just as he was telling about a thrilling escape from drowning which he had had while viewing Niagara falls—describing it with bursts of hyperbole—his eye happened to catch that of Shaler, whom he had not noticed before.

For a moment Tyndall stopped, abashed—then, with wink of the eye, as if begging Shaler not to "give him away," he continued the tale, but in a noticeably subdued vein.

At its conclusion Tyndall sought Shaler.

"I fear that yarn of mine was rather highly colored," he confessed to the American. "but it is sometimes necessary to touch up the truth a bit."

More Than One Trafalgar Square.

The Scotland Yard examination which would be taxicab drivers have to undergo in the knowledge of London is no mere matter of form. "If," asked the inquisitor recently of a candidate, "a fare hails you in Trafalgar square and asks to be driven to Trafalgar square what would you do?" "I should drive him around a bit and drop him on the other side of the square," replied the candidate. And he was turned down, for he did not know that London has three Trafalgar squares besides the finest site in Europe—one in Camberwell, one in Chelsea and one in Stepney.—London Chronicle.

The Truly Reticent Woman.

Speak of a reticent woman and most people picture to themselves a woman who doesn't talk much. But the truly reticent woman—the woman who makes reticence an art—is not at all silent. She talks with what is apparently the greatest candor, so that people go away from her saying what a frank, genial woman she is. And no one ever suspects, unless he or she is phenomenally clever, that the genial conversationalist had all sorts of unspoken things in her mind.—Exchange.

Comets and Great Men.

It is somewhat remarkable how often the death of an eminent person of a comet. A certain writer, indeed, after going through a list of comets for 600 years, says that it is "as if God and nature intended by comets to ring the knell of princes, esteeming bells in churches upon earth not sacred enough for such illustrious and eminent performances." To mention only a few, Letharius the Younger, Louis II., Charles the Bald, Theodolus, bishop of Tours; Henry II. and Richard I. had their knells thus rung by comets. Even in Shakespeare's time the comet was considered a fitting accompaniment to the obsequies of kings: Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night; Comets, importing changes of times and states; Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky, And with them scourge the bad revolting stars That have consented unto Henry's death.—London Outlook.

The Joy That Killed.

A senator was praising the humor of a certain congressman.

"His humor, however," he concluded, "is rather grim. I told him the other day about a mutual acquaintance who had died, a man he had never liked."

"And his wife is dead, too," I said. "He himself died on Monday; his wife died two days later. The papers didn't say what killed her."

"She was tickled to death, I guess," said the congressman grimly.

Father's Real Role. "Fathers have been much maligned." "As to how?" "About using their boots on suitors. On four different occasions I have been referred by a young lady to her father, and every time I found it was for the purpose of letting me down easy."—Pittsburg Post.

Opening of Grand Opera

Once again the grand opera season is with us, and with many of the world's famous singers now in this country the prospects are for the most successful year in the history of music in America.

Not only in New York, with its great Metropolitan and Manhattan grand opera houses, but in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago and other large cities, is grand opera now heard, and it has reached a point of progress in the United States where it will soon become just as thoroughly an institution as it is in the countries of Europe.

Grand opera in the United States is perhaps a century old. The first notable singer who came to these shores to show the barbarians of the new world the ultimate possibilities of the vocal art was the great Malibran. Then came Jenny Lind, Patti, Nilsson, Brignoli, Mario, Campanini, Carl Formes, etc., but all of them had to be billed like a circus in order to get patronage.

In fact, it was the most noted showman in the history of the new world who handled the tour of Jenny Lind when the "Swedish Nightingale" came to the United States.

Lind had an enormous success, but it can hardly be called a gain



CARASA, TENOR.

for the cause of music, for a large number of her hearers were attracted by the excitement.

The coming of all the other noted song birds down to within, say, a couple of decades ago was attended by similar manifestations, and it cannot be that their appearances helped much toward the creation of a higher taste.

It was not until grand opera began to take on some suggestion of permanency that a clientele worth while began to come to the front. The Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, was the first institution of the kind. Its scale was lavish. It represented the toy of a number of fabulously wealthy New Yorkers. For their pleasure Mapleson, Abbey, Schoeffel, Grau and Conried ransacked the musical capitals of Europe and captured the greatest song birds in the world. It had formerly been the experience of Americans in hearing opera to have one great singer and the remainder of the cast made up of the saddest apologies.

But the Metropolitan Opera House altered that. Every note had to be in the hands of the most noted song bird in his or her special line.

For the first time came the phenomenal lineup, which at one period included Gerster, Campanini, Scalchi, Maurel, Tamagno, Nannetti, Galassi and Di Anna; then, later, a new regime, with Melba, Eames, Calve, Nordica, Sembrich, Garden, the two De Reskes, Plancon, Maurel, Caruso, Schumann-Heink, etc., and today the world's greatest singers are heard in America and receive immense sums for their work.

The lists of new operas to be produced during this season by the Metropolitan and Manhattan opera houses show that New York will have this winter a more varied supply of opera than ever before in its history. The



GERALDINE FARRAR.

Metropolitan's list includes a number of operatic works to be given at the New theater, which make it all the more imposing.

Ever since "Hansel und Gretel," acclaimed everywhere as one of the most charming of all operas, placed Humperdinck on a pinnacle of musical fame opera goers here have looked forward with keen anticipation to another opera by him. There can be no doubt that if the plan to produce "Königskinder" is carried out, the production will be one of the most important of the season.

New Melodies And Singers

Of the Manhattan's list of novelties Massenet's "Herodias" was definitely scheduled for the proud position of opening attraction of the season. Of the rest those which in all probability will be given are Richard Strauss'

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"Hold on!" said he quickly. "I'm a fighter. Maybe I ought not to have any opinions about football. It isn't my game. I'm not supposed to know anything about it. Well, y-e-s, I've been reading the papers. Tell me, on the level, have they killed seven boys already this year? That's serious. No joke about that kind of a game, I guess. Now, then.

"You can say that I'm against any game that kills seven boys while it's only warming up, you might say. That sort of a game isn't worth while. No game that kills men as a regular thing is worth while.

"There have always been a lot of men in this country who stand up on their hind legs and roar about the brutality of the boxing game. Their women will pull their skirts away from a prizefighter as if he was some sort of an animal, yet these same people go out to a football game and yell themselves black in the face at an exhibition that's too rough for men who fight for a living. The women too! Yes, sir, I've seen 'em, and I know.

"Football is all right, eh? It's a fashionable game. Society stands for it, yet in the old bare knuckle days when men picked their hands in brine for weeks before a fight there was never anything to compare with the roughness and the brutality of this nice, social game.

"This will make a lot of people sore, but I'll tell you I think football is more brutal than boxing—yes, you can call it prizefighting if you want to. When a man goes into the ring he knows he has only got to whip one man—only got to fight one man. The odds are fair. In this football business you've got eleven men against you.

"I saw in the paper this afternoon that just before this poor cadet was hurt he had been in a smashup and went down for the count. He was game, and he got up again and went to his place. What did they do? They directed the attack against the weak place, the paper says. In other words, all those big, husky fellows smashed into this boy, who was still groggy, and they got him.

"They can send all the telegrams of condolence they want to, but that doesn't bring him back. They piled the whole line on him, and they did it when they knew he was weak and not in shape. They did it because he was weak. Why, I'd be ashamed to smash a man as hard as I could when I knew he was nearly out. I'd ask the referee to stop the fight before I'd do that.

"Here's another reason why football is a bad business: In a fight if a man gets a clip on the jaw and goes down and can't get up again in ten seconds he's done. He doesn't have to take any more punishment. In a football game they give a man two minutes to come back. If they had had some such rule as we have in the ring this cadet would never have been killed. He would have been out of the game when he was stunned the first time.

"Let 'em holler about fighting being brutal. I'll tell you something—if prizefighting should kill fifteen men in one year every legislature in the country would put the game out of business. And that isn't all they'd do. They'd hang a few of the winners.

"This talk about boxing being brutal and football being a fine game makes me sick. If I had a son I'd send him into the ring to fight one man at a time before I'd let him get into one of those harnesses and take his chances with eleven fellows. Yes, and he'd lose a decision to me the first time he began to talk football."

There seems to be no question about the way Jim Jeffries stands on the question of college football.

Subways For Chicago. Chicago is considering plans for an extensive subway system of railways to cost \$80,000,000.

Dangerous Insects. The trolley car stopped in the middle of a stretch of country road. Both motorman and conductor tried in vain to find out what the trouble was. At last they gave it up, and the conductor started down the track to the nearest telephone.

"What do you suppose is the trouble?" inquired a passenger of his seat mate.

"Why, I don't know much about electricity," said the other, "but I should say it was the ohms. You see, they get into the wires every little while and make an awful fuss there. Technically, I believe, it is called resistance, but all it amounts to is stoppage—like eels in water pipe, you know. I never saw an ohm myself. They're microscopic, you know."—Youth's Companion.

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