

The Popularity Of Pushball.

It is Coming In Vogue as a Substitute at Some Colleges For the Cane Rush. Excitement of the Contest.

FOOTBALL is not the only diversion of students that the colleges are trying to reform. Another recreation or sport or custom, or whatever it may be termed is the cane rush or spree, which has been handed down from one generation of students to another as a tradition to be upheld at all costs, decrees of faculties or other powers to the contrary notwithstanding. The cane rush is not usually as bad as it is painted. The degree of roughness which it assumes depends a good deal on the institution where it is in vogue and the number of students participating, the rules observed or not observed, etc. Usually it is the custom of the upper class men to dwell on the dangerous character of the encounter in order to inspire the freshmen with more or less terror and give them a chance to show of what kind of stuff they are made. Many a freshman boy has lost his timidity and maidenliness by participating in a scrimmage of this kind and in jumping into the thick of the fray and getting a taste of what it feels like to be in a real battle.

Nevertheless the old fashioned cane rush is open to criticism in some particulars as a college custom. There is now a movement to substitute for it what is called pushball. This is a sport which can be regulated better than a cane rush. It affords an interesting spectacle and gives the contending classes the chance to exhibit their mettle. It is exciting without being especially dangerous. It seems to be finding favor this year at a number of the colleges and universities of the land.

Recently about 400 students of the sophomore and freshman classes of the University of Pennsylvania engaged in a pushball contest on the athletic grounds known as Franklin field. The participants wore appropriate costumes, and some were stripped to the



SCENES AT A PUSHBALL CONTEST.

waist. The classes fought to make goal with a monster globe seven feet in diameter. There was a resounding thud when, after the president of the senior class had given the signal, the freshmen and sophomores rushed at each other from opposite sides of the field and met in the center, where the leather sphere became the object of attack from both classes, balanced on scores of hands raised high above heads. For a moment it stood as if alive and determined not to honor either contestants. Then with a rush it floated along, impelled by eager sophomore hands, just like a big soap bubble. In less than five minutes the sophomores made the goal. The freshmen were unable to score, so the record was 1-0 at the end of a twenty minute contest. The battle was a grueling one and was halted several times by the referee to give fallen combatants opportunity to rise. The marshals on the outskirts of the fray kept a lookout to render aid to the injured, and the sport on the whole was well supervised. The contest drew a big crowd, which evinced its interest in the success of the respective classes by cheers and college cries.

There is more fairness in a contest in the open under specific rules and with referees to enforce the regulations than in an unregulated cane rush or in episodes like those of hazing, where the students may go to extreme lengths in having their fun or carrying out their ideas as to what college traditions require. The college boy who spends all his time poring over his books does not get all out of his student life that he might. A little fun and a little rough sport now and then do him no harm, but in the past the customs prevailing have sometimes given the fun loving spirits rather too much chance, and the results have often been harmful to them and their fellow students.

Felt Smaller Than That.
"You must have felt like 30 cents when her father turned you down."
"Thirty cents! I should say not. Why, a half dime was sold the other day for \$715!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

How He Learns.
"A man learns to do by doing," remarked the moralizer.
"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and also by being done."—Chicago News.

TENNESSEE'S GOVERNOR.

Malcolm R. Patterson and His Action Regarding Night Rider Outrages. Governor Malcolm Rice Patterson of Tennessee, who has taken in hand vigorously the apprehension and punishment of the Night Riders in his state, has been constantly under the protection of a heavy bodyguard on account of the danger lest he should be attacked in some way because of his in-



MALCOLM RICE PATTERSON.

sistence upon the observance of the law and preservation of the good name of the commonwealth. He stopped his campaign for re-election in order to give his attention to the suppression of Night Rider outrages.

Governor Patterson is a lawyer by profession and previous to election as governor served several terms in congress.

Chair Hitching.

"The chair hitcher," says a business man, "is the greatest nuisance that an office man is compelled to endure.

"The hitcher is always deeply interested in the matter he has come to talk over, and the more he talks the closer he draws his chair, and with every additional point he makes he gives his chair another hunch in your direction, and by the time he has fairly entered on his subject he has his feet on the rounds of your chair, his elbow on your desk and is dropping the ashes from his cigar on your coat sleeve. It would be just as easy for him to make his speech or preach his sermon three or four feet away, but he never learns that fact and damages his own cause by dragging his chair over your carpet and puffing his breath in your face.

"I know one office man in town who got so tired of having cigar ashes on his clothes and smoke poured into his face that he called a carpenter, took the rollers off one chair, placed it in a convenient position at the end of his desk, then had the man nail it to the floor. But it didn't do a particle of good. The first hitcher that came in was a big, strong 200 pounder, who began his talk and, growing earnest, just pulled the chair up by the roots, dragged it toward the desk and never noticed that anything was wrong."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Bogies" in Business.

The successful business man played with the quaint amulet suspended from his watch chain.

"You'd be surprised if you knew what a part superstition plays in business," he said. "I know two partners who are very lucky in their speculations. Well, they never made a single plunge without consulting a certain medium as to their chances of success.

"Another man once told me he had a 'familiar spirit' whom he consulted quite frequently and whose advice he had always found reliable.

"One of the most daring manipulators in stock has a fine tiger skin spread as a rug on his study floor. In an expansive moment he once informed a friend that not only did he seek advice from clairvoyants and spiritualists, but when about to carry out one of his bold schemes he would lie on his rug and stroke the paw to get 'inspiration,' though why and how this plan works I don't know."—London Throne.

A Famous Perfume.

Queen Alexandra's favorite perfume, it is well known, is a certain scent which is a combination of rare essences, the secret of which is so carefully guarded that no money can purchase the recipe. The late Queen Victoria used this same perfume for more than fifty years. Nobody but the manufacturer knows the formula, but a Paris perfumer of long experience has pronounced it a blend of rose, violet, jasmine, lavender and orange blossom.

Persian Humor.

A recent Persian caricature shows a bearded Turk in a turban upon the crenelated roof of his house looking through a fieldglass. "Allah is just," he exclaims. "Now that my neighbors' wives go about with faces uncovered I see that they are quite as homely as my own."

Fiction

HOW THE DOCTOR WON.

By JEANNETTE S. BENTON.

The office boy heard the doctor in the annex and went out. Her face was buried in a basin of water, and the formaldehyde bottle stood open.

"How's the smallpox?" he asked.
"Bad," she replied, emerging rosy from the towel. "Is any one waiting?"

"No one now but Mr. Doane Aldrich. Been three or four, but they got tired waiting."

"Very well. Tell him I will be there in a minute."

As the boy closed the door she walked to the mirror and regarded herself attentively, spraying violet water over her hands and hair.

"I wish I had some powder," she murmured. "I am afraid I look blowzy."

To the tall young man in the reception room she looked discouragingly cool and unperturbed as he arose at her entrance.

"It is a little matter, doctor," he explained. "I have just been transferred to the Y mine, and they have smallpox down there, so I suppose it is necessary to be vaccinated."

"It certainly is if you haven't been lately. Things are in bad shape at the Y. I have put in the whole afternoon there. There's a good deal of smallpox and more dissatisfaction. I suppose the dissatisfaction is what sent you there."

"I suppose so. What's at the bottom of the trouble anyway?"

"Sticking hovels and the company store. If you can get the company to do anything before those people murder you as its nearest representative you will be doing good work. However, come into the office, and I will vaccinate you."

He followed her in.

"This is the first time I ever came here as a subject," he remarked.

He bared his arm and looked dubiously at its white surface.

How could she be a doctor? Still, he had sometimes wished he could be sick a week or two. It would be such a good chance to see her every day. What was she going to do with that razor looking little knife? It had been so long since he was vaccinated he had forgotten all about it. Did she jab the stuff in at the end of that? If she was going to jab he wished she would and stop that scratching.

He watched the scratching knife, fascinated. Suddenly it began to describe erratic circles in his vision.

Dr. Richie felt his arm relaxing under her grasp. With a movement as quiet as it was quick she eased his stalwart body to the floor, then loosened his collar and dashed a little water in his face.

He opened his eyes slowly.
"Oh, I say," he gasped, "what's the matter?"

The doctor stood a little way off regarding him with professional gravity.

"I was vaccinating you, and you fainted," she explained. "You will be all right in a moment."

He got rather uncertainly to his feet and leaned against a convenient case of drawers.

"Good Lord!" he groaned. "What do you think of me? I hope you don't think it was because it hurt. I don't know what it was. I was watching that little knife; then I was here on the floor. Please finish the job," he concluded irritably. "I'll try to stand up under it."

As she adjusted the small bandage he thought savagely:
"If I should lift you off your feet, my sweet doctor, and kiss that diabolical dimple you might at least respect my muscle. How can a fellow make love to a woman doctor anyway?"

Aldrich, rather abruptly, hurried into his coat, settled with the office boy and got away with all speed.

The doctor strolled to the window and watched him go striding off, his big shoulders squared.

"Poor old fellow!" she said softly. Then she flushed and smiled in a way that little belittled a member of the medical profession.

"He is bashful and stupid, too," she pouted.

Doane Aldrich squared his shoulders against his troubles often that winter. His recognized powers as a pacificator seemed to have signally failed.

One day he swung into the cart as the doctor was trotting home.

"See here," he said. "I must talk with you. I don't know what to do with those people. Heaven knows they have reason enough to be sore, and I am helpless. Of course they can't realize that, but the company pays no attention to my representations. I am the nearest thing the poor brutes have to hate, and they hate me well. Tomorrow I have got to discharge McGuire and Kearney."

The doctor interrupted: "That means a strike, to begin with. Then Kate McGuire and Dilsey Kearney—why, they would as soon have a riot as enough to eat."

"But what can I do? The men have come on the shift twice within a week drunk and quarrelsome. Overlook it and they will all get drunk and—"

"Raise hades," gently suggested the doctor. Then her face grew mischievous. "Don't you think you had better follow your predecessor's example and throw it up?" she suggested.

He looked at her with decided sternness.

"I suppose that was about the opti-

on you entertained of me. Excuse me. There is a man I want to see." And Mr. Aldrich had checked the horse enough to depart.

It was cold, with a driving mist, when the doctor drove up to her gate several evenings later.

"Poor Bess!" she said to the panting horse. "Tired, aren't you?"

A small, tattered boy came down the road, running wearily, as though nearly spent.

"Oh, Miss Doctor," he shrilled, "wait!"

His face shone pale through the dirt. As he came up she recognized the pit boss' boy.

"Ma sent me to tell you to do something quick. Kate an' Dilsey is out with a lot of wimin, an' they are runnin' wild. Mr. Aldrich went down with the new shift. Pa told him he better watch things on top, but he thought pa needed help. Now they are goin' to git hold of the shaft house an' when Mr. Aldrich comes up with the new men either drop the cage or rock 'em."

The doctor's face had grown white as the boy talked.

The boy nodded.
"Come into the house. You must be dried and fed. I will telephone the police, but Bess and I will get there half an hour ahead of them. Heaven knows what we will do, but we will do something or die!" she half whispered.

"Now, go, Bess!" she cried as she sprang into the buggy.

As she approached the little town she could hear a swelling din of discordant voices. She dashed through an alley and came out in the street in front of the shaft house. The women were sweeping around the corner just below her, fifteen or twenty of them. Their tossing arms and distorted faces held her a second fascinated. Then her brown eyes brightened mischievously, and she wheeled the horse and cart directly in front of the howling crowd.

"Kate McGuire!" she called, pointing an accusing whip at her. Their momentum carried them nearly to the cart. Then, as they could not conveniently climb it and the "darlin' doctor" was a person to respect anyway, they stopped.

"What do you mean," she demanded sternly, "yelling around in this cold rain? What do you think it will do for your neuralgia? You will be crazy with it. Your cheek is all swelled up now, and your eye looks as though you had broken a blood vessel. I knew a woman once"—her voice grew deeply impressive—"whose eye burst, and she didn't expose herself the way you are doing either. And you, too, Dilsey, just nicely over the smallpox—do you know what you will have? You will have a relapse!"

She fairly hurled the word at her, and Dilsey received it with a moan of terror.

"Holy mother, doctor!" she wailed. "Do it be fatal?"

Kate had shut her mouth and was whining softly, cuddling her face in her damp shawl. She turned reproachfully to the women behind her.

"The doctor's right. This do be a sorry night for poor wimin creatures to be out in, an' ye ought to be ashamed, me head's crazy already wid the pain."

She came close to the buggy.

"Doctor, dear, do be givin' me something!" she entreated.

"How many have you had vaccinations that you'll be taking cold in? And you, Jerusha—I thought you told me you couldn't speak a loud word?"

"No more I can," croaked Jerusha hoarsely.

"Go home, every one of you!" she waved imperiously. "You ought to be ashamed, running around like a lot of lunatics. I'll come around presently and give you something for that neuralgia, Kate, and you a dose, too, Dilsey."

Five minutes later there wasn't a woman in sight save the doctor.

She drove the trembling horse into one of the sheds.

"Poor old girl!" she said, loosening up the harness. "I nearly killed you, didn't I?"

There was a sound of hurrying feet, and Mr. Aldrich came in breathlessly.

"Are you safe?" he cried.

She gave him one quick glance, her white chin and red lips set with becoming gravity.

"I think I am," she replied, with a mild note of inquiry. "Do you feel dangerous?"

He strode up to her and looked down into the provoking face.

"A man who faints when he is vaccinated is a fit subject to be saved from a mob of women, isn't he?" he questioned. "Don't think I don't realize how serious it was. I know you probably saved me from a very unpleasant death, but I wish you hadn't."

He searched her face an instant, then suddenly drew her to him and kissed almost roughly the derisive dimple that was flaunting at him.

"I have been tempted a hundred times," he said defiantly.

"And you were too—too stupid to—er—fall!"

Draughts as an Education.
There is no game extant which so admirably combines educational and recreative features or which is in every way so well adapted for a popular and profitable amusement among refined and appreciative classes as draughts. Its influences are of an elevating character. It not only teaches, but practically enforces, the necessity of patience and perseverance, courage and courtesy, self reliance and self control. The game is also peculiarly and self evidently worthy of paternal encouragement, as a knowledge of its incomparable beauties will destroy the taste for demoralizing games of chance.—Exchange.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

If They Had Met Before.

"It is too bad," he said, glancing across the table at her, "that I could not have known you before."

She looked up at him with a wistfulness that caused his heart to beat madly.

"Ah, well," she said at last, "what has been cannot be changed."

"If I had known you five years ago," he went on, "I would not be married to another now. Do you believe in the theory that every soul has its mate somewhere in the world?"

"I don't know. Sometimes I am inclined to think so."

"I know it is so. I used to scoff at the idea, but since I have looked into your eyes—since I have beheld your glorious face and heard your voice I have become convinced that God intended us for each other."

"I am afraid you ought not to say such things to me."

"Why not? It is the truth. Nothing that has been can change that. Are the laws of society greater than the law of nature? In the sight of heaven your soul and mine are kindred. Another bears my name and shares my fortune, but it is for you, darling, that my heart is yearning."

"Still, even if we had met five years ago—but I must not think of that. Let us talk about something else."

"If we had met five years ago—ah, how changed all would be with us now! If we had met five years ago—"

He paused, and into his eyes there stole a faraway look.

"If we had met five years ago," she said, after gazing at him thoughtfully for a little while, "I suppose I would be sitting alone somewhere and wondering what affinity you were dining with now."

"Confound women," he thought as he began eating his oysters, "they're all so full of jealousy that reason can have no place within them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Pretty Tough.
"That was a dreadfully tough steak you sent us yesterday, Mr. Beebeigh."

"Was it, ma'am? You should have sent it back."

"Yes, I meant to, but my husband was too quick for me. Before I knew what he was going to do he cut it up into strips and used it for hinges on the henhouse door."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Getting Interested.
Maude—Haven't you finished that novel yet, dear?
Clara—No; but I've reached the most interesting part.

Maude—Indeed!
Clara—Yes; the heroine is about to elope with one man because she is in love with another.—Detroit Tribune.

It Would.
"I have a riddle for you," giggled Miss Passay. "If ten men proposed to me, what would that be?"

"What?" asked Miss Young.
"A tender."

"Yes, and if one should propose to you, it would be a wonder."—Cleveland Leader.

No Grumbling.
"Don't you find it pretty expensive to keep up that big touring car?"

"Yes, I do. But I'm not grumbling. You see, Martha agreed to give up playing bridge at the Fleeceems' if I'd buy the car. Oh, I'm saving money, all right."—Smart Set.

Left Behind.
"Your wife and daughters have attained great social importance."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "if I hadn't happened to marry into the family I don't believe mother and the girls would speak to me."—Washington Star.

Deeply Impressed.
Looney—What kind of an impression did your new father-in-law make on you?
James—Well, it was about a foot long, three inches deep and made with a league bat.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Reverse of the Rule.
Frightened Faun—Oh, ma, here come some amateur hunters!
Experienced Deer—Don't be scared. My pet. Keep still and they will mistake us for human beings.—Baltimore American.

Not His Fortune.
"Do you suppose any suitor ever was actually kicked out by a girl's father?"

"A few may have been," replied Mr. Enpec, "but not many people are born lucky."—Kansas City Times.

Discordant.
She (at the piano)—I presume you are a true lover of music, are you not?
He—Yes, I am; but pray don't stop playing on my account.—Judge.

Not One.
Lives there a fan with soul so dead
Himself he does not cheer
By saying what he oft has said,
"Just watch our team next year?"
—Kansas City Times.

More Small Competitors.
Weary Walker—I see 500 more men has been 'rown out of work.
Tired Traveler—Gee! Dere's gettin' to be too much competition in our business.—Puck.

The Eagle's Plight.
This jaunty airship makes me sigh
With envy that is great.
'Tis true that I know how to fly,
But I can't aviate.
—Washington Star.

His Specialty.
"I like a man who puts a good face on a bad proposition."
"Then you ought to love Takum, the photographer."—Lippincott's Magazine.

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