

HOW COACH RICE TEACHES FRESHMEN TO ROW.

Coach Jim Rice of the Columbia crews has an original way of teaching freshmen how to row. He had been megaphoning a few plain truths at his boatload of youngsters on the Hudson the other afternoon from the coaching launch when he caught sight of one oarsman "feathering under."

JOHNSON MODEST HERO.

Washington's Great Pitcher Never Has Had Enlarged Cranium.

The average ball player whose ability such as to make him stand out from his team mates seldom is popular with them, for the reason that he considers himself above them. With a few ex-



Photo by American Press Association. WALTER JOHNSON.

ceptions star ball players usually bring about a condition on a team which proves detrimental to its success. Walter Johnson, however, is a player who differs from most stars in this respect. Were it left to a vote of the players he would be unanimously chosen as the most popular man on the team, and it's all because of the ideal disposition of the young man who holds the distinction of being the greatest pitcher in the game today.

CANTILLON'S ECCENTRICS.

Former Senator Leader Has a Bunch of "Bugs."

The average man in charge of a ball team tries to steer clear of eccentric ball players, but there is one exception to this rule, Joe Cantillon.

It is questionable if there was ever a team which numbered among its members as many individuals who, in the parlance of the game, are called "bugs," as are to be found on Cantillon's Minneapolis team this season.

ZINN A NATURAL HITTER.

New York Outfielder Looks Like a Coming Star.

Eddie Zinn, the young outfielder of the New York Highlanders, is one of the most promising players possessed by any club in the country. The manner in which he is banging out hits lately—right, left and center—is a caution, and if he keeps up the good work it will not be long before he enjoys a niche in the slugging ranks occupied by such men as Speaker, Meyers, Donlin, Cobb, Wagner, Lajoie and Baker.

Gregg's Delivery Like Waddell's. In Manager Davis' opinion, south-paw pitcher Gregg's delivery is an exact duplicate of Waddell at his best.

Glad Hubby Was in Jail.

Captain Charles Edwards of the Walnut street police station was sitting in his office the other evening when a negro woman entered his office with a man whom the captain had seen before in tow.

"Excuse me for taking your time, Mr. Officer, but I want to know is this the man that you-all had in jail last Saturday night and Sunday. You see, he failed to come home and told me he had been locked up. I guessed right away he deviated from the gospel truth and brought him right down here with me to prove it to him."

"I regret to say, madam, but he was our special guest over Sunday," answered Captain Edwards.

"Oh, Zach, my dear boy, will you ever forgive me for not believing you? I don't care how many times you are arrested, just so's I knows where you is," said the negress as she fell on Zach's neck, begging forgiveness.—Kansas City Journal.

The Impossible Ideal.

That fellow in the picture ad. He causes me regret. It often leaves me strangely sad. That we have ever met. A stunning suit of clothes he wears; He shaves himself with glee. No matter where I look, he stares Contentedly at me. He eats all kinds of breakfast food; He smokes all kinds of weed; He strikes a graceful attitude. And bids you pause and read. That picture fellow haunts me still. And leaves me feeling grim. For, buy and struggle as I will, I cannot look like him! —Washington Star.

Paternal Pride.

A northern Missouri justice of the peace, whose fence marks the boundary between Missouri and Iowa, is much impressed with his position.

One day he saw his son and the hired man fighting and ran toward them shouting: "Cease, in the name of the state of Missouri!" Just then the combatants crashed through the fence, and the old man halted.

"Give it to him, son!" he whooped. "I've lost my jurisdiction."—Everybody's Magazine. They were looking at the canvases on exhibition in the artist's studio. "Does this one represent a real landscape?" inquired the portly gentleman with the double chin. "Yes, sir," answered the artist; "that rude shack in the foreground is a moonshiner's cabin in the Tennessee mountains." "Oh, yes; this must be the painting called 'Still Life' in the catalogue."—Chicago Tribune.

"And Good in Everything." I must search for some good, with a wide open mind. In the things I dislike, of all types, So I'm going to make a strong effort to find Some virtue in calabash pipes. —Peoria Herald-Transcript.

Mouthpieces.

"I object to the use of dummy directors who do simply what they are told."

"Well," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "I don't know that a dummy director is any more helpless as a personal quantity than an instructed delegate or a member of an electoral college."—Washington Star.

Never Tested.

"I used to think I would know just how to manage my wife when I got her." "Has your system proved to be a failure?" "No; the system may be all right, as far as I know. She has never let me try it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

When We Will Admit It.

"I am much overrated. I admit it," said Bill Snook. "And I deny what's stated in the tax assessor's book." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Where Walls Have Ears.

Mr. Wrenter—Suppose we call on those people in the rooms on the other side of the hall. Mrs. Wrenter (who has been listening)—We can't do it now. They're eating their dinner. They have just finished the soup and begun on the celery.—Chicago Tribune.

Filial Piety.

Tommy Twaddles—Oh, I don't want to go to school! Pa Twaddles—But don't you want a good education? Tommy Twaddles (ingratiatingly)—No, pa; I'd rather grow up to be just like you.—Tit-Bits.

A Spring Problem.

The question comes, there's little doubt. To every young and pretty miss: "Which can I get along without? The best—the onion or the kiss?" —Judge.

Wrong Advice.

"Always mind your own business," said the sage. "It doesn't pay to get mixed up in other people's quarrels." "Oh, I don't know," replied the young man. "I'm a lawyer."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Spell It With a "W."

Medium—Do you hear those knocks? That's your dead husband. Aunt Caroline—Now, it's not, nuther. I done tote you onct dey doan use raps where dat nigger went.—Philadelphia Record.

Keep Them on the Ground.

The captain called his baseball nine. And, to his great surprise, said, "Every man will draw a fine Who tries to swat the flies." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

O'DAY NOT ALWAYS POPULAR IN CINCINNATI.

Reference has been made to the fact that Umpire Carpenter is now in the twentieth year of service with the Southern league. Hank O'Day umpired fifteen years for the National league and continuously. Bob Emslie has been a National league umpire still longer. Apropos of O'Day, his success as a manager this year makes him the most popular and revered man in Cincinnati, but he hasn't always been so regarded there. Soon after Hank began umpiring in the National league he was officiating in a Baltimore-Cincinnati game. Frank Dwyer was pitching and an Oriole bunted the ball. Hank made tracks for first base, thinking there would be a play there, but Dwyer caught the bunt on the fly. Hank didn't see that, and he called the batter safe at first base. Up to a short while ago they were still harping on that mistake of O'Day's in Cincinnati. However, there never was a better umpire than O'Day, and a few loots can be forgiven him.

WATCH ABEL KIVIAT.

Crack Miler May Be One of the Sensations of the Olympiad.

Athletic sharps predict that Abel Kiviatt will be one of the sensations at the Olympiad to be held in Sweden if he maintains his present form. At Celtic park, New York, recently Abel smashed the world's record for the 1,500 meter event when he went the distance in 3 minutes 59 1/5 seconds, beating the mark of 3 minutes 59 4/5



Photo by American Press Association. ABEL KIVIAT.

seconds made by "Pony" Wilson of England June 30, 1908, at the tryouts for the English Olympic team.

In the recent race Kiviatt defeated such stars as Mel Sheppard, Oscar Hedlund and Frank Riley. Many close followers of the game who thronged the infield averred they witnessed some slashing races in years gone by, but nothing compared with Kiviatt's 200 yards. Kiviatt didn't do much all winter, but now that he has got into his stride it will take a man of the caliber of J. P. Jones of Cornell to make him bow to defeat. He is better than ever.

ANDRE GOBERT COMING.

French Tennis Champ Anxious to Play Americans.

Andre H. Gobert, the French champion and holder of the English covered court title, is still keen on visiting America this season. He would probably have come over for the clay court championship were it not for the fact that it conflicts with the English championship at Wimbledon. As it is, he expects to cross over in the middle of next month—that is, if the Frenchmen beat the Englishmen in the Davis cup preliminaries.

Northen Once a Red.

Hub Northen, the Brooklyn outfielder, was once a member of the Reds when Griffith was a manager there, but he was let go because he was a left handed hitter. Griff wanted a right handed because he had plenty of left handers.

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Just note what the information given in one of these booklets, "The Million Egg-Farm," did for Robert Liddle, a clerk of Scranton, Pa. In May, 1910, Robert bought 2300 day-old chicks. He spent just one week studying the methods now given in this book,—his only preparation for the business. Result—this "greenhorn" raised 95 per cent. of all his chicks, and 1350 of them were pullets. ("Poultry Secrets" tells you this secret.) In less than seven months he was getting 425 eggs daily, and selling them at 58 cents a dozen. His feed cost averaged \$4.00 a day, leaving him OVER \$17.00 A DAY PROFIT,—and this before all his pullets had begun laying. Isn't "Money-making Secrets" a good name for such booklets? Read what people say of the other booklets, and of the FARM JOURNAL itself:—

"I find your Egg-Book worth untold dollars," says Roy Chaney, Illinois. "What it tells would take a beginner years to learn." "I am much pleased with the Butter Book," writes F. J. Dickerson, Illinois. "and would like to know how I could secure 300 copies, one for each patron of our creamery." "Duck Dollars is the best book I ever had on duck-raising," says F. M. Warnock, Penna. "If your other booklets contain as much valuable information as the Egg-Book, I would consider them cheap at double the price," says F. W. Mansfield, New York. "I found Garden Gold a great help in my garden this summer. I lost my health in the great famine, trying to save the starving Chinese, and I am trying to get it back by getting near to the soil. After a long tussle with the Chinese language and mission problems, it is a great rest to get out with the vegetables, trees, chickens, etc. I am saving money and regaining my health. My wife and I both find FARM JOURNAL indispensable." "The FARM JOURNAL beats them all," writes T. H. Potter, Penna. "Every issue has reminders and ideas worth a year's subscription." "One year I took another agricultural paper," says N. M. Gladwin, Washington, "and it took a whole column to tell what FARM JOURNAL tells in one paragraph." "I was very greatly helped by your garden page," writes Mrs. Joe Lawrence, Saskatchewan. "I was never successful in growing cabbage until last summer, when I tried the FARM JOURNAL way. Now I have more than I need to use." "FARM JOURNAL was a regular visitor at my boyhood home," writes Dr. William Davis, New Jersey. "When the first copy came, it carried me back ten years, and I felt a boy again. I shall never be without it again—I want home to seem like home. When it arrives, I feel the gladness jump right into me. I begin on the first page and read to my wife until half-past ten, and all through the month I drink of its cream. You must work hard to keep it so rich." "FARM JOURNAL is good for the man behind the counter, as well as the man in the field," says J. I. Sloat, a Virginia bank clerk. "If I could get as good interest on every dollar as I get from the FARM JOURNAL, I would soon be a millionaire," says A. W. Weitzel, Penna. Farm Journal FOUR full years, with any one of the booklets, FARM JOURNAL, 333 N. Clifton St., Philadelphia Write for free sample copy, with premiums to club agents.

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CLERK'S NOTICE NO. 2173 IN BANKRUPTCY. In the District Court of the United States for the Middle District of Pennsylvania, Burton Lewis Holbert, Honesdale, of Wayne county, Pa., a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said Act,

notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest to appear before the said court at Scranton in said District, on the 25th day of June, 1912, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted. GEORGE C. SCHEUBER, Clerk.