THE BANKER'S CAT.

... London there was not a more ...mirable specimen of his class ...hilip Tredgold, managing part... great banking firm, Messrs. ...ery & Tredgold. Enterprising ...tions, honest in his dealings, ...nd even generous in his treat... subordinates, he was to those ...he very ideal of what an ...ss man should be.

...was the best evidence of his ...capacity. Forty years before ...taken into the employment of ...an act of charity. He was ...of 17 or so, and having lately ... penniless orphan, and being a ...nd humble relative of the late ...uel Sillery, that munificent gen... thought proper to provide for him ...giving him a junior clerkship in the cashier's department. For a considerable time his abilities and industry attracted no attention. At length, however, they brought him to the notice of Mr. Smith, then the head of the firm, who appointed him his confidential secretary. From that moment young Tredgold's rise was rapid. Mr. Smith's respect for and confidence in him grew stronger every day, and when, some yeare later, a breakdown in Mr. Sillery's health (induced, it was said, by a too free consumption of alcohol) led to his retirement from the active affairs of the partnership, his place therein was taken by young Tredgold. Hitherto the bank had been a West End concern, with a branch in the city. The city branch now came under young Tredgold's management, and in his hands it rapidly developed into the chief office of the firm. Later on, when age compelled the retirement of Mr. Smith, Tredgold succeeded, as a matter of course, to the general management, and to a share in the partnership. Since then the bank had steadily advanced in importance and reputation until it was ranked among the greatest and most powerful banks in London.

The man who could make such a position for his business or for himself must obviously have been clear-headed, resolute and practical. Yet strange to say, he was the victim of one craze, which was ridiculous enough to excite the derision of a child. This craze was an unspeakable and almost insane devotion to the memory of an old black cat, with a great, white, half-human face.

Where the cat originally came from no one exactly knew. People who were intimate with Sir Philip when he was a comparatively young man remember it as a petted companion of his before his marriage.

After the marriage he continued as fond of it as ever, and even his children did not take his affection away from it. Indeed, in the early years of their wedded life, young Mrs. Tredgold complained that he cared more for that cat than for his wife and children put together. However that may have been, there could be no doubt as to his great love for it, and when age brought infirmities to the animal his love appeared rather to increase than diminish. A distinguished cat doctor was in daily attendance on it, and everything that science and thought could do to prolong and comfort its declining days was done with such success that, but for an accident, it might have lived in luxury for an indefinite period.

The accident was this: Little Mary was Tredgold's favorite child. She was a wilful little minx, and jealous withal. The chief object of her jealousy was the old cat, which she reasonably thought absorbed too much of her father's regard and attention. Whether this feeling prompted the act or whether it came about through pure accident, is hard to say, but, at any rate, one day when her father was in the city, Miss Mary sat down heavily on the cat. The result, in the infirm state of the latter's health, was disastrous. It lived for an hour or two after the event. Mrs. Tredgold, apprehensive of her husband's anger, called in the distinguished cat doctor. All his efforts proved vain, however. Just as Mr. Tredgold arrived home in the evening the old cat breathed its last.

Mr. Tredgold was greatly upset by his pet's violent death. For some days after it he was particularly gloomy and downcast, and Miss Mary was in complete disgrace with him. He seemed to regard the matter as omen of ill-luck: and, indeed, went so far as to express this view to Mrs. Tredgold; and, even when the first shock was over, he still entertained forebodings that the event might yet bring evil fortune to the child who was the chief actor in the tragedy.

Even when the cat was dead, Mr. Tredgold could not bear to part with it. He had it preserved, and placed in a glass case in his private office at the bank. It stood on a pedestal close to his writing table, and as he worked, it seemed to watch him with its big grey eyes unceasingly. Strangers, when visiting the bank, were startled and fascinated by the weird appearance of the thing, and its presence there gave rise to the most fantastic legends among the bank clerks and bank customers. It was alleged that Sir Philip privately caressed it, as if it were alive, that he talked to it, and some even said that he prayed to it. Probably the only element of truth in all this was that the banker remained as careful of the preserved skin of the old cat as he was of the cat himself.

As Tredgold grew older, his infatuation seemed to increase. When he received his baronetcy, he chose as his crest a black cat with the motto, "Fortunam dedi." This motto appeared to express his firm belief. To his son Francis, who had now joined him in the business, he constantly referred to the cat as the founder of the family fortunes, and charged him to preserve it when he was gone. Francis, knowing the strange rumors to which his father's monomania had given rise, did not love the thing, and was very reluctant to make any promise that it would be treasured as a family heirloom in the future. Sir Philip saw this, and felt his son's view under the circumstances was not unreasonable. If he wanted Francis to cherish the thing as he did, he must give him some better reason for doing so than what appeared to be merely an old man's foolish fancy. But years passed and still no other reason was given.

It was a chill November night. Sir Philip's infirmities had grown rapidly of late, and the approach of winter had greatly aggravated them. The banker was now sitting in his easy chair before roaring fire and guarded on all sides from every suspicion of a draught. There was no one with him but his son Francis.

"Frank," said Sir Philip, suddenly "I'll never see another summer."

"Oh, father, father, don't talk like that," answered Francis, in a surprised and shocked tone, "and I hope you'll see many more summers and winters, too."

"Yes, you hope it, but you don't believe it," said Sir Philip. "No, my life is practically ended. And you, Frank, do you know the story of it?"

"Yes, I do, sir, and I am proud of it."

"Ay, Frank," said Sir Philip, sadly, "but you don't know it all. I think you should, Frank. What I'm going to tell you mayn't seem very creditable to me, but it will explain some fancies of mine that need explanation." And Sir Philip paused.

Francis was silent. He did not know what to say.

"Frank!" Sir Philip went on after a moment's reflection, "you know under what circumstances I entered the employment of our firm. God knows I was glad to get any employment at the time, though the bread I earned at the bank during the first five or six years was the bread of bitterness and humiliation. I don't want to speak ill of a dead man, but for truth's sake I must say that Sillery, who gave me my post, was one of the meanest and most brutal creatures it has ever been my misfortune to meet. How he and Mr. Charles Smith came together and how they contrived to work together I never could, and can't to this moment, understand. Mr. Smith never said or did a cruel thing in his life; Sillery was never so happy as when he was insulting his subordinates. I, being under an obligation to him, and being too poor to be able to resent any treatment, was the favorite object for his blackguardism. The misery that man wantonly inflicted on me is as fresh in my mind to-day as it was 50 years ago.

"You know you are called after my younger brother, who you never saw and who died years ago in India. When my father died, Frank was at school. I contrived, by starving myself, to keep him there until he was nearly 18. The only prospect he had in life was to join me at the bank, and knowing the agony he would have to suffer, I kept him out of it as long as I could, with a sort of vague hope that something more tolerable might be in store for him.

"By a strange chance something did turn up. One day a gentleman from India called at the bank on business matters. I had to converse with him while his affairs were being attended to. In the conversation it came out that the gentleman was on old school-fellow of my father's. I told him of myself and my brother, and asked him as to the chance of getting a situation for my brother in India. To my delight, the next morning I received a note from him, saying that he had secured the nomination to a post of a most promising nature in Calcutta, and if my brother cared for it he might have it. Of course I accepted for him with ecstasy.

"I confess when I accepted I had not thought of the expenses of outfit. India was further away then than now, and I soon found that, even with the passage paid—which was done by his employers—his outfit could not be obtained for less than £50. I did not possess 50 shillings. In despair I asked Sillery for a loan. He received my application with derision, telling me he had done enough for me and my brother, and if we bothered him further he would rid himself of the whole beggarly pack. His brutal behavior only made me the more anxious to save my brother from the ignominy of being his servant. There was only one way of doing this. I went to the money lender.

"Moses Levison lent me £50 on my giving him a bill for £100, payable in twelve months. My brother from his arrival in India would have a good salary. He promised before the bill became due to transmit to me enough with what I could save to meet it.

"The outfit was bought, Frank sailed, and nine months passed. Then I received a letter from my brother saying he had been very ill, and as yet, in consequence, had been unable to save any money to send me. Nearly three months more passed. Then I received another letter, asking me to renew on any terms. Frank had been unable to put by anything. He had had to make good a loss due to the dishonesty of his servant. If he only had six months more he could send me two or three hundred. I went to Levison. At first he refused point blank to renew, then he consented to renew on receiving £20—all my savings during the year—and another bill for £200, payable in nine months. I accepted his conditions—I could do nothing else—and wrote to my brother.

"The nine months slowly passed. During them I had many cheering letters from my brother. He was doing well, and saving money, and he was confident he could send me £200 in time to meet the bill. Levison, on the other hand, called at the bank several times, just to see that I was still there, and to assure me that if the £200 was not forthcoming on the very day he would inform my employers of the whole transaction.

"As the day of reckoning drew near, my anxiety grew deeper and deeper. During the last month I arose every day looking for a letter from my brother, but none came. At last the final day of the bill's life broke. No letter from my brother arrived.

"On that day of agony I went as usual to the office. In the afternoon I was sent to the city branch with 200 sovereigns for Sillery for some transaction in which gold had to be paid. When I arrived he was in his private office. Evidently he had been drinking, and was only half aware of what he was doing. He received me with a torrent of abuse, took the money from me, and ordered me, as I had been late in coming, to wait at the office after the rest left until he returned. Shortly afterward the work for the day was finished, the bank closed, and I was left there alone to await Sillery's return.

"I sat there dumb and half dead with misery, listening to the rain beating against the windows. To-morrow was the day of reckoning. Levison would demand his money. It would not be forthcoming. He would keep his threat of telling my employers, and I should be kicked into the street. What was before me then? Absolute starvation—nothing else—possibly the jail, for the days of imprisonment for debt were not then over.

"How long I sat there I can scarcely say. It was very late, however, before Sillery returned. He was drunker than before, and in a more than usually savage temper. He went to his private office and tumbled about there among his papers for a time. Then he came out and demanded if I knew what he had done with the money I had brought him. I told him I did not. He swore at me, and then turned back into his office. I heard him cursing various women, and calling them thieves, and then it struck me that, instead of attending to his business, he had found his way into evil company and had been robbed. Shortly afterward he stumbled out of his room and, bidding me to lock up and be gone, left the bank.

"I proceeded to lock up in a slow and miserable way. As I did, it occurred to me that Sillery had changed his overcoat for a mackintosh before leaving the office that afternoon, and that possibly he had left the money he supposed he had lost in the pocket of his overcoat he had thrown off. A sudden curiosity possessed me to know if this was so. I relit the lights I had put out, reopened the private office I had locked up, and went in. His overcoat was hanging there. I felt the pocket. I was right. In changing his overcoat he had forgotten to transfer the money.

"God help me, Frank, a thought just then flashed into my mind that put me in a fever. Here was £200—the amount I needed next day to save me from ruin. It was in gold, which could not be traced. Its owner believed he had lost it under circumstances too discreditable to allow inquiry into them. He was rich, and could easily replace the money. He was my oppressor, and I owed him no love or duty. Why should I not take the money and save myself from destruction.

"Frank, never be hard on a thief till you know all the circumstances surrounding his crime. Sometimes these are so strong as to master the most honest of us. They were too strong for me now. I took the money. I hid it deep in my inside pocket. I rearranged the overcoat, so as to leave it as I had found it; then I turned to leave.

"As I did so a sight met my eyes that paralyzed me with terror. On one side of the private office was a window into the staircase leading to the upper stories of the house which were separately occupied. The blind covering the window was drawn, but not completely down. At the bottom corner, between the blind and the sill, I saw two eyes gazing intently at me! Before I could recover from the shock they disappeared, and I heard a slight noise on the stairs as of someone stealing gently away.

"I was discovered. To morrow I should be in the dock! Mad with agony and horror, I tore the money from my pocket, and rushing to Sillery's overcoat, thrust it back where I had found it. Then I turned out the light again, locked the door of the private office, hurried to the street door, went out, and relocked it. And then, still full of fear, I hastened off to the lodgings of the bank porter, and left there the keys.

"How I got home that night I cannot tell. When I did reach home I found a letter from my brother awaiting me. It contained a draft for £250. The letter had been delayed by the rough weather encountered on the voyage. If it had come only twelve hours earlier it would have brought me unspeakable satisfaction. Now it only seemed to add to my misery, for what its earlier arrival would have prevented had occurred, I had been false to my employers—I had been a thief—and someone, whom I knew not, was a witness of my crime.

"I need not dwell on the horrible anxiety which filled me all the next day. Every messenger who came to us from the city branch seemed to me to be sent with tidings of my crime or contemplated crime. When the day was over and nothing evil had happened, I went home only to dream that the morrow would bring the revelation I dreaded.

"Week followed week, but still no suspicion of my dishonesty got abroad. On the contrary, Mr. Smith developed a strong liking for me, and promoted me to be his confidential secretary. The fear of discovery gradually died away, and a belief or fancy that the eyes I saw at the window were a sort of warning sent from heaven to prevent the contemplated robbery arose in my mind. This was strengthened by what I subsequently learned. It seemed that in the morning after his drunken bout Sillery remembered where he had left the gold, and, hurrying to the city, had obtained the keys from the bank porter and gone to his private office. He found the money. Had he not done so he would have known that I was, and I alone could be, the thief. It was, then, those eyes at the window which saved me from disgrace and absolute ruin.

"Several months later I was sitting alone one dark afternoon in the private office investigating some transactions of Sillery's with which Mr. Smith was dissatisfied. The lights were burning, and everything was just as on the night of terror. I heard a slight noise at the window. Looking up I saw between the blind and the bottom of the window into the staircase the same two eyes as looked down on me that night. I gazed at them startled and scared. As I did, it struck me that they were not human eyes. Gently approaching the window I drew up the blind. There on the window still sat their owner—a big black cat, with a great white, half-human-looking face.

"I made inquiries, and found that the cat belonged to the old female caretaker who lived on the top floor of the building. I bought him. You know the rest.

"Can you understand now, Frank, what I mean when I say it was that old cat that made my fortune?"

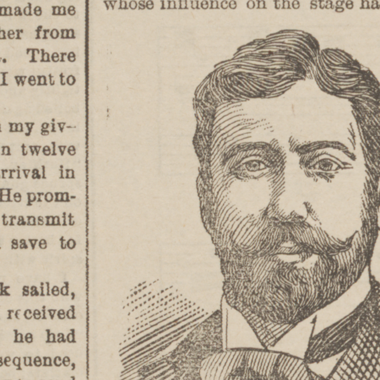
* * * * * * * *

Sir Philip Tredgold is dead. Sir Francis his son, is dead, too. Sir Philip—the founder's grandson—reigns in their stead. But the big black cat, with its great white, half-human-looking face, still stands in the private office of Messrs. Smith, Sillery & Tredgold's bank, watching over the fortunes of the Tredgolds.

D'OYLEY CARTE.

Something of the Man Who Made the Success of Gilbert and Sullivan.

The announcement has been made that at the conclusion of the present season of the Savoy theater, London, the manager of that magnificent playhouse, D'Oyley Carte will retire permanently from participation in theatrical affairs. This will remove from that field of endeavor a man whose influence on the stage has all been



D'OYLEY CARTE.

in the direction of better things, and one who has never allowed the greed for large profits to detract from the completeness of the numerous productions made under his direction.

To this same D'Oyley Carte the lovers of meritorious light music all over the world owe a heavy debt of gratitude, for it was he who, at a time when there was nothing like a certainty of success, brought those phenomenal collaborators, Gilbert and Sullivan, prominently to the attention of the people of other lands than their own. It has often been said by admirers of Mr. Carte that had it not been for his efforts and his wonderful ability as a manager and producer the authors of "Pinafore" and the rest of that long and magnificent series of comic operas would today rank as mere mediocrities instead of standing admittedly at the top in their respective lines. This is probably somewhat of an exaggeration, but it cannot be disputed that with any other man than Mr. Carte at the helm Gilbert and Sullivan would not now occupy the supremely prominent place in the world of theatrical and musical letters that is theirs. It is equally true that they would in all probability not have as large bank accounts as they possess as the result of his combined shrewdness and artistic discernment.

Mr. Carte is said by those who have been in his employ to be very methodical in his business habits and to be a merciless master to persons who attempt to slight their work, while he is the quintessence of courtesy and consideration to those who conscientiously endeavor to do what is required of them. Even though the performer fail, the effort is as fully appreciated as though it were successful and is as certain to receive complimentary recognition.

The matter of living expenses is not likely to keep Mr. Carte awake at night, for if that often wrong but frequently correct jade, Dame Rumor, is to be credited he is a very wealthy man. Most of his money has come to him from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, but he is believed to have been fairly started on the road to riches at the time he undertook the management of those collaborators' works. A strong effort will be made to induce Mr. Carte to reconsider his determination to retire from the Savoy, but his most intimate friends declare that he has irrevocably made up his mind to take a long rest at any cost, as he feels that he really requires it.

D'Oyley Carte was the son of a solo flutist and was born in London 52 years ago. His first great successful production was "The Sorcerer" in 1877, followed by "Pirates of Penzance" and their successors. He built the Savoy theater especially for the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

During the heyday of the popularity of these works Mr. Carte was represented in the United States by Miss Helen Lensir, a very shrewd and successful woman of business. Her real name was Miss Couper-Black, but she changed it afterward to that of Mrs. D'Oyley Carte.

Mendacious and Ungrammatical.

An amusing story has come flitting across the ocean about an American variety performer who recently made his debut at the Palace Music hall in London. Two gentlemen who had known him in America attended his foreign debut. They were very much disappointed by the coolness of their countryman's reception and the lack of enthusiasm displayed after he had finished his act. There was scarcely a ripple of applause. The next day they happened to meet the performer on the Strand.

"Say, boys, were you up to see me last night?" was his cheery greeting. "You ought to have been there," he continued volubly, without giving them a chance to reply, "I simply ripped them up the back. You ought to have seen the tremendous reception I got, and when I closed I thought they'd never stop calling me out. I've just been down to cable to my brother about my success. I didn't want to appear to be blowing, so what do you think I cabled?"

His two countrymen were unable to guess.

"Well, I just cabled to him," said the triumphant performer, "three words—'I done nicely.'"

A Mistake Rectified.

Historical playwrights cannot be too careful in regard to questions of fact. In a drama recently produced in Paris by Bergerat and De Sainte-Croix a curious error was discovered. The drama is entitled "Manon Roland" and presents a vivid picture of the revolutionary period. Among the characters Francois Buzot, the Girondin, known to his contemporaries as Le Roi Buzot, is given as an interesting bachelor. Evidently the play was written without sufficient research. Buzot was not only married, but left a large family. His descendants addressed a complaint to M. Jules Claretie, the manager of the Comedie Francaise, asking that the correction be made. Fortunately the descendants were not disposed to take the matter too seriously, and a box was provided from which they might view their ancestor on the stage. This satisfied their demands, and the matter was dropped.

The Derby and Oaks.

The entries for the Derby and Oaks for 1898, made in conformity with usage two years before the races, show the following American nominations: P. Lorillard, 6; W. P. Thompson, 5; J. E. Madden, 4; August Belmont, 3. Richard Croker has entered two English bred colts.

CAYLOR'S BALL GOSSIP

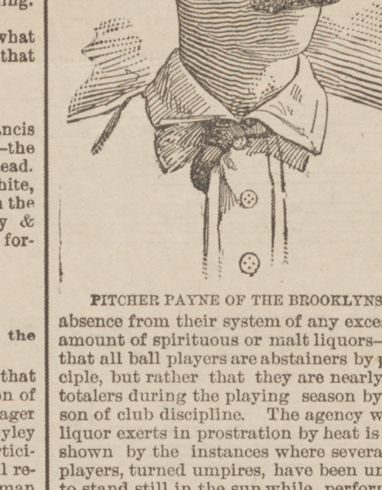
How the Knight of the Diamond Escapes Sunstroke.

HE TAKES CARE OF HIMSELF.

A Tribute to Pitcher Payne—Fielding Jones Is Another Brooklyn Star—The Pennant Race Excites Little Interest. The Fight For Second Place.

There is no case on record, I believe, where a professional baseball player has been prostrated by heat. During the recent hot wave which swept over the United States several hundred professionals have daily gone through violent exercise on the baked, blistered and sizzling diamond without one of them being compelled even to stop playing. And while these ball players were thus demonstrating the exemption of their craft from the effect of sunstroke a few spectators sitting in an inactive state, looking on, have succumbed and been carried to the hospitals.

There are two ways to explain this immunity of baseball players from the deadly prostration of heat. One is their almost perfect physical condition, which comes from athletic training. The other is the



PITCHER PAYNE OF THE BROOKLYNS.

absence from their system of any excessive amount of spirituous or malt liquors—not that all ball players are abstainers by principle, but rather that they are nearly teetotalers during the playing season by reason of club discipline. The agency which liquor exerts in prostration by heat is well shown by the instances where several ex-players, turned umpires, have been unable to stand still in the sun while performing their duties without being overcome, whereas they had as ball players in former years defied the same temperature and at the same time exerted themselves violently. In each of these cases the umpire was a drinking man who when a ball player had been deprived by club discipline of the use of stimulants.

The ball player's dress invites the blighting effects of a torrid sun. His uniform is not only woolen, but part of it is often thick with quilted pads. On his head he wears a wool cap devoid of any ventilation. He drinks ice water freely and almost incessantly—a practice against which all men are warned during the dangerous spells of sun heat, yet he seems to be free from the dangers which in such times affect the general public. Perhaps the bath has something to do with this peculiar exemption, for he belongs to the only class I can think of which resorts to the bath every day as soon as the day's work is done. Perhaps the timing of the bath may have something to do with bringing about this immunity from sunstroke.

The invasion by the National league of the minor league ranks in the search for new stars of the first magnitude this season will not be altogether in vain. At this time it looks as if the Brooklyn club had secured the greatest "find"—had imported, or raised up, the most valuable player of all those who this year made National league debuts. I refer to Payne, the left handed pitcher who recently disposed of the champion Baltimores with two hits in nine innings. It is not his work in that single game which marks him as one of the most pronounced successes of the year, but all his service for the Brooklyn club stamp him as a pitcher who has taken a place in the front rank of his profession and who means to stay there.

Payne possesses nearly every element which makes pitchers powerful. Principal of these is control. For a left handed man I believe he never had a superior as master of the ball, not even in the renowned old timers—John Richmond, "Lady" Baldwin or Tom Ramsey. He gives very few bases on balls and does not hesitate to "put it over" when a batsman plays the waiting game. He is also master of himself at all times. Errors do not discourage him. He never gives up his game. He is not inclined to "rattles," and when the situation is the gravest he works hardest and with the most care. But his splendid control is the biggest element of his success. With left handed pitchers that is a rare gift. Breitenstein's lack of it is his one vulnerable point. It certainly looks as if Payne is destined to take a place at the very head of the pitching stars of the National league.

Besides Payne, the Brooklyns have produced another star in Fielding Jones, whose batting has been watched with admiration everywhere. In five cases out of six young players who come from minor leagues to the major body with great batting records do not keep it up in the faster company. Young Jones, however, has not only kept it up in the big League, but shows that he is improving all the time, and that his full development is a thing of the future. In the latest unofficial averages computed he stands thirteenth in the list, almost on a level with men like Hamilton, McKeon, Stenzel, Lange and Tiernan. De Montreville of the Washington club is another youngster who has jumped from nowhere to the very front within a year. He has outbatted men of the Doyle, Lyons, Griffin, Davis caliber and has done some phenomenal work at short field. Though the men of the Payne, Jones, De Montreville stamp are few in this year's crop of "young blood," clubs are not discouraged in this "washing for gold," as is proved by the Cleveland club's recent purchase of McAllister and a fellow player from the Fort Worth club and of the Philadelphia club's raid on the New England league.

In point of excitement the National league championship race this season is a disappointment. The finish promises to be what is called on the race track a "spread eagle field." With the Baltimores leading and having their finish at home they look like easy winners. Cincinnati and Cleveland lose whatever chance, they might have on even terms of beating Baltimore out by being compelled at the same time to close the battle on the march, for this relative advantage and disadvantage of the home and visiting teams is almost as great as that which affects contending armies intrenched and those which assault the fortified hosts. Probably the only excitement in this year's finish will center in the contest between the Cincinnati and Cleveland clubs for second place, which is for the profitable right of playing the champions for the Temple cup. Cincinnati has the lead, but the Clevelands have a reputation of being the better "road" team, particularly among the teams of the east. Therefore it may turn out that the two Ohio clubs will provide the real climaxic tableau of the championship, particularly as they close the season arrayed against each other in three games. It means from $5,000 to $10,000 for distribution among its players by the team which gets "the place." Therefore the struggle between the Reds and the Spiders for supremacy will not be without plenty of incentive.

Anson and his Colts are in a position to get the dust of these Temple Cup contenders, but no more. It is like getting within sight of the heavenly gates only to see them slammed shut. Yet Uncle Adrian does not sit down and give it up. To one who recently put a plain question, "When do you intend to quit playing?" Captain Anson quickly replied, "Just as soon as I win another League championship, and not before." Now, does the dear old hero of the diamond see success for his team in the near future, or does he imagine he is immortal?

O. P. CAYLOR.

SOME RING TALK.

The law allowing boxing in New York will go into effect Sept. 1.

Billy Dacey, the old time lightweight, has opened a school for boxing.

Tommy White of Chicago and George Dixon are to come together at last.

Dal Hawkins, the California lightweight, wants to meet Kid Lavigne.

Lachie Thompson, the Scotch lightweight champion, is about to come to America.

Kid Lavigne is at Saginaw, Mich., his home, and will remain there for some time.

Jack Reidy of Pittsburg is redhot after Tommy Dixon, the Rochester featherweight.

Johnny Van Heest will try farming in Kansas for the next year in order to recover some of his old time form.

Jeffries, the California heavyweight, is said to be a very clever man. Paddy Slavin expresses a desire to fight Jeffries.

It is said that Peter Jackson is to return to America next month and will go under Parson Davies' management again.

Frank Erne, the Buffalo boxer, wants to go to England and arrange a go with Willie Smith, the English champion.

Johnny Murphy says that he is almost down to weight for his coming match with Pedlar Palmer and has let up in his training for fear of getting stale.

SPORTING MISCELLANY.

Over 1,500 horses were entered for the horse show at Dublin.

It is said that there is very little hope for Handspring to race again this year.

Before Emma Offut won her fast race at Cleveland she sold for $20 in pools of $200.

Pierre Lorillard and Lord William Beresford have formed a racing copartnership in England.

The middle states regatta will this year be held on the Harlem river, New York, Sept. 7, Labor day.

Rawhide bandages are the latest. Geers and several other prominent trainers use them on sore limbed horses.

Cricket was first played in England in 1598 at a place called Broad Halfpenny common, in eastern Hampshire.

Major McDowell will in all probability have quite a stable of stake trotters out next year in the hands of F. E. Driver.

"White Hat" McCarthy, known to horsemen throughout the length and breadth of the land, is without a dollar.

Billiardist Ives is arranging for a large number of matches in New York this fall. He will meet players of all classes, allow them a suitable handicap and guarantee them a purse, win or lose.

Sullivan and Sharkey.

Again has the great John L. succumbed to the witching call of "Time!" and agreed to step into the roped arena and box with Sharkey, the Californian. The big Bostonian had sworn to himself faithfully that he would never enter the ring again, and the oath was conscientiously taken, but he was tempted, and he fell.

The friendly bout in which he and Sharkey will engage is set for Aug. 31 and will take place in Madison Square Garden, New York. Parson Davies engineered the affair. It is to be Sullivan's farewell appearance in the pugilisitc arena, as all the rest of his shows have been since Gentleman Jim gave him his professional quietus. The bout will probably not be a very serious affair, as the ex-champion has long ago outgrown all fighting form, and the probabilities are that the man from California will not try any tricks. However, the interest in the first appearance of Sharkey and the last appearance of Sullivan will undoubtedly be sufficient to insure a large attendance at the show.

Road Racing.

As long as human nature remains as it is, the road race, however deprecated, will hold its vogue. Here is what The American Cyclist says of it:

"Some things are to be said against it. It is dangerous. It breeds that infernal nuisance, the everyday scorcher. It perverts the use of the highways, and so on. But, nevertheless, road racing seen in its true light is a glorious sport beside which all track racing can only appear pitifully small and circumscribed. Competition on the road generates a caloric or something which fires the rider with an enthusiasm seldom if ever witnessed in the track racer. There is a fascination about the sport which seems to almost overpower those who permit themselves to indulge in it. You may break his machine or break his head, cut and maul him and run over him with the steam roller, but just as sure as your hardened road racer recovers sufficiently to cross a wheel he will up and at it again."

A Trainer's Views.

The well known trainer of horses, Edward F. Geers, when asked recently what he thought of the proposed amendments to racing rules and the reduction of the heat limit, replied:

"We don't need any changes. The present rules are good enough. As to shortening the distances, why, they are short enough as they are. When we have a bad actor, even if he may be the best in a race, he is liable to get shut out before he has a chance to settle, as the rules are now. Take a field of horses, such as start in some of our pacing races. If a horse happens to draw a bad position and gets sent off way in the rear, he has no show on a narrow track until some of the others drop out or get mixed up, so the one I am driving has a chance to work through."

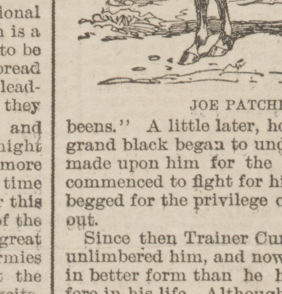
Practicing the Long Run.

Although America did more than her part and won a lion's share of the honors at the Olympian games at Athens last April, there is no denying that our athletic representation was, numerically, far inferior to what it should have been. Most of the colleges postponed practice and preparation until it was too late. In order to be ready for the next Olympian games Columbia college, New York, is already preparing her young athletes for the fray. Particular attention is being paid the long distance run, the kind in which all the other nations were defeated by the Greeks in the Marathon event. The Boston Athletic association proposes to hold a similar race and invite the crack runners of Columbia to compete.

PATCHEN'S POWER PERENNIAL.

How the Famous Stallion Regains His Winning Stride.

The wonderful recuperative ability of Joe Patchen, the famous pacing horse, is something that has for several seasons astonished all who have watched his work. At the beginning of the present campaign he was a long way out of racing condition. He had been mated to more than 40 mares, and his practice on the track had been limited to mere jog trots for exercise. As a result he lost several races and began to be classed by those ignorant of his capabilities among the ex-favorites and "has



JOE PATCHEN.

beens." A little later, however, when the grand black began to understand the calls made upon him for the old time gait, he commenced to fight for his head and fairly begged for the privilege of letting himself out.

Since then Trainer Curry has gradually unlimbered him, and now he is apparently in better form than he has ever been before in his life. Although he does not win every time he enters a race, he always gives a good account of himself, and frequently surprises owner, trainer and all by some marvelous exhibition of latent speed. What more he will do is hard to say, but that he will surpass his record at least once more during the season is confidently believed.

CYCLING CHAT.

The L. A. W. now has about $15,000 in the treasury.

The race sharps predict great sport at the fall tournaments.

There are now more than 2,500 women who are members of the L. A. W.

The League of American Wheelmen is increasing at the rate of nearly 1,000 a week.

Considering the apparent danger of carrying children on bicycles, it must be owned that accidents are rare.

A good way to find a small puncture is to cover the tire with soap lather. Wherever there are holes small soap bubbles will be formed.

W. N. Allan covered 350½ miles recently within 24 hours. Allan is the Scotch champion. His figures lower the best previous record by 20¼ miles.

An English woman physician says that as a rule women cyclists ride too far. She favors the sport, but it must not be overdone. She recommends the use of wide shoes and the disuse of corsets.

Maher Wants to Fight Corbett.

There seems to be no reason to doubt the truth of the report that Peter Maher, having fully recovered the use of his eyes and feeling right and fit for a lively bout, will endeavor to take on James J. Corbett. His manager, Joe Quinn, says that Peter's mind is fully made up, and that the fight will certainly take place if the consent of the Californian can be obtained. Maher would never have thought of challenging Corbett if the pompadour man had not boxed with Sharkey, but he thinks that if Corbett can afford to meet the sailor, who has no reputation, he can hardly fail to give him a chance.

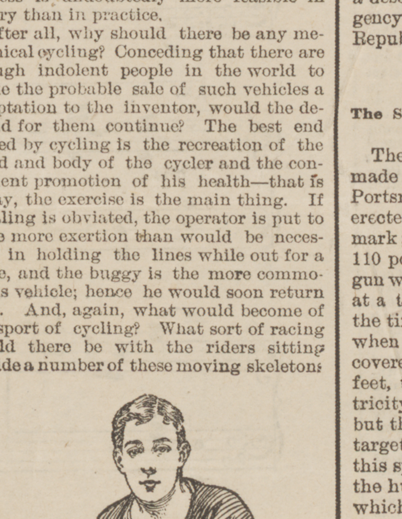
CYCLERS AND CYCLING

Something About Anderson, the Sensational Flier.

AUSTRALIA'S STOUT CHAMPION.

He Is Here to Try For American Money. Men of Muscle Whom He Must Meet. The Absurdity of Mechanical Cycling. A New Device In Gearing.

News of the wild and wonderful performances of the intrepid cycler, Evan E. Anderson, paced by a flying locomotive just outside of St. Louis on the Bluff Line railroad, has now spread throughout the world, and people are clamoring to know something more about this phenomenal pedaler. His history has in it nothing remarkable. He was born at Stonington, Christian county, Ills., in 1873 and is therefore 23 years old. His family removed to Roodhouse, Ills., when he was 10 years old, and it was there that he learned to ride a bicycle. He is 6 feet and one-half inch in height and weighs 165 pounds. He first rode a bicycle in 1884, beginning early on the old ordinary. For many years he rode steadily, but it was not until 1892 that he became a racing man. For the past three years he has enjoyed a national reputation as a racing cyclist. Since the early part of 1894 he has lived in St. Louis. Although he has not heretofore been considered a crack rider, his performances gave promise of better things. His seat is firm, his head clear and his eye steady, and



EVAN E. ANDERSON.

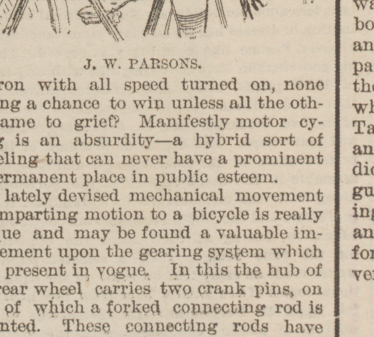
he rides especially well in a big crowd. In fact, his work is, in point of speed and safety, well nigh the perfection of cycling.

And now, while on the subject of speedy wheeling, it is just as well to take some account of the racing value of Australia's champion, J. W. Parsons, who is in America "for blood." He is unquestionably a fine specimen of cycling muscularity, and his many victories are easily accounted for when his physique is carefully considered.

Parsons is a flier and in the finest of fettle, but so are our own American cracks, and possibly some of them are a trifle speedier than the antipodean. At any rate, he has himself announced that he will make no serious efforts before the middle of September, and those American experts who expect to try issues with him have plenty of time for practice and improvement.

The latest thing in motor wheels is the petroleum bicycle. With an oil can strapped on at precisely the point where the tool bag ordinarily is carried, it is said to be possible to ride the machine at a rate of 15 miles an hour without any effort save the slight one of balancing the wheel. But while all this looks very well on paper, the process is undoubtedly more feasible in theory than in practice.

After all, why should there be any mechanical cycling? Conceding that there are enough indolent people in the world to make the probable sale of such vehicles a temptation to the inventor, would the demand for them continue? The best end served by cycling is the recreation of the mind and body of the cycler and the consequent promotion of his health—that is to say, the exercise is the main thing. If pedaling is obviated, the operator is put to little more exertion than would be necessary in holding the lines while out for a drive, and the buggy is the more commodious vehicle; hence he would soon return to it. And, again, what would become of the sport of cycling? What sort of racing would there be with the riders sitting astride a number of these moving skeletons



J. W. PARSONS.

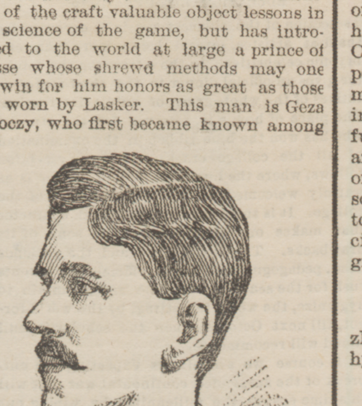
of iron with all speed turned on, none having a chance to win unless all the others came to grief? Manifestly motor cycling is an absurdity—a hybrid sort of wheeling that can never have a prominent or permanent place in public esteem.

A lately devised mechanical movement for imparting motion to a bicycle is really unique and may be found a valuable improvement upon the gearing system which is at present in vogue. In this the hub of the rear wheel carries two crank pins, on each of which a forked connecting rod is mounted. These connecting rods have pockets at their ends for engaging the teeth of the sprocket wheel. When the pedals are revolved, the teeth of the sprocket wheel engage the pockets and alternately raise and lower the connecting rods, which operation causes the axle of the hind wheel to revolve, thus imparting motion to the bicycle.

GEZA MAROCZY.

A New Chess Expert Who May Give the Leaders Trouble.

The great chess tournament at Nuremberg has not only furnished to the members of the craft valuable object lessons in the science of the game, but has introduced to the world at large a prince of finesse whose shrewd methods may one day win for him honors as great as those now worn by Lasker. This man is Geza Maroczy, who first became known among



GEZA MAROCZY.

chess players by his success at the minor tournament at Hastings, England, last summer. Maroczy is a native of Szegedin, Hungary, and is 25 years old.

He is a player of the Vienna school. According to his system, the play is first to bring about a draw; next, failing that, to overcome his adversary on the open field. His method is exceedingly adroit, and his game is a hard one for any of the cracks. It is said that he recently offered to bet a considerable sum of money that in the playing of 20 games against any chess player living he would not lose a single game. He meant that the games which he failed to win would result in draws.

Ives Will Not Play De Oro's Game.

Billiardist Ives did not take kindly to the proposition made to him by Pool Champion De Oro to play a combination match at three three cushion caroms and continuous pool, 600 points up, in blocks of 50 shots at each style of game, for $500 or $1,000 a side. In commenting upon the proposition recently, Ives said:

"The trouble about De Oro is that he wants everything his own way in the match suggested. Now, I have a counter suggestion. I am willing to play a combination game if the billiards played are the standard 14 or 18 inch balkline caroms. To play any other style would be absurd, and De Oro knows it when he proposes his impossible conditions. You couldn't get many people to come and watch three cushion carroms."

Beginners at Bicycling.

Those who are learning to ride the wheel should keep off public highways. The perils to which they subject themselves and others are beyond computation. The manner in which the rider of a few days' standing wabbles down a boulevard frightens even the most daring cyclist. He fears to pass such an individual, fearing a collision. One may see any day scores of beginners on the boulevards riding from one side to the other or on the wrong side entirely, cutting in and out and playing pranks which ought not to be tolerated. Until the novice has acquired full control of his machine he should do his experimental cycling in his own back yard.

A Real Pacemaker.

There is a proposition to match W. W. Hamilton, the Denver wheelman, against Joe Patchen, the famous pacer. Hamilton, who is a professional with a record, is of the opinion that under favorable circumstances he can beat the horse. His friends have agreed to back him against Joe Patchen for $2,000, best two trials out of three heats. Patchen has a record of 2 minutes 4 seconds for the mile, and his owner, J. G. Taylor, has consented to have him race Hamilton. It is likely that the race will be held within a few weeks.

RELEASE OF A GYPSY MOTH.

A Careless Frenchman's Experiments Have Led to Trouble.

On a certain ill omened day in 1869 a gentle breeze rippled through the streets of a quiet town in eastern Massachusetts. It left chimneys unharmed and hardly rippled a tree, yet if it had been a cyclone it could hardly have done more damage, for in a bare little frame tenement house on a side street stood Pandora's box full of troubles waiting to be spread broadcast over the land, and the breeze furnished the needed key. Presently the owner of the house and of Pandora's box, a Frenchman, known to his neighbors for his curious experiments in silk raising and for his absorption in the study of strange insects, was seen searching anxiously in the grass outside his window. People who saw him said that he seemed much disturbed at the failure of his quest. Well might he be, for he had just let loose one of the plagues of Egypt upon a fair and fertile land. He had lost "le zigsag," and the new world has gained the gypsy moth.

Mr. Trouvelot, the silk grower of Medford, can hardly expect to have his name pleasantly remembered among his quondam townsmen and countrymen, but he should be given credit both for intelligence to foresee the consequences of his negligence and for the candor immediately to give notice of the danger to which the public was exposed. But his warning fell on deaf ears. No one realized that the pest, which is a nuisance rather than a danger in Europe, would gain such headway in a new home, and, freed from its hereditary enemies, was to deviate wherever it went. It would have been economy, if the future could have been foreseen, to appropriate $1,000,000, if need be, to quarantine the whole neighborhood, to fell the trees, to raze the houses to the ground, to plow the fields under and leave that part of the town a desert. But no one rose to the emergency till it was too late.—Springfield Republican.

A NOVEL EXPERIMENT.

The Startling Result of Firing a Cannon Buried Under Water.

The most curious experiment ever made with a piece of ordnance was at Portsmouth, England. A stage was erected in the harbor within the tide mark; on this an armstrong gun of the 110 pound pattern was mounted. The gun was then loaded and carefully aimed at a target—all this, of course, during the time of low tide. A few hours later, when the gun and the target were both covered with water to a depth of six feet, the gun was fired by means of electricity. We said "aimed at a target," but the facts are that there were two targets, but only one was erected for this special experiment, the other being the hull of an old vessel, the Griper, which lay directly behind the target and in range of the ball. The target itself was placed only 25 feet from the muzzle of the gun. It was composed of oak beams and planks, and was 21 inches thick.

In order to make the old Griper invulnerable, a sheet of boiler plates 3 inches thick was riveted to the waterlogged hull, in direct range with the course the ball was expected to take if not deflected by the water. On all of these—the oaken target, the boiler plates and the old vessel hull—the effect of the shot from the submerged gun was really startling. The wooden target was pierced through and through, the boiler iron target was broken into pieces and driven into its "backing," the ball passing right on through both sides of the vessel, making a huge hole, through which the water poured in torrents. Taken altogether the experiment was an entire success, demonstrating, as it did, the feasibility of placing submerged guns in harbors in time of war and doing great damage to the vessels which an enemy might dispatch to such points for the purpose of shelling cities.—Invention.

Learn to Listen Intelligently.

"Learn, after you have learned to speak, to listen and to listen intelligently," writes Ruth Ashmore on "How to Be a Social Success" in Ladies' Home Journal. "Express your interest through your eyes, and when it is needed say the encouraging word that, like hot water on the tea, brings out the strength. If a speaker mentions a wrong date do not correct her. The world cares for the interesting talk, not for whether the affair described happened on Thursday or Friday, nor whether the bonmot was born at 9 or 1 o'clock. The effect on the speaker is belittling, and you have no right to underrate any one. Chatter about anything you will but personalities. But do not feel that you must raise the tone of society by ringing in, when everybody is laughing at some funny little story about a child or all are smiling at an amusing description of how the orange blossoms grow down south, your opinion of some heavy history that has lately been published. Society is not a school; it is a pleasure ground."

"On Satan's Knees."

A little girl of 5 or so was much puzzled on hearing the lines of the old hymn:

And satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

"Whatever," she asked, "did they want to sit on satan's knees for? I'm sure I should not like to sit on satan's knees at all, and why should he tremble if they were so little?" This is a delightful bit of childish misunderstanding and is half pathetic in its suggestion of how to wander when searching for the meanings of our hieroglyphics.—National Review.

Minnesota and South Dakota are the only two states in the Union that have half of their population made up of foreign born residents.

The standard dollar was authorized by act of congress Feb. 28, 1878, and coinage was begun in the same year.

They do things promptly in the State of Washington. Recently a German woman came to that State with six children to meet her husband, only to find on her arrival that he had been killed in the mines six weeks ago. A well-to-do Frenchman, who heard the story, promptly offered to marry the widow and adopt the children. She accepted he offer and within an hour was married and on her way to her husband's home.

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