



THIRTY YEARS OF POLO.

From Croquet Mallets and Scrub Leis to Championship Honors.

In the flush of excitement over the American polo victory in England the enthusiastic public is likely to forget those who, while the present players were in their cradles, were fighting the battles for the infant polo while as yet it was unable to care for itself.

These former players took unto themselves sticks of strange kinds and a ball of wood, large, slow and heavy; ponies little and big did they purchase, and a field also, whereon to play. Conspicuous among these fathers of the game stands H. L. Herbert, according to Bit and Spur, the brains as well as the player of the old school, the man who has done so much toward making the game in this country.

In 1877, four or five young men were sitting on the porch of Seaside Cottage, Long Branch, on the lookout for something to do, when Mr. Herbert happened to read in a newspaper that a game had been started in Newport which was considered shiny on horse back. The matter was talked over, and wonder expressed as to what the game was like.

Finally, Mr. Herbert's eye rested on a croquet set on the lawn, and a messenger was despatched to the nearest store, where a half dozen rake handles were purchased. After removing the short croquet handles these were fastened to the mallets.

It happened that a drove of Texas ponies had arrived and were on sale close by—they averaged from 13 to 15.2 hands high, and half a dozen were at once secured. A field recently mowed was found, and putting a flag in each corner, they placed the ball in the middle and charged for it. After many scrimmages and many falls the ball was sent over the end line.

This queer performance attracted a great crowd of people who were at the seashore, and the papers the next day reported full fledged and high class polo established at Long Branch as well as Newport. Following the first day's play, Mr. Herbert found some mallets which had been imported for Mr. Bennett, and succeeded in securing half a dozen.

After vicissitudes the Brighton Polo club was organized and played two days a week during that season. The only real club then existing was the Westchester Polo club. It divided itself into two teams—one representing the club and the other called the Queens County Hunt Team. The first public match was played at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 1879, between the two teams named, who were then playing five men on a side. Mr. Herbert was a member of the Westchester team which succeeded in whitewashing its opponents.

About that time the game was started in a crude way in Buffalo and in 1880 the Manhattan Polo association was organized, playing on a ground at 110th street, Manhattan, but the game was only played there two or three years owing to the scarcity of players.

The Meadow Brook club was organized in 1881, and between that date and 1890, the year in which the Polo association was formed, eight clubs had grown into existence. Mr. Herbert was elected chairman of the association, and has continued to be elected each year for twenty years. The elimination of the offside rule, the system of handicapping and many other changes were made both before and after the organization of the association until now there are seven clubs in full membership and two applicants for election.

Every one is familiar with the happenings of the last year or two; they have culminated, however, in the defeat of a nation which has held unconquerable though disputed sway over the countries of the earth since the birth of the modern game and which has now succumbed to the boys, whose fathers played with croquet balls and mallets with rake handles.

Natural Question. Parts of the southern coast of Newfoundland near Cape Race and of the southwestern coast near Cape Ray have an unenviable reputation as the scene of many disasters. While the native of Newfoundland is keen about getting material benefit from wrecks, he is also distinguished for gallantry in saving life and for care of the dead. So says a writer in the Newfoundland Magazine.

Near Cape Ray, about 1830, an old man, a young girl and a boy of twelve saved all the crew and passengers of a Canadian packet ship. So common are wrecks that when men engage for fishery it is part of the agreement that the servant shall get his share of the "wreck." Houses in these neighborhoods are all furnished and ornamented from lost ships.

When the Rev. J. J. Curling first came to the colony he was holding a service in one of these places. An old fisherman kept looking at his fine coat. "That be a fine piece of cloth," said the old man, at last, laying his hand on the minister's arm. "Never seed a better bit of cloth in my life. Get 'e out of a wreck, sir?"

A Far-Sighted Man. "Women vote! Never, sir, with my consent." "Why not?" "What! And have my wife losing \$20 hats to other women on the election!"

Caddy (to motor-bus driver, whose engine has broken down). "Nah then, shows that sardine-tin out of the road. The smell 'll spoil my 'os' lunch."—The Sketch.

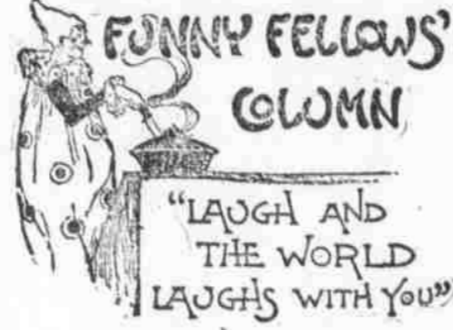
CRUELLY OPPRESSED.

She's fettered, cramped, from neck to foot. From boned and tightened throat she wails: "Have mercy, ruthless Man! Grant freedom—through a Vote!"

Incensed in armor—a la mode. Poor slave—compelled to hant. So shackled she can't walk a block. Unless she put and pant!

Confined 'n gyves—in sleeves so tight, A scurf—in gown so scant! Her high-heeled boots reduce the saw: "5 into 3 you can't!"

Her head is bound—with cruel cord. For hair in new French swirl. Have pity Man! Quick! sufrage grant. Emancipate this girl! —Ella A. Fanning in New York Times.



FUNNY FELLOWS COLUMN

"LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU"

Borrowell—What time is it, old man? My watch isn't going. Harduppe—And mine's gone. Went yesterday.—Philadelphia Record.

"She thanked him with a look." "I s'pose her gown was so tight that she couldn't trust herself to speak, eh?"—Washington Herald.

Knicker—Can a couple live on bread and cheese and kisses? Bocker—They can, provided the kisses are homemade and the bread isn't.—Judge.

"Don't you know, little boy, that it is wrong to try to shoot your neighbors' cats?" "I got to, ma'am. Mam won't let me pizen 'em."—Chicago Tribune.

The Attendant—You mustn't handle the musical instruments, sir. The Visitor—Oh, don't be afraid—I can't play 'em!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Say," exclaimed the indignant customer, "this slot machine won't work for a cent." "Of course not," replied the cigar store man. "Try a nickel."—Philadelphia Record.

Blobbs—Henpecke says he knows the ins and outs of matrimony. Slobbs—He ought to. He not only gives in to his wife, but he shells out as well.—Philadelphia Record.

Gentleman—There's one of my shirts missing. Blanchiseuse—Yes, sir; I lost one. "Yet you've charged me for washing it." "Oh, yes. It was washed before it was lost."—Bon Vivant.

"Happiness merely consists of getting the things we want," remarked the Wise Guy. "Or of not getting the things we don't want," supplemented the Simple Mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Doctor—Hab she bin allin' long? Husband—Yes, sah, doctah. She hab had fits ob de blues 't gwine on ah week. Doctor—Den if dat am ah fac' she mus' hab indigestion.—Judge.

Helen—I am keeping every birthday present I ever received; even those of my childhood days. Mabelle—Oh! wish I might see them, dear. I just love antiques.—Chicago Daily News.

Blobbs—When a fellow is in love himself I suppose it's impossible for him to see himself as others see him. Slobbs—Of course. You know they say love is blind.—Philadelphia Record.

"There was a time," said the old inhabitant, when that piece of property sold for a song. "Really!" replied the grand opera prima donna. "How very expensive!"—Washington Star.

"I am training my boy to be self-reliant." "Want him to be able to paddle his own canoe, eh?" "Well, I want him to be able to operate his own motor boat."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Wigg—Bjones is having all sorts of trouble with that wife of his from Chicago. I tell you, she put her foot down last night. Wagg—Was that it. I thought it was an earthquake.—Philadelphia Record.

Benevolent Old Gentleman (to seedy applicant for a job)—"But the last man I helped turned out to be a burglar." Seedy Applicant—"Ah, yer 'onor, that's how innocent men like you and me 'as to suffer!"—Punch.

CURIOS JAPANESE FISH. One that Uses Fin as Sail—How the Dorado Is Caught.

One of the most interesting fish of Japanese waters is the Oriental sail fish (histiophorus orientalis). The generic name, given by Dr. Gunther, means the sail bearer and refers to the huge dorsal fin possessed by the species.

The fin stands higher than the body above it and is used as a sail before the wind. It is a large fish, ten feet in length and weighing 164 pounds. They swim about usually in pairs in rough and windy weather with the huge fins above the water.

It is a favorite food fish and the annual catch is nearly 2,000,000 pounds. The sail fish is caught by means of a harpoon. Another food fish known as a dolphin or dorado is sometimes caught in a curious way. The fishes congregate under a decoy bush and raft made of bomboos, and are then caught by hooks baited with squid. Or the decoy bush is surrounded by a seine net and the dolphins are driven by beating the surface of the water with sticks. This fish is eaten both fresh and salt, and is as great a favorite in Western Japan as the salmon is in the Northeast.—Zoologist.

The London Stock Exchange has 5400 members.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A run of luck requires considerable sprinting. Divorce is merely the correction of a Miss-take.

A pessimist is a man who would rather be right than be happy.

Many a man suffers from acute remorse, but it seldom gets chronic.

You can't always measure a man's religion by the length of his face.

Fools and children tell the truth, which proves that most of us are not fools.

Neither happiness nor misery can be judged by the size of a bank account.

The man who is contented with a little is happier than the man who wants the earth.

A woman may use her religion as a cloak and then kick because she can't use it as a hat.

It is astonishing to see how much patience a man has where his own faults are concerned.

Good luck must be coaxing to perform, but misfortune is always in the wings waiting to go on.

When the Goddess of Fortune smiles on some men she seems to have made some mighty poor selections.

A man trying to sew on a button is almost as distressing a sight as a woman trying to sharpen a pencil.

A man can afford to be magnanimous when he knows he is right, but he hates to give in when he knows he is wrong.—From "Musings of the Gentle Cyne," in the New York Times.

AN INTERESTING COMPARISON. England is Far Behind in the Matter of Railway Accidents.

That not a single passenger in the United Kingdom lost his life in a train wreck during the year 1908 is a belated bit of news that has found its way at last across the ocean. A singularly unprogressive people, buttoned up in their insularity—yet evidently hiding some capacity to feel shame, else they would not have concealed so long data that must invite such odious comparisons.

There is not a state in the Union that cannot excel that record. Some of them exhibit death rolls that are as creditable to our railroad managers as they would be to generals in time of war. Imposing lists of the dead and wounded fill the newspapers. The undertakers are buying seaside cottages, the coffin industry flourishes, graveyards expand, surgeons live on trifled wings of hummingbirds and peacocks' brains, and car builders are kept busy building new cars to replace cars smashed into kindling wood.

Thus the daily railroad wreck sets the wheels of industry a-whirl. A car here, a whole train there; here a head-on, there a rear-end collision; here a leg broken, there 20 or 30 lives taken and so the foundation of prosperity is laid.

We do not wonder that Great Britain concealed so long the fact that last year not a passenger was killed on any of her railways. That accounts for the hard times upon which she has fallen. Let her study our statistics, compute the thousands of passengers our railroads annually slay, consider how much money is set in circulation among various industries by burying them, and find at last the secret dope that makes the eagle scream.—Los Angeles Express.

Preferring a Plain Dinner. The virtue of plain speaking is not desirable on all occasions, even when it is so pleasantly received as in an incident described in "Queens of American Society." What passes under the name of "plain speaking" is too often, as it was in this case, only rudeness.

During the winter of 1795-6, when Judge Samuel Chase was in Philadelphia, a Mr. Bingham gave a great dinner in his honor. The judge was placed on Mrs. Bingham's right hand, and coolly adjusted his spectacles to view the superb repast, which, unfortunately for him, had been prepared by a French cook.

Having searched in vain for a familiar dish, he turned to his hostess and remarked, "A very pretty dinner, madam; but there is not a thing on your table I can eat."

With her habitual presence of mind and urbanity, Mrs. Bingham inquired if she could procure anything more suitable to his taste.

"A beefsteak or a piece of roast beef, madam," was the reply, "will please me better than anything else."

A servant was called, and a word whispered in his ear, whereupon he vanished. Very soon he reappeared, bearing a dish of roast beef, which Chase attacked with vigor and appetite.

Having finished, he turned to his hostess, and with a satisfied air exclaimed: "There, madam, I have made a sensible and excellent dinner, but no thanks to your French cook!"

Different Now. The captain was receiving the new middy. "Well, boy, the old story, I suppose—fool of the family sent to sea?" "Oh, no, sir," piped the boy, "that's all altered since your day."—Purple Cow.

A Remote Danger. "These pugilists worry me," said the peace-loving person. "They talk a great deal." "Yes; I'm in constant fear that one of them will say something that will start a fight."—Washington Star.

ALASKA'S BLACK GOLD.

Her Coal Fields Said to Be Richer Than Her Gold Reserves.

While Alaska's gold reserves are large they are in no way unique, for refined gold is the same, whatever the source. But when it comes to coal fields Alaska has no competitor. Its store of high-grade fuel cannot be equaled in quality west of the Rockies.

In fact to find anthracite and bituminous coal which compares in fuel value with that of Alaska one must come East to Pennsylvania. These coals are, therefore, the key to the commercial situation on the west coast. For a high-grade, steaming coal used for manufacturing industries or a merchant marine or a coke for smelters in the Western states one must turn to Alaska.

Hence the growing population of the West has a vital interest in the development of these coal fields. These coals are of even national importance, for all our Pacific possessions Alaska alone can supply our Lattiships with smokeless fuel. The quality of this anthracite and bituminous coal is not as yet determined, but it certainly is not unlimited and hence should not be wasted. To use it, however, will not be to waste it unless it be improperly mined.

A surveyed area of about 100 square miles is known to be underlain with these coals, and it is probable that further investigation may show an extension of the field.

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A rough estimate of the quantity within this surveyed area gave some 6,000,000,000 tons, or more than one and a half times the entire production of Pennsylvania since coal mining began. It is fair to assume that the coal is worth \$4 a ton, which would make its total value about forty times as great as the entire gold output of Alaska at the present time. It is probable, therefore, that the value of the coal fields exceeds that of the gold reserves.

These coals are, however, practically untouched, for the only coal mining in Alaska is that of some lignites for local use. A few years ago statistics showed that Alaska's entire export of coal for a year was four tons, while it produced fifteen tons of gold. There are also some bituminous coals, though of less fuel value, in the Alaska peninsula, on the Yukon and on the Arctic slope. Lignite coals and peat are abundant and widely distributed, and some of these possess great value for local consumption.—From the American Review of Reviews.

The Scourge of Rats. One of the most serious problems the department of agriculture has had to meet is the ridding the country of the millions of rats with which it is infested, and which are especially the foes of the farmer. It is estimated that the rat pest costs the United States \$100,000,000 yearly in grain destroyed alone. The rat also pollutes a great quantity of food products which it does not eat, does great damage by digging under buildings and embankments, gnawing wood, cutting up goods and papers to make nests, killing poultry and stealing eggs. The most destructive species is the Norway rat, which has been carried to all parts of the world on ships. It is calculated that a single pair of rats, would, in three years, under favorable circumstances, increase to twenty millions. The department of agriculture has planned a vigorous crusade against the vermin, and it recommends ratproof construction in buildings, better protection of food supplies and the use of various poisons in localities haunted by rats.—Leslie's Weekly.

Telling the Age of a Fish. The age of a fish can be determined with accuracy by inspection of the otoliths or bony concretions which are found in the auditory apparatus. These otoliths increase in size during the entire life of the fish, each year adding two layers, a light colored layer formed in summer and a dark layer formed in autumn and winter.

The alternate layers are sharply contrasted and very distinct, so that there is no difficulty in counting them. The number of pairs of layers is equal to the number of years the fish has lived. By this method Wallace has made an interesting study of the distribution of fishes of the place species over various sea bottoms, according to age. In this way the rapidity of growth of fishes and the effect of fisheries on the population of the sea can be determined.—Scientific American.

A Cruel Joke. Miss Daisy Dimple found a love letter that her father had written to her mother in the halcyon days of their courtship.

Daisy read the letter to her mother, substituting her own name and that of her sweetheart.

Daisy's mother raved with anger and stamped her foot in disgust and forbade her daughter to have anything to do with a man who would write "such nonsensical stuff to a girl."

The house became so suddenly quiet that she could hear the flies walking across the ceiling.—Judge.

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The worth of a thing is what it will bring.—Portuguese.

HIS DAYS NUMBERED.

How a Youngtown Man Disappointed the Pessimists.

John H. Trube, 342 Harvard St., Youngstown, Ohio, says: "In spite of three different doctors I was getting worse, and was told I couldn't live six months. They called it Bright's disease. My limbs were swollen so badly I had to keep to the house for nine months. The urine was thick, passages were frequent and scanty and my head was sore and dizzy. I used Doan's Kidney Pills on the advice of a friend, found complete relief in time, and two years have now passed without a sign of kidney trouble."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Letter Delayed 151 Years. There is an unbroken rule that the cellar of the local postoffice shall be cleaned out once in every 150 years. The cleaner was not on to his job last year because, if he had been, he would have found the letter addressed to E. S. Merrill, Winchester, postmarked 1756, that M. J. McDonald discovered to-day in the debris. The old postmark shows the cellar hadn't been cleaned out in 151 years.—Winchester (Mass.) Special to the Philadelphia Record.

Short flax makes long throat.

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