

have miserably hogged your stone.

He will assure you that it must have caught a straw or something, or it would certainly have reached the tee, for it was "awfu' weel set doon." At all times the voluble skip displays an immense geniality. When asked the score, he will never admit to the spectator that he is more than a "wee bit down the noo"; or, if he is leading by a huge majority, he will say that it is a grand game, and he is holding his own so far.

He calls upon his sweepers in clarion tones, egging them on to great feats of strength and agility to bring up a failing stone, working upon them with every art of persuasion, flattery, command or entreaty. To each player about to deliver his stone he will give a careful digest of the situation, full of descriptive touches and pithy observations. But so great is the strain upon his voice, when the ice holds day after day, that he is often at the last reduced to silence and exasperation by the state of his throat.

One such skip I remember well, whose voice never lasted him for more than three days—in spite of frequent applications of an eucalyptus lozenge—and who was invariably found croaking and whispering miserably on the fourth. There is no question but that this catastrophe had a serious effect upon his men, and for myself, I was always ungenerous enough to rejoice when I met him (in the course of play for the club medal) during the second, silent period. For then he was reduced to signs, to him a contemptible substitute.

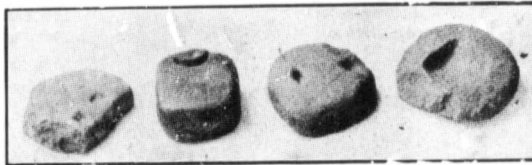
There is also the skip of the anxious, "canny" type. He may be known by his puckered brow, his air of immense concentration upon the matter in hand. You feel at once that he is so wholly wrapped up in the fortunes of the game as to be completely oblivious of the world outside. If the sun were to fall from the sky he would hardly observe the phenomenon so long as there was light enough to complete his end. He is continually watching, studying, weighing, and considering the position of the stones about his feet, as if trying to wring from them the hidden secret of the development of the head. He gives his directions with appalling earnestness, and as each running stone comes up the rink he suffers a fresh agony of suspense lest he sweep it too far or not far enough. He never feels himself secure till the last stone of the game is played. But I have always hoped and believed that when all is over and his side has won, the consequent triumph and satisfaction are sufficient to repay him for the ordeal of the game itself.

There is also his counterpart in the seemingly careless skip, who conceals his burning anxiety be-

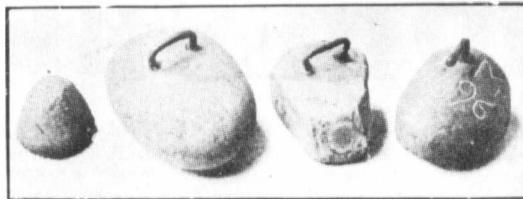
neath a casual and nonchalant manner, and makes a special point of gossiping pleasantly with his opponent. You will find that you will have to call his attention from time to time to the game, when his player is awaiting instructions, and he is eating an apple or watch-

ing another rink. And this is strange, for not the minutest point escapes him. But it is seldom that he can maintain his attitude to the bitter end. With startling suddenness it may desert him in a crisis, when something almost like a sob escapes him.

is that he is apt to be led away into too great confidence, and expect his player to understand points in the situation that he has no means of knowing. But he is generally a man of iron nerve, depending much upon the power of his own last stone.



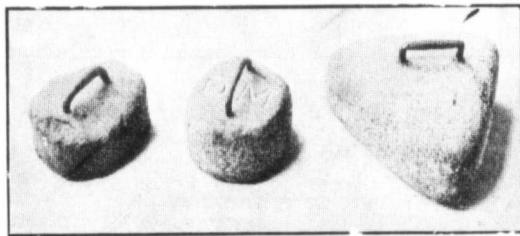
Loofies or Kutting Stanes.



Second or Boulder Type of Curling Stone.

A sturdy and dogged fighter is the phlegmatic skip. He stands with a hand in his pocket and a pipe in his mouth, his expression fixed and reflective, and it would seem that victory or defeat come alike to him. He is chary of words, and his directions are ex-

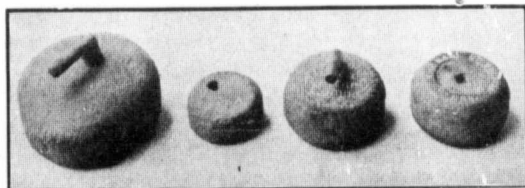
actly being very rapidly refined and elaborated into a game of exquisite precision—and increasing monotony. It is devoutly to be hoped that this process of rubbing off corners and smoothing over rough places will not be carried so far as to reduce the beha-



Third Type.—Stones Carefully Shaped and Hammer Pressed, but not Circular.

ceedingly terse and to the point. He will carefully survey the position, weigh two or more alternatives, come to his conclusion and bang down his broom on the ice. "Play that, Robbie, wi' the wee finger!" (you must pronounce the

viour of skips to a common pattern. It is not at all likely that anything so distressing will come to pass, for there is nothing finer about the game than the magnificent scope that it opens up for force of individuality.



Fourth Type.—Circular Stones.

A Modern Application for an Old Maxim.

In the way of "advice to young men" probably the most moth-eaten of all the platitudes is that honesty is the best policy. Of course everybody admits that this is true, abstractly; even a thief will tell you that it doesn't pay, but he remains a thief all the same. Some way or other, the maxim fails to thoroughly convince young men of its practical truth, for in these days questionable methods seem to succeed as well as honest ones.

Forty years ago a boyish attorney was struggling for recognition in the little town of Akron, Ohio. He had worked his way through college, and been admitted to the bar. His first case was against the Pennsylvania Railroad on behalf of a farmer whose cow had been killed by a locomotive. He won the case and recovered \$75, the value set upon the cow by the farmer. After he had won the case, his client came to him in high glee, and congratulated him on fooling a corporation, as the cow was only \$40. The young lawyer, instead of complimenting his client on their combined sagacity, at once demanded the return of \$35, and promised him a prosecution for perjury if he did not comply. The sum was at once forthcoming, and the attorney forwarded it to the Pennsylvania officials.

A week later a letter came into his office bearing the card of the President's office of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Inside was a check for \$100, with the request that the attorney would consider himself retained to guard their interests in Summit County. It was not long before the young man was in charge of the legal affairs of the company west of Pittsburgh. Why? Because they knew he was honest. See the point?

The Beginning of Things.

Sealing wax in the present form was first noted in London in the middle of the sixteenth century. A sort of earth was used by the ancient Egyptians in sealing papers and documents. The Egyptians placed such earth on the horns of cattle and upon it was stamped the seal of the priest. Thus were identified the cattle to be used in the sacrifices.

The Lombardians were the first to use effectual quarantine methods against the plague and infectious diseases, and mention of a quarantine is made in Lombardy and Milan in 1374, 1383 and 1399. Prior to that time Christian communities resigned to the visitation of the plague, regarding it as a divine punishment.