

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1904.

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LONGEST SWIMMER IS MAN.

Records Made By Professionals Easily Outdistanced Those of the Water Loving Animals.

In spite of the fact that man is not an instinctive swimmer, as are most of the lower animals, he excels all of the latter that are not aquatic. In endurance in the water. It is reported that in attempting to swim across the English channel recently, a man covered 50 miles before he succumbed to exhaustion. The only land animals that are known to be able to approximate such a feat are seals, which are probably the strongest swimmers among animals not specially adapted by nature for the water.

Deer and horses rank next to bears and it is not uncommon to them to cover a distance of 10 or even 15 miles in the water. Horses are powerful swimmers, and have none of the aversion toward entering the water which is often shown by animals which swim well when forced to. A number of horses that were pastured on the American side of the Niagara river once swam in company across this broad stream in order to return to their old stables. It may be useful to know that, in crossing a body of water with a horse, the best method, if the horse is expected to swim any considerable distance, is to slide over his back, hold the animal lightly by the tail, and allow it to tow you across. This leaves the horse of the weight of the body, and enables him to swim faster and much farther than otherwise would be the case.

Dogs vary greatly in ability as swimmers. The water spaniel, retriever, mastiff and St. Bernard excel all others. A retriever known to the writer once followed a canoe for nine miles. The dog was much exhausted, however, when drawn into the boat.

The elephant is a good swimmer, and the wild animals of the cat family, the tiger, the panther, the jaguar and others, do not hesitate to cross lakes and rivers. On the other hand, the domestic cat shrinks from immersion and drowns quickly. The nostrils of some small animals are so placed as to render breathing very difficult when they are in the water. Among these are mice and rabbits, which will drown without sinking beneath the surface. Rats are excellent swimmers.

Almost all birds except those which are distinctly piscatorial are nearly helpless in water. Small birds, in particular, have no power of propulsion, and, though they do not sink, they drown quickly. Even many species of waterfowl rise from the water with difficulty, or not at all, when their wings are wet. After a sea gull plunges and returns to the surface it stretches its wings so that they may be dried by the wind and sun before it attempts to fly. All reptiles swim. Almost all snakes move through the water with as much ease and rapidity as on land. Statelike, for example, are much given to swimming in placid water if it is not too cold. In the everglades lakes of Florida they may be seen. It is well to know that to attack from a boat a poisonous snake in the water is much more dangerous proceeding than to attack the snake on land. The reason is that the reptile will immediately make for the boat, since it must have a solid base from which to strike. It half leaps and half climbs into the craft, and there is a fight at uncomfortably close quarters.

DAY OF 25 HOURS.

That the time occupied by our world in its diurnal rotation can be slowly lengthening is of course (says the Electrical Magazine), not apparent to everyone.

Several natural physical causes tend to effect the gradual arrest of the earth's rotation about her axis, such as the tides, the former molten state of the earth, etc.

It would seem that the immense energy stored in the rotation of a solid globe 7,925 miles in diameter, with a specific weight five and a half times greater than water, revolving at a maximum surface velocity of more than 1,500 miles per hour, could never be appreciably absorbed.

By an interesting calculation, it can be shown that this surface velocity may be slowly, if inappreciably, increased by artificial means.

Omitting our contemporary figures, the force stored up in the earth is calculated at 30,333 billion horse power.

To reduce the relative velocity of the earth's mass by as little as one second, 10,000 million billions of tons of minerals of all kinds are annually brought to the surface. The energy stored in this mass being raised would require the comparatively endless time of six billion years to retard the earth's rotation by one second.

The drift from glaciers toward the equator would, however, appreciably affect the earth's rotation.

The generation of magnetic effects and electric currents from pole to pole, owing to its rotation in a magnetic field caused by the sun's influence, would absorb some of the energy from the vast store represented by the revolving mass forming our world.

But for the fact that other planets have been arrested of all proper motion in millions of past ages, one might consider that length of days will for a long time yet be without change.

A MEMORABLE ACCEPTANCE.

A young married man was reprimanded by his spouse for being too bashful when looking for employment.

"You'll give it a job, man, if you don't be bit bolder. Gad only knows what'll becom av us at all," she reasoned.

Husband—Shure, when they say there's nothin' fur me, what more can I do?

Wife—Arrah go on. Suppose! Oh had refused when ye axed me to marry!

Husband—Now howld yer prate, will ye, an' don't vex me althither.

THE AVERAGE GIRL.

The average girl thinks a man ought to propose to her a hundred times before she accepts him, but usually she is willing to take ninety-nine of the proposals for granted.

THE REPORT COURTEOUS.

"I eat no lobster." Thus he said. She shook her curly little head. "I'm glad," she said, "you're not at all inclined to be a cannibal!"

C. M. C. Hose Supporters.

COMFORTABLES. Made with special wool filling. Chiniz, coverings nicely quilted scrolls, etc. A good full size soft, fluffy quilt, worth \$1.50, for \$1.45. Extra large sizes in pretty colors, \$1.67, \$2.00, \$2.47, \$3.00 each.

KNITTED VESTS and DRAWERS. Made especially for Canadian trade. It has the weight, it's close fitting, it's elastic, it's pure wool and non-shrinkable, and it's not expensive. Made in all sizes from infants' up to extra large women's. Infants' Vest and Drawers, 25c. to 67c. each. Men's Vest and Drawers, 25c. to 75c. each. Misses Vest and Drawers, 25c. to 75c. and \$1.35 each. "The Watson Brand."

\$12.50 Costumes at \$4.50. This hardly sounds reasonable, nevertheless it is a fact, a good stylish costume, made of Oxford Tweed, color, are dark grey, navy and black. Worth \$12.50; sale price, \$4.50.

BLACK DRESS GOODS. Black Swiss Satin Cloth, \$1.15 yard. Black Duchesse Silings, \$1.00 yard. Black Cheviot Serges, 75c. to \$1.40. Black Sea Bird Serges, 60c. to 75c. Black Cord-de-Sole, 80c. to \$1.15. Black Granite Cloths, 85c. to \$1.00. Black Basket Canvas Cloth, 75c. to \$1.00.

Kid Gloves. Guaranteed qualities, Special selected skins, New fall shades, Made carefully, Fit perfectly, New stitchings, Lock fastenings, Special Black Gloves, \$1.25 pair, Special White Gloves, \$1.00 a pair.

ROBERTSON, TRITES & CO., (Limited), 83 and 85 Charlotte St ST. JOHN, N. B.

ROBERTSON, TRITES & CO., (LIMITED).

No romancer with graceful pen is required to spin imagination tales about these values—variety that will please the most fastidious—prices to please the most critical and economical.

Saturday Evening's Shopping List.

CORSETS. ROBERTSON'S. UNDERWEAR. HOSIERY. GLOVES. RIBBONS. DRESS SHIELDS. SNAP FASTENINGS. HANDKERCHIEFS. ALL KINDS LACES. NECK-TRIMMINGS. BELT BUCKLES. BRAIDS and BINDINGS. BUTTONS, ALL KINDS. VEILINGS, NEW PATTERNS. CHINA SILKS. TOILET OR SAFETY PINS. LACING CORDS. CORSET STEELS. HOOKS AND EYES. ELASTIC, ALL KINDS. SIDE COMBS. FEATHER-SPITCH BRAIDS. CHIFFON and MECHLINS.

WATSON'S Celebrated Underwear.

WINTER GLOVES and MITTS. Our assortment of Fabric Gloves is one of the largest and best selected stocks in this city. It comprises all the standard makes, and includes all the staple and fancy weaves, stitching and new shades. Infants' and Misses' Gloves, 15c., 18c., 21c., 25c., 28c., 30c., 35c., 38c. Women's Gloves from the very small to the extra large sizes, 25c. to 55c. Mitts, black only, 11c. to 25c.

A BARGAIN IN CHILDREN'S COATS.

Just one kind, but prices are right. Made of Heavy Oxford Tweed, in Navy and Royal Blue, full length, with full back, large shoulder cape, trimmed with black braid, double breasted, steel buttons. Inside seams neatly bound, in four sizes. 5 to 7 years (net price), \$2.00. 7 to 9 years (net price), \$2.25. 9 to 12 years (net price), \$2.51. 12 to 14 years (net price), \$2.98.

Boys' Special Heavy Wool Hosiery - - "Something That Will Wear."

ASK FOR THE "STONE-WALL" IT GIVES SATISFACTION.

White Cottons. Special Skirt Cloths. English and Canadian Makes just opened. Good soft White Cottons, full yard wide (no dressing), 8c., 10c., 12c. yard. English Cambrics, fine and sheer, 12c., 14c., 16c. yard. Lonsdale Cambrics, extra fine, 18c. yard. Twilled Nightshirt Cotton, 15c. yard.

Kid Gloves. Guaranteed qualities, Special selected skins, New fall shades, Made carefully, Fit perfectly, New stitchings, Lock fastenings, Special Black Gloves, \$1.25 pair, Special White Gloves, \$1.00 a pair.

Black Sateens. Special qualities for linings, underskirts, etc., full widths and fast blacks, with special satin finish, 15c., 16c., 18c., 20c., 22c., 25c., 35c. yard.

White Quilts. We will show on Monday, a special purchase of White Bedspreads, in four sizes: Small, \$1.12; Medium, \$1.45; Large, \$1.82; Extra Large, \$2.45. Only a limited number at each price.

Corsets. Bias Filled Corsets. Lady Curzon is a low bust, Bias Filled, Straight Front Corset. Lady Ellen is a medium bust, Bias Filled, Straight Front Corset. Price \$1.25 a pair. They satisfy the most exacting. They please the most fastidious.

SPORTING. The Ring.

JIMMY BRITT IS A GLUTTON FOR FIGHT.

Jimmy Britt, now practically the lightweight champion of the world, is one of the most remarkable figures in the world of sport today. He fights because he likes to fight. This far he has given and taken many more blows for fun than he has for money. He is a smiling, good-natured lad, but he is always ready for battle at a moment's notice.

It was Britt's fierce hunger for battle that made him beat Gans the other night. The negro was clever, strong, a great ring general and a hard hitter. But Britt went at him like a whirlwind, blocked off his blows or took them with equal indifference, and still kept rushing in, delivering smash after smash. He excused for getting it was poor Gans, already jaded by the effort to reduce to 133 pounds, Britt knocked all the fight out of him, made him drop to the floor again and again without being knocked down.

It was the moral superiority that made Britt win. So far as mere physical strength went, the negro was his equal, but in vim, dash, ferocity, the unquenchable determination to succeed, the white boy was far the superior.

James Edward Britt was born in 1880 south of Market street, San Francisco, the district locally known as "South of the Slot." His father is a plumber who has grown rich on big contracts and has also served as supervisor. James is five feet six inches tall, with big shoulders and a chest, a 15-inch neck and the body of a watermelon. His hands and feet are small. He has blue eyes that are mild in repose, but blaze like searchlights during battle.

Jimmy began to box by stealth, because his brother, Bill, was already an amateur featherweight champion of the coast, and Papa Britt was disgruntled. But James quietly entered the tournament while he was still a pupil at the high school. He beat four men in one night, and won the title his brother had held. It was wonderful to see the calm self-confidence of Jimmy. He sneered at his opponents from his corner, dashed at them, boxed them, overwhelmed them and stalked away still sneering.

Fighting became second nature with the boy. When he was graduated from high school he entered his father's

of contracts and developed into a good man's office, where he was put in charge of business men. But during the evenings he roamed about town, not exactly looking for fight, but ready to hand to any one who was looking. James is exquisitely neat as to dress, orders half a dozen suits at a time, always has the newest things in hats, gloves and cravats. He wears his silky brown hair cut long in front, and he hangs in burnished glory as far down as his eyes.

Thus arrayed and resplendent, James entered a strange barroom one evening—not to drink, for he dislikes rum—but to buy a cigar. Mike Collins, a big heavyweight fighter, who had taken Jim Corbett's place at boxing teacher at the Olympic Athletic Club, was standing at the bar with friends. "Do you refer to me, sir?" he inquired with great dignity and in his usual Bostonese style of conversation. "Gwan, you little dude," Mike sneered.

James Edward Britt took off his coat and hat and handed them to a friend. "Remove your hat and coat, sir," he said to the tall fighter. "Prepare yourself, sir; for I am going to lick—out of you, big, overgrown—"

Mike Collins buttoned his coat and laughed. James Edward Britt leaped up from the floor, swung his right fist on Collins' chin and sent him down and out. The back of Collins' head struck the floor with such a crash that he stayed unconscious for half an hour. He was laughed out of San Francisco within the next few days.

When Jimmy Britt turned professional three years ago he beat Toby Irwin in 15 rounds. Then he knocked out Kid Lavigne in seven rounds, beating him so badly that Lavigne had to be treated in the Stockton insane asylum for two months. He knocked out Tim Haggerty, of Australia, in eight rounds and the renowned Frank Erne in six rounds. His recent close victory over Young Corbett in 20 rounds stamped him as a great fighter, especially when it became known that he broke his right hand on Corbett's head in the eighth round.

factor of his success is his superb self-confidence. He is always ready to tackle anything that wears fists. He never gives ground but always keeps boxing in with both fists going like trip-hammers.

"Every fighter has a time in his career when he is at his best. He faces no one then, and fights in top notch form. I appreciate the fact that I have seen my day, and will never appear in the ring again."—Tom Sharkey.

Tom Sharkey, the fighting marine, who has never quailed before the best fighters of the day, who has met the all, and the only man who ever stood Jeffries off for 25 rounds, gave him the toughest fight of his life and came out with his senses about him, has retired from the ring.

"The fighting marine has just recovered from an attack of typhoid fever, and when seen was straggling along Broadway in the sunlight for a little airing."

"So you have decided to quit the ring, eh?" queried the writer. "Yes," replied Sharkey, as we turned into 14th street. "I know that my best days are over, and although I feel good, and it seems as though I could fight as good as ever, I know that I'm not there. After my fight with Munroe I knew that I had gone back. You know a man has his days, and if he doesn't get right at the top then there is no use keeping at it until you are old enough to play Santa Claus. None of these fellows ever gave Jeff the fights I gave him. They may all be great men, but I have yet to see the man who has gone the limit with him and had a close decision given. I've lost fights, too, yes, but I have no 'come-back'."

will surprise some of them soon," continued Tom looking around. "I won't let him go in any of these six round goes, though. No, he must fight 15 or 20 round fights. I don't believe in the short bouts. A man cannot get going in that time. I hope the game will be a little better. No, sir; not yet. Not a chance in the world! The only one they have in view now is Johnson, and he has no more license boxing Jeff than one of my bartenders has. I used to spar with that fellow out in Denver years ago and he doesn't like the game. Every time I hit him in the ribs he yelled. That sort of a man can't beat the big fellow. It looks like a tough job. This sickness puts me out of the going. I weighed 208 before I was taken sick, and when I got up out of bed a week or so ago I tipped the beam at 164 pounds. That's lighter than I was in my first fight years ago."

"In the future I'll just read about these coming champions. My days are over, and this goes. There's no Patit farewell in this."

MACE WILL DEFEND OLD BUILT OF SAYERS.

James Mace, the veteran pugilist, who at 74 years of age, recently stated in London that he was prepared to make a limited round contest with any mid-dleweight in England for the championship belt, now in his possession, and for which Sayers and Heenan once fought. There have been a number of these bouts on exhibition in England and it was to prove the real authenticity of that held by Mace that considerable interest has been awakened on the other side at his recent statement that his was the original. In proving his statement Mace also added a number of reminiscences which are interesting to American readers.

Mace has recently returned from South Africa, where he has been giving boxing lessons. He is said to be quite as active and as handy with the gloves as he was many years ago when he gave American boxers their first taste of "foot work" in the "squared circle." For Mace was the first to introduce the "side-step," "head-slip" and similar defensive tactics on this side. His remarkable physical condition at 74 years of age makes him the marvel of the prize-ring.

The belt contested for by Sayer and Heenan at Farnborough is of silver, with plates representing a ring and order.

HIGH ROLLING AT EL PASO.

One City of the United States Where Gambling Goes on Incessantly in the Public Glare.

Eight hundred miles away from any city of size comparable to its own, the centre of a desert radiating 500 miles in every direction, situated on the boundaries of two states, one territory and two republics is El Paso, Texas, the Monte Carlo of the United States.

In no city of equal population—in fact, nowhere else in the United States, save in mining camps—is wide open gambling permitted as it is in El Paso. Perhaps in some of the larger cities and at a few of the gay resorts more money changes hands at certain periods, but the sport in El Paso is continuous and unceasing.

A Law Unto Itself. More than \$2,000,000 passes over the gambling tables in El Paso every year. This is an average of \$80,000 a day, or about \$3 daily for every citizen, man, woman or child, as the population is less than 30,000. This amount does not include what is spent in private gambling games. There is no need of a citizen to his back in private. There are ninety-four wide open public gambling places within two miles of the custom house.

In the suburbs and just across the Rio Grande, at Juarez, Mexico, are forty-six more houses where gambling is the principal diversion. These 140 resorts conduct open games of poker, roulette, Mexican monte, faro, keno, dice—commonly called craps—and various others. They are open all day and every day, twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week. There is an average of four games in progress continually in each place, or a total of 560 games constantly in operation.

The amount of table gambling in El Paso is six times greater than the dry goods business, wholesale and retail. Moreover, it is conducted on a cash basis, and none of it is promissory notes or trade.

Salaries \$1,000,000 Yearly. In the gambling houses of the city proper are 400 employees who operate the games, and these do not include porters and other attendants. The average salary of the operators of tables and machines is \$5 a day, making a daily expenditure for salaries of \$2,000, or almost a million yearly.

One-third of a million is annually expended for rents. With four exceptions, the ninety-four gambling houses have bars attached. The investment in bars and gambling fixtures aggregate more than a million dollars, many times greater than that of any other business in the town except melting.

In spite of the large amount of money invested there are only a few games in El Paso able to stand great losses and continue business. A loss of \$2,000 to \$10,000 in a day would cause the majority of proprietors to put up their shutters temporarily.

Such an occurrence, however, does not often happen. The business has been phenomenal from the start, and few games close each year from lack of funds. The strongest houses carry \$5,000 to \$20,000 in cash, on hand, as well as commensurate deposits in the banks.

Plunging Miners Dangerous. The most dangerous man to gambling houses is the plunger from the country or the mining camp. With a year's pay, or perhaps the proceeds of a lucky strike, all in gold in a belt or pouch, he comes to town for his periodical "good time." He plays heavily, and if luck is with him soon makes a "killing."

Should he quit with his winnings at this stage the house is out a big amount. But fortunately for the business man behind the table, this good hearted fellow is usually a "good sport." He delights in being game, and it is a rare thing for him to ride back to the camp or corral burdened by more than an empty belt and liquid refreshment.

But the occasional visit of men with big rolls could hardly suffice to support the proprietors for 1000 bets. How do so many exist, not to say prosper?—was asked by the editor of one of the evening papers.

"Because everybody gambles," he replied. "Do you, for instance?"

"Not as much as I should like to," was the calm answer. "My salary does not warrant me for a living at present. But I drop in every few days whenever I have a few dollars loose in my clothes. If I have time to play craps or keno I usually put it on the red in a bunch, and get quick action. If I win I buy a round of drinks for the boys and take lunch at the Sheldon hotel. The black color drives me straight back to the office until I have more to spare."

El Paso has no dives or low class resorts of the kind which prevail in cities of the East and middle West, where gambling is restricted or done away with entirely. It is as much a legitimate business as any branch of trade or industry.

The houses are on the principal street, and conducted by men responsible in business affairs. Unlike most places of gambling conducted secretly, the resorts are all "on the square," to use the parlance of green cloth patrons.

The games are guarded by the authorities, and none can be run on other than what they decide to be a legitimate basis. It is a time honored and accepted institution.

DECORATION. It was a raw and gusty day for Greece, and the wood-nymphs shivered miserably. But they laughed in derision when clothing was suggested. "Nothing," they exclaimed, "could make us more ineffective for military decoration in the homes of American multi-millionaires." "What is grander than fidelity to a dire destiny?"

THE UNFORTUNATE GOLFER. A golfer whose eyes were oblique. Tried to make a swift drive with a club. If the ball he should hit where he was looking at it. Why, it wouldn't get back in a wiqu.

To cure Headache in ten minutes use Kumfort Headache Powders, 10 cents.

Beaver FLOUR
Made from the world's best wheat
by the world's best milling methods—the best family flour in the world. Makes the best bread—the best biscuits—the best pastry.
Get it from your Grocer.

W. V. BARBOUR, ST. JOHN, N. B. New Brunswick Selling Agent.