

THE blase world has many different and sometimes strange ways of amusing itself. New games and sports are being devised continually.

It frequently happens, too, that a sport which entertains one nation vastly is voted slow and uninteresting by another.

"Tossing the caber," so popular in Scotland, finds few devotees on the Continent; pushball finds favor in England and rocketball in France and Germany. Other countries are very slow to appreciate the good points of America's own baseball game. The Australian works like a Trojan in his wood-chopping contests, and declares it great sport.

IF YOU find yourself abroad this year and visit any of the seaside resorts of France or the watering places of Germany, you will no doubt become familiar with rocketball. But learn it—no.

"It is a game Americans never learn, never," a pretty French woman was heard to remark last summer on the sands at Trouville. A group of American tourists stood by watching the game in progress.

Along the shore were a score of men and women, mostly women. Few men, it is said, have the patience to learn rocketball.

Success is acquired only after long practice and study. This is the reason, perhaps, that it appeals to the women of France as bridge whist does to their English and American sisters.

A pretty young woman took her stand on the base. She held two sticks, to each of which a long thread was attached. With a little laugh she threw a celluloid spool into the air, and suddenly wheeled into the field, jumped forward and backward and pirouetted in a bewildering maze of movements. She took little running steps backward and forward breathlessly, then, with a triumphant laugh, captured the spool by cleverly twisting the thread about it.

With a dexterous movement of the arms she brought the two sticks together—and the glittering spool went spinning over the neutral field to the opposite base. She had performed the feat.

The object of the game is to capture the spool with the string before it falls to the ground and by a manipulation of the sticks, wind the string about it in such a way that it can be thrown to the desired goal.

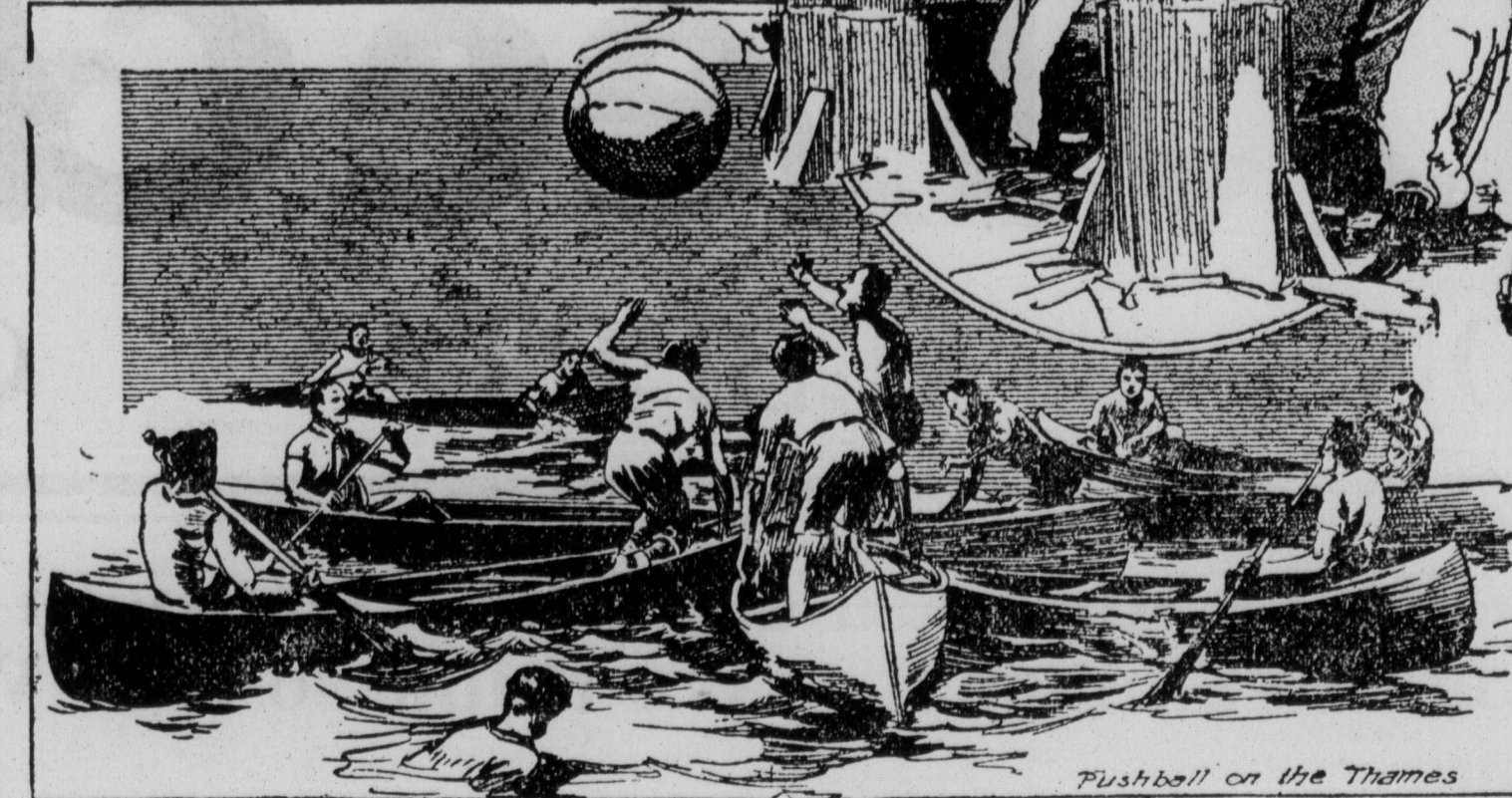
To do this requires great agility and quickness of action, while practice of the game is said to strengthen the muscles and to give one a remarkable ease and grace of movement. The game permits many variations, and is said by enthusiasts to be more difficult and interesting than lawn tennis.

"Tossing the caber," so popular in Scotland, requires both muscle and brain. The average American does not care for a game in which the trunks of trees are tossed about as if they were quoits.

The "caber" is made of the trunk of a larch or pine tree, shaved smooth. It is usually fifteen feet in length and must weigh 200 pounds. One end is thicker than the other.

To play the game the tosser stands the caber upright on the smaller end. He is assisted in this. The greatest difficulty is to raise the pole from the ground unassisted and balance it in the palms of the hands.

Holding the pole in his hands, the tosser runs forward a short distance, raises the pole, and with a quick movement of the shoulders and arms throws the stick



from him. Curving through the air, it strikes the ground on its larger end, if it turns over on its end and falls in a straight line from the tosser, he wins; if it falls in a backward direction toward him, he loses.

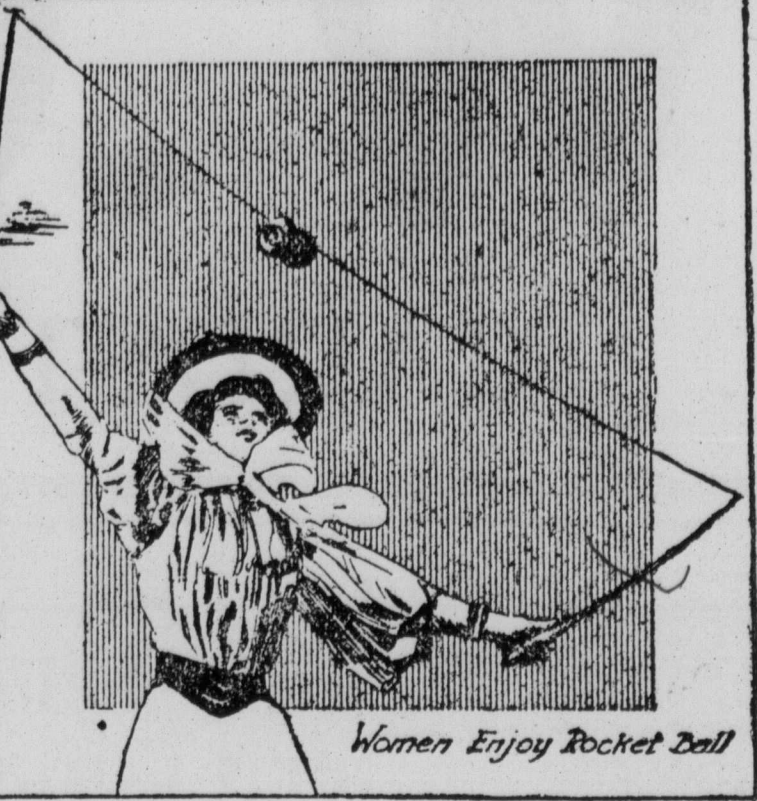
The game is usually played by a number of contestants, the prize going to him who throws the caber the greatest distance, completing the clearest circle, with a straight fall in the opposite direction.

The principal amusement of men in certain parts of Australia is engaging in wood chopping and sawing con-

In another part of the grounds there may be a log-sawing contest in full swing, each long, sharp saw being wielded by two men. Australian woodsmen think it the best fun in the world to saw a thirty-six-inch ironbark log in a temperature of 120 degrees.

Within the last year many variations of the game of pushball have won favor in Germany and England. One of the most popular aquatic sports in England is water pushball.

The ball is usually made of rubber, and is three feet in diameter. The players are seated in canoes. As the ball skims over the water the players speed after it, some striking it and sending it onward, others endeavoring to catch it. Precautions must be taken in the



mad race, or the canoe is likely to capsize. Of course, this adds zest to the game. Nearly all the boating clubs of England have chosen water pushball as their favorite sport.

Circus pushball is viewed with favor by the Germans, young women usually participating in the arena. An equal number of women are placed on opposite sides of a huge ball, and those on each side push and strain and exert every effort to roll the ball in the direction of their competitors.

INSURE AGAINST EARTHQUAKES—WHY NOT? ASKS SCIENCE

IS IT possible to put earthquakes upon an insurance basis? Since the Kingston disaster there has been considerable discussion of this suggestion.

That disaster set Professor Thomas A. Jaggar, Harvard's earthquake expert, at work anew upon the problem. If earthquake insurance is decided to be practicable, how are such risks to be assumed; should they be part of the ordinary business of insurance companies, or undertaken by a specially organized corporation to the end that losses in life and property may be minimized?

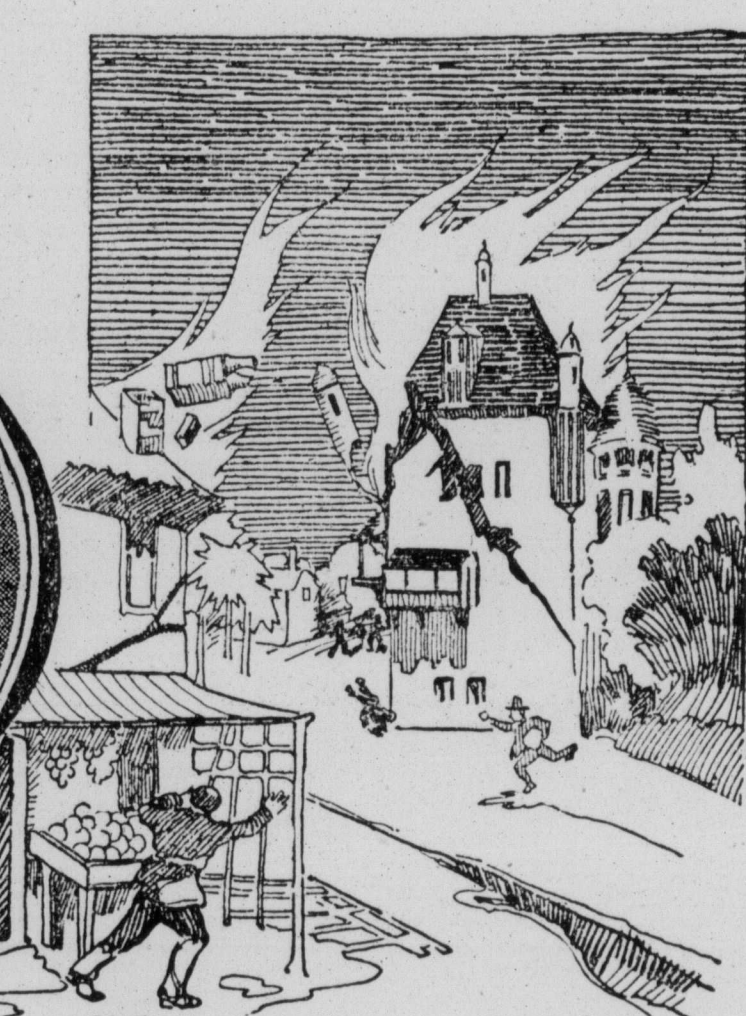
For Professor Jaggar aims at more than insurance against financial loss; he would couple with his scheme definite scientific plans to foretell earthquakes—or the probability of them—just as the Weather Bureau now sends out warning of approaching storms.

He has studied carefully the conditions preceding and following the Kingston disaster, as well as those attending San Francisco's catastrophe. All these observations are now being considered in connection with data relating to the latest eruption of Mount Vesuvius and the terrible calamity in Martinique. The deeper Professor Jaggar goes into the subject the stronger advocate he becomes of earthquake insurance and of plans to give timely warning to persons in a threatened danger zone.



are liable to happen something like the same measure of protection, or, if not that, of reimbursement for property losses, as is now given to those who suffer by fire.

"If, for instance, we knew from our knowledge of a particular locality and our instruments that an earthquake or a volcanic outbreak were impending, it would be possible to give the people of that locality a warning



timely enough to enable them not only to escape with their lives, but also to remove all, or much, of their portable property.

"In this way the loss of life and wealth could be reduced to a minimum. For years the United States Weather Bureau has sent out storm or hot or cold wave warnings, which have saved thousands of lives on land

and sea, and have also resulted in the saving of millions of dollars' worth of property and crops. Some system akin to this, I believe, can be worked out with regard to earthquakes.

"As it is now, earthquakes and volcanic outbreaks are classed by insurance companies in the 'Act of God' category, and payment of losses caused by them refused. But with this system in full operation, the earthquake losses would be clearly defined, and people either would not build in them or would put up buildings of a construction that would defy an earthquake or in which the damage would be minimized.

"With this done, I see no reason why an earthquake risk should not be assumed as well as a fire risk. At San Francisco it was the fire, not the earthquake, that caused the great bulk of the property loss. Severe as the earth tremor was, modern constructed buildings withstood the shocks fairly well.

"In Oriental countries, where seismic disturbances are common, the style of building construction is such that no great property loss results, even though the disturbance is severe.

"Aside from building cost, there are many other things that would tend to lessen the risks. At San Francisco, for instance, the breaking of the gas and water mains contributed greatly to the damage, the former because it liberated fuel which spread the flames and the latter rendering the fire department practically helpless.

"A method of laying such mains in a 'quake' district could be formulated, it seems to me, that would prevent a recurrence of the San Francisco disaster.

"Of course, the expense of such a laboratory and system might be large at first, but once established, I am convinced it would soon prove its value. If it saved some lives, I think that would place it on the same plane as the Weather Bureau.

"As to instruments, we have the seismograph, but it will be necessary to evolve others which will give us more definite and earlier warnings of threatened disturbances in the earth's strata. The seismograph is good enough so far as it goes, but we will have to have others.

"This means constant experimenting until we can get something that will work accurately, and then further experimenting until a system is formulated by which forewarnings can be sent out. The first necessity is the endowment. In this age, given that, all things are possible."

WHAT PEOPLE WHO LIKE PETS DO FOR THEM

AS IN human society, there is a division in the society of animals. There are aristocrats and plebeians, there are dogs with pedigrees and cats of most obscure parentage. There are fashionable pigeons, cultured parrots and demure blushing chameleons.

Many remarkable things have been done for pets by their owners, and the members of the animal world of fashion are feted and dined, taken to functions ranging from shows to banquets, buried in silk-lined coffins, or, if they survive the owner, sometimes become heirs to large fortunes.

"GOOD MORNING, Fido, a Merry Christmas. Nice doggie, now—don't oo's like oo's 'Tis Christmas tree? Oh!"

In a tone of deep reproach, Miss Katherine M. Hull, a wealthy Chicago society girl, pretty, petite and graceful—turned to her fox terrier last Christmas morning to chide him for his disgraceful behavior.

In the corner of a room in the luxurious ranch home owned by Miss Hull on Elk creek, fifteen miles from Pine Grove, Col., she had set up a Christmas tree for her dogs—yes, indeed, a wonderful tree—and they didn't seem to fully appreciate it.

No sooner were the German mastiff, the Irish setter, the two English bull terriers, and Fido, the fox terrier, let into the room, than Fido made a leap for the tree. The other thoroughbreds followed, and, well, Miss Hull said Santa Claus wouldn't remember her pets next Christmas.

For the benefit of her pets, Miss Nannie Sloan, a well-known Baltimore society girl, also put up a tree last Christmas. Laden with sausages, meaty ham bones and juicy morsels of chicken, it was just about as mouth-watering a thing as could be presented to any dog. Many friends gathered on Christmas morning at Miss Sloan's country residence, near Lutherville, Md., to see the three dogs celebrate Christmas.

BANQUET FOR PET ANIMALS

Christmas trees for dogs? you ask. Yes, and these are only a few of the many remarkable things people have done for their pets.

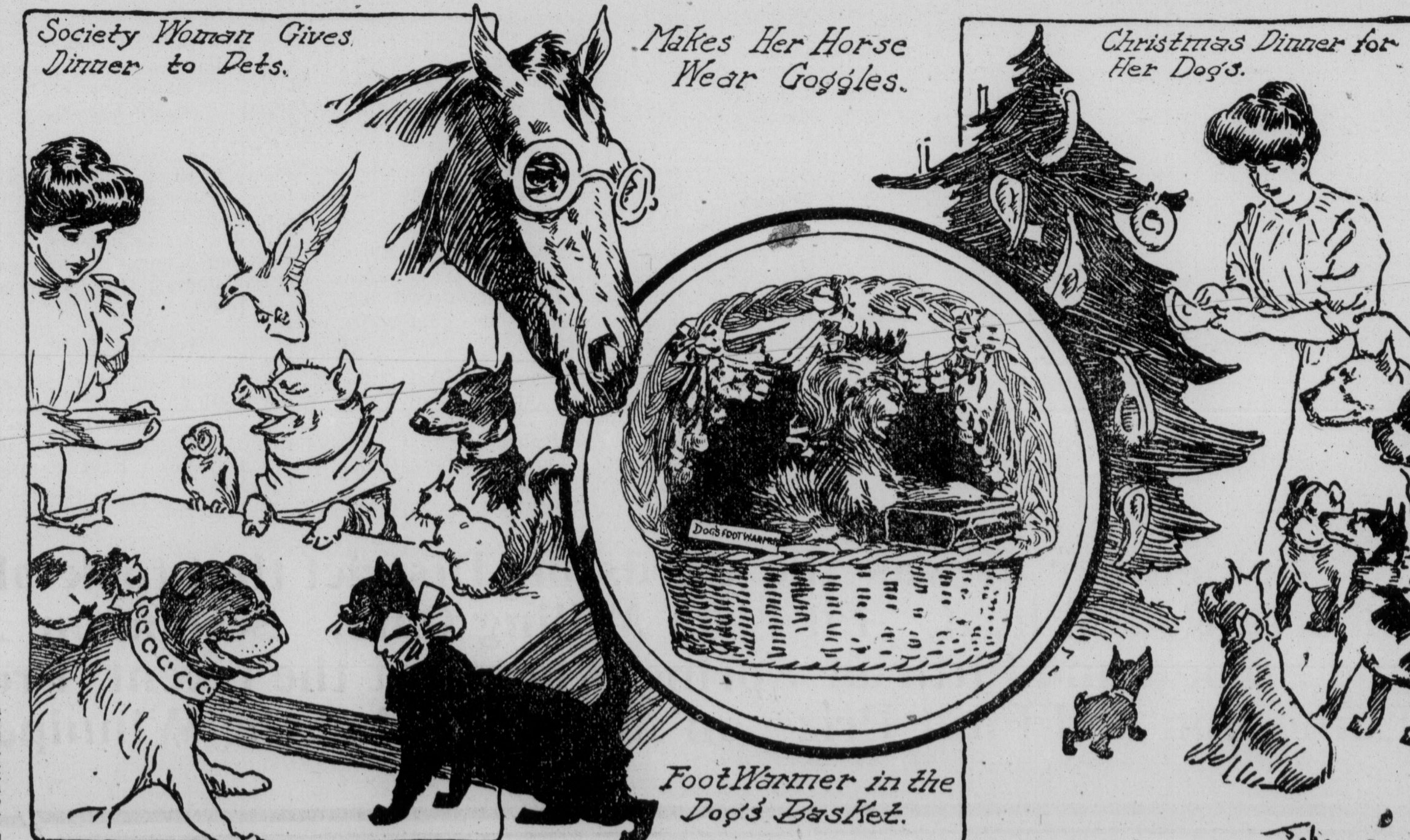
Perhaps you do not recall the recent banquet given by Mrs. Minnie Fluke Griffin, a fashionable matron of Evanston, Ill., to her ten pet animals. Or the funeral of Lady Nada in Jersey City. Or the monument erected by Gabriel d'Annunzio to his dog, "the most faithful friend." It may have been forgotten by many that Miss Charlotte Ivar, of New York, after the Madison Square Garden fair last fall, purchased spectacles to protect the blue eyes of her cream-colored mare Dimples.

Miss Ivar created a sensation riding the blue-eyed horse, which Frank Melville purchased for her in Oklahoma, at the fair.

Dinners given to pets are becoming the thing among society matrons. The given by Mrs. Griffin was a splendid affair, with a nose as thick as a usual nose and a dined on creamed asparagus, a guinea pig whose opinion of large families was said to correspond to that of President Roosevelt, a parrot which spoke French, a chameleon, a bulldog, a carrier, a squirrel and an Angora cat.

Many of the fashionable society women of Science-tady, N. Y., chaperoned a party of dashing belles and beaux of the canine world to a dinner given by Betty Yates, daughter of Corporation Counsel Austin Yates, of that city. At the buffet liver and kidney and many other dog dainties appeared on the small menu cards.

Because he buried his pet dog in the church yard of



St. Peter's Lutheran Church, North Wales, Pa., Charles E. Bean was sued recently. Bean said in court that he had removed the precious ashes, but maintained that he had the right to let the tombstones remain.

The funeral of Lady Nada, a black cocker spaniel from the kennels of the late Mark Hanna, was an event in the Greenville section of Jersey City. The dog was placed in a silk-lined coffin and interred in the New York City cemetery.

The dog of Gabriel d'Annunzio was recently killed near Florence, Italy, by a peasant, who asserted it chased his hens. D'Annunzio prosecuted the man, employing lawyers at a cost of \$100, and succeeded in having him sentenced to ten days' imprisonment.

Most people do not think a man could dispose of his money to better purpose than by willing it to ani-

mals. Yet this is often done. According to the will of the late Benjamin D. Wenden, one of the wealthiest property owners of Providence, R. I., \$10,000 was bequeathed to his favorite mare Kitty, his dog Laddie, his parrot Captain Corcoran and his wife's pug dog Punk.

Thomas A. Maitland, the late New York clubman and banker, who always took an active part in the horse shows at Madison Square, commended his horses to the care of his wife, with directions that they be shot when they passed the age of service.

Mrs. Emma Sandt, who died some time ago in Easton, Pa., asked of the beneficiaries of her will that all her cats and dogs excepting two be chloroformed.

Perhaps the most valuable playground enjoyed by a dog is that maintained by Miss Josephine J. Wendell in Fifth avenue, between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets,

New York. Miss Wendell is said to have refused \$750,000 recently for the lot, because her dog Trilxie would have no other place in which to take exercise.

There are fashions in pet dogs as in everything else. Perhaps the most royal dog is the King Charles spaniel. Then there is the favorite pug, with his jaw; the silky Queen Victoria—the French bulldog, with its erect ears; and the German dachshund, with its long body and short legs, all patrons of the dog world.

Thousands of dollars are spent by fanciers—men and women—for the most select scions of these royal families. For the comfort of fashionable dogs a hotel is conducted at Idstone, England. It is the St. Regis of dogdom, and every luxury and comfort is supplied the pets of peers who are domiciled there.

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