Storyettes

AT a Highland gathering one Donald McLean had entered for a number of events. The first of these was the quarter mile. Donald certainly didn't distinguish himself in the quarter mile. Of eight runners he was the last.

"Donald! Donald!" cried a partisan. "Why did ye no run faster?"

Donald sneered.

"Run faster!" he said contemptuously. "And me reservin' mysel' for the bagpipe competition!"

* * *

MUCH Indian service has caused the temperament of Major Huffer to partake of the national curry; much horse-riding has induced his legs to curve gracefully outwards; but, alas! much practice at golf has not yet made an expert of him.

Indeed, on one occasion of which we write he was well within fifty yards of the first green, and was playing his fifth stroke. The new member who was waiting to play could wait no longer.

"Fore!" he cried, and drove off.

But his impatience was his undoing. The ball merely ran along the ground, and rolled gently between the major's gracefully curved legs.

"Here, you, sir, confound you!" he shrieked. "That is not golf."

"No, perhaps not," answered the new member reflectively; "but, by Jove, sir, I tell you what—it's jolly good croquet."

OF course," said the lady with the steel-bound glasses, "I expected to be called 'strongminded' after making a speech three hours long in favor of our sex, but to have it printed 'strong-winded' was too, too much."

* * *

SHE was just three years old, and it was her first visit to the Zoo. When the towering form of the elephant appeared in sight she drew back, clutching at her father's hand.

"I won't go too close, daddy," she whispered. "I might frighten him."

* * *

WILLIE: "Father, a man is a bachelor until he gets married, isn't he?"

Father: "Yes, my son."

Willie: "And what does he call himself afterwards?"

Father: "I wouldn't like to tell you, my son."

* * *

A DOCTOR prescribed rest and change for a small boy who had disorganized his system by overindulgence in college pudding. After he had gone the little boy said:—

"I knew I was upset, mamma, because my foot's asleep, and things must be pretty bad when you go to sleep at the wrong end."

* * *

NOW, Harry," said the inspector, "which would you rather write about? All you know about William the Conqueror or all about your last holiday?"

"All I know about William the Conqueror," said Harry.

"Why," said the inspector, surprised.

"Well, you see," said Harry, "I could write all I know about William the Conqueror in a few minutes, whereas it would take me a couple of hours to write about my last holiday."

* * *

THE German chief of staff shook his head.

"No," he replied to the brilliant assemblage about the council table, "we are not prepared to invade England."

The veteran General Kleinerschnapps looked amazed.

"But we have the fleet!" he cried.

"Yes."

"And the grand army."

"Yes."

"And the submarines and the airships?"

"True."

"We know that the British fleet is scattered and the army unprepared. Why should we hesitate?"

"You forget the suffragettes," said the chief of staff coldly.

THE ANTIQUITY OF HATS

JUST now, when a well-known New York pulpit orator has been inveighing against unwieldy monstrosities of female headwear, and when the very law itself steps in and says, "let there be light," it may not prove uninteresting to trace very briefly the evolution of the hat.

WAS VERY SORRY—AFTERWARDS

In a town not fifty miles from here a lady went into a store and asked for a box of Zam-Buk. She was told that it would cost fifty cents, and that a larger box of another ointment could be bought cheaper. In a moment of weakness she took the cheaper box. When she had used it she still needed the Zam-Buk as badly as before, and bought a box.

The Zam-Buk did what she needed, but as she had bought the useless ointment, too, she paid just as much again for the benefit she derived as if she had bought Zam-Buk in the first instance. Strange kind of economy, isn't it? She was sorry—afterwards.

Zam-Buk has years of honest recommendation behind it. People have proved that it cures. Imitation food contains no nourishment, and imitations of Zam-Buk fail in the one essential feature—they never work Zam-Buk cures. When you ask for Zam-Buk don't take anything else. The name is protected by law, and is clearly shown on each package. It may cost you a little extra, but the benefit derived amounts to a great deal more.

Of course, we owe to Asia all our manufactures, not omitting the discovery of producing felt. The hats which are so constantly alluded to in Scripture were genuine ones adorned by turban-cloths, and not mere turbans, as, for instance, those which were bound upon the heads of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego when they were cast into the Assyrian furnace.

Today, upon the heads of Asiatic Jews, you will see tall, narrow cylinders of grey felt surrounded by a colored handkerchief.

The Nestorian Christians of Kurdistan wear felt hats very similar to the Irish caubeen, while, throughout the Orient, dervishes and fakirs affect tall, light-hued, felt head-coverings.

During the Wars of the Roses, fair dames wore hideous, steeple-crowned fabrics, and the progress of the hat in Europe was not wholly of a peaceful character. There were cities in which rival factions—electing to die for Red Rose or White—divided themselves into "hats" and "caps" and fought strenuously for the supremacy of one or the other party.

The pulpit of those days, too, was most unfriendly to the hat. Broad brims were preached against, and plumes and jewelled clasps were roughly mauled by fiery, clerical orators. And behold! The steeple-crowned hat became the mark and sign of the Puritan party, while it had its very antithesis in the Geneva skull-cap. But right on top of this ungraceful, Puritanical apex there fell the raillery of the gallantly and beautifully plumed Cavaliers.

The cocked hat followed, which the great Napoleon and that philosophical old crony Voltaire loved so well, this being succeeded by those beavers patronized by dandies of the Beau Brummel type.

And we know that the hot-blooded youngsters who fought for our independence under Layfayette and Rochambeau took the round hat with them to Paris as a novelty. That benevolent and patriotic printer, Benjamin Franklin used to be mobbed when he represented us at the court of Louis XVI., so very wonderful in the eyes of the Parisians, was that modern cylinder.

AN AMERICAN SUFFRAGETTE

AFTER serving a month's sentence in the Holloway jail, outside of London, Miss Alice Paul, the militant American suffragette, has returned to this country and to her home at Moorestown, New Jersey. She declares that she will not return to England, but will strive to promote the woman-suffrage movement over here.

In 1908 Miss Paul went to London to study economies at the London University, and soon became deeply interested in the campaign of the suffragettes and allied herself with them. She took an active part in the cause. On one occasion Miss Paul was arrested in Scotland, but was released, after having spent three days in jail, because she refused to eat.

The Women's Social and Political Union, of which Miss Paul was a member, determined to make a demonstration before Premier Asquith during a political banquet at the Guildhall. Miss Paul and another suffragette, disguised as scrub-women, gained entrance to the hall and hid themselves in a balcony. When the Premier was in the midst of an eloquent speech these two young women shouted at the top of their voices, "Votes for women!" For this disturbance both were arrested, tried, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment. While in Holloway jail Miss Paul refused to wear the regulation garb and therefore had to remain in bed. She also refused to eat, but this time the authorities were prepared for such resistance, and three times a day forcibly administered liquid food by means of a rubber tube inserted in her nose. In spite of the painful treatment Miss Paul persisted in her refusal to eat voluntarily, and had to be fed during the entire period of her imprisonment.

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Mrs. Horace Martin, of Sharbot Lake, Ont., writes:

"My husband had eczema for seven years. He spent hundreds of dollars but could not get cured. He was almost wild with the pain and itching.

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The Horseman

BREEDING classic winners according to what is shown in colored charts is one of the latest fads of the turf abroad just now, and from a scientific standpiont it has attracted the attention of the men interested in the production of the thoroughbred. This chart plan is the invention of W. Southall, who was for many years agent for Sir Tatton Sykes, and though he has used the system for some time for his own personal guidance it is only lately that others have recognized the utility of the scheme.

What directed attention mostly to the Southall chart was the case of Spearmint, winner of the Derby in 1907 and the colt who made the present record of two minutes 36 3-5 seconds for the course. As a two-year-old he was not figured even in the mediocre class, yet the Southall charts showed him to be far and away the best of the youngsters in training. That the charts were the best indication of the animal's true form was emphasized the following season when the big Epsom race came around.

To describe these charts on paper is not an easy task, because the colors they show are the essential feature. The charts are fan shaped, and each generation is set down in a semi-circle, of which there are seven, so that in the outermost there are the names of sixty-four sires and sixty-four dams. All these tracing in tail male from Whalebone through Camel and Touchstone are colored in canary yellow, through Birdcatcher and Stockwell pale pink, through Birdcatcher and Isonomy, together with all other descendants of Whalebone and Whisker, deep pink. The lines from King Fergus through Blackstock are dark blue, through Orville green, from Tramp red, from Gohanna and Catton brown, and from Saltram and all other lines of Eclipse chrome yellow.

The members of the Woodpecker branch of the Herod family are colored purple, those of the Highflyer branch pale blue, while the descendants of Matchem are light oak. By this means it is possible to tell at a glance what blood predominates in a pedigree, and also whether the chief strain in a mare has its complement in the sire. Southall has colored the pedigree of all sires at the stud at the present time, so that he has only to color the pedigree of any given mare and place it alongside those of the sires in order to find out very quickly which will make the best mate for her; that is leaving all other considerations aside.

How far it will be possible to bring those charts into general use cannot now be determined, but the only obstacle that might be in the way is the expense. A practical solution of the difficulty would be to publish a volume giving the colored charts of all available sires, bound in such a manner that additions and removals could be easily effected, and in that way it could be kept up to date. Were the charts arranged in that way it would be quite a simple matter for an owner to get his mare colored, and then he could quickly decide which sire would be the most suitable mate, that is so far as the best strains of blood would be concerned.

In case of the failure of this plan the only other method would be for owners to put themselves in communication with Southall, who would, no doubt, supply all the material necessary. One English breeder who has mated his horses according to Southall's plan is elated over the result, and a string of youngsters which have classic engagements will be closely watched for the next year or two. Speaking of his charts Southall says:

"I am hoping that the more skilful mating of our mares will in the near future somewhat check the 90 per cent. of wasters which annually appear before the starter. It is a fact, which I emphatically affirm, that hundreds of our brood mares, if judiciously mated, are capable of producing distinguished winners instead of offspring destined to finish at the tail end of selling races—horses worth a thousand or more instead of £50, or something under, and dear at that. Our best sires are frequently visited by unsuitable mares, with results that might readily be expected. In 1908, nine of the get of St. Simon started in thirty-two races without scoring a win between them, and, similarly, there were twenty by St. Frusquin who ran unsuccessfully 108 times, nineteen by Gallinule 87 times; twelve by Cyllene 45 times, and nine by Volodyovski, 41 times. One doctrine that is often wrongly recommended is the constant change of sires for a mare. No advice could be more irrational. It is one of the faults of our present method of breeding, and entirely at variance with the grand old practice of former days, which I wish to assist in restoring.

"Now, as to the value of inbreeding, let it be understood that it is not a new system of breeding winners. It is merely a means whereby the experience gained by generations of breeders may be readily applied with less risk of failure. A study of the pedigrees of the best and most successful horses reveals the correctness of the century old theory that inbreeding to certain well defined families is the most promising method of procedure. I cannot stop now to give examples. There are scores of them. Lehndorf in his book gives a list of over a hundred well known animals inbred to ancestors removed from one to six degrees, and shows that those most successful were inbred at the fourth or fifth degree. But this principle can surely be usefully applied to families as well as to individuals—that is to say, to potent strains of blood. The late Joseph Osborne laid down the general rule that where the pedigree of sire and dam most assimilate, there the success of their progeny had been most pronounced. The late Sawry Cookson, of Neasham Hall, who bred four Oaks winners in sixteen years, the first and second for the Derby in 1861, the first and second for the St. Leger in 1868, proceeded on the line that the horse should return the best strains in the mare's pedigree.

"It is fairly obvious that the accepted strains must be those which descend in the tail male. No doubt there have been numberless instances in which the mare has been the more potential factor in producing high class offspring, but even so are most likely to be transmitted to future generations in tail male, simply because the sires most freely used are the horses who have come to the front on the race course. At a rough guess I should say that at least three times out of four the sire is the propotent agent.

"As to the case of Spearmint, whose chart is worked out to the seventh remove, a peculiar interest attaches to it, because when Spearmint was a yearling and still at Sledmere it was possible to pronounce him the best youngster bred and reared by Sir Tatton Sykes for many a long year; that is to say, the best 'on paper.' The chart showed you at a glance that the predominant lines of blood—those of Touchstone, Stockwell and Melbourne—are ideally balanced in sire and dam. Bayardo's chart is also splendidly balanced, and that of Minoru likewise. Lemberg's does not strike one quite so favorably, because in Cyllene there is no response to the Blacklock blood that is so conspicuous a feature in Galicia's pedigree. Of course, there is Galopin again in Mother Seigel, the dam of Minoru, but it is not in the top line, as in the case of Galicia.

"In the centre of Minoru's pedigree there are four conveying lines of Touchstone, strongly supported by Stockwell and Sterling, with a dash of Highflyer. Dark Ronald again comes out well, for the Blacklock, Touchstone, Stockwell, and Melbourne blood on the dam's side has its exact counterparts on the sire's. It will be remembered that Abe Bailey bought the yearling half-brother to Dark Ronald, by Symington, at Doncaster. According to the colors the youngster should turn out to be a good one, for not only does Symington return the Blacklock blood in liberal quantity but also a strong dose of Tramp. Roseate Dawn has been purchased by Tanner and sent to the stud. Here we have a horse with a preponderance of Birdcatcher and Touchstone blood with important streaks of Blacklock and Sweetmeat (Herod) on the dam's side. A mare bred on the same lines as Mother Seigel would suit him very well.

"Before long it may be necessary to declaim against the expatriation of our best or most promising stallions. Foreign breeders are each year making their offers more alluring. Matters have got to such a pass that a £30,000 transaction is almost commonplace. Ten years hence an offer of such a sum as that for a Derby winner will be spurned and sneered at as being altogether beneath consideration. How, in the face of this appreciation of value, can it be maintained that there is a manifest deterioration? Regarded as a whole, the breeding of race horses is nowadays conducted on surer and more ordered lines than ever before. The theory that like produces like is true enough so far as it goes, but a very little experience is sufficient to show that to achieve the best results we must go a little deeper than that.

"Even if one had the necessary qualifications to pose as an expounder of ascertained truths it would be impossible to do justice to such a subject as breeding. And I would say here that it is surely high time some generally recognized authority set to work to collate and present for our instruction the results of the last twenty or thirty years, and point out the lessons to be drawn therefrom."

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THE BUCK-EYE

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They taught him how to hemstitch and they taught him how to sing,
And how to make a basket out of variegated string,
And how to fold a paper so he wouldn't hurt his thumb—
They taught a lot to Bertie, but he
COULDN'T DO A SUM.

They taught him how to mold the head of Hercules in clay,
And how to tell the difference 'twixt the bluebird and the jay,
And how to sketch a horsie in a little picture frame,
But, strangely, they forgot to teach him
HOW TO SPELL HIS NAME.

Now, Bertie's pa was crabbed, and he went one day to find
What 'twas they did to make his son so backward in the mind.
"I don't want Bertie wrecked," he cried, in temper far from cool,
"I want him educated!" So
HE TOOK HIM OUT OF SCHOOL.

Many a man finds, on leaving school and college, that his education is but just begun. There is a lot to be unlearned, and even more to be attained ere the sum of knowledge can be said to fit the youth for the life before him.

No man of middle age but looks back upon his youth—when he imagined he knew everything—with regret for the lost opportunities due to a lack of knowledge of what to do, and how to do it.

SMOKERS! This rule holds good with regard to your favorite weed.
Are YOU satisfied that you know ALL about tobacco?
Can you honestly say that the cigar you smoke is THE BEST?
You can?
Well then, we have just ONE THING to say!

If it's not a BUCK-EYE, you have a lot to learn