

TESTS OF STRONG MEN.

Remarkable Record Made By a Divinity Student.

Who Sets a New Mark for Those Ambitious as to Their Strength and Powers.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Appropos of the exhibitions of strength of yesterday, the following from a Chicago exchange is reproduced:

During the past few years tests in physical strength have been regularly made at some of the larger universities. Various methods were at first employed to determine the muscular power of the candidates, but recently the system invented by Prof. Sargent of Harvard university has been universally used.

Tests of strength have recently been made on this principle at the University of Chicago. Walter S. Kennedy, of football fame, became champion strong man of the university after a remarkable series of tests in the college gymnasium. But he held the title only two days.

A young divinity student named Alfred W. Place, hearing that the tests had been conducted, expressed a desire to compete. He broke the record created by Kennedy. Kennedy tried again and bettered the figures put up by the young theologian. Place was not disheartened, but went to work and, putting his shoulders to the effort, threw one of the machines out of gear and then earned a total of 4238 pounds, smashing all previous efforts.

Place is a new man in athletics among the larger colleges. He graduated from Butler university in Indiana and entered the University of Chicago last October as a divinity student, where he is at present taking work in the graduate school. During his college life he has been engaged in athletics more or less and is equally proficient in football and baseball. He is also a sprinter of more than usual ability and is credited with having made the record for the 100 yard dash in even time.

His strength was practically unknown until last fall, when at the close of the football season he tried the strength tests, as given by Dr. Raycroft, and succeeded in making a new mark of 3886 pounds, much to the astonishment of the athletic officials of the university.

When it was announced that Kennedy had broken the record, Place asked for another chance, saying that he took the test last year under difficulties and was unfamiliar with the appliances. His request was granted.

In weight Place is 160 pounds, 40 pounds lighter than Kennedy, and in stature he lacks over four inches of Kennedy's height, standing 5 feet 7 inches. His first test, after the regular measurements to ascertain any development since the last test, was that of his grip. Grasping the machine in his right hand, he exerted a pressure of 158 pounds and with his left 130 pounds, which is five pounds less than Kennedy's, while his right is seven pounds better. On the test for his chest muscles he brought a powerful set of muscles into play and exerted a pressure of 270 pounds. Kennedy's mark was 215.

With his chest braced against a support he exerted a pull on the dynamometer to the extent of 585 pounds, 25 better than Kennedy, while on the push his triceps realized only 530 pounds, which lacked 130 pounds of equalling Kennedy, who made a record for that test of 660 pounds.

Up to this point the test had been an interesting one, but when "Skatters" Place stepped on the platform, bent his knees and suddenly began to exert his strength to show what he was capable of with his leg muscles the crowd watched carefully. Slowly but surely the dial on the dynamometer registered higher and higher. The cords stood out on the man's neck like ropes, and he pushed until he grew red in the face.

He stepped down as briskly as ever and watched Dr. Raycroft as he unlocked the dynamometer. The machine had been pulled out of gear and had registered beyond the 1,500 pound mark. In order to ascertain the exact pull Dr. Raycroft procured a pair of dividers and figured out that the total pull had been 1555 pounds in all.

This mark is 90 pounds better than Kennedy's and 110 better than the record he made last fall in his first attempt. In the back lift he also made a new mark and raised the machine until it registered a total of 1,010 pounds in all, which exceeds Kennedy's record by 90 pounds. His total, when figured up by the system used at the university, aggregated 4238 pounds, while Kennedy's equaled 4101.

Not Done by Boers.

Toronto, Ont., April 24.—John Murray, chief of the Ontario government

detective force, has returned from a three days' investigation into the dynamite outrage on the Welland canal, and gives as his opinion that neither Boers nor Fenians had anything to do with the clumsy attempt, but that it will turn out to be a case of an attempt by capitalists or union labor men to frighten shippers into using another route for grain traffic.

This opinion was formed after an interview with United States officers who have "shadowed" the men accused, and also with the three prisoners, as well as with hotel men and others who are to be important witnesses.

Murray also has in his possession letters, etc., found on the men arrested. The fact that the canal was not dynamited at the aqueduct part, where a year would have been required to repair the damage indicates that no Boers or Fenians had a hand in the job. That it was almost in the daylight when the attempt was made shows that the guilty parties were not well trained in the work, and the almost unanimous opinion is there was a good deal of "fake" about it.

Only Heart Wounds Fatal.

A well known surgeon, discussing the character of the wounds received on the battlefields in South Africa, has pointed out that experience of the present campaign would seem to show that the only absolutely fatal region is the heart. Bullet wounds of the brain are now not necessary fatal, judging from the records of the last few weeks, and this is presumably due to the small size of the projectile, the velocity with which it travels and the modern practice of scientific surgery, by which dangerous symptoms likely to arise from injuries may be warded off. It has therefore been suggested that, the heart being the only really vital part in the body, a steel covering should be provided, to be worn so as to protect that part from bullets. A steel plate might be attached to the soldiers' tunics, and doubtless the small shield could be so fixed as neither to impede movement nor cause inconvenience.—London Globe.

Misunderstood Patriotism.

Prof. Alfred B. Adams, of New York, was a soldier in the civil war and took part in the Red river campaign under Major General Nathaniel T. Banks.

"At one place," he said recently to one of his classes, "we surprised a southern garrison and took many prisoners. They were guarding a mountain of cotton bales which were intended for shipment to Europe on account of the southern government. Gen. Banks promptly confiscated the cotton and transferred it to his flotilla. Each bale was stenciled 'C. S. A.' and over this the northern soldiers with marking brushes wrote in huge characters 'U. S. A.' I was on guard at the time, and one of my prisoners, a handsome, bright-eyed young southern officer, said, 'Yank, what's that writing there?' 'I looked proudly at him as I replied. 'The United States of America over the Confederate States of America. Can't you read—U. S. A. over C. S. A.?' 'He looked at me quizzically. 'Thank you,' he said. 'Do you know, I thought it was United States of American Cotton Stealing Association.'"

"The next question he put to me I didn't answer."—Saturday Evening Post.

Wyoming's Ice Cave.

Catacombs of marvelous extent and beauty exist in the living ice of Cloud mountain, in Northern Wyoming. They were found by Jacques Moulin, a French trapper. Nothing like them is known elsewhere in the Rocky mountains, and the circumstances of their discovery form a strange story.

Cloud mountain is a lofty peak in a little explored region of the Big Horn range, and near its summit, judging from Moulin's description, is a true glacier. His story in substance is as follows.

"In the snow near the top of the mountain I made a dugout to live in while I was trapping there last December. This hut was in the midst of a great snow and ice drift that clings to the side of the mountain. I was far above timber line, and to make the wood that I brought there go as far as possible I used to build my campfire on the floor of my little cave. One morning I awoke to find that where the fire had been was a yawning well, the bottom of which I could not see. I had been living on the roof of a huge cavern, and the fire had melted its way into the depths.

"Taking a long and stout rope, I fastened one end of it secure near the edge of the hole and lowered myself into the depths. I took with me a pitch pine torch and a ball of twine. The opening rapidly became larger as I went down, and at a depth of about 40 feet I stood upon the floor of a large room. All around me were walls of

ice, blue in color and clear as crystal. Through the ice the light filtered dimly, giving the place a shadowy unreality. It was intensely cold, and I returned to the surface for my fur clothing.

"After lowering myself into the cavern again I tied the twine to the end of the rope, lighted my torch and followed the course of the opening, which seemed to lead like a long hallway directly toward the heart of the mountain. The cavern became higher the farther I went, and about 150 yards from my starting place the roof seemed to be at least 75 feet above me. Here I found myself in a room from which galleries like the one I had entered stretched away in every direction. In width the galleries varied from 10 to 15 feet, and at their intersections great transparent columns extended to the roof. The mixture of the dim, white light of the cave and the reflections of the torch's flame from a thousand glittering surfaces was at once bewildering and fascinating. Again and again I returned to feast my eyes on the beauties of this natural ice palace. But the cold was so great that I always had to cut short my visits. I never explored the other galleries, and how far they extend I cannot guess. The ice seems to be honeycombed by the caverns, and yet the walls and floors are as hard and firm apparently as the mountain itself."—Cheyenne Letter in Chicago Record.

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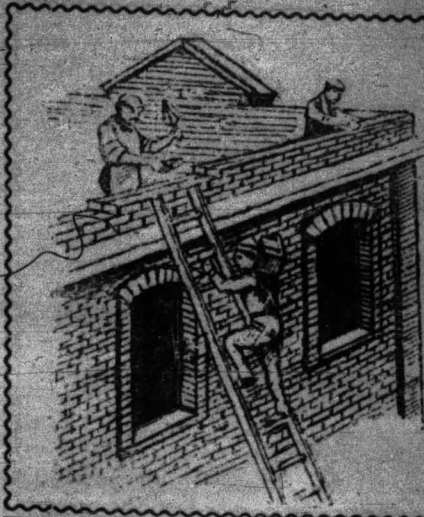
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HOW JOBSON WAS CAUGHT

He Was Seeking to Teach His Wife a Lesson.

But Somehow a Cog Slipped and Jobson Was the Individual Who Received Instruction.

From Saturday's Daily.

Some months ago Mr. Jobson received, in the morning mail delivered at his house, a letter addressed to him in a dainty feminine hand. Mrs. Jobson had gone to the basement door to get the letters from the postman, and she was somewhat puzzled as to who Mr. Jobson's feminine correspondent could be. She did not know the handwriting. It was that of none of her female relatives nor of his. However, she handed the letter to him at the breakfast table, simply asking, not in any particularly curious way:

"Who is it from?"

"I'll know better as to that after I've opened it and seen the signature," replied Mr. Jobson choppily.

Mrs. Jobson ran over her own letters while Mr. Jobson was reading the missive addressed to him in the feminine handwriting, and when she looked up and across the table at her spouse he was apparently suffused in blushes, and there was quite an amount of self-satisfied complacency in his manner.

"Anything important?" inquired Mrs. Jobson.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Jobson, leaning at himself in the sideboard mirror and twiddling with his fork.

"Is it from anybody I know?" inquired Mrs. Jobson.

"I think not," replied Mr. Jobson, adjusting his cravat and pulling down his cuffs in a truly Lothario-like manner.

"Business matter?" asked Mrs. Jobson.

"Well, hardly that," answered Mr. Jobson, with another quite killing look at himself in the sideboard glass.

"Anything I'd be interested in?" inquired Mrs. Jobson, not with any particular indication of excitement nor any evidence of pique.

"I wouldn't undertake to say as to that," replied Mr. Jobson, rubbing the hair over on the bald spot on the top of his head, and smiling mysteriously to himself.

When Mr. Jobson was at the dessert stage of his dinner that evening, he looked up at Mrs. Jobson and said:

"Come near going out of your mind from jealousy this morning, didn't you?"

"Jealousy?" replied Mrs. Jobson, trying to look as completely mystified as possible. "Jealous of who? On account of what? What do you?"

"Oh, I saw your eyes flash, and I thought you were going to have an attack of apoplexy," said Mr. Jobson.

"Jealousy is a sorry business, Mrs. Jobson—it's a feeling that men are incapable of experiencing—their natures are so much larger and broader, you know. Now, I don't want you to go on suffering acute misery over the communication I received, addressed in a feminine hand, this morning, and so I'll show it to you on condition—"

"I have not the least desire in life to see it," said Mrs. Jobson. She had, in fact, already read it—when Mr. Jobson had changed his coat for his smoking jacket on coming home from the office, before he had thought to shift the letter to his smoking jacket pocket.

Mr. Jobson insisted upon her reading it, however, and for the second time she read over a begging letter, written by the female secretary of the Society for the Raising of a Sponge Cake Fund for Indigent Infants, or something of that sort.

When the postman delivered the first mail on Tuesday morning last, there was a letter for her addressed—in a strong masculine hand. Mr. Jobson was right behind her, and she made an ineffectual effort to hide the letter beneath her house jacket. But Mr. Jobson's eagle eye had caught her in the attempt.

"Who's that one from, Mrs. Jobson?" he asked her in a sharp voice.

"Which one?" inquired Mrs. Jobson, a succession of well-defined blushes crossing her face.

"That letter addressed in a man's handwriting that you just stuck under your waist," said Mr. Jobson severely.

"Let's just have a look at that after you've read it, if you please."

"But it's from"—Mrs. Jobson started to say, looking quite extraordinarily guilty, however, and faltering her speech.

"I'll just take the trouble to ascertain myself who it's from, madam," said

Mr. Jobson, "as soon as you've looked over it. Pretty mysterious business, I should say. Why, of all the nerve that I ever heard of, this is!"

And Mr. Jobson jammed his hands into his trousers pockets, ruffled up his hair and clomped up and down the dining room.

Mrs. Jobson broke open the envelope, hastily read the letter, returned it to the envelope and looked greatly confused. She started to tear the missive up, but Mr. Jobson was within two feet of her in a stride.

"Ah ha!" said he, his eyes blazing. "You'd tear it up, would you? You'd hide the evidence of—madam, I'll trouble you to hand me that letter, and at once."

Mrs. Jobson drew back.

"But I'd much rather not, and"—she started to say.

"That letter instantly, Mrs. Jobson! Why, of all the outrageous!"

"Well, I suppose I shall have to surrender it," said Mrs. Jobson shrinkingly, and then she handed over the letter to Mr. Jobson. It was from the correspondence clerk of a Washington male tailor, and it read—

"Madam—That skirt which you left with us to be made over and re-lined is finished, and we beg to request that you call at your convenience and try same on, in order that we may be sure that it fits satisfactorily."

"Oh!" said Mr. Jobson, mopping his forehead. "That's what it is, is it?"

"Men are incapable of experiencing such a feeling as jealousy, aren't they?" inquired Mrs. Jobson, sweetly.

"Jealousy, nothing," said Mr. Jobson.

"Who was jealous? I thought it was another procrastinating letter from that dummy of a lawyer of yours about the sale of that lot."—Washington Star.

A Tonic Needed.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—John, dear, while you're down town I wish you'd just call and pay the milliner—\$17 the bill is, but if you give her \$10—

Mr. Hohmboddie—I'd rather settle it in full.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—Well, but I want you to bring me six yards of that lovely stuff from Matchem's—I'll get you the pattern—and that will take the other \$7. Then I'll just make a memorandum of the trimmings, that will be about \$3 more, and if you love me you know the kind of gloves I want. You've bought them often enough. Now, dear boy, you won't forget?

Mr. Hohmboddie—No, I'll remember;—and, by the way, I'll take my tonic bottle along and get it renewed. I've felt quite run down of late.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—Your tonic? Why, that costs \$1.50! It seems just like throwing money in the street to pay for medicine. Don't you think you could get along without it?—Judge.

The Editor Was Alive.

"The queerest newspaper shop I ever saw in my life," said an old reporter, "was the office of a weekly in a town out in Kansas, which I chanced to visit while writing up the resources of the state for an eastern trade journal. There was a red-hot county campaign in progress at the time, and this paper had displayed so much enterprise in showing up the private history of the opposition candidates and their supporters that half the men in town were laying for the editor with guns.

"He was pretty handy at that game himself, however, and had fitted up the premises with a special view to avoiding surprises from the enemy. His sanctum sanctorium, as he called it, could only be reached through a short hall, in which two looking glasses were hung in such a manner as to reflect anybody who entered the outer door, the second glass being in sight of the editor's desk. In that way he knew who was coming some seconds before the visitor got into direct view and could also see whether any warlike preparation were being made in the hallway. But that was not all. Concealed under a table was a double barreled 'sawed off' shotgun, fastened to cleats and trained on the office door, each barrel containing about a quart of buckshot. This horrible machine was kept at full cock and a string attached to the triggers was looped over a nail on the editor's desk, next to the copy hook.

"On the occasion of my first and only visit, I had just crossed the outer threshold when I heard a squaky voice exclaim:

"Please raise your chin a trifle, stranger!"

"I obeyed mechanically, and, passing on through the outer door, found the editor sitting at his desk with a string in one hand and a pen in the other. As soon as I entered he dropped the string and gave me a cordial greeting. Then he explained his masked battery scheme.

"It's a very neat idea," he said proudly, "and saves lots of time. When anybody comes in at the front door,

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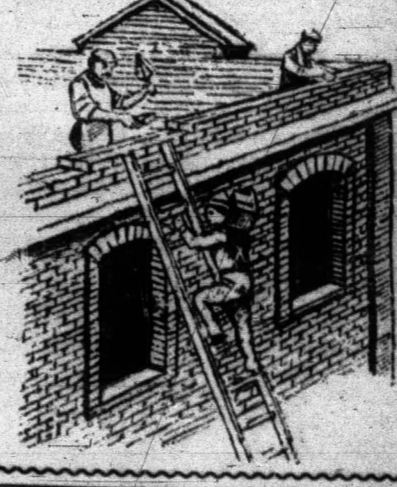
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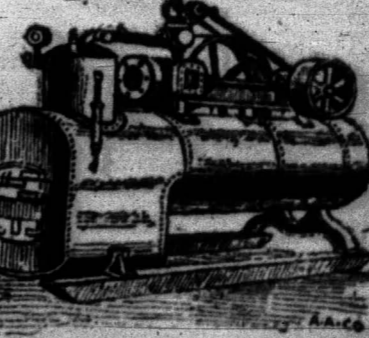
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I simply glance at the mirror and know exactly what to expect, and if it's some fellow looking for trouble a slight tug on this string will give him all he requires. It's a little dark today," he added apologetically, "and when you came in with your head down I mistook you for one of the McLaughlins. I thought, though, that I'd better be sure first, and that's why I called to you in the abrupt way I did. No offense, I hope."

"I assured him it was all right and also remarked that I had just remembered an important engagement. As I passed through the door my hair stood straight up on end, and it gives me palpitation even now just to think about it. The last I heard of the editor he was still holding the fort."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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