

## Meeting Mr. Brown

By V. Toppler

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It has never been my brother Ralph's habit to be very extravagant when it came to spending money on me, so I was rather surprised when, one morning before going downtown, he asked me if I would go to the Hippodrome and, at first, I thought he was only joking.

"I can see that you must think there is something under this, Grace, and so there is. It is like this: You remember Charlie Brown I have spoken of?"

"Yes, but don't quite see—"

"Well, Charlie is coming to New York to-night and I want to give him a good time, and as he has always been particularly anxious to meet you, I thought it a good idea to take you along to entertain him."

"I am sure I shall enjoy it."

"Well, now you leave here on the 6:36, that will take you to Grand Central at 7:05, and I will meet you there and we will both wait for Charlie, who will be on the Boston express, which gets in at 7:20. We will then have just about an hour to get dinner at the Manhattan and get to the Hippodrome in time for the show at 8:30. But now I must be off to catch my train. Do not forget—Grand Central at 7:05."

That afternoon I got a telegram from Ralph. It read:

"Will be detained by business. Cannot make Grand Central. You meet



"Oh, That Is All Right, I Am Grace Warburton."

Charlie; take him to dinner. I will be at entrance of Hippodrome at 8:30."

At first I was rather put out. The idea that I should go and meet a man whom I had never seen and take him out for dinner seemed a rather out-of-the-way thing for a young girl inclined to be bashful, but after awhile the thing began to appeal to my sense of fun, so 6:30 found me on board the train for the city, but I did not arrive until 7:23 as my train was belated.

The Boston express had been on time, however, and all the passengers had gone when I ran up to the platform. No, not all—there was one young man walking up and down as if waiting for somebody.

Surely that must be Charlie Brown I thought and ran up to him, calling out: "Mr. Brown!"

The agility with which he turned around proved his identity. He looked at me in surprise.

"That is my name, but I do not have the pleasure—"

"Oh, that is all right, I am Grace Warburton, Ralph's sister, and I want to take you with me to dinner, as Ralph was delayed and will meet us later. Now we must go and have something to eat in a hurry, as we have not very much time."

He tried to say something, and looked so bewildered that I could hardly help laughing when I looked at the queer expression in his face, but would not listen to him, and we were soon seated in a restaurant opposite the depot, as the state of my finances would not allow me to take him to the Manhattan.

He insisted that he was not hungry, but I put this down to bashfulness, and insisted on ordering a steak for each of us. By a sly motion to the waitress I succeeded in getting hold of the bill, and when he wanted to pay I assured him that was altogether out of the question.

"But I insist."

"I shall not allow anything of the kind. Ralph would never forgive me if I did." He laid his hand gently on my arm.

"I should feel like a criminal if I allowed you to pay for me."

## LIVING ON ONE'S FRIENDS

The Social Graftor Solves the Problem of Existing on Nothing.

It is generally considered that the accomplished social graftor, who has successfully solved the problem of how to live well on nothing a year, is limited to large cities. But if you will stop to think a moment, you will be able to recall from your own experience that there is no town so small, no farming district even, which does not boast a man who is always wanting a pocketful of nails or a woman who wants a cup of sugar and a pinch of tea, which never by any chance are returned.

This is, of course, its crudest form. In towns runs more to copying the clothes and hats of those fortunate enough to get their fashions from occasional trips to the city; to borrowing the new songs and stealing new ideas, until it must be more of a burden than a joy to be prominent in a town where such liberties are taken, with or without permission.

## AGAIN MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPION



Stanley Ketchel, the Michigan fighter, who regained the middle-weight championship of the world by defeating Billy Papke in the eleventh round of their bout at Colma, Cal.

### FOREIGN SWIMMERS MUST RECKON WITH AMERICANS

Achievements of Team at Olympic Games Show Yankees Rank with the Best.

It cannot be said truthfully that the outdoor swimming season of 1908 was a brilliant or even an unusually active one, yet it will go down in history as a decidedly remarkable one.

The achievements of our small team of swimmers at the Olympic games were passed over with hardly a word in the heat of controversy over sensational disputes. Daniels' capture of the 100 meter race had been expected and nobody else took a first, so what need of wasting time in comments? Nevertheless, our representatives won a great victory, for they proved that we are now at least on equal terms with other countries—a thing foreigners have refused to admit, so far—and that in future they will have to reckon on us in all international swimming meets. The sprinting of Harry Heber of the Illinois A. C. and Leslie Rich of the Brooklyn S. C. was an eye-opener to Britshers, who thought Daniels was our only good 100 yarder, and they were not a little surprised at our relay quartette—Daniels, Goodwin, Heber, Rich—giving them a good rub for their money and finishing third, ahead of several European teams considered their betters.

Then the fancy diving of George Gaidzik of the Chicago A. A.—the best of the meet, despite his being given only third place—took them completely off their feet.

Marathon swimming again proved the feature of the season. The Chicago river event was won in clever style by C. S. Jensen of the Illinois A. C. in 44:41:25, and his clubmate, H. J. Handy, obtained a second leg on the \$1,000 Missouri A. C. cup, which is competed for yearly over ten miles of the Mississippi river, and which must be won three times before becoming absolute property of winner.

In the east Bud Goodwin of the New York A. C. took both the big events—five and 13 mile championships—the first in 2:10:25, the second in 4:30:00. His work was a revelation. He seemed to hold over these distances the exact stroke, speed and all, that he uses in mile swimming, and his time was certainly wonderful.

Besides these three, several other very promising endurance men were developed: Jaeger, the two Johnsons, Frizelle, and Hall in the west, and Wenck, the Manleys, Hennen, James, and Hyde in the east, showed better form and more speed than the best swimmers of the previous year.

In sprinting there was not very much of an opportunity to judge of relative merits, but it is worth mentioning that Daniels went an official 100 yards in a pool in 0:54:35, which, though not accepted as a record, may dispel the fear, felt by some, that the New Yorker is losing his speed. Apart from Daniels there are three men who deserve to be mentioned in a class by themselves: Harry Heber of the Illinois A. C., Leslie Rich of the Brooklyn S. C., and Curtis Sloan of Pittsburgh. They certainly ought to be heard from if their summer's work is any criterion of what they will do next winter.

New Football Captains.

Yale's football captain for next year will be Full Back Ted Coy. Coy has been Yale's greatest individual plunger for two years and has been field captain this fall, while Capt. Bobby Burch was crippled.

Hamilton Fish, Jr., a member of the class of 1910, has been unanimously elected captain of the Harvard football team for next year. Fish has proved right tackle on the varsity eleven for two years.

Frank McLain, son of Congressman McLain from Mississippi, has been elected captain for next year's Vanderbilt football team.

Clark Walworth, Tobin, 1910, of Boston, has been elected captain of the Dartmouth football team for 1909.

Charles Hickman and Hayden Lead.

Charles Hickman was the star batter of the American association the past season with an average of .400. He played in only 47 games out of the 154, however. The real leader of the minor league is John Hayden, the outfielder who helped the Cubs in their battle for the pennant at the close of the past season. Hayden, who was the star batter of the Indianapolis team, hit .316 for the 154 games in which he played and then joined the Cubs on their last swing around the east and continued to pound the ball hard and often. Ten of the American association batters finished the season above the .300 mark.

## ALASKAN DOG TEAM

SAN FRANCISCO WOMAN DRIVES NOVEL TURNOUT.

Devotion of One Little Woman to Her Pets May Be Means of Introducing an Entirely New Mode of Travel.

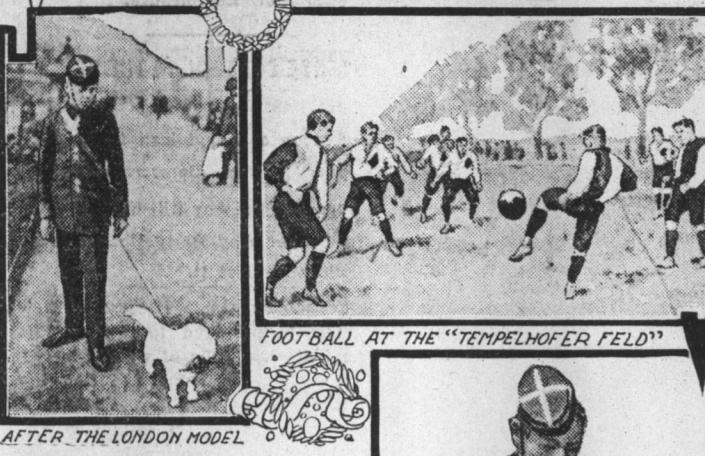
San Francisco.—No one who has ever known and loved a dog, and there are comparatively few of us so unfortunate, can wonder at the devotion of one sweet little woman to hers. It may be the means of introducing a new and entirely unique mode of travel in San Francisco. Mrs. Clarence Hannum, after living in Alaska long enough to become attached to her foot-long dog team, could not bear to leave it behind her to the doubtful mercy of new masters, who might not only overwork and underfeed them, but might even separate them and place them among new teams, where, unless they proved themselves better fighters than the combined strangers, they would probably be torn limb from limb; so she brought them down here to San Francisco with her over a year ago.

Only those who loiter or speed through the late afternoons along the moat unused and picturesque little paths at the extreme westerly portion of Golden Gate park have ever encountered this quaintest and most novel of equipages ever seen in any park anywhere.

Even the monarchs of the road, the gaudiest, loudest and speediest of automobiles, hardly receive a passing glance when the dog team can be seen. To a long, low, little red wagon, almost identical with a child's coaster, so dear to the heart of the average small boy, are hitched these four beautiful dogs, tandem fashion, while sitting sideways on the coaster, one hand on the brake and the other hold-

## ANGLICISED GERMANY

BY C. A. BRATTER



FOOTBALL AT THE "TEMPELHOFER FELD"

AFTER THE LONDON MODEL

When it became known, a short while ago, that the German crown prince had attended a regular course of studies at the Berlin technical high school at the kaiser's bidding, a thrill of surprise ran through that exclusive set usually termed "society."

Such a thing as an imperial prince, an heir to the throne, embracing studies of practical usefulness, was, heretofore, unheard of in Germany. Until recent years the princes' education had been cast in a venerable, time-worn mold—military exercises, military whatnot; and, by way of ornamental side issues, a few morsels of general history, geography, mathematics, social politics, and the like. But matters technical—electricity, mechanics and their practical application, the building of railroads, wireless telegraphy, all similarly useful and therefore "plebeian" pursuits—were hitherto kept at a distance from the scions of the Prussian dynasty.

The Emperor William, who has resolutely broken with many an obsolete custom and mildewy tradition, has now also pushed aside the worn-out system for educating an imperial prince. It is on record that he expressed in his spirited way, as an axiom, that a modern monarch and modern statesmen must be equipped with a practical turn of mind; and that a great deal of the political and colonial successes achieved by Englishmen was undoubtedly due to their gift of viewing matters squarely and soberly, unhampered by "theories."

This is not the first instance of the kaiser's lively appreciation of what is typically English. He has repeatedly manifested a decided preference, inherited from his mother, for English social customs, English sport, and so forth; and he is certainly largely responsible for the marked change which has swept during the last few years over the whole social life of Germany.

English influence, formerly tabooed and detested, is now quite deeply rooted in Germany; the kaiser's strong personality has been successful in clearing away the inborn jealousy entertained by the German nation toward English notions and customs, toward all that haled from England.

This change is especially marked in the fashionable circles of the German capital, Berlin, formerly a deadly dull, uninteresting town, inhabited by narrow-minded citizens unacquainted with the outside world, and possessing an absurdly inordinate conception of the greatness of Germany and German influence, has become an international center, attracting people from all parts of the world, in outward appearance rivaling Paris, eclipsing Vienna, and trying to live up to London. This new state of things from more recent times, Englishmen have lately visited Berlin more often than in former years; they have introduced into German life that element of sport which tends to further the cause of good fellowship and thus bind together diverse nations, and have in this way assisted very materially to show the Germans as a race that good does exist in England, that English people are not all unbearably haughty and stiff, and that English ideas and notions are not, as was believed in Germany of yore, the offspring of lofty disdain of others and insular prejudices and arrogance. The result is that Germans, spurred by the kaiser's example, have begun to take lively interest in their fellow-sportmen, have themselves founded rowing clubs, football associations, and kindred institutions. From the nursery to the university, from the kindergarten to the women's club, from the servant's hall to the fashionable salon, English influence is making itself more and more marked in Germany as each year passes by.

Babies in all the rich, fashionable families are nursed by English nurses, children are taught by English governesses, boys and young aspirants to university honors are coached by English tutors, and English nurse-girls and English parlor-maids are becoming quite the fashion.

The German meals have undergone, in fashionable society, quite a noticeable change in consequence of English influence. The afternoon coffee parties have largely given place to the afternoon tea so prevalent with the English, and even the biggest hotels and department stores, such as the fashionable "Hotel Kaiserhof" and the "Kaufhaus des Westens," endeavor to attract fresh clients by advertising "English Five-o'clock Tea" in their prospectuses and bills. The mid-day meal, or "Mittagessen," in many Berlin houses has been entirely discarded for the English luncheon, and the cold supper at eight for a modish dinner. In many business houses, too, in Berlin, English office hours have been introduced, and may perhaps in time become the usual custom. Many also are in favor of having the theater supper so liked in London introduced into Berlin life; but this will take a long time to become at all the fashion.

The Safest Employment.

A special to the Post-Intelligencer from Nome says: One of the most interesting contests ever witnessed on Seward peninsula was a race between a racehorse and dog team here Saturday, the dog team winning by 50 seconds in a ten-mile course.

Ben Freymer, on Jake Berger's mare Dolly, celebrated in Alaska, raced with Coke Hill's dog team from this city to the mouth of Dexter creek and return, a distance of ten miles. The trail was in good shape and fast time was made by both horse and dogs. The mare slipped while running on a little hillside and lost some ground.

Within three weeks another race will be run as a consequence of the dissatisfaction, and enough money was in sight to-day to make the side bets \$10,000, which found ready takers.—Seattle Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Common Mistakes in Astronomy.

Gore, the great English astronomer, has been calling attention to several widespread errors. He says the statement that with the Yerkes telescope one can see the moon as it were only 60 miles away is utterly wrong; for, if the moon were really only at that distance we should see only a very small part of it, instead of the entire half, which we do see; we should, he says, see only one-nineteenth of what we see now.

Prof. Gore says it is also an error to say that the stars can be seen in broad daylight from the bottom of a well; he says they cannot be seen unless a telescope be used.

Stern Parent—So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?

Suitor—Can't say that I do; but I want to marry your daughter, and I suppose there's no way to avoid it.

A KNOCK FOR PAPA.



## WHALE CARRIED OFF THE LINE

The Monster Also Made Away with a Good Harpoon.

Up among the torn bergs of the Arctic a monster whale is cruising about with a harpoon imbedded in his thick back and something less than half a mile of stout hempen rope trailing after him.

The crew of the steam whaler Thrasher, which returned Sunday night from an eight months' cruise in the icy north, declare that "Mister Whale" got all that was coming to him.

"He got away from us," muttered the mate, spitting viciously into the scuppers, "but we will get him next season. It was good rope we used, and he'll get tangled up on something so we will be one whale to the good when we get back there."

"He was a bad one, though. You see Sliva, the boat steerer, slung the hook into him when we were in open water between two big bergs. Off he goes with the stick in his back, and the rope went out like a man tumbling from the loft. He ducked and dived until one tub of rope was gone, and he did the same with another. He was making for the nearest floe and when he reached it he spit a lot of water into the air and took a deep dive. The edge of the ice cut the rope like a knife, and he was off for good, with 2,000 feet of the Thrasher's line and a good harpoon with him."—San Francisco Chronicle.

## MUST IMPORT MARRIAGEABLE GIRLS.

The problem of finding wives has become a serious one in St. Petersburg. The male population exceeds the female by 124,000 in the Russian capital, and the authorities are weighing plans for importing prospective brides from the provinces. The need of wives, indeed, has led to the making of several fortunes in matrimonial agencies, heavy fines being exacted for pretty girls as wives from remote country places. The men outnumber the women in all classes in St. Petersburg, and at social affairs there are usually two men for every woman. Of course this is a truly delightful situation for the woman, but it is one that is multiplying jealousies between men and causing "affairs" with swords and pistols upon the field of honor. Social activities in St. Petersburg have been declining in interest because of the scarcity of women, whereas in all the other large cities in the empire women are much more numerous than men.

**Hadley Points Out Danger.**

President Hadley of Yale writes: "In the year 1789 the whole French people was in a state of political excitement. They seized eagerly upon everything sensational. A young journalist named Camille Desmoulins shared this feeling and took advantage of it. He wrote a series of articles called 'Lamp Post Talks to the People of Paris,' in which he urged that anybody who was not a friend of the people ought to be taken to the nearest lamp post and hanged. He was not himself a bloodthirsty man. He chose his title chiefly because it sounded so picturesque. After a time he saw that they were executing a great many innocent men and women, and began to tell men so. Then they said that he was not a friend of the people any longer, and hanged him. This story has a moral for us in America to-day. It shows the dangers that come to a people which reads newspapers for the sake of excitement, instead of for the sake of information."

**"Father."**

"Wully," said Mrs. MacHugh to her little son as they emerged from the station at Saltash-by-the-Sea, "now that we are at the coast, mind and father be your papa" when he comes down for the week-end. "Ye'll no forget, will ye?"

"Wully," nearing the big sea, felt graciously inclined to promise anything, and told his mother he wouldn't forget.

On the Saturday morning Mrs. MacHugh was sitting on the stands beside some "swell" seaside acquaintances, watching the children playing. Thinking to impress her neighbors she called out in her best society voice: "Weeble, your papa is coming down to the day."

"Oh, is he?" answered "Weeble," busily engaged at a sand castle, and quite forgetful of Monday's promise. "An' wull my father be wif 'im?"

**Large Royal Family.**