

## POLOMANIA AGAIN MADE APPEARANCE ON FRIDAY NIGHT

About Six Hundred Fans Were Present to See Richmond Aggregation Put Crimp in Elwood Aspirations.

ACCIDENTAL SCORE ONLY  
MARKER FOR VISITORS.

In Preliminary Skirmish the Kibbeys Took the Long End Of the Score of 4 to 1 From Local High School Five.

Six hundred Richmondites, suffered an attack of polo mania Friday evening and gathered in the coliseum, just as of old, to witness Richmond defeat the Red Men's polo team from Elwood. The game was an interesting exhibition and the local players got the big end of a 3 to 1 score. The only score Elwood made was given to them by half-back Williams who accidentally kicked the ball in his own cage to a skieish about the goal.

Preceding the "big" game, Kibbeys and High School "mixed it up," the haberdashers winning by a score of 5 to 1. Newman and Henley displayed the best polo for the Kibbeys while Allison was the particular star for the students.

During the Elwood-Richmond game there was evidence of the return of polo fever. There was roosting as during the days of the Western league and there were sparkling periods during the game when Richmond showed particular form that reminded one of the times gone by.

Richmond's defense was too strong for the visitors, Alexander being well protected by Parry and Williams. The lengthy goal tender had a perfect record with the exception of one ball which bounded and came out. The other was an accident.

The first score was made by Parry on a pretty unassisted play. Richmond's other goals were made by Van Etten on perfect passes from Stevens.

The game was free from dirty playing and the three fouls called, two on Richmond and one on Elwood were not for serious offenses. Lineup and summary:

Richmond (3) Position Elwood (1)  
Stevens ..... First rush ..... Boone  
Van Etten ..... Second rush ..... Parsons  
Parry ..... Center ..... Huston  
Williams ..... Half back ..... McCarrall  
Alexander ..... Goal ..... Smith  
First period—Goal by Parry, Richmond, 7:05. Second period—Goal by Van Etten, Richmond, 12:00; goal by Van Etten, Richmond, 2:00. Third period—Goal by Williams (accidental), Elwood, 7:00. Stops—Alexander, 28; Smith, 30.

### THE SHREWMOUSE.

Superstitions About a Harmless Little Animal.

The shrew, or shrewmouse, as it is commonly called, is found in nearly all parts of the world. It is distinguished by an elongated, pointed muzzle, small eyes, plantigrade, six footed and glands that secrete a musky fluid. Altogether it closely resembles a mouse, but it is really not related to the mouse family.

When at home it is either under a pile of rubbish or in a hole which it has burrowed in the earth. It is nocturnal in its habits, but perfectly harmless. Yet at one time it was much disliked and persecuted because it was thought to be a dangerous, mischievous animal. Among the Italians the notion was prevalent that the bite of a shrew was extremely poisonous. The French and the English believed that if a shrew ran over an animal's foot the animal felt great pain and eventually became paralyzed; hence if a horse, a cow or a goat became a little stiff in its limbs the foolish people at once declared it "shrew struck" and the poor shrews had to suffer in consequence.

Of course the "shrew struck" animal had to have something to cure it, so an ash tree was selected and a deep hole was bored into its trunk. Then a shrew was captured, put alive into the hole, the hole was securely plugged, and the innocent little animal was left to die of starvation.

The ignorant believed that after such an act the ash tree had power to cure "shrew struck" animals, and whenever an animal became inactive or a little numb in its limbs its owner hurried to the "shrew ash," cut a switch from it and switched the "shrew struck" beast. The smarting caused by the switching naturally made the helpless animal move about as much as it possibly could, and in a short time it was pronounced "cured."

Equal to the Occasion.

Some time ago a friend of mine got a curious present from a sea captain. It was a fine specimen of the bird which sailors call the "laughing jack ass," and he was a little proud of it. As he was carrying it home he met a brawny Irish navvies, who stopped and asked him:

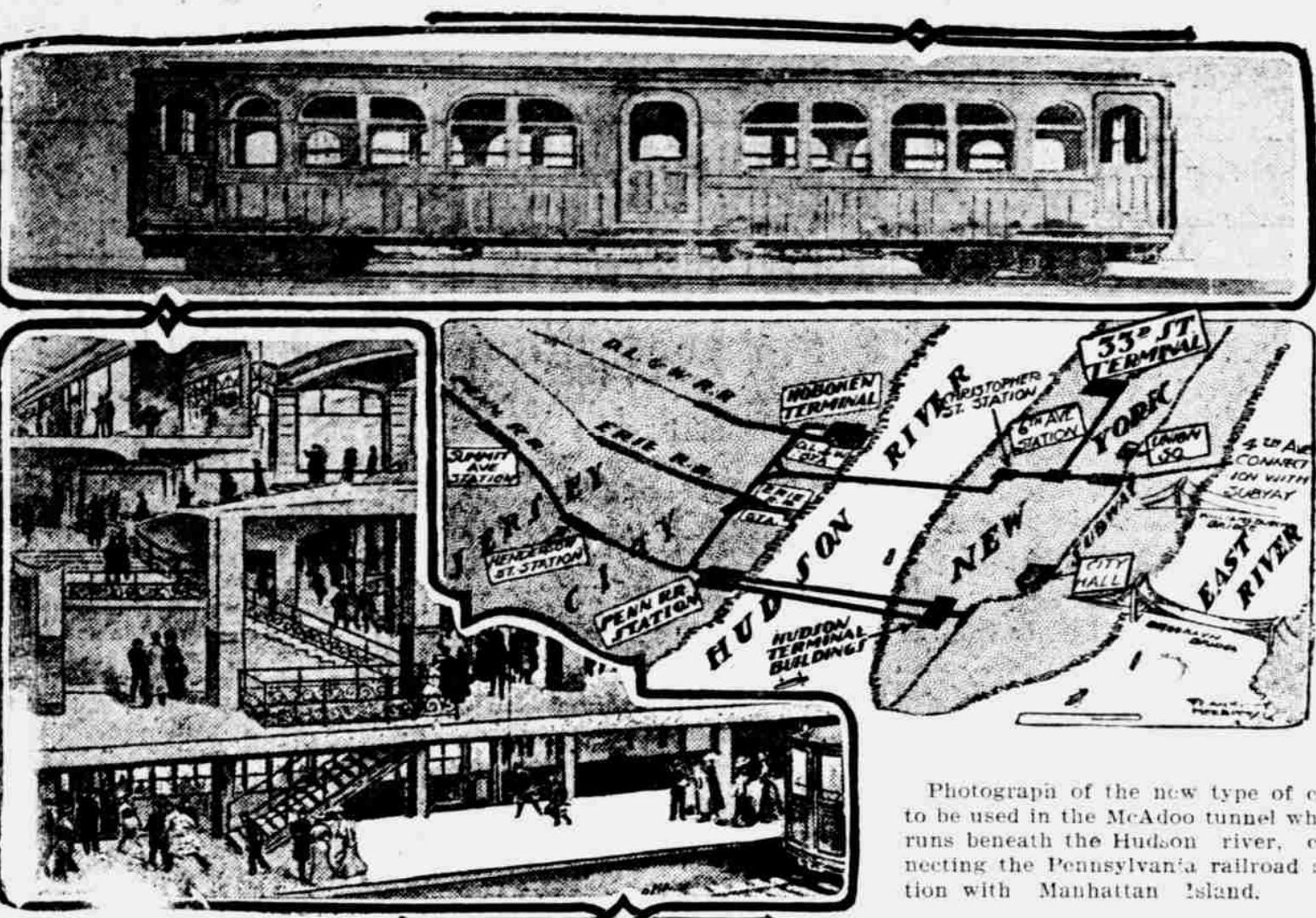
"Phwat kind of a burrd is that, sorr?"

"That's a laughing jackass," explained my friend genially.

The Irishman, thinking he was being made fun of, was equal to the occasion and responded, with a twinkle in the eye:

"It's not yerself, it's the burrd O' mine, sorr."—London Answers.

## Cars That Will Run Through Tunnel Beneath Hudson River



Photograph of the new type of cars to be used in the McAdoo tunnel which runs beneath the Hudson river, connecting the Pennsylvania railroad station with Manhattan Island.

## STATE SHOULD NOT TAKE MAN'S LIFE

Unique Organization Has Been Formed to Agitate Laws Against the Methods.

WISH TO EDUCATE PEOPLE.

BY ESTABLISHMENT OF SOCIETIES ALL OVER INDIANA AND BY URGING STATE LEGISLATURE, GOOD IS HOPED FOR.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 28.—The elimination of capital punishment both in Indiana and throughout the nation is the aim of "The Indiana Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment," organized yesterday at the state house in Indianapolis. It is the purpose of the society to affiliate with the Massachusetts and other societies in a national movement, and to organize county societies within this state to educate the people to the elimination of the death penalty. A strong lobby will be organized to secure the passage of a bill at the next session of the legislature, abolishing the death penalty in Indiana.

"I would not sit on a jury where a man is tried for his life," said State Senator C. M. Kimbrough of Muncie, at the meeting yesterday afternoon. "We have no right to kill a man."

The charter members of the organization are: The Rev. Morton C. Pearson, Indianapolis; M. J. Furnas, Winchester; Albert P. Parker, Ft. Wayne; W. S. Elliott, Radley; F. M. Wickizer, Argos; the Rev. Joshua Stansfield, Indianapolis; Ellis Lawrence, Indianapolis; Hamilton Mercer, Danville, Ill.; honorary member: C. M. Kimbrough, Muncie; Mrs. Minnie Seymour, Indianapolis, and Governor J. Frank Hanly.

## CONVERSATION NOT WASTED IN HOME

Man and Wife Have Lived Together for Five Years Without Speaking.

RESULT OF A QUARREL.

Danbury, Conn., Dec. 28.—James L. Williams, a hat maker, and his wife have occupied the same house, taken their meals at the same table together and been in each other's company almost continually for five years without speaking a word to each other.

Five years ago they quarrelled and Williams made a vow that he would never again speak to his wife. He has kept it religiously, and so completely severed in the quarrel that the wife has not once begged for a word from her husband. Their eldest daughter, Alice, 19 years old, took sides with her mother, and during the five years she has never addressed her father, although she is a member of the household.

The Hub Of The Body.

The organ around which all the other organs revolve, and upon which they are largely dependent for their welfare, is the stomach. When the functions of the stomach become impaired, the bowels and liver also become deranged. To cure a disease of the stomach, liver or bowels get a 30 cent or \$1 bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at your druggist's. It is the prompt relief for constipation and dyspepsia ever compounded.

Mary Jane (appearing breathlessly from the kitchen)—Please, mum, would you do me a favor?

Mistress—Certainly, if I can.

Mary Jane—Well, would you kindly go and speak to my young man at the back door till I make myself tidy?—London Telegraph.

## PLUMBER FALLS AND IS INJURED

Union City Man Tumbled From Barns.

A plumber by the name of Lanter, of Union City, while engaged in wiring the new barns at Easthaven, fell and broke both his arms and otherwise bruising himself about the body. His injuries were attended to at the hospital, where he will remain until he is able to go to his home at Union City.

## MAN SAYS HIS AND WIFE'S SOUL SAME

Husband of Woman Has Sued Owner of Part of the Soul For \$50,000.

SHE CONFIRMS LOVE.

New York, Dec. 28.—In the suit of Capt. Charles B. Stoddard, of the Ward steamship line, in the supreme court, Brooklyn, against George J. Herman for \$50,000 for the alienation of the affections of his wife, a most amazing story of soul love is revealed. Alvah W. Burlingame, Jr., lawyer, counsel to Capt. and Mrs. Stoddard, says that his information is that Mr. Herman believes that his own soul and Mrs. Stoddard's soul are parts of the same original piece and that they have been seeking each other through all the ages that have passed. Mrs. Stoddard confirms this in language of mystic eloquence, and she points to letters which she says were written by Mr. Herman as proof of his soul theory.

## MINISTER RESIGNS; MURDERESS CAUSE

Christian Church Pastor Visited Mrs. Cooper and Exceptions Were Taken.

SEQUEL TO DISSENSION.

HE WAS CALLED TO CONDUCT THE FUNERAL OF MURDERED CHILD AND MEMBERS OF FLOCK OBJECTED STRENUOUSLY.

Columbus, Ind., Dec. 28.—The Rev. S. S. Offutt, of the Central Christian church, has resigned because certain members of his flock objected to his visiting Mrs. Fannie Cooper, the woman who is held for drowning her little daughter, at her cell and offering her spiritual advice.

The resignation is said to be the sequel of dissension which resulted in the Rev. Mr. Offutt's securing an evangelist to conduct the funeral of the drowned child, because some of the church members objected to his preaching the sermon. Besides visiting the jail and giving Mrs. Cooper religious papers and securing a permit for her to visit the morgue, where the child's body lay, it is said the minister was censured for trying to have the sentence of Albert Pressnall, a young automobile thief, suspended. Another cause of complaint was the minister's effort to organize a young men's club.

"I hardly think," said the lawyer, "that you can get a separation from your wife on account of her habit of throwing things at the dog."

"But," said the man, with the baggy look and the black eye, "every time she throws at the dog she hits me."—Liverpool Mercury.

## INDIANA-OHIO LEAGUE ACTIVE

Organization Is to Have Eight Members and Prospects Are Bright.

COMMITTEE WILL MEET.

CLAIMS OF A NUMBER OF TOWNS WHO DESIRE ADMITTANCE TO THE LEAGUE WILL BE INVESTIGATED THOROUGHLY.

Club owners of the I-O league have started to work in earnest to complete the circuit, and probably will have the clubs that are to belong to the league selected by the end of January or the middle of February. The circuit committee will meet here Monday to canvass the situation and go over the claims of a number of towns that want membership.

The chances are that the league, which had such a successful season last year as a six-club organization, will have eight clubs this year, all of them in good baseball towns and all well financed. Several of the members of the league have a surplus from last year with which they can recruit their new team.

Louis Hunt, who handled the Portland club with such signal success, has been signed by Van Wert, and already has begun the task of building up a club. Clarence Jessup has much of his material for Richmond, while Bluffton is at work to fill up the holes. Anderson already is assured of a first-class team.

### DIRTY WATCHES.

The Reason Is Often to Be Found in the Watch Pocket.

"Why do watches get dirty?" said the jeweler. "You'll find the answer in your watch pocket. Turn it out."

The patron turned out his watch pocket, sheepishly bringing forth a pinch of mud colored dust, some lint and a small ball of black stuff.

"There's the reason," said the jeweler. "Watches get dirty because the pockets they are carried in are never clean. A watch pocket, my dear sir, should be cleaned out regularly once a week. Observe that rule and your watch's works will not get clogged up again."

"Another and a reasonable rule is never to lay your watch down on stone or marble. The cold deranges the delicate works."

"Never lay your watch down, in fact, anywhere. Hang it up on a hook vertically in the same position it occupies when in your pocket. Watches are made to lie, or rather, stand, in that position only."

"Wind your watch in the morning, never at night."—New York Press.

Cigarettes as Wedding Fee.

As one of Manila's leading young men was donning his evening suit preparatory to keeping a social engagement he ran his hand into his pocket and was surprised to find an envelope there. On opening it he discovered 25 pesos in bills. "Now, where in thunder did I take on all this money?" he said.

"It isn't mine, for I never carry my bills around in an envelope." Then he sat down to think where he had won the suit and how he had come by the 25 pesos. "The last place I wore it," he mused finally, "was when I was best man at a wedding a month ago. But I gave Dr. Rossiter his money. I remember distinctly giving him something, and it must have been his fee. If I didn't give him the money, what in the world did I give him?" He called up Dr. Rossiter by phone. "Do you mind telling me," he asked, "what I gave you for a fee at Blank's wedding?" The answer came back very distinctly and cuttingly: "Young man, you gave me a box of vile smelling cigarettes."—Philippine Gossip.

Arbitrator and Arbitrary.

If an arbitrator is chosen to end a dispute, says the London Chronicle, there is no reason to dread that his decision will be arbitrary, though the two words are very near relatives. An arbitrator, the Latin word which is used to be more common as English than it is now, meant by derivation simply "one who went to" something to examine it, and so at first a spectator or witness. Then in Roman law it assumed the technical sense of an umpire. But a "judicium," the legal decision in a case with regard to a definite sum of money, for instance, was distinguished from an arbitration, a legal decision as to an uncertain sum which had to be determined; hence arbitrary acquired the sense of uncertain, capricious.

It Was Plain Enough.

A college professor who recently returned with his wife from their honeymoon greatly amused a company of people in his home town, according to the Lewiston Journal, by assuring them, on being questioned concerning their trip, that nobody where they spent their honeymoon suspected that they were bride and groom.

"What kind of a place was it you were in?" the president of the college asked. "An institution for the blind?"

Economical Woman.

Of small economies the following will be difficult to beat for smallness: A laboring man who hands over his weekly wages to his wife is allowed by her an ounce of tobacco a week. She buys it herself in two separate half ounces in order, she declares, to get the advantage of the two turns of the scale.—London Chronicle.

A Brutal Definition.

Kalcker—What is a philanthropist? Bocker—A man who gives what he doesn't need in a way nobody wants.—New York Sun.

There is nothing so powerful as truth—and often nothing so strange.—Webster.

### DEEP SEA FISHING.

Quite as Much a Game of Chance as Politics or Poker.

You let down a heavy lump of lead and two big hooks baited with clams into thirty, forty or sixty feet of water. Then you wait until something nuzzles the line or until you suspect that the hooks are bare.

Then you give the line a quick jerk and pull in hand over hand, with more or less resistance, and see what you have drawn into the grab bag.

It may be a silly but nutritious cod, gaping in surprise at this curious termination of his involuntary rise in the world or a silvery haddock, staring at you with round, reproachful eyes, or a pollock, handsome, but worthless, or a shifty, writhing dogfish, whose villainy is written on every line of his degenerate, chinless face.

It may be that spiny gargoyle of the sea, a sculpin, or a soft and stupid hake from the mud flats. It may be any one of the grotesque products of Neptune's vegetable garden, a sea cucumber, a sea carrot or a sea cabbage, or it may be nothing at all.

When you have made your grab and deposited the result, if it be edible, in the barrel which stands in the middle of the boat, you try another grab, and that's the whole story.

It is astonishing how much amusement apparently sane men get out of such a simple game as this. The interest lies, first, in the united effort to fill the barrel, and second, in the rivalry among the fishermen as to which of them shall take in the largest cod or the greatest number of haddock, these being regarded as prize packages. The sculpin and the sea vegetables may be compared to comic valentines, which expose the recipient to ridicule.

The dogfish are like tax notices and assessments—the man who gets one of them gets less than nothing, for they count against the catcher. It is quite as much a game of chance as politics or poker. You do not know on which side of the boat the good fish are hidden.

You cannot tell the difference between the nibble of a cod and the bite of a dogfish. You have no idea of what is coming to you until you have hauled in almost all of your line and caught sight of your allotment wriggling and whirling in the blue water. Sometimes you get twins.—Scribner's.

### LAWS AGAINST TOBACCO.

Early Legislation to Restrict the Use of the Weed.

One of the curiosities of early colonial legislation is the laws enacted against the planting and the use of tobacco. Evidently the magistrates and elders of those days regarded that "creature called tobacco" as one of the many emissaries of the devil, against whom it was their duty to wage constant warfare. The planting of it was forbidden except in small quantities to be used "for meere necessity, for phisick, for perswecution of the health, and that the same may be taken privately by ancient men."

All keepers of hotels and other public places were ordered not to "suffer any tobacco to be taken into their houses." If they disobeyed the order, they were required to pay a fine to the "retailer" and one also to "party that takes it." At little later the law was changed so that it was forbidden to "take tobacco in any wine or common victual house except in a private room there, so as the master of said house nor any guest there shall take offense thereat, which, if they do, the said person shall forfeit upon pain of 2 shillings sixpence for every such offense."

No one was permitted to use tobacco "publicly," not even in his own house, in the presence of strangers. It was against the law for two men to smoke together. In Windsor every user of tobacco was required to procure a physician's certificate before he was permitted to enjoy the obnoxious weed. All smoking was forbidden within two miles of a meeting house on the Sabbath day. Connecticut, as a great indulgence to travelers, allowed a man to smoke once during a journey of ten miles made not by train, but afoot or by horse locomotion.—New York Press.

Ware Your Friend's Plants.

"If you have a friend going away for the summer," said the woman of experience, "don't keep a plant for her. The thing will probably die away, and you would consider yourself responsible for it." A worried through six weeks one summer tending a plant for a friend and then was invited to the country for a week end. I stayed two days in addition. Of course the plant was dead when I came back, and my outing was half spoiled by worrying over it. I bought a duplicate of it the day before my friend returned, and it cost me \$2. Even then she said she thought it looked somewhat peaked.—Exchange.

Cheap Cheer.

A charitable man dropped a nickel in a blind beggar's hat and exclaimed in a benevolent voice, "There, my poor fellow, is a quarter for you."

"Why on earth," said the man's companion, "did you give him a nickel and say it was a quarter?"

"Oh, was the reply, 'I wanted to cheer him up.'—Argonaut.

The Long Conflict.

Little Sally (reading)—What is a prolonged conflict, Harry? Small Harry—I don't know. I asked papa this morning what it was, and he said it was something I couldn't understand until I grew up and got married.—Chicago News.

In every affair consider what precedes and what follows and then undertake it.—Epictetus.

### ARSENIC EATERS.

Effects of the Drug on the Styrians, Who Make It.

"Eating of arsenic is common in Styria," said Alois E. Steinzler of Vienna, a manufacturer of chemicals and drugs. "The Styrians say that arsenic makes one plump and comely and gives one strength for great exertions, such as running or mountain climbing. Styria, which is in Austria, gives the world vast quantities of arsenic. The manufacture of this drug is indeed the main Styrian industry. They who make arsenic eat it, as a rule, for they say that only the arsenic eater can withstand the arsenic fumes. These makers and eaters of the drug are comely. They have a clear color and look much younger than they are."

The foreman in a certain factory told me that in his boyhood, when he first came to that plant, he was advised to begin to eat arsenic lest his health suffer from the fumes. He did begin, and his first two or three small doses gave him a sharp pain, like a burn, in the stomach, and this pain was followed by tremendous hunger and a violent disagreeable excitement. But as his doses increased in frequency and size their effect became pleasant. There was no longer pain or excitement. On the contrary, there were a ravenous appetite and a mood of joyous activity wherein the youth could do three men's work.

"This chap by the time he got to be thirty was taking four grains of arsenic a day. He looked at thirty, with his clear pink and white color, no more than twenty-three. He was as robust as a blacksmith. But he said he would die at forty-five or so, that being the age at which all the Styrian arsenic eaters die."—Washington Herald.

### GEESSE IN BERLIN.

Rigid Inspection of the Fowls Imported Into the City.

The traffic in geese at Berlin amounts to nearly \$2,000,000 a year. As the domestic supply is wholly inadequate, a special goose train of from fifteen to forty cars arrives daily from the Russian frontier. Each car is specially built and carries about 1,200 geese. There is a rigid inspection by sanitary officials immediately upon the arrival of the train.

Should it be found that a single goose has died or been ill of a contagious disease in transit the entire carload is quarantined for eight days. If during this period of quarantine another goose should die, the quarantine is extended for eight days, at a cost of about \$500 to the owners. The penalty attaching to the bringing in of diseased geese makes the owners extremely careful to import only sound and healthy fowls. The geese which are plump and ready for market are sold to dealers at the close of the inspection. The rest, comprising the great majority, go to feeding farms in the suburbs of the city to be fattened for market.

There is a special market near the great market place at which brackens—namely, geese injured en route, but having no disease—are sold at a reduced price. Twenty-one different varieties of the Russian geese are commercially recognized, and the wholesale price varies from 44 to 60 cents a bird.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sympathy Leans to Legs.

"There is one appeal to charity that is pretty sure to be answered," said a philanthropist. "That is a request for an artificial leg. Legs, somehow, are warmly appreciated by the general public, and the fellow who has to scrape along without one is the object of sincere commiseration. During my fifteen years' experience in philanthropic work I have issued appeals to the people at large on behalf of persons who wanted various parts of their anatomy replaced. Some wanted teeth, some an eye, others a book like Captain Cuttle's. Physical deficiencies of that kind aroused but little interest, but just let a man advertise the fact that he was in need of a leg and enough money was quickly forthcoming to fit him out with three or four pairs of legs."—New York Press.

Very Much Alike.

"See here, Pat," said his employer, "didn't you tell me that when you was out west the Indians scalped you? And now you have your hat off I see you have an extraordinary quantity of hair! You certainly told me so, didn't you, Pat?"

"Oid did, sorr," answered Pat, "but Gid bar in mind now that it was my trudder Moike. It's that much we be slocke that Oid think Oid Moike an' Moike be me."—New York Times.

British Manners.

A man shoves past a woman on a staircase or he leaves her standing while he sits. He comes into a crowded public room with his hat on and talks loudly as if all the place belonged to him. His womankind do the same. At present the workingman has the best manners, the middle class the worst.—Lady Violet Greville in London Graphic.

Qualified.

"And is Willie Vanfeller really studying medicine?"

"Yes, and he's getting on famously. He told me yesterday I was looking well, and, by Jove, I was!"—Harper's Weekly.

Accounted For.

The Lecturer—Did you see that fellow walk out in the middle of my lecture? Committeeman—Oh, yes. He walks in his sleep, you know.—Lyceumite and Talent.

Industry is fortune's right hand and frugality her left.—German Proverb.

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