

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 Richmonders, suffered an attack of polomania Friday evening and gathered in the coliseum, just as 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 halfback Williams who accidentally kicked the ball in his own end in a skirmish on the goal.

Preceding the "big" game, Kibbeys and High School "mixed it up," the bobsiders winning by a score of 4 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 rooting 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 in a pretty unassisted play. Richmond's other goals were made by Van Effen 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 Effen Second rush.... Parsons Parry Center.... Huston Williams Half back.... McCarron Alexander Goal.... Smith

First period—Goal by Parry, Richmond, 7:05. Second period—Goal by Van Effen, Richmond, 12:00; goal by Van Effen, 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-toed feet 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 shrew 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 jackass," and he was a little proud of it. As he was carrying it home he met a brawny Irish navvy, who stopped and asked him:

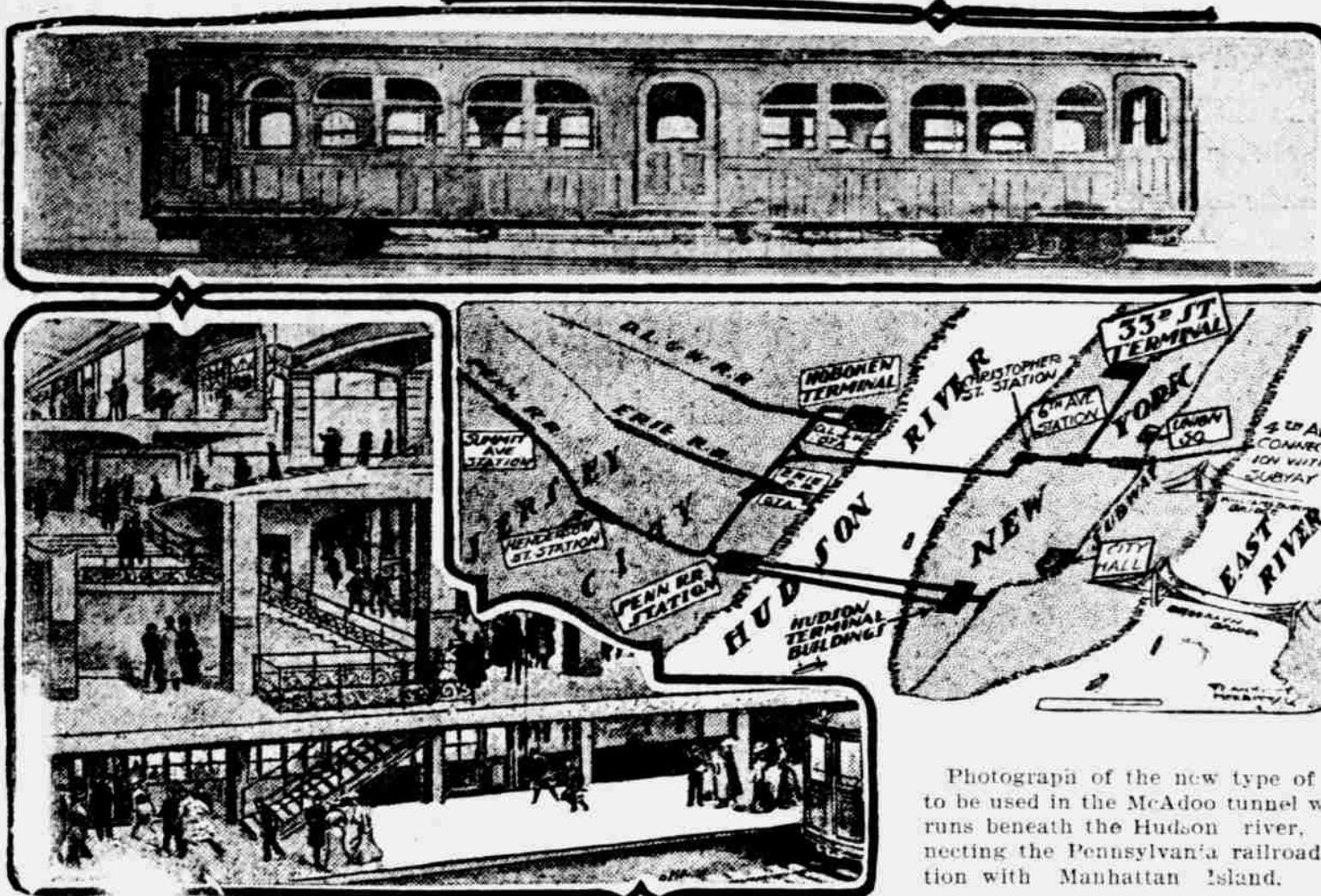
"What kind of a burd is that, sorr?"

"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'mane, sorr."—London Answers.

Cars That Will Run Through Tunnel Beneath Hudson River



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. Farnas, Winchester; Albert P. Parker, Ft. Wayne; W. S. Elliott, Radley; F. M. Wickizer, Argos; the Rev. Joshua Stanfield, 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 quarreled and Williams made a vow that he would never again speak to his wife. He has kept it religiously and so completely was their affection for each other 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 Club of The Body.

The one 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 body lives and dies.

"To cure a disease of the stomach, hot or bowel's get a \$30 or \$1 bottle of Dr. Cal's Syrup Peppermint at your druggist's."

"It is 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.

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

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, the 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.

Jacobs Creek, Pa., Dec. 28.—The Darr mine yielded up victims of the explosion of Dec. 19 today, seventy or more bodies having been brought to the surface during the twenty-four hours. Rescuers are removing debris from entry No. 27, among which there is a great mass of bodies, those in view and those already brought out totaling 200.

The rescuers believe they are within reach of all of the bodies that will be recovered, and as air is now being forced to the most remote workings it is hoped to have the work practically completed tomorrow.

HERO FUND FOR VICTIMS.

Carnegie Commission Votes \$35,000 to Sufferers.

Pittsburg, Dec. 28.—The executive committee of the Carnegie Hero Fund commission awarded \$35,000 today to the sufferers from the Monongah mine disaster. The money will be turned over to the Monongah relief committee. The award is made under the Carnegie deed of trust, which designates that any surplus in the hero fund can be applied to relief work occasioned by great disasters. The number of bodies recovered at Monongah thus far is 344.

SEQUEL TO DISSENSION.

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

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.

"You lent him the money?" Mr. J. asked.

"I did, sir."

"It was your own money?"

"It was, sir."

"When did you lend him the money?"

"In July."

"Where did you get that money, sir?"

"I learned it, sir."

"You earned it, eh? When did you earn it?"

"During the Boer war, sir," he said in a very humble tone.

"You earned it during the Boer war? Pray what was your occupation during the war?" Mr. J. inquired.

"Fighting, sir," the man replied modestly.

"Oh, fighting?" Mr. J. said, somewhat taken aback.

"I smiled triumphantly. Mr. J. was very angry. Well, we went to the jury, and I, of course, had the last to say. I salled away to glory. I spoke of the war, of the lives which it cost us, of the awful battles which helped to build up the glory of our nation, of the self denial and bravery of our men, who left home and wife and children and father and mother and everything that was dear to them and went forth to the fight. I worked up the jury and got a verdict for the full amount. As we were quitting the courtroom Mr. J. said:

"S... your war speech gained you the verdict. If you hadn't discovered through my cross examination that the man had fought in the Boer war, you would have been beaten."

"But," said the man, with the belligerent 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 sixclub 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 fluff.

"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 seasonable 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 all on 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 worn 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 cuttily: "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 would be arbitrary, though the two words are very near relatives. An arbitrator, the Latin word which 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 arbitrator, 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.

Knicker—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 nudges the line or until you suspect that the hooks are bare.