

EXILED HOOISERS FEAST AND SPEAK

Annual Banquet of New York Indiana Society Attended by Governor.

New York, Dec. 3.—Despite the enforced absence of George Ade and Lew Shunk the Indiana society of New York turned out about 225 strong last night to listen to a lot of speeches about themselves, and then take turns in making them. The occasion was an annual dinner at the Waldorf. While they were working up to oratory the orchestra played the waiters in and out of the grand ballroom, where the banquet was held, to the strains of "On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away."

Tunes like the "Suwanee River" and "Old Kentucky Home" were received with polite attention, but when it was time again for "The Wabash" Ah, then came back the mental visions of pussy willows along the brook, and Booth, Tarkington, and Democratic majorities, and honey things like that.

Hoosier Literary Lights.

Capt. James B. Curtis, the president of the society, marshaled the literary lights and other Hoosier geniuses in turn, and told them when it was time for them to get up and tell how great is Indiana and everything connected with it.

Governor Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana sat at the toastmaster's left as the guest of honor. Seated also at the speakers' table were Meredith Nicholson, Horace Hord, President Scott Bone of the Gridiron club of Washington, former Representative Lafe Pence, President W. W. Parsons of the Indiana State Normal school, President U. N. Bethell of the New York Telephone company, William De Mattos Hooper and Joseph T. Fanning.

Representative Sulzer was at one of the tables as a guest. Also among the 225 were Capt. Jack Thompson of Indianapolis and Broadway, Carroll C. Rawlings and three generations of Rawlings, all born in Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Austin Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Griswold Bourne, Capt. F. Y. Hoddy and Dr. and Mrs. Charles O'Donnell.

Indiana and Marshall Great.

Governor Marshall has made plain to him that the greatest state in the Union is his own state, and the Hoosiers the greatest of our citizens and Governor Marshall, the greatest of Hoosiers. The Governor told the diners about "The Hoosiers" also. If any of the speakers who had preceded him forgot anything of importance that should be recalled concerning Indiana, the Governor remembered and sprung it pleasantly.

Meredith Nicholson said he had come in the interest of 5,000 novelists from Indiana, who want to protest that the Hoosier farmer and his wife and daughters far so forgotten their former work of supplying Hoosier authors with bluejeans and sunbonnet local color that now is troublesome to find any of the old stuff to write about in the home state. The hobble skirt has already reached Logansport. According to Mr. Nicholson, one of the big products of the state now is former statesmen. Lafe Pence did not seem to feel offended.

Scott Bone spoke of "A Hoosier From Washington." President Parsons' on "Educational Indiana." Mr. Bethell on the subject of "Where Lincoln Spent His Boyhood." Lafe Pence on "Virginia at Indiana's Centennial, 1916."

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FRIED SKUNK ON COLUMBUS MENU

Columbus, Ind., Dec. 3.—Row W. Emig, great junior sagamore of the Indiana Red Men, who is an attorney here, is spending a few days camping on White river, and has just pulled off a joke on some friends that has left them in a dazed frame of mind. He invited several to spend the night with him and housed them under tent and blankets. When morning came he said he had something in the way of a treat and presented them with fried meat, which they decided was possum. After breakfast was over and they were complimenting Emig on his ability as a host and cook, he told them the truth. They had been eating fried skunk. The men insist that fried skunk is excellent, but they do not wish any more.

FELL DOWN STAIRS AND BREAKS A LEG

A fall down a long narrow stairway at 730 North D street, resulted in a badly broken leg for Al Goodwin, last evening. Goodwin was picked up in an unconscious condition and taken to the Reid Memorial hospital. The man was badly intoxicated when the fall occurred, the police say.

WIDOW'S KISS IS WORTH \$500 ANYWAY

Shreveport, La., Dec. 3.—In the District court Judge A. J. Murf held that the kiss of a young widow was worth \$500.

The decision was rendered in the case of Mrs. Grace Hunter against J. K. Norman, who was Postmaster at Orl City, this parish, when the alleged offense was committed.

Mrs. Hunter alleged that Norman kissed her at the Orl City postoffice. She sued for \$2,000. Judge Murf admonished Norman that he looked old enough to know better.

MARTIN VS. HARUM

So Horse Deal Principals Are Styled.

The deal in horse flesh between Union county parties, which is having its airing on a change of venue, in the Wayne circuit court has been styled "the proceedings for \$100 damages on a breach of warranty by Abe Martin against David Harum." The great resemblance which John Redd, the complainant, bears to the famous Kin Hubbard character has caused the attaches of the circuit court to so name him. The case went to the jury on Saturday afternoon, after three days trial.

The arguments by the attorneys were made on Saturday morning. Ray K. Shiveley, representing Redd, opened for the complainant. John F. Robbins, one of the counsel interested in the case for the defense had an ingenious argument to convince the jury that the defendant had not violated the established procedure in a second deal.

He declared to the jury that evidence had shown the horse was not affected with the heaves, only wind broken. While Gregory owned it it worked satisfactorily, he said. But the attorney argued that after Redd secured the animal he put a collar four inches too small on it, causing it to choke and completely shutting off its wind. He said there was no wonder any one blocks away could hear the horse "blow" in an attempt to get its breath. He also said that evidence had shown Redd had been offered a hundred dollars since he had instituted the civil proceedings against Gregory.

"TEMPERANCE BEER" SOMETIMES IS REAL

Indianapolis, Dec. 3.—Statistics in the current report of the food and drug laboratory of the state board of health, covering the fiscal year, ended Sept. 30, show that "temperance beer" is not always temperance beer.

During the year, the laboratory authorities had occasion to analyse several dozen samples of so-called temperance beer seized by its inspectors or by police officers engaged in closing blind tigers in territory "dry" under the county option law. Malt liquor with from 3½ to 5 per cent alcohol, by volume, is scientifically accepted as beer. Some of the samples examined contained much more than that percentage of alcohol.

Much of the liquor analysed in the laboratory was found by the inspectors and other officers in bottles without labels, especially where offered for sale in "dry" territory, and all such liquor was labeled, by the seizing authorities, "temperance beer," since to label it otherwise would have been to presuppose illegal custody of the liquor. In many instances, however, liquor with over 5 per cent alcohol was labeled temperance beer. Temperance beer is accepted by scientists as malt liquor containing less than one-half of 1 per cent, or only traces of alcohol.

MILLIONAIRE IS BEFORE GRAFT BOARD

New York, Dec. 3.—The legislative graft investigating committee turned its attention again today to the charge that a \$500,000 boodle fund was raised to defeat the anti-race track bill. The committee has failed to supena James R. Keene and Harry Payne Whitney and today supenas were issued for their secretaries. August Belmont, banker and member of the Jockey club, it was learned today, has been subpoenaed.

Senator Francis H. Gates of Madison, who was mentioned by Senator Travis of Brooklyn as one of the senators who told him they had been "approached" by representatives of the racetrack interests, testified today. "Were you ever approached in an invidious sense by persons representing the race track interests?" asked Judge Bruce, the committee's counsel. "No," replied Senator Gates. Senator Gates could throw no further light on the situation and was excused.

BURIED ALIVE IN CORN ELEVATOR

Celina, Ohio, Dec. 3.—Arthur P. Dull of Rockford, had a narrow escape from death when he was buried under 18 feet of corn at the Dull elevator in that village. Corn had clogged in the chute to their big corn crib, and Dull crawled in the end of the chute to loosen the obstruction. As the corn gave way he lost his hold on the chute and went into the crib. It was several minutes before the accident was discovered. A portion of the wall was sawed out to release the imprisoned man. He has an arm broken and is badly bruised, but it is not believed he is seriously injured.

NO COMMON CREED FOR JEW AND GENTILE

New York, Dec. 3.—"The time is not yet for a common religious platform upon which the Jew and the Gentile can stand," said Jacob H. Schiff tonight in addressing the Young Men's Hebrew association.

"The distant future may bring even this," he continued. "Indeed, I pray for it. But so long as Christianity means to a large number of our co-religionists oppression and prejudice, if not persecution, the Kingdom of God has not yet arrived on earth, nor has the brotherhood of man become an actuality."

In this belief Mr. Schiff urged that

we draw the line at efforts to introduce other than Jewish worship into our camps alike, because we have too much respect for the religions of others to permit them to be brought under the mistaken impression that we have a ground to meet on and because it is our right and duty carefully to guard our own fences."

THREE METHODIST BRANCHES TO MERGE

Baltimore, Dec. 3.—That the dream of many Methodists to see all the followers of John Wesley united into one body would soon be realized, was the opinion expressed today by Rev. Dr. L. M. Jennings of the Methodist Protestant church of Pittsburgh, in an address at the second day's session of the joint commission on Methodist Federation.

The fraternal sentiment of the three churches of Methodism, the Methodist Episcopal, the M. E. South and the Methodist Protestant is already crystallizing around two conceptions of union—organic union and federation," said the speaker.

There is a trend toward union of all churches, not only at home but in the foreign mission field.

The afternoon was devoted to a secret session, the church was cleared of all non-members of the several commissions, after which the doors of the edifice were locked. Tonight equally private meetings of committees were held.

Better Still.

"Don't you think you have a good mamma to spread such a nice, big slice of bread with jam for you?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes," replied little Lola, "but my grandma is gooder. She lets me spread the jam myself." Exchange.

MORAN TO ELEVATE DRAMA ON STAGE

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 3.—Owen Moran, the British lightweight who knocked out Battling Nelson in the eleventh round of their fight here, will leave for New York Tuesday. Moran has received several offers to appear on the stage and he probably will accept one.

Charles Harvey, Moran's manager, said today that he wanted to have Moran meet Ad Wolgast and was willing to wait until the champion was ready to fight, but he did not look with favor upon the terms that Wolgast dictated last night—a guarantee of \$12,500 and the right to name the referee.

Nelson got hold of Promotor Goffroth today and wanted to get the next open date for a fight with Wolgast. Nelson insists that he can beat the champion, despite the knockout that Moran delivered. It is understood however, that the promoters here are not thinking of putting Nelson in the ring again at this time.

PLAYS WITH FIRE; BABY BOY DIES

Crawfordsville, Ind., Dec. 3.—As the result of burns received when he overturned a lamp, Leslie Ollie Swank, the 16-month-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Seth Swank, living north of Darlington, died in great agony. The little fellow died out of bed Monday morning, and seeing the burning lamp on a chair nearby, imagined it was a toy and began playing with it. The lamp was overturned and in a moment his nightgown was ablaze. His screams attracted his mother, but before she could smother the flames his body, arms and legs were terribly burned.

ARREST GANG OF SAFE BLOWERS

Cleveland, Ohio, Dec. 3.—Nitroglycerine enough to blow up an office building, three pieces of fuse and four big revolvers were found among the effects of three men and a woman who are being held at police headquarters here.

The police believe they have rounded up a band which has been operating for a month in Ohio, blowing safes and stealing thousands of dollars.

FATHER ARRESTED FOR STEALING SON

Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 3.—Divorced and given custody of his four-year-old child a week ago; married Monday for the second time within five years, Robert W., alias Roy, Scott, his bride of three days and James Reginald Wilson Scott, who says his name is "Jim Thompson," are at Central police headquarters.

Scott is being detained by detectives on a circular from E. Willis, the chief of police of Windsor, Ont., charging kidnapping of the boy.

Scott, who until recently was traveling salesman for a piano company, alighted in a petition for divorce last Saturday, that he was deserted by Mrs. Scott No. 1, the mother of the boy. The divorce was granted.

Mrs. Scott No. 2, who, until last Monday morning, when she was married to the salesman, was Miss Mabel Claire Bennett of Brooklyn, declares that Scott received word that his wife was untrue and that he furnished funds for Mrs. Scott No. 1 to visit relatives.

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The fraternal sentiment of the

GRIDIRON HEROES.

Ones Who Never Win Places in the Football Hall of Fame.

AND THEY WEAR NO "LETTER"

These Practically Unknown Men Are the "Scrubs," Who Help to Keep the Varsity Team on Edge—They Play the Game For the Game's Sake.

There is no royal road to a thorough knowledge of American college football. The preparation of the varsity eleven is long and hard. The mills of the coaches grind slowly, and they grind exceedingly fine. There is nothing in store for much of the good material that in the end must be relegated to the side line. These men, wrapped in gray blankets, who line the low fence surrounding the field on the day of the big game, are the scrubs, or second team men.

There is a paradox in their situation—their only chance for personal glory lies in the defeat of the varsity eleven. There comes a time in many a big game when a coach, realizing that the day is lost, that his varsity men have done their utmost to no purpose and are being swept steadily down the field, will throw into the game scrub after scrub, hoping against hope that these men will play better than they really have a right to and so turn the tide. And even ten seconds in the big game give the scrub his letter.

So it is in after years that one may point out many a wearer of the letter who was not nearly so good a football player as many scrubs. It has happened, too, that a man has fought for years in the hope of making the eleven, has improved slowly, if surely, has been sent into the big game as a forlorn hope and has played a game under the law forbidding promiscuous handing out of medicine samples.

Even scrubs take their triumphs and their disappointments differently. There are not a few who are proud to have been on the second team in the year that the first eleven swept all before it. They have no varsity letter, but the discriminating know that they were better players than some of the varsity men of other years.

There are other scrubs who bemoan the fact that they were not in college when the general average of the players was low and they would have been almost certain to make the first team. It is said, however, for the honor of the second team that instances of the latter type are rare.

A scrub player learns the lesson of self sacrifice. It is his but to be walked over daily by the varsity, while most of the instruction and encouragement are lavished on said varsity.

As a rule, however, there comes at least one week in the season when the scrubs are pampered and petted and made much of. The varsity is in the throes of a "stump," is lagging, dispirited and sullen. It is then that the scrub team suddenly finds that it is being taught to play the game just as it is to take the field as the first choice against the foe.

There is a coach for almost every man, there are words of encouragement, much valuable instruction and a new esprit de corps. Under the new inspiration the second team sweeps the flagging varsity off its feet, humiliates the first string players to the uttermost, while the coaches cheer the scrub and jeer the varsity.

At least once a season the scrub defeats and humiliates the team that has proved perhaps a terror to all its outside rivals. Nothing has such a salutary effect on the varsity as the eating of humble pie once in awhile.

In late years the scrub is getting more consideration than in the old days. Yet the men play principally for the love of the game and in order to make the going as hard as possible for the varsity. Sheer loyalty and the thrill of battle keep them at it year after year. They learn football from the ground up. They see the big games from the side lines and, knowing the signals, have a peculiar advantage over any other spectator. With a knowledge of the signals one may criticise the handling of the big team in the big game—may more readily understand the strategy of coach and quarterback.

It is this opportunity to analyse the big games, coupled with the chance to get practically as good coaching as the varsity, that makes excellent coaches out of many scrub players. Some of these scrubs have gone back to college and turned out freshman teams that have been able to fight the varsity to a standstill and so have astonished the very coaches who taught them. There have been instances of this at nearly every big institution in the east. Sometimes the services of these ex-scrubs have been eagerly sought by the veteran varsity coaches, and many a man without a field reputation has proved to be no mean strategist.

It is really these ex-scrub men who keep up the high average of interest in the game. They are turned out yearly at the rate of five or more to every varsity player. The varsity man may lose interest in the game in after years, but the scrub practically never.

It is they who are the backbone of the pilgrimages to West Point, and it is they who talk football far into the night in the club and chop house.

The scrubs, in a word, all unhooked and unsung as they are, are the backbone of the game in the colleges and out of them. They play the game and they watch it for the game's sake—New York Post.

For the Sake of the Cause.

The other day a tramp called upon a pronounced advocate of woman's rights. His tale was a very plausible one, but did not seem to meet with much sympathy.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the tramp.

"Please, mam," explained the weary one, "I made a solemn vow