First Flying Wedge on Football Field, in 1869

As far as history goes, the first intercollegiate football game of all time was played November 6, 1869, at Brunswick, N. J., between Rutgers of that city and Princeton, from 25 miles away.

The New York World published the story of the game, as told by John W. Herbert—Rutgers, '72—a participant. The teams numbered 25 players each.

Rutgers, it appeared, was having a tough year. Princeton had won at baseball and had succeeded in obtaining the Revolutionary war cannon, which had been stolen back and forth, by burying it several inches deep in concrete. Football was becoming common as an intramural sport, and Rutgers challenged its rival to three games. The first was played at Brunswick.

"Receiving the ball," Mr. Herbert writes, "our men formed a perfect interference around it and with short, skillful kicks and dribbles drove it down the field. Taken by surprise, the Princeton men fought valiantly, but in five minutes we had gotten the ball through to our captain's of the enemy's goal, and S. G. Gano, '71 and G. R. Dixon, '73, neatly kicked it over. None thought of it, so far as I know, but we had without previous plan or thought evolved the play that became famous a few years later as 'the flying wedge.'

Rutgers won, 6 to 4. Princeton won the second game, 8 to 0, on its home grounds. The faculty called off the third game because feeling was running so high between the student bodies.—Detroit News.

Retort Something of a Reflection on Bishop

A geographer, at a geographers' banquet in Boston, told a story about Sir Richard Burton, the famous explorer, linguist, translator and what-not.

"Burton," he began, "made the acquaintance of a bishop on a voyage home from India, and the two men got on well together, notwithstanding the difference in their beliefs.

"The bishop, as they sat on deck one morning, pointed up towards half a dozen tame monkeys that were climbing in the rigging and said:

"'There, Captain Burton'—Burton was only a captain then—'there are the folk you are descended from.'

"Burton looked at the monkeys, then he looked at the bishop.

"'Well, bishop,' he said, 'I at least have made some progress, but you, who are descended from the angels—how about you?' "—Detroit Free Press.

Unicorn Problem Solved?

Chinese scientists believe they have solved the problem of the unicorn.

The fabulous animal actually existed, in the opinion of Oriental archeologists.

Dr. Li Chi, Harvard graduate, is the man principally responsible for this opinion. In ancient ruins he found a carving that strangely resembled the one-horned bull, an Asiatic press correspondent reports.

The characters were found to mean that the animal represented by the carving had been captured by hunters. The carving was apparently more than three thousand years old.

Nicotine in Tobacco

The quantity of nicotine contained in tobacco varies from 2 to 8 per cent, the coarser kinds containing the larger quantity, while the best Havana cigars seldom contain more than 2 per cent, and often less. Nicotine does not appear in tobacco smoke. It is split into pyridine and cellodine. Of these the latter is said to be the less active, and to preponderate in cigar smoke, while the smoke from pipes contains a larger amount of pyridine. The percentage of nicotine varies with the kind of tobacco and with the district in which it is grown.

Queen Fond of Snuff

Queen Charlotte Sophia, wife of King George III of England, was so fond of snuff that she was the principal cause of making it fashionable, wrote Rees Howell Gronow in "Recollections."

"I recollect having seen her majesty on the terrace at Windsor, walking with the king, when, to the great delight of the Eton boys, she applied her finger and thumb to her gold snuff-box, out of which her majesty appeared to have fished a considerable quantity, for the royal nose was covered with snuff."

King's Speech Old Rite

The king's speech is in reality the declaration of the causes of the summons of the British parliament and forms the legal basis for the deliberations of the two houses. It gives in broad outline the legislative program of the session. Originally the king actually delivered his speech in person and parliament could not assemble until the king thought fit to summon it. The "king's speech" apparently dates back to the "model parliament" of Edward I, summoned in 1295.

Worth Purchasing

A man reviving from an anesthetic was being very sentimental. The wife nearby side to the nurse:

"I have not heard him talk like that since our honeymoon; where do you buy the dope?"

Weight of Diamonds

The specific gravity of the diamond is 3.52. As one cubic inch of water weighs .03617 pound, a cubic inch of diamond would weigh 3.52 times as much, or approximately .1273 pound avoirdupois, a little over 2 ounces. As diamonds are weighed by carats, a carat being equivalent to 200 milligrams, this cubic inch of diamonds would weigh about 283 carats. There have been two famous diamonds larger than this, the Cullinan, which weighed 3,025 carats, and the Tiffany, which weighed 969 carats.

"Old Top" Received Some New Ideas

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

DICK TRAVERS, successful business man, glanced over the little string of pictures at the foot of his morning paper and sighed. "Bringing Up Phyllis" had been running as a comic strip for some three years and a half, and only in the last few weeks had begun to show the effect of pure brain fag.

"Poor 'Old Top,'" sympathized Dick, "these pictures are being wrung out of a brain already squeezed dry of ideas. I know what it is. Didn't I do the same sort of thing for five years?"

The outcome of Dick's line of thought was that a letter found its way to the desk of a young lady who was even then rumpling a head of glorious red hair in an effort to think out an idea that was not entirely eaten by moths. Of late her "Bringing Up Phyllis," signed "Old Top," had been giving her brainstorm after brainstorm, and this morning it seemed as if she must just quit the whole game and go to chicken raising or some less nerve-racking means of making money.

She opened the letter listlessly, and while she read it every type of emotion known to a red-headed girl swept over her.

"Dear 'Old Top,'" the letter ran, "your work in 'Bringing Up Phyllis' has been decidedly stale of late. It shows the signs of a brain garnered of every vestige of fruit. I am sending you some ideas for pictures. I did this kind of work for five years, and at the end of three was looking for the nearest and deepest canal into which to toss my weary body and brain—so great was the strain. Most of the funny men go potty or take to absinthe, if they can get it, so you just buck up and use these ideas. I have far more money now than sense, so don't suggest any fifty-fifty bunco."

The letter was signed. "Yours in sympathy, Pal."

Old Top's ladylike heart flopped. Pal was the name of a cartoonist who had given her more laughs than all the rest put together. She had often wondered what had become of him.

She scanned the ideas swiftly and then grasped her pen and swung in some powerful strokes for an hour or two.

Before she returned to her small flat in the evening, Old Top had found out from one of the editorial offices that Pal had cast the roar of pressdom from his ears and was out on a small farm on Long Island raising prize cattle and his name was Dick Travers.

Next morning when Travers opened his mail there was a letter from Old Top. He read it with amusement and huge interest.

"Dear Pal," it ran, "I cannot thank you for your kind interest in my moldy cartoons. I was not only looking for the nearest and deepest canal, but was also seeking a big revolver and a gas pipe. From all these methods you have saved me. Would you, if you are not too awfully attached with wife and such like, come and have dinner with me Thursday evening. Come in tweeds, if that is what you have on at the time, but there isn't room in my small flat for any of the prize cows."

Old Top gave the address and the flat number, and thitherward in brown tweeds drove Dick. He was generously armed with a basket of new-laid eggs, fresh butter and a bottle of thick cream.

"These city chaps don't often get the real thing," he told himself by way of excusing the perhaps too human side of his nature.

When he found himself in an artistic wee flat and confronted by a big genial type of man Dick was delighted that he had accepted the meeting.

"I'm mighty glad to meet you, Old Top," he said by way of greeting.

"I say," laughed the other, "don't accuse me of anything like that. Here's Old Top." And with that he turned to a diminutive girl with a shock of red hair who held out a most warm and cordial hand to the astonished Dick Travers.

"It is certainly good of Pal to come and have dinner with us," she was saying with a mischievous smile, and Dick knew that things were happening to his heart right then and there.

But with an awful fear in his mind he wondered if the big man was Old Top's husband. With all his soul he hoped this wonderful girl had not been snatched into the matrimonial net and therefore was not eligible to be dragged swiftly out to his farm, and there, among the prize cows, draw cartoons to her heart's content, and also his own.

"My brother," said Old Top sweetly, seeming to divide his suspense, "and I have always wanted to meet you."

"Then that's that," laughed Dick happily, and unburdened himself of butter, eggs, and cream.

Phyllis would certainly be well "brought up" after that.

Far-Eastern Lands

Russia is larger than China in area, as it has 8,241,910 square miles to the latter country's 4,279,170 square miles. China's estimated population is 439,759,380 to Russia's 147,013,609.

Fatal Climbing Feat

The Matterhorn was first conquered on July 14, 1865, by E. Whymper's party, three members of which perished with the guide on the descent.

Origin of Common Expression

The expression "to put a spoke in the wheel" would suggest adding strength to a wheel, although actually the saying is used to indicate that somebody's progress has been barred. It has its origin, no doubt, in the far-off days when vehicles had solid wooden wheels. Holes were made in some of these so that the driver who wished to put on the brake could do so by pushing through one of the holes a piece of wood, called a spoke, and thus prevent the wheel from revolving.

Colors Not Important in Emotional Effects

In a recent popular article, similar to others which have appeared in popular or pseudo-scientific journals, we are told that green and blue-green are quieting, blue sobering, purple repressing, yellow cheering, red and orange exciting or stimulating. It happens, however, that this sort of systematization is mostly what might be called boloney, with just enough basis of fact to make it seem sensible to the layman.

The supposition that red is generally exciting (based entirely on association) runs contrary to the affects of roses and many other flowers, not to mention the sunset. Red cloths excite the bull, but black cloths are just as efficacious, for to the bull red actually looks black. The conventional red signal checks the motorist and green stimulates him to go. The reverse system would work just as well, if it were conventional.

Under the deep blue sky of summer people are stimulated more than by the gray of winter; but they are cheered as much by the green landscape of Maryland as by the yellows and browns of California. Purple grapes and green watermelons are as appetizing as are yellow apricots, red cherries, or oranges, and if the sea were persistently yellow it would have the same emotional effect it has now. —Knight Dunlap in the American Mercury.

Cold Chickens Sought Warmth of Footlights

A London actor who toured in his early years, writes Peggy Wood in the Saturday Evening Post, tells a story of a road company of an English pig-and-chicken play—you know, "Shore Acres" and "The County Chairman" type we used to have in America—where they "traveled" a lot of chickens who were taken from their coops, which were always relegated to the dressing rooms up in the flies—and the ones, of course, without heat—and let loose on the stage in Act II to peck about at the corn scattered for them by the property man.

This was for atmosphere and held great advertising possibilities. The only trouble was that their legs were always so cold from their bitter dressing rooms that instead of pecking at the corn so temptingly spread, while the actors said their lines, the hens made a break for the footlights and sat on the electric light bulbs until they got warm, making pitiful clucks all the while.

The leading lady complained that those wretched chickens were ruining her scenes, but the impresario knew they were worth a dozen leading ladies to the audience.

Perpetuating Old Symbol

Did you know that you are being religious when you write to your best girl and put several crosses near your signature at the bottom of the letter, says an article in a Portland (Ore.) paper. The origin of the symbol dates back to the days when only the priests and the favored few could write. Others made their mark on wills, deeds and other documents. The signer made his mark in the form of a cross, which was equivalent to swearing by the cross that he would be faithful to the pledge he had made. Just as today the President kisses the Bible when he is inaugurated, so in those days the man who signed a will or a deed made his mark in the form of a cross and kissed it, out of reverence. Kissing the cross thus became associated with kisses.

Ancient Bridge

What is probably the oldest bridge in the world lies some hundreds of feet below the surface of the Pacific ocean a few miles south of Behring straits. This is not a bridge fashioned by the hand of man, but was a strip of land of unknown width connecting the continents of Asia and America, once above the surface of the sea and densely forested with redwoods, but submerged so long ago that scientists talk about it in seven figures. Dredging on this recently discovered ridge has brought up fossils of redwoods. Like fossils have been found on land in both Alaska and Siberia, and it is quite clear that this was at some remote period a connecting link between them.

"Cork" Limbs

It is believed by some that the first artificial limbs were invented by a Doctor Cork. Another theory is that they were first made in Cork, Ireland. And it has been said that the name came from Cork street, London, where there were shops selling surgical appliances. These explanatnons are, however, not borne out by investigation. It is reported that an elderly English manufacturer of artificial limbs believes that the name was applied to them because they were once made largely of cork. In any event, this history of the term seems to be generally accepted.

A Game of Chance

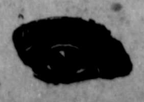
They were talking of the parsons of their respective villages.

"Our man is so strict he won't even perform a marriage ceremony," said Hobden.

"Good heavens! Whatever is his reason for that?" questioned his companion.

"He says that his conscience won't permit him to participate in any game of chance," Hobden explained.—London Answers.

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The Children's Corner

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS

TABLE TALK

"Dear me!" exclaimed the cup to the saucer, "Did you see that child nick me with her spoon last evening? It makes me feel uncomfortable."

"Yes," answered the saucer, "I know just how you feel. Why yesterday that same child dropped ME! Such carelessness! Why can't people realize that we lose our beauty when we are nicked or cracked?"

"Oh, but Mr. China Cup and Miss Saucer, did you notice how dirty Jack's hands were at lunch today? He hid them in his lap most of the time so his mother wouldn't see them. Why, I would lose the pretty flowers with which I am decorated before I would come to the table as dirty as that!" contributed the plate.

"Ump," scolded the silver knife in indignant tones, "I have never been so mortified in my life as yesterday when Harry actually carried a piece of meat to his mouth with me and put me IN! Can you imagine such rudeness?"

"Well, you are not the only ones who have trouble with these careless humans," spoke the apple, which with the oranges and nuts, filled the bowl



in the center of the table. "Jane was told by her mother to wash me clean before I was put in here for eating and all she did was to hold me under the faucet for a minute. Just as though that would clean me! Why I need a good scrubbing before I am fit to eat. If only those children could see all the people who handle me before I am delivered at their door, they would surely be more careful. One day last week Jack took a brother apple to school. He threw it away before it was half eaten. Such wastefulness! I wonder if he knew that many boys and girls would have been glad to have had an apple to eat? What have you to say about how you are treated, Mr. Orange?"

"I have a great deal," answered the orange in an injured tone. "Boys and girls never can remember to throw my peelings in a garbage can. They drop them on the sidewalks and lawn. Then grown-ups talk about how horrid orange peelings look! Of course they do, when thrown about any place."

"You aren't any more abused than I am," pouted the bowl of cereal. "From the fuss boys and girls make about eating me, anyone would think my taste unpleasant. It isn't, and I am one of the best foods they can eat if they ever expect to grow up strong and well. Their mothers cook me so nicely, too."

The dish of dessert had been waiting all this time to tell her troubles. She now had a chance. "I do become so tired of having children skip their good meat, potatoes and vegetables just to satisfy their sweet tooth. I know I taste good to them, but I can't do them as much good as the other more important foods. Oh, here they come now!"

And all the table folk became silent immediately—hoping that the children, this time at least, would spare their injured feelings.

The Drawing Lesson

The Daisy

What funny thing is this I see?
A little turtle it MIGHT be;
Oh, no, it is a daisy flower—
But what can make her look so "sour?"

And so I ask her, "Why so sad?
A daisy should look gay and glad."



She says: "I'll whisper in your ear,
A fallen petal is a tear;

"I weep because I soon must die,
And that's enough to make me cry."
"Oh, yes," I say, "but while you live
A smile much happiness would give."

So now she smiles a smile at me,
And turns her sweet face UP, you see,
A daisy really should be gay,
Though she can live but one short day.

(Copyright.)

Fire of unknown origin totally destroyed the flour mill and office of the Cohn and Bock Company Princess Anne, last Tuesday morning. The fire was discovered burning under the office by the crossing watchman of the Pennsylvania Railroad as he was about to go on duty at six o'clock. He rushed to the station from whence the alarm was sent in. In the bins of the mill were stored more than 10,000 bushels of grain and on the floors and in the warehouse were many carloads of flour and feed. Although no accurate check-up of the loss has been made, it is estimated that it will be between $50,000 and $75,000. Officials of the company said that the mill would be rebuilt as soon as possible.

One burglar was shot and landed in jail at Elkton by one of the owners of the store entered, but the other escaped afer a desperate chase early Monday morning, following the attempted robbery of Joseph Schauffer & Son's general store at Chesapeake City by two men in an automobile.

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