

THE EARLY DAYS OF FOOTBALL.



THE GAME A LONDON STREET NUISANCE UNDER EDWARD II.

In 1314 football was so popular in London, and so many people joined in the game while it was being played in the streets, that the merchants petitioned the King to put it down. Edward accordingly issued a proclamation which ran: "Forasmuch as there is great noise in the city caused by hustling over large balls (rageries de grosses pelotes) from which many evils might arise, which God forbid, we command and forbid on behalf of the King, on pain of imprisonment, such games to be used in the city in future." The

phrase "rageries de grosses pelotes" puzzled many antiquaries, but there can be little doubt that it is the equivalent of "scrummages over big balls." James I. in the "Basiliikon Doron," in which he set down certain precepts for his son and successor, while praising other sports, makes a reservation condemning football: "From this count I debar al rough and violent exerceise as the football, meeter for laming than for making able the users thereof." —London Illustrated News.

INFANT INTUITION.

When Ma put on our boy's fust pants
I vow, you'd oughter seed
How that skeered infant slunk around
An' sorter hawed an' geed,
As though, in spite of all our talk
That he was growin' old,
He kinder balked, unconscious like,
At what them clothes foretold.

It warn't no use ter tell that child
That he was most a man,
An' that some day he'd be like Dad,
A drivin' of a span.
He jest contined, stubborn like,
Ter slink an' make a fuss,
As though his little heart was full
Of shame or somethin' wuss.

An', come ter think, 'tain't re'ally strange
He took ter pants so slow,
An' sorter hated like to l'arn
That he was bound ter grow.
I reckon somewheres in his soul
He had ther feelin' strong,
That babes is always sweet an' right,
While men is mostly wrong.
—New York Times.

SEQUEL OF A MINUET.

It was on the first day of Peggy's arrival at her summer home that Polly Dexter, her most intimate friend, came bursting in.

"Thank goodness you've come at last!" she exclaimed by way of greeting. "You have saved my life. I wanted you to take part in the minuet which I rashly promised to get up for the yacht club masquerade ball a week from to-night. I've had an awful time with the old thing, and now if you don't help me I shall give it up."

"Poor Polly!" commiserated the teasing Peggy. "Who is to take part?"
"Oh, just the ones you know," replied Polly. Then she added abruptly, "Did you know that the Thurburs had taken a cottage here for the season?" She looked at Peggy curiously as she spoke, but her friend's face was as calm and innocent as that of a baby.

Peggy rose and said in a carefully indifferent voice:

"I certainly did not, although it makes absolutely no difference to me where they are. But I may as well tell you now, Polly," she continued warmly, "if Jack Thurbur is to dance in the minuet I shall not."

"So they have quarreled!" thought Miss Dexter, gleefully. "No wonder poor old Jack looked so down in the mouth. I've a good mind to help him along a bit."

Aloud she merely said: "Oh, there's not much chance of Jack's taking part. I asked him, but he said he would probably be away. Joe Brewer is to dance with you."

"All right, then," said Peggy, once more, smiling cordially. "I'd love to take part. What are you going to wear?"

"We will have our hair powdered and wear masks." She gave a little gasp as she said this, and Peggy looked at her astonished.

"Swallowed a fly?" she asked.
"No! A new idea has dawned upon me! Something most exciting! I'm sorry I can't tell you what it is, but I can't possibly! Gracious me! Is it 12 o'clock already? I must fly! I promised Billy I'd go sailing with him

at half past 11. It's lucky he is well trained to wait for me."

With a merry laugh Polly ran downstairs and out on to the board walk.

Peggy watched her a moment from the window, and her eyes lingered almost enviously on the two figures that presently cast off in the trim little boat. "I never saw any one so happy as she is since she became engaged to Billy Scott," she murmured. "Oh, dear! I wish I hadn't said what I did that day, but I'll never let Jack know that I'm sorry." She shook her pretty head, and her lips tightened firmly, though there was a suspicious cloudiness in her eyes.

"Mercy! Were you ever so hot in your life?" cried Peggy the night of the ball as she entered the little room where the dancers of the minuet were to assemble. "I am positively certain that I shall smother to death in my mask!"

"You may be hot, but you are most bewitchingly pretty," remarked Polly Dexter as she applied a bit of black court plaster to the tip of her rosy tongue. "Oh, by the way, you musn't ask any of these men to answer you!" she cried. "I have put my magic spell upon them, and they cannot say a word."

"The gods grant Jack doesn't forget," thought Polly gleefully. "He is an impetuous soul. Fortunately he and Joe Brewer are about the same height, and behind all that black mask



THE MINUET WOULD SETTLE IT.

Mistress Peggy will never know the change in her partner!"

Jack Thurbur looked at his dainty partner and blessed the quick witted girl who had made it possible for him to hold his sweetheart's hand once more. This minuet would settle it. If Peggy refused to listen to him to-night he would cease to trouble her. But his heart ached at the thought, and he put the idea away from him almost fiercely.

He waited until the stately march and the first figure were over. Then as they stood in graceful pose while the second couples repeated it he whispered softly:

"Peggy!"

The girl started.

"Are you speaking to me, Mr. Thornton?" she replied, slightly emphasizing the pronoun.

"It isn't Mr. Thornton. I am Jack," came the reply.

Peggy bit her lip and half withdrew her hand as she and Jack moved forward to the center of the square. The rich color flooded her cheeks, but somehow after her first movement of angry surprise she could not repress the glad joy that surged in her heart.

"Don't be angry, Peggy," pleaded

Jack in a low voice as they once more stood together. "But you absolutely refused to see me, and you would not read my letters, and I had to talk with you somehow."

The girl listened quietly, waving her fan nonchalantly.

They were separated again before she could reply, but in the next figure as Jack knelt at her feet it was in real and not pretending adoration, Peggy knew. Their quarrel seemed so foolish now, so trivial a thing to mar the happiness of two lives! Peggy drew a long sigh as she courted low to her handsome partner.

"Tell me, sweetheart, is it 'forgive and forget?' whispered Jack as he kissed her hand. "If it is give me the dance that comes just after the minuet."

For answer Peggy looked at him as she moved slowly in the last figure of the minuet. Then as she turned for one final deep courtesy she gently slipped her dance card into her partner's hand.

"It's 'Yes,' Jack," she said, softly. And there was no envy this time in the look she bent upon pretty Polly Dexter and her dance.—Boston Herald.

Day of the Rolling Stone.

In that place called Monte Carlo every time the wheel turns and the ball rolls into its place it marks a fresh condition of the game, an absolutely new chance which has nothing whatever to do with anything that has gone before or is to appear in the future. Each spin is the year 1 of the bank. Therefore the bank wins.

America has appreciated the year 1, and that fact has not been unconnected with yankee success. You will find that a man loses money as a farmer, a mechanic, a book canvasser and suddenly rises to wealth as a builder. The peg has found the hole at last.

An Englishman, unappreciative of the year 1, would have been chained to failure by the precedent of centuries. He would have argued that he had always been a farmer, that his father was a farmer and his uncle a dairyman. Therefore it was plainly impossible that he could ever make money as a builder. In conclusion he would have quoted you that falsest of all false proverbs, "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

I say "false" only in the English application of the ancient proverb. For otherwise it is an up-to-date motto to enough. The rolling stone of today remains polished and fit for business. The stationary stone is liable to accumulate such a quantity of moss that it is only fit for a cushion—to be sat on by all and sundry.—London Express.

He Was Duly Prepared.

"I suppose," said the city boarder as the farmer loaded his baggage in the wagon, "you have plenty of fresh vegetables at your place?"

"Gosh, yes!" answered the knowing granger. "Soon ez I got yore letter I went ever tew teown an' bought a dozen 'sorted cans.'"—Columbus Dispatch.

The people are getting into the planola habit so thoroughly that no doubt there will be complaint in heaven because they can't play those harps with their feet.

Everybody likes to be told that they should have been an actor or an actress.

It "Listened Like" It.

Two Germans, one from out of the city, were at Electric Park Saturday night hearing Ellery's band. The non-resident German thought he had heard the band before, but wasn't sure. After a well-played selection he turned to his companion and asked:
"Iss dot a Ceecinnati pand?"
"Oh, no; nod at all it issen't," was the reply.
"Vell," said the first, "it listens like it."

Healthy Children.

Without good health life is not worth living. Sickly, peevish children are a source of endless trouble and anxiety to their parents, yet the children's condition is frequently due to their parents' ignorance or thoughtlessness, or both.

To make children healthy and to keep them in that condition it is necessary to feed them proper food and to see that they get plenty of exercise and fresh air. Meat is very bad for children. It should be avoided and food rich in phosphates, such as Pillsbury's Vitos, should be given in its place.

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A Blackmailing Instrument.

The street musician paused at the steps.

"Moosic?"

"No, no. Here's a quarter for you. Move along."

"Tanka, signor. It is such a fine org."

"Fine! It's the worst box of discordant whistles I ever heard!"

"It is do finest org' Pietro ever own."

It plays da tune not so much, but it brings da more mon'."

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A Pair of Rounders.

Husband (time 1 a. m.)—I shay, m'dear, I—hic—didn't 'spects to fi' you—hic—sittin' up for me.

Wife (calmly)—Oh! that's all right, old boy. I only got in myself about five minutes ago.

The Century in 1906.

The lavish promises of a year ago were splendidly fulfilled in The Century during 1905—its verse and essays, its pictures and fiction, its articles of timely interest and permanent value, went beyond all promise and expectation. The feast in 1906 will be even richer than in 1905. There will be the new novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward, "Fenwick's Career," a new humorous serial by the creator of "Susan Clegg," and short stories by the ablest and most popular writers of the day. There will be authoritative accounts of such wonderful work as our construction of the Panama canal. W. S. Harwood will tell of "Saving California's Crops." The director of Cornell's School of Agriculture, Professor L. H. Bailey, will discuss the important problem of the young man and the farm. There will be many other articles of kindred value and interest.

More horses fall from weariness than from any other cause.

Very full cheeks indicate great digestive powers.

Said the Right Thing.

Mother—Why did you let him kiss you?

Edith—Well, he was so nice about it. He asked—

"The ideal! Haven't I told you you must learn to say 'No'?"

"That's what I did say. He asked me if I'd be very angry if he kissed me."

Ravages of Time.

"Even the hairs of our heads are numbered," quoted the good old deacon with the bald pate.

"Well, uncle," rejoined his irreverent nephew, "in your case the count doesn't take up much of the enumerating angel's time."



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