

Fable of the Managing Mamma

By BELLE BLITZ

ONCE upon a time there was a girl baby about whose cradle gathered four malevolent fairies, with their hammers, said one: "I will give her hazel-colored hair."

"I will give her a shoestring figure," said another.

"I will make her dull and stupid," said the third.

"I will give her cheap, plain clothes to wear," said the fourth.

"And that will be about all of her," cried the evil fairies in chorus, chuckling horribly. But at this moment a good fairy approached the basement in which the uncomely infant lay, and as she watched her work she said:

"Do not fear, my child, I will bestow upon you a good gift that will make all of your curses powerless to hurt you. For I will give you the blessing of a managing mamma who knows her business."

"We shall see," shrieked the four evil fairies, as they mounted their broomsticks and flew away in a telephone. "We shall see," murmured the good fairy, "and they will learn that it is better to have a mother who is a good press agent than it is to have a perfect profile."

For many years it seemed as if the four evil fairies had gotten in their work and were going to win out. Little Aurelia, for such was the infant's name, grew up into a maiden who belonged to the also-ran class. Her complexion and her hair looked as if they had been cut off of the same piece of calico. She had no eyebrows to speak of. Her figure was patterned after the unknown poet, while as a conversationalist she was like a sentence at hard labor.

All of this caused the evil fairies great glee, and whenever they met up with a peacemaker of a girl they would whisper to her:

"Get a line on Aurelia, for we opine that she will still be left hanging on the parent stem when all of the balance of the plum crop is gathered in."

In this, however, they reckoned without the good fairy, who, going to Aurelia's mother, said:

"Get busy. You cannot make Aurelia beautiful, but you can make her the fashion by touting her blemishes as charms."

Thus admonished Aurelia's mother got out her hair bellows, and, assuming the expression of a connoisseur, instead of apologizing for her daughter's looks, began to bat every one who was different.

"What a pity," said her dearest friend, as she pretended to sympathize with her, while in reality she hurled the tabasco. "What a pity that Aurelia has straw-colored hair!"

"A pity," cried the mother, as she gave the friend the hook, "why, her hair is her glory, and if you were more cultured you would know that instead of her locks being straw-colored, they are the pale gold that artists adore."

"So they are," exclaimed the friend, who did not want to be thought out of the know, and forthwith she went out and bleached her own jetty tresses so as to understand Aurelia.

"How unfortunate," said another woman, "that your daughter is so tall and lanky."

"Ha, ha," laughed Aurelia's mother, "you are indeed a back number not to know that the fashionable figure is all bones, and that a woman would rather be accused of crime than of being fat. Besides the only kind of a waist that is to understand Aurelia is the one that can span an acre of ground."

"That is true," responded the woman, who was a dimpled darling, and she hiked away and began banting and physical training in order to work off her curves and acquire angles, and thus

Aurelia became the great original big-les and stomachic straight-front model, and was no longer spoken of as stringy, but became celebrated far and wide as lithe and willowy.

As Aurelia never talked, because she had nothing to say, neither did she carry a side line of accomplishments like most girls, but so far from letting these defects depress the market the mother used them to boom her stock.

"How thankful I am," she would say to the men who had been working overtime trying to corker a few remarks out of Aurelia, "that my daughter is not one of these silly little creatures with a double-action tongue, that will talk the unfortunate man that marries her into his coffin. On the contrary, she adores sitting at the feet of a wise, intelligent, philosophical, eloquent spell-binder like you and catching the pearls of thought as they drop from his lips."

"Truly," said each man to himself, as he heard mamma dope out the poetic explanation of Aurelia's silence, "it shows marvelous good sense and taste in her to prefer to listen to me instead of spilling herself, and what I missed took for dullness I now see was merely her profound admiration for my views."

So Aurelia's society was much sought after henceforth by men, and she became renowned as the most entertaining girl in her set.

Nor did Aurelia's mother quit the game when confronted by the other mothers with their daughters' accomplishments. She would listen with an air of polite patience while Julia sang or gazed through her lorgnettes at Mary's pictures, and then, turning to their proud parents, would remark:

"How delightful it must be to have these simple, unpretentious amateur pleasures at home, and how I wish that I could induce Aurelia to sing and paint a little like your daughters, but she is so highly cultivated and so artistic in

her nature that she sees thought of singing to the king or doing a dabby painting sets her nerves on edge."

The other girls in Aurelia's set had all the clothes that were fit to wear, with diamonds a-plenty, whereas Aurelia wore the same frock wherever she went and was strong on the simple white muslin act, but instead of putting up a moan because of her tough lot, her mother exploited it as the only thing.

"It grooms me," she would say, "to see young girls sporting giddy raiment, and I appreciate that only those who do not know better. See how I myself dress Aurelia as becomes an innocent debutante."

"She must be an authority," said the others, "for she would not dare to turn down French confection," and so they regarded Aurelia's bum attire with awe.

"What wife one so sensibly and economically thought up would make," said the men as they hot-footed after Aurelia, who became a great belle.

Thus was defeat turned into victory, and the truth established of the old adage that the child who is like having a mother who knows the ropes.

A Modern Fairy Queen

(By Lady Henry Somerset.)

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INTERESTING account has been given by the boy violinist, Florial Reuter, who recently arrived in London, of his performance before the sultan in Constantinople, the being only 13 years old, was permitted to play before the sultan's wives. An ordinary man would, of course, never have been allowed to do so.

He was taken to a theatre, which was constructed in an oval form, with one balcony in the center, and in the balcony sat the sultan, with two of his sons, and around them his wives and daughters. There were 113 wives and 214 daughters, and the women were dressed in beautiful flowing eastern robes, but some were in European costumes.

The mother of the lad, who conversed with some of the ladies, said that many of them were well educated and spoke French, English and German. They were very outspoken in their discontent at not being allowed to go out to hear music without the restraints imposed upon them. Moreover, they are only allowed to hear what the sultan pleases.

At the end of the performance, the boy having played for two hours, the sultan sent his chamberlain to present him with a sack of money worth about \$500 and a decoration. The chamberlain explained to the young musician that he was to take back, so that the chamberlain might verify that he had received it, and the little hands found some difficulty in carrying out the command.

After leaving the palace the boy and his mother repaired to the hotel, but the sack of money was stolen immediately, although the decoration was left to him. The next day they sent to inform the sultan of what had happened, but his chamberlain, who has a toothache and could not see any one.

He had heard that day of a disturbance in Macedonia, and would take no steps to assist the young artist, but informed him through the chamberlain that the next time he came to Constantinople he would be commanded to play again.

The youth is fortunate in having seen the queen of Roumania. From his earliest years she has taken the deepest interest in his welfare and writes to him nearly every day in English.

"How shall I not be happy and grateful," thought the child, "and the boy showed a representative of the English press one

Russia's Weakness and Its Cause

By BARON E. VON DER BRUEGGEN

THE curses of the empire of the czar are her rotten financial system, the blind surrender of all the affairs of the nation to a system of centralization which cripples all local and individual effort, and the enormous power of a bloated bureaucracy.

No one realizes this better than the present czar, a man of high moral ideas and considerable powers who has been generally credited with it.

Only those in the narrowest circle surrounding him know how the almost superhuman effort which this man, who is anything but a physical giant, has made to improve the conditions of the country whose autocratic ruler he is in name only. But he has only himself and his heroic wife and noble mother to rely upon; he does not possess a single adviser whom he dares trust, and not one friend who does not seek personal advantage, and he is surrounded by persons whom by long training and experience know how to keep him in ignorance of everything which they do not desire him to know.

It was the oligarchy, that fears the day when Czar Nicholas shall carry out his plan of sharing the responsibility of government with his people, that kept him in ignorance of the miserable condition of the Russian army, that disgraced him from the true situation in the far east, that prevented him from making a friendly arrangement with the ambassador of Japan and who precipitated the war which has already cost Russia so many lives.

The reports that the czar cried when he was informed that he had actually broken out are cruelly untrue and not believed by any one who knows his strong, manly personality; but, having always abhorred war, the very thought of the useless sacrifice of thousands of

young men, he would have conceded to every reasonable demand of the Japanese government sooner than have allowed a crisis to happen.

As matters stand, Russia is imperatively driven to find an economic base in the far east, Chinese industry, Mongolian and Manchurian gold are to provide the sinews of war. The only alternative to the realization of this dream is ruin.

Even without taking into consideration the present costly war the strength of the nation is continually being sapped, dishonesty in the administration is on the increase and in spite of railways and telegraph the government is less able to keep its army of officials in order. The exaggerated system of bureaucracy naturally leads to a condition of anarchy which is today felt everywhere above and below. Independent activity and national independence are being ground to powder.

I shall give here only one example of the paper administration of this gigantic empire. Somebody has calculated that if one of the ministers were to set out on a journey abroad and accomplish it all the officers in the empire would be informed of this event by official notices to the number of seventeen thousand.

But perhaps the most serious danger for the future of Russia is the complete lack of a middle class which knows what it wants and means to get it. One of the most conservative and easily the most truthful of Russian papers, the Novoe Vremya, in a recent editorial, says:

"It is a fact that at the present moment not only our villages but even our district towns are falling into decay. In the first place the number of their inhabitants has remained stationary in most of them for decades past. So ancient a town as Uglich has, even like many

others, declined in population, its former figures of 13,000 inhabitants now being only 3,000.

"For the communication has not progressed beyond the early stages. Two or three times a week the post comes and nobody thinks of making a change in this state of things, although organization of a daily service would entail only very moderate additional expenditure.

"No libraries, no reading rooms, no theatre. Social life does not exist. In a number of towns there are not even clubs, and where they exist they are used by the local intelligentsia, which frequently consists entirely of drunkards, as a sort of public house. Decay is evident everywhere, the streets are overgrown with grass, the fences crooked, the little houses of the humbler inhabitants are half in ruins, everywhere you see unused building lots. Trade and the revenue of the towns are decreasing hopelessly.

"In many districts where the population is declining at an alarming rate the cause is to be found in the loosening of the ties between parents and children.

"The newborn baby is generally from the first day not treated with love, but as a burden. It lies in a box suspended by a hook and is rocked there by the foot of the knitting mother until it falls asleep or is put to sleep by the ever ready poppy juice.

"It is brought up in a pestilential atmosphere upon the most inferior kind of food. It has no strength and easily pines away if nature has not endowed it with an iron constitution. For this reason one-half or more of the children die at an early age.

"When one contrasts this fatal policy of drift with the methods obtaining in Japan, where everything is run on the most up-to-date and scientific principles, it is easy to see wherein lies the weakness of this colossal empire."

A Manager Tells How to Sell a Play

THE plaint of the unacted drama that is always to be heard, and the burden of his tale is always the same. The managers will not read his plays and he very wisely suggests that until they do it will not be possible for them to decide whether they are good or bad.

"The mere task of receiving and returning the manuscript sent to the offices of the important managers," one of them said, "is enough to keep a man busy; and the so-called play reader in a theatre usually finds that his principal duty. He may occasionally read a play which the manager hands to him or which has some special claim on our attention. The ordinary play from an unknown source can usually be disposed of in 10 minutes.

"If you knew the sources from which these plays come you would not be surprised at their treatment. Some of them are so ignorantly written that their authors show they are not possessed of even an elementary education. Others show a complete ignorance of the theater—why, sometimes we get plays with such titles as:

"In these plays, when they are read, the little thread of plot they contain is found to have been taken from something that the writer has seen on the stage before or read. Many of these plays are dramatized novels, although credit is rarely given. Of course, dramas of this kind are not worth the time of a play reader or anybody else. We have the trouble of returning them; and it is just such dramatists as these that make no end of trouble for a manager if a play is lost.

"Next to this class, and even more of a nuisance, are the writers who are not quite so bad, who write the English language correctly and who are able to spell. But their plays are no more possible for use. They receive maybe a little more attention. If I read them I glance at the final scenes in the acts, and if they interest me I investigate further. I suppose my play reader does about as much. Neither of us has yet found a masterpiece by this investigation, and I don't believe that we have overlooked one.

"What kind do I really read? I read the dramas by well known authors who have done work for me before and who may be relied upon to turn out something that will at least be a workmanlike job. Many of these plays I read as they are being put together. I read the work of amateurs when they happen to be friends or friends of friends. I don't read their plays, however, when the first act shows them to be quite impossible.

"I think most managers follow the same plan I do. It is barely possible that the great American drama has slipped through our fingers. It may be that a small army of good playwrights has been neglected and would have been supplying us with good dramas if we had only examined their contributions more carefully.

"All this may be true, but I doubt it. If you are building a house or engaging a decorator you would take a man who had experience and had done work of the kind you wanted. You would not pick out an unknown man just because you thought it was time the number of architects or decorators should be enlarged."

The manager could suggest no special way in which the aspirant could get his play read, and only general advice can be given on that subject.

"Try to interest the actor or actress in your play," was the advice of a man who had now had enough plays produced to make it easy for him to have his work accepted. "Flatter their vanity by writing a part that will suit a man or woman. It may not suit them, but say that it does when you write to them or speak to them about the play. In one way or another get to the actor or actress. To attempt to storm the regular managers is all but hopeless.

"It used to be easier for the unacted

playwrights to get at the actors than it is today. Formerly the stars had evened things to say about the plays in which they acted. Nowadays few of them have any voice in the matter.

"Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, E. H. Sothern, James Hackett, Julia Marlowe, Ada Rehan, Nat Goodwin, E. B. Willard, W. H. Crane and a few others do have a say in deciding what plays they will act in, and if the aspiring playwright has a piece suited to any one of them he should try to get it under their notice."

"If I had a drama I should write to her, Mr. Fiske, I should write to her explaining what the period of the piece was, something of its general nature and a full description of the character she was to act. Such a letter to her, Richard Mansfield or any of the others who are allowed to choose their own plays would not be ignored."

"My advice to the unknown playwright," said another member of the Dramatists' club, "would be to try some of the actors not so well known. It is, of course, pleasant for a young writer to have his first play produced by a manager of the first rank with one of the leading stars. Then he is sure of his large royalties if the piece is a success, for these managers do things on a large scale. But it is much easier to get access to some of the less important players who star in the smaller cities. If one of them accepts a play from an unknown man and it turns out to be a success, other more important managers and actors soon hear about it. A play of this kind, good enough to last for two seasons, will make its author known, and with such an achievement to his credit managers will be glad to deal with him.

"Once the playwright has made even a little reputation, he will find there is a demand for his work that will do much to compensate him for the years of waiting. Once he has made his start, the rest is easy."

of the queen's letters, typewritten, with the signature "Elizabeth" in pencil at the end of the page. The letter begins "My Dearest Flower Child," and invites him to the warmest and most affectionate terms to her beautiful castle on the Rhine.

She there proposes that the lad should write an opera, and tells him how, if he will grow to be a great composer. "I know that your dear mother will be happy there," she says, "and that my flower child will grow and rise and sing all the songs of the world, and I will be weighed down by my care. You are meant for my darling flower child. God has taken away mine so that I might be the mother of all children, and He sends me a gift for such a boon! You are not to wander away for some time, if I can help it. Your time will be entirely taken up by the opera, and it will give you income and pleasure to write it. Never mind the money; you will soon get it back by your own efforts. It is not necessary for a lark to have money. I offer you a nest, and corn; and so sing, my child, and don't think of tomorrow."

Such a letter savors of the beneficent queen of the old fairy tales, and it is good to know that somewhere in this utilitarian world queens are still fairly godmothers.

One More Glass Would Not Be Missed.

From the Cleveland Leader.

One day a fussy fellow met Mather Healy of Dublin by the seashore, and thus accented him: "Father Healy, I am undergoing a cure, and I take a tumbler of sea water three times a day. Now, I've had my full allowance today, but do you think I might have one, just one tumbler more?"

Father Healy put his head on one side and looked at the ocean lost in thought. "Well," he said, at last, with a gravely judicial air, "I don't think it would be missed."

Ratcatching as a Profitable Business

From the Chicago Tribune.

RAT catching as a trade will probably be a matter for humorous commentary on the part of a great number of people, but there are men in Chicago who follow this queer manner of business as a regular vocation, and who will testify that it is not among the least of the professions in the matter of profits. There are holdings of real estate and houses and flat buildings in the city that have been acquired with the money earned in the work of ridding a great city of its troublesome rodents.

There is practically no branch of business which does not suffer from the depredations of these four-footed pests, and the work of the professional rat catcher takes him into the private home as well as the store and office. The damage that our insignificant rodents do if left to pursue his labor of destruction unopposed is enough to suggest the loss to a business that would follow the undisturbed work of the one multiplied by a thousand.

A rat has been known in one night to eat a small hole through a 2-foot high pile of valuable overcoats left for the night on a stock table, utterly ruining every coat in the pile. And the object of this industrious animal was only to secure the material to build a nest.

It takes the artist to go into an office

or store thoroughly infested, and after a space of work leaves the ratcatcher free from rats or mice and not leave around the place the carcasses of his victims.

His work is accomplished in a manner that can leave no possible doubts as to the efficiency of his methods. His mode of proceeding is almost similar on all occasions. The first thing that he does upon beginning work in a place is to distribute the bait. This "bait" is in a liquid form, and is sprinkled about, the scent being of such nature as to attract every rat in a room. Then, when the quiet of night has settled down upon the scene the operator begins his work. He wears, for good and sufficient reasons, the oldest and most worn clothes that he may possess. Upon his feet are heavy woolen socks, padded with cotton until they are as soft and noiseless as a cat's paw. In his left hand he carries a dark lantern, and in his right are the implements for the capture, a pair of steel tongs similar to those used by a blacksmith.

Close behind him follows his partner, bearing a bag, containing a room, the light is flashed about until it lights upon a scared victim. Dazed and blinded by the glare a rat will sit and stare helplessly toward the light. Moving on his toes with the softness and care of an Indian deer, the ratcatcher gets to within reaching distance of his quarry. Then there is a quick, sure motion of the tongs, a twist and a toss, and the rat is in the bag, while the ratcatcher is already reaching for more prey. A queer phase of the feat is that the rat is usually picked up by the tail; a hold on the body will invariably cause a squeal of protest and the subsequent frightening of the other rodents. Taken by the tail there is seldom so much as a murmur, and the skilled operator can stand and pick a dozen rats from one group without a pause.

The view of a rat-infested room from the vantage point of behind the dark lantern is a strange one. The shaft of light pierces the gloom and shows the rats of all kinds and sizes sitting, crawling or moving around the room. Almost instantly with the sudden dash of light into their eyes they turn toward the lantern. They sit perfectly still, as if transfixed, staring straight into the light with eyes that are temporarily blinded. For so long as the operator holds the light directly upon them they will sit thus.

Should the light discover the rats at a considerable distance from the catcher it is useless to attempt to move upon them, as the moving of the light will scare them away. So the lantern is held perfectly still and upon them for a full minute. Then suddenly it is turned off. The sudden transition from extreme light to Stygian darkness acts upon the eyes in the same manner as the rays of the lantern. The operator then quickly and noiselessly moves to within reaching distance and again turns the light on. Strange as it may seem, the rats will be found in the same positions as when the light was first flashed, and the operator begins to work his tongs with speed and dexterity.

The usual night's work for the catcher is only two hours, as in that time a place will have been thoroughly gone over, and those not captured will have been scared into places of security.

Within the last week there was taken from a certain hotel in the city a total of 365 rats and the catcher was still at work. This is perhaps an average week's work for the expert, for one of them estimated that he took annually over 12,500 of the animals.

The disposal of the rats taken from a building is left to the catcher. He takes them home and dumps them into a box. Sometimes this box contains hundreds of rats at a time. It may be a surprise to discover that the "sport" of holding rat killing contests is still followed upon a scale so large that the "Professors" have standing orders for 100 live rats. This order is from a nearby town, where contests are held regularly between a large number of dogs. These contests are held in a pit constructed much after the manner of a cockpit. Twenty-five rats are turned into the pit and then the first dog is turned loose. The time is taken from the minute the dog enters the pit. In turn each of the dogs enters the arena, and the one which accomplishes the feat in the shortest time is the winner.

The price paid for rats used this way is 10 cents each, so it can be seen that the profits of the catcher are not only in the charge for his work. As the charge of an expert catcher is \$7 per night it is evident that the profession of rat catching is decidedly remunerative.

The Journal's Course in Athletics--Standing High Jump

By RAY C. EWRY, American Champion and Holder of World's Record



RAY C. EWRY, AMERICAN CHAMPION AND HOLDER OF WORLD'S RECORD FOR STANDING HIGH JUMPING--PREPARING TO LEAP.

legs and shoulders to raise, and later to lift the body over the bar. Height of the athlete does not mean ability to succeed, but rather is a matter of conformation, either natural or acquired, combined with regular practice and judgment.

In my own case, while at school I had tried every kind of sport, with but meager success, till I took up the standing high jump in order to help out my school in this event.

When I had decided that I would compete in that item I went right into it, using all my time out of study in either actually performing the jump or following athletic and gymnastic work calculated to improve the necessary muscles and give strength.

My jumping consisted of about 10 to 12 jumps a day, the highest being about 4 feet 7 inches, which was the best I could then do. Combined with this, I played baseball and other outdoor sports.

My gymnasium work was of a nature to develop the thighs, abdominal muscles, and included all exercises which would aid in the lifting and perfect control of the legs. I also paid particular attention to the chest and shoulder muscles used in the arm-lift.

The squats and skipping the rope with stiff knees were two of the exercises which I used, and are of great value.

After I once got my muscles into shape a very little practice sufficed to keep them right. About six weeks previous to jumping in a contest, however, I jumped in practice every day till within four days of the event, when I allowed myself complete rest from any such exertion. During this six weeks' work I only placed the bar at a medium height, extending myself about once a week.

In jumping I stand from 12 to 17 inches away from a bar according to the height; for 4 feet the shorter distance, while in doing my record, I stand 5 feet, 11 inches away about 17 inches of space between the center of my feet and the computed position of the bar.

Don't get too near; it means jumping higher to clear the bar.

Having got the correct position, crouch down as low as possible, with arms extended backward. As the body is gradually straightened out in preparation for the final spring from the feet, the arms should be brought forward and upward. At the time of leaving the ground the arms should be almost over the head and they should be fully extended when the body is above the bar.

The most having been gotten out of the spring and the arm and shoulder lift, the inside leg should be raised over the bar and knee drawn up as high as possible.

When well over the bar, curl up your other leg, and the impetus from the original spring should then carry the jumper clear.

In practice, attention wants to be paid to two things, particularly—the correct action of the legs and the lift of the arms.

The former is somewhat in the na-



CLEARING THE BAR.

ture of a high kick, for which reason both the single and double high kick are useful in preparing for this sport.

Smoking and drinking of any kind of alcoholic liquors must be abstained from if success is expected, and a lot of sleep is necessary. More nerve is required for the standing high jump than for any other athletic event, for which reason nothing must be allowed to interfere with the important part of one's make-up.

For the same reason attention should be paid to what is eaten, as a little indigestion will make a man nervous and balky.

Above all things keep warm and avoid any chill to the muscles of the legs and arms while jumping. It is suggested in these notes, even if he cannot win a championship, will materially benefit himself physically by the training involved.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

(By Thomas O. Davis.)

The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maiden of Italy,
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms fail to bind me,
And my heart flies back to Erin's isle,
To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side,
And purer than its water,
But she refused to be my bride,
Though many a year I sought her;
Yet, since to France I sailed away,
Her letters oft remind me
That I promised never to gainay
The girl I left behind me.

She says—"My own dear love, come home,
My friends are rich and many,
Or else abroad with you I'll roam
A soldier as stout as any;
If you'll not come, let me go,
"I'll think you have designed me."
My heart nigh broke when I answered—
No!

To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave
A life of war and toiling,
And never as a skulking slave
I'll tread my native soil on.
But, were it free or to be freed,
The battle's close would find me
To Ireland bound—no message need
For the girl I left behind me.

DIALOGUES OF THE DAY.

From the New York American.

"Did you notice the fellow who married twice in 24 hours?"

"Yes. That's what you call bigamy, isn't it?"

"No. That's idioley."

"Lost your job?"

"Well, not exactly. I know where the job is all right."

"How is it you do so well writing for a living? I can't make my soul."

"Difference in motherhood, my boy. You write to publishers and I write to a girl uncle."

(Copyright, 1904, by W. R. Hearst.)

IN the many standing high jump contests in which I have entered since I first took up this form of athletics I have been surprised at the few entries. Possibly it may be on account of the limited number of opportunities offered to the standing jumper, compared with those held open to the athlete who aspires to honors in running jumps.

These discrepancies, like water, will find their level, and if the boys in the public schools and the young men of our universities would take up and train for these neglected events the increase in entries would be an inducement for an additional number of competitions till in time the standing jumps would be found in the games of every club.

Unlike the running high jump, the standing event needs great power in the