BULL RING TACTICS

Spain's Great National "Sport" and the Shame of It.

IT IS NOT A TEST OF BRAVERY

The Game of Blind Man's Buff Requires More Courage Than Does the Work of the Toreador—The Poor Hack Horses Are the Real Victims.

The great majority of the spectators were Spanish. Here were young dandies in faultless suits and boots of the most brilliant patent leather. Now enters a woman in the famous mantilla of white lace, reserved solely for the bullfight. There one saw father, mother and little children of quite tender years. A special box, immediately over the door by which the bulls would enter, was reserved for the president of the fight and his friends.

In the ring stood half a dozen policemen. They remained in the arena all through the proceedings, but there were wooden shelters at intervals behind which they discreetly retired when the bull approached. Half a dozen red buckets filled with water stood in a row on the sanded floor. A band, just below our seats, played lively airs.

The audience being now complete, the first matador marched round the arena with his little troupe of picadors (on horseback), toreadors (with red cloaks to wave in front of the bull) and banderilleros, the last named carrying darts which were presently to be planted in the back of the bull.

The toreador is quite a minor personage. The star performer, after the bull, is the matador, who deals the deathblow with his sword. All the other people that I have mentioned are under the control of the matador.

The weapons were now inspected by the president, the men and horses retired and the first bull trotted into the arena. He was a big fellow, rather slow moving, and he stood for some little time in the center of the arena gazing about him at the general scene. The band was playing gayly all this time. A couple of toreadors advanced and set the bull in motion by waving their cloaks just in front of his horns.

It is commonly supposed in this country that the toreador is a magnificently brave person who risks his life for the pleasure of the excited populace. That is quite a mistake. The bull never goes for the man, but always for the cloak. So long as the toreador holds the cloak to one side instead of in front of him and has the usual amount of common sense and agility there is no reason at all why he should receive a scratch, and I believe that he very rarely receives even a scratch. If he is fool enough to get drunk before he enters the arena, that is another matter. Under ordinary conditions anybody who is pretty good at "blind man's buff" could do the work of the toreador. The bull, as a matter of fact, cannot turn so quickly as the "blind man."

After a little of this teasing from the toreadors a picador advanced, lance ready poised. Here is the really cruel part of bullfighting, the part that makes it hideously revolting to all decent people. The horse ridden by the picador is a poor old hack, and it is brought into the arena for no other purpose than to be killed by the bull in the sight of the populace. There is a bandage over one eye so that the horse cannot see the deadly approaching horn of the bull. The picador rides his horse right up to the bull, and the bull is allowed plenty of time to gore the horse to death. Not the slightest attempt is made to save the horse. I want to emphasize this because one had always understood that the horses were killed more or less by accident.

Why are the horses brought in to be killed? Champions of bullfighting will tell you that the death of the horse saves the life of the matador, that it gives the picador an opportunity of inflicting the first wound and that the mere act of goring the horse robs the bull of his natural strength. Twaddle! What the picador does could be done just as well by men on foot or by a man on a trapeze or in fifty ways. The horses are killed to make a slaughter for the crowd, who are angry if they do not see enough blood.

The death of the poor horse I will leave you to imagine. It is altogether too horrible and too pitiful for detailed description.

Now comes the turn of the banderilleros. Each has two little darts. These darts must be placed in the back of the bull, just about the end of the neck, from in front of the animal. This requires skill and speed. It is the only part of the whole proceeding which reflects the slightest credit for bravery or agility upon the men in the arena.

The bull, after being wounded by the picador, is now carrying the darts of the banderilleros in his back. Naturally he is bleeding profusely and is nearly dead. It is the proud work of the matador to finish him off with one thrust of his sword. He stands in front of the bull, who waits for the thrust with lowered head. The wretched business is quickly over, and the carcass is drawn from the arena by four horses.

That is the story of the Spanish bullfight, told in cold, bald prose. Considered as a test for bravery, I cannot find a better comparison than the one I have already used—"blind man's buff." Considered as a national sport, it would be incredible if one had not witnessed it with one's own eyes.—Keble Howard in London Mail.

TATTERSALL'S IN LONDON.

Romantic Story of the World's Most Famous Horse Market.

The most famous horse mart in the world is Tattersall's in London. A romantic history attaches to this establishment.

In 1776 a certain Richard Tattersall, a wool comber of Yorkshire, who had lost his fortune during the Jacobite rebellion, obtained a ninety-nine years' lease of a tract of ground in London and thereon built an establishment for the sale of horses and hounds.

Tattersall was on friendly terms with the prince regent, Lord Bolingbroke and others whose patronage greatly aided the enterprise. Such, indeed, was the friendship between the prince and Tattersall that the bust of George on top of the fountain in the sale yard was so placed at the prince's own request.

In due time a huge slice of luck came Tattersall's way. Lord Bolingbroke ran heavily into debt and by way of settlement passed on to Tattersall his famous racer, Highflier, which became the father of three Derby winners. The progeny of this horse in eighteen years are said to have won races to the value of no less than £170,000. Tattersall built himself a palatial country residence near Ely, calling it Highflier Hall.

Tattersall's came to be the headquarters for the laying of turf wagers. Immense sums were won and lost there. The Marquis of Hastings lost more than £100,000 on one race alone, and, it is said, not infrequently similar amounts changed hands on "settling days" at "Old Tatt's," or "the Corner," as the place was sometimes called.

All classes of society mingled at Tattersall's. Dukes and stable boys were brothers in the excited crowd, prepared to wager on anything and everything. This state of things led to such a scandal that upon the expiration of the lease the firm was refused a renewal. In its new establishment no betting was permitted.

At the modern Tattersall's some enormous prices for racers are occasionally obtained. Flying Fox is said to have been sold to a French owner for 37,500 guineas and Ormonde to an American for 30,000 guineas. Here also Scepter as a yearling was sold for 10,000 guineas, La Fleche for 12,600 guineas and Blair Athol for only 100 guineas less.—Harper's Weekly.

Some Quaint Hotels.

The hotel that stands out the most prominently in my recollection is one in Iquique, where, even while you are sitting at the dining tables, venders come in from the streets to sell you food. At this same hotel they have two charges for baths—8 shillings if you insist upon clean water and about 4 shillings if you are willing to take a second turn at the tub.

Another instance of a quaint hotel is in the town of Africa, in Peru. Here they are using at the present time the hull of an old American man-of-war, which was taken inland by a great tidal wave many years ago and has since been fitted up as a hotel and is in great demand.—London Answers.

Everlasting Yeast.

A yeast that is always ready, in hot weather or cold, in town or on the farm, may be had if at each baking is saved a small quantity of the bread sponge before any salt has been used. To this must be added about one-half the same amount of sugar for a preservative. I have used the same yeast in this way for two and one-half years now, and it is as good as ever. Freezing does it no harm. No salt should be used. If in warm weather it seems to be without life, try it with a little flour and water, and it will be all right. This makes the finest possible bread.—National Magazine.

A Problem He Hadn't Solved.

In 1865 there went to Paris a young Belgian named De Groof, who was fully convinced that he had solved the problem of aerial flight. He did not succeed in interesting French experts, but later in England met with some encouragement. Finally, in the presence of a large crowd De Groof made his attempt. His machine was attached to a balloon, and after reaching a height of 4,000 feet he cut himself loose. The machine fell like a stone and crashed down upon the rough pavement of Robert street, Chelsea, with a sickening thud. De Groof was dead.—New York Tribune.

The Way They Struck.

A company of Italian laborers engaged in the construction of a railway in Germany had their wages reduced. They said nothing, but during the night each of the men cut an inch of the end of his shovel. In reply to the foreman who took them to task about it one of them said, "Not so much pay, not lift so much earth. So much longer last work. Italian not fool like German. Italians not strike!"—London Mail.

Another Way to Put It.

"After all," said the moralist, "the almighty dollar is man's greatest enemy. It"—

"If that's so," interrupted old Roxley, "I guess that young wife of mine merely loves me for the enemies I've made."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Discrimination.

"Did you ever tell that young man that late hours were bad for one?" asked the father at the breakfast table.

"Well, father," replied the wise daughter, "late hours may be bad for one, but they're all right for two."—Yonkers Statesman.

Blot out vain pomp, check impulse, keep reason under its own control.—Marcus Aurelius.

THE CLOCK OF DEATH.

It Was the First Astronomical Timepiece Made In England.

The clock at Hampton court palace derived its unpleasant title by reason of a superstition that whenever any one long resident in the palace dies the clock immediately stops. It is of record that when Anne of Denmark, the queen of James I., died the old timepiece was striking four and that it stopped almost before the last stroke sounded. Since that time it is said to have repeated this grisly proceeding each time a royal personage within its jurisdiction died.

At any rate, the clock has an interesting history quite aside from this. It was the first astronomical timepiece made in England, being constructed in 1540 for Henry VIII. Thirty-two years ago it was brought out of a shed where it had lain neglected for nearly half a century, and by order of the then secretary of the office of works it was re-erected in the courtyard opposite the entrance to the state apartments. There is historical evidence to the effect that it was built by one Nicholas Cratzer, a German astronomer who came to England at the invitation of Cardinal Wolsey.

This old timepiece tells the hour, the month, the day of the month, the position of the sun and the number of days since the beginning of the year, the phases of the moon and its age, the hour at which it crosses the meridian and the time of high water at London bridge. The time required to wind it is half an hour every week. The weights have a descent of over sixty feet.—Harper's.

THE VANISHING SEA COW.

A Marine Curiosity That Is Rapidly Nearing Extinction.

One of the largest fish that has inhabited the waters of the gulf of Mexico and the south Atlantic coast of this country and which is almost extinct is known as the manatee. It was found in great numbers a century ago, and even a few years back this creature was quite plentiful in certain localities.

It is very gentle for a large fish and easily captured in heavy nets, which are usually stretched across the mouths of rivers emptying into the south Atlantic or the gulf of Mexico. The flesh is very delicious and brings a high price, having a strong resemblance to the very finest veal. The skeleton is valued at $100, and the skin if removed properly and cared for by those who understand its properties will bring a like amount.

This fish is often from ten to twelve feet in length and weighs about 2,000 pounds. It is so gentle it will not strike the light craft that happens to be near it, and when captured it shows no resistance whatever.

It is safe to say that in the next quarter of a century this creature will become extinct unless specimens are preserved simply to prevent the complete loss of one of our most wonderful sea creatures.

It lives wholly on salt water vegetation and growths found in the mouths of the rivers emptying into the sea.—New York World.

The Spell of London.

The greatest of modern French poets, Paul Verlaine, fell instantly under the spell of London, even though he came to it as an exile to earn a wretched living as a teacher of French. "As a whole," he wrote, "it is very unexpected and a hundred times more amusing than Italy or Paris or the banks of the Rhine." And again: "The docks are wonderful—Carthage, Tyre, all rolled into one." He deplored the lack of clean cafes, but nevertheless, "No matter, this incredible town is very well, black as a crow and noisy as a duck." In Verlaine's view London had no monuments except the docks. He ignored Westminster, the Tower and all the sights. For him they do not seem to have existed.—London Chronicle.

Uncle Sam's Public Printer.

The United States public printer has charge of all business relating to the public printing and binding. He appoints the officers and employees of the government printing office and purchases all necessary machinery and material. The foreman of printing has charge of all matter which is to be printed. The following are the official heads of the several departments: Public printer, secretary to the public printer, attorney, deputy public printer, Congressional Record clerk, superintendent of work and superintendent of documents.

Tuppence Saved.

McAndrews (the chemist at 2 a. m.)—Two penn'orth of bicarbonate of soda for the wife's indigestion at this time o' night when a glass of hot water does just as well. Sandy (hastily)—Weel, weel, thanks for the advice! I'll no bother ye, after all. Good nicht!—Pearson's.

Defined.

"Pa," said the young hopeful, "what does dining a la carte mean?"

The father did not know, but he did not wish to show his ignorance. "It means," he explained, "that is—er—it means eating in a lunch wagon."—Exchange.

Wedded Bliss.

Wife—So you don't like my new dress. Well, I'm not surprised. You haven't half the taste that I have. Husband (sarcastically)—Our marriage proves that.—London Telegraph.

We know best what we are least conscious of knowing.—Samuel Butler.

WASHINGTON AS A JUMPER.

The Father of His Country Was a Champion In His Day.

There is an athletic record of which every American ought to be proud, although it is not found in any sporting chronicle. It was made by George Washington of Virginia and was a running broad jump of twenty-two feet three inches.

Exactly when and where Washington made this jump is not known, but it seems to be historical.

Thackeray refers to it in "The Virginians," where he tells of the jumping match between Harry Warrington and Lord March and Ruglen. Harry wins with a jump of twenty-one feet three inches against his lordship's eighteen feet six inches. In his letter to Virginia, Harry says he knows there was another in Virginia, Colonel G. Washington, who could clear a foot more.

If Thackeray's figures are correct Washington must have been a wonderful athlete. He could easily have won any intercollegiate championship competition up to 1889 and most of the national championships. Then, too, it must be remembered that the future Father of His Country did not wear spiked shoes like the athletes of today, nor did he have a cinder path for his "run" nor a five inch plank for his "take-off," these improvements not having come into general use as early as the middle of the eighteenth century. Washington today would be a record breaker.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A MAN'S MOTHER.

Just a Little Reminder to the Son Who May Have Forgotten.

But your mother's life has not been easy. Your father was a poor man, and from the day she married him she stood by his side, fighting the wolf from the door with her naked hands, as a woman must fight.

She worked not the eight or ten hour day of the union, but the twenty-four hour day of the poor wife and mother.

She cooked and cleaned and scrubbed and patched and nursed from dawn until bedtime and in the night was up and down getting drinks for thirsty lips, covering restless little sleepers, listening for croupy coughs.

She had time to listen to your stories of boyish fun and frolic and triumph.

She had time to say the things that spurred your ambition on.

She never forgot to cook the little dishes you liked.

She did without the dress she needed that you might not be ashamed of your clothes before your fellows.

Remember this now while there is yet time, while she is living, to pay back to her in love and tenderness some of the debt you owe her. You can never pay it all, but pay down something on account this very night.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Swiss Chard.

Chard is the bleached leaves, leaf sticks or midribs of certain plants, as of the globe artichoke and white beet, also a variety of white beet; Swiss chard beet, leaf beet. In cooking Swiss chard for greens the wide white midribs are cut out and the green leaves served alone, the ribs being cooked separately and served like asparagus, for which they are an appetizing substitute. Then, for a change, a dish of leaves and ribs together is served as greens, but this always seems a waste of good material when either is better alone. The hens greedily eat any that may be left when the table is cleared, or the cows and pigs will dispose of it, so that not a leaf need be wasted. All things considered, Swiss chard is one of the most satisfactory plants a gardener can raise.—Exchange.

They Were Once Slang.

If we had never allowed slang to legitimize itself in orthodox language where should we be today? A reference to old slang dictionaries gives the answer. Take Groses', published at the end of the eighteenth century—the "dictionary of the vulgar tongue," by the first lexicographer who recognized the word "slang" itself. We find him classing under it such words as bay window, bedizened, bet, bluster, budget, brogue, capon, grouse, churl, coax, cobbler, cur, domineer, eyesore, flabby, flog, flout, foundling, fuss, gag, malingerer, messmate, saunter, slump, sham, rascal, trip and yelp. Wait until the next anti-slang purist uses one of these words and then confound him by reference to Grose.—London Chronicle.

Thankful For His Escape.

"It's useless to urge me to marry you. When I say no I mean no."

"Always?"

"Invariably."

"And can nothing ever break your determination when once you make up your mind?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Well, I wouldn't care to marry a girl like that, anyhow."—Boston Transcript.

Bureau of Information.

Stranger—Can you tell me where I will find your bureau of vital statistics? Farmer Brown—I kin give you the village dressmaker's address. She knows the age of every woman in town.—Life.

The Inevitable.

There is no good in arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.—James Russell Lowell.

Stop Your Worry.

If you are inclined to worry today stop and think of the worrying you did yesterday and how little it really amounted to.—Chicago News.

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