THE WORLD OF SPORT AND DRAMA

FOOTBALL MEN ARE GETTING READY.

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Now is the time when the repeaters of football teams are beginning to round up their men and take stock to find out what material is left from last season to start in with as a nucleus for this year's eleven. Most of the big universities and colleges are in the habit of indulging in a little preliminary practice before the fall term begins. In fact, it has been the practice in former years at some institutions to send the men during the season to the seashore or the mountains. This was an expense that could not be borne by the more wealthy teams and by universal agreement has been abandoned. This decision was reached after a conference last winter at Brown university, which was attended by all the eastern colleges except Yale.

How many of the thousands who annually witness the games between the big teams of the country think of the hard work that has been undergone by the players before they were fitted to take part in a championship contest? Most people know that they have to train, but few are aware that the process of getting into condition which every candidate must go through is precisely the same as that undergone by a pugilist preparing for a prizefight, except that the latter does not have to endure the "hardening process" with which every football player ends up his course of training.

A visit to any big college campus at the present time would disclose from a dozen to 50 men engaged in what is known as the preliminary work—that is, striking the pigskin in all sorts of ways and falling on the ball when in motion on the ground. This business is often kept up for several weeks. Every one who has seen a game knows what a difficult matter it is to fall accurately on the hard earth and clutch the egg shaped object in its erratic movements, especially when the ground is at all muddy and the ball consequently slippery.

The backs practice punting, drop and place kicking and catching the ball, while the forwards get to line and work by themselves. As a general rule, the old men from last year's team will be noticed, and the freshmen with the best reputations from the preparatory schools or others who show special aptitude to fill in the vacancies make up the first team, which is destined, after many shifftings and changes, so much so that sometimes not a member of the original lot remains, to develop into the varsity eleven.

Another batch is chosen from among the remaining candidates to act as the "scrub" team, which is used during the whole season as a trial bomb for the varsity. As men prove themselves too valuable for the scrub they are taken on the varsity side in place of others dropped because of inefficiency or accidents.

After awhile a system of signals is evolved by means of which the quarter back can tell the eleven what the next play is to be during the progress of a game without letting their opponents know their projected move beforehand. These signals are assiduously practiced by the players until they have the various combinations of the often complex matter down to perfection.

When the season has got under way, a training table is established. Great is the joy of a hard-working and appreciative aspirant for the right to wear the coveted initial on his sweater when he is told by the captain that he has been transferred to that table, for then he knows one of the greatest obstacles in his upward path has been surmounted. All that remains for him is to work hard at his position and perfect himself so that either various candidates may not overhaul him in the struggle and relegate him to comparative obscurity once more.

When a man shows that he is specially fitted for a certain position, he is given coaching to perfect his play by an expert at that place, one maybe who has distinguished himself in previous seasons as the best man of his year at that particular position on the eleven.

As the season advances graduates who have been stars at football in former years are seen acting as coaches in aid of the captain and his staff. Sometimes they do it out of pure love for their alma mater and of the game. At other times a captain who finds that his full back is not developing as fast as he would wish may strike a happy idea by asking a former famous player in that position to come and impart some of his knowledge and skill to his successor.

It is generally found at the end of the season that each team has paid special attention to perfecting itself in some particular play. Harvard, for instance, has for many years been very strong in defensive work. The line to a certain extent is neglected for the offensive part of the game, and it is her weakness in that portion of the tactics of football that has been in many dismal years responsible for her failure to win many contests in recent years.

Again, last season Cornell and the Carlisle Indians, realizing that they were lighter than many of the big burly eastern foes they would find themselves encountering during the season, very carefully perfected their offensive play, the Indians using, especially as deceptive moves from the first. Any one who followed the fortunes of Yale in the fall of 1896 will remember that Tung of Cornell and Hudson, the plucky quarter back of the Indian team, distinguished themselves by their scientific assay to dodge from the field and extract many points for their teams to the end. Hudson was ruled at the end of the season as one of the best foot sickers in the country. In the contest with Yale he dropped his first sensational goal from the field and accomplished a similar feat twice in the battle with Pennsylvania.

But, to return to the training of the teams, if a captain feels he has one particular weak point, he can by the season all the energies of the men are best toward perfecting themselves for that event, and the players are trained to the hour so as to reach the top notch of perfection by the date of the supreme effort. It has been the policy of Yale to develop the team slowly, so that the players very often do not show their true form till late in the season. Last year, for instance, Brown university found it potato to Yale's 18, the Indians made 5 to 24 against her, and West Point, which in previous years had never been raised as formidable, placed a 6 to game against the New Haven men. This result was construed by the sharps as sure proof that the light blue eleven was not up to its usual standard.

This theory seemed to gain confirmation when she played Harvard and neither side scored. Contrary to all expectation, however, she came to her true form when confronted with Princeton and sent the Tigers home, hitherto unscored against, beaten by 6 to 0.

This result subsequently owing to the fact that hard games often occur early in the season, have to develop their work quicker, and consequently keep them in form longer. This fact often accounts for the poor showing of a team.

Sometimes an eleven will place great reliance on a certain play. Pennsylvania has been many a game by means of her famous "guards back" interference. On the other hand, a captain who knows the style of play indulged in by his opponents will try to instill into his men the best method of attacking them or of repelling a certain form of attack. Cornell employed much of her time last year in evolving a method of countering successfully the "guards back" play, and such good effect that the spectators could only make four points against the Pennsylvania.

The "big four" have begun to look over their prospects for this fall, and the schedules as made out at present promise to be hard and stubborn. Yale's nine for seventeen games. Harvard has her work cut out for her, one of the games scheduled to read it about. He had got as far as the statement that the Brooklyn had made an offer to play a three game series, a little out of his head, shouted Grover Cleveland. Who pitched for Brooklyn?

We were lying in two little black bark canoes, hidden in the marsh that borders one of the arms of the orignal-like Lake Temagaming. And this Lake Temagaming, be it known, lies midway between Nipissing and Hudson bay, the best moose country on the continent. It is practically uncolonized territory, and most people look upon it as a term in counties of ice and rock, but I had been there once before, and I had found it the very delightful of America. From the great plateau of Lorentians of northern Quebec to across the Great Divide to the bights of the Abitibi river I found a land of a thousand lakes, lakes and streams, rich with partridge and duck and actually teeming with red deer and moose. And that might be called the one of this great moose country lies about Lake Temagaming, the very spot where we were camping.

The lake itself is a huge chrysanthemum in shape, with a dozen petals radiating from Devil's island, its center. This gives the lake a coast line of 500 miles, and I, as I looked towards odd in its extraordinaries.

With the exception of one or two lumbering camps American sportsmen who have made it a point to remain discretely silent about its exact locality, this country is known only to the little tribe of Algonquin Indians and half breeds who live on its shores and eke out an existence by selling furs to the Hudson Bay factor at Bear Island or by occasionally pointing up in the pitches the feeding ground of some big bull moose.

So that was why I had brought the skeptical Ataskewinini up into this unknown Temagaming country, and that was why we were lying for three hours in a black bark canoe chewing mark grass and not daring to smoke, for the day before Pierre Kot had come back to camp with a wonderful story about the size of the moose track in the mud at the head of its lake arm. The result was we made a wide detour of the suspected spot and were snugly hidden in our two canoes as far up the windward side of the arm as we dared venture from the suspicious Ataskewinini brought up his story about Temagamingue, he, bring there in the late afternoon, I told him to give me the story, though Pierre Kot got his bigger on his lip so a hint to talk low.

"It was two years ago," began Ataskewinini, "and mainter. I had been and with one old guide for five days in the country between Temagamingue and Lake Nipissing. I had sent the guide back to Gordon's creek for more pies and had gone on half a day alone when I came on moose tracks. There were three of them. I took them for a bull and two cows, but one of the cows turned out to be only a son of the family. I followed those tracks for five blood hours. At last I came upon the moose. They were across a pretty clearing, rocky valley, beautifully dark against a white background of snow.

"Well, it was simply a matter of picking them off. Now I got that bull and calf I don't know, but I remember the cow got away with a bullet in her shoulder, and I made after her.

"And I remember that when I got the final crack at her it was getting dusk, and I began to realize that it was 40 below zero, and I was alone, without food, carrying a little chocolate and one biscuit, and a good mouthful miles from the nearest shelter. Yes, sir, I felt blue for a moment there, when all of a sudden the idea came to me like an inspiration. It took me just about ten minutes to skin that huge cow, and in another ten I had eaten my chocolate and six bright and was rolled up in the moose skin, for sole to, as warm and comfortable as though I were in a Pullman sleeper."

A dozen red ducks drifted round the little point near us and broke away with a sound like a small Niagara. The sudden noise made Ataskewinini jump. Then he went on:

"How long I slept there I don't know to this day, but when I woke up I was a prisoner—a prisoner, sir, as well imprisoned as if I had been sent to Sing Sing for ten years. That moose skin had frozen stiff as sheet iron. My arms were pinned helplessly down to my sides, and struggle and twist as I might, I could not force myself free one inch."

Ataskewinini grand across the darkening lake lands and seemed to enjoy the memory of the predicament for a short moment or two. The sun was crimsoning low over the black pines, and a chill was creeping over the water.

"Well, how did it come out?" I asked.

"Oh, that guide of mine followed my my tracks and came across the moose skin and thought he had frozen to death in it. Anyhow, he cut it open, and I had rolled about a quarter of a mile through the snow. You see, I had remembered a small cliff on the way up, and it had been my intention to roll over the cliff if I could strike it and break that coat of mine and crawl out, but I dropped in between a rock and a fallen pine, and I suppose I would have starved there if it had not been for old Michon, my guide. Now, that's what I call quick. If you prefer sitting six beautiful bears in a canoe chewing marsh hay, why—"

"Sh!" said Pierre under his breath. "It's a moose!"

Through the twilight we could see three, two of them—no, three of them, the half some distance behind, trailing slowly out from the shore brush. Ataskewinini was for popping away at them there and then, but Pierre said "No," and Pierre was a man who knew about these things. By this time the first two animals were in the shallow water at the head of the arm. Whenever the heads of the moose went down to feed a little bit, and a hasty river grass the two canoes were shoved stealthily six yards nearer.

Ataskewinini's fingers were shaking on his rifle, and I felt my heart was thumping against my side like a trip hammer. We knew it was a game of chance—even up. If they once got away, they were lost forever.

"Now," whispered Pierre, bracing the canoe with his paddle. "Take the left," said I, and Ataskewinini certainly did take the left. His cow gave a quick forward lurch, half leap, half fall, and sank down in the shallow water. I could not get mine until the fourth shot. Before I had finished my work Ataskewinini was overboard up to the top of his shoe pans, making for his prize. He had just placed one wet foot on her fallen side when the bugaboo I had crashed down through the underbrush. He came like an avalanche straight for Ataskewinini and tearing aside the tough alder brush like wheat straw as he came.

It was then that I did the deed that let me bring away the finest set of antlers that ever came out of the Temagamingue country. It was cool and lucky. I knew, but the ball caught the bull in the breast, and he took a long, sliding leap through the marsh water and did not move again. His body lay but 20 feet away from the cow.

Paddling home to camp in the clear, quiet moonlight, the guides struck up some old French boatsong that night, and Ataskewinini and I joined in the strange tune, though we did not know the words.

"After all," said he, with a note of unutterable satisfaction in his voice, as he gave the big antlers a friendly kick, "this isn't such a bad moose country, is it?" ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

THE CHARGE OF THE BULL MOOSE.

In a Cuban Theater.

The pit in the Cuban theater is reserved for white gentlemen, and the first line, which is only raised about a foot, is for the gentlemen only. It is called the pit, for white ladies. As Cuban ladies, when visiting the theater, love to sport as many rings as their fingers will hold, they do not wear gloves. Most ladies of position bring their attendants with them, but those poor unfortunates are not permitted to share in the fun, for they are compelled to sit on the floor behind their mistresses.

The finishing of a hot outside during a performance is the signal for the play to stop to enable all present actors to crawl, to kneel down and cross themselves. The finishing bell means that a procession of priests is passing to administer the last sacraments to a dying man.

All Cuban theaters have boxes on three tiers, and the proscenium boxes are usually worn. The boxes are the accommodation of families who are in a state of half mourning. When not in mourning, the ladies of the family of such a box are so anxious to be seen that they are seldom within, but allowed to sit with white, but too proud to associate with blacks.

But She Made Her Base.

When the news came to the Chickasaw hospital of the destruction of Dewey's fleet, one of the nurses was found to read it aloud. He had got as far as the statement that the Brooklyn had made an offer to play a three game series, a little out of his head, shouted Grover Cleveland. Who pitched for Brooklyn?

IDEAL COUNTRY FOR MOOSE HUNTERS.

[Copyright 189.]

"You can talk about this Temagamingue and its moose all you like, but Temagamingue is the country for me," said our friend Ataskewinini, putting his Winchester down in the bottom of the birch bark canoe and paddle dreamily out over the waving meadows that fringed one corner of the island-studded Lake Temagamingue. Ataskewinini he was called by the Indian guides, and by that name I too shall know him, for, as this word of the Algonquin tongue signified, he was a teller of big tales.

"You don't know much about this country for me," continued Ataskewinini, notwithstanding the contemptuous grunt of Pierre Kot, an Franco-Algonquin half breed guide. "Let me see, now. It was just two winters ago I got three moose in one day—three in one day, and alone, too! I ever tell you about those three moose?"

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Mr. Plate's repertory this season will include "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," her new play by Mr. Hall, "Love Finds the Way" and "A Bit of Old Chelsea," and Barrie's "Dromedary."

A recent number of The Far East, the first Japanese magazine printed in our language in Japan, has an extensive article on the Japanese theater. According to tradition, the Japanese drama was derived, like that of the Greeks, from a dance performed for the gratification of a successful deity. The drama is a whole day's engagement in Japan, though lately an "eight hour bill" has attempted to restore the appetite of playgoers who complain that the drama cannot last any longer. Why people make arrangements as to the stall in the house for their comfort during the "eight hours" in the old days the answer was despised. Now, always he is dressed. He must, however, choose the same and coat of some distinctive Temagamingue family. Not content with a theater house, he has also a "amplified stage scene." Formerly female actors were treated with a degree of popular contempt, but nowadays they are awarded a "nosh," or curtain for the front of the stage, a somewhat ambiguous act perhaps. The female parts are taken by men carefully trained and actually dressed as women in their home, the stage managers have something to learn from their brethren in Japan—for example, the construction of a revolving stage. "At a signal the scenery drops, whirls around, presenting the different scene of a house or garden in a play."

J. H. Stoddart will be seen in vaudeville again this season. He will present "One Touch of Nature" and a play made up of two scenes from "The Long Strike."

Victory Bateman has been engaged as leading woman of a Newark (N. J.) stock company.

The latest London melodrama is called "The Great Ring," and Mrs. John Wood is its leading actress.

The Dramatic Mirror is an instance of the overcrowding of the theatrical profession in London quotes the fact that in a new drama produced there a minor part was applied for by 200 actresses.

Ethel Barrymore is back in the United States. She is under engagement to Charles Frohman.

Grace Golden will remain in Paris this winter to pursue her musical studies.

H. E. Graham has been engaged to play Duane old part of the book agent in the season's revival of "A Parlor Match." Mark Sullivan will play Old Jones, the character immortalized by the late William Hoey.

Plans are on foot in Paris to establish a model vocal conservatory, of which Jean de Reszke is to be the principal.

There is a possibility that Fanny Davenport will be able to act this season. Her health is said to show steady and encouraging improvement.

Brandon Howard is writing a play for Annie Russell.

Stories of The Stage

A good story about "Pete" Rice is as follows:

There is a saloon in Denver which faces on four streets. The house is built in somewhat the shape of a wedge. The bar is located in the rear of the house, and other than an entrance on every street, Joe Emmet disappeared from his company somewhere in the west, and that he landed in Denver was learned from a note he sent anything. On a cold winter morning a thoroughly individual sans percucat, sans gloves and with his sleeve hat pulled over his ears his face walked into the Kearney street door of the saloon.

"Give me a gin cocktail," he murmured, "and, say, my friend, I'll have to trend you up for the drink."

The barkeeper didn't know the man and forthwith drove him out. A few minutes later he came back through one of other doors in an and sidled up to the counter, with his sleeve hat pulled down over his ears.

"Give me a gin cocktail," he growled, staring sadly at this time about not having the funds to pay for it.

The barkeeper, who recognized his customer of a few minutes before, got mad and in no uncertain language informed his patron that he needn't think he could come the stranger act on him, that want the man only to come in for the third time, in this manner through the Porter street door.

"Didn't I drive you out of here?" yelled the drink mixer the moment he saw him dark through the door. "Out out of here, quick!"

Not many minutes passed before the same individual sparse his appearance through the fourth entrance to the saloon.

"Give me a gin cocktail!" he demanded, staring wildly at the barkeeper by this time.

"If you don't get out of here, I'll have you taken out!" yelled the man behind the bar. "This is the fourth time that you've been in here."

The stranger looked at him in a bewildered way, glancing around the room, then at the door through which he had just come.

"The devil!" he snarled. "Do you run all the saloons in this town?"

He had walked around the block and taken each door for the entrance to a different saloon. Just as he was about to beat a retreat a man came in who knew the fellow well. He recognized the tramplike individual, and, it is almost needless to say, Joe got his gin cocktail then and there.

A paragraph going the rounds of the press gives information of the occupation of a once great and popular opera bouffe singer, Emily Soldene, now acting as society reporter for an American newspaper. She wrote a book of reminiscences some years ago which was about as funny and readable as anything in the line that has ever been written. Its prompt success marked her for a journalist.

When she was in New York last, she had with her Sara, a high kicker of great imbecrous and agility and a fairly good dancer. Sara, clad in a loose gown, stood under Soldene's shoulder, and when the disparity of heights was clearly impressed upon the audience the little woman would kick over the big one's head. This had nothing to do with the opera, but it pleased the audience, who yelled "Encore!" till the poor girl could kick no more. Sara was a marvel for those days, but they like up 15 or 20 girls in any chorus now who can kick quite as well.

The other day a lady went into a newspaper office to apply for work. She was middle aged, seemed to be in ill health and desponded. She had never done newspaper work, but, holding out the Soldene clipping, said that she was encouraged to seek it by seeing the composition and had found finally had secured. "You may remember me," she said. "My name is Sara." It would have been difficult to trace her identity between the woman and the vivacious laughing kicker, and the editor expressed some doubts of her identity, whereupon the lady threw her left foot over the top of the roller desk and without ceremony showed the editor a cuticle settled on the face of the starved newspaper man.

"How do you pay for plays?" asked a long haired, highly inspired looking individual who stalked ambitiously into Davis & Keogh's New York office the other day.

"Are you a playwright?" inquired Tom Davis.

"Not yet," replied the visitor, "but I feel that I am to write drama and competent to do so on any lines suggested, provided always that the compensation is adequate."

"Adequate compensation," remarked Davis, "depends entirely on the nature of the subject. If a dry goods clerk is the principal character, we pay by the yard, for instance, if a tailor, we pay by the cargo, for 'The Great Train Robbery' we paid by the carload, for corset plays we pay by the ton, and for society drama whatever the models and the tailor charge for the clothes. How we are to pay for 'Have You Been Bunko?' is still a question. 'The Pinch of Mr. Peck' has already cost us almost a fortune and before production. We are willing to pay by the foot for a real lively farce, by the barrel for a big burlesque and by the ton for heavy tragedy."

"But where do I come in?" interrupted the caller.

"Oh, you don't come in at all! You go out!" said Mr. Davis, and out he went.