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## By the Way

CRITICISING the bad taste shown in gilding certain church-towers in New England, the author of "The Colonial House," Joseph E. Chandler, says that the fashion seems to have started with the gilding of the dome of the Massachusetts State House—which we note has just been regilded at a reported cost of over \$8,000. "It seems only to have been necessary," he says in explaining the genesis of this mistaken attempt at ornamentation, "for a scion of the reigning house of Hanover—which house has, at least recently, produced a preponderance of members of notoriously bad taste in art matters—to send its heir-apparent to the throne on a visit to our shores in the sixties, and for this to-be-king casually to remark that the dome of the Massachusetts State House would look well gilded, to make our kowtowing political 'powers-that-be' bring his suggestion—probably born of some remembrance of exuberant Eastern architecture—to fruition. The result is a gilded dome on our best public Colonial building, which never was intended to receive such barbaric treatment."

The total number of passengers carried on the railways of the country last year, according to the President of the American Association of Railroad Superintendents, Mr. W. S. Williams, was nearly one billion. Of that vast number only nine were killed in train collisions. But 1,759 lost their lives in collisions between trains and automobiles at grade crossings. "The train cannot go to the automobile," says Mr. Williams, "but the automobile must come to the train, to produce a collision, and the responsibility clearly does not rest upon the train."

From "Shavings:"

Some little urchins were playing in a back street one day, when an old lady came along and stopped to watch them for a few minutes.

Presently she went up to one of them and said: "My little man, why doesn't your mother patch your trousers with the same colored material as that of which they are made?"

"Garn, missus," was the reply, "that ain't a patch, it's me."

Anglers who write to the London "Fishing Gazette" frequently tell interesting yarns. In a recent issue we find this: "While motoring along the Loch Ard road we met a flock of sheep by the edge of the Loch. One unfortunate sheep, in passing us, fell into deep water. Buoyed up by its thick fleece, it began to swim away from the road.

One of the party got out his rod and threw a well-judged line right over the sheep's back, and the large hook became entangled in the heavy wool. The sheep was then guided safely back to shore, where, lying on our stomachs, we heaved it onto the road. After we disentangled the hook it ran off to join its fellows, apparently none the worse for its adventure."

Almost every pursuit has had distinguished men among its followers. An aggrieved druggist, in protesting against a cartoon that advised young men not to hang around the corner drug store, sent to the New York "Herald" a list of famous men who have had affiliations with apothecary shops. He says:

I beg to say that such men as Aristotle, the philosopher; Isaac Newton, the astronomer; Dante and Keats, the great poets; Goldsmith, the dramatist; Meissonier, the painter, and O. Henry, the greatest of modern short-story writers, all of them breathed the romantic atmosphere of the apothecary shop. The great Lincoln when a struggling lawyer took time to while away a few hours in the neighborhood drug store. Mr. George Luks, the celebrated American painter, who was reared in a drug store, said: "The druggist is the salt of the earth."

The late Sir Mortimer Durand, British Minister to Persia, once told the members of the Omar Khayyám Club of London that, on their request, he had interceded with the Shah of Persia as to the upkeep of Omar's tomb at Naishapur. That monarch, he said, had burst out laughing at the request, and declared that Persia had hundreds of poets as good as the author of the "Rubaiyát," and genially implied that he had written better poetry himself.

From "Life:"

Lady (to clerk in bookstore)—"I want a small edition of The Psalms."

Clerk—"Who is the author?"

Lady—"David."

Clerk—"David who?"

A railway president is quoted in the "Railway Age" as saying:

There is no man within our organization who is too big to say "If you please," "Good morning," "Thank you," or "Good evening" to passengers on the train and to visitors in the offices. It gives a human touch—the atmosphere of personal relations which the road is trying to maintain and increase.

Amen! Other big (and little) businesses please copy!