

MILAN'S GOLDEN KEYS LOST.

Emblem of Submission to Austria—Bergamo Robbed of Colleon's Will.

Rome.—Milan and Bergamo have just discovered the loss of certain artistic treasures. From the great Sforza castle, sacred to the memory of the Sforza, dukes of Milan, the famous and historical golden keys of Milan are missing.

They had always been kept in a glass case in the Renaissance museum of the castle, reposing on an antique brocade cushion, whose warm red tint served to throw into relief the huge golden keys.

To the Milanese these keys have a great, if painful, interest, as they were specially made for the symbolical ceremony of the submission of Milan to Austria domination, and so until lately served to keep patriotism awake in the hearts of the Milanese, who hate Austria much worse than they do the devil.

No trace of the thieves has yet been found. The theft is quite incomprehensible as the intrinsic value of the keys is small.

Bergamo's loss is heavier, both sentimentally and financially. Bergamo was the birthplace of the great medieval warrior, Bartholomeo Colleoni, who made the name of Venice ring throughout the world, and who had, as Ruskin said, the most beautiful monument in the world raised to him by a grateful republic, but his last testament remained in his birthplace, and it is this which has been stolen from the town archives—when and by whom nobody knows.

It had been cared for jealously for 500 or 600 years by proud fellow-townsmen. It is now probably reposing in some foreign collector's cabinet.

KNOW VALUE OF TIME.

Baltimore Couple Set Record for Hasty Marriages.

Philadelphia.—Meeting for the first time at four o'clock and being married at 5:25 is the record for rapid fire matchmaking set by Charles MacGregor and Estelle Myers Snack, both of Baltimore, Md., in Philadelphia recently.

MacGregor is a wealthy real estate dealer. He is 30 and the bride 22. Miss Snack had been spending her vacation at Atlantic City. She was returning home via Philadelphia. As she stood in the waiting room of the Broad street station she dropped her purse. MacGregor noticed the fallen purse and picked it up.

When they discovered their homes were in the same city the way was easy. At 4:10 the conversation turned to the discussion of marriage. At 4:14 MacGregor was able to propose without changing the subject, and one minute later he had been accepted. The difficulty then was to arrange the marriage. As MacGregor pondered upon the difficulty he was aroused by a heavy slap on the back. Behind him was Rev. David T. Neely, pastor of the Aquith Street Presbyterian church in Baltimore, his own church. The minister agreed to perform the ceremony and the party went to the home of John J. Robinson, an intimate friend of the groom, where the ceremony was performed at 5:35 o'clock.

ART TREASURES DISAPPEAR.

Rome Gossip at Once Connects Morgan's Name with Their Purchase.

Rome.—A story has been going the rounds in which the name of J. Pierpont Morgan is mixed, as is usual when there is any disappearance of art treasures.

This latest disappearance is that of some precious manuscripts of Palestrina, the composer of church music. They were in the custody of the Basilica of St. John Lateran. That is in the direct care of Cardinal Satolli.

The story is that an American millionaire, known for his liberality and his love for collecting the rare and the beautiful—in other words, Mr. Morgan—heard of the MSN, saw them, and made an offer to buy them at once. The offer was not accepted immediately—much being made of the difficulty of the sale because of government interference, of breaking the law, etc. But when the amount of the offer was couched the difficulties disappeared and both sides were happy.

The report goes on to say that the large sum thus gained will be used on the Pacific of St. John Lateran. It is difficult to get at the truth of such a story, but I am assured that the MSN have really disappeared.

The Death That Bess Caused.

Utica, N. Y.—Kleber Curtis, a young man residing at Oxford, died recently as a result of a peculiar series of accidents.

While working in a hay field Curtis sprained his ankle and was invited to ride to his home by a farmer who was leading a cow tethered to the wagon. A dog accompanied the team driven by the farmer. The dog, playing in the field, ran into a bees' nest and sought the shelter of the wagon. The bees followed the dog and stung the cow, the cow bolted and overturned the wagon, and Curtis was thrown out, receiving a fractured skull, the injury proving fatal.

Saw Her Child Murdered.

Darbury, Conn.—Answering that John Carter, a negro, had taken her eight-months-old boy from her arms and tying a stone to the child, had tossed the body into a reservoir at the Foster, Mrs. Stiles Small of Brewster, N. Y., confessed that she witnessed the murder a month ago. The body was found in the reservoir. Carter and Mrs. Small are under arrest at Carmel, N. Y.

IN A DRAGON HUNT

THOUSANDS OF JAPANESE PEASANTS ARE ENGAGED.

Search Jungle for Supposed Miraculous Creature, to the Great Profit of the Owner of the Land.

Kobe.—Thousands of peasants in the province of Beesbu are engaged in a dragon hunt.

They believe that a majestic dragon, the imaginary king of all animals, inhabits the remote region of Ikeda, where there is a vast, unexplored bamboo jungle, and they have flocked to the jungle from all over the province with offerings of rice and money with which to lure the dragon into captivity.

The story of the dragon dates back to February 23, when a heavy shower of what a native correspondent describes as "dark colored rain" fell in torrents and "soaked the earth to its foundations." Toward nightfall the dragon appeared and ascended into the clouds. As soon as he had disappeared the rain stopped.

That night one Sadajiro Shinoki dreamed a "sacred dream," in which the dragon appeared in holy apparel, and said that he had that day succeeded in ascending to the heavens. In order to sanctify the jungle in which he had been living, he endowed it with a special healing virtue for all diseases. Invalids visiting the place would be cured.

The news spread rapidly, and hundreds of invalids and healthy men and women began to assail the jungle with greedy prayers. An offertory box, thoughtfully erected by Sadajiro Shinoki, was soon filled with coppers. Offerings of rice, etc., were scattered all through the jungle.

Then a rumor became current that the dragon had returned, and the number of pilgrims increased. Various devices were suggested whereby the dragon might be ensnared and thus forced to work many miracles.

At the present time the pilgrimages are increasing as well as the daily offerings. It is only fair to state that Sadajiro Shinoki is the owner of the forest, and the police regard him with great suspicion. He offers, however, to devote all the monetary contributions to charitable purposes.

No person has yet dared to question his benevolent intentions, but some are beginning to suspect them.

Made Soft Heart His Defense.

London, Eng.—After taking a pomeranian dog to Alfred Westworth, a Sydenham veterinary, and paying him 80 cents to have it poisoned, Herbert Leppard, wholesale jeweler of Hatton garden, discovered the animal running about the street. Finding Westworth had sold the dog for five dollars, Leppard sued him at the Greenwich county court for \$150.80 as the value of the animal and damages for its detention.

The defense was that Westworth originally intended to destroy the dog, but when he took it into his surgery "the little chap" looked up into his face and the defendant had not the heart to kill it.

The judge ordered the dog to be given up to the plaintiff, or, with the alternative, the defendant to pay \$25 for its value.

"Dead" Man Held for Fraud.

Washington.—After a year's search by detectives John P. Carney was arrested accused of obtaining money by false pretenses. Back of the formal charge is the story that he deserted a wife and four children in South Boston, came here, posed as dead, and in the name of another induced his destitute wife to borrow \$20 wherewith to have his body sent to her.

The story runs that Carney called up his wife on the long distance telephone, and, disguising his voice, gave his name as C. M. Underwood.

The other morning Carney was picked up on the street by a detective who knew him as Jack Brown. Brown a year ago was sent to the penitentiary for a year on the charge of selling stolen goods.

Quit After 45 Years' Service.

Cincinnati, O.—Mablin C. Robb, one of the most familiar figures in the business and financial district, is missing from his route, and his kindly face, with neat white beard, will be soon no more in the banks, subtreasury office, nor on the seat of the American Express Company's money wagon. Robb has been for more than 45 years the money delivery messenger for the company in Cincinnati, and during this time there has been no loss to the company. He has handled more than \$70,000,000,000 in money and bonds.

Saturday was his last day, and on that day his great toe was crushed by a truck filled with silver falling on it.

The company has retired him on half pay.

Bears Like Berries, Too.

Strouburg, Pa.—The buckberry crop is being gathered this year under most peculiar conditions. Extra nice specimens of bears are roaming around, insisting on visiting the buckberry region.

John Bellis shot at two on his farm, and nearly every day buckberry pickers report seeing bears, sometimes whole families of them. For a farmer to see a bear passing through his fields is nothing uncommon. And there are threats to shoot Bruin, law or no law.

FINANCIER IN THE ARMY.

Easy Way to Get Free Beer Found by Cavalryman in Cuba.

Havana.—There is an American soldier up in Pinar del Rio attached to the Eleventh cavalry who is a financial genius and with any sort of assistance should go to the top of some ladder anyhow.

Several weeks ago the officers of the garrison noticed that the supply of matches sold at the post exchange was rapidly becoming exhausted. The demand by the soldiers was unprecedented.

It should be explained here that matches cost lots of money in Cuba. There is heavy tax on them and fifty of the little wax tapers are worth three cents, Spanish silver. The matches sold at the post exchange are the wooden Norwegian kind and bring five cents for a dozen boxes.

Some soldier, identity unknown, bought a package one day. He took them to a saloon, where he induced the proprietor to give him a bottle of beer, worth ten cents, and five cents American money for the matches.

The proprietor made a good bargain, for he could sell the matches for at least 36 cents. The soldier had his nickel back and was in a bottle of beer besides.

Other soldiers got on the job and in a very few days the post exchange's three months' supply of matches was about gone. When the officers finally discovered the cause of the demand for matches an order was issued limiting the sale to soldiers.

The scheme adopted in Pinar del Rio filtered through the soldier underground telegraph to Camp Columbia, where the scheme was recently worked with considerable success.

A Wig and a "Merry Widow."

Philadelphia.—Riding on a fast car proved disastrous to Mary Aylett of 1307 North Tenth street. As the car whizzed along the Old York road just south of the Jewish hospital there was a sudden scream from the woman, and her fellow passengers turned to see her head bare and a wig and a Merry Widow hat circling about in the air in the rear of the car.

The woman arose and ordered that the car be stopped, but before the motorman could obey she stepped down on the platform and off the car while it was still running at high speed. She stepped off backwards and was thrown violently. One of her ankles was broken.

Fellow passengers picked her wig and her hat up for her and then picked her up. She was carried into the Jewish hospital and the wig and the hat which had been the cause of her injury were carried in behind her.

Sheds His Skin Regularly.

Trenton, N. J.—William T. Cake of this city is shedding his skin for the twenty-eighth time in 53 years. Cake is a printer for the Trenton Oilcloth and Linoleum Company, and his painful and annoying ailment has mystified all the physicians who have seen him, who can agree to do nothing for it except to give it a name. They call it dermatitis exfoliativa.

When Cake first called in a physician to examine him the medical man was inclined to attribute his ailment to his coming in contact with acids in his work, but Cake informed him that he had the habit of changing his skin at intervals when he was an infant. The shedding of his skin is preceded by an attack of chills and fever. Then the skin dries and comes off in about two weeks, during which time the man suffers great pain. Generally the shedding of the skin takes place every two or three years.

Ats Two Quarts of Beans.

Greenwich, Conn.—John Yates, an Englishman in the employ of Dr. George Edge, Round Hill, died at the Greenwich General hospital as the result of eating two quarts of baked beans at one sitting. Yates worked for Dr. Edge on a salary of \$2 a week and his board.

On Sunday the Edge household had baked beans for dinner, and Yates ate a whole potful which held two quarts. Shortly afterward he was taken violently ill. A physician was called and found that the man's stomach and abdomen had distended to an enormous size.

He had him taken immediately to the hospital, where it was discovered that he was suffering from a stoppage of the intestines. An operation was performed, but the man died shortly afterward.

Saved by Her Appetite.

Cincinnati, O.—A woman's appetite recently saved her from imprisonment. If there is one woman who never goes to the workhouse as long as Superintendent Fred Eager is there, and he can prevent it, that woman is Lizzie Strotman.

She was in court on a street begging charge.

"I am going to send you to the workhouse," announced Acting Judge Scott Holmes.

Superintendent Eager was a court visitor and took one look at the woman. She weighs nearly 300 pounds, and Eager remembered her.

"Don't send her to us," pleaded Eager. "She eats us out of food every day, and the city gets into debt every time she is at the workhouse."

Lizzie was released.

Hangs Self to Flagpole.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Convinced that he had only a few more months to live because his health was failing, Elsworth Nutt took unusual means to end his life. Climbing the railing at the ocean end of a pier, he knotted the halyards of a flagpole, and, tying a noose about his neck, jumped wide Bruin, law or no law.

AS LONG-LOST SON

IMPOSTOR POSED IN FAMILY FOR YEARS.

Arrival of the Real Missing One Finally Exposed Deception of Which California People Had Been the Victims.

San Bernardino, Cal.—By the return of Jake Kinderman after 21 years his family find that they have been made victims of an unscrupulous impostor who for several years has posed as the real Jake Kinderman, lived at ease and disgraced the family name by his strange conduct. Because they supposed he was their son they put up with him.

The impostor dropped into the family six years ago and laid claim to being the long lost son. He was received with wide open arms, as he told a straight story of his past. Friends of the family from far and near were invited to meet him.

Then he began to show characteristics of a peculiar nature. He carried two big pistols in his belt and wore a cowboy hat and overalls. He shocked his relatives by applying for the position of official dog catcher.

For months he rode a big horse chasing dogs. It was made so warm for him that he finally left and reappeared in Pasadena, where he took the dog catcher's job. Later he went to Long Beach to catch dogs. After that he drifted into Arizona, and six months ago returned here, being given another welcome by the parents. For several months he has been missing.

Recently a stalwart young man called at the Kinderman home. He wore the navy blue

"I'm your son Jake, don't you know me, mother?" he exclaimed, as his parents opened the door.

Mrs. Kinderman caught one glimpse of the man's honest blue eyes, heard his voice and fainted. The sailor carried her into the house while his father, sisters and brothers swarmed about him, not knowing who he was nor whether he had better be placed under arrest.

"Jake! Jake!" cried the overjoyed mother. She revived and in an instant the entire family was about him, completely carried away with joy at his return.

How the impostor became possessed of the information which made it so easy for him to set at rest all fears as to his identity is a mystery. It is certain that the two men must have met, probably in some foreign land during the wanderings of the real Jake Kinderman.

When the real Jake ran away with Joe Roubidoux they followed a circus. Then Kinderman joined the navy and for 13 years has served Uncle Sam. He fought for his country at Manila. He was seized with a desire to know the fate of his family, and started for home on leave of absence. He will return to the navy for a three-year's enlistment, and when that is served he will be retired on pay for life.

OBJECTS TO GHOSTLY CALLER.

Women Accuse Dead Mother-in-Law Visits and Annoys Her.

Cincinnati, O.—It's bad enough to have a mother-in-law pecking at you in real life, but when that mother-in-law continues at the pecking job after she has passed into the spirit world it is time for action.

This is the opinion of Mrs. John O'Donnell, wife of an actor of that name living at 329 East Eighty-ninth street, New York city, and is also the reason why she filed a suit for divorce.

Mrs. O'Donnell was Ora Drogala, a Cincinnati chorus girl, when she met O'Donnell less than a year ago. They were married in New York city in February, 1907, but found they were not matched right to travel in double harness and separated soon after, the bride returning to her Cincinnati home. Though there were many miles between the husband and wife, and O'Donnell could not longer bother her, Mrs. O'Donnell says the spirits of his dead relatives bothered her to such an extent that she was obliged to seek rest in divorce.

"It's awful to wake up in the night to find the ghost of your mother-in-law or some other relative standing over your bed with a club in her hand ready to whallo you over the head if you say a word," said Mrs. O'Donnell.

Mud in Barrel Saved Him.

Winsted, Conn.—Falling 25 feet from a ladder at the home of his mother in Torrington street, R. Bull of Pittsburg, Pa., shot head first into a barrel filled with rain water and mud.

His mother and a sister heard the ladder break, and, rushing outdoors, saw only his legs protruding from the barrel.

The women pulled Bull out, thus saving him from being suffocated to death in the mud. Had he struck either side of the barrel in his descent, or had the barrel been empty, he would doubtless have been killed.

Rattlesnake Holds Up Auto.

Winsted, Conn.—Ransom T. Hewitt and E. Hart Penn, autoists, were held up for 20 minutes by a large rattlesnake in Dark Hollow, in Glastonbury. The snake was in the middle of the highway and refused to budge. Fearing the reptile, which was rattling madly, would jump into the machine, or become entangled in the machinery, the men stopped the car, alighted, and going back a few rods, cut several alders. With these the men dispatched the rattler, which had nine rattles and a button.

BROUGHT THEM ALL FORWARD.

Musky Bridgeman Worked Bluff on Occupants of Car.

At a village station a husky young man and a robust young woman boarded the train, and they had only taken their seats when his arm fell around her waist and her head fell on his shoulder. The other passengers became interested at once, and a general grin passed around the coach. Some peppermint drops, carried in the young man's vest pocket, and doled out one by one, had been eaten before he caught on to the smiles. Then he stood up and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is my wife. We were married an hour ago. She is a bride. We married for love. I ain't no picher and she ain't no party, but that's our business. Your congratulations are now in order."

The smiles faded away, and no one moved—no one but the husky husband. He slowly removed his coat, rolled back his sleeves, and continued:

"There's 12 men in this here car, and I want every durned one of them to come forward and salute the bride. It's her due, and it's got to be done or you will have to settle with me, Nancy, get ready to be saluted."

Nancy rose up with a blush, and those 12 men, one after another, left their seats and came forward, and gave her a brotherly kiss and wished her all happiness. When the circus was over the husband rolled down his sleeves, resumed his seat, and sat down with the remark:

"The bride now having been saluted according to custom, will now undergo further hugging, and if any galoot sees anything in it to smile at, he will be informed that my name is Moses Green, and that in a rough-and-tumble I weigh a ton."—Buffalo Express.

DEFENDS CHICAGO'S GOOD NAME.

Association of Commerce Arraigns Attackers of City.

Rev. G. W. McPherson, who in a speech in New York recently said: "While New York is the wickedest city in the United States, Chicago is worse—so bad that it cannot be called American! It isn't even civilized," is severely arraigned in a bulletin issued by the Chicago Association of Commerce.

Referring to Mr. McPherson, the bulletin says: "This blighted individual should be taught that the intemperate use of the tongue is more baneful than the intemperate use of alcohol or other drugs that kill, the latter poisons the individual offender, while the former cuts and wounds the reputation of many." The association then goes on to set forth facts showing Chicago's greatness and goodness, its commercial and industrial resources, its prosperity as indicated by its bank deposits and the number of wage earners at work, and its charities. One of the statements is that "Chicago has 69 hospitals, a larger number in proportion to population than any other large city in the country, notwithstanding it has the lowest death rate of all of them."

The association then goes on to set forth facts showing Chicago's greatness and goodness, its commercial and industrial resources, its prosperity as indicated by its bank deposits and the number of wage earners at work, and its charities. One of the statements is that "Chicago has 69 hospitals, a larger number in proportion to population than any other large city in the country, notwithstanding it has the lowest death rate of all of them."

The Clever Woman.

With all the discussion that is now going on about what constitutes the clever woman it is interesting to get the opinion of a great English author and editor.

A clever woman, as a wife, is a woman who is skilled in the conduct of life, in the control of the household, and, above all, in the management of her husband, says William T. Stead in the Deliberator. A woman who could neither read nor write would be a bad wife for any ordinary man in a civilized community, but such an illiterate woman, if she were clever in all the arts of domestic economy, in the rearing of children and in being at once the inspiration and comfort of her husband, would be clever enough for the cleverest man in existence, and infinitely preferable to the cleverest woman in book learning that has ever been turned out by a university.

Likely Reason.

The city man was jogging on toward the summer boarding house in a rickety rockaway. The driver was glum and far from entertaining and the city man felt rather lonely.

"Fine field over there?" he ventured after a long silence.

"Fine," grunted the driver.

"Who owns it?"

"Old man Bitt."

"Old man Bitt, eh? Who are those children stacking up hay?"

"Old man Bitt's boys."

"And what is his idea in having them out there in the field such a hot day?"

"Wal, I reckon he thinks every little Bitt helps, stranger. Anything else you want to know? Get up here, bosses."

Noah's Excuse.

Capt. Pritchard of the record-breaking Mauritania, told a group of Americans on a recent voyage that a sailor's life was a hard one.

"It is not so hard as it used to be before the coming of steam," he said, "but it is still fearfully hard, for all that. In fact, I never heard of but one man who had a decent excuse for going to sea."

"And who was he, captain?" said a Chicagoan.

"Noah," the captain answered. "For if the old fellow had remained on shore he would have been drowned."

Recovered.

"I hear Brown has recovered his reason."

"Oh, yes, you know he's discharged his doctor."—Detroit Free Press.

FOR QUIET OF CITY

LIVELY CAMPAIGN GOING ON IN NEW YORK.

Can a Rooster Be Restrained from His Natural Instinct of Crowing?—Complications in the Crusade Against Noise.

New York.—"No court in the world can restrain a chicken from exercising his natural instincts," said Magistrate Brown in the West side court, when Eugene Blumenstein was arraigned before him charged with maintaining a noise nuisance. Police Commissioner Hingham had received a number of letters since his noise crusade started declaring that Blumenstein, who runs a saloon, kept a rooster and four chickens on his roof, and that the chickens awakened all the people in the neighborhood mornings and no sleep was possible in West Fifty-third street after sun up. So Officer Harrigan went up there and arrested the rooster, his lady friends and Blumenstein. They were all taken to the West Forty-seventh street station.

"You can't stop a rooster by law," thundered the magistrate. "If it crows that is not a crime. The arrest is ridiculous." Then the charge was changed to violating the sanitary code in keeping chickens in a tenement house, and Blumenstein was held in \$100 bail for special sessions. "Where were the chickens kept last night?" asked the magistrate. "In a cell with four colored men," answered Harrigan. "Well, turn over the chickens to them if they are alive," said the court. The noise question is still uppermost in Harlem, and the police have their troubles in consequence. Inspector Thompson received a letter from a woman who signed herself Mrs. Darling objecting to certain disturbing sounds which she declared emanated from the house of St. Regis, One Hundred and Thirty-ninth street and Riverside drive.

"Bells are clanging at all hours," she wrote, "and the roosters in a chicken run in the rear of the house wake us up by crowing at midnight. We moved up here to get away from the noise down town and now can't sleep for the racket these bells and roosters make." Two policemen were dispatched to the house of St. Regis for three to the roosters and the bells. It is a Roman Catholic institution. The pubic men have been the chief concern of the misdoers in Harlem. Several junkmen, fruit peddlers and old clothesmen have been arraigned daily in the Harlem police court, and as a result these bawling nuisances have quieted down somewhat.

It was remarked that the postcard men had taken revenge by decking out their carts with the loudest colors obtainable. The most brilliant color discs were used for the most part and many of the carts, fluttering with colored ribbons, looked like yachts at a regatta. The idea seemed to be to hit the eye of the public as hard as possible, now that the means of reaching their ears was denied them.

Burn Assault of Girl.

Greenville, Tex.—Miss Viola Delaney, 19 years of age, living three miles west of here, left her home to get mail from the box, about 300 yards away. On her return an armed negro, 19 years old, attacked her. She dragged herself home and was found by her mother. Marshal Norman captured the negro in the back yard of a farmhouse. The marshal studied a mob and placed the negro in the county jail. At eight o'clock the next morning Sheriff Hensell took the negro, Ted Smith, to the home of his victim, who at once identified him. One hundred men met Sheriff Hensell at the jail, dragged the negro to the adjacent square, piled wood around him, saturated it with kerosene and set it on fire. Hundreds of men, women and children watched the negro burn. A second load of wood was placed on the fire and the boy was burned two hours longer. A negro who denounced the action was horsewhipped.

Church Aids Pastor's Woeing.

Atlantic City, N. J.—The deacons of the First Baptist church are going to send a delegation of their wives to La Crosse, Wis., in an attempt to prevail on the fiancé of Rev. John W. Hoag, a young minister of that place, to marry him at once and come to this city. Mr. Hoag has been called to the pulpit here by a unanimous vote, but he confided to the church officials that he had not been able to persuade the young lady to leave her home to come to Atlantic City. The delegation will carry along a promise to set the young couple up in housekeeping.

Baby Drowns in Soapuds.

St. Louis.—Joseph Volaski, the 13-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Volaski, who was found with his head submerged in soapuds in a washtub in the yard of his home, No. 219 East Primm street, was the second child in three days to drown in a few inches of water.

Toney Volaski, six years old, screamed when he found his brother in the tub. Mrs. Volaski ran into the yard and pulled the baby from the water. Life was extinct. It is believed the child was playing around the tub when it fell in.

Chance for Patriot.

London.—The following appeared in the advertising columns of a news paper the other day: "Man required for demonstration purposes on old English rack (star chamber pattern). Would have to be slightly straddled to show how rack worked; man should be short to start with."