

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Congressman James A. Tawney of Minnesota.



1920 by American Press Association

Congressman James A. Tawney of Minnesota, most prominent of the hand-picked who fell by the way...

Twice chairman of the House committee on appropriations Mr. Tawney for many years has been a prominent figure in Congress and in national politics.

Commander Sims of the Navy. Commander William Swadlow Sims of the United States ship Minnesota...

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The banquet at which the speech was delivered was given in honor of the officers and men of the American fleet in the English channel...



WILLIAM S. SIMS

every drop of blood, every ship and every dollar of their kindred across the sea.

Commander Sims is a Canadian by birth and entered the service of Uncle Sam from Pennsylvania; he was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1890...

HUMOROUS QUIPS

Love Lyric of a Lonesome Lad.

Girls in the subway and girls on the street. Girls that are stunners and girls that are sweet.

Girls that are stately or small and petite—Millions of girls that I never will meet.

Ueo, but it makes me so lorn and alone. Thinking of all of those girly unknown. Navy a one can I call on or phone—Millions of girls and live none of my own!

Clerks and stenographers—pleasant to view—Millinery, hairdresser, actresses too. Nurses and manicures oh, what a crew—Millions of girls yet I'm girless and blue.

Somewhat it seems to me cruel and wrong. Seeing so many of them in a throng. Making me feel as if I'd like to belong. Knowing I can't get through the yearning in my bone.

Peaches who pass me by thousands each day. Pippins who give me the vic to place. Queens I could love if I just... my way—Millions of girls but the fates chuckle at me.

Berton P. Puck

The Primitive Man. "Jones is so dreadfully primitive."

"What is his latest?" "Why we were at the opera house the other night and a stage hand removed a table, and Jones yelled, 'Sup, sup!' We were dreadfully mortified."

"I was at a dinner the other night and Jones sat next to me. When he saw the rest of spoons and forks and knives beside his plate he beckoned to the waiter. 'Say, boy, be hurriedly mattered. I guess you spilled the spoon holder!'"

"Well, it's a lucky he's rich." "Ah! Of Cleveland Plain Dealer."

Absentminded. The professor had just crossed for the thirtieth time and it naturally attracted some attention.

"What's the matter with the professor?" asked the visitor. He appears to have a bad cold.

"Oh no," said Madame la Professeur. "It is only his fearful absent-mindedness. I left him in charge of the baby for a few moments this morning and when he cried he gave him the pepper pot to play with in stead of his rattle." Harper's Weekly

Learning Art Quickly. The new girl had been but three weeks in the employ of an artistic family, but her time had evidently not been spent exclusively in studying the domestic arts. As her mistress was giving her instructions about the dinner she said:

"Add, Madam, don't forget the potatoes."

"No, madam, was the reply. Will you have them in their jackets or in the hood?" Lippincott's

After All. "I have been a drudge all my life, he complained.

"Well, the unsympathetic old back once replied. "It's largely your own fault. Why did you ever get married?" Punch

"Yes, I'm looking at you. That's what recom-ends me to my condition. After all, there are worse things than drudgery in the world." Chicago Record Herald

Angie With Wings. "What is an angel mother?" asked a six-year-old.

"Why, dear, it is a beautiful lady with wings who flies. But why do you ask?" "Because I heard father call my goodness an angel!"

"Oh," said the mother. "Well, dear, you watch her and you will see her fly tomorrow." Boston Herald

Association. "The man on deck yonder who has been so sick is a baseball player?" "Doesn't seem to be enjoying him self."

"No, said it was too much like work. Every time the vessel pitched he felt he wanted to make a home run." Brooklyn Eagle

One on Bill. Bill—They've got a bird down to brother's house that repeats every thing I say.

Jill—Indeed? "Yes, what kind of a bird do you call him?"

"A lyre bird, I guess." Yonkers Statesman

Magnanimous. Mrs. Subbs (to new cook)—If I'm not greatly mistaken, Noah, you worked for me some years ago!

Mrs. Coxigan—I duno, ma'am, but if I did I hope ye won't repeat it 'of-fense that made it necessary for me to ray-sign.—Sunday Illustrated Magazine

A Hot Time. "We autoists are being persecuted. Here in New York auto can't smoke in the street."

"And every where we are being roasted for scorching." "It's a burning shame!"—Baltimore American

Up in the Air. "Weren't you ever on a motor car?" "Yes, once."

"What make was it?" "I don't know. I was only on the front of it for a second or so, and it got away before I could pick myself up."—Catholic Standard and Times

Preparing For a Career. "What makes you think our friend has political ambitions?" asked one Mexican statesman.

"He spends two hours a day in a shooting gallery."—Washington Star

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Hull, Winner at Oxford, to Compete in New York.



L. C. Hull, the only American who was appointed to the presidency of the athletic association at Oxford university...

L. C. Hull, the only American who was appointed to the presidency of the athletic association at Oxford university, will compete for the New York Athletic club next summer.

Last year Hull captured both the hundred yard dash and the quarter mile at the annual dual meet between Oxford and Cambridge, his time in the hundred being exactly ten seconds.

He was immediately elected president of the athletic body to serve in that position last spring. Hull returned to America last instead of taking up the law business in Michigan he settled in New York and became a member of the Winged Footers.

Hull's record in the sports is such that great things may be expected of him when he receives the benefit of Bernie Welfers' training and those who have watched Hull in the club house gymnasium say that he will surely prove one of the star runners of the next outdoor season.

Shafer to Coach Jap Ball Team. Japan is taking rapid steps toward adopting baseball as an extensive sport. The Waseda college of Tokyo has gone as far as to engage Arthur Shafer, utility infielder of the New York Giants to coach and play with its nine and Shafer has departed to take up the work of instructing the Japanese college ends about the in-land points of our national pastime.

The Waseda college is going to great expense in having Shafer come and teach baseball, as he was forwarded transportation and will receive a large salary for the couple of months he is to stay in Japan. Shafer is a former Santa Clara ball player. Three years ago he was the star shortstop of that nine and in 1908 was taken east by Johnny McGraw and given a tryout with the Giants. Last year he served as utility infielder and knows enough of inside baseball to be profitable to the Japanese team.

Cubans May Have Boxing. Boxing may be allowed in Cuba at least President Gomez has a petition in his hands which may later find its way to the congress. The petition asks that the Cuban government authorize boxing bouts, not prizefighting, but scientific boxing matches.

Professor Budenk has been coaching the son of the president in the art of self defense as it is now taught in American colleges. The weekly boxing lessons have been given to the president's son at the palace, and the latter is said to have become quite proficient in the art.

The president is said to be not opposed to the scheme which might permit the alpha to hold boxing bouts. There is no law in Cuba against prize-fighting, but the police have full power to prevent big ring contests being pulled off because of their brutality.

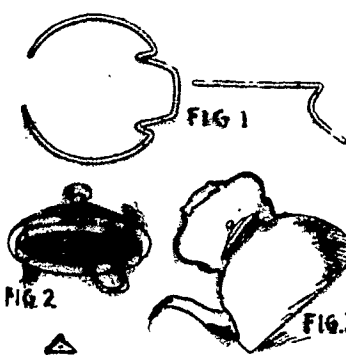
Yale's Athletic Students. Yale has 1,858 students in athletics and gymnastics, according to statistics published by Professor William Anderson, director of the university gymnasium. He estimates, however, that nearly 800 are in more than one kind of sport and that there are not more than 1,600 of the 3,332 students of the university who are in actual physical exercise for sports' sake for general conditioning. As gymnasium work is compulsory for freshmen all members of that class are included in the summary.

To Make Flynn a Backstop. President Dreyfus of the Pittsburg club has writer Manager Fred Clarke to consider the advisability of using Jack Flynn behind the bat next season as a substitute catcher for Gibson and asking an answer on the matter as soon as possible. Since Chicago refused to waive on Flynn the Pittsburg club has decided to hold him. As Hunter seems sure of the first base job, President Dreyfus wishes to place Flynn so that he can get some value out of his services.

Sonoma Girl Sold For \$20,000. Sonoma Girl (2:04), the famous trotting mare which won the Transylvania stakes in 1907, has been sold by Miss Lotta Crabtree to C. W. Moore, owner of the Drumore farm, St. Clair, Mich., for a price reported to be \$20,000.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Simple Device For Holding Lid on the Teakettle.



The loose kettle lid that is always falling from its place every time the contents are poured is a cause of much annoyance which can be done away with by the use of a simple wire retainer, as shown in the sketch. The retainer is made of a piece of heavy wire seventeen inches long bent as shown in Fig. 1. The wire is fitted on the inside of the lid, as shown in Fig. 2. The spring of the wire will keep it in place. Fig. 3 shows how the contrivance works. The bend of the wire passes under the top of the kettle and prevents the lid from falling off. Popular Mechanics

Cream Fillings. Chocolate Cream Filling—One-half cake chocolate grated, two-thirds cup milk, one-half cupful sugar, one tablespoonful butter, pinch of salt, one teaspoonful extract vanilla. Boil gently till thick.

Cocoanut Filling—One cupful grated cocoanut, one cupful sugar, one cupful milk, two eggs. Cook all together five minutes.

Cream Filling—Two cupfuls milk, two eggs, three tablespoonfuls sifted flour, one cupful sugar, flavoring. Cook ten minutes.

Cream Filling—Two cupfuls sugar, three cupfuls milk, three heaping tablespoonfuls cornstarch, yolk of five eggs, one tablespoonful butter, two teaspoonfuls extract vanilla. Scald milk in double boiler, add cornstarch dissolved in little cold milk, stir till smooth. Add sugar and cook ten minutes. Add egg yolks and cook four minutes. Take off and add vanilla.

Park Cakes. Pour over a cup of fat salt pork, entirely free of leaf or rind, chopped as fine as to be almost like lard, half pint of boiling water, one pound raisins chopped fine, one pound currants, one pound citron shaved fine, two cups sugar, one cup molasses, four eggs, one teaspoon saleratus rubbed fine and put into molasses. Mix these all together and stir in sifted flour to make the consistency of common cake mixtures, then stir in one ounce cloves, two ounces cinnamon, one ounce nutmeg. Be governed about the time of baking by putting straw into it. When nothing adheres to straw it is done. It should be baked slowly.

Crook Baked Apples. Core and pare the apples and put them into a baking dish with a little sugar, water and lemon juice and bake until tender, but not broken. Remove to a serving dish fill the centers with jelly or marmalade and pour the liquid from the baking dish over them. Beat the whites of two eggs till dry and add gradually two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of lemon extract and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Put this meringue on top of the apples and bake to a moderate oven eight minutes.

Fried Mush. Have the hominy well cooked, then pour into a square or brick shaped pan rinsed in cold water or use cocoa cans. Let it stand at least ten hours, then cut in even slices. Beat one egg with two tablespoonfuls of milk and dip each slice of mush in the egg, then into flour, making sure that the surface is well coated. Have the fat deep and smoking hot and fry in a basket not more than four slices at a time. Two minutes will be long enough for the cooking. Serve with maple syrup or honey.

Vienna Chocolate. To prepare the foaming chocolate beverage that is characteristic of restaurants in Vienna scald three cupfuls of milk and one of cream and stir in three heaping tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and the same of sugar. Stir until the mixture is smooth and then cook six minutes longer. Have ready the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs beat with a little sugar and add a little to every cupful as it is turned.

Cornmeal Cakes. One cupful of sour milk, one cupful of sweet milk, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two-thirds teaspoonful of soda and one half cupful of cornmeal. Beat the eggs, dissolve the soda in a little warm water, mix all the ingredients and bake on a hot greased griddle.

Baked Apple Sauce. Peel and slice apples enough to fill a half gallon stone jar or bean pot. Add half a cupful of sugar, a quarter of a teaspoonful each of soda, ground cloves or cassia buds. Shake the jar, put in the oven and cook slowly for five or six hours. Turn out and serve cold.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The North Wind.

The wind blows loud and shrill. Trees shiver at the sound. The babbling brooks are still. Hoarfrost lies on the ground.

The waters of the pond. Beneath his breath congeal. The sighing pines respond. Unto his ardent zeal.

Sometimes his moan is low. And like a lullaby. Sometimes this wind doth blow. With shivers that terrify.

But he is yet a friend. To every girl and boy. There never is a day. To all his gifts of joy.

For always in his space. No matter how he blows. He leaves for children's sake. The sparkling ice and snow.

Then wind blow loud and shrill. Or with a murmur low. You'll find a welcome still. No matter how you blow.

Fairy Furs. On the hills of the Harz, in Germany, amid which nestles many a pretty little village, there are a number of beautiful firs, sometimes called holy or fairy firs. In most years the trees yield an abundance of pretty cones, which are wrought into ornaments by the villagers. There is a story that one day the wife of a poor stick man went out seeking these cones to get a little money for her need by selling a few. She met a little man with a long white beard, who asked her questions and told her where to go for the best cones. When she reached the place pointed out such a shower of cones came down from the firs that she was quite frightened and began to run away. But some fairies fell into her basket, and more came down afterward, till the basket became so heavy she could hardly carry it. She found the reason was that the cones were all silver. Next day she met the little man, who told her that he was a fairy king and he also gave her some herbs which made her bus band well.

Changes of the Moon. We can tell by looking at the moon whether she is waxing or waning. If she is waxing the illuminated edge is to our right hand; if she is waning it is to our left hand. The reason of this is easily seen if we pass a ball round the head in a room lit by a lamp or a single window. If the ball is made to circle with clock hands the dark side will travel foremost and will be to the right hand, while the light recedes from the light. During this part of its course the ball will appear more and more illuminated as it goes. When the ball approaches the light the bright side will travel foremost and will be to the right hand. If we reverse the direction of the ball the phase will succeed one another as they do in the moon. This proves that the moon rotates opposite to the direction of clock hands.

The Baboon. The baboon is sometimes called the dog-headed monkey on account of the formation of head and jaws, which much resemble those of the dog tribe. One distinguishing characteristic of these creatures is that the nostrils are situated at the extremity of the muzzle instead of lying nearly flat upon its base and just under the eyes, as in the apes and other quadrumanous animals.

Baboons are morose in temper, fierce in character and most repellant in manners. They walk on all fours and seldom attempt to imitate the human attitude.

A large baboon is a match for any two dogs.

Jimmy, the Gentleman. With muddy clothes, faded shirt, no collar, an old, battered straw hat and holey shoes Jimmy Smith was working in a ditch. Indeed, he looked very much like a scarecrow. Aunt Louise and Elsie were walking through Jimmy's master's farm.

"What a dirty little ragamuffin!" exclaimed the aunt.

Jimmy saw them coming. In a moment the old hat was pulled off and with a leap he was out of the ditch and ran to open the gate for the two to pass through.

"Little boy, you are a gentleman!" cried the aunt.

Clothes do not make the man.

Game of Pillow Climbing. In the middle of the floor scatter numerous cushions, books, dishes, and ask who among your guests will volunteer to walk over the floor between the various articles. Then blindfold her and let her make her way over the same ground, depending on her memory to guide her steps, trying not to touch the articles. While she is blindfolded some one quietly removes the articles, leaving the floor clear. It is a funny sight for the onlookers to see the volunteer carefully lifting her feet to avoid touching the objects she fancied are lying on the floor.

Numbering Army Horses. Every home in the English army is numbered and has its own little record to keep for itself. The number is branded upon the horse's hind feet—the thousands on the near hind foot and the units, tens and hundreds of the off hind foot. Thus the horse whose number is, say, 8,354 will have an 8 on his left hind foot and 354 on his right. On what is called a "veterinary history sheet" everything about the horse will from time to time be written.

A BLACKMAILER CHECKMATED

Shrewd Trick That Saved a Woman's Reputation.

Young Mrs. Varian while shopping left her bag, containing her purse and two letters—the one recently received, the other to be posted—on the counter.

After awhile she came home, looking pale. The salesman, a young man with a very unassuming appearance, who had been regarding her, stepped to the point of receipt. He looked at the letters, declared that he had not seen it, whereupon Mrs. Varian arranged to send to the office and have him searched.

"If you do you will bring suspicion on me and," he hesitated, "I am casting a piercing glance at the lady, "young man."

Mrs. Varian paled. She remembered the letters.

"Madam," said the salesman in a low tone, "when and where can I see you?"

She cast a withering glance at him, gave her address, adding: "Tonight at 11. Come to the basement. How much shall I have ready?"

"Two thousand dollars."

The lady's heart sank within her, for she knew she could not raise such a sum. But she went away without further effort to regain her property or to reduce the amount of the blackmail.

About 5 o'clock that afternoon a freshly dressed man stopped at the counter and while examining some silks looked up at the salesman with a surprised expression and asked, "Are you George Perks?"

"I am."

"I'm Johnny Denico. I come from the same town as you."

Perks admitted Mr. Denico to claim acquaintance without protest, listening to what evidence he had as to his really being what he represented, his coming without even a yes or no. When Denico concluded, "I'm alone in town; come and have a dinner with me."

Perks saw something tangible. He hadn't had a good dinner for years, and as Denico was willing to pay for one he was perfectly willing to listen to his professions till it was over.

At 6 o'clock Denico came again, he looked awkward out, and the two men made friends were in the street. Denico led the way to a restaurant, ordered a good dinner and a wine, they were waiting for it compellingly, it would be pleasant to have a quiet dinner room, which was secured. Eggs was well liked, Denico was told about the duck in a restaurant he said he had to make, but he came out plain.

"To tell the truth, George, this party of mine is dependent upon a little game I'm playing. I've got a scheme for getting in people and a very ingenious advertisement, the meaning of which is thinly veiled. They don't know they're being cheated and it costs 'em something. They wriggle, but generally come out without much trouble. Of course I also 'em I don't take all they've got. Now, I want a man."

"That's your game, is it?" interrupted Perks. "I know from the look of your looks that you were no acquaintance of mine and that you were either going to bunk me or wanted me to join you in some confidence game. Mr. Denico, if that's your name, you've given me a first rate dinner, and that account I'll not put the price of your track, but I want to tell you that I'm an honest man, working for a first class concern and can't be tempted."

Perks drained his glass and, having taken his hat from a hook. Then, looking, he said: "Good evening, Mr. Denico. The next time you try to kidnap a man you'd better light on one who can't see through a millstone."

"Sit down," said Denico, with a sudden change of manner and tone.

Perks took flight at once and sprang for the door. Before he could get to the cold muzzle of a revolver pointed against his neck. Denico led him to his seat and crammed him down.

"I've failed to fool you as I hoped. I don't like my present method. It's dangerous, especially in this case. But I won't use that thing," putting the revolver in his pocket. "You're a polished steel from his breakfast at your counter. I don't believe you would dare leave it there. I would send you from the time you left the shop, and I believe you have it on your person."

"You lie!" said Perks, trembling.

Perks hesitated a moment, then, realizing that he was cornered, took the letters from his inside pocket and threw them on the table. Denico looked at them eagerly, looked at the addresses, then smiled complacently. Stepping to the counter he unlocked it and held it open for Perks to pass out, helped him with a kick that nearly broke his spine.

The next morning he who had signed under the name of Denico stood with Mrs. Varian in her sitting room before an open log fire.

"There are our letters," he said. "Why all women who are indiscreet instead of a very few don't get caught I don't know. The way women carry their belongings would wreck a man every day of his life. I've saved you both this time."

She seized the letters and threw them in the flame.

"That's the end of letter writing," she said.