

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Mathewson, Giants' Star Pitcher, Saving His Whip.

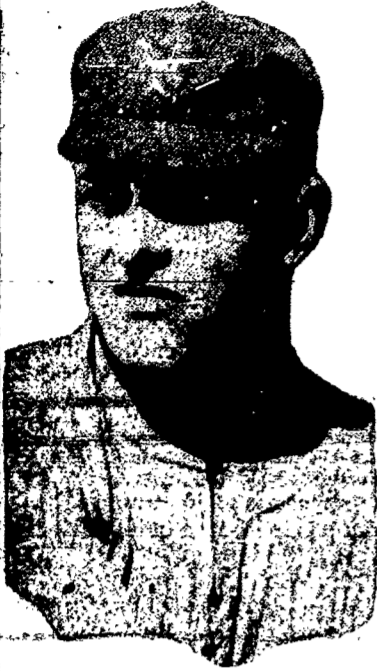


Photo by American Press Association.

Christy Mathewson, it is said, is using a different system of pitching now from what he did formerly. Matty realizes that he cannot last forever, yet he wants to stay as long as he can; consequently he is giving his arm all the rest he can.

Cruise of Great Lakes League. The first annual reliability cruise of the Great Lakes Power Boat League for the Commodore Scripps trophy will start from Detroit, Monday, Aug. 7, and at Grand Island, Buffalo, Monday, Aug. 14.

It is expected that from twelve to fifteen boats will be entered in the cruise, the entries being largely made by the different engine manufacturers.

Cornell May Row Navy Next Year. There is every reason to believe that Cornell will row against the Naval Academy crew at Annapolis next spring.

Ingram, who was one of the best swimmers in the world, was turned out and who stroked the eight at Fougere, N. Y., four years ago, stated that the Cornell rowing management would very likely bring a large portion of the squad to Annapolis so that the crew could get on the water earlier than is possible at Ithaca.

Joe Jackson's Career. Joe Jackson, now with the Cleveland team, has played in four different leagues. In each organization he led all hands in batting.

Lyons' Discipline. The discipline of the American League is being put to a severe test by the National League, which is trying to force its manager to resign.

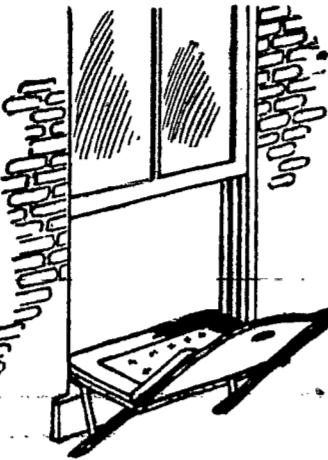
More Keene Hares in Race Ahead. James R. Keene has decided to send twelve or fourteen yearlings and fillies to his stable in England, which will give him one of the biggest stables of American-bred horses in that country.

String Beans and Beet Salad. Cut one pint of cooked string beans in halves and scrape and cut into dice three cold cooked beets.

Apple Sherbet. Cook the pulp of six apples in one quart of cider seasoned to taste with sugar and cinnamon.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Safety Chair For Use in Cleaning Windows.



The window chair herewith illustrated is the invention of a Pennsylvania woman. The seat of the chair, which rests on the window sill, is kept from slipping out by crisscrosses on the inside corners.

Household Hints. Use copper wire for picture hanging. It does not rust easily, is both proof and will last for years.

Cloudy mirrors should never be left in a house. Rub them with a cloth wrung out of cold water and dipped in dry whiting and then polish them with a dry duster.

When steel becomes rusty rub it with a piece of emery paper that has been dipped in turpentine. Polish with a fresh piece of emery paper.

Paranips With Cream. Take fresh paranips, peel and wash them, then cut them into the shape of olives, using only the outside part for the purpose.

Stuffed Peppers. Cut the tops from red or green peppers and remove the seeds. Cover with boiling water, leave standing for a few minutes, then fill with rice and tomatoes.

Jellied Fowl or Chicken. Cook a fowl or chicken until the meat falls from the bone. Take all the meat and chop fine. Have ready a tablespoonful of gelatin softened in one cupful of cold water.

Mapleberry Cake. Two cupfuls of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder, three-quarters of a cupful of milk, three beaten eggs, a cupful of sugar and a cupful of huckleberries dressed with brown sugar.

Apple Sherbet. Cook the pulp of six apples in one quart of cider seasoned to taste with sugar and cinnamon.

ASLEEP AT THE POST OF DUTY

A Startling Episode of the War With Spain.

How do I, so young, hold such high rank in the naval service? Well, there's a story about that, but if it got out it would ruin me.

It was in the summer of 1898 of Havana. Hot? Well, it couldn't be hotter except under a volcano.

One night I was in charge of the searchlight. I shouldn't have been put in charge, for I had been doing duty in the captain's launch all day.

When a man has been keeping one of those things moving till 2 o'clock in the morning he is apt to get tired.

Suddenly I swore. I gave a yell and touched an electric connection. In a few seconds more the whole ship's company came tumbling up the companion ways.

Now, what do you suppose was the cause of my alarm? Right out in the track of the searchlight, coming for us like a shot, was something black.

You can imagine my sensations, but not very perfectly. A moment before I had been asleep. What guardian angel had awakened me? Suppose I had slept a few minutes longer!

What is it? Where is it? he cried excitedly. "The fact is, captain, you see—before I could tell him that I had mistaken a torpedo boat for a searchlight." There she was, the ugly black looking craft I have described to you, coming for us, pouring the water into two funnels, a dense cloud of smoke pouring from the stack.

I tell you the captain didn't wait for anybody to repeat his orders, and in less than time it takes to tell it a shot had gone for that torpedo boat. But it wasn't needed. The Spaniards, seeing they were discovered, turned as quickly as possible and showed us their boat's stern.

Just as soon as the affair had quieted down the captain stepped up to me and said: "Mr. B., you have done only your duty, but there are times when simply doing one's duty counts for a great deal. By your vigilance you have saved this ship, worth three to four millions to the government, and what is more, the lives of 400 men. I shall report the matter to Washington, with the recommendation that you be advanced ten numbers."

You could have knocked me down with a feather.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

T. W. Hardwick, Chief Sugar Trust Investigator.



Photo by American Press Association.

Congressman Thomas William Hardwick of Georgia, chairman of the special committee investigating the affairs of the sugar trust, is a Democrat and is serving his fifth term in the house.

While a member of the Georgia legislature Mr. Hardwick, who is still of boyish appearance despite his thirty-eight years, was several times mistaken for a page.

The Trial of McNamara. In his trial for alleged complicity in the Los Angeles Times explosion John J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, has the aid of expert legal advisers.

John J. McNamara, who with his brother, James B., is on trial for his life, is well known in union labor circles.

Just Plain Professor. When Professor Charles Zueblin of Harvard was last in Kansas City he immediately sought out L. E. Flery, assistant manager of the Coates House, who was his boyhood friend.

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A Disappearance

By RUTH B. SEVERANCE

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There was a ring at the telephone. Mrs. Martindale answered the call and received an inquiry from her husband's office asking if he were at home.

Mr. Martindale did not come home to dinner. His wife telephoned to his club and to every other place where he was likely to go without finding any trace of him.

Mrs. Martindale was frantic. She feared that this suicide was her husband. Unfortunately the body was not recovered. A body changed beyond recognition was fished up weeks afterward, but there was no certainty that it was the remains of Mr. Martindale.

A man ragged, unshaven, furrows in his face indicating suffering, appeared at the door of a dwelling and rang the bell. A maid came to the door, and seeing one who bore the appearance of a tramp and being alone in the house, she was about to shut the door in his face when he asked if Mrs. Martindale was in.

"Where is she?" "In the country." "Is Mr. Martindale in the city?" "No, Mr. Martindale is dead."

"Mrs. Martindale hasn't married again, has she?" the man asked. "No, what's that to you?" Without waiting for a reply she shut the door. The man turned away. He was Oscar Martindale, the man who had disappeared several years before.

He stood on his own doorstep for awhile, looking out on the passing throng, apparently deliberating what to do next. Then, starting down the street, he hailed a trolley car and, riding to the outskirts of the city, stopped at the gate of a cemetery. Enter he walked into the interior and stopped at a lot of which he was the owner. There was a central monument with the name Martindale on it.

But this shaft held Mr. Martindale's name only for a second then it turned upon a little headstone on which was the name Edith. The returned man gave a convulsive shudder. One of his children had gone, his little daughter.

Mr. Martindale walked back to the city. He had expended his last nickel. Besides, he preferred to walk. Reaching the business center, he turned into a bank and, going to the cashier's desk, said: "How are you, Somers?"

The cashier looked at the supposed tramp and asked what he wanted. "Five hundred dollars." Somers glanced, "For whose account?" he asked presently. "Martindale. I am Oscar Martindale."

The cashier peered into the man's face for fully half a minute, then, arising and taking both of Martindale's hands in his, exclaimed: "For heaven's sake, Oscar, have you come to life?"

Half an hour later the cashier sent a telegram to Mrs. Martindale saying that he had news of her husband. Mr. Martindale replied that she would be at home by the next train.

Mr. Martindale left the bank with a roll of bills in his pocket, purchased new apparel and, going to his house, rang the bell. When the maid opened the door he stammered, "Maggie, I'm Mr. Martindale," and, without waiting an hour later, after having changed and taken a bath, he came down, and the maid, who had been in doubt what to do in the matter and was about to call the police, recognized her master. He interrupted her that her mistress would soon be at home and later that he would go out and order something for dinner.

At 6 o'clock the table was set and a good dinner prepared, while Mr. Martindale awaited the return of his family. Presently a carriage drove up to the house, and there was a ring at the bell. As Maggie passed through the hall to answer the summons her master directed her to ask her mistress to step into the dining room.

Mrs. Martindale entered in a state of excitement, followed by her children. "There's a gentleman in the dining room," said the maid.

Mrs. Martindale led the way to the dining room, and there stood her husband. She fell into his arms.

At the family reunion dinner, which was later brought in, the husband and father told them that he had undoubtedly suffered one of those sudden lapses of memory that are not of infrequent occurrence.

THE SILVER BOWL

It Was Full of Water, and It Fizzled the Week End Guest.

A rising young politician in New York tells this story on himself. He was invited recently to spend a week end at a country house where there were done a notch or two more elaborately than he was accustomed to, and he stood in not a little awe of the solemn person who was assigned to act as temporary valet to him.

"All right, I'll get up," said the visitor, and the solemn man disappeared into the bathroom from which presently the noise of water running into the bathtub was audible. In half a minute more the solemn person emerged, holding a large silver bowl full of water, with which he approached the bed.

"He must have seen the astonishment in my face," said the New York man. "I couldn't conceal it. It was a wholly new game to me, and I didn't know whether I was expected to dip my head in it or to drink it. It was a awful moment, but that man was a diplomat. He realized my embarrassment, and he just let drop in a cold and aloof tone, as if he had outsiders to deal with every day, the simple explanation: 'The temperature of your bathwater.'"

"The temperature of your bathwater, sir." —New York Sun.

THEATER SEATS.

Very Annoying Indeed It Was Before They Were Numbered. People who nowadays book their seats beforehand for the play cannot conceive of the discomfort of other days, an instance of which is given by John Fyvie in "Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era."

"One of Charles Matthews' newspaper cuttings," he says, "contains a letter from a disgraced playgoer dated January, 1770, protesting against this custom of permitting a footman to sit for an act or two of a play next to a woman of the first quality by way of securing a place for his absent master."

"The indecency of the practice is said to be aggravated by the usual choice of the dirtiest servant of the family for this duty, for the men of parade and figure are to grace before the lady's chair with lighted tapers or hang like a rope of onions behind her coach."

"As a remedy for this nuisance the writer of this letter made the revolutionary suggestion that the sittings in the boxes should be numbered, a plan which does not seem to have occurred to any one previously and which was not adopted till long afterward." —London Gentleman.

Women in Tibet. Concerning the manners of Tibetans a traveler writes: "The male part of the Amdo population is fond of meeting together for frivolous conversation on all suitable and unseemly occasions. The most the men do is to go hunting and robbing. The domestic work, such as tending the cattle, collecting fuel, drawing water and, in short, everything, falls on the women. While the wife is working incessantly all day long the husband grows weary with idleness and does not go to her assistance unless she is physically incapable of doing any work at all. On horseback the women are as dexterous as the men. To catch any horse she likes out of the troop, lay her hand on its mane and quickly spring on to the back of the barebacked steed and ride off in any direction she wishes in an ordinary feat for any young Amdo woman." —Chicago News.

The Oil Bird. One of the animal curiosities of South America is the "oil bird," or guacaro. It breeds in rocky caves, and one of its favorite haunts is the island of Trinidad. It lays its eggs in a nest made of mud, and the young birds are prodigiously fat. The natives melt the fat down in clay pots and produce from it a kind of butter. The caves inhabited by the birds are usually accessible only from the sea, and the hunting of them is sometimes an exciting sport.

A Word of Wrath. The word "rabbits" on board a Cornish fishing smack arouses the ire of the crew. Should the hated word be uttered as the boat is leaving the harbor on a pleasure expedition the speaker would stand a fair chance of being hurried overboard. The mere mention of "rabbits" destroys all chance of a "catch." —London Chronicle.

Johnny. "Johnny," said the visitor at the door, "is your father at home?" "He's trying to be, sir," said Johnny, "but you know, Mr. Squibs, ma's mother's here." —Harper's Weekly.

The Real Sorrow. "Did your operation cost you much pain?" "Yes, but I didn't mind that so much as the dollars it cost." —Baltimore American.

Abis and Willing. The Rector—Freddy, do you know where little boys go who go fishing on the Sabbath day? Freddy—Yes, sir. Follow me and I'll show you the place.

Har Sacrifices. Mudge—What is Dolly's ambition in life? Marjorie—She hopes to marry a millionaire and save him from the disgrace of dying rich. —Life.

There is genius as well in virtue as in intellect. "The doctrine of faith over works." —Emerson.