

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Mike Donlin Will Add Strength to the Pirates.



Photo by American Press Association.

According to Manager Fred Clarke, the addition of Mike Donlin to the Pittsburgh Pirates gives the team an excellent chance to win the pennant. He believes the former member of the New York and Boston teams will inject the true fighting spirit into his teammates and that his batting will be a big aid to the Pirates. Donlin is now in good shape and says he expects to have a good season.

Runner Tawana in Training.

Louis Tawana, the famous long distance runner, who is a student at the Catholic Institute, has started on a course of training for the Olympic games at Stockholm under the direction of Physical Director Glenn B. Warner.

Tawana, according to the statement made by Warner will not be allowed to run in any of the spring events this year. It is realized that the Indian is one of the greatest long distance runners in the world, and his course of training will be especially rigid and exacting.

Berling May Not Compete.

George Berling, distance runner, and Frederick Thomson, all round champion, may not compete in two of the chief events in the Olympic games at Stockholm next summer because they are scheduled for Sundays. Both athletes have religious scruples against Sunday games and it is said that Berling may decide not to contest in the 30,000 meter run, scheduled for Sunday, July 7, while Thomson may not take part in the pentathlon on the same date and five events on the date on Sunday July 14.

Carpenter Coming to America.

McGoory, King, Dillon and the rest of them in their struggle to seize the middleweight crown may have a new competitor to contend with. Georges Carpentier, the French middleweight who defeated Jim Sullivan the English champion, recently has stated that he intends to make a trip to this country for the purpose of disputing the honors with our leading middleweights. Just how Carpentier is in such great demand in Europe that he has not been able to fix a definite date for his contemplated trip to America.

All Nation Ball Club.

An all nation baseball club is being organized by a Chicago baseball manager, and he expects to have a team that will become a big drawing card. John Moore is getting up the novel aggregation and is seeking the services of four more good players—namely, an Indian, a Chinese, a Japanese and a Negro—who are well acquainted with the national game. Of course there will be an Irishman, German, French man and Swede on the team as well.

Hilton to Bring Golfers.

Although the United States Golf Association has not yet received definite news as to the makeup of the team which Champion H. H. Hilton will bring with him when he comes to America to defend his golf title, the impression prevails that most of his teammates will be representatives of the older school. Hilton, John Ball and J. L. Low are all past forty years of age. Low was here before as captain of the Oxford-Cambridge team.

Eastern Harness Racing.

Thanks to the foresight of the managers, the ultimate success of the new division of the grand circuit appears to be assured, and the prospects are that the five big harness meetings—Fort Erie, Readville, Salem, Hartford and Syracuse—will make a much better record than some others where the track owners and managers enjoy the extra privilege of open meetings.

Small Has Interesting Athletic Slides.

Coch J. M. Moakley of the Cornell University track and field as well as some country teams has a large and interesting collection of lantern slides illustrating the recent eastern intercollegiate meets and cross country runs.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

The Telephone Girl.

The telephone girl sits still in her chair and listens to voices from everywhere. She knows all the gossip; she knows all the news; she knows who is happy and who has the blues; she knows all our sorrows; she knows all our joys; she knows all the girls who are "chasing the boys."

She knows all our troubles; she knows of our strife; she knows every man who talks mean to his wife; she knows every time we are out with the boys; she knows the excuses that each fellow employs.

If the telephone girl told half that she knows it would turn all our friends into bitterest foes. She would sow a small wind that would soon be a gale. Engruff us in trouble and land us in jail. She would start forth a story which, gaining in force, would cause half our wives to sue for divorce.

She could get all our churches mixed up in a fight and turn our bright days into sorrowing night. In fact, she could keep the whole town in a stew. If she told but one-tenth of the things that she knew, say, kid, but doesn't it make your head whirl? When you think what you owe to the telephone girl?

—Judge.

Fond of Their Own Music.

"I should think some of these speechmakers would get tired of hearing themselves," said the proprietor of the village store.

"Human nature's the same in politics as 'tis anywhere else," replied old Joe Struthers. "A man don't mind listenin' to the worst noise a cornet kin make, provided he's the feller that's doin' the practicin'."—Washington Star.

A Sacrifice.

"An' that ungrateful boy of mine," whimpered the man in the prisoner's dock. "After all the sacrifices I've made for him he refuses to pay my fine."

"What sacrifices did you make for him?" asked the attorney.

"What sacrifices? Didn't I let him earn his way through college?"—Detroit Free Press.

Cautious.

"Did the burglars overlook anything of value?" inquired the reporter.

"I'd rather not say anything about that," answered the man whose house had been robbed.

"Why so?"

"Because they'll be watching the papers for a day or two, I think, to find out."—Chicago Tribune.

Probably So.

"What do you suppose is the real story of Danac's being killed by Jupiter with a shower of gold?"

"Oh, I suppose some husband in those days suddenly showed his wife enough real money to get a decent spring outfit and the shock brought on heart failure."—Baltimore American.

A Woman's Reason.

"My, but I do hate this corset!" said Mrs. Nagg as she tossed her harness on the dresser.

"Then why do you wear it?" snapped Mr. Nagg.

"Oh, it feels so good when I take it off."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Chance to Get Even.

"Going to Wombat's wedding over on the north side?"

"Not I. I was engaged to that girl Wombat cut me out."

"Well, come to the wedding. You may get a chance to biff him in the jaw with an old shoe."—Pittsburgh Post.

The Kind You Must Buy.

"Rather a tight lurch."

"Yes, just a cup of coffee and a piece of utility pie."

"What kind of pie is utility pie?"

"No matter what kind you want, it is the kind you eventually buy."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

His Chance.

"He has a grudge against the plain people."

"On what score?"

"Says they wear so many rubbers that it forces up the price of tires."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Still a Chance.

Caddie to golfer badly bunkered and opponent well on the green—Don't give up the hole, sir. You never know, the other gentleman might have a fit.—Black and White.

The March of Progress.

The old fashioned woman who wore red flannels and turpentine as a protection for her chest now has a daughter who wears tulle and a bangle on her arm.—Dallas News.

Team Work.

"How do Jack and Joanne ever manage to scrape a living?"

"Why, he makes the money first, and she makes it last."—Harvard Lampoon.

A Good Quicker.

Voice at the Other End—Hello! Is that Madison 1284?

Bridge—Glorious, is it? How the dickens did you guess?—Woman's Home Companion.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Mop Wringer That is Simple and Easily Operated.



A very simple but apparently very effective mop wringer has been designed by an Ohio man, who claims that his invention is much easier to use than most, if not any, other wringer on the market. This device consists merely of a cuplike metal frame—like a sponge holder—that hooks over the edge of any bucket. The bars of this frame are twisted in such a way that when the head of a mop is placed in the cup and twisted in an opposite direction the mop is thoroughly wrung. As will be noticed at once, the housewife or maid who uses this wringer need not touch the water with her hands and therefore can have it as hot as she likes.

New England Fish Chowder.

Take one pound of bacon cut in dice and fry till fat is extracted. Remove scraps and into the fat turn four medium-sized onions cut fine. Fry till brown and then remove and turn fat into a large fat bottomed kettle. Fresh add by layers four pounds of fresh fish cut in good sized pieces, one and a half quarts of sliced raw potatoes, dredging each layer with flour and seasoning with salt and plenty of pepper. Cover with boiling water and simmer till potatoes are tender, when salt will be done if kettle is tightly covered. Do not stir, but be sure to use plenty of water and leave on cool for a period of the range. Just before serving add one quart of hot milk.

This is a large quantity, but is even better reheated. The quantity may be divided if so desired.

Halibut a la Flamande.

Put one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one of chopped parsley and a little butter in a shallow enameled baking dish. Lay on this halibut steaks cut no more than two inches thick. Brush the top of the steak with the beaten yolk of an egg, sprinkle with a little chopped onion and parsley, season with salt and pepper and dot with small pieces of butter. Add one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Bake forty minutes in a moderate oven, remove carefully from the pan and serve with a sauce.

Baked Tongue.

Cook fresh tongue slowly two hours and put in a pan and surround with one-third cupful each of chopped carrots, onions and potatoes, pour over four cupfuls of sauce and bake two hours. To make sauce for tongue, brown one-fourth cupful of butter and one-fourth cupful of flour, add four cupfuls of water in which the tongue was stewed. Season with salt. One and a half cupfuls of stewed tomatoes may be used in place of water.

Javelle Water.

Take three pounds of washing soda and one gallon of water. Let boil fifteen minutes, then remove from fire and add one can chloride of lime, free from lumps. When cold strain through cloth, bottle and it is ready for use. Nothing like it to take brown spots off, sink, bathtub, burned kettles or to bleach dish towels and other white goods. A tablespoonful in the weekly wash improves the looks of the clothes.

Boned Stuffed Ham.

Carefully remove the bone from a good ham, keeping it perfectly whole. Fill the space with pork sausage meat, tie up in a cloth and boil for two hours. Take it out of the water, remove the rind, butter a paper, form into a bag and wrap the ham in that and bake for another one and a half hours in a good hot oven. Remove the paper and brush with a nice brown glaze.

Potato Yeast.

Two mashed potatoes, one table spoonful of flour, one-quarter cupful of sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water, one yeast cake in cupful of cold water soaked an hour. Let this stand in a warm place twenty-four hours, then put in fruit jar. One-half pint will make three loaves of bread.

Coconut Cake Filler.

A cupful of coconut beaten into a pint of cream that has been whipped light and dry and flavored with a little extract of bitter almond makes a delicious filling for layer cakes or may be served in a cake that has had the inside part taken out and the outside left for a shell.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Mignonette.

The sweetest flower that in the garden grows is not the rose, nor yet the lily, thrown upon the green like some proud queen. The tulip gay has scarce a scent at all. Nor do I call the morning glory climbing in the bower a fragrant flower. But I can find a plant you'd scarcely see, so modestly it clings to earth, because its perfume rare sweetens the air and guides me to the place its blooms have found. Close to the ground, it's small and plain and bears no shining head above its bed. Humblest of blossoms, full of fragrance yet. 'Tis mignonette! A lesson from the little plant, I find, comes to my mind—'Tis better far to be to those I meet just good and sweet than loud and bold and gay. Don't you agree? To this with me? —Youth's Companion.

The Animated Penny.

The materials used in this little trick are a glass of water, an ordinary copper penny, a piece of black thread and a small piece of chewing gum or shoe makers' wax.

First tie one end of the piece of black thread about a foot in length to the front button of your clothing; next take a tiny ball of chewing gum about the size of an ordinary pea and fasten it at the other end of the thread. Now you are ready to entertain your audience.

Borrow a penny from one of your guests and hold it up so that all may see it. At the same time press the ball of chewing gum against one side of the penny, but be sure the spectators do not see you do it. Now, holding the glass of water close to you, drop the penny into the water and then inform the company that you are going to make the penny rise to the top of the glass. Hold the glass in front of you and move it slowly away from your person, and to the astonishment of all the company the penny will rise to the very edge of the glass. This trick may be repeated as often as you desire; and if in any time your company insists upon examining the penny merely detach the gum, concealing it in your hand, and hold up the penny for inspection.

The Huntsman.

One player becomes the huntsman and holds the position throughout the game. The other players sit in a circle, and the huntsman gives a name to each. One becomes his coat, others his hat, shot belt, powder flask, gun, etc. The huntsman then walks around the outside of the circle and calls, for instance, for his gun. The player representing the gun at once gets up, takes hold of the huntsman's coat and walks around after him. The huntsman calls for other accessories till all the players are going around, each having hold of the player in front of him. When all are going at a lively pace the huntsman suddenly shouts, "Bank!" when all, including the huntsman, must let go and rush for seats. One player will be left and must pay a forfeit for his failure to get a place, or he may be counted out of the game and the number of chairs be reduced one. The huntsman then calls for his equipments again, and so on.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Game of Location.

A game in which geographical knowledge will shine is called "Location." Two captains are chosen from among the players until the party is equally divided. For convenience it is well to seat the parties in two rows, facing each other. Chance decides which captain shall begin the game. This he does by calling the name of a city or town and then counting ten. Before he has finished counting his opposite opponent must call out the location of the city—that is, the state or country in which it is situated. If he answers correctly he in turn calls the name of a place, and the second player in the opposite row must locate it before ten is counted. Should any player fail to answer before ten is counted or answered incorrectly he or she must drop out, and when there is but one player left on either side that one is the winner.

Traders.

This game has been declared to be "lots of fun and little trouble." Every guest brings four or five little packages, neatly wrapped and tied. The more misleading in shape as to contents the better. These bundles may contain anything from candy to soap, starch, tea, book, handkerchief, doll, clothespins, sunbonnet, etc.—the more absurd and unexpected the funnier.

Each person praises and recommends his or her own bundles, describing the contents as wittily and deceptively as possible. The bargaining becomes keen and merry until all the parcels have been swapped, sometimes more than once. Then they are opened, the best bargain winning first prize, the poorest compelling the holder to tell a story, sing a song or recite for the entertainment of the company.

A Young Musician.

Beethoven was born in Bonn, on the Rhine, in 1770. He lived here twenty-two years, and his musical character was formed during this time. At the age of four he was put at the harpsichord, and through diligent practicing he was able to play the most difficult music in every key at the age of twelve. At the age of fifteen he was appointed court organist.

Changing a Bill

By HARRY C. ASHMORE

Embarking on a steamer from Fort-tress Monroe, where I had taken a spring vacation, I was attracted by a family who were bidding goodby to one of their number, a young lady. Just before the boat left a gentleman, whom I took to be the lady's father, hurriedly took some bills from his wallet and shoved them into her hands. Then all except she went ashore and we left them on the dock waving to her.

There was that about her appearance which interested me, and I would have been glad to make her acquaintance, but there was no one to introduce me, and while in the west the scrapping of acquaintances between the sexes is not considered improper, eastern girls do not usually permit it. However, on reaching New York, just before landing, I had an opportunity to do her a favor. She was trying to find a "quarter" in her portemanteau to pay a porter.

She took out a bill and looked about helplessly for some one to change it for her. She held it in her hand so that a figure 5 was visible. From a roll of bills I gave her four "ones" and the rest in change. She thanked me very graciously and handed me the bill she held, which I put in my pocket without looking at it.

On reaching home and looking over my cash I pulled open a bill and was very much startled to see that it was of a \$500 denomination. Knowing that I had not in my possession any such note when I started from Fort-tress Monroe I at once concluded that some one had given it to me in change by mistake.

A little hard thinking brought back the young lady for whom I had changed a \$5 bill and I concluded she had given it to me for \$5. In endeavoring to account for how she happened to have such an amount in her pocket I concluded that her father in the hurry of her departure had given it to her by mistake.

Be this as it may, I found myself with \$495 in my possession that didn't belong to me. Moreover, I had taken it from a very pretty girl whom I admired immensely. But how was I to return this balance? She had gone from me to mingle with millions of people, not leaving me any trace by which to find her. I knew that she had left relatives at Fort-tress Monroe, but not their names, what hotel they stopped at, or whether they were still there.

I wrote at once to the proprietor of the principal hotel at Fort-tress Monroe, describing the persons I had seen with the young lady and asked him if he could give me any information to guide me in finding them. He replied that since it was at the height of the season and persons were coming and going all the while he could not possibly know to whom I referred without names. I kept watch of the persons in the principal New York newspapers, but saw no advertisement intended for me.

I was puzzled what to do further, day after day passed and I saw no way of returning the money. I thought of going back to Fort-tress Monroe, but it was quite a journey, and I feared the persons I wished to find had gone elsewhere. A month passed and I heard nothing from any one connected with the adventure. My only hope a slight one—was that some day I might meet the young lady and thus be able to return what belonged to her. So I planned the note in my inside vest pocket, intending to keep it there that in case I ever crossed her path I might have it ready. I fancied she lived in the same place as in New York, and though New York is a big city, it was possible that I might meet her.

A year passed, and the note had been transferred from one vest to another. Then an idea struck me. There was a ghost of a chance that the family I had met at Fort-tress Monroe might go there again at the same season as before. I went there and looked through the hotels.

Vain hope! The day after I arrived I strolled into the fort to witness dress parade. Who should I see seated on one of the benches on the parade ground with other young persons but the young lady I was looking for. I took out the note and, approaching her, handed it to her, saying: "I beg pardon, but I think this belongs to you."

She drew back, surprised, almost offended. I explained further: "A year ago on arriving at New York I changed what we both believed to be a five dollar bill. It turned out to be a \$500 bill."

Still she did not understand me. "I have no remembrance of any such transaction. I would prefer that you see my father about it. Colonel C., commanding the post."

I bowed myself away and went to Colonel C.'s office. He listened to my story with attention—indeed, with interest—and when I finished said to me: "So that's where that \$500 bill went to. I must have given it to my daughter without knowing its value. I had an important matter to settle and had it with me to use on that occasion. Till this moment I never have known what became of it."

The colonel invited me to call at his house, and I became intimately acquainted with his family, including his daughter. But the rest is another story, a story that to tell would require me to recount every action of my life subsequent to my making that call.

A Queensland Waterfall.

To most people the idea of waterfalls in Australia is quite unfamiliar. All Australia, however, in the winter time (May to September) makes a pilgrimage to Australia's beauty spot, the Barron river falls, North Queensland. A surfer who visited the Barron river falls thus records his impressions:

"The noise of the falls has been with us since the early morning—now humming through the jungle, now rushing like a mighty wind up the gorges, now echoing with astounding clearness on the ridges. A few hundred yards below our halting place the turbid stream rushed among the bluish gray rocks and along its well worn channel, and beyond this gauzy clouds of spray soared up from the brink of the falls, caught the sunlight and were glorified with ever forming, ever vanishing rainbow tints. The water does not fall in a sheer leap into the gorge, but plunges along its rocky and precipitous bed in a series of cataracts."—London Standard.

Fury of Sunstorms.

How can we, who are bewildered and appalled by the fury of our planet's cyclones and volcanic eruptions, form a conception of the terrible energy of natural operations of the sun? Newcomb suggested that if we call the solar chromosphere an ocean of fire we must remember that it is an ocean infinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace and as deep as the Atlantic is broad. If we call its movements hurricanes we must remember that our hurricanes blow only about a hundred miles an hour, while those of the chromosphere blow as far in a single second. There are such hurricanes as, coming down upon us from the north, would in thirty seconds after they had crossed the St. Lawrence river be in the gulf of Mexico, carrying with them the whole surface of the continent in a mass not simply of ruin, but of glowing vapor.—Harper's Weekly.

The Wild Pigeon Mystery.

That the wild pigeon, once so common in the United States, has become extinct is one of the strangest mysteries in American natural history. It is a puzzle which has baffled scientists and which probably never will be solved. Less than forty years ago wild pigeons were abundant in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and all the states of the middle west. In their migrations they traveled in flocks numbering tens of thousands, and it sometimes took a single flock the better part of an hour to pass a given point. vast numbers of the pigeons were killed every year by gunners, but many investigators hold that the complete disappearance of the species must have been due in part at least to other causes. No other bird was ever so numerous in this country as the pigeon.—New York Mail.

How He Protected the Seals.

Some years ago a Russian warship was on special duty in Bering sea guarding the seal fisheries, preventing the slaughter of the seals during the closed season. The admiral of the station in the course of an inspection of the vessel invited any of the sailors who had any complaint to make to step forward. One of the men, as spokesman for the whole crew, complained that the "seal money" promised them had not been paid. On the astonished admiral inquiring what he meant it came out that the ship's commander had been doing a lucrative trade by killing the seals placed under his protection and sending the skins to London and had taken the crew into partnership. He was duly transferred to Siberia.

No Cause For Hurry.

When Martin W. Littleton was preparing the case of Harry Thaw for trial he sent word to Thaw one day that he would see him in the prison at 2 o'clock that afternoon. Littleton reached the Tombs an hour late and found Thaw highly indignant because of the delay.

"What on earth does this mean?" demanded the prisoner. "You're an hour late for this appointment."

"Well," explained Littleton calmly, "I figured that I would certainly find you here, no matter how late I was."—New York Tribune.

Different Viewpoints.

Old Lady—There is one thing I notice particularly about that young man who calls to see you. He seems to have an inborn, instinctive respect for women. He treats every woman as though she were a being from a higher sphere, to be approached only with the utmost delicacy and deference.

Granddaughter (sweet sixteen)—Yes, he's horridly bashful.—Four Leaf Clover.

None but the Best.

Uncle Raspberry walked into a drug store. "Gimme one o' dem plasters for my back," he said.

"One of the porous plasters?"

"No, I don't want one o' de pores' plasters. I want one o' de bes'."—Exchange.

Her Sphere.

"The family cook is the last report." "In what way?"

"She is always called upon in times of need."—Baltimore American.

His Talent.

Conceited Actor—Yes, I inherited my talent. Candid Friend—I see. And you dissipated your inheritance.—Boston Transcript.

Happiness.

"Happiness," said a philosopher, "is so precious to some of us that when it is broken we stoop and gather up the pieces."