

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Jacques Fournier, White Sox's First Baseman.



Photo by American Press Association.

The Chicago Americans are well supplied with good first basemen. Zieder, who has been holding down the position since the season opened, is a good one, while in Jacques Fournier, the French Canadian, the Sox have one of the most promising in the league.

Fournier was born in a lumber camp twenty-one years ago, is a six footer and weighs 190 pounds. In 1909 Fournier played in Portland, Ore. Then he went to Sacramento, and last year he started with the Moose Jaw team in the Western Canadian league.

Big Eight May Spurn East. The western conference, if organized by the presidents of the "Big Eight," will cut loose and make its own football rules, according to President James, who addressed the University of Illinois senate recently.

The presidents gathered at Chicago were unanimous in one thing at least, said President James. "That was that it was time for the conference to take hold of the rulemaking. There is no reason why the conference teams should not play under its own rules, no reason why the western schools should be at the mercy of the east. The west, I believe, is mainly in favor of the open game of football with mass play eliminated, and many critics believe that the new code for 1912 is a return to the old game."

President James appointed a special conference committee to meet with the senate athletic committee and the student committee. "I hope to see Michigan and perhaps Ohio in the conference, and with ten schools the west can attend to its own athletic affairs," commented Dr. James.

Dray's Pole Vaulting Record. Walter Dray, who established a world's indoor pole vaulting record of 12 feet 5 1/2 inches in the Central A. V. track championships in Chicago recently, must be considered one of the greatest vaulters in the country. He had not had a pole in his hands since before last July. At the Pennsylvania games in 1909 Dray established a world's outdoor record of 12 feet 9 1/2 inches, which was beaten the following year by Leland Scott of Stanford university, who cleared the bar at 12 feet 10 1/2 inches. Dray is a graduate of Yale, where he took engineering. His peculiar lift and arch when he is about to clear the bar are the results of careful study.

Long Yacht Race Planned. Members of the committee on course rules and regulations for the long distance yacht cruise from New York to San Diego, Cal., by way of the Panama canal, to take place when it is opened in connection with the San Diego exposition, held a meeting recently in New York. Among the things considered by the committee were: Restrictions as to the least size of yachts which could safely be permitted to make the trip as entrants in the race; the classification of yachts, the course, with tentative ports or controls en route; handicapping and prizes.

Twelve Americans in Marathon. From the information gleaned about the Marathon run at Stockholm it is certain that the full entry of twelve will be sent from America for the race. It is an open secret now that the selection committee favors this policy, which is claimed to be the only safe one in an event where there is so much chance for men to go wrong. Previous trips abroad have demonstrated this, so no chances are to be taken this time, when the contest will be as grueling as any of the big races in the past.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

True Love.

Her husband's short and bald and fat And rather dull, to speak the truth; His conversation's very flat, He hasn't looks or charm or youth. Yet when she reads a book about Some brilliant hero, tall and slim, She breathes: "He's grand! Without a doubt He's just like Jim!" His wife is dumpy, very plain, With mousy hair and shiny nose, Yet when he reads of "Fair Elaine, As beautiful as any rose, As happy husbands often do, And thinks, "Elaine, upon my life, Is just like Sue!" And, though we cannot see as they, For all we know they may be right, For if Love takes the slight away He gives a sort of second sight, So that to meet the perfect test, To prove their merits, as it were, Folks should resemble "what is best." Be "just like him or her." -Woman's World.

Welcoming the Stranger.

It is embarrassing sometimes, this thing of sudden religious zeal—that is, if you haven't made it a regular business. Witness the mistake made some time ago by a good woman who was a regular attendant at a church down on Chestnut street. One Sunday morning her pastor preached an inspiring sermon on the subject of welcoming the "Stranger WITHIN THE GATES." He urged upon his membership the duty of giving a cordial greeting to strangers who happened in at that church. This good woman was much impressed with his remarks. As she turned around to leave the church she discovered an unfamiliar face in the pew immediately behind her. With a radiant smile she extended her hand. "I am glad to see you out this morning," she said. "Thank you," replied the stranger with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "Do you come often?" sweetly asked the good woman. The stranger smiled. "I have been occupying this pew for the past seven years," she said. There was an embarrassed silence, and then the good woman turned and started out. It was noticeable that she made no further attempt to greet any stranger that morning. -Louisville Times.

Stupefying a Waiter.

Here's the way to get ahead of the cafe waiters that know it all. The recipe was handed us by a restaurant haunter. He does it as follows: He seats himself and says, "Waiter, have you any nice Gorgonzola cheese?" "Yes, sir," says the waiter. "Our Gorgonzola is very fine." "Is it fresh?" "Just made, sir." "Is it nice and white?" "Believe me, it is as white as snow, sir." "Good. And is it hard in the middle?" "Like a rock, sir." "Thanks, George. Is your name George? Well, thanks, anyhow. Let me tell you something. Gorgonzola cheese should never be fresh. It should never be hard in the middle, but mushy. If you are not a liar you have no good Gorgonzola. If you have any good Gorgonzola you are a liar, George. In either case—well, bring us two Swiss sandwiches with mustard." The waiter then loses a whole night's sleep in studying. -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nominated What Was Left.

Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi says his friend, Private John Allen, formerly representing a Mississippi district in congress, seems perfectly satisfied to give his attention exclusively to his personal affairs around Tupelo and has seemingly said aside all political ambition. He mixes a little in local affairs for the benefit of his friends," said Senator Williams, "and recently made one of the shortest and best nominating speeches on record. "An old friend of ours, a Confederate veteran who had lost two legs and one arm in battle, wanted a small office and asked Allen to nominate him. "When the time came Allen, with a voice like a gull, said, 'Gentlemen of the convention, I desire to nominate all that's left of my poor old friend John Smith.' Smith swept the convention." -Washington Star.

A Surprise For Jim.

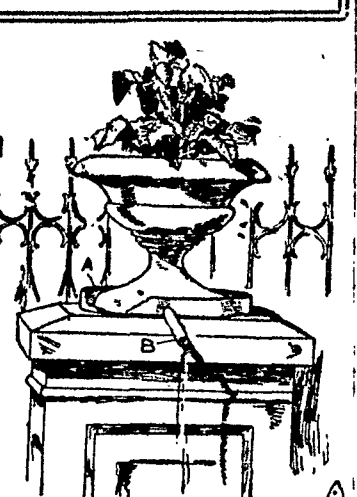
A mission worker in New Orleans was visiting a reformatory near that city not long ago when she observed among the inmates an old acquaintance, a negro lad long thought to be a model of integrity. "Jim!" exclaimed the mission worker. "Is it possible I find you here?" "Yassum," blithely responded the backslider. "I's charged with stealing a barrel of sweet potatoes." The visitor sighed. "You, Jim?" she repeated. "I am surprised!" "Yassum," said Jim. "So was I or I wouldn't be here!" -Lippincott's.

Mark Was Right.

Mark Twain was visiting H. H. Rogers, who, lending the humorist to his library, said as he pointed to a bust of white marble, "What do you think of that?" It was a bust of a young woman, coiling her hair, a very graceful example of modern Italian sculpture. Mr. Clemens looked at it a moment, and then he said: "It isn't true to nature." "Why not?" Mr. Rogers asked. "She ought to have her mouth full of hairpins," said the humorist. -National Monthly.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Flowerpot, Drain and Tray For Use on Porches.



The staining of woodwork on porches and posts caused by the dripping of water from flowerpots can be prevented in the following manner: Make a zinc or galvanized tray of suitable shape in which to set the pots, as shown in the illustration. Solder a tube for the overflow or dripping on one side of the tray. Have the tube long enough to clear the post or part of the porch where the flowerpot is set. The tube may be placed to the rear so it cannot be seen from the street. If desired, place some small pieces of wood beneath the tray to allow the passage of air, thus preventing moisture. The tray can be made in any shape to conform to the shape of the pots.

German Dandelion Salad.

Cut two ounces of bacon into strips, then across to make small pieces, and put in a frying pan with two table-spoonfuls of water. Let the bacon cook until the water evaporates and it becomes crisp, but not dry. Lift it out and put on brown paper to absorb any grease. Have one quart of fresh young dandelion leaves cooled in ice water. Shake them perfectly dry while the bacon fat is cooling. Place the dandelions in a salad bowl and lay the slices of bacon over the top. Add to the bacon fat two table-spoonfuls of vinegar, one table-spoonful of salt, one table-spoonful of paprika and one table-spoonful of chopped chives or onion. Mix well. Pour over the dandelions and serve at once.

Bean Soup With Beef.

One quart of dry beans (navy is best) soaked overnight and put to cook as early as possible in the morning, two and one-half pounds of lean fresh beef cut up and one-half pound of bacon. The meat must be cooked separately, breaking up any bones and boiling until done, then straining and adding to the parboiled beans. When the beans and broth are put to boil add a table-spoonful of celery seeds. Season with salt and pepper. For the beans use three quarts of water, as they swell when first put over the fire, but strain off this water before adding the broth. A bit of soda the size of a pea will make the beans cook quicker.

Kentucky Gingerbread Pudding.

One-half cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of sour milk, one heaping table-spoonful of lard or butter, one egg, one level table-spoonful of soda, one table-spoonful of ginger, one table-spoonful each of cinnamon and cloves. Four to six rather stiff bakes. For the sauce take one cupful of sugar, one half cupful of molasses, one table-spoonful of butter, one table-spoonful of flour, one half table-spoonful of warm water. Put where it will cook slowly one hour. When ready to serve add two third-cupful of hot water, stir well and pour over slices of hot gingerbread.

Baked Cold Meat and Potato.

Put in a frying pan a round table-spoonful of butter. When it becomes hot stir into it a table-spoonful of chopped onion and a table-spoonful of flour, stirring it constantly until it is smooth and frothy. Then add two-thirds of a cupful of cold milk or water. Season with salt and pepper and allow it to come to a boil, then add a cupful of cold meat finely chopped. Let this all heat thoroughly, then turn into a dish well buttered. Spread hot or cold mashed potatoes over the top and cook in moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes.

Tea Biscuits.

Into one pint of sifted flour rub one table-spoonful of butter, one table-spoonful of lard and one small table-spoonful of salt. Dissolve one yeast cake in a pint of lukewarm milk and make a moderately stiff dough. Set in a moderately warm place free from draft to rise. When well risen (which will be in about an hour) make into biscuits set them to rise and bake in a quick oven. When baked brush over tops lightly with milk.

Rhubarb and Raisin Pie.

Mix together three cupfuls chopped rhubarb, one cupful seeded and chopped raisins, three cupfuls fine cracker crumbs, one-half table-spoonful cinnamon, one-quarter table-spoonful each clove and nutmeg, one and a half cupfuls sugar, three-quarters cupful of molasses. Turn into pie plates lined with paste, dot generously with butter, cover with upper crust having slits for steam to escape. Bake in moderate oven.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Monkey Jock.

A long time ago, 'way, 'way back, There lived a monkey who was black, black, black. His nails grew long, and they stuck right out. And he found it hard to walk about.

He came from the land of the Japanese, Where they always wear them long, you see. He lived in a tree built of palm leaf fans And hunted for fish on the seashore sands.

One day while walking along the beach He spied a morsel just out of reach. 'Twas in the water, but he couldn't go in, For, you see, no monkey knows how to swim.

A fish looked at him with a glassy stare. "You'd better come in and wash your hair!" It's so dreadfully black that I should think You rubbed in daily a bottle of ink!"

But the monkey knew if he ever got wet He'd lose his cute with the monkey set. His mother would say, "Dear, change your frock," But father would tend to the "dressin'" of jock!"

Your Fortune.

When your friends come in to see you some time and you can't think of anything else to do, suppose you try fortune telling, a variant of the old game of consequences. Give them all paper and pencil and tell them to write down the following things:

- 1. Some time in the future, like next Tuesday or the 25th of January.
2. A place, like the name of a city, or an attic, or a trolley car, or anywhere else.
3. The name of a person.
4. An object.
5. A remark—that is, anything that any one might say.
6. A feeling, like glad, sad, cross, kind, etc.
7. A verb, like run, sing, dance, etc.
8. A color.
9. Another color.
10. A place.

Then when your friends have filled in the answers and exchanged them with their neighbors you read them the questions, and their fortunes will read perhaps something like this:

(1) Next Tuesday (2) on a trolley car you will meet (3) Billy Brown, carrying (4) a refrigerator, which he will present to you, saying (5) "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" This will make you feel (6) angry, and you will start to (7) dance, but he will remark that (8) your eyes are (9) purple and your hair is (10) green and will soon persuade you to go with him to (10) the north pole.

Maneria.

A game played by any number of persons, each of whom has a full pack of cards and takes the name of any animal, reptile or bird. Each player shuffles his pack and then places it, face downward, on the table before him. The first player (who is selected in any way the company may choose) then takes his top card and places it, face upward, in front of his pack, where all may see it. Each in turn, toward the left, does the same, and on the second and succeeding rounds the card that each turns is placed on the first, forming a second pile of cards for each player, this second pile facing upward.

When any one turns over a card that is the same as any other on the table that he can see he must call out the assumed name of its owner, and its owner must call out his assumed name. Whoever does so first must give the other all of his cards that are face upward. These must be turned over and placed at the bottom of the unused pile.

He who first gets rid of all his cards wins, but the game may continue till one player has all the cards.

The Borrower.

This is a memory game. Let the players be seated in a circle. One then announces that he is going on a trip anywhere he wishes, say to the north pole. He asks each player in turn what he will lend him to take along. Each answers with the name of some appropriate article—a fur coat, a pair of snowshoes, a pair of spurs to climb the north pole with, a six month alarm clock set to go off at sunrise—or you may for fun give just the opposite sort of things—a fan, a parasol, a dish of ice cream, etc.

When the traveler has been all around he returns and gives each article to its owner again. For any failure to return the right article to its owner—that is by naming it correctly to each one—he must pay a forfeit. Of course the more players there are the harder to remember and the more interesting the game. If you wish to make it harder have the articles returned in an order different from that in which they were lent.

Conundrums.

What coat is put on without buttons and put on wet? A coat of paint.

What is the greatest surgical operation on record? Lansing, Michigan.

How can you make a tall man short? Borrow money from him.

Why are fixed stars like pen, ink and paper? Because they are stationary (stationery).

Why should a person not like to gaze on the Niagara forever? Because he would always have a cataract in his eye.

What bridge is warranted to support any strain? The bridge of a fiddle.

What is that which, though black itself, enlightens the world? Ink.

Why are laws like the ocean? The most trouble is caused by the breakers.

Why is the Mississippi the most eloquent of rivers? Because it has a dozen mouths. -Philadelphia Ledger.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

M. Clyde Kelly, Conqueror of Congressman Dalzell.



M. Clyde Kelly of Braddock, Pa., who defeated John Dalzell for the congressional nomination at the recent primary elections in the Thirtieth Pennsylvania district, is a tyro in politics compared with the battle scarred veteran of many campaigns. For nearly a quarter of a century Mr. Dalzell has represented his state in congress and has had a large influence in directing legislation. Next to Uncle Joe Cannon and Seneca E. Payne he was the most forceful figure on the Republican side of the house.

The record of Mr. Kelly in politics is brief. He was elected a member of the Pennsylvania legislature last fall and during the recent session was one of the few progressive Republicans in that body. The "honor" came to him unsought, as he preferred to devote his energy to the management of his business. But the call of his fellow townsmen became so insistent that he made the campaign and won. His course in the legislature was so pleasing to his constituents that he was named for congress on the primary ticket of the progressives and was again successful. Mr. Kelly is a newspaper man and is editor and publisher of the Braddock News Herald.

Probing the Money Trust.

Samuel Untermyer, the noted New York lawyer, who suggested the wisdom of investigating the so called money trust, will assist in handling the probe. The inquiry will be conducted by a subcommittee of the house committee on banking and currency and will endeavor to uncover the relations existing between New York banking institutions and the steel and hardware trusts. Congressman Pujoe of Louisiana is chairman of the committee.

Financial circles were surprised when Mr. Untermyer declared not long ago that reforms in our laws and



SAMUEL UNTERMYER.

monetary system were needed to clip the wings of the money power. Mr. Untermyer is fifty-four years of age and has accumulated a fortune as a lawyer. He is counsel for many of the most important corporations in the country and has appeared in many notable cases. He is not opposed to legitimate corporate enterprises, but advocates their proper regulation.

Mrs. Belmont's Joke.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, at a tea at the Colony club in New York, said with a smile: "I have no vote, but my groom has." She smiled bitterly and added: "I admire my groom for his proficiency, but I'm quite sure that if I went to him next November and said, 'Well, James, are you going to exercise the franchise?' he would touch his rosy forehead with his forefinger and respectfully reply: 'Please, madam, which horse is that?'"

MISTAKEN FOR A PINKERTON MAN

Farmer Mudge Proved to Be a Shrewd Business Man.

Silas Mudge, a farmer, hearing that an uncle had died in Colorado and had left him a small mining property, concluded to go out and look after it. But the hay had to be got in and the fruits shipped, and it was three months before Silas started. In Denver he fell in with a drummer who was inclined to make game of the simple farmer. One evening the drummer, being asked in the rotunda of the hotel where Silas was staying, "Who's your country like friend?" replied: "That fellow? That's Pinkerton's crack detective. He's on the track of some big rascality."

A man sitting near heard the words, started and walked quickly away.

That night, as Silas was going to bed, there was a knock at his door, and a man followed the knock.

"T'm on to your game," he said. "Re-kon I don't understand you, stranger," said Silas, astonished.

"I know what you're here for. It's a certain mining company."

"Well," exclaimed Silas. "You can't fool me with that farmer business. You're a Pinkerton man out here to look after us fellows who are getting up the Mudge Mining company. Now, you're off your base. The thing isn't a swindle at all, but a bona fide transaction. The only weak spot in it is the Mudge property, which isn't worth \$10 an acre. The other properties are all right. We got our deed to the Mudge land from a rascal who personated the heir. He fooled us beautifully. But we don't want any suspicion cast on our company, and we're ready to do the right thing about this Mudge property."

"How much did you pay for it?"

"Five hundred dollars. We had to have it to carry our ore through. There is no other exit for a road from our other property. What we're afraid of is that if the transfer of the Mudge property to us in a fraudulent manner becomes known it will prevent our floating the stock of our company."

"You mean you're ready to pay me something 'fur goin' back home an makin' no investigation?"

"We'll take you in on the ground floor if you can engage that the real Mudge heir, whom I suspect you represent, will give us a quitclaim deed to his property. There's \$3,000,000 of stock, all of which we own. We're going to put \$100,000 of it on the market at a dollar a share. We'll see you \$50,000 more stock for the same purpose."

Mudge was no fool. He thought for some time and finally closed with the man. A contract was drawn, a notary was routed out of his bed and all was made complete.

"I see," said the promoter, glancing over the paper, "that you have put everything in the name of the heir."

"Jes' so," replied Silas.

"Well, then, he'll have either to call for the stock or and you a power of attorney."

"Jes' so."

"Come to my office tomorrow and I will have a deed ready to be signed, also a receipt for the stock. Mudge will have to agree not to sell any of his stock until the 1st of January. When our goes on the market, and then only at the rate of a thousand shares a day."

"Jes' so."

When the promoter entered his office the next morning at 10 o'clock Silas had been waiting for him three hours.

The papers were ready.

"Send these papers to Silas Mudge," said the promoter, "and when they're presented here, duly executed, we'll deliver the stock."

Silas took the papers and studied them for a long while. Finally he asked:

"Has you got the stock ready?"

"It's in that safe."

"Git it out."

"But you don't expect us to deliver it till you produce Mudge's receipts?"

"Git it out," repeated Silas.

The promoter brought out the stock.

"What'll you give fur it in cash?"

"Cash? Why, let me see—50 per cent of par."

"I'll take it."

The promoter, still believing that for some purpose of his own the supposed detective was keeping up his character of countryman, drew a check for \$25,000.

"Don't want that. I want the money."

"I can have it certified."

"Don't want nothin' certified. Gimme the bills."

The promoter went to the bank himself and brought back twenty-five \$1,000 bills. Silas put one hand on the pile and with the other signed the papers.

"Silas Mudge!" exclaimed the promoter. "Jes' so."

Silas shoved the bills into his capacious pocket and moved toward the door, leaving the promoter gaping after him.

The stock of the Mudge Mining company went on the market at par and gradually sank to nothing, 200,000 shares having been disposed of at an average of 45¢. The promoters made a handsome thing, the public were gulled, and Silas Mudge was content with the sale of his patrimony. "I spec' the galoot what pretended to be me," said Silas, "was one of the company."