

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Bescher Out For Base Stealing Honors.



Photo by American Press Association.

Bob Bescher, the Cincinnati National star left fielder and speed demon, says he is out to capture the base running honors of the country this season. At present Bob is leading the National league bag pilferers and is in a fair way to land the title. Bescher is one of the speediest runners in the game. Last season he led his league in stolen bases with eighty to his credit.

Zinn Crack Outfielder.

There was no blame of trumpets when the Highlanders bought the release of Guy Zinn from the Altoona club of the Tri-state league last year. Guy was so high priced, highly touted prospect of the O'Toole-Marguard-Russell class, but an ordinary garden variety of green rookie. Guy jumped his way into about a dozen games on the hill-top last season—not enough to get into the official averages. He played a few good games, but did not look as if he possessed big league caliber. Before going south this year Guy was not conceded a chance to stick with the big fellows, as it was thought that Wilfred Osborn, the former Phillie, would land the substitute outfield vacancy.

However, Zinn not only landed the job as substitute outfielder, but in three days clinched a regular position. The poor showing of the team has thrown a shadow over the good work he has been doing. With New York up to the race the praise of this youth would be sung all over. Zinn gives promise of developing into a great batter. He hits the ball hard, and, what is more, does his hitting in the pinches. Many times this season he has made good with runners on the trails. Zinn is no Ty Cobb on his feet, but he covers a big area of ground to the outfield and is fairly fast on the bases. He has made more hits than any other member of the Highlanders this season, and it looks as if he is the big leagues to stay.

Motorboat Handicapping.

One thing has been settled in the present controversy as to the system of handicapping high speed motorboats, and that is that from now on hydroplanes of the various types will be compelled to race in separate classes from displacement boats. As to the handicapping dispute no general basis has as yet been decided upon. The rules of the American Power Boat association will undoubtedly be used in all cruiser classes in which all the boats are of the displacement type, while other craft, it is said, will be rated, for some time at least, according to the individual club rules.

Boxing at Penn.

Boxing is to be a part of the regular athletic curriculum of the University of Pennsylvania and is under consideration by other eastern universities.

Dr. R. H. McKenzle, director of athletics of the University of Pennsylvania, is conducting a correspondence with the heads of the athletic departments of the leading eastern universities with a view to seeing intercollegiate boxing bouts scheduled for next season.

Dr. McKenzle is a good boxer himself and believes in the sport for college men.

Daubert Best First Soaker.

If Jake Daubert of the Brooklyn were playing that base for the New York Giants he'd be rated in a class by himself. At that he is the best first baseman in the National League.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

First on the Job.

The going street started. There was a rattle, a clatter, a word of command, the great doors flew open, the shining motor rolled off into the street and turned to the right. As a sharp bell under the feet of the speaker clattered madly. The motor suddenly stopped. A blaring structure barred the way. The speaker whirled—the motor into position. A stout armed fellow seized the crank handle and kept the motor. A rural onlooker turned to a native: "What the h— EHM kind of fire engine's that?" he asked in his rich dialect. "That ain't a fire engine," the native replied. "That's a movin' picture machine. They're always gettin' there first. Here comes th' department now."

And far down the street could be heard the clatter of the fire horses' coming hoofs.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Impulsive.

A southern woman who moved to the City of Mexico, where her husband was a railroad officer, had three exceedingly wide awake and lively small sons. Parental correction was frequently needed to keep them in bounds, and it was the habit of the mother to punish first and inquire afterward, she feeling that she could not go amiss.

One day, soon after her arrival in her new home, hearing a rattle and a crash in the next room, she jumped up and ran in to see what damage had been done. A handsome vase lay on the floor in fragments, and by it stood one of her sons with a startled look on his face.

Without asking any questions the lady laid him across her knee and started operations. At that moment other ornaments began to tumble off the mantel, and a couple of pictures dropped off the wall. So she stopped spanking.

She felt that it would be unfair to hold her son at fault for an earthquake.—Saturday Evening Post.

Always Standing Room Only.

Victor Murdock, who waves his aviators borealis hair up and down the United States in his lecture tours, reached a small western town one afternoon and went to a barber shop to be shaved.

"You are a stranger in this town, sir," the barber asked.

"Yes," replied Murdock.

"We're having a good lecture here tonight," said the barber. "Victor Murdock is going to talk. He's a grand talker."

"So I've heard," agreed the lecturer.

"Have you got your ticket yet?" the barber asked.

"Not yet," replied the other.

"Then, sir, you'll have to stand."

"That's pretty tough," exclaimed Murdock. "That fellow Murdock draws the biggest houses. I ever heard of. I go to hear him whenever I am in town with him, and every time I have to stand."—Popular Magazine.

Taking Every Precaution.

Mr. Lanabury's concern, as expressed to the house over the military drilling going on in the north of Ireland reminds one of a story of how Ireland was occasionally taught to shoot in the past. The war office once sent a famous officer over to inspect the militia regiments, and the officer, after inspecting, asked for a few words with the drill sergeant.

"These men of yours," he said, "could not hit a target as big as the Tower of London. You can't have taken much pains to teach them."

"Teach them to shoot!" gasped the sergeant. "Of course I did not teach them to shoot, your honor. For, bedad, if I did there wouldn't be a landlord left in Munster."—London Chronicle.

Happy Childhood.

A boy in a certain state school for dependent children wrote his father thus: "Dear Papa—We children are having a good time here now. Mr. Sager broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic, and it rained, and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Higgins fell off the wagon and broke his rib, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a buggy whip because we threw sand in his machine and made black and blue marks on us. Earnest cut his finger badly. We are all very happy."—Youth's Companion.

Dangers of Art.

Art Connoisseur—Where did you get this daub?

Friend—I picked it up in a studio, and something nice about it out of politeness, and the artist gave it to me.

Art Connoisseur (slyly)—You can't be too careful.—Judge.

A Property Seek.

"I think she will make a fine wife. I have been calling on her for several months now and nearly always find her darnin' one of her father's socks."

"That caught me, too, until I found out she was the same sock."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

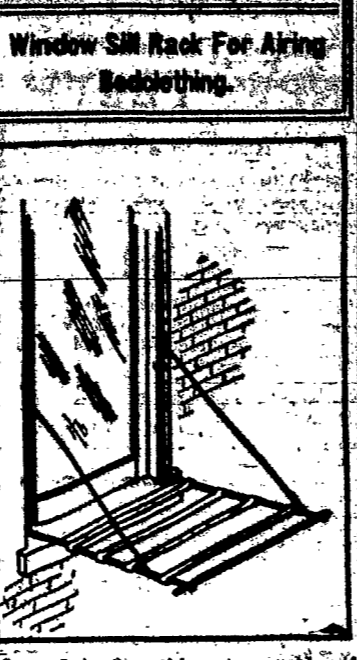
Wars and Rumors of 'Em.

"Another war scare!" chuckled Senator Koffman. "Why do you laugh? Are you not afraid of war?"

"Yes, but there is a heap of difference between being afraid of war and being afraid of a war scare."—Washington Star.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Window Sill Rack For Airing Bedclothing.



One of the first things to consider if you would have sanitation in your home is proper airing of the bedclothing. For this purpose an Illinois woman has devised the apparatus shown in the illustration. A pair of side bars with a cross-bar at one end have strips of canvas between them, thus forming a broad rack. There are rings at the open end of the frame, and they slip over spikes in the corners of the window sill, while chains attached to the side bars near their outer ends are fastened on hooks above to suspend the sheet. On this broad surface a woman can put all the bedding and give it good sunning. This device is especially handy for apartments where the bedroom has only one window.

Cream of Turnip Soup.

Melt three tablespoonfuls butter, blend in three tablespoonfuls flour, one teaspoonful salt and one-quarter teaspoonful white pepper. Stir in slowly one pint white stock and cook until thick. Mash enough boiled white turnips to make two cupfuls and add one cupful mashed potato. Stir in one pint of scalding milk, combine the two mixtures and cook ten minutes, stirring constantly. Flavor with a few drops onion juice and add more seasoning if necessary. Strain and serve.

Cheese Fendu.

One and one-third cupfuls of soft milk, one and one-third cupfuls of hot, stale breadcrumbs, one tablespoonful of butter, four eggs, one and one-third cupfuls of grated cheese, one-half teaspoonful salt. Mix the milk, breadcrumbs, salt and cheese and add the yolks thoroughly beaten into this mixture. Cut and fold the whites of eggs beaten stiff. Pour into buttered baking dish and bake in moderate oven thirty minutes. Serve at once.

Fish Souffle.

Make a cream sauce of one large teaspoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour and one cup of milk. Have ready one cup of cold fish (any kind) in small pieces, beaten yolks of two eggs, salt. After making sauce add fish and eggs. Add a drop or two of table sauce. Let it cook a minute, let cool and fold in whites beaten stiff. Have ramekins or butter dish ready, place in hot water in a pan and bake twenty minutes.

To Wash Lace.

Put the lace in a basin containing soapy water, with one teaspoonful of ammonia, and let it remain for one hour. Squeeze out and place in another basin, repeating the operation three times or more if required. Finally rinse in warm water, with a little blue for white lace. For cream lace a few tablespoonfuls of cold coffee should be added to water. Roll up in a dry towel and iron on wrong side while still wet.

Care of Earthenware.

Many housewives believe in boiling new earthenware before using it, as this effectively toughens and hardens it. This is particularly efficacious in the case of ordinary brown kitchenware, the articles being placed in a large pan of cold water which is then brought slowly to a boil. After being allowed to boil for ten minutes remove the pan and allow the water to cool before taking out the ware.

Strawberry Cream Pie.

Line a deep pie tin with rich paste, prick several times with a fork and bake until lightly browned. Beat the white of one egg to a froth, add one-half pint of heavy cream, beat until stiff, sweeten slightly and flavor with lemon or orange. Fill the pastry shell with fine ripe strawberries which have been cut in halves and sweetened, then cover with the cream and serve at once.

Orange Icing.

Put one cupful of powdered sugar in a small bowl, add the grated rind of one orange, mix thoroughly with the sugar and then add sufficient orange juice to thoroughly moisten. Spread this on the top and stand away to harden.

To Prevent Hoop Tearing.

Cut a round piece from an old stocking, whip the edges to prevent any raveling and sew it on the wrong side of the stocking where you catch the hoop supporter. This will keep the finest hose from being torn and if done neatly is not at all noticeable.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Little Red Hen.

The little red hen was in the barnyard with her chickens when she found a grain of wheat.

"Who will take this wheat?" she said.

"Not I," said the goose.

"Not I," said the duck.

"I will, then," said the little red hen, and she took the wheat to the mill.

"Who will knead the bread?"

"Not I," said the goose.

"Not I," said the duck.

"I will, then," said the little red hen, and she took the wheat to the mill.

"Who will eat the bread?"

"Not I," said the goose.

"Not I," said the duck.

"I shall do it myself," checked the little red hen, and she had a feast which she richly deserved.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fun Alley.

This game requires a large card called "game cards" and forty smaller ones called "fortuit cards" and can be played by any number of persons. The game cards are all blank except one, called the "catch card," on which the words "Fun Alley" are printed in large letters. On each of the fortuit cards is printed or written some word or "agent" to be performed. The fortuit cards are spread in the middle of the table, face downward, and the game is begun by one player taking the cards, shuffling them and holding them to his left hand neighbor, who draws one.

If it be the catch card he must at once draw a forfeit card from the table and immediately proceed to do whatever it directs without reading it aloud. Then the player who has drawn takes the cards, shuffles again and presents them to his left hand neighbor, who draws and proceeds as before.

When a player draws a blank game card he draws no forfeit card, and the next player on the left draws at once without reshuffling, and so on till a forfeit card is drawn. The game may go on indefinitely.

A Trusty Messenger.

There must be a clerk of the hurry office, who sits in front of a table. Behind him are the servants of the establishment—telephone, telegram, special delivery, Marconi and messenger boy. A customer comes to the table.

"I want to send a message to the king," he says.

The clerk asks, "Is it far to go?"

The customer—A mile or two away. Who can reach it quickest?"

The clerk—We shall see. (He rings a bell, and all the servants come and stand in a row.) Then he asks:

"Who can reach the king?"

The servants—We can.

"Then he said, 'Send away with you' he calls, and the race is on. Those who are left behind pay forfeits or wait to redeem themselves until another customer comes along. Those who reach goal the greatest number of times are allowed to join the hunt for a medal, and he who brings it is unanimously elected the trusted messenger. The goal may be in a distant room or, if the game is played outdoors, at some convenient tree, for instance.

Peas Porridge Hot.

Peas porridge hot; Peas porridge cold; Peas porridge in the pot Nines days old. Some like it hot; Some like it cold; Some like it in the pot Nines days old.

This simple game is played in this way: Two players sit facing each other, and at the word peas, which they say together, they strike the palms of their hands on their laps. At the word porridge they strike their own hands together; at hot, each other's right hand; peas, in the lap; porridge, own hands; cold, left hands; peas, in the lap; porridge, own hands together; in the right hands; pot, own hands; nine, left hands; days, own hands; old, four hands strike together. Repeat the same motions for remainder of verse. This can be done very rapidly and makes lots of fun.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Young Musicians.

Haydn surprised his friends by his musical talents at the age of five. He also had a voice of wonderful sweetness, compass and purity. We all know that Mozart began to play on the harpsichord at the age of three and wrote correct music at the age of six. Gluck had made a musical reputation at the age of eighteen.

The Peacock.

The peacock sat on the garden wall. As vain as a bird could be. With his tall, his crown and shabby breast. Oh, who is so fine as he?

The little brown birds cried, "Give us a song!"

And the blackbird piped: "Oh, do I wish to be a beautiful song, we know. I've a song as fine as yours."

But when the poor peacock tried to sing, Then the small birds flew away. They said, "Fine feathers don't make the bird."

—Youth's Companion.

SNAPS SHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Congressman H. D. Clayton.

The new congressional inquiry into the methods of the so-called beef trust, which is being conducted by Congressman Henry D. Clayton of Alabama, chairman of the house judiciary committee, promises to be far-reaching in its scope. It is said that there will be at least twenty or more subcommittees which will make recent congressional efforts along that line insignificant by comparison.

One of the objects of the investigation, according to Representative Clayton, is the complete reconstruction of the Sherman anti-trust law or the enactment of some legislation calculated to take its place.

Congressman Clayton is a native of Alabama, fifty-five years old and is serving his fourth term as a member of the national house of representatives. He is a lawyer by profession and before being elected to congress was United States district attorney. He has also several times been elected a Democratic presidential elector and for many years has been prominent in national politics.

Our Ambassador to Mexico, Henry Lane Wilson, United States ambassador to Mexico, who has been taking a short vacation in Washington, took his leave so discreetly that the return home occasionally to take a rest. His health has become impaired by the heavy strain of his duties in Mexico during the past year. He was appointed to the Mexican post three years ago.

The republic has been in continual political turmoil, and many delicate situations have arisen, all of which Ambassador Wilson has handled with skill. He is of the opinion that conditions are much improved owing to the decline of the revolutionary movement in the north.

Ambassador Wilson is a native of Indiana, fifty-five years old, and in his youth was a newspaper man. In 1886 he was removed to Spokane, Wash., where he became a banker and acquired a fortune. In 1897 President McKinley appointed him minister to Chile, and later President Roosevelt sent him to Belgium. He became ambassador to Mexico in 1906.

His Only Complaint. Former Senator Beveridge was talking about the child labor problem.

"Children are very plucky," and cheerful," said he. "I don't realize how horribly overworked they are till it's too late—till their bodies and minds are stunted irrevocably."

"I was once talking to a tiny orphan boy at the height of the Christmas shopping season. He was working, I knew, seventeen hours a day. As he walked steadily along with a couple of parcels piled on his thin, bare shoulders I said to him:

"Do you like your job?"

"Yes, sir," he said. "I like it very much."

"Here he glanced up at me pity from beneath his head.

"Only an orphan," I said, "can make any sensible track out of a job."—Washington Star.

THE GREAT AMERICAN

What a Thriller!

The young man, who had been in the army for some time, was sitting in the room of the hotel where he was staying. He was looking at a picture on the wall.

"What a thriller!" he said, "I never saw anything like this before."

"It's a picture of a man who was killed in the war," said the man who was sitting next to him.

"I don't know," said the young man, "but it looks like a picture of a man who was killed in the war."

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