

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Zimmerman Playing Great Ball This Season.



Photo by American Press Association.

Probably no player in the National League this season has done more to keep his team near the leaders than Zimmermann, the Chicago Cubs' star pitcher.

Pittsburgh Has Classy Outfield. Pittsburgh's outfield does not suffer in comparison with New York's. Carey, McGowan, Wilson, Rehg, Hyatt and Kessler look like better material than McCraw can boast of.

The Pittsburgh players are interested in the news from the American association that there is talk of a foot race between Shelton, the former Pirate, now with Columbus, and Ralph Capron, who is with Milwaukee.

McGinnity Quits Pitching. Joe McGinnity, the hero of many a hard fought game on the diamond, will no longer take his turn in the box for the Newark club of the International League.

Football Shows a Profit. Reports submitted at the annual meeting of the Dartmouth Athletic association showed that athletics did not show a money loss. The financial profit from football receipts was \$7,888.

The resignation of George B. Graves, '31, as graduate athletic manager was accepted. Graves will remain through next fall to coach the football eleven.

The following assistant managers of athletic teams were elected: Baseball, Raymond E. Trott of Bath, Me.; track, Harold A. Sills, Denver; basketball, F. S. Lanpou, Omaha; tennis, J. C. White, Chicago; hockey, William B. Slater, Lawrence; football, W. H. Jenkins, Portsmouth, N. H.

Knox Challenges Athletes. Walter E. Knox, the Canadian all round professional champion athlete, is out with a challenge to meet any man of his weight in the world in a contest with the eight, twelve, four, ten, sixteen and twenty-two pound shots. He will wager anything from \$100 to \$500 on his chances.

Jackey Maher Is Runner Up. Danny Maher, the American rider, stands second on the list of winning jockeys on the flat in England this year. Maher is second in the total of winning mounts, also the percentage.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

An Old Fashioned Town. I remember, I remember, The town where I was born. No muckraker ever pointed The fountain pen of scorn.

I remember, I remember, The burg where I saw light. 'Twas not in Everypersons Nor Siamptons Monthly bright.

I remember, I remember, The city of my birth. No writer ever told us Our morals weren't worth A stinkers darn.

What He Needed. "I have lots of queer people in my chair," said a Broadway dentist recently.

"I reckon," said the first farmer, "that I got up earlier than anybody in this neighborhood."

"I don't know where he is now," answered the wife, "but I don't know where he is now."

The Sleepless Member. Papa was trying to take a nap. Mamma warned the children that they should not say a word until papa was asleep.

John, we must go back home instantly. "There you go. Can't we start for a couple of days in the country without you worrying?"

A Fatal Error. They carried the mangled remains out of the hall on a stretcher and placed them in an ambulance.

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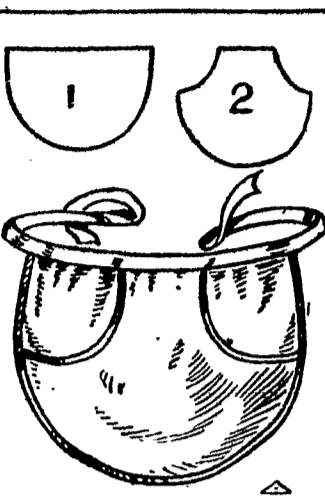
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HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

A Handy Clothespin Apron That Can Be Easily Made.



The practical clothespin bag shown herewith can be quickly made from ordinary ticking.

Meat Sauces. Drawn Butter Sauce.—One tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan.

Egg Sauce.—Make like white sauce by adding chopped hard boiled eggs.

Caper Sauce.—Rub together one teaspoonful of butter and one of four.

Banana Puff. One cupful of sugar, one cupful flour, one-half teaspoonful soda.

Spanish Cream. Over one-half package of gelatin pour one cupful of cold water.

Apple Fluff. Into a large deep dish grate one pared apple. Have ready one-half cupful sugar.

Orange Custard. Peel four sweet oranges, remove all white pith and cut in circles.

Entire Whole Corn Bread. One cupful entire wheat flour, three-fourths cupful cornmeal.

Child Legia. Teacher—Now, children, which one of you can decline the word "stick"?

FOR THE CHILDREN

Seeing the President. Oh, grandma, could you ever guess? Oh, grandma, did you see?

I cried a little, though I'm big (But mother thinks I'm small).

But mother said that I could go And stand out by the gate.

Maybe the other girls and boys All heard him speak, but he just smiled and smiled.

The Secretary. This is a variation on the old game of consequences, but it is more personal and therefore more interesting.

The secretary then collects the papers and redistributes them with the order to "write a character."

Again the papers are taken up and distributed, all being changed around.

Birth Day Cakes. This is a pencil and paper game. A number of sheets of paper are prepared in advance.

What kind of birthday cake would be made by a farmer? Eloc cake. A diver? Sponge cake.

A list of candles might be added, as what kind of candy would be bought by a schoolmaster? Stick candy.

A woman had five children. Half of them were boys. What were the other half? Also boys.

When a boy falls into a pond what is the first thing he does? Gets wet.

What things grow larger the more you contract them? Debts.

Church Tower Belfries. Probably you have noticed that the openings in the belfry of a church are usually filled with a number of slanting boards.

Their use is not to keep out the rain, because the wet does not hurt the bells at all.

Lost Children. A good guessing game and one to strengthen the memory and powers of observation is this:

While one player shuts her eyes one of the others leaves the circle and hides.

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SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

C. D. Hillis, New Republican National Chairman.



Photo by American Press Association.

Charles Dewey Hillis, who as chairman of the Republican national committee will conduct Mr. Tatt's campaign, has been secretary to the president since April of last year.

Hillis was the unanimous choice of the organization committee of the national committee.

The rise of Mr. Hillis has been almost spectacular. He was born in Belmont county O. forty-five years ago.

He resigned in 1902 to become superintendent of the New York Juvenile asyllum. He became assistant secretary of the treasury in 1900.

William Flinn of Pittsburgh, whom Republican leader in Pennsylvania and staunch supporter of Colonel Roosevelt.

He had a remarkable career. Born in England of Irish parents sixty-one years ago, he was brought to this country when less than a year old.

His parents settled in Pittsburgh, and there he has since lived. He sold papers and blacked boots until he was sixteen years old, picking up some schooling meanwhile, and then went to work in a brickyard.

He became a steam fitter next, but returned to the brickyard and purchased a cart and tools enough for a few employees and embarked in contracting.

His political ascent began earlier than this, however, when he served as a "bell puller" at election time.

He was such a forcible recruiting lieutenant that he soon became boss of his precinct. From that he rose to the leadership of his ward and then into the upper altitudes of state politics.

He has been a delegate to many Republican national conventions and has had several terms in the assembly and Pennsylvania senate.

He has frequently been defeated in the course of his progress, but he has had a singular capacity for "coming back."

Seldom has there been a better example of this in a political biography than in his case. He has been defeated in the most upward curve of the Roosevelt wave in the history of the state.

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AN ADVENTURE AT THE SEASIDE

Strange Vision That Appeared to a Lone Camper.

I am an ideal sort of fellow, loving things that ordinarily others shun. I love the solitude of the mountains.

One summer moonlight night I was by the water. I would rather be near them on moonlight nights than at any other time.

I have wondered since if the music of the waters put me to sleep and I awakened or whether I did not sleep.

I was completely conscious that it was coming toward me. I had no superstitious fear.

Presently it moved. Then I was conscious that it was coming toward me. I had no superstitious fear.

It was only when she came near that I distinguished the outline of a girl's figure—not a summer visitor, one of plainer mold, doubtless a laborer's wife.

I drew my watch from my vest pocket. I slept in my clothes. "It's half past 11."

"Is it?" She manifested no interest at the hour. She stood looking out at sea, apparently watching for another sight at the boat.

"There it is. Heavens, how they bend to the myself!"

I raised myself on my elbows and strained my eyes to discern if I could see what the girl saw.

"I see no boat," I said. "It's in the trough of the sea now."

"There is but a slight trough. Even if a boat were loosed to sight between the waves it would reappear in a few moments."

She stood peering out on the ocean. A cloud floated over the moon. She said with a moan, a note of despair.

The cloud was denser than any that had obscured the moon before.

"I went to breakfast at a fisherman's cabin. It was a rude place, but I got there plenty of sea food.

The man stopped his preparations and listened with a look of horror, while his wife turned and covered her eyes with her hands.

I looked at them wonderingly. It was plain that I had struck some blight in their lives.

Lying in my tent during that day, I wove the story. I saw a ship out on the bar, the waves beating furiously against it.

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