IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Bresnahan to Manage From Bench Next Year.

Photo by American Press Association.

Roger Bresnahan of the St. Louis Nationals says he will manage the team from the bench next season. The Cardinals' manager declares increasing weight will prevent him from going behind the bat in 1913. Roger is considered one of the greatest catchers that ever put on a mask. His work behind the bat will be sadly missed by the St. Louis club next season.

League Ball Players Superstitious.

A writer comes to bat with the following little list of superstitions of famous characters in baseball.

Ty Cobb always swings three bats as he walks to the plate. The fact that one bat is so much lighter after holding three is a truth, aside from the superstition of the thing.

Nap Lajoie always draws a line in the dirt of the batters' box before taking position. He will not face the pitcher without this preliminary.

Rube Oldring insists on the little mascot of the Athletics standing in a certain place when he is at bat.

Always before delivering the ball Russell Ford adjusts his cap.

After receiving the ball from the catcher Coombs usually juggles it several times before getting on the rubber.

Germany Building Olympic Stadium.

Germany has already begun construction on the stadium in which the 1916 Olympic games will be held. A site has been chosen near the race course in the suburb of Grunewald, where a very suitable track is available. The stadium will accommodate 80,000 spectators in all, of whom 20,200 may be seated. The cemented cycling track, 666 meters long, with a running track 600 meters long inside it, will stand in the first circle. The center will contain the football field. The swimming pool is to be outside the arena, with seats for 2,200 people.

Tesreau Find of Season.

Jeff Tesreau of the Giants is admittedly the pitching find of the season. But, although his prowess is only now being realized by the fans at large, McGraw and Wilbur Robinson have been singing the praises of the big spitballer ever since he joined the club in the south last spring. Aside from having wonderful natural ability, Tesreau has been quick and anxious to learn, and as a result of this it is not unlikely that he will be one of the most talked of men in baseball before the curtain goes down on the pastime for the season.

To Minors For Devlin.

The Boston Nationals have let out Arthur Devlin. The veteran's legs have gone back on him, but it is not impossible that there is some good baseball in him yet. Devlin was one of the really great third sackers of the game. There is probably no man playing third base today who equals him in his prime. He had a wonderful pair of hands, and at trapping a ground ball he was almost without a peer. His knowledge of the game might make him valuable as a manager for some minor league club.

Fielder Jones Now Capitalist.

It seems that Fielder Jones, ex-manager of the White Sox, is branching out somewhat in Portland, Ore. He is interested in several large business undertakings, notably a big hotel, and has become a capitalist. When Jones was in the game his pay checks went into the bank, and the ex-manager is today apparently on the sunny side of Easy street. Let this be an example to you, Rolle.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

New Village Blacksmith.

Under a costly canopy
  The village blacksmith sits
Before him is a touring car
  Broken in little bits,
And the owner and the chauffeur, too,
  Have almost lost their wits.

The village blacksmith smiles with glee
  As he lights his fat cigar,
He tells the helpers what to do
  To straighten up the car,
And the owner and the chauffeur, too,
  Stand humbly where they are.

The children going home from school
  Look in at the open door,
They like to see him make his bills
  And hear the owners roar
And the chauffeurs weep as they declare
  They ne'er paid that before.

He goes each morning to the bank
  And salts away his cash,
A high silk hat and long frock coat
  Help him to cut a dash,
But the owner and the chauffeur, too,
  Their teeth all vainly gnash.

The chestnut tree long since has died,
  The smith does not repine.
His humble shop has grown into
  A building big and fine,
And it bears "Garage" above the door
  On a large electric sign.

—Dublin Evening Telegraph.

Commercial Traveler Tells the Truth.

Knights of the grip will appreciate this yarn, which is told of one of their number. He had been summoned as a witness in a case at court, his employers having sued a delinquent customer, and the lawyer for the defense was cross examining him.

"You travel for Hooque & Crooque Co., do you?" asked the attorney.

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been doing it?"

"About ten years."

"Been traveling all that time, have you?"

"Well, no, sir," replied the witness, making a hasty mental calculation, "not actually traveling. I have put in about four years of that time waiting at railway stations, junctions and watering tanks for trains."—Judge's Library.

His Exclusive Costume.

The customer came forward to attend to the nervous old beau, who was mopping his bald and shining pate with a big silk handkerchief.

"And what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I want a little help in the way of a suggestion," said the old fellow. "I intend going to the French students' masquerade ball tonight, and I want a distinctly original costume—something I may be sure no one else will wear. What would you suggest?"

The costumer looked him over attentively, bestowing special notice on the gleaming knob.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said, then thoughtfully—"why don't you sugar your head and go as a pill?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Sound Dramatic Sense.

Among the stories told by Arnold Bennett during his American tour was one about a young actress.

"Two men, just before her debut, were discussing this young actress' future," Mr. Bennett said. "The first man remarked thoughtfully:

"'I believe her stage career will be extraordinary. She has a most remarkable dramatic sense.'

"'Yes?' said the other man. 'And how does this dramatic sense display itself?'

"'Well,' replied the other, 'it displays itself best, perhaps, in the series of dinners at $4 a plate that she has been giving week by week to all the dramatic critics and theatrical correspondents.'"—New York Tribune.

The Phone and the Hymn.

An admiring parishioner of a young divine in an Ohio town recently had a telephone installed in the clergyman's house. The good man was delighted with the convenience and used it immediately before going to church.

When the time came for him to announce the first hymn he read the first lines with his usual impressiveness and concluded with

"Let us all unite in hymn seven O three."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Smart Boy.

"You are an honest boy," said the lady as she opened the roll of five one-dollar bills, "but the money I lost was a five dollar bill. Didn't you see that in the advertisement?"

"Yessim," replied the boy. "It was a five dollar bill that I found, but I had it changed so that you could pay me a reward."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

For Larger Returns.

"Why is there no great American dramatist?" asked the art pessimist.

"Because," replied the sardonic manager, "when an American is capable of thinking up a first class practical plot and dressing it up in good speeches he doesn't bother about the theater. He goes into politics."—Washington Star.

His Obsession.

Edith—That Mr. Phan is conversationally impossible.

Ethel—Why so?

Edith—We were talking about the theater, and when I inquired what was his favorite play he said if he had any favorite it was seeing a man steal second.—Boston Transcript.

Help Wanted.

"Are you a policeman?" "Yes." "Then stick around and get another policeman if you can. There's going to be a murder pulled off here shortly, and we'll want you to keep the crowd back. You know how quickly a crowd gathers in New York."—Kansas City Journal.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Stewpan Lid That Regulates the Escape of Steam.

The perforated stewpan lid herewith illustrated is the invention of a woman. This lid has four resilient clips attached around its edge, and the clips engage the beading that forms the rim of practically every stewpan. In two spots the lid is perforated, and a perforated plate of double fanlike shape is pivoted on top of the lid. When this plate is moved in one direction the perforations in the plate and those in the lid register and the steam is allowed to escape from the vessel. When the plate is moved in the other direction the openings are closed. The clips that hold the lid on act as stops to the movement of the plate.

Swedish Meat Balls.

One pound of finely ground lean beef put through a meat chopper twice, also a small onion, if you like onions; one tablespoonful of flour, a little pepper and salt and cold water enough to mix easily with a spoon; then wet your hands in cold water and shape into balls. Put a piece of butter in the frying pan. Have pan hot before putting balls in, fry on both sides and push to one side. Make brown gravy by browning a small piece of butter and a teaspoonful of flour. Pour hot water over all and cook five minutes.

Baking Powder Rolls.

A quart of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tenspoonful of salt, one-half cup melted butter or lard, one egg, milk enough to make a dough as soft as can be handled. Turn on board and mold thoroughly. Place in pan and let raise four or five hours in a cool place, take out and shape into rolls and bake in a very hot oven. These can be made without the egg.

Crab Apple Jelly.

Boil the crab apples with enough water to cover till tender, mash with a spoon and drain through a flannel bag. Then take a pound of sugar to every pint of juice and boil thirty minutes, being careful to skim off all the scum that comes to the top. Don't press out the juice, but hang up and let drain overnight.

Red Pepper Jelly.

This jelly is a good relish for cold meats and hashed potatoes. Chop ripe red peppers and drop in double boiler. Cook over hot water until the juice is extracted. To every pint of juice allow a pound of sugar and boil until it thickens. Pour into small tumblers and when cold cover with hot white wax.

Scallop Stew.

Pour boiling water over one-half pint scallops that have been cut in halves and let parboil at least five minutes. Drain well, then add to one pint of scalding milk; cook for five minutes, then season to taste with salt and pepper and plenty of good butter. Serve immediately.

Horseradish Relish.

One and one-half cupfuls grated horseradish, one cupful sugar, one quart chopped cooked beets, one tablespoonful salt, one teaspoonful black pepper. Cover with vinegar, keep tightly corked. Needs no cooking and can be made at any season of the year.

Raisin Wine.

Two pounds seeded and chopped raisins, one lemon, a pound of white sugar and about two gallons of boiling water. Pour into a stone jar and stir daily for six or eight days. Strain, bottle and put into a cool place for ten days or so, when the wine will be ready for use.

Steamed Apples With Oatmeal.

Carefully pare and core tender apples, place each in a buttered cup, fill centers with grated maple sugar and steam until quite tender. Place in hot dish with freshly cooked oatmeal, putting a spoonful in each cavity. Serve with cream.

Pickled Beets.

Boil the beets as for the table, then peel and slice, and for four quarts of beets use three cups of sugar and six cups of vinegar. Boil together, fill jars with the beets, pour hot vinegar over them to overflow. Seal at once.

Troy Pudding.

One cupful of milk, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of suet or three-quarters of a cupful of butter, half cupful of raisins, more or less; three cupfuls flour, one teaspoonful of soda. Boil or steam four hours.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Bubble Blowing For Children.

Blowing soap bubbles is prescribed by physicians as an excellent thing for children and even for grownups who have a tendency toward tuberculosis of the lungs. This sport, of which children are especially fond, is regarded as a conducer to deep breathing and thorough exhalation. It opens the cells of the lungs and produces a healthy condition.

"Teaching a child to breathe deeply and steadily," said a physician the other day, "is very important. If the child is made to blow bubbles and to use his lungs properly it will prove good sport and help him greatly. Anything that tends to resist the exhalation of the breath is bad and superinduces disease. Blowing bubbles, however, when properly supervised, is excellent exercise.

The aim always should be to blow as large a bubble as possible, as this requires a large quantity of air and tends to exhaust the supply in the lungs completely. The plan of mixing a little glycerin with the soap water is good, for thereby the bubbles will be stronger and will last longer, giving the child time to rest and to watch them.—Christian Advocate.

An Amusing Parlor Trick.

When your friends come to see you you cannot do better than to entertain them by a parlor trick or illusion. After they are seated follow these instructions and amuse them: It will add greatly to the effect of this trick if the performer should happen to have by nature a long, thin neck and submit to have painted upon it two black stripes about half an inch wide. Putting on a high collar, he buries his chin in it. The neck is very slowly drawn out to its utmost length and as slowly allowed to sink down again. It is then shot out suddenly to its full length, as suddenly withdrawn, and the performer retires. The bars of black give an appearance of immense length and should be painted on about an inch on each side of the middle of the throat.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Game of Days.

This is a good game for seven players. As each one is named for a day of the week, one player calls himself Monday, another Tuesday, another Wednesday, and so on until all seven players are named. All stand in a line opposite a high wall or a high fence. The leader throws a ball to the wall and then calls the name of any player he wishes to catch it. If Monday is called that player must have the ball safe in his hands by the time the leader counts ten out loud. If Monday is not quick enough or if he misses the ball he loses his turn, and the leader throws the ball again. Then he calls for another catcher. When twelve children wish to play the game might be called game of months, for each child would then be named for one of the months of the year.

Clock Bean Bag.

A clock game that may be played out of doors is clock bean bag.

For this the circle is twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. Small boxes, preferably of wood, are placed around the circle numbered consecutively as in the face of a clock.

Each person is given a different colored bean bag to play with and play begins simultaneously, the players standing side by side at the center of the circle.

The object of the game is to see which player can throw his bag into each box in turn and most quickly finish the circuit. After each throw he must return to the center of the circle and begin again. Of course he does not progress except as he really throws his bag into the right numbered box.

Work to Be Done.

Once a fox fell into a well. He was nearly drowning, and he called loudly for help.

A wolf heard him and came running to see what was the matter.

"Oh, please, kind Mr. Wolf, help me out. I shall drown!" said the fox.

"I am indeed sorry to see you in such a plight, you poor creature. How long have you been there? The water must be very cold. Is it very deep? How did it happen?"

"There is no time for talking!" cried the fox. "Come, help me out of the water. Then I will tell you all about it."

Moral.—Don't stand and talk when there is work to be done.

The Hat Game.

One of the players has two hats. One he puts on his head, and the other he hands to one of the company. The person who has received the hat must then make every action contrary to the action of the person who handed him the hat.

For instance, if No. 1 takes off his hat No. 2 must put his on. If No. 1 sits down No. 2 must stand up, and vice versa. If No. 2 fails he must pay a forfeit. The time of trial is limited to three minutes or less, as agreed upon. After that No. 1 must take the hat, and he tries in his turn.

Four Magic Keys.

The proverb says, "With hat in hand
A person may go through the land,"
But I know another way
Which will take you any day
Anywhere you want to go.
Try it, boys. See if 'tisn't so.
The keys you'll want to use are four,
And they'll unlock any door.
The bunch you'll want to use are these:
Yes, sir; no, sir; thank you; please.

—Northwestern Canadian Advocate.

SNAPSHOTS AT NOTABLES

Vilhjalmar Stefansson, Discoverer of White Eskims.

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Professor Vilhjalmar Stefansson, who left New York in April, 1908, at the head of an expedition into the arctic regions under the auspices of the Museum of Natural History, thinks he found in the far north descendants of Leif Ericson's colonists, who vanished nearly a thousand years ago.

"For thirteen months I lived as an Eskimo among Eskimos of a distinct type from the Eskimos heretofore encountered, without the straight black Mongolian hair of the Eskimo as we have always known him, but with reddish hair and in some cases with blue eyes, as well as with different customs and habits," said Professor Stefansson.

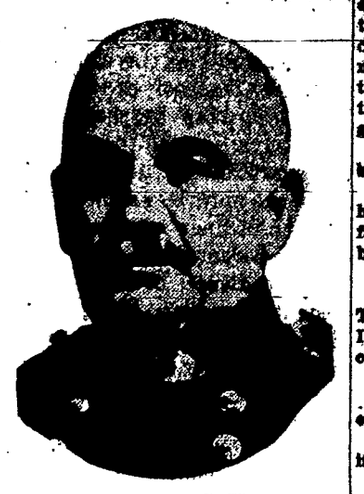
"I learned that there were about 2,000 Eskimos of this unusual type, divided into thirteen tribes. I personally met about half of them. Out of about a thousand I saw, there were perhaps a dozen with blue eyes, and perhaps 500 had eyebrows as light as mine. Some of them had curly hair."

Professor Stefansson was born in Canada thirty-six years ago and is of Norwegian descent. He is a graduate of Harvard university and has been interested in arctic explorations for many years, having made several scientific trips to Iceland and other north polar regions. He left his home at the age of fourteen and for four years was a cowboy in North Dakota. Later he was a student in the North Dakota State university, going from there to Harvard. After his graduation from the latter institution he was made a member of the faculty, becoming professor of ethnology.

Commander of a Great Fleet.

Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, commander of the Atlantic fleet mobilized at New York city for review, had the largest number of war vessels under his charge ever gathered together in American waters. Warships to the number of 127 of all classes, with a total displacement of 741,500 tons, were assembled. The record breaking fleet comprised thirty-two battleships, four armored cruisers, four cruisers, twenty-one vessels of special type, six naval militia vessels, eight fuel ships, twenty-six torpedo boat destroyers, sixteen torpedo boats and ten submarines.

The thirty-two battleships ranged all the way from the Indiana and Massachusetts, sisters of the famous old Oregon, with 10,288 tonnage displacement, up to the super-Dreadnoughts Arkansas and Wyoming, each with a tonnage displacement of 26,000.



HUGO OSTERHAUS.

The commander of this great fleet, Rear Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, is a native of Illinois and was appointed to the naval service from Missouri. He was graduated from Annapolis in 1870 and has had a distinguished career in the navy. He comes of a fighting family, his father, Major General Peter J. Osterhaus, having commanded the Fifteenth army corps under General Sherman in the civil war. He reached his present rank in 1909 and will be retired for age in June of next year, when he will have reached the age of sixty-two.

THE STORY OF A STOLEN KISS

How a Rash Man Was Punished For His Audacity.

I was visiting a friend at his country place. He was [illegible] and left me in charge. One morning I was strolling along until I came to a thick place in the hedge, leaving a passage. I passed through and stood looking at the beautiful grounds of an adjoining place. There was a summer house in the grounds covered with vines, which looked very tempting. I hesitated awhile, but seeing any one about, concluded to go there. Reaching the summer house, up to the entrance I saw a lady fast asleep in a hammock. She was dressed in a becoming morning gown trimmed with lace, and a little foot peeping out from under her skirts displayed a dainty slipper. She was pretty as a peach and plump as a partridge. I couldn't apologize to one who was asleep.

I could have gone away and thus got out of the difficulty, but by that time I had no desire to do so. I rather was inclined to stay there as a sort of protector, though what I was to protect her from except myself I did not know. I drew near and stood looking down at her. I could not see her eyes, for they were closed, but her mouth was exquisite. About her neck was a string of black velvet, upon which hung a locket. I stooped nearer to examine the trinket and caught the fragrance of her warm breath. There and then I lost my head entirely. I forgot the audacity, stupidity, presumption, recklessness of the action, and, bending lower, touched her lips lightly with mine.

There was a faint, convulsive movement. I was filled with terror, expecting to see her open her eyes. For a moment there was a slight movement at the corners of her mouth, followed by a muscular contraction of the brows, a breath of color came, then she was as quiet as if her lips had not been desecrated.

By this time I had made up my mind that if I did not leave at once I would end by landing in jail, or deserve to land there, so I tiptoed out of the summer house and went through the hedge and back to the veranda.

That evening a number of people from the neighborhood were invited to meet me. My host took me up to the guests to present me, at last stopping before one the sight of whom made me catch my breath—the lady I had kissed in the morning. She fixed a pair of black eyes upon me for a moment, as women do at making a new acquaintance, then began to chat with me. At first I could find nothing to say, but when I succeeded mastering it my manner was so [illegible] that she soon put me at my ease.

"Do you reside here?" I asked.

"In the adjoining place."

"Indeed. I took a glance at your premises this morning through a crack in the hedge. The grounds are very attractive."

"We think so. I am out of doors nearly all day in summer. I was dreaming till 2 o'clock this morning. Papa won't allow any of us to be absent from the breakfast table, so I am obliged to make up my sleep later. This morning I had a splendid nap in the summer house."

("Thank heaven," I muttered to myself, "she was really sound asleep!")

"In the summer house?"

"Yes, and I had such a singular dream, or rather nightmare."

"Indeed."

"I dreamed that a horrid little man, with hair and eyes black as a coal and a red beard, came to the summer house."

"That's a singular combination," I remarked, inwardly alarmed.

"Such things are always singular in dreams. He stood for a moment on the steps, then came into the house. I couldn't cry out—you know people in nightmare never can cry out, though they try ever so hard—and he stood there looking at me with his fiendish green eyes"—

"I thought you said his eyes were black."

"Did I? Well, they were green. Then he bent over me so close that I could feel the tip of his ugly white beard bruising my cheek"—

"You mean his red beard."

"No; it was white—I said white. Then, stooping lower and lower, while I felt every moment that I should die of fright, at last he kissed me."

"What did you do?"

"Do? I tried to cry out, but could only gasp."

"But people in nightmare in attempting to cry out make a sound."

"So did I."

"No, you didn't. You lay still as a mouse."

The girl burst into a merry laugh. She laughed and laughed till it seemed she would never cease laughing, while I turned red, white, all concievable colors, like the beard of the man in the dream.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked at last.

"How did you know that I didn't make any sound?"

"I see our host coming this way," I replied, red as a beet. "I think he must be the fool killer coming to take me."

As I was dragged away to be introduced to other guests the girl called, still laughing:

"I receive calls in the summer house."

I called the next morning and found she lied—awake.