

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

"Join the Don't Worry Club." Says Sheppard.



Photo by American Press Association

Mel Sheppard has spiked the report that he intended to quit athletics in a most decisive manner.

Harness Racing in New Zealand. In New Zealand, as in other countries where harness racing conditions and progress are declared to be much superior to those in America.

Pick All Star Ball Tossers. The baseball team of American all star players that will be taken to Australia for a series of games has practically been selected by Cal Ewing.

Start Columbia Basketball. Basketball practice got under way at Columbia a fortnight earlier this year than usual.

Trotter Sold For Fortune. Airdale, 2.154, world's champion trotting yearling, was sold by his breeder and owner, J. L. Tarlton.

Germans Buy Westward. The schooner yacht Westward, which made practically a clean sweep in the European races of the season of 1910.

The Unbelievers. "There is no such person as Santa Claus, is there?" asked a small girl of her mother.

The Hen's Plight. After Johnny had spent a day in the country the old hen went to her nest to find it quite empty of eggs.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Christmas Morning.

It was Christmas morning. The clock had just struck four. When two tiny bare feet stepped out on the floor.

The First Christmas Tree.

Once, centuries and centuries ago, Santa Claus was walking in the woods near his palace. All at once he came upon a sort of clearing, and in the center of it stood a tall pine tree.

"What a wonderful tree!" said Santa Claus to himself. "I don't think I have ever seen anything more beautiful.

And that night Santa Claus had a skein of silver thread spun from the moon, and he draped it in long lines from the tip of the tree.

And that, boys and girls, was the first Christmas tree.

A Christmas Game.

Talking about Christmas stockings, a good game to play at your Christmas party is the following. A sheet on which is painted a full size fireplace is hung on one side of the room.

How the Phonograph Was Born.

Mr. Edison, it is said, was experimenting with the telephone when he suddenly felt a pricking of his finger. A needle was lying in such a position that at every vibration caused by the sound of his voice his finger was pricked.

Dickens' Christmas Sayings.

Right glorious, glorious! "Clear, bright, joyous, stirring, cold, cold piping for the blood to dance to the golden sunlight, heavenly sky, sweet, fresh air and the merry chime of bells!"

The Unbelievers.

"There is no such person as Santa Claus, is there?" asked a small girl of her mother.

The Hen's Plight.

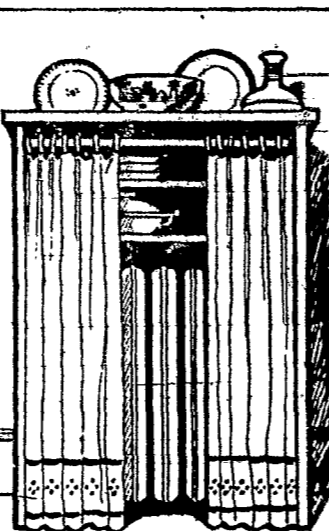
After Johnny had spent a day in the country the old hen went to her nest to find it quite empty of eggs.

Old Christmas Fare.

Old Christmas fare did not include the modern Christmas bird—the turkey—a roasted peacock taking its place on the festive board.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Ornamental and Useful Covering For Steam Radiators.



The appearance of a steam radiator may be greatly improved by partially enclosing it in a closet. A framework is built which resembles the regulation built in bookshelves in general.

Chicken Pie.

Clean and cut up chicken and put on to cook in cold water. Salt it just before it is done. Have about four cups of liquid. For sauce melt three tablespoons of butter, three table-spoons of flour, add a pinch of pepper and mix well together.

Dressing For Turkey.

Crumb the inside of a loaf of stale bread fine and do not use the crust. Take a good sized lump of butter, melt and pour over the breadcrumbs. Mix together thoroughly and lightly beat the yolk of an egg, mix with one-half cupful of thick sweet cream and add to the bread. Mix as lightly and quickly as possible.

Christmas Cake.

Take five pounds of flour, mix with it a dessertspoonful of salt, rub in three-quarters of a pound of butter and one pound of lard. Add half a pint of good, fresh brewer's yeast and knead as for common bread.

Celery With Cream Sauce.

Take three or four stalks of celery, cut in small pieces and then put on to boil until tender, adding salt to water. When tender drain off the water. Take one spoonful of butter and one of flour. Put in pan on stove and stir until dissolved.

Pumpkin Pie.

One quart of rich milk, three cupfuls of prepared pumpkin, two cupfuls of sugar, a small piece of butter, one table-spoonful each of ginger and cinnamon and four eggs. Beat the yolks thoroughly before adding. Stir in the well beaten whites just before putting in the oven. This makes three pies.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

Make Good.

The world is often humbugged by the guy who has the guile. The world is often hunkped, but 'tis only for awhile. With all who try to do things she is patient, as she should; but, Lordy, how she stings them when they don't make good!

Mutual Deficiency.

Joe Geppert, the secondhand-book dealer, went out to luncheon, and when he got seated at the table in the restaurant he found that he had left his glasses at the store. So he couldn't read his newspaper. And then when the waiter brought the bill of fare Joe couldn't read that either.

Unlimited Credit.

You have left the name of the author of the program, the stage manager ventured to suggest. "What's the author's name?" asked the manager with the thick mustache and the double chin.

A Big Difference.

"Marriage makes a big difference," she sighed. "What? Married only two weeks and disappointed? What's the trouble?"

Heard at a Concert.

She—Miss Howler sneezed that last song rather poorly. Your should hear her sing "When the Cows Are in the Corn."

Fact.

"People say of a snail's eater, 'She eats like a bird.' Yet a bird is an enormous eater."

Ultimately.

A ducky, coming around a corner in a Texas town last winter, was met square in the face with a blow of bitter cold north wind.

He Knew.

Mrs. Gotham—This paper says a familiar face and form may be recognized at from fifty to a hundred meters.

Knew Him Too Well.

Lawyer—Did you hear the plaintiff swear that he bought the goods relying on your representations? Witness—Well, I don't believe it. That man has been doing business with me for years.—Brooklyn Life.

A Candle Lecture.

He—My dear, you talked in your sleep a long time last night. She—What did I talk about? He—Why, it seemed to be mainly abuse of me. She—I wasn't asleep.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How He Looked.

"Mrs. Smythe has a beautiful new plume for her hat." "I thought so, I just met her husband." "Did he tell you about it?" "No, but he looked as if he had just been plucked."—Houston Post.

Not Better.

"Try one of these cigars, old man. I am sure you can't get better." "No, thanks, dear boy. I tried one last week, and I'm not better yet."—New York American.

A Change.

Mrs. Yeast—I just love to shut my eyes and think. Mr. Yeast—Why don't you try that with your mouth some time, dear?—Yonkers Statesman.

Prejudiced.

"I don't believe old Blibson is capable of loving anything but his pipe." "That's because he has the tobacco heart."—Judge.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Sir C. A. Spring-Rice, New British Ambassador.



Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice, who has been named as the successor to James Bryce, British ambassador to the United States, will not take up his duties until all pending negotiations have been cleared up.

Mr. Longworth's Successor.

Among the congressmen who went down to defeat in the November elections was Nicholas Longworth, son-in-law of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Congressman Longworth is serving his fifth term as representative of the First Ohio district, which is in Cincinnati. He was married to Miss Alice Roosevelt in February, 1906.

One Day While I Was Thinking.

I would do to make myself independent, and I had occasion to hunt for a letter. I had mislaid. Mr. Coulter was not in the house, and I rummaged all over it. Finally I got into the garret. There were several trunks there, all locked, and an old desk. Protruding from an under portion of the desk I noticed the corner of a paper. I pulled it out and read it. There was nothing in it that I knew anything about, but the handwriting attracted my attention at once.



STANLEY E. BOWDLER.

From Opulent.

Giddings—the silver-tongued and golden-throated Giddings of Oklahoma—had just made his speech in the Baltimore convention. He was receiving congratulations on a mopping his brow when a reporter came up and said: "Name, please?" "Giddings."

My Father, a Widower.

My father, a widower, had died abroad, leaving me, a baby, in his sister's care. She died soon after, and Coulter took me. Then he laid his scheme for appropriating my property.

THE UNMASKING OF A SWINDLER

Strange Part Heredity Played In Exposing a Thief.

From my earliest remembrance I lived with Patrick Coulter, an Irishman. All I knew about him up to the time I was twelve years old was that he was Mr. Coulter and I was George Blissell. I was given to understand by him that he had taken me as an orphan and was bringing me up. I certainly was not allied to him by blood, for I was as related to appearance as any gentleman's son, while Mr. Coulter showed unmistakable signs of plebeian origin.

The only knowledge he possessed was that of figures. He wrote a good clerical hand, and I remember that such accounts as I happened on that were made by him had a methodical look.

When I was twelve years old I one day found Mr. Coulter in conversation with a lean, hungry-looking man, who when I entered asked, "Is this the boy?" and Mr. Coulter grumbled a low "Yes." The man looked at me curiously, and when he went away I saw him putting a lot of bills in his pocketbook. He came after that from time to time, and on several occasions when I happened to see him depart he had evidently received something. His visits were always accompanied by bad humor, on the part of Mr. Coulter, and once I overheard high words between them.

The most remarkable bit of treatment I received from Mr. Coulter was a good education. When I came to be sixteen I longed to go to college and begged very hard to be sent to a university—it was denied, but at last consented, telling me that I should always remember that he had pinched himself to send me. At college I formed the pleasantest associations and often spent my vacations with my college chums. Mr. Coulter was greatly vexed at this, but as I was growing to be a man every day and he was growing old and decrepit, a trifle afraid of me I usually had my way. At leaving college I wished to study the law, but for some reason Mr. Coulter took a strong dislike to my adopting this profession, and in this instance, holding the purse strings, he conquered.

One day while I was thinking what I would do to make myself independent, and I had occasion to hunt for a letter. I had mislaid. Mr. Coulter was not in the house, and I rummaged all over it. Finally I got into the garret. There were several trunks there, all locked, and an old desk. Protruding from an under portion of the desk I noticed the corner of a paper. I pulled it out and read it. There was nothing in it that I knew anything about, but the handwriting attracted my attention at once. Indeed, it was so like mine that for a time I supposed I had written it and wondered how it could have come to be where it was. I put it in my pocket and studied it. The next time Mr. Coulter left me alone in the house I went back to the garret and hunted till I found a letter in the same handwriting. This time I was astonished. It appeared to have been signed by me. At any rate, it was my name and my handwriting. It had been written to Mr. Coulter from abroad and gave instructions in the matter of certain properties possessed by the writer and, evidently managed by Coulter.

I folded the letter, put it in my pocket, took it down to my room, locked the door and never gave over making theories with regard to the matter till I struck the right one. The writer of the letter was evidently my father or a near relative. Without ever having seen his handwriting hereditarily determined that as I grew to manhood I should adopt it. I then and there determined, maintaining a perfect secrecy between myself and Mr. Coulter, to make an investigation.

I unearched a great swindle. The steps I took to do so would form a separate story. The tracks of the man who had done the swindling had been so adroitly covered that I was obliged to proceed step by step and very slowly. I knew in a few months all I ever came to know, but to unfasten my discoveries so as to turn them into proof required a year. When I had nailed the last knot I went one day into Mr. Coulter's study and, laying a lot of papers on his desk before which he sat, said:

"Take your choice between signing those papers going to the penitentiary." He looked up at me white as a sheet, then, taking up the papers, signed every one of them without reading them, putting me in possession of a large fortune.

My father, a widower, had died abroad, leaving me, a baby, in his sister's care. She died soon after, and Coulter took me. Then he laid his scheme for appropriating my property.