

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Braun, Great German Sprinter, to Retire.



Photo by American Press Association.

Hans Braun, Germany's champion middle distance runner, who is on a par with some of the best in the world, has announced his permanent retirement from athletics. He says he will not train for the Olympics which will be held in Berlin in 1936.

Braun's reason for taking this unexpected step at a time when his services were needed most by Germany is a matter of business. Braun's father proposes to turn over his large interests to him shortly.

When Braun told his friends of his intention they tried to make him change his mind. Athletes of his quality were needed in Germany. He would have none of it, however.

"I'm getting tired of athletics," Braun told a sporting writer. "I have had enough of the great sport. It's getting tiresome. When you train for athletics you can't attend to other business. My father expects to retire soon, and I want to take up his affairs and make the 'paint business' even more successful than it is."

Braun has been competing for eight years. He has won hundreds of short distance races.

HUMOROUS QUIPS.

Rather Obscure.

"I've been thinking of it ever since I started on my present journey," said the commercial traveler thoughtfully, "and I'm bothered if I can make up my mind just what she was aiming at. You see some time ago I realized that traveling about the country as I am I was taking a good many chances. I decided, therefore, to insure myself."

Their Parting.

All the short had been their association. All too soon had there come a parting of the ways. This being the case, Mary Jane and her mistress considered it an apt moment for the throwing of a few remarks.

Then He Smarted.

"Hello, Thomas! What are you home for?" asked the boy's father. "It isn't holiday time, is it?"

How They Differed.

Two brothers named Chalmers, one a minister and the other a physician, lived together in a building in New York City. One day the minister called the physician and asked for Mr. Chalmers. The physician, who was in the room, replied, "I can't see him, but I'll tell you what I heard of him," said the man who appeared greatly astonished.

Why It Failed.

"Why did the elopement fail through?"

Strange Things Happen.

"What now?"

The Synonym For Nothing.

"Nothing, it seems to me, looks as unimportant as a bridegroom at a wedding."

The Quickest Way.

"Why don't you marry him? He is rich and old."

She Explains.

"Why, did you let him kiss you without making a struggle?"

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Clothes Drier That May Be Used In the Kitchen.



One of the best of all devices for drying clothes indoors is the rack shown in the accompanying illustration. It is six feet long and three feet wide and can be attached to any kitchen or laundry ceiling. It is lowered and raised by means of pulleys. When the garments are to be hung on the rack it is lowered to a convenient height and then raised when filled. This carries the clothes to the top of the room, where they are not only out of the way but where they dry more rapidly and more thoroughly.

Apple Lemon Pie.

Two eggs, one cup of sugar, four tablespoons of butter, one cup of grated apple, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, one cup of water. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, beat yolks, add to sugar and butter and then, then cornstarch, apple, lemon and water. Line a deep pie plate with pastry, fill and bake. For frosting beat the whites to a stiff froth with two tablespoons of powdered sugar. Flavor lightly with vanilla. Do not stop beating whites until stiff enough for pie. Wait until the pie is cold before making the frosting. Place on the pie with pallet knife and brown in oven.

Tripes Fricasseed With Onions.

About the tripe, cook six medium sized onions half an hour, drain and slice them and put them into a frying pan with one-quarter cupful of butter. Sprinkle over them one teaspoonful each of salt, sugar, dry mustard, a saltspoonful of white pepper and a speck of nutmeg. Let them cook in oil there are delicately browned pieces in the bottom pan. Then put the tripe, which has been previously cleaned, with two dessert spoonfuls of baked or butter. This should be served at once and vegetables.

Washing Silk Handkerchiefs.

When washing silk handkerchiefs a little care is required to prevent their turning yellow. Put on a dash of their should never be put on or have any soap rubbed on them. Make a lather of finely shredded white soap and lukewarm water, wash and squeeze the handkerchiefs in it, press out all the moisture possible and dry them quickly. Iron while they are still damp though not wet.

Steak and Tomatoes.

Get a pound of round steak, a medium slice of ham, several slices of bacon. Put through meat chopper, each one separate and fry bacon. Then put in the ham and steak. Let fry until done. Then put in a can of tomatoes, three red peppers, three green peppers, three onions, all ground up, and half a package of spaghetti and a little salt. Cook for two hours.

To Clean Brass.

An excellent way of cleaning brass flowerpots or trays is to rub them well with a piece of lemon, then pour boiling water over them and finally polish them with a soft dry cloth. You will find that the lemon will remove all the stains from the crevices in the brass.

Clean Flatirons.

Clean your flatirons in the following way and ironing will be a pleasure to you: Place a piece of beeswax between two pieces of dannel and when the irons are hot rub them briskly on the dannel. This keeps them in splendid condition.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Bugaboo.

Listen, child, and I'll tell you true. Some facts in the life of a bugaboo. He has no more spirit than sweet skimmilk. He's tame as a hobby horse, tender as silk. He shivers and shakes when the doggie bark. And would you believe it—he's scared of the dark.

Clipped Squares.

A game played by any number of persons with paper and scissors. Each player begins by cutting a square, then clipping it, by two straight cuts of the scissors, into four pieces. He then mixes the four pieces and passes them to the player on the left. All now try to arrange the bits they have received so as to make the original square, and at the end of five minutes, or any time agreed upon beforehand, those who have been successful score one point.

Story of a Feather Boa.

A woman went into a store in Baltimore a few days ago and looked over some cloth. She needed two hands to feel the cloth properly and so she laid on the table the feather boa that was too warm to carry around her neck just then. She put it on the counter next to the opening of the tube that carries the money in the cashier and brings back the change.

Maglo Divination.

Some evening when you have a few friends to entertain try this trick on them to show what wonderful powers of mind reading you possess. You produce pencils and slips of paper and declare that if some one will write a word or sentence on one slip you will at the same time try to divine what he is writing and write down on another slip the very same words. You hand the first slip, folded, to one person. On your own slip you have written "The very same words." Some one is requested to read aloud the first slip. You then say, "Now kindly read out what I have written." The holder opens it and naturally replies, "The very same words." And the audience is exceedingly mystified.

Tongue Twisters.

If you think you have a smooth running tongue try these twisters, and if you succeed in making no mistakes you can be sure you will not be in any danger of stammering.

The Phonograph.

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. His mind was alert. By special adjustments he arranged the needle so that its vibrations would be recorded on paper. He discovered that each note and quality of tone recorded a different mark upon the paper. From this accident was born the phonograph by which the sound of the human voice and of the instruments of an orchestra may be reproduced.

Alliteration.

A game played by any number of persons, each one of whom is required to write a short story in which every word must begin with a given letter of the alphabet.

SNAPSHOTS AT NOTABLES

Dr. C. L. Alsberg, Uncle Sam's Chief Food Expert.

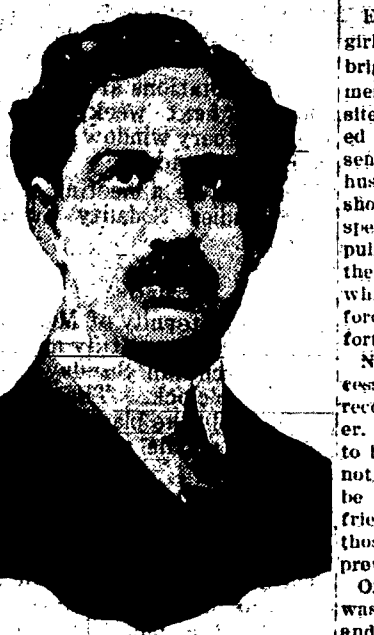


Photo by American Press Association.

Dr. Carl Lucas Alsberg, who succeeded Dr. Harvey W. Wiley as chief of the United States bureau of chemistry and administrator of the federal pure food law, has already an international reputation as an authority on biological chemistry.

The Man Who Won Helen Gould.

Finley J. Shepard, who is soon to lead Miss Helen Miller Gould to the altar, is assistant to President B. F. Bush of the Missouri Pacific railroad system. Miss Gould is a large stockholder in the system, as are all the members of the Gould family.

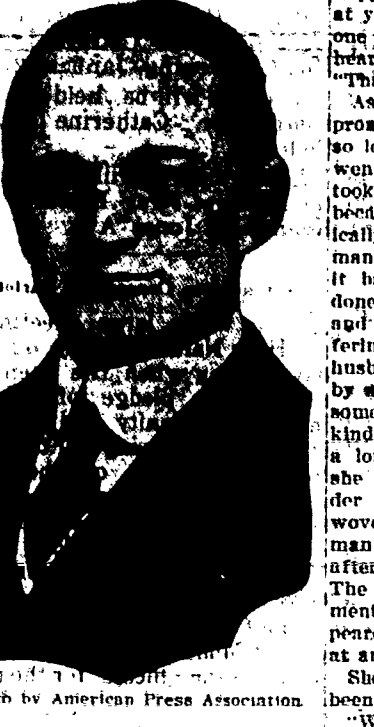


Photo by American Press Association.

years-old next June. For many years she has been noted for her philanthropic work.

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

Congressman William F. Murray of Boston once had the ambition to go to West Point and become an army officer. He had served in the Signal corps during the Spanish war and was fascinated with army life, but his father dissuaded him. "You go to college," said Murray senior, "and you will be appointing boys to West Point."

THE WEAKNESS OF HEREFORD

What Happened When He Cut His Wife's Apron Strings.

Elisha Hereford at twenty married a girl of eighteen. Elisha was rather a bright fellow, but without good judgment. His wife was exactly the opposite. She was not bright, but possessed an enormous amount of "horse sense." For twenty years she kept her husband on the track and when he showed signs of "breaking" would speak to him in no uncertain tone, pull strong on the curb and now and then give him a sharp cut with the whip. The consequence was that Hereford being smart, by the time he was forty had secured a competency.

Now, the thing without which success is not to be attained is often unrecognizable, especially by the achiever. Hereford attributed it in his case to his talents, arguing that if he were not pulled back by his wife he would be a millionaire. His most intimate friends knew that his wife had put those talents to their proper use and prevented his wasting them.

One day Hereford disappeared. It was found that he had taken \$50,000 and left \$100,000 for his wife, with no explanation whatever. This is the most practical thing he had ever done without her assistance. Almost any one would pronounce the money preferable to the explanation. But the act was just like Hereford. He was a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous.

He hadn't been gone long before his wife received a letter from an American gentleman in Constantinople named Tarbox stating that Hereford had died there. He had left instructions with Tarbox to send what money he had left—some \$10,000—and his inheritance remains to his wife. Her friends said so long as he had sent the money he needn't have troubled himself about the ashes. Mrs. Hereford deposited the former in bank and kept over the latter. When it came to settlement she had her weaknesses, the most pronounced of which was a sincere affection for Elisha Hereford.

She was too sensible to keep her husband's dust in her own house, so she spent \$100 on a marble tomb, placed it in a cemetery and locked the dust in it. Not that the \$100 represented her love for her dead husband. The tomb was plenty large to contain the ashes, and Mrs. Hereford's sentiment never ran away with her instinct of economy.

Before proceeding any further with this story I wish to say that there is a feature in it that won't be believed. You can invent a lot of imaginary nonsense, and it will be gulped down, but give people a real coincidence such as happens every day and they will laugh at you. I am sure, however, that any one who knows Elisha Hereford on hearing what I refer to would say, "That's just like him for all the world."

As I have said, Mrs. Hereford was prone to indulge a sentimental sorrow so long as it was not expensive. She went once a week to the cemetery, took out the pin, dusted it, probably because she had been used to periodically dust the marble clock or her mantel at home, went over it and put it back. One day, just after having done the dusting she turned the key and with bowed head was musingly feeling a prayer for the repose of her husband's soul when she was aroused by a crash. It seemed she had heard some wooden structure knocked into kindling wood. Staring up, there in a lot not a hundred yards from her she saw a prodigious mass of slender timbers jumbled with some light woven texture. From beneath it a man struggled to free himself and after doing so stood upon his feet. The widow went toward the fragments, and when the man's head appeared above the wreckage she caught at an iron rail inclosing a burial lot.

She saw him, whose ashes she had been weeping over.

"Well," he exclaimed petulantly, sur veying the wreck, "it's all up, and I'm kind of it."