

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Jim Thorpe May Take Up Professional Hockey.



Photo by American Press Association

Negotiations are being conducted by the Tecumseh professional hockey team of Toronto with Jim Thorpe, star athlete of the Carlisle Indian school, which may result in Thorpe's becoming a professional hockey player next season.

HUMOROUS QUIPS.

Very Good Tip. "Everything all right, sir?" asked the waiter. The diner nodded, but still the waiter hovered near.

No Trouble. "I was visiting my married sister in Toledo last week," relates "Buck" Howe. She's got a three-year-old kid, and while I am fairly fond of children, I am a bachelor and somewhat "set" in my ways.

Wholesale Demand. Nat Goodwin and a friend were walking along Fifth avenue one afternoon when they stopped to look into a florist's window in which there was an artistic arrangement of exquisite roses.

A Good Loser. A Rhode Island politician who was a prominent candidate in the late election, came home one day much provoked at some misadventure which his son, aged ten, had committed.

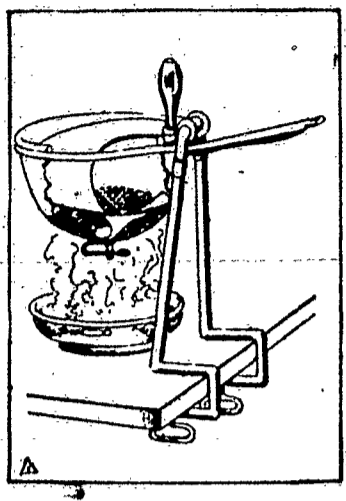
All Over. He: Yes, it's very true a man doesn't learn what happiness is until he's married. She: I'm glad you've discovered that at last.

Safer. "I understand you have just bought an automobile?" "Yes, I saw seven of them chasing one pedestrian the other day, and I decided that I was on the wrong end of the sport."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Such Is Life. "Have you noticed any change in your husband with the passing years?" "Yes; he used to tell me of his throbbing heart. Now he talks exclusively about his liver."—Kansas City Journal.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

A Combination Vegetable Colander and Fruit Press.



A kitchen utensil that should save the cook much labor and time has been invented by a Minnesota man. It is a combination colander and fruit press and is said to remove the hulls from beans, peas, etc., and the skins and seeds from tomatoes, apples, grapes and the like without losing any of the essence or juices of these articles.

Macaroni Milanaise. Drop into salted boiling water one half package of macaroni broken into inch lengths. Cook until tender, then drain. Put in a pan one can of tomato sauce, one bay leaf, blade of mace, one slice of onion, one stalk of celery, and a pinch of soda and cook twenty minutes. Melt two level tablespoons of butter and stir into it two level tablespoons of cornstarch.

Tomato Bisque. One quart of tomatoes, one quart of milk, two heaping tablespoons of butter, one tablespoonful of corn starch, one teaspoonful of salt, one quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, a blade of mace and one bay leaf. Stew the tomatoes with the bay leaf and mace till tender, then rub them through a sieve.

Household Hints. To drive away mice scatter camphor in their usual haunts. This will drive them away completely. Vinegar should never be kept in stone jars, as this spoils it and renders it unfit for use.

Fried Partridges. Allow one partridge for each two persons to be served. Cut as for broiling and fry in a mixture of equal parts of salt pork fat and clarified butter, dipping first in flour and dusting with salt and pepper.

Cleaning Silver. Tarnished silver should be immersed in sour milk and let remain there for some time. Use a soft toothbrush to clean out any embossed work. Rinse afterward in clean warm water and when the article is quite dry polish with a nice soft piece of old silk.

Baked Peas. Take a quart of dried peas and soak overnight, pour off water, add more and parboil until skins begin to slip off. Put in bean pot, add two table-spoons sugar, one half pound pork, salt and pepper. Bake as you would beans.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Molly's Secret.

What do you think has happened? You'd never, never guess. This February morning the postman came and, yes, he really, truly brought me a lovely Valentine! A lovely Valentine! It was outside, "For Molly," and so I know it's mine.

A Valentine Party.

Here is the description of a pretty party for children to be given from 4 to 6 o'clock in the afternoon of Valentine's day. The invitations were written on the backs of heart shaped valentines in closed in the regulation lace paper envelopes so dear to childish hearts.

Conundrums.

Why is a horse a curious feeder? Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth. Those who have me not do not wish for me, those who have me do not wish to lose me, those who gain me have me no longer. A lawsuit.

Who are the two largest ladies in the United States?—Miss Aunt and Mrs. Slipp.

What key in music would make a good officer? A sharp major. What ship contains more people than the Lusitania? Courtship. What trade do all the presidents practice? Cabinetmaking.

Buck the Indian. Here is a good game for healthy boys called "buck the Indian." Two captains are chosen, and each captain then chooses until two long lines are formed. They face each other, holding hands tightly.

Lincoln's Lowly Beginning.

Lincoln was once a hired man. He was not afraid to turn his hand at anything. We do not read of his ever looking fastidiously around when there was anything to be done and saying, "That's not my work. Let Bill do it."

Lincoln's Rules For Living.

Do not worry, eat three square meals a day, say your prayers, be courteous to your creditors, keep your digestion good, steer clear of biliousness, exercise go-slow and go-easy. Maybe there are other things that your special case requires to make you happy; but, my friend, these, I reckon, will give you a good lift.—Abraham Lincoln.

SNAPSHOTS AT NOTABLES

Edwin C. Burleigh, New Senator From Maine.



© 1913 by American Press Association.

Edwin C. Burleigh of Augusta, who will succeed Obadiah Gardner as senator from Maine after March 4, will be no stranger in Washington, having served fourteen years as a member of the lower house. Senator Gardner is a Democrat, while his successor is an old line Republican.

Senator Johnston of Texas.

Colonel Menzi Melville Johnston, who was appointed by Governor Colquhoun to succeed Joseph M. Bailey as senator from Texas, is owner and editor of the Houston Post. The term for which he was appointed expires on March 4. Colonel Johnston has been a supporter of Bailey throughout the bitter political fights in Texas which for several years have centered about the retiring statesman.



MEZI M. JOHNSTON.

vote for Woodrow Wilson as preferred presidential nominee. He had supported Judson Harmon and did not stand for reelection as national committeeman. Senator Johnston is a native of Georgia and celebrated his sixty-second birthday last September. He was educated in the common schools and began his newspaper career in his native state. In 1878 he removed to Texas when he soon became a power in politics and one of the most successful newspaper men in the state. In his early manhood he served two years in the Confederate army.

Building His House.

Major Lunn of Schenectady was condemning a certain corrupt lawyer. "I was showing a visitor the sights of New York one day," he said, "and of course, we took in Millionaires' row. We gaped at the Frick house, we nodded with approval in front of the Carnegie house, and we guffawed before the house of Senator Clark. "Then we came to this lawyer's great pillared house of pale stone, and my friend said: "But, surely, he never built a place like that out of his practice?" "No," said I, "not out of his practice, out of his practices."

THE REVENGE OF A FATHER

A Professional Duelist Who Met His Match.

Here is a story I rescued from some old family papers that had not been overhauled in half a century. I have reconstructed it from its original letter form, preserving the first person in which it was written.

I came to New Orleans in 1845 from France. I was sitting one evening, soon after my arrival, in a cafe when an elderly man, about fifty-five, I think, stopped up to me and with a broad southern accent said, "You are M. Desmouines of Paris, I believe, is that so?"

"Certainly, sir. My opponent declared publicly that General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans used cotton bales for breastworks. I told him that he was mistaken. He persisted I gave him the lie. He challenged me." I was surprised. I had not then learned of the various methods among gentlemen in vogue in the city of pick ing a quarrel which was based on another cause.

"Where you right?" I asked. "Certainly, sir!—I was present at the battle, sir." "And who is your opponent?" "Camille Trudeau, sir." "Camille Trudeau, is he here? Why my dear sir, he has been out twenty times and always killed or winged his man." "So, I have heard, sir."

After a failure to induce Captain St. Leger to come to the city, I went to find a way out of the difficulty I consented to act for him. His opponent's second informed me that his principal, who was twenty-five years younger than St. Leger, would not kill the captain if he could possibly help it. St. Leger as the challenged party, selected pistols and a ground under the levee a few miles north of the city. We proceeded thither at daybreak the next morning. I noticed that the captain stepped from his carriage gingerly and walked on to the ground with a slight limp. There also seemed to be something the matter with his left arm.

We placed the contestants thirty paces apart. The captain told me that he was a poor shot and named the distance himself. They fired at the drop of a hat. Trudeau was unharmed. St. Leger received a ball in the leg that nearly knocked him over, but he maintained his balance and awaited the signal for another round. Trudeau looked surprised. He had aimed at the captain's leg just below the knee and knew that he had placed his bullet there. Such a stroke should be sufficient to put any man out of the fight. We endeavored to induce the old man to withdraw, but without avail.

Just before the next signal I saw Trudeau looking at his opponent's right arm, as if he intended to shatter it. I was not surprised that he changed his intention, for he could not carry it out without killing his man. When the shots rang out Trudeau was still unharmed. St. Leger's left arm swayed and then hung limp. He stood as steady as ever.

Trudeau turned pale. Was he to continue to put holes in his adversary's members without any perceptible injury? I confess I was puzzled. Trudeau appeared to be rattled. The captain's shots had been drawing closer to him, and his doubtless had an effect upon his nerve. St. Leger insisted on another round. When their hands were raised for the next shot I thought I noticed a slight tremor at the muzzle of Trudeau's pistol. The captain's face was a study. It showed plainly that this time he was determined to kill his opponent and showed, further, great confidence in his ability to do so. I believe Trudeau considered that his own life depended on taking his opponent's. But his nerve had gone, and he looked anxious. The captain stood straight as a ramrod on his wounded leg which he had not permitted the surgeon to examine and on which no blood was visible. I looked to see it oozing from under his pantaloons where they were strapped over his boot, but looked in vain. At the next fire Trudeau's bullet knocked St. Leger's pistol out of his hand, glanced and buried itself in a tree. Trudeau fell with a hole in the center of his forehead. The others present, except myself, ran to Trudeau. I started for St. Leger, but was surprised to see him walk to the carriage with no more impediment than his usual limp. He told me to get in, and we drove away. "Your leg, captain, and your arm!" I exclaimed. "What about them?" "The wounds." "I lost my right leg and my left arm at the battle of New Orleans, sir." Trudeau had been firing into wood. It cost him his life. I learned afterward that when Trudeau had first come from Paris he had selected Captain St. Leger's only son for a target on which to make a display of his skill.