

IN THE SPORTING WORLD

Earl Hamilton of the St. Louis Americans.



Photo by American Press Association.

The pitching of Earl Hamilton of the St. Louis Americans has caused this able twirler's stock to take on a decided boom.

Uncle Sam's Bay Athletes. Athletics are booming in the United States. With over 14,000 school and college athletes competing to date in public, it is shown that a truly magnificent reserve Uncle Sam has to draw from for future Olympic games.

Each lad doing anything at all, even a good but unsuccessful showing, gets his name and pedigree in his college sheet, in his home newspaper and as he becomes successful in a minor degree in the great dailies by acquaintance with reporters and all the subtle channels through which modern publicity is worked.

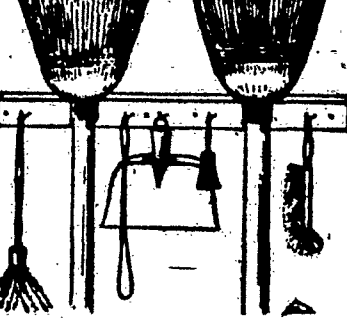
Picks Greatest Fighters. Eddie Graney, the San Francisco referee, has given out a list of the world's greatest fighters. Graney has refereed or been connected in some other way with scores of the most famous fights on record.

Washington's Southpaw. The Washington American League club has but one port side fliker, but he is a good many, being, as he is, Joe Beehling. Early in the season he had little control, a fault common with southpaws.

New Tennis Star Wins. W. M. Johnston, the eighteen-year-old tennis champion from San Francisco, established his position in the east recently by defeating Gustave F. Tuschard, 2-6, 11-9, 6-4, in the second round of the Longwood (Mass.) United club's twenty-third annual all-competors' tournament for single.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Homemade Rack For Holding Brooms and Brushes.



A handy and easily made rack for holding brooms and brushes is shown in the accompanying sketch. It consists of a strip of one-half or three-quarter inch board three or four inches wide and of any convenient length and as many hooks as there are implements to be hung up.

Spaghetti With Teast Points. To cook spaghetti in the Italian method—with sticks unbroken—is simple. The kettle, a large one, is well filled with salted water. While at a rapid boil the long sticks, held together in the hand, are gradually lowered into the water. As they soften and bend they are boiled round until entirely submerged.

Uses For Turpentine. Turpentine is a sure preventive against moths. By dropping a trifle in drawers, trunks and cupboards it will render the garments secure from injury during the summer months.

Kitchen Kinks. When cream is too thin to whip, add the unbeaten white of an egg. When using nut meats for a cake, dredge well with flour and they will not settle to the bottom.

Blueberry Cake. Cream half a cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar and add three well beaten eggs. Beat up light and stir in a cupful of sweet milk and two and a half cupfuls of flour, to which have been added two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt.

An Easily Made Dustless Mop. A good dust retaining mop for hard wood floors may be made by saturating with crude lemon oil one of the fiber mops sold for cleaning purposes.

Caring For Carpets. To brighten a carpet take five or six large potatoes and scrape them finely into a pail of water. Strain, then strain. Wring out a cloth in the water and rub the carpet. Rinse the cloth as soon as soiled. Should soot fall on a carpet, sprinkle dry salt thickly over it, leave it for a few minutes, then brush up. No trace of the soot will remain.

Hanging Pictures. When a wall is so soft that it will not hold a picture nail, mix a little plaster of paris in a taceup; enlarge the hole to a fair size and insert the plaster—and a minute after, the nail—and let it dry. The nail will be perfectly secure after it has dried.

NOTABLES IN THE LIMELIGHT

Howard Elliott, President of New Haven Railroad.



© 1914 by American Press Association.

Howard Elliott, who recently succeeded C. S. Mellen as president of the New Haven railroad system, was also his successor as president of the Northern Pacific when in 1903 Mr. Mellen became head of the New Haven. It is said in railroad circles that Mr. Elliott has for some time been planning to move east.

A native of New York city, Mr. Elliott was educated in New England. He was graduated from the Lawrence Scientific school as a civil engineer in 1881, being then twenty-one years old. During the summer of 1880 he was a level rodman in the employ of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, and in 1881 he regularly entered its employ as a clerk.

Among literary men in England the appointment of Dr. Robert Bridges as British poet laureate is said to be decidedly popular. He succeeds the late Alfred Austin.

The new laureate was born in Kent and is in his sixty-ninth year. He was educated at Eton and at Corpus Christi college, Oxford. On graduation he studied medicine at St. Bartholomew's hospital and was appointed assistant physician at the Children's hospital and later physician at the Great Northern hospital, London. Not until his



DR. ROBERT BRIDGES.

retirement in 1882 did Dr. Bridges devote himself entirely to literature, playwriting and poetry. Bridges' chief critical work is "John Keats—A Critical Essay," which he published in 1896. He also published a volume on "Milton's Prosody." His own poetry has never had a wide sale, although highly appreciated in select circles.

Robert Bridges must not be confounded with the American poet of the same name who has been associated with Scribner's publishing house for many years and whose work is best known over the non-de-plume of Droch.

Governor Oddie's Way. Governor Oddie of Nevada is famous for his quick way with office seekers and professional politicians. They say in Carson City that he has invented a greeting for this type of visitor that is magical in its time saving properties. Whenever an office seeker or professional politician manages to secure an audience Governor Oddie advances swiftly upon him with outstretched hand and the words: "How are you? What do you want? No?"

FOR THE CHILDREN

Hints For Boy Scouts.

Major Windick, Cleveland, by scout commission, gives the following hints to scouts who engage in summer activities with much rest, sometimes paying the penalty by suffering from sunburn, sprained ankles, etc. Be careful of stepping on loose stones, especially on a hillside. A round one may roll under your shoe and stand you on the back of your neck.

Bay rum, such as men use after shaving, is fine for chapped hands. Competitions in larist throwing and life ring throwing are recommended to troops as of more value than some others. They promote life saving ability. Learn to change your stride when on a hike. Edward Payson Weston, great set of all pedestrians, has several different "gaits" and rests himself by changing them.

The standard kind of rope used for lariats is manila, three-eighths inch in diameter, stretched to eliminate tendency to kink.

Sparrow Hawk. This is an outdoor game translated from a French magazine of recent date. Divide the ground on which the game is played into two camps, a little distance apart. In the open space between them are stationed two players called "sparrow hawks," while all the others are assembled in one of the camps.

When one of the sparrow hawks cries out "Go," every one will leave the camp where he is to try to take the opposite camp without being caught by the hawks. If a player is unfortunate enough to be caught he remains with the sparrow hawk, who call him their prisoner.

The prisoners as they are taken form a chain which the sparrow hawks use to impede the other players and assist in their capture. When all the players are caught the game begins again from the other camp and with different hawks.

About Soap. It is rather astonishing to learn that more than 2,000 years ago the Greeks were combining the ashes of the beach tree with goat's fat and making soap. When Marcus Claudius Marcellus was hastening southward over the Flaminian way, laden with spoils from the Gallic king lying dead by the banks of the Po, his followers were being with them a knowledge of the method of making soap.

The rain of ashes which fell upon Pompeii in 79 A. D. buried the shops of many a humble soapmaker, and in several other Italian cities the business had already gained a footing. In the eighth century there were many soap manufacturers in Italy and Spain, and fifty years later the Phoenicians carried the business up into France and established the first factory in Marseilles. Prior to the invention of soap, fuller's earth was used for cleansing purposes.

The Good of Play. Out of door sports are the best of plays if the players do not race until they are almost in a fever. Plenty of fresh air and moderate running are the best tonics for the folks that are growing up to be hale men and women. The evening games, where boys and girls intermingle, with the chanting of the old fashioned nursery rhymes, ought never to be allowed to go out of fashion, nor will they be likely to as long as spring and summer twilights are balmy and boys and girls are young.

Good, honest play, in a word, is giving innocent pleasure to oneself and associates and without causing any discomfort to third parties.

Riddle. I am the sun and stars, the earth, the moon and all the plants and spheres. As food, I am fish, potatoes, butter and candy. For sports, I am fashioned of ivory, rubber, leather, celluloid. I am seen in man in both feet, both eyes and both hands. I am a gay assembly, and the lamentation of the children left at home. I am made of yarn for the grandmother and the kitten, of snow for the schoolboy and lead for the soldier. Answer.—Ball.

Here and There. This is a great game to play at a picnic. One boy is chosen as the hare, the rest are the hounds. The hare starts off with a quantity of paper cut into small pieces, and these are dropped bit by bit along the track. When at some distance and hidden behind a clump of bushes he cries "Whoop!" and the hounds begin their pursuit, following the trail of paper until they find the poor little hare.

A Good Day. I woke before the morning. I was happy all the day. I never said an ugly word, but smiled and struck to play. And now at last the sun is going down behind the wood, and I am very happy, for I know that I've been good.

My bed is waiting cool and fresh, with flowers and fair. And I must off to sleep—by and not for get my prayer. I know that till tomorrow I shall see the sun arise. No ugly dream shall fright my mind, no nasty sight my eyes. But slumber hold me tightly till I wake in the dawn. And hear the thrushes sing in the woods round the lawn. —Robert Louis Stevenson.

Caught a Tartar

By SAMUEL E. BRANT

John Riggs and James Burch, two young men of the world, spinning about on an auto tour, stopped one day at a country hotel and, liking the lay of the land, the scenery and more especially the cuisine of the house, concluded to remain for awhile.

They soon discovered a small game going on in a room behind the office and went in to look on. They were adept at the national game of poker, but only played as gentlemen with gentlemen—for pastime and not for the purpose of replenishing their exchequer.

The game they watched was being played by four men, one of whom appeared to be a greenhorn, who was being fleeced by the other three. They had not been playing long, and Riggs saw that the sharpers were permitting the greenhorn to win. When they left the table for supper he was considerably ahead, and the others exacted a promise from him that he would give them their revenge during the evening.

The two young tourists felt sure that if the winner played in the evening the sharpers would contrive that he should lose not only all he had won, but whatever he had to lose besides. Riggs said he should be warned, but Burch suggested that he would not take a warning. Foolish like that, he said, couldn't be taught a lesson. The only way he could be taught a lesson was to win his money from him, then hand it back to him with a lecture on trusting persons he didn't know.

After supper, while the two were smoking on the piazza, the greenhorn came out, and they began to chat with him. Burch said to him that he had watched his poker game and was surprised at his skill. Riggs chimed in. The result of the talk was that they invited him to cut the man with whom he had been playing and join them in a game in their room. The fellow seemed indisposed to deny the sharpers their revenge and asked the friends if they thought he had a fight to do so.

"Certainly," said Burch. "Every sitting at poker stands for itself. If these men had won your money they would not have played again with you unless they wanted to. Isn't that so?" he added, turning to his friend.

Riggs confirmed his opinion, and the three men adjourned to a room upstairs and set down for a game. For half an hour the greenhorn was permitted to win with ease. He played a very poor game, but the two friends failed to bet on their good hands and always bet on their poor ones. When they had let their opponent win about \$50 they changed their tactics and won it all back again. The greenhorn pulled out a roll of one-hundred-dollar bills, manifesting an intention to buck against his adversaries for all he was worth.

The friends glanced at each other knowingly. The little game they were playing interested them. They were not used to spending their time without amusement, and they were getting all they wanted. The greenhorn played even worse than before, and, losing his money, he became excited and lost his head completely. One after another his beautiful banknotes passed into the hands of his opponents. A thousand dollars of his had gone into their keeping and he was diving into his pockets for more when Riggs stopped him. Putting his hand on the greenhorn's arm gently, he said: "My friend, don't get out any more money. We brought you here tonight to save you from those sharpers with whom you were playing before dinner. If you had joined them tonight they would have had this money instead of us. They would have kept it. We are going to return it."

Seven Wonders of the World. We have no indication of the exact date of a cycle of seven wonders that about the end of the second century B. C. Then appears in an account of Antipater of Sidon an enumeration of seven great works which prove to be the very ones later appearing as the seven wonders. They are (1) the colossus of Rhodes, (2) the statue of Zeus at Olympia, (3) the hanging gardens of Semiramis at Babylon, (4) the Colosseum at Rome, (5) the pyramid of Cheops, (6) the mausoleum at Halicarnassus, (7) the temple of Diana at Ephesus. Within the next century Varro by his literary allusion to the septem opera, betrays that the myth had already assumed current proverbial form. Dio Cassius, in the second half of the same century (first B. C.), speaks, too, of the so-called seven works and Strabo, a little later, uses the very phrase, "the seven wonders." From this time on, at least, the legend which has an assured place in all the common lore of Europe.

Writers of Historic Songs. Most of the songs that have made history were written by men who had no other claim to immortality. The "Marseillaise" is the only production of Rouget de Lisle which has survived, and "The Wearing of the Green" was the work of an anonymous purveyor of ballads for the street hawkers of Dublin. Max Schachtelberg, an obscure Swedish merchant, who never published anything else, composed in 1848 some verses of which the burden was thus translated: Dear fatherland, no danger shall from stand thy sons to which the Jews. Little was heard of these until thirty years later, when the Franco-German war gave them a conspicuous place. They were then adopted at the national anthem of United Germany, and a yearly pension of 2,000 marks was tendered on the composer of the tune by which they were set.—London Chronicle.

Magician of the West. "There is a side to the value of the penny which I believe is not fully appreciated," writes George M. Day in Suburban Life. "There is about the horse a magnetism, a strong physical presence, that is imparted by one looking intently in contact with him, as in riding. As a well known horse is immune to many diseases to which mankind is susceptible, I believe that the horse, being immune to such diseases as diphtheria, influenza, glanders such as typhoid, cholera and dysentery, as well as scarlet fever, measles and mumps, and being full of the bubbling over point of vital force, animal spirit or imagination, imparts more or less of this to his rider or companion and more particularly to little ones who are not so robust health. Repeatedly doctors have been known to consult a horse's health and to develop healthy children given a pony."

Chinese Treat Ideal in Theory. At the better class Chinese banquets the proprietor reserves his guests at the outer gate, where they sit in the courtyard and await their turn to be seated. Then he returns and leaves them to their own devices. The proprietor is attended by his own servants, his cook boys and present his food of the same quality and economy as he would enjoy at his own home table; the boy uncovers his master's hat, the iron frame, matresses and all, even to the mosquito netting. The master's own linen is spread, having been washed by his own servants. Folding chairs, table—in fact, everything which one may wish—is arranged with all without a word. At a table the cost of European luncheon lives like a bird and sleeps like a child and is a thousand miles from the tipping man.—Boston Herald.

A Model. A witty professional man was chatting with some women about a friend of theirs who was notoriously impudent. His better half makes him with a chalked line, and was to make him if he deviates from it. "He is a model husband!" exclaimed one woman in the party. "Is not?" "Yes, not model, but model," interrupted the professional man, "but whether in clay or petty dependent on each not."

A Means of Display. "So your daughter is studying the violin." "Yes," replied Mrs. Clymwell. "Has she unusual talent?" "I haven't observed. But there's no question about her possessing a remarkably beautiful form."—Washington Star.

Cheerful. Landlady (to lodger)—Come into the kitchen, sir, and see the grand procession as it starts. "I can see it well enough from my own room window." "Of course, but I've let that."—Viequende Blatter.

How Could Have Saved Her. "Way do you hate her so?" "She used to be engaged to my husband." "And didn't marry him. Oh, I see!"—Houston Post.

Vain Regrets. "What do you do when you arrive home late and find your wife sitting up waiting for you?" "Wish I hadn't gone home."—Boston Transcript.

His Friend. "I see her back, all right." "Shouldn't wonder. Her company adds the complexion on this."—Boston Transcript.