

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Mike Donlin May Join the St. Louis Team.



Photo by American Press Association.

Mike Donlin, one time premier batsman and outfielder of the National League, is anxious to get back into the game. Mike is really a member of the Philadelphia team of the National League, but he has refused to play for the Quakers. St. Louis would like to get Donlin in its lineup, and present indications are that Manager Miller Huggins will soon have the famous player in his lineup.

Donlin will of course be slow in his work at the start, but he estimates that three weeks of training and practice will give him back his old time form.

Thompson Sets New All Around Mark.
F. C. Thompson of the Princeton theological seminary in a special meet at Princeton, N. J., recently, sent into the discard the world's all around athletic record previously held by Martin Sheridan of 7,385 points. Thompson went it 114 points better, and his score of 7,499 also eclipsed by 22 1/2 the mark of Jim Thorpe, 7,476, recently wiped off the A. A. U. books because of the Indian being a professional.

Thompson had exceeded the record twice before in practice, and the recent meet was arranged by the Princeton authorities specially so that he could put the record officially to his credit. Opposing him, to make it technically a competition, were several members of the Tiger varsity track team, who, however, were beaten badly. Simons was second with 5,200 points, Davy third with 4,098 and Hays fourth with 3,109.

Thompson made his principal gains over the old record in the mile run and the 120 yard high hurdles. He was behind Sheridan's performances in the pole vault and 56 pounds weight throw record.

The Davis Cup.
The Davis cup, emblematic of the world's team championship in lawn tennis, which returns to this country after an absence of ten years, was first put in play in 1900. The trophy, a massive silver bowl—was the gift of Dwight D. Davis, who donated it with the idea of stimulating international competition in the court game.

The success of the plan was assured from the beginning. During the thirteen years which have elapsed since the gift, the cup has been in play twelve seasons. The United States and England and Australia have all in turn won and lost the prize, which has proved to be the most widely and frequently played for international trophy in a record.

During 1900 and 1902 the United States team successfully defended the cup against the attack of the British Isles players. In 1903 the Doherty brothers carried it away to England.

In the Southern League.
Outfielder Bill Bailey of the Atlanta club (Ga.), has been placed on the ineligible list pending waivers. He may be out of the game for the season with a broken rib. Word comes from Mobile that the Mobile club has signed outfielder Miller, late of the Duluth club of the Northern league. The Chattanooga club has recalled catcher White from the Troy club of the New York State league. Mobile has released outfielder William McGill, a Cotton State league recruit.

Bids For Cy Morgan.
Manager Tinker of Cincinnati is dickering with Kansas City for Pitcher Cy Morgan of that club, formerly with the Athletics, who has been burning up the American association, and will secure him if the price is not run up to imposing figures. A handsome offer has been made for Morgan, but George Tobson is holding out for bids from other clubs.

JENNY, THE HOSPITAL NURSE

An Episode of the Spanish-American War.

After the battle of Guisimas I was in charge of a hospital in which the wounded were placed. There was one young fellow, Eugene Crawford, who, though he had not been badly hit, was so reduced by the heat that I began to fear he would succumb. He was a plucky little chap under fire; that I learned from several of the other patients who had been in the fight with him, but drooped under inaction. Besides he had been very delicately brought up. I asked him if I should not send word for some of his family to come out to him, but he said he had run away from home to join the army against his father's express wish, also knowing that it would be a great blow to his mother. Now he expressly desired that they should not know of his condition till he was well out of it.

But the weather grew hotter, and the poor fellow kept losing strength. It was plain that he was suffering from nostalgia, or homesickness, a trouble far more common in war than cowardice. Could I have brought some member of his family to him I felt reasonably certain that it would save his life, but I didn't know whom to address.

One day we secured a lot of women nurses. When they began to flit about among the patients with their neat white caps and aprons and striped dresses, many a poor fellow's face that had been gloomy enough before lighted up with new life. The day of their arrival I was at work with a case so distressing that I placed a screen about the patient to shut him off from the others. From behind this screen I heard voices.

"It was very good of you, Jenny, to come down here to take care of me. The surgeon wanted to send for someone from home, but I wouldn't let him. You see, mother didn't want me to go to the war, and it would not be the right thing to have any one come to this hospital on my account or even to let you know I've been wounded, for they'd do a lot of worrying, especially mother."

I recognized Clifford's voice and looked over the screen and saw one of the nurses sitting by him.

"You must keep up a good heart," she replied, "so that you may get well and go home."

"That I'll do very quickly now you're here. I've nothing but a scratch, you know, and ought not to be here at all. But somehow it's taken the strength out of me."

"I'll come to you often, but now that I'm here I must help the others too. So I'll go away for a while—not long, though we'll talk some more of going home."

As the nurse went out I beckoned her to come to me and asked an explanation. She told me that Clifford was a trifle slight and had mistaken her for some one at home. Thinking that the arrival of the real Jenny—for, as soon as Clifford came to himself, the illusion would be gone—might save the boy's life, we concluded to send a message to that effect to his people. The nurse found letters in his pockets giving the desired address, and the message was sent. Clifford when not delirious treated the nurse as a stranger, but when delirious as "Jenny." Meanwhile he was losing strength.

One morning soon after the arrival of a ship from the north I was told that Miss Clifford was on the veranda and wished to see me. I went out there and saw a young woman in trained nurse costume.

"I have come to take care of my brother," she said, "though I am also ready for the work. I was sent here as a nurse for all."

"There was that about Miss Clifford which attracted me at once, a resolute bearing, an especially graceful figure, a large, dark, honest eye. Beyond these there was something which appealed to me individually, though it is not to be described. I conducted her to her brother's bedside. There had been a change in him for the worse during the night, and he was muttering incoherently to the supposed Jenny. The real sister took her place, but it seemed to make no difference to the patient.

I happened to be near when young Clifford quieted down and became himself. I heard an exclamation and, turning, saw the boy with his arms about his sister's neck. There was nothing spoken. Eugene kept his arms where he would not have had the strength to place them without the nerve the meeting gave him, as long as he could, then they dropped and tears rolled down his cheeks. His sister passed her hand over his brow and whispered a few words, and in a little while the boy fell into a doze.

The tone of this meeting was all that was required, and in a few days Eugene had gained sufficient strength for his sister to do other work. Meanwhile I had observed that Miss Clifford possessed an administrative ability, a cool head which she never lost and splendid nerve. She was one of those women with no necessity for self support, but with a spirit incapable of simply waiting for a husband. She had, therefore, chosen a profession for which she had marked taste and fitness. As soon as her brother was out of danger I placed her in charge of the nurses, and she at once brought order out of chaos. After the war she left the profession to assume the position of wife, and I was the lucky man for whom she made the sacrifice.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

John Lind, Chosen as Special Envoy to Mexico.



By C. A. Zimmerman.

Ex-Governor John Lind of Minnesota, President Wilson's choice as representative in the City of Mexico, has had an interesting career in politics although without experience in diplomacy. He served in congress with William J. Bryan, but at that time was a Republican. In 1896 he bolted the Republican party on account of his adherence to free silver views and became a follower of Mr. Bryan. He remained in the Democratic party in the Roosevelt-Parker campaign of 1904 and the Taft-Wilson campaign of 1912.

Mr. Lind was born in Sweden fifty-nine years ago and came to the United States when he was fourteen years old. The Lind family settled in Minnesota, and the future governor was educated in the public schools there. He taught school, studied at the University of Minnesota for a year and was admitted to the bar in 1876. He was receiver of the United States land office at Tracy, Minn., from 1881 to 1885, a member of congress from 1887 to 1893, a lieutenant in the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers during the Spanish-American war, was the unsuccessful Democratic candidate for governor of Minnesota in 1906 and was elected governor in 1908. He was defeated for re-election in 1910 and again served as a member of congress from 1903 to 1905.

Minister to Spain.
Joseph E. Willard of Virginia, the new minister to Spain, is a lawyer by profession, and for years has been prominent in the political affairs of his state. He was born in Washington, Va., and most of his boyhood days were spent in Fairfax Courthouse, Va., the ancestral home of his mother. From his father, Joseph C. Willard, founder of Willard's hotel in Washington.



JOSEPH E. WILLARD.

He inherited great wealth, so the high cost of living of our foreign diplomats has no terrors for him.

Mr. Willard was graduated from the Virginia Military Institute in 1886 and then took a course in law at the University of Virginia. At the outbreak of the Spanish war he became captain of a company in the Third Virginia volunteers, and in Cuba was assigned to the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee. From 1894 to 1902 he was a member of the Virginia house of representatives and lieutenant governor of the state 1902 to 1906. Since then he has practiced law in Richmond.

Rev. David Thompson.
The Rev. David Thompson, D. D., of the Presbyterian mission in Japan, recently celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of his arrival in that country as a mission worker. He assisted in organizing the first Protestant church in Tokyo and for years served as interpreter to the United States legation. During his connection with the latter office he translated, among other documents, the original Japanese penal code and code of criminal procedure, which were published in the United States in 1881. Dr. Thompson has also made many other translations on various topics.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Curly-wig and Dimple-cheek.

Curly-wig and Dimple-cheek Haven't been away a week, But how very long it seems— Longest week I've ever known! All at once the house has grown Silent as a house of dreams!

Dimple-cheek and Curly-wig Really aren't so very big— Both, in fact, are very small— But the space they fill—dear me! Now they're gone there seems to be Nothing in the world at all!

Nobody to come and tap, Interrupting grandma's nap; Nobody to come and plead, "Tory!" when I want to read; Nobody to linger near— "May I help you, farver dear?" Nobody to spill the ink Or to streak my desk with jam. Really what a goose I am To be sorry, don't you think?

Curly-wig and Dimple-cheek Will be home again next week, But how slowly, slowly pass All the hours of every day While my darlings are away! Hurry home, we lad and lass Or I'll have to go and seek Curly-wig and Dimple-cheek!

—St. Nicholas.

Dancing Wineglass.

Take two bottles of the same height. Insert in each a cork, the top of which has been cut into wedge or gable shape. Place the bottles on the table, the cut edges of the corks parallel to each other. Put the blade of a table knife on each cork, their points almost but not quite meeting in the middle and their handles projecting on the opposite sides. Holding the blades with the thumb and forefinger, take a small wine or liquor glass half full of water and balance it upon the points of the two knives.

This will require a little adjusting of the distance between the bottles or of the quantity of water in the glass, but after a few attempts you will find that the weight of the glass just balances that of the knife handles.

By drawing a few drops of water from the glass this will rise a little with the knife blades. If now you take a thread with a metal button or a small piece of lead tied to it and lower this into the water the glass and the knife blades will descend. They rise again as you withdraw the weight. The glass behaves as if drawn by the thread and you can make it dance up and down like a marionette.

Game of Compliments.

This game may be played by any number of persons, who sit in a circle. One of the players begins by wishing that he were some animal, bird or other object, living or not, as he may choose. He asks his right hand neighbor to give a reason for the choice, and the answer must not be complimentary.

He then asks the same question of his left hand neighbor, who must give a complimentary answer.

Each player makes a similar wish in turn and asks the same question of his neighbors. If one gives a complimentary answer when it should be uncomplimentary, or the reverse, the offenders must pay a forfeit or leave the game.

For example: Suppose the player wishes to become a dog, his right hand neighbor may give as a reason, "That you may indulge your propensity to growl," and the left hand neighbor may say, "Because it is faithful and intelligent."

Why the Sea Is Salt.

The rivers of all the world pour their water into the sea sooner or later. They wash down vast quantities of solid matter and much matter in solution of which the greater part is salt. This may be in such small amount that it is imperceptible in the river. The waters of the seas are evaporated by the sun, but none of the salt is taken up into the clouds. So the water that returns to the earth in rain contains no salt; but by the time it reaches the sea again, after soaking through the soil and flowing down the rivers, it has another load. Consequently the oceans are receiving salt all the time and never giving up any of it.

"Vegetable Lamb."

When cotton first came to Europe to make its principal center in Lancashire, England, it was the subject of the quaint and wonderful fable of "Vegetable lamb." The fluffy white fibers of the bursting cotton pod resembled sheep's wool that travelers reported that in Tartary there grew a shrub, the fruit or boll of which contained "withins a little Beaste in Fleesche, in Bone and Blood, as though it were a little lambe with outer wool." After the lamb had been eaten the wool was made into cloth, continued this story, which is the earliest European account of the manufacture of cotton.

Largest Painting in the World.

The largest painting in the world, exclusive of frescoes, is Tintoretto's "Paradise," hung in the grand salon of the doge's palace at Venice. Its dimensions are eighty-four feet wide and thirty-four feet high. Yet for size it does not compare with the famous fresco of Michelangelo, which occupies the ceiling of the Sistine chapel of the Vatican and is 133 feet in length and forty-three feet in width.

Origin of "Dun."

In the days of Henry VIII, there lived in Lincoln, England, a famous bailiff named John Dun, so active, cunning and successful in his business that the saying when a debtor refused to pay, "Why don't you dun him?" became a proverb, which exists to this day.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Unique Combination of 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.

Its inventor claims many other merits for it, some almost miraculous. An iron upright clamp to the edge of the table, and this supports a colander bowl. Revolving in the bowl is a spiral blade that performs manifold duties. When the handle is turned and the blade revolves it not only pares the skins from the fruit or vegetables in the bowl, but presses them against the colander bottom and squeezes out their substance.

Mending Old Linen.

Old tablecloths can be neatly darned wherever worn places are apparent. If they are darned before the threads are actually worn through they will last a long time after they are mended. Dinner cloths that are worn past darning can be cut down for breakfast and luncheon cloths or else made into cloths for the kitchen table. They should be neatly cut and carefully hemmed, as their life in this second form will sometimes be as long as their life as dinner cloths was.

Sometimes partly worn cloths are in good enough condition to make it worth while to cut them up and hem them for breakfast and luncheon napkins. They can also be made into tray cloths and carrying cloths. The making over of table linen should always be done with care and neatness, as untidy table linen, even if it is old, is inexcusable.

Caring For Silver.

Never put your silver away in white bags to keep it in good condition. Use dark red or blue or green cotton flannel bags—the kind that jewelers and silversmiths use.

And there is a reason for not using the white bags. There is in the bleaching process to which they are subjected a certain amount of sulphur and other chemicals that have a tendency to tarnish the silver when it comes in contact with it. The colored bags do not possess this dangerous characteristic and are much safer than the white ones.

Kitchen Kinks.

Cook carrots and beets whole; then skin and slice.

Avoid cooking vegetables in an iron kettle.

To remove dirt and stains from marble, apply a solution of gum arabic, letting it dry off, when it can be peeled or washed off.

A teaspoonful of ammonia to one quart of water sprinkled on plants for a few days will remove lice.

Peas may be cooked in the pods, which will burst and rise to the top, leaving the peas at the bottom.

Caramel Nut Fudge.

Take one and one-half cupfuls of granulated sugar, one-half cupful of milk and one tablespoonful of butter. Put the sugar and milk on and cook ten minutes, stirring constantly to keep from scorching. Melt one-half cupful of granulated sugar in a skillet until it is thoroughly melted, then pour into the other part and cook five minutes. Take off the stove and pour in one cupful of nuts. Beat until it is hard enough to drop in balls.

Bread Pancakes.

Soak one-third of a five cent loaf of bread without crust overnight in sour milk, put through colander in morning, and to one quart add yolks of two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, flour enough to make batter a little thicker than for buckwheat cakes. Add beaten whites of eggs last.

Rust on Linen.

When linen becomes rusted from the iron, oxalic acid and hot water applied before washing removes the stains. After using the acid rinse the linen a few times, which leaves the fabric beautiful and white.

Green Pepper Salad.

For an appetizing salad mince a couple of green peppers, mix them with three tablespoonfuls of chopped chives and serve on white lettuce leaves with French dressing.

Her Presentiment

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Reuben Kastner was night watchman at the office of Jones Brothers, dealers in railway supplies. One night his wife gave him his supper, he went to the little bed where his two children lay, kissed them, then bade his wife adieu, with a sigh.

"What's the matter, Reuben?" she asked.

"I dunno," said Kastner. "I got a presentiment."

"A presentiment of what?" asked his wife.

"That some'n's goin' to happen. Some'n turrable; some'n that'll leave you and the children with nothin' to eat and no roof over your heads."

"And I've got a presentiment, too," said Mrs. Kastner.

"What's that?"

"That some'n is goin' to happen that'll set us all up."

"Oh, you're foolin'!" said the husband as he walked away. "You never take anything serious."

Kastner went to the office, where he relieved the porter, who acted as day watchman, and began his dreary night watch. He walked about from one room to another, occasionally going into a room where stood the safe. To do this he was obliged to take out a key and turn the bolt in the spring lock in the door that connected this room with the main office. After taking a look at the safe he would let the door close and would sit down in an office chair, and at the expiration of an hour would go through the process again.

He had opened the door to the safe room and gone inside for a look when three men—where they came from he could not surmise—seized him from behind and threw him to the floor. Producing a cord, they bound him hand and foot and gagged him. Then, sitting him in a chair, they tied him to it, and one of them, knocking off the knob of the safe door with a hammer, put a charge of nitroglycerin in the hole made and attached a fuse. Having done this they placed gunny bags over the safe to deaden the sound, lighted the free end of the fuse and all left the office. Their idea was to blow open the safe, killing the watchman, on the principle that dead men tell no tales, return and help them selves to the contents.

When they left the room the door was closed by the spring, and Kastner was shut up in the safe room while a sputtering fire was running along the fuse toward the explosive.

A great many things came to Kastner while watching that running fire. He saw himself blown into pulp by the explosion; he saw his wife waking from slumber to think about her lonely husband watching through the long night; he saw his little children sleeping in their bed with their arms around each other's neck.

He would not die. He could get down an effort for life. If he could get down on the floor he might possibly escape the worst. He began a violent necking, a swaying from side to side. His feet broke the cord that bound him to it. There was still a foot of the fuse trailing on the floor not yet consumed. Kastner, having his hands and feet tied, could not reach the fire or kick it, but he could roll toward it. This he did and presently rolled on it.

Another danger confronted him. Would the fire be smothered or would it ignite his clothing and first burn him, then blow him to pieces? He lay flat on the fire and felt the heat beneath him.

He heard a rattling at the door. The burglars, anxious to see what was going on within the safe room, were trying to open it, but, finding it locked, could not do so without breaking it down, and this might attract attention from those without. Since nothing seemed to be gained by effecting an entrance, they determined to await the explosion.

Meanwhile Kastner lay on the fuse, praying that it would be smothered. Gradually the heat under him died down. He watched to see if it were burning beyond his body, but since it did not—he made up his mind that it had been extinguished.

At last the robbers, having concluded that the explosion had failed, after debating the propriety of kicking down the door, decided that they had better get out while they could. Some one might have gone into the safe room from another entrance.

When the porter went into the safe room in the morning and saw the night watchman on the floor, bound hand and foot, he knew at once what had happened. He released Kastner and telephoned for a member of the firm to come immediately to the office, since an attempt had been made to blow up the safe.

The senior Mr. Jones, came without waiting for his breakfast, and when he saw the safe and heard Kastner's story he exclaimed:

"Thank heaven! There was \$30,000 in there in bank bills."

Kastner went home to breakfast in a carriage, and when his wife saw him might she said:

"I reckon it's my presentiment that's come true, isn't it, Reub, see'n you're comin' home that way?"

"Well, mebbe it is." And drawing ten \$100 bills, a gift from his employers, from his pocket, he showed them to her.

Then he sat down to breakfast and told the story of his night's adventure to his wife and children.