

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Ed Reulbach Pitching Well For Brooklyn.



When the Brooklyn ball team of the National League secured Pitcher Ed Reulbach from Chicago it did a fine stroke of business.

Reulbach has displayed impressive form for the Ebbets aggregation and inaugurated his advent into the city of churches by walloping the Pittsburgh Pirates.

Reulbach is a veteran twirler, who by careful living has prolonged his career of active play for an unusual number of years.

After Crack Outfielder.

Left-Fielder Gilheoley of the Montreal International League team, probably will be sold to a major league club for a big price. Owner Lichterheim of the Montreal club demands \$10,000 in cash and two players for Gilheoley's release.

Johnston's Dist on Pitching Days. Walter Johnston, the great twirler for the Washington Americans, is pitching himself to glory on a diet of pudding, sherbet, cake and iced tea.

Lemire to Coach.

There is jubilation among the football men of Westminster college, Fulton, Mo., through the appointment of C. P. Lemire, the former Missouri university star, as their coach for the coming season.

Kramer Still Supreme.

That Frank Kramer is still the old master of the wheel was proved recently when he defeated Jackie Clarke, the Australian, in two out of three heats of a mile match race at the New York track.

The Dundee-Wolgaat. Managers for Johnny Dundee and Ed Wolgaat have posted \$1,000 guaranteeing a twenty round bout at Los Angeles on Sept. 9.

Tennis Versus Cricket.

A. W. Gillies, head master of Dulwich college, England, in a speech recently said he had forbidden lawn tennis at Dulwich because such was the weakness of human nature that tennis would do cricket harm.

Braves Get Outfielder.

Manager Stallings of the Boston National League club has announced that he has purchased Outfielder Zwilling from the St. Joseph, Mo., club of the Western League.

SNAPSHOTS AT NOTABLE PEOPLE

Henry Morgenthau, Named Ambassador to Turkey.



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Henry Morgenthau of New York, selected by President Wilson as ambassador to Turkey, although active in public affairs has never held political office.

Born at Mannheim, Germany, in 1856, Mr. Morgenthau came to New York with his parents when he was still young enough to enter the public schools.

Miss Jessie Wilson's France. When the engagement of Miss Jessie Wilson, President Wilson's daughter, and Frances B. Sayre was first announced, November was named as the date of the wedding.

Francis B. Sayre is a native of Bethlehem, Pa., and is twenty-eight years old. He is the youngest son of the late Robert H. Sayre, builder and contractor.



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vice president of the Bethlehem Steel corporation, and designer and general manager of the Bethlehem Steel company.

Miss Jessie Wilson is twenty-four years old and was educated at Goucher college, Baltimore, where she specialized in political science.

MYSTERY OF THE DESERTED HOUSE

Strange Experience of a Man on Robbery Bent.

I've had every avenue of escape cut off. I've been chased over the roofs. I've been shot at, but I never was appalled but once, and that was by silence.

I'd served a term for burglary, spent what money I'd been given on getting out and was looking for a job—not a job of honest work. I'd tried that on getting out once before and found it impracticable.

The night was cold and blustery. At about 10 o'clock I took position in the yard, shielded from the wind by a carriage shed, with a view to determining by the lights what rooms were occupied.

When I awoke every light in the house was out. A distant clock struck 1. I got out, went to the window, took a pane of glass out of a kitchen window, turned the "catch," raised the sash softly, pulled myself up and crawled inside.

Passing through the parlors, I entered the hall and went upstairs, taking every precaution against waking the inmates. A bedroom door near the landing stood ajar.

I went to another room and another with the same result. In some of them I found clothing that had been laid aside, but no one in the beds.

There is no similarity between daylight and dark for weird impressions. One human being, even if a policeman, would have broken the spell. I feared a haunted house, but I feared more that something in my brain had gone wrong.

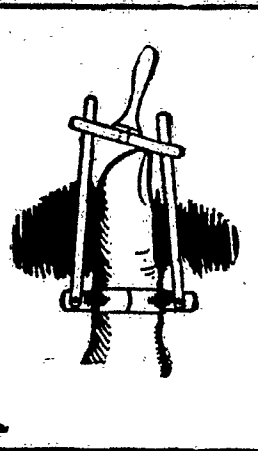
Suddenly the rays of my lantern struck a living figure. At once my instinct of preservation ordered me to cover my light. I did so and waited.

I now had but one desire—to get out, and away. Descending to the main floor, I saw a piece of yellow paper on the floor.

I could have taken away anything I could find, but I was so rattled that I had no desire to do so. I went away empty handed and the next day resolved to go to legitimate work, a resolution I keep even to the present day.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Manicure File That Works Automatically.



A novel form of manicure file has been designed by a California man. A ring slips over the finger to about the center of the second joint and holds the middle of the device in place.

To Stiffen Croquette Mixtures. If the croquette mixture is not firm enough to handle and to mold easily, soak a tablespoonful of granulated gelatin in cold water and dissolve it in boiling water, using just as little water as possible.

Remedy For Burns. A mixture of castor oil with the white of egg has been recommended for burns. It allays the pain more quickly and causes the wound to heal more rapidly than any other application.

Kitchen Kinks. Do not add salt to cabbage, cauliflower or Brussels sprouts, for it will darken them. Carrots and beets should be cooked whole, then sliced.

Banana Pudding. Lady fingers or stale cake, two large bananas sliced, half cupful seeded raisins, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls cornstarch, one and one-half pints of milk.

Mexican Pinacha. This delicious candy is made by cooking one and one-half cupfuls brown sugar, one-half cupful granulated sugar, three-fourths cupful milk or cream together until it reaches the point where it will form a soft waxy ball in cold water when tested.

Orange Rings. Boil two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one-fourth cupful of water until it will form a ball in water. Remove and add the stiff white of an egg and a half cupful of orange pulp.

The Kitchen Apron. Always make kitchen aprons with a full ruffle at the bottom; then when the apron is stiffly starched, the ruffle will stand out and protect the bottom of the dress.

Sour Cream Salad Dressing. One cupful sour cream, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one level teaspoonful dry mustard and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

FOR THE CHILDREN

A Secret.

What was it trying to sing or say, that merry brooklet, skipping away? What had it seen or what had it heard from leaf or blossom, squirrel or bird to set it off in a dance and song?

How it fluttered and how it foamed; how it rippled as on its roamed! How it chattered and laughed and played as miniature waterfalls it made!

It would not tell me. It hurried on till all the sunny hours were gone. But coming out where the meadow grass caresses the crystal drops which pass.

The children had been teasing grandfather with questions all the long rainy afternoon. He had been very patient, but he had not read his newspaper.

They had asked where clouds came from and where they were going; where the sunbeams were when it rained and why no one had ever counted the sand particles on the shore.

Grandfather laughed. "Let me ask you a question," he said, "and if you can't answer it you must not ask me any more today."

The children agreed to this plan and grandfather asked, "How can you make eight out of thirteen?"

The children retired to a corner and were still for some time. At last Dorothy tipped back. "Can it be done on paper?" she asked.

"Yes," said grandfather, "and with one stroke of the pencil." The children trotted away to the library, and no more was heard from them until tea time.

After tea grandfather called them and drew the Roman numerals—thirteen. Then he drew a straight line through the center horizontally, cutting the X and each I at the center, making eight.

"Oh," said Ned, laughing, "grandpa knows everything—that's why we ask him so many questions." — Youth's Companion.

The Magic Answer. When you have company, get one to be the accomplice and show the others this bit of magic.

The accomplice leaves the room, while the others decide on an article which the accomplice is to guess from your questions.

You have arranged with him that the right article is the one after you have mentioned one beginning with a vowel.

You can make this as mysterious as you like. For instance the article agreed on by the company is the clock. When your accomplice comes back you ask him "Is it a mirror?" (Mirror begins with a consonant.) "No."

"Is it a chair?" (Chair begins with a consonant.) "No."

"Is it the album?" (Album begins with a vowel.) "No."

"Is it the clock?" "Yes." Should you want to vary on "magic," you decide with your accomplice to name an object with legs, like table or chair, before giving the object agreed upon and to which the final answer is "Yes."

Hidden Cities. During July days even ice perspires. Pull on Donald's car if you want to get to shore.

I read in Gutter's cattle was cheap. My Pa rises early. Come into my car, O, Meta, and ride with me.

I noticed that Wilber lines his face for the play. I bought a lily on Spruce street. I pay Mr. Stewart rent on the first day of the month.

All my children do very well in English. I love to wheel in gardens with asphalt walks. Little can Carol sing beautifully.

Uncle Zeb said, "De lilac am de nifty flower of all." The day Tony left I got sick. Among other toys I bought baby a new ark full of animals.

Answers.—Venice, London, Reading, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Lyons, Trenton, Dover, Wheeling, Lansing, Camden, Dayton, Newark.

Weather Signs. A cat's sneeze is said to be a sure sign of rain. The goat has a peculiar cry which it utters when rain is near.

The bark of a fox at night is said to be a sure sign of storm. The sand mole makes a mournful sound when the frost is near.

If the deer's coat is gray in October a severe winter is to follow.

The Weathercock. By a papal order made about the middle of the ninth century it was enacted that the figure of a cock should be set upon every church steeple in order to remind the people of Peter's denial of our Saviour and his unfeigned repentance.

HE WAS SQUARE

By MARTHA V. MONROE

"That new hand I hired today," said Farmer Jenks, "is the homeliest man I ever set eyes on. He's long limbed, knobby jointed, red headed, freckled, bleary eyed, snaggle toothed, and when he smiles one would suppose he had the stomach ache."

The farmer spoke these words early in July, when the wheat was being cut. One day in August, when the corn was ready to be gathered, Newton Simmonds stepped up to his employer and said:

"Mr. Simmonds, would y' mind my keepin' company with your darter, expectin' to marry her?"

"What do you mean, you red headed galoot?"

"Just what I say. Eunice is the prettiest gal I ever seen, and I'm dead gone on her. But I wouldn't say anything to her about it without gittin' your permit. There ain't nothin' underhanded about me."

"See here, Newt," said the farmer, struck with the man's sense of honor, "my daughter 's spoken for. She's got to marry Hasbrouk's son; you're not in the race at all. Now just put it out of your head."

"I won't put it outen my head because I can't, but I won't say nothin' to Eunice, either, s'cear' you don't want me too. When a man brings up a darter, the apple of his eye, its darn mean for a feller he don't want to have her go steal her away from him."

"You're dead right Newt. I'm very much pleased to hear you talk like that."

This dialogue occurred in the barn, and the subject of it, Eunice Jenks, was in the chicken house gathering eggs at the time, so she heard every word of it. She was engaged to marry young Tom Hasbrouk and satisfied to do so, for he would one day own the Hasbrouk farm, and her parents desired she match.

Farmer Jenks said nothing to his daughter as to the new application for her hand. One day soon after it was made he saw Eunice walk down to where Simmonds was at work. She chatted with the farm hand for a few minutes, then went on her way to the village. Her father thought nothing of this and soon forgot all about it.

The next day while Simmonds was cutting hay he saw Hasbrouk walking rapidly toward Simmonds, who was driving a reaper. Simmonds stopped his team and Hasbrouk stood by him talking angrily, though Jenks could not hear what was said. Presently Simmonds jumped down from his seat and aimed a blow at Hasbrouk. Then followed a rough and tumble fight in which Simmonds downed Hasbrouk and sat on him. Presently he let his enemy up and Hasbrouk walked away.

"That must be about Eunice," said the farmer. "I wonder how Tom got on to the fact that Newt wants her?"

From a window Eunice had watched the fight and seen her lover worsted. She had been the cause of the trouble, but this did not prevent her from going out later to Simmonds and asking him what was the matter between him and Hasbrouk.

"He riled me with his talk," Simmonds replied.

"Simmonds hesitated for a moment, then said, "Reckon, Miss Jenks, you'll have to ask Hasbrouk about that."

Eunice didn't press the matter, because she knew all about the cause of the trouble already.

"Dad," she said one day not long after this episode, "it's all up between Tom and me."

"What?" exclaimed the astonished parent.

"I reckon I don't want him."

"I'm mighty sorry about that," said the farmer, disappointed. "I kind o' thought you was provided for in case anything should happen to me. What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothin'; we just don't happen to work in harness together."

The farmer, knowing that he could not force his daughter into a match that did not please her, said no more. He must wait for some other sutor for his daughter's hand. Who that sutor would be he did not know. Eunice went quite often to the store and he rather suspected that one of the clerks there had excited her sympathies.

One day Newt stepped up to him and said:

"I hope y' won't blame me, Mr. Simmonds."

"Blame you for what?"

"Why, Eunice told me to come to you to ask you for her."

"Eunice told you to ask me for her? What'd y' mean?"

"That's what she said for me to do. I told her you wouldn't like it. If I hope you won't blame me."

The farmer looked at his employee some time before he replied. At last he said:

"No, Newt, I don't blame you. You're the soul of honor. If there's any blame in the matter it belongs to Eunice. I'll see her and find out what it means. I don't propose that she shall treat an honest feller like you any way but square."

The farmer conferred with his daughter with the result that he gave his consent for her to marry the homely farm hand. "I'd rather you'd marry the ugliest man on earth," he said to her, "than one that wasn't square, and Newt 's square."