

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Boehling Will Be Wonder Next Year.



Photo by American Press Association.

Manager Clark Griffith of the Washington team stated recently that in another season his young pitcher, Joe Boehling will be, next to Walter Johnson, the greatest twirler in the American league.

Early this summer Boehling won eleven straight and was the sensation of the Junior baseball organization. Griffith adds that with a year's experience he will be a wonder. Frank Chance of the New York team said recently that he did not think Boehling would last long because he used up so much energy in his delivery and also that he used too many curves. Griffith says there is nothing to this story and that Boehling will be the real young shining light in the twinkling time.

Kabanemaku's New Swimming Marks. The great Hawaiian swimmer, Duke Kabanemaku, who was one of the big stars at the Olympic games at Stockholm last summer and who was personally congratulated by royalty because of some of his great feats in the water, is still up to his old tricks of breaking records. In an exhibition at the Olympic club tank at San Francisco recently he broke three world records, the twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five yard marks going by the boards.

He lowered the twenty-five yard mark, held by Charilo Daniels, from 11.8 seconds to 11.6 seconds. He lowered the fifty yard mark from 23.6 seconds, held jointly by three men, William Sullivan and Kuznag, to 23.4 seconds. In the seventy-five yard swim he broke his own world's record of 39.6 seconds and fixed the new figure at 37.4 seconds. The records are official, as the events were properly timed according to the A. A. U. regulations and the distances properly measured.

New World's Trotting Record. A world's record for three heats in a trotting race was established at the close of the Grand Circuit meet at the state fair track, Detroit, when F. G. Jones of Memphis drove Doodle Archdale to victory in the free-for-all with Anvil, Geers up, contesting every inch of the way. The time for the three heats was 2:04 1/2, 2:04 1/2, 2:04 1/2. Anvil winning the first heat and Doodle Archdale the next two. The former record was made in Syracuse two years ago, when Billy Burk defeated Spanish Queen in 2:04 1/2, 2:04 1/2, 2:04 1/2. Spanish Queen winning the first heat.

San Johnson Assists Pitchers. President Johnson of the American league has notified all his umpires that no balk shall be charged to a pitcher when he, while in the act of pitching, accidentally drops the ball.

In a recent ruling by President Lynch of the National league the pitcher is charged with a balk if he drops the ball while in the act of pitching.

Barry to Row Greer. Ernest Barry of London, professional sculling champion of the world, has accepted a challenge from Frank B. Greer of Boston, professional sculling champion of the United States, for a race on the Thames for the championship of the world. The stakes are to be \$2,500 each. The race will take place in November.

Pittsburgh Gets Delhi. It was announced at the office of the Pittsburgh club recently that pitcher L. W. Delhi had been bought from the Great Falls, Mont., club of the Union association. Delhi was formerly with the Los Angeles club of the Coast league and with the Chicago American league.

Robb New Member of Red Sox. Walter Rebb, left fielder of the St. Paul American association team, is now a member of the Boston American league club. Manager Friel of the St. Paul club said that he received \$10,000 worth of players for Rebb.

The Perfect Rose. "You are like unto a flower," warbles the German poet to his love. A certain exasperated old German florist and nurseryman who flourished half a century ago in New York was accustomed to assert with equal positiveness that a flower is like a woman. He had many women customers whose trade he appreciated, but whose demands often drove him to rumple his upstanding Teutonic brush of hair until he looked like an angry parrot. He finally unbosomed himself to the husband of one of them, whose diary has preserved his words:

"I have so much trouble with the ladies when they come in to buy mine roses! They want him hardy, they want him double, they want him fringed, they want him also color, they want him everthings in von rose. I hopes I am not what you calls one uncalled man, but I have sometimes to say to that ladies, 'Madam, I never often sees that ladies that was beautiful, that was rich, that was good tempered, that was young, that was indelgent, that was discreet, that was bervection in one ladies. I sees her mooch not?'" Youth's Companion

Thorpe's Corpse. Testators' requests often lead to strange results. A Scotchman, Thomas Thorpe, left all his worldly goods to his two nephews on condition that they erected a monument to his memory with at least one verse inscribed thereon. These crafty brothers searched long and ardently for a verse at once brief and apt, but they found that the poets were inclined to run to words. They asked the aid of the monument mason, who suggested that the following couplet would admirably meet the case:

Here lies the corp Of Thomas Thorpe. The brothers thought this apt, but worldly. The mason cogitated long and deep, and, to the satisfaction of every one, the verse found upon the stone was:

Thorpe's Corpse. London Graphic

German Courtship. The form in which a proposal of marriage is made has undergone great change in Germany during the past few years. At one time any young man who proposed marriage attired himself in his dress suit and carried a bouquet as an offering to his chosen one. We must not seek to pry into the intimacy of such proposals, but if the disconsolate lover left the house carrying his bouquet with him it was a sign that he was rejected. Nowadays proposals are less formal, but engagements are no less binding. In fact, a betrothal is regarded as almost as solemn and binding as the wedding itself. On every possible occasion German lovers appear arm in arm, and the custom is not confined to one class alone. Peasants walk thus, and princes and princesses follow the popular custom. London Standard

Horrible Dueling. A particularly terrible kind of duel was fought on one occasion in Mexico. The opponents were an Indian settler and a rich cattle owner. The weapons chosen were butchers' knives, and it was settled that each combatant was to hold out his hand in turn to have one of his fingers cut off. The first to show the least sign of suffering pain was to have a bullet put through his heart by the other. The Indian had the first cut and amputated the cattle owner's first finger at a single blow. The Indian's first injury was the loss of a thumb, and he likewise remained as impassive as marble. This horrible drama went on until each combatant had lost four digits. Then the cattleman's second became so frightened at the ghastly sight that he shot the Indian dead and ended the fight.

A Golfer's Discovery. An enthusiastic golfer, one of those fellows who can speak on nothing else but golf, was one day taken by a friend to our local observatory to have a look through the building. The golfer's friend, who was a keen astronomer, got him a look at the moon through the telescope and then asked him what he thought of the planet. "It's a' right, but it's awfu' fu' o' bankers." World of Golf.

Woman's Winning Way. "In all my life," she said, with a sigh, "I have seen only one man that I would care to marry." "Did he look like me?" he carelessly asked. Then she lunged herself into his arms and wanted to know what secret power men possess that enables them to tell when they are loved. Chicago Record-Herald.

Taming Time Coming. "Charles seems to be very exacting," said a fond mamma to the dear, demure looking girl who was dressing for the wedding. "Never mind, mamma," said she sweetly; "they are his last wishes." Lippincott's Magazine

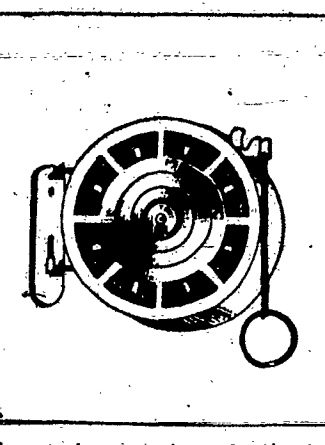
Information Wanted. "They say that Cupid strikes the match that sets the world aglow. But where does Cupid strike the match? That's what I'd like to know." Cornell Widow.

Premature. Clerk (marrying license bureau) - Two dollars, please. Pete Possum - Lordy, man, how yo' s'pose Ah's gwine hab \$2 when Ah ain't even married yet! - Punch.

If you want to have a happy home you must have a happy woman in it.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Clothesline Reel That Winds Up Automatically.



Sure to be appreciated by the busy woman is the automatic clothesline reel patented by a Connecticut man. When the clothes are down all that need be done is release the line from the posts and it will wind itself up in a few moments. The reel is made on the principle of the spring tape measure, and, of course, is operated by a spring. The line is wound on a circular metal support with a hinged connection by which it can readily be attached to wall or any upright, and it swings to left and right of this. The line feeds out over a guide and has a ring at the free end to prevent its being wound up too much. By releasing the spring the line can be paid out as necessary to fasten it around the posts. By setting the spring the wheel will revolve and wind the line up.

Pudding Sauces. Orange Sauce - Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff; add a cupful of powdered sugar and continue beating; add the rind and juice of two oranges and the juice of a lemon.

Molasses Sauce - A cupful of molasses and one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter boiled together five minutes; remove from the heat and add two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice or a tablespoonful of vinegar.

Cream Sauce - Beat together until thick a fourth of a cupful of milk and three-fourths of a cup of thick cream; add a third of a cup of powdered sugar and a half teaspoonful of vanilla.

Foamy Sauce - Cream half a cupful of butter, add a cupful of powdered sugar, an egg well beaten and a tablespoonful of vanilla. Beat while heating over hot water.

Chicken Pudding. Cut up two young chickens, stew until tender, season, take from the broth, remove all large bones. Put the meat in a buttered baking dish, add bits of butter and pour over the following: Four eggs, beaten light; one quart milk, three tablespoonfuls melted butter, one teaspoonful salt and two of baking powder and enough sifted flour to make a batter like griddle-cake. Bake an hour in moderate oven. Make gravy of the broth by thickening with flour and serve.

Precalilli. Slice one peck of green tomatoes and six onions in thin slices and with one teaspoon of salt, pack in layers of tomatoes, onions and salt, and let stand overnight. In the morning pour off the liquid that has formed, add four sliced green peppers. Put the whole in a porcelain lined kettle, add one pint vinegar, one pound brown sugar, one tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and white mustard seed. Cook until soft, seal while hot.

Maryland Fried Chicken. Cut the chicken in joints, salt and pepper, stew in enough hot water to keep from burning, cover closely and set on back of stove to steam for one hour. Have ready a hot spider, remove chicken from saucepan and brown in butter or lard, remove to platter and pour in the spider any liquid that may remain in saucepan, thicken with flour and add one and one-half pint of milk, season to taste and pour on chicken.

To Keep Fresh Fruit. Do not throw away the partitioned cartons in which eggs are sometimes bought by the dozen. These boxes serve to keep delicate fruit - peaches, plums and even small apples or pears - from coming in contact with each other in the icebox. A fruit which is overripe, though to only an almost imperceptible extent, may communicate that taint to its next door neighbor if contact be permitted.

Preserved Quinces. Pare and quarter, taking out cores and all hard parts. Boil in clear water until tender; spread out to dry. Allow a half pound of sugar and one third cupful of water to each pound of fruit. When the strips of fruit are in the fruit, set on the back of stove and cook slowly for an hour, if not too tender, as the longer they cook the brighter will be the color. Seal hot.

To Whiten Linen. Handkerchiefs and white clothes that have become yellow from the use of too much soap or any other cause may be whitened in the following manner: After washing let them soak over night in a tub of clear water in which is added a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. When ironed they will be found as white as snow.

NOTABLES IN THE LIMELIGHT

F. B. Harrison, Governor General of the Philippines.



Photo by American Press Association.

Francis Burton Harrison, who was appointed by President Wilson to be governor general of the Philippines, is serving his fifth term as a member of congress from New York. He has been a member of the ways and means committee during three terms and was chosen for this new position. He was formerly a member of the committee on foreign affairs. Mr. Harrison made a trip to the Philippines with Mr. Taft when the latter was secretary of war.

Born in New York city in 1873, Mr. Harrison is the son of the late Burton Harrison, who was private secretary to Jefferson Davis during the days of the confederacy. His mother, who, as Mrs. Burton Harrison, has achieved distinction as a writer, was Miss Virginia Cary family and related to the families of Custis and Washington. He was educated at Yale and the New York law school, receiving his law degree in 1897.

He remained at the law school as instructor until the outbreak of the Spanish war, when he enlisted as a private in Troop A, New York volunteer cavalry. He had become captain and adjutant general United States volunteers when mustered out of service. In 1902 he was elected to congress from New York city and in 1904 was a candidate for lieutenant governor of New York. Since that time he has been a member of congress.

Mr. Harrison stands high in the house and is regarded there as one of the leaders in tariff matters. He took an active part in the preparation of the Underwood tariff bill and was in actual charge of the wool schedule when it was debated in the house.

New Minister to Portugal. Colonel Thomas H. Birch of Burlington, N. J., who has been selected for the post of minister to Portugal, was a member of President Wilson's staff during the latter was governor of New Jersey. A short time ago Colonel Birch was offered the portfolio of Portugal, but declined the appointment. It is said that leading Democrats of the state believed he was entitled to a more important diplomatic position. The new minister's proudest boast is that he is the youngest son of James H. Birch, a



Photo by American Press Association.

THOMAS H. BIRCH. Wealthy manufacturer, who was one of the first prominent supporters of William J. Bryan in the east. It was through the instrumentality of Colonel Birch that Mr. Bryan and President Wilson were first brought together during the latter's campaign for the presidential nomination. Later, after the national Democratic convention, both were guests at the Birch mansion in Burlington and planned important moves in the presidential campaign. Colonel Birch is associated with his father in business.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Game of Acrostics.

Whoever begins the play announces that he has just returned from market, where he has bought a certain article that he names, which name must contain as many letters as there are players besides the buyer. The reader, or buyer, then asks each one in turn what he will give for one of the letters of the name of the object he has purchased.

Supplied with pencil and paper, he writes down, which must always begin with the letter he offers to trade. When all the offers are received he reads them aloud and announces the use to which he will put each object offered.

Example (for a company of eight persons): "I have been to market, where I bought a serpent, but I wish to exchange it." (Addressing the first player.) "What will you give me for the S?" The player addressed offers some article, and the buyer writes it down, as he does all the other offers in turn. Then he says, "I am offered

- S - A scythe.
E - An elephant.
R - A rope.
P - A potato.
N - A negro.
A - An encyclopedia.
T - A trunk.

"I accept all these things and this is the use I will make of them: Washing to travel, I will study up in my encyclopedia the countries I will visit. Then mounting my elephant, which I shall guide with my rope, tied to his trunk, and with my negro for attendant and my scythe for a weapon will set out for the land where the potato grows."

When the story is finished the next player may take his turn in going to market and telling his story, and so on till all have had their turn or wish a change of game.

The Quarrel. The different parts of the body complained one day that they must serve each other and refused longer to do so.

The feet said, "Why should I alone bear your forward? Hereafter, move yourself for I shall not."

The hands said, "Why should I always work for you? Hereafter, do your own work, for I shall not."

The mouth complained, "I surely am a great fool if I always prepare food for the stomach so that it enjoys it. Let it provide itself a mouth."

The eyes also complained that they were compelled to do the seeing for the entire body. So the trouble continued, each part of the body complaining that it was compelled to serve all the other parts. They decided then that each should serve only himself.

Then what happened? When the feet refused to walk, the hands to work, the mouth to eat and the eyes to see, so began the body to languish in all its parts and by degrees to die away.

When the parts saw the result of their refusing to serve each other they met and agreed never to be discontented again. Now each part serves the others and all have become as lively and strong as before.

A Plant That Coughs. There is the authority of a French botanist for the statement that a certain plant in various tropical regions actually possesses the power to cough in the most approved manner. The fruit of this plant resembles the common bread bean. It appears that the coughing plant is something of a crank; that it easily works itself into a rage, and that it has a curious habit of depositing on its leaves the air chambers that cover their faces and are the respiratory organs of the plant, become filled with silt, gas, swell and end by driving out the gas with a slight explosion and a sound that resembles so much the cough of a child suffering from a cold.

As to carry a most uncanny sensation to the one beholding the phenomenon.

Mermaids and Mermen. The habit of holding the young or resuing the baby on the sipper has been noticed in whales and is especially striking in the great dugong, common off the northern coast of Australia. When a strange object appears the baby is immediately taken and held closely, the mother rising partly out of the water and presenting a curiously human appearance.

From this habit of the dugong and manatee have undoubtedly arisen many of the stories given in old works on natural history concerning mermaids and mermen, and, considering the remarkable likeness, it is not singular that the false impression was created.

A Bright Boy. "Now, boys," asked the schoolmaster, "what is the axis of the earth?" Johnny raised his hand promptly. "Well, Johnny, how would you describe it?"

"The axis is an imaginary line which passes from one pole to the other and on which the earth revolves." "Very good," explained the teacher. "Now could you hang your clothes on that line, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Indeed," said the examiner disapprovingly. "And what sort of clothes?" "Imaginary clothes, sir."

Rebus and Answer. Y Y U R Y U B I G U R Y Y For me. This is the answer: Too wise you are. Too wise you be. I see you are. Too wise for me.

THE TALISMAN OF GOOD LUCK

A Peripatetic Painter Trifles With Fate.

Hannigan was down on his luck. Blackboards of the right kind were getting scarcer and scarcer, and the November air had a way of nipping the ears and nose which was not pleasant. Hannigan was a wandering painter. He had once been prosperous as a despoiler of scenery, as many of the legends which now adorn the Buckeye landscape and proclaim the merits of pink pellets and condition powders will testify. Rum had got the upper hand of Hannigan. His hand was no longer steady enough to follow the configuration of letters, even when they were chalked out by steadier fingers, but Hannigan could still paint blackboards.

Mr. Hannigan as he strode along the tracks was muttering to himself about the perversity of fortune. He had spent nearly his last cent for material. He had been to three schoolhouses, and in each he had been confronted with slabs of smoothly polished slate which covered the plastered wall. The agent of a Chicago school supply company had preceded Hannigan and had done him much injury. At the last schoolhouse the teacher had smiled pityingly when the decorator talked of the evil which had come upon him. She had unclasped from a long chain which she wore a silver mounted rabbit's foot and had insisted upon the astonished painter accepting it.

Now that Hannigan was alone again his thoughts went back to the little schoolhouse, and the more he thought about the duplicity of the trustees and the slate blackboards the more angry he became. He drew from his pocket the fuzzy "fitch" which the teacher had given him and in the half darkness contemplated it with a look of scorn. Hannigan was walking on the railroad track with the measured tread common to the wanderer.

"Luck!" muttered Hannigan. "Jim Hannigan walking the track with not a thing in his pocket but a rabbit's foot has a run of luck, hasn't he? Where's that fool thing?"

Hannigan took the talisman from his pocket and threw it on the track. It dropped near a rail, where the glint from its mounting revealed its presence. Hannigan stooped as though to pick it up again. Then he reconsidered. "No," said he; "don't want it; won't have it. Let some fellow find it who wasn't born to be unucky."

Hannigan heard a shrill whistle and the rumble of wheels. He stepped aside in a mechanical way just in time to evade a train. He stood for a moment contemplating the two fiery eyes of red which were diminishing in front of him. Then he looked around him.

"I was crossing the long trestle, and I didn't know it," said Hannigan. "Now, by gum, that is what I call luck-crossing the trestle with no chance in the world to get off it and spikes on the sides of the track to make it uncomfortable for us hoboes; crossing the trestle, by Jingo! If I had jumped, I would have been drowned in twenty feet of water, and I'd had stayed they would never have recognized me except for this can of sawdust cocktails. Jim Hannigan, you are an ungrateful cuss. That rabbit's foot saved you, and you threw it away!"

This is where you see a crayon enlargement of Jim Hannigan going back to find the only thing which ever brought him luck."

He went back over the ties, dodging the spikes, looking for the rabbit's foot. He could see no trace of it. He glanced up in time to see two bulging eyes of red which were growing bigger with every second. James Hannigan jumped and shrieked. The "Cannon Ball" was backing down on him, and he was in the middle of the trestle. He threw himself on the track, rolled over, clasped the end of a tie in his arms and swung himself off just as the express whizzed over his head. Above him was the roar of the train, and beneath him the waters of the Hocking were greedily lapping the wooden piles.

"Talk about hard luck," muttered the trembling painter of blackboards, "Queered for life by a rabbit's foot and a schoolmarm's smile."

The trestle was vibrating beneath the weight of the train. Hannigan, with his right arm within six inches of the rail over which were rushing the wheels of the "Cannon Ball," felt a shiver through every nerve of his body. He yelled curses, and the rails gave back a mocking sound. He felt the dull pain of weariness in his arms.

"Twenty feet of water below," moaned Hannigan, "and I can't swim! I couldn't draw myself up even if the train wasn't here. Well, so-long, every body. Here is the end of James Hannigan, born a scenic artist, died a bum."

He dropped. The cold waters closed about the form of the knight of the road. Then a moment of silence, and James Hannigan awoke. He thought he was sitting on downy cushions and around him was poured a cooling and a crystal flood. Hannigan sat bolt upright in the dark mud of the Hocking river bottom, and about him flowed two feet of the tawny flood. Beyond were the dark depths of the stream.

From the locomotive a few feet ahead on the trestle above there came a shower of fiery nodules. The ash-box was open. In the glow of the falling particles Hannigan saw a gray object floating on the tide below him. He picked it up and placed it reverently in the upper pocket of his coat.