

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Cannitz Not All In, Declares Doon.



Photo by American Press Association.

Manager Charley Doon of the Philadelphia Nationals declares he received the better of the recent deal with Pittsburgh when he parted with Dolan for Byrne and Cannitz. Doon says he considers Cannitz one of the headiest twirlers in the National league. It has been stated that Cannitz had seen his best days, but Doon thinks differently, and believes—the former Pittsburgher will be a strong addition to the Phillies' twirling staff next season. He also states that the veteran twirler has several more years of usefulness in the box in him. Byrne will also fill in nicely at third.

Passed Along by McGraw.

Five of the younger players in the big leagues are men who have been either tried out or signed by the Giants in some previous season. In a recent fanning session it was declared by a supporter of the Giants that John McGraw had never permitted a star, in embryonic state, to slip away from him. The report by a fan, who recommended the instances of players being passed along added keenness as an additional topic to the discussion.

Deck Rudolph of the Boston Braves belonged to the Giants in the fall of 1910 and the following spring. A year ago George Pierce, a southpaw twirler new with the Cubs, was taken on a spring training trip with the Giants. Five years ago Benny Meyer, who has been utility felder for the Brooklyn team this season, was tried out by McGraw. Jack Johnston of the St. Louis Browns was signed up for two springs by McGraw and passed along. Two years ago Hugh High of the Detroit team was listed with the Giants, but was passed on without a trial.

Ewing to Quit Baseball.

Long Bob Ewing, for several years a star pitcher of the Cincinnati Reds of the National league, is through with baseball. The elongated moundman started a game in Lima, O., recently for an amateur team, and during the third inning his arm dropped to his side. A physician's examination revealed that a small bone in the arm had snapped.

Ewing has been pitching independent cat ball all season, but his control has gone from bad to worse. He declares that he will give up the diamond and settle down to farm life on his forty acres east of Lima.

Gave Sixteen Passes.

George Van Hallren, who started his big league life as a pitcher and finished as an outfielder, and Eddie Karger, a former Cincinnati and Boston twirler, were joint holders of the major league record for issuing bases on balls in a single game. Each passed sixteen men. Van Hallren made his high mark for generosity in 1887 while hurling for Chicago against Boston. Karger arrived while he was with the Reds.

Mack Gets Brickley.

It is announced that George Brickley, younger brother of the Harvard football star, has signed a contract with Connie Mack of the Philadelphia Americans.

Brickley has played second base for Everett high school of Boston for the last four years. He led his league in batting the last season, having an average of .500 and making a record of 12 home runs in 21 games.

Bobby Wallace Out of Game.

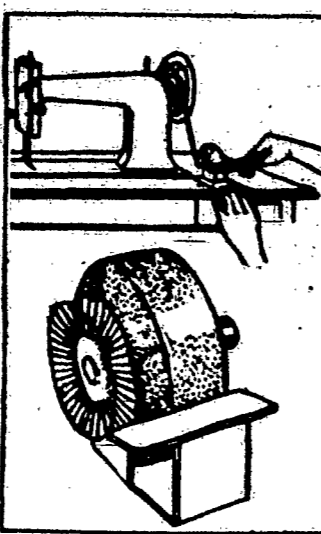
Bob Wallace, the veteran shortstop of the Browns, will be out of the game longer than expected because the broken bone in his left hand is not mending as rapidly as his doctor hoped. He had to have the bone rebroken and reset. The veteran Scot was hit on the hand by a pitched ball thrown by Joe Bush of the Athletics July 21 in a game at Sportsman's park.

Sprinter Lippincott Keating.

Don Lippincott, perhaps our best sprinter, next to Edward Drew, has not put on a spiked shoe all summer. No danger that the Olympic 100 meter record-holder will get "baked." He'll be in the game in Pennsylvania when needed.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES

Scissors Grinding Attachment For the Sewing Machine.



Among the new things which have been recently brought out to lighten the burdens of the fair ones is a little device by which any ordinary job of cutting and sharpening may be done on the sewing machine. The device consists of a small emery wheel of the right composition for sharpening knives, scissors and similar household utensils, and this is mounted on a pulley wheel on the top of the sewing machine table and slid along until the pulley wheel is in contact with the belt as it passes through the table top. There is a small shelf in the proximity of the wheel which is set at just the right angle for scissors sharpening, and with this any woman is enabled to sharpen a pair of scissors, whereas under ordinary circumstances this is a rather difficult task. It is also possible to sharpen any other small piece of cutlery.

Lotion For the Hands.

An excellent lotion for whitening and softening the hands is made of equal parts of pure olive oil and glycerin beaten together and perfumed with oil of violets. Where glycerin is objected to a paste made of two ounces of beeswax and one ounce of sweet almonds may be used instead of the lotion. Place the ingredients in a jar in a saucpan of boiling water and let them melt together. Stir until well mixed and when cold put the paste and apply it as often as necessary to the hands or smear it over the sleeping gloves.

Cleaning Faint.

The easiest and quickest way of cleaning paint is to have two pails of water, one cold, to which a tablespoonful of ammonia has been added, and one hot, with the addition of a little ammonia and soap powder. With a soft flannel wash the paint with the soapy water, then rinse with the cold water, using a wash leather instead of the flannel, and wring the leather fairly dry. Faint washed like this dries with a nice polish, which no using of hot water alone will impart.

Canned Tomatoes.

In stewing tomatoes for table use enough may be cooked to fill one or two jars. Stew with just a little salt. Have the jars and tops and rubber rings sterilized as for ordinary canning and place the jars in a water bath or pan filled well up with lukewarm water. Fill the jar quite to the top, proceeding otherwise as in ordinary canning. It is sometimes easier to "put up" tomatoes gradually by this method than a dozen or more at a time.

Tomato Marmalade.

Peel and chop ripe, firm tomatoes, allowing for each pound the grated yellow rind of a lemon. Boil together till the tomatoes are soft, when to each pint add the juice of a lemon and a pound of sugar. Cook for about a half hour or until it will jelly when placed on a chilled plate. Put away as with other marmalade.

To Whiten Linen.

Handkerchiefs and white clothes are whitened in the following simple manner: After they have been washed in the usual way lay them to soak overnight in clear water, into which cream of tartar has been put. A teaspoonful to a quart of water is the right proportion. When frothed they will be as white as snow.

Marking Important Dates.

On the first of each month when you turn a new page in your calendar, draw a pencil through the birthdays, anniversaries and other dates that you wish to remember. Busy people will find this helpful.

Removing Paint Stains.

To remove paint from clothes immediately rub with a rough rag wet with turpentine. This removes the stain and does not leave a mark.

A Substitute For Hemstitching.

When the hemstitching on bed linen begins to break apart cover it with a row of fine featherstitched braid and stitch neatly on each side.

Raisin Pie.

Put one pound of seeded raisins in sufficient water to cover the raisins. Add the juice and grated rind of one lemon.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

E. E. McCall, Candidate For Mayor of New York.



By American Press Association.

Edward E. McCall, regular Democratic nominee for the mayoralty of New York, has been chairman of the public service commission, second district, since last February. At the time of his appointment Mr. McCall was a supreme court justice, with four years to serve. Before his election to the supreme bench, in 1902, he had not held public office, but had a large practice as a corporation-lawyer and had been counsel for several big insurance companies.

Born in Albany in 1863, Mr. McCall was educated in the public schools of his native city and was graduated from the law department of the New York university. The late John A. McCall, president of the New York Life insurance company, was his brother. He is a member of several clubs, including the Harlem Catholic and the Lawyers'.

A Versatile Musician.

Henry Schumann-Helink, son of the world famous contralto, recently passed the civil service examination for the position of detective in the office of the prosecutor of Passaic county, N. J., standing highest on the list. Mr. Schumann-Helink has been successful mechanical engineer, actor, musical comedy singer, inventor and writer. He has operatic ambitions and intends to keep up his musical studies while engaged in detective work.

Governor of Alabama.

Emmett O'Neal, governor of Alabama, whose recent appointment of Congressman H. D. Clayton to the United States senate to fill a vacancy aroused much discussion, is one of the most progressive of southern statesmen. He is a firm believer in the development of the agricultural possibilities of the state and the education of the negro in the latest and most scientific farming methods.

A Native of Alabama.

Governor O'Neal bears the distinction of being



By American Press Association.

the son of a governor, his father having been chief executive of the state. He was educated at the University of Alabama and was admitted to the bar in 1875. His chief political service before his election as governor was as presidential elector, to which position he was three times chosen. He was United States attorney for the northern district of Alabama during President Cleveland's second term and was a member of the constitutional convention of 1901, in which he was a prominent and forceful figure. Governor O'Neal is sixty years of age.

Chief of the Chippewas.

Edward L. Rogers, county attorney of Cass county, Mo., has also been elected chief of the combined Chippewa tribes of his native state and will lead their fight against the federal government to recover \$15,000,000 alleged to have been due for many years. He is a Chippewa himself, a giant physically, and during his college career was famous as a football player at Carleton and the University of Minnesota.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Milky Way.

I dreamed I was a milkmaid And had a little pail. To milk cows I was not afraid, I felt I could not fail.

My path it was the Milky way, I stepped from star to star, I went along so bright and gay, The world seemed off so far.

I looked around. Each tiny star faintly winked at me, And seemed to say, "Little milkmaid, you are as pretty as a pretty can be."

You lovely, lovely, shining thing, I'll try to count you, I said, Of I've counted butterfly wings As over the green grass they sped.

Oh, dear-oh, dear, what a time I had Tripping along on my starry way, As I tried to count! But I was so glad, When the sun waked me and it was day!

—An Observing Puppy.

A citizen writes from Houlton, England, to record an instance of a very high order of intelligence in an animal, of a power of reasoning:

"I have a pup aged ten months and a dog four years old, both of which live in the house and are great pets. A fortnight ago my wife was ill. Though the older dog, owing to his quiet and sedate way, was allowed to enter her room, the puppy was never admitted. The nurse could always tell which dog was at the door, because the older dog gave one single and gentle scratch, and then remained quiet, while the puppy scratched violently and frequently and whined. The puppy apparently could not understand why she was not admitted and felt her exclusion sorely. One day she scratched furiously, as usual. No notice was taken. Presently she was heard going 'dog-dog' downstairs. A few minutes the single gentle scratch of the old dog was heard. The door was opened, and there were both dogs. 'Strange to say, from that time the puppy limited the scratch of the old dog that it was impossible to tell which was at the door. Undoubtedly the puppy went and asked the old dog to show her how he gained admission. How, else can one explain the fact?"

—Houses Without Nails.

In Alberta, Canada, there is a village of houses which have been constructed without nails, says the Detroit Free Press.

These houses have been built by Ruthenian immigrants, and their architecture is very novel. Their first attempts at house building are usually of the kind they had been accustomed to in Europe, and their buildings are of the typical Ruthenian style—log, pileh roofed, thatched and wide in the eaves. In many cases these buildings are put up without a dollar's worth of hardware.

Even the door, an affair of slender twigs woven and latched together, swings on homemade hinges and is latched with a wooden hasp. The floor is of hewn logs, unnailed. The roof, as the favorite Ruthenian roof always is, is a wonderful fabric of poles and cross woven wheat straw, ten inches thick, packed light and solid and laid with such care that it will shed the weather for twenty years.

—Flower Language.

Flowers have a language of their own. Now, were you to send a bouquet to your best friend it would be well to know that a full blown rose means beauty, garden anemone means admiration, geranium means gallantry, poppy means precaution, holly means foresight, honeysuckle means bond of love, hyacinth means game, lily means true friendship, laurel means glory, lily means innocence, lily of the valley means return of happiness, lotus means absence, maple means reserve, margold means despair, narcissus means egotism, orange blossom means marriage, pansy means thought, passion flower means superstition, and penny means shame.

—Origin of Sayings.

A thoroughbred gamecock shows only red and black feathers, and a crowbird is known by a white feather in its tail. Hence "to show the white feather" conveys a strong notion of cowardice, from one point of view at least.

One may search the Scriptures in vain for any allusion to Job's turkey. The expression "as poor as Job's turkey" had its origin in the brain of a humorist, Sam Slick. He described this bird as being possessed of but one feather in its tail and as of so feeble a constitution that it was only by leaning against a fence that it was enabled to gobble.

—Exclamations.

Among the curious exclamations in everyday use, "Hello!" and "Hurrah!" have perhaps the most curious origins attributed to them. It is said that the people of Carnwood forest, Leicestershire, England, when they desire to hail a person at a distance, call out not "hello!" but "hallopp!" This, a well known author says, is simply a survival of the time when one cried to another, "A loup, a loup!" or "A wolf, a wolf!"

"Hurrah!" according to M. Littré, is derived from the Slavonic bury, "to Paradise" which signified that all soldiers who fell fighting went straight to heaven.

—John's History.

"Now, tell me, John, why Washington crossed the Delaware?" asked a teacher.

"Omnis all the other rivers were too far away at that time," promptly answered John.

A Little Story Of a Big Town

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1911, by American Press Association.

I stood under a lamp-post on Hester street, watching the excited children as they fell asleep, while sitting on the steps, the men as they smoked and gazed, the women as they glanced themselves wearily home, and I purchased a hot beer and there to stand the family cupboard for Sunday. On Canal, on Grand, along the Bowery, in Chatham square, men and women are laughing in good nature as they elbow each other and through the stores to purchase ornaments and luxuries. Here men and women are million and million, many of them wondering where the barest necessities are to come from.

"If you won't help me we shall have to go hungry tomorrow."

It was a little old woman who had approached so softly that I did not hear her.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

She pointed to a four story tenement almost opposite.

"Any family?"

"A sick husband and four children, sir."

"Very well; lead on, and I will follow."

She kept looking back, and there was a pained expression on her face.

"This way—that's a child—keep to the fall—don't fear the dog—we're almost up."

And as we reached the upper hall we turned to the right, passed down a blind hall running the other way, and presently she pushed open a door, and we entered a room lit by a smoky lamp.

Here were two small rooms, three chairs, a cupboard, an old table, a wretched bedstead and more wretched bedding, on which lay a man. Across the room was a mattress, on which the children were lying as I entered. In the other room I saw a stove, a wash-tub and a bucket of coal.

"All those, sir," said the woman as she placed a chair.

The husband looked to be fifty years old. He had the bright eyes and the hollow cheeks of a consumptive.

"Are you a doctor?" he asked as I sat down.

"No."

"The rent is exorbitant, but we haven't even bread to eat," he said.

"I am not your landlord nor his agent. I simply came up to see you—to see if you were sick, to see what you needed."

"John, you know how it is with us. I asked him to the street for money, and he's come up to—"

"To see if you were really in need of help," I said as she paused. "Have you had any supper?"

"Just a crust for him, sir, but nothing for the rest, and but for you the children would be crying with hunger."

"Very well. I'll mind the boys while you go out. Get bread, butter, tea, milk, sugar, potatoes and meat."

"Yes—you don't mean it?" she gasped.

The man rose up on his elbow to get a better look at me, and I saw something like alarm in his face. To quiet him I said:

"The case is clear enough. You need to get along all right, but sickness came; you could no longer work; you have reached your last penny. Why shouldn't I help you a bit?"

"It's sadly enough we need it, God knows, but—but—"

"But you can't make out why I came up here?"

"No, sir."

"Well, don't worry about it. Queer things are always happening to all of us. How long have you been ill?"

"Over a year, sir."

"And how have you lived?"

"By using the few dollars I had put by and by selling whatever we could spare until we are as you see us. I once earned my \$2 a day, sir, and so poor man's family was better cared for."

"And today you are penniless and hungry?"

"Yes, sir, and as I laid here I'd have cut my throat if I had a knife."

By and by, as we talked, the mother and children returned. I heard the latter sobbing, even on the lower stairs. Each had a cold, and the wife returned after a lamp, a bottle of wine and some other things. Poor soul! She was laughing and crying by turns, and to have seen those forlorn children sit down on the floor and eat the dry bread as famishing wolves devour their prey was something to pain your heart.

"It's real meat, John," said the woman as she came to his bedside—real meat, and real potatoes, and real sugar and tea, and there is a God after all!"

"Yes, there is—a God—Mary!" he whispered as he wept.

And while I sat there the wife cooked supper, and the hunger of all was satisfied, and the two smaller children afterward knelt at the bedside and repeated the Lord's Prayer and were asleep three minutes later.

It was only a drop, only a little ray of hope shining through the darkness and gloom of their poverty and despair, but to have caught that one ray filled them with new strength to battle in the future, and I had looked down with still another phase of humanity.

A STRANGER IN A LARGE CITY

Queer Experiences of an American in London.

Copyright, 1911, by American Press Association.

George Atherton, an American, had of London, and being without means of introduction to the English people, not being given to much flattery or compliments, he had a lonely time of it. One morning, however, he was sitting on a bench in Hyde park looking at some budding plants when a well-dressed man sat down at the other end of the bench. Atherton had taken no notice at scripping an acquaintance with him, but he was surprised to see the man speak to him. "You are not speaking to me, are you?" he asked. "I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it to the proper attention."

"One tasker, sir. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love flowers. And what is the name of your garden?"

"I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it to the proper attention."

"One tasker, sir. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love flowers. And what is the name of your garden?"

"I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it to the proper attention."

"One tasker, sir. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love flowers. And what is the name of your garden?"

"I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it to the proper attention."

"One tasker, sir. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love flowers. And what is the name of your garden?"

"I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it to the proper attention."

"One tasker, sir. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love flowers. And what is the name of your garden?"

"I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it to the proper attention."

"One tasker, sir. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love flowers. And what is the name of your garden?"

"I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it to the proper attention."

"One tasker, sir. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love flowers. And what is the name of your garden?"

"I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it to the proper attention."

"One tasker, sir. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love flowers. And what is the name of your garden?"

"I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it to the proper attention."

"One tasker, sir. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love flowers. And what is the name of your garden?"

"I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it to the proper attention."

"One tasker, sir. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love flowers. And what is the name of your garden?"

"I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it to the proper attention."

"One tasker, sir. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love flowers. And what is the name of your garden?"

"I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it to the proper attention."

"One tasker, sir. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love flowers. And what is the name of your garden?"

"I have a garden at home across the big pond. I wonder whether my man is giving it to the proper attention."

"One tasker, sir. I'm devoted to my garden."

"All Englishmen love gardens. They all love flowers. And what is the name of your garden?"