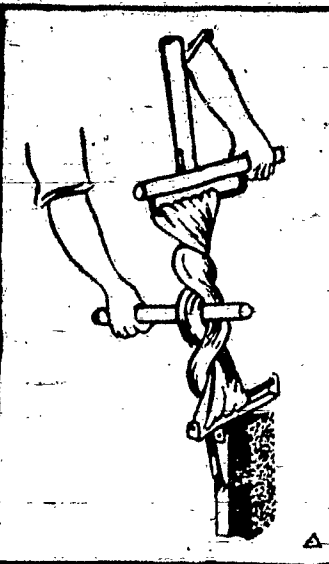


HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Combination Twist Mop and Scrubbing Brush.



A new door cleaning implement has been patented by an Illinois man. It is a long handled mop with a scrubbing brush attached to the handle...

Beets—Italian Style.

Select six small young beets. Bake, remove the skins and cut the beets into cubes. Melt four tablespoons of butter in a saucepan...

Removing Scorch Stains.

If one has the misfortune to scorch an article while ironing it is a simple matter to remove the spot...

Apple Dumplings.

One pint thick cream, one teaspoonful baking powder, half teaspoonful soda, one large tablespoonful shortening...

Mats For the Bathroom.

The rag rugs of white with colored borders or pink and blues to go with whatever color scheme is used in the bathroom are very satisfactory.

Red Tomato Preserves.

Peel large, ripe, smooth tomatoes without scalding and remove the seeds with a spoon. Measure and place in a preserving kettle with equal measure of sugar...

Canned Grapes.

Take well ripened grapes, pick from the stems, wash and drain in a colander; take granulated sugar, make a thick syrup as though going to make candy.

Cleaning Mirrors.

When cleaning mirrors and windows sprinkle a few drops of metal polish upon a cloth and rub over the glass.

A Preserving Hint.

It is well to look at all canned or preserved fruit a week or so after it is made. By that time air bubbles will have arisen, if they are to appear.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Pitcher Dubuc of Detroit Wins High Praise.



Photo by American Press Association.

Pitcher Dubuc of the Detroit Americans has been putting up a glib article of ball this year. Manager Hughie Jennings says he will prove a second Walter Johnson next year if he shows the same degree of improvement that marked his work this season.

Army and Navy Game.

Great satisfaction was expressed at West Point, N. Y., when the news was received that the Army and Navy athletic representatives had come to terms in the matter of their annual football contest...

Final Purchase Announcements.

Recently occurred the final day for major league purchase of minor league players, and the following additional purchases were announced: New York Americans—Outfielder Gilhooley for Pitcher McConnell and cash.

Devlin Dropped to Minors.

The passing of another veteran player from major league baseball was recorded recently when President James Gaffney of the Boston National League club announced that Arthur Devlin, third baseman, had been released to Rochester of the International League.

Miller on the Trail.

Another heavyweight is looking for bouts with the big "white hoppers." He is Charley Miller of San Francisco, who has fought some good battles in California. Miller was matched to meet Jess Willard for twenty rounds at Vernon, Cal., two weeks ago, but the death of Bull Young resulted in its cancellation.

Lippe's Fighting Stagnation.

Al Lippe, who took a delegation of American fighters to Paris last year, has sailed for Paris on the Oceanic with four other fighters. The scrapmen he has taken along are Jeff Smith of Bayonne, N. J.; Johnny Daly and Joe Hyland, both of New York, and "Big" Mackey of Cleveland.

Back to the Minors!

Rafael Almeida, the Cuban, who has been with the Cincinnati Reds for several seasons, has been sent to the Toronto club of the International League.

NOTABLES IN THE LIMELIGHT

Thomas Nelson Page, New Ambassador to Italy.



Photo by American Press Association.

Thomas Nelson Page, the new ambassador to Italy, has decided to abandon his work as a novelist, historian and essayist during his representation of the United States at the court of Rome.

Lord Chancellor of England.

Viscount Haldane, lord high chancellor of England, who recently paid a flying visit to the United States and Canada, is the highest judicial dignitary of the British empire.

Game of Twilight.

Each child takes the name of a flower, and seats are provided for all but one, who stands in the center and slowly spins a wooden plate, calling the name of a flower at the same time.

The Bat.

Of course you know that the bat is not a bird at all. Birds have feathers, and the bat has soft, smooth fur.

Riddles.

What is the best word of command to give a lady who is crossing a muddy road? Dress up in front, close (clothes) up behind.

Dot's Feet.

"Ma," cried Dot, "my button shoes are hurting me."

Nonsense.

The sun was up. The day had come. Miles Buttercup (The pretty one) Put on her cap of yellow silk And tilted her top with her hands.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Ring—A Game.

The greater the number of players in this game the more fun. Two camps are formed, an equal number of players in each.

When the goal has been decided upon and the players of each camp chosen the guardians of the goal stand at their post while the players of the other camp assemble and, without being seen by the guardians, choose from their number the person whom they think most likely to reach the goal without being taken.

To this one they intrust some object they call "the ring," then all scatter. The guardians of the goal try to capture all their adversaries, because they do not know which one holds the ring.

If the player who holds the ring reaches the goal without being taken by the guardians his camp keeps the ring, even though some of his party have been taken prisoners, and the game begins again by putting the ring in the hands of another player on the same side.

If, on the other hand, the holder of the ring is captured before reaching the goal the two-camps change sides, the former guardians becoming holders of the ring and the first holders the guardians of the goal.

The Toad and the Grasshopper.

"If you please, sir," said the toad to the grasshopper, "you're so unceremonious that you are almost impertinent."

"Impertinent?" said the grasshopper. "How do you make that out?" "I'm forty years older than you, and you hurl yourself at me as though you were my equal."

"Forty years! And pray what have you been up to all this time?" "I was shut up, sir, in yonder stone."

"Yes, and what did you accomplish?" "Nothing," replied the toad. "Then, sir, you might be my superior in years, but in nothing else."

If you had used your life to some advantage there'd be a reason, but now—"I'm only one week old, but I have chirped and hopped and hopped and chirped, and well, what's the use of wasting time on a lark thing like you? I have work to do, so goodbye!"

With another sniff the grasshopper left the poor little toad on the roadside and went his way.

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BELGIAN CUCUMBERS

By M. QUAD

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The county of Vernon in a certain middle state was at peace. Farmers, mechanics and merchants met each other and asked: "How is old Vernon county?" And the answer would be: "Old Vernon county is all right—you bet!"

Fifty men saw X. M. Davis, as he came to be known, when the bus drove up to the inn at Clifton with him as the only passenger. He was a middle aged man, and he had the face of a true American patriot.

Mr. Davis had come to Clifton direct from Europe. He had gone over there to study the agriculture of the country at his own expense. He had returned with what might be called a great find.

It was amazingly prolific. One acre of ground would grow 5,000 cucumbers, each three feet long and weighing five pounds.

It was like eating oranges. It was a breakfast food in itself. It left behind it an exhilaration not known to any other vegetable in the world.

This cucumber was certain to take the place of grains of all sort in a year or two more and would displace the potato and the turnip entirely.

Mr. Davis did more than talk and exhibit seeds. He put \$50 cash in bank as a prize to the person raising the most Belgian cucumbers the next spring or summer.

Between November and April Mr. Davis sold over \$3,000 worth of seeds and received his money for them.

When he went away he went boldly, and he left the prize money in the bank. By so doing he escaped all suspicion.

Now came a mystery. In Clifton lived a widow named Lee. She had been there only two years, and the people knew little about her.

She was nearly six feet tall, rugged and strong, and she neighbored with none. She went to Mr. Davis for some seeds, but refused to pay the price.

She offered only a penny apiece and when turned down made use of some very strong language.

April was a forward month in Vernon county, and the cucumber vines were beginning to run by the middle of May.

One night some one pulled up and attacked the vines in ten different gardens. They found tracks of a man's boots, but nothing further.

The next night more gardens suffered. Just who to suspect was a puzzler, but of course it was a case of jealousy and spite.

Deacon Tracy was the first one to report a clue. He had half an acre of vines and was sitting up to watch for the vandal when a man came suddenly upon him and knocked him senseless.

When he recovered his wits his vines had been destroyed. Tracks left by a man's boots—that was all.

Of course there were excitement and indignation. A reward of \$5 was offered for the arrest of the marauder, and owners of vines as yet untroubled hired watchmen.

Then the man of night betook himself out among the farmers. He rided far and wide. He destroyed nothing but the cucumber vines, but he did not spare a bill of them that he could get at.

He was chased by men and dogs; he was shot at; traps were set for him in twenty different places, yet no one earned that reward.

At Farmer Johnson's place he and his son were hidden in the smoke-house when the unknown appeared. He had scarcely pulled a vine when they were upon him. Both were strong men, but the struggle was over in a minute.

The unknown knocked them both silly and got away with their hats and pieces of their shirts as souvenirs. It was figured that he had got such a scare, however, that he would not appear again.

He returned next night when no one was watching and attacked the vines.

The excitement was now at fever heat, and the whole county was asking what should be done when the marauder came to his end.

A widow named Jones had twenty hills of vines she was watching. She had an old army carbine, and a neighbor had loaded it for her. She was watching from a window, and as the man of night appeared and began his work she fired at him. He dropped, but struggled up and ran.

A hundred men turned out and searched the streets and alleys and the country around, but they did not find the wounded man. They had given up the quest when word went round that no one had seen the "widow" for three days. The locked doors of her house were broken open, and she was found dead on the floor.

Secret of a Sign Painter.

Sign painters do not usually achieve fame, but there was one in the last century who did achieve a curiously long lived bit of work.

This was the man who painted a station sign at Harpers Ferry, shortly after the completion of the railway line to that point. The sign is in possession of a western society of engineers.

For a long time the society endeavored to ascertain who mixed the paint and applied it to the sign, which was placed in position at the Harpers Ferry station about forty years ago.

Summer's heat and winter's storms in no way dimmed the luster of the paint used to make the words "Harpers Ferry." They stood out as boldly as the day they were formed by the painter's brush.

The wood around the letters has been worn about a sixteenth of an inch by sand beaten against it by fierce winds, but the letters have withstood the elements. It is asserted that no paint manufactured nowadays is equal in durability to that which was applied to the old sign.

For a long time, but without success, the society tried to learn the identity of this humble artist.—Boston Post.

Her Angel Child.

Mother's darling, aged four, was not to be like other boys and learn to use naughty and slangy words. He was not allowed to play with the older boys in the neighborhood for fear his sensitive nature might be shocked at the language they used.

One day while mother was busy he slipped over into the next street and played for half an hour with a crowd of older boys. In that half hour he took a complete course in modern language.

On his return mother said: "Where has my precious been?" "You should worry and get a wrinkle," he cheerfully replied.

"Dearest, tell mother where you learned such horrible language!" mother exclaimed.

"Aw, good night, shirt," came sweetly from the cupid boy's mouth.

When mother commented to weep, for she realized that her angel child was just a boy after all.—Kansas City Star.

Batthany's Black Pearl.

There is a curious story of the precious black pearl which Count Louis Batthany, the Hungarian revolutionist, wore in his scarfpin.

Sentenced to death for his part in the rising of 1849, he gave the scarfpin to the valet who attended him in prison. The valet bequeathed it to his son, and the son decided to sell it.

It was taken to Budapest to be valued, and there exhibited in a jeweler's shop window. Crowds assembled to stare at it, and the suspicious of the Austrian police were aroused.

They instituted a rigorous inquiry and discovered, to their amazement, that the pearl had been stolen from the crown of England 150 years before.

The British government bought it back, but no one has been able to discover by what means it had passed into the possession of the Batthany family.

Sounds Made by Earthquakes.

Earthquake sounds are described as variations of heavy rumbling so low in pitch as almost to be more felt than heard (in many cases inaudible to persons who are deaf to very low tones) and belonging to one or another of the following types: The passing of wagons—thunder, wind, the fall of a load of stones, the fall of a heavy body, an explosion or some other miscellaneous sound.

In strong earthquakes the sound area occupies a central region (on an average two-thirds) of the disturbed region; in moderate earthquakes the two areas are approximately of the same magnitude, while in many slight earthquakes the sound area is larger than the disturbed area.

As a rule, the beginning of the sound precedes the shock, and the end of the sound follows the end of the shock.

Doublesome Cucumbers.

A vaudeville contortionist was "limbering up" in his dressing room, when a laundryman, who happened to open the door, by mistake stepped across the threshold and stood spellbound watching the performer, who was apparently tied in a knot on top of his trunk.

Noticing the look of consternation on the face of the unintentional intruder and resolving to have some fun at his expense, the contortionist assumed a look of deepest agony and groaned weakly.

"By gravy" that's the last time I'll ever eat cucumbers for supper!"—Judge.

Misunderstood.

The baby was slow about talking and his aunt was despairing that fact. Four-year-old Elizabeth listened anxiously.

"Oh, mother," she ventured at length, "do you think he'll grow up English? We couldn't any of us understand him if he turned out to be French."—Lippincott's.

Reassured.

"Daughter," called the irate father from his position at the top of the stairs, at the well known hour of 11:55 p. m., "doesn't that young man know how to say good night?"

"Does he?" echoed the young lady in the darkened hall. "Well, I should say he does."—Pittsburgh Post.

Poverty.

"The advantages of poverty are overrated," said a man who had experienced it. "The rich declare that poverty brings out a man's good points. Well, so it does—by the roots."

Remedy your deficiencies and your merits will take care of themselves.—Bulwer.