Snapshots at the Sports Arena

Herzog, Great Infielder.

Charlie (Buck) Herzog one-time manager of the Cincinnati Reds and former star infielder of the New York Giants, at third or short field comes pretty

HERZOG, GREAT INFIELDER
Photo by American Press Association.

near being the classiest of them all. The proposition to have him return to the Giants met with much favor in New York.

Oldring Comeback.

Rube Oldring who recently joined the New York Yanks is a high grade outfielder and can also wield the willow with effectiveness. He began the season with the Mackmen but retired about July 1, informing Manager Connie Mack that he was through with baseball for good.

Altrock Going Back.

Nick Altrock, the funny man of Washington Nationals, realizes that even in comedy youth may be served. In a recent game in New York Altrock was just about to give his famous imitation of a man walking a tight rope when he heard a roar of laughter from the stands back of third base. For a moment Nick thought that in an unconscious way he had done something irresistibly funny then he looked across the diamond and observed that young Sawyer, a substitute second baseman, was imitating a horse in the coaching box on third base. An instant later it was a mule and then laughter rose in a crescendo, as the recruit turned half a dozen flips and finished his act by swimming on the grass.

Murphy Buys Ball Parks.

Charles W. Murphy ex president of the Chicago Nationals, became the sole owner of the old park of the Cubs on the west side Chicago when he concluded negotiations with Charles P. Taft for the purchase of one half interest in the real estate. Murphy decides completing the purchase of the Chicago property, also acquired remaining 50 per cent interest of Mr and Mrs. Taft in the Philadelphia National league park.

Lobert a Hustler.

Though he is incapacitated with the injury to his knee, John Lobert is nevertheless a valuable man to the Giants right now. He breaks into the game quite frequently as a pinch hitter and delivers a hit or a sacrifice on many occasions but it is as a coach that he is proving most valuable.

Glick to Coach Mercersburg.

Frank Glick captain of the Prince ton eleven last fall, will have full control of football at Mercersburg academy the coming fall. The Pennsylvania institution has been anxious to secure Glick for some time and just recently induced him to sign a one year contract.

Light as Chaff

She Was a Woman.

Anna, the old family servant, was sitting with her feet propped on a chair when the daughter of the house entered and, impressed with the enormous size of the woman's feet, asked what size shoe she wore.

"Why, Miss Mary," replied Anna, "Ah kin tell you ah wears dese yere shoes. Ah gets on now an' ah can't git off agin till the Good Lord knows dey hurts me."—Gentleman.

Hardly Ever Angled.

The girl was [illegible] to dance with a fat man who couldn't. The fat man with a great [illegible] and he knew it. He gasped [illegible] and observed:

"It's awful kind of you to dance with me, the way I dance and the room."

Then he tried on her foot for the sixth time, and the girl replied:

"Oh, how can you say so? Why, you hardly seem to touch the floor!"

True Love.

About a year after Ben Smith got married his wife said to him one night:

"Jim, you do not speak so affectionately to me as you used to when we were first married. I fear you have ceased to love me."

"Ceased to love you!" growled the man. "There you go again. Why, I love you more than life itself. Now shut up and let me read the baseball news."

Irish Ingenuity.

An officer in an Irish regiment was much amused by a conversation which he overheard between two of his men who were watching the ascent of a captive observation balloon. One of them remarked that he would much rather be in the trenches than up aloft. "Sure, it's safe enough," answered his pal. "But phwat the blazes would ye do if the thing bristed?" persisted the other. "Do?" was the confident reply. "Why, shlide down the rope, of course, ye fool!"

THE ROSES.

A white rose bloomed in beauty,
A red rose flushed in pride.
The white rose drooped and faded,
The red rose bent and died
But in the quaint old garden
The sun held both as dear.
And, passing in the even,
The dew gave each a tear.

A white rose sent her fragrance
To cheer a weary brain,
A red rose smiled to gladden
A soul that sighed in vain.
And when the moonbeams scattered
Their gold upon each breast
Alike she dowered the roses
Since each had done her best.

STORING BUTTER.

In making butter at this season of the year for winter use it is very essential that the cream be of first class quality. Churn the cream sweet or nearly so wash the butter thoroughly until the wash water is clear salt as usual and pack firmly in earthenware crocks. Weight butter down with a clean stone supported on a lattice-work wooden frame placed on top of the butter. Pour on a cold salt brine solution. Cover jar and set away in cool cellar.

Chicks Need Sun and Shade

To remain healthy and vigorous both fowls and chicks must be protected from the burning rays of the sun. To deprive the stock of sunlight would also be fatal.

Mature birds soon decenerate away from the sun and chicks are sickly when grown with little sunlight. But no fowl can thrive when long exposed to the heat of the sun so there should be shade at least in the heat of the day.

Dense and complete shade is to be avoided. Air and sunshine in moderation are important factors in the growth and thrift of stock.

Natural shade is desirable and fruit trees are particularly good, since they give shelter as well as crops that can be sold at a profit.

Evergreen trees planted in hedges for windbreaks for winter also furnish a dense shade in summer.

Shade can be furnished artificially in different sections of the yard by using branches of trees cut in full foliage or by driving three foot stakes in the ground and covering them with a canopy of burlap, or by erecting frames made of wire netting or laths covered with hay or straw.

Probably at no time is the hot sun more dangerous to fowls than during molting season.

Not only must there be partial shade in the runs or range, but the houses must be so constructed that the air can pass through and that the hot roofs can be more or less cooled by proper ventilation.

In Rhode Island and Connecticut they would not be able to raise a fourth of their crop of turkeys were it not for the shaded rolling country over which the birds range.

The duck farms of Long Island would have to go out of business if it were not that their brooder yards are partially shaded, as too much exposure to the hot sun is fatal to young ducklings. The geese raisers of New England would fail if they exposed their goslings to the hot sun.

Washing Blouses.

The best way to wash crepe de chine blouses is to rub gently with the hands in a suds made of pure white soap and water. Rinse out of two clear waters then through one containing a little bluing. Wring very dry, roll in a clean sheet and iron in a short time. Yellowness is caused by exposing this material to the light while it is wet.

A Fish Story

By ALAN HINSDALE

In 1865 Bob Atherton, a soldier in the civil war, was discharged from the service and set about trying to make a living for which three years of soldiering had not prepared him. Yet, one kind of preparation he had gained from his campaigning. He was not afraid to strike out in any path. Many of the boys of 1861 to 1865, finding it difficult after the war to settle down to a humdrum life sought untried fields. Bob Atherton was one of these. He went to Australia to begin life in what was then a new country.

Bob wouldn't have gone had he not believed there was no chance for him at home, for he had a sweetheart whom it pained him to leave. But Elsie Rath bone promised to wait till he had made enough to send for her when she would go to him. This comforted him. Australia was then as it is now a wool growing country and Bob on reaching Melbourne where men were wanted found a position in the counting room of a wool broker. He learned a lot about the business, but somehow he did not find promotion rapid. Perhaps soldiering had taken out of him that contentment necessary to one working in a treadmill. At any rate he was not interested in his business and it is probable that he was not as up and doing as his employers expected him to be.

He went on to a sheep ranch, where he found more congenial occupation riding about in the open air herding sheep. But here too he was paid so much money for so much work, and since the work was not skilled he failed to gather in more funds than he needed for his personal wants. Besides one who had spent much of his time in the army playing poker with the dollar bill greenbacks of the period was not likely to look after the pence.

Atherton drifted from one thing to another for five years. He kept up a correspondence with Elsie for four of them then considering the status unfixed he ceased to write. He gradually ran down till he was shabby enough to be mistaken for a larrikin, which means the descendant of a Botany bay convict. From this condition he drifted to the coast where he tried to pick up a scant living as a fisherman.

One day Bob caught a big fish and in endeavoring to extricate his hook saw something that looked like paper in the gullet. Curious to know what it was he cut the fish open and found that it had swallowed a newspaper. The journal had been inclosed in a wrapper and it is not impossible that the fish had mistaken it for another fish. Bob unfolded it very carefully. The outside had been saturated but the inner sheets were comparatively dry. It proved to be a London paper of a three weeks' date. On one of the pages Bob saw a notice that the Emperor Napoleon III had left Paris to place himself at the head of the French army to fight the Prussians.

That meant that war had been declared between France and Prussia, news that had not yet reached Melbourne for that was before a cable had been laid between Europe and Australia. Another item was that Bohemian wool was quoted for wool. The price in the English market was very much higher than in Australia.

That set Bob to thinking. If he had the money he could buy wool for one price and as soon as a ship came in bringing the news of the war and recent quotations he might sell it for a profit. But he hadn't sixpence to his name. He sat on the sand thinking how he could utilize his information.

He was sufficiently familiar with the wool business to know the names of the principal dealers all of whom had bought through the commission firm by whom he had been employed. Selecting several firms to whom he was known he sent an order from each to his former employers to buy a large quantity of wool for each one of them, then went to the firms whose names he had used and told them what he had done, offering to produce proof that the price would rise on condition his order be confirmed and that he be paid a quarter of the profits arising from the deal. Nearly all acquiesced in writing.

The contracts had not been signed long when a ship came in bringing news that war had been declared between France and Prussia, with a new quotation for wool. The firms in whose names Bob had given his orders made enormous profits. Bob's aggregate proceeds were as large as any one of the buyers.

As soon as the money was paid over to him Bob took the next ship for America, hoping that he would find his sweetheart unmarried. He not only found her a spinster, but hoping that she might again hear from him. When he told her that he had made a fortune she refused, but when he told her how he had done it she thought he was chaffing her. However, he confirmed his story by producing the newspaper he had taken from the fish's belly and an item cut from a Melbourne paper describing his coup.

As to how the fish carried the English paper to Melbourne ahead of the mails, that is a matter of conjecture. It can only be accounted for on the theory that the paper was thrown overboard from some ship not bound to Melbourne, picked up by the fish and carried to the spot where Bob Atherton was fishing.

AN INFARE DINNER.

It Used to Be an Important Function For the Newly Wedded.

Were you ever invited to an infare dinner? You are familiar with the "house warming" that is as likely to take place in midsummer as any other season, and if you are a business man you cannot have escaped the demand for a floral tribute when some new firm has embarked in your particular line of trade or profession.

But the chances are that if you know anything definite about an infare dinner you are either too old to care about discussing it or you are of Scotch or North of England origin, unless, of course, you happen to have spent most of your life in Indiana. In the latter event you learned all about a charming custom from your mother or grandmother.

In rural Indiana the old ceremonial has even yet not gone the way of most of the ceremonial practices of our ancestors, for it is still observed in a modified form. However there is no sinister meaning attached to its omission, as was the case two generations ago.

In the days of our grandparents if the groom's mother failed to invite the bride to the infare dinner the day following the wedding it meant one thing and one thing only that she was not to be regarded as a member of her husband's family. The dinner was usually a more elaborate affair than the wedding supper at the bride's father's house the previous evening. It was served at high noon and included the entire bridal party although in Scotland the bride was supposed to leave all her own kindred behind when she went to eat the dinner cooked by her mother in law.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

JAPAN'S WOLFISH DOGS.

Famed For Their Savage Ferocity and Tenacity of Grip.

Most of the dogs in Japan are of native breed and are quite different from the dogs in western countries. Like the Japanese horses they are smaller. As the Japanese have ever been an agricultural people, hunting dogs were not known nor did they have any use for watch dogs, as they kept neither flocks nor herds. The Japanese dog, therefore, is a domestic animal, to the breeding of which no particular attention was given, thus producing a mongrel type.

A great many years ago one of the shoguns became interested in the breeding of dogs, so more care was given to developing a good type. Many of the daimyos, thinking that they would stand in better favor with the shogun presented him with presents of anywhere from ten to twenty dogs. At one time the emperor had over 5,000 at Kamakura.

The average native dog of Japan has a savage, wolfish aspect, with flat head, pointed muzzle and short, erect ears with bushy, foxlike tail. They are bold and obstinate in disposition and never know when they are beaten. A Japanese once gave a live dog to his pet tiger as a treat. But the animal realizing the situation before the tiger did, seized the tiger by the throat and choked it to death before it could defend itself, though the dog also died from its wounds. The Japanese dog is thus far famed for its unrampled ferocity and tenacity of grip, something like the western bulldog.—Japan Magazine.

Byron In an Ugly Mood.

I have not yet read Byron's "Conversations," but there was an anecdote in one of the extracts which confirms what I heard long since, but which I could not depend on before. He had an aversion to see women eat. Colonel ——— was at Byron's house in Piccadilly. Lady Byron in the room, and luncheon was brought in—veal cutlets, etc. She began eating. Byron turned around in disgust and said, "Gorman dining beast," and, taking up the tray, threw the whole luncheon into the hall. Lady Byron cried and left the room.—Told by Haydon, the Painter.

He Saved Time.

An English weaver who had spent two or three years in America was paying a visit to the old mill to see some of his former workmates.

One of them said to him: "I hear it's all hustle and bustle in America. In fact, you 'aven't time to eat."

"Hustle and bustle," said the visitor. "Why, when I left here I spelt my name 'Mirrill,' but now I spell it 'Merrell!'"

"How's that?" asked his friend.

"Because," replied the Americanised one, "I haven't time to dot the 'i's!"—Exchange.

Curious Old Clock.

In the tower of the town house of Heidelberg was an old clock so constructed that when the hours struck the figure of an old man pulled off his hat, a cock crowed and clapped its wings and soldiers fought with one another. But this curious piece of workmanship, with the castle and town, was burned by the French in 1693.

It Won't Harm the Pigs.

Visitor—My good man, you keep your pigs much too near the house. Cottager—That's just what the doctor said, mum. But I don't see how it's a-goin' to hurt 'em.—London Punch.

Several Foreverس.

This farmer was a very positive man. "Tar fenceposts," said he, "and they will last forever. I have tried it three times, and I know."—Christian Herald.

Trouble springs from idleness and grievous toil from needless ease.—Franklin.

The Head of the House

By ELENOR HOLMES

"Martha," said Mrs. Bumbleton, "how long are you going to let your husband tyrannize over you?"

"Tyrannize over me? Why, mother what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say. William is a tyrant. Didn't I hear him refuse to give you the money you needed for your fall hat?"

Martha thought a moment, then smiled. "You heard me ask him for $5 for a hat. He said he would not give me $5, for I couldn't get much of a hat for that. He gave me $10."

"Oh, he did, did he? He probably did that to make you feel easy at having to go without a new cloak. Ten dollars for a hat saves $40 for a cloak."

"But I don't need a cloak—I spent $100 for one last November."

"What! That old thing with a sheepskin collar! It isn't fit for a servant girl to wear."

"Why, mother dear, that collar is mink, and the cloak is as good as new."

"That's not saying much for it. You are the shabbiest dressed woman I know of. When I was your age I made your father pony up for what I wore. I told him it would be time enough for me to dress shabby when I'd got old. I didn't intend to look like a bundle of rags when I was young and handsome. As soon as we were married I let him understand that I wasn't to be his slave. And that's what every wife needs to do right off. The longer she puts off the harder it's going to be to get the upper hand."

"But, mother, I don't want the upper hand. Will and I manage our affairs jointly."

"If your father would have listened to me we would have been rich today. Of course I couldn't go into his store and run it, I had too much to do at home. The consequence is he was always buying goods he couldn't sell and trusting persons who wouldn't pay and that's the reason I've had to be contented to be a poor man's wife. But when I had him at home I let you I made him toe the mark."

The young wife sniffed. She knew her mother's idiosyncrasies, and she knew, too, that actors are not usually talkers. She considered her mother harmless, and instead of being influenced by her she humored her.

"You must remember, mother," she said, "that all women don't have the firmness that you have."

"All right, if you want to take a back seat and let a man ride roughshod over you. For my part, I don't intend to let any man boss me."

Now during the last words of this dialogue Mr. Bumbleton came into the house and walked upstairs. His wife's hearing was not of the best, and she was not aware of his approach. On reaching the door of the room where mother and daughter were talking he paused and looked in. His wife's back was to him, while his daughter faced him. When his wife spoke her last sentence he smiled at Martha, then assuming a severe expression walked into the room.

"Amelia," he said to his wife sternly, "I thought I told you to have the lock on the front door fixed. I've been fumbling with it for a long time. I come home tired with business, thinking I have a wife at home to attend to these little necessities, and, behold, nothing is done. Why didn't you do as I told you?"

"Why, Henry, I forgot it."

"Forgot it! Do you consider that any excuse for neglecting your duties?"

"Now, Henry, I'm awful sor—"

"Sorry! Does being sorry prevent my struggling to get into my own house half the afternoon? Hereafter I'd have you to understand that when I tell you to do anything I want you to do it."

"I'll telephone for the locksmith at once." And she started for the booth.

"Come back here. Don't you know you can't get a workman after 5 o'clock? What's the matter with you, anyway?"

During this storming the father cast occasional glances at his daughter, who frowned her orders for him to desist. At this point she broke in:

"Papa, you are very unkind. Mother didn't feel well this morning and I told her she had better lie down and take a rest while I made her a cup of tea. She didn't eat much breakfast, you know. There now; that's a good papa! Don't scold any more."

With this she went to her father and put her hand over his mouth.

"Very well; for your sake, my dear, I'll overlook your mother's negligence this time, but if it occurs again"—

He got no further, for his words were stopped by a kiss from Martha.

At that moment Martha's husband came in.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing much," replied his father in law. "I just found it necessary to exercise my authority as head of the house. I would recommend you to begin your wife's training early."

"That'll do, papa," said Martha. "You needn't trouble yourself to instruct my husband as to how he shall treat me. I'll attend to that."

"Just so." Then to his wife, "Is dinner ready, dear?"

"I'll go and see."

The poor woman hustled out and in a few moments called for the others to come to dinner. Mr. Bumbleton opened a bottle of wine and called to the others to join him in drinking the health of the best woman in the world, though he confessed that at times she was a trifle forgetful.

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