

Snapshots at the Sports Arena

Wade Killifer, Smart Outfielder.
Wade Killifer, who was recently traded by Cincinnati to the New York Giants with Charley Herzog in exchange for Pitcher Mathewson, in-



Photo by American Press Association.
WADE KILLIFER.

Fielder Bill McKeogh and Eddie Rousch, outfielder, is a brother of Billy Killifer, catcher of the Philadelphia Nationals. He has played in sixty-four games this year for a batting average of .338.

Welsh and White to Battle.

Freddie Welsh's lightweight title will swing in the balance in a twenty-round decision contest at Colorado Springs on Labor day. Welsh has signed to meet Charley White of Chicago in a referee's decision. The Colorado Springs promoters will give a purse of \$17,500 for the bout. Welsh to get \$13,500 and the other \$4,000. Welsh is expected to win 100 per cent of the gate receipts. White will get \$4,000 for his end. Welsh will also receive 51 per cent of the moving picture receipts. Billy Roche of New York city will referee.

Light as Chaff

Village Changes.
Everything in the dear old village seemed the same to Jones after his absence of four years. The old church, the village pump, the ducks on the green, the old men smoking while their wives gossip—these were so familiar after the rush and bustle of the city. Suddenly he missed something. "Where's Hodges's wife?" he asked. "I don't see her." "I think she used to be two." The native gazed thoughtfully around as if to verify the statement. Then he said slowly: "They pulled one down. There wasn't enough wood for two of 'em." St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

At the Beach.

It was at the seashore and they were sitting on the beach while the moon shone beautifully on the surging waves. "What effect does the full moon have upon the tide?" she asked, looking sweetly up into his face. "None," he replied as he drew closer to her, "but it has considerable on those who aren't tied."

No Faith in Presentiments.

"Tony," said a British officer to his soldier servant, "something tells me that I shall never come back alive." "I seem to have a presentiment that way," "Then take no heed of it, sir," responded the servant. "Them presentiments is frauds. A cousin of mine had one, and it treated him very badly. It was just like the one that's troubling you now, sir. He felt sure that he'd be killed out in Egypt, so he decided his savings between his sweetheart and his bosom chum and went out to be shot. But never a scratch did he get. And what happened when he returned home? Did they give him back his money?" "Not a farthing, sir. They'd been and got married while he was away, and they'd set up housekeeping with the money." Toronto Sun.

Knocking Down.

First Trolley Conductor—Why was Kelly fired? Second Trolley Conductor—His car struck a man at Seventh street and carried him a block on the fender. After collecting a nickel from him Kelly in the excitement forgot to ring it up—and the man was a spotter—Life.

Explained.

She had a mass of golden hair. Much praised by every bard. But some of it she had made fair in ways she had to guard. While most of it her friends declare, She purchased by the yard. —Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Matty's Record With Giants.

Christy Mathewson, the new manager of the Cincinnati Reds, went to the New York Giants in 1900 from the Cincinnati club in exchange for Amos Rusie.

Matty's start with the Giants was not a brilliant one, as he lost all three games that he pitched in 1900. But in 1901 he started out on his wonderful pitching career, which enabled the New York club to win five National league pennants and a world's championship.

In his seventeen years with New York Matty won 371 games and lost 190 for a grand average of .668. His best season was in 1909, when he won twenty-five games and lost six for an average of .806.

During his career with the Giants the "old master" struck out 2,188 batters, issued 782 passes to first and 4,282 hits were made off his delivery.

Winning With Discards.

Apparently the way to win a pennant is to get out and pick up ball players other clubs can't use. Stallions won that way in 1914 with Gowdy, Rudolph, Smith, Evers and Mann. Moran accomplished the same stunt last year with Demaree, Stock, Nephew and Whitted. Now Brooklyn is leading with Marguard, Cheney, Coombs, Mowrey, Olson, Meyers—all major league discards.

McInnis Not Batting to Form.

Stuffy McInnis, the Athletics' star first baseman, is down in the doubtful dumps of a real batting slump. For six years, including last year, he has batted well above .300. This year so far he has been hitting under .300. He is not the only one of the older stars who have hit the slide this year. His former teammates of that \$100,000 infield also belong to the Slump Bros' aggregation.

Fair Drivers May Race.

Promoters of the Labor day auto races at the Sheepshead Bay speed way New York are seriously considering starting a race for women drivers. Mrs. Nina Boney, a fair speed demon from the south, has issued a challenge to women racers, and she hopes that a race for her sex can be arranged.

SUCCESS.

Believe with all your heart that you will do what you were made to do. Never for an instant harbor a doubt of this. Drive it out of your mind if it seeks entrance. Entertain only the friend thoughts or ideals of the thing you are bound to achieve. Reject all thought enemies, all discouraging moods—everything which would even suggest failure or unhappiness.

Water and Greens For Chicks

During the spells of hot weather the drinking water for chicks should be replenished at least twice a day. Hot, stale water is not appetizing and will have the same sickening effect upon fowls as it will upon mankind. Unless they consume plenty of water the birds will not only suffer greatly from the heat, but will be unable to contribute much to the summer egg yield.

Bad odors arise with double strength on hot days, especially on premises that are not kept clean. Not only should the droppings be frequently gathered, but disinfectants must be employed. Bad odors harbor disease germs, and so long as they are present the health of the flock is kept in jeopardy. Another fruitful source of disease is unclean drinking vessels. Once a week they should have a good cleaning. A small lump of lime constantly kept in the vessel will assist greatly in purifying the drinking water.

Orchard and Garden

Late lettuce and radishes and endive may be sown now. Keep the cauliflower leaves tied over the heads if you want clean, white marketable heads. Keep the new strawberry beds clean of weeds and let the plants produce new runners. The effect of spraying is noticeable now in clean apples and plums. It pays to spray. Early celery is best blanched with paper or boards. It is more apt to decay if earth is used. Earth is best to blanch late celery. Begin to save seed of shrubs, trees and perennials for next year's planting. Some may be planted now, and they will bloom next year.

Two of Them

They Met In a Vacant House

By AGNES G. BROGAN

The European war had brought an abrupt ending to Jack Hayden's important commission, sending him back unexpectedly to his own country. He was not surprised, therefore, at finding the old homestead vacated and his sister Cynthia away, presumably upon one of her customary visits.

Cynthia insisted upon keeping up the old estate and living in solitary grandeur, while her brother traversed the world in his civil engineering capacity. His hat-key fitted now into the lock with old-time ease. Going upstairs to his room, now evidently occupied by Cynthia, he lit a cigar and threw himself into a chair for a smoke. He must have been more tired than he supposed, for the cigar turned to ashes in his fingers and all became oblivion. How long he slept he did not know. It was a slight grating sound which first attracted his attention. Then as his senses became more alert he discovered a black capped head upon the outer-side of the window, within direct range of his vision. There was no doubt the intruder had climbed to the veranda roof and was now at work loosening the clasp of the window. Darkness and silence had added to the worker's assurance that the house was empty. With fascinated eyes Jack Hayden watched the black cap as he withdrew farther into the shadows. As the grating continued a sharp instrument appeared above the sill, and the clasp was deftly moved aside.

Jack waited no longer. One swift movement and he was in the room, his hand against the paneling of the wall. There was no sound for a moment but his own rapid breathing; then the window was flung open noiselessly and a slim silhouette slipped into the room. Simultaneously with the click of the electric button came a sharp cry, instantly followed by a low exclamation from Hayden. The figure standing under cover of his threatening weapon was the figure of a girl. Little more than a girl she seemed at least with her fair hair curling in tendrils about the close fitting velvet turban, when so resembled a man.

Her eyes met his, wide and startled, while the hand which fell to her side held but a long and jeweled hatpin. This was the instrument he realized, which had fastened the latch. The girl still facing him, withdrew almost imperceptibly toward the open window.

"Stand still," Jack commanded.

The shock of being confronted by this small, appealing figure after his tense, expectant waiting, unnerved Jack Hayden strangely. His very legs trembled at the revolver's hint.

"Sit down," he ordered huskily. Slowly the girl obeyed. From the window his keen eyes searched the moon lit garden, the portico outside, for a possible accomplice; then his gaze returned to the girl.

"Why are you here?" he asked.

The young woman glanced over the gleaming point of his revolver.

"Why are you?" she said coolly.

Hayden compressed his lips. "Answer me," he insisted, "before I call the police."

The girl smiled scornfully. "You want to find me, she said. It would be rather too dangerous—for yourself. She leaned forward suddenly. "Have you taken anything yet?" she asked.

"Because if you haven't and will go away quietly no one need ever know that you were here. I—I'm not as calm as I look. Your revolver makes me quite sick."

Hayden bent toward her. "What do you mean?" he asked slowly. "What do you take me for?"

"What would any one take you for?" the girl retorted. "Who but a burglar is found armed at night in a vacated house?"

Jack stared, then laughed shortly. "So," he said, "you think there are two of us?"

The girl sprang to her feet. "Two of us?" she cried indignantly. "Do you dare to think that I—"

"Certain," Jack answered sarcastically. "I merely supposed when you so skillfully tried that rear window that you had dropped in to pay a friendly call on my sister, who is very evidently not at home."

The girl stood listlessly regarding him. "Your sister?" she murmured unbelievably. "Cynthia Hayden your sister?"

In endless proof Jack handed to her the double photograph. For a time she looked from the original back again to the picture then with crimson flushing face, returned the picture to him.

"I—I did not know," she began blunderingly, "that you were here. I—I'm a new friend of Cynthia's, you see, and I promised her"—she paused uncertainly, watching his face—"promised her that I'd stay and take care of the place and eat, feed them until she came back. We came in tonight on the train together. I mean, she came and I stopped over."

"And entered my sister's home,"

Jack added caustically, "through an upper rear window."

"I hadn't the key," the girl explained. "Cynthia had given it to me, but then there was a mistake, and—and I had to get in," she went on excitedly. "I simply had to. It was night, and there was no place else to go. I don't know a living soul in this town, and I'd lost my money, all of it, or rather, Cynthia had taken my money and my watch and rings and everything."

Anger died out of Jack Hayden's face, and pity took its place as he listened to the girl's confused and improbable tale. "But the hatpin?" he asked dryly. "You're rather expert at that trick, aren't you?"

"I've often got in that way," she replied. "It's quite simple with a certain sort of window catch. The outer shutters were locked in the lower part of the house—that's why I had to climb up by way of the tree."

"And your name?" Jack inquired tersely.

The girl flushed her white teeth at him. "Celia Celtone," she said.

To him the name sounded as fanciful as his story. He recalled none like it among his sister's acquaintances.

"You might," he suggested hopefully, "have some means of identification, a card, perhaps, in your purse?"

His prisoner raised her brows. "Cynthia has my purse, too," she said. Then with a sudden, graceful, beseeching gesture, she put out her hands to him. Pity died out of Hayden's heart. "You consummate actress!" he exclaimed.

The girl turned from him quietly. "Well," she asked, "what are you going to do about it?"

Through the silent house came the long and imperative summons of a bell. Jack swung about impatiently. "You'll have to come with me," he said. "It's the front door."

Deliberately Miss Celia Celtone settled herself in a great chair, her hands firmly grasping its sides. "I won't go a step," she affirmed.

"Very well," Jack answered shortly, and advanced to the open window. "I am here," he called. "So, this way: come to the right. That's it. Now, who is there?"

"Messenger," answered a concise voice from below. "Come down and sign for a package."

Jack muttered an imprecation as his sleeve caught upon a nail. "You will have to come with me now," he sternly told his prisoner; but, as he released his sleeve and turned about, no rebellious young woman awaited in the great chair. The room was empty.

Heading he rushed down the stair. The street door stood open. "Which way?" he wildly inquired of the messenger, but as that person was just rounding the path information could not be gained from that source.

Mechanically Jack signed the book held out to him, fuming silently that this mocking, reckless maid should have so outwitted him. Still absorbed, he drew the wrappings from the bundle delivered at so late an hour, failing to notice in his abstraction that the name of the address was not his own. A woman's dainty purse presented itself to his view, while from its velvet interior he brought forth a note. The handwriting was unmistakably his sister's. He read perplexedly.

"Dear old Celia—we are rushing on so fast from there that I will forward your purse with its valuables and very necessary. I have scandalized the passengers by laughing continually, since my baby party at the station. I can't forget the pain-stricken expression of your face as my train moved off so unexpectedly—you reaching after your dainty purse. I waving it frantically in your direction. I declare I should have thrown it at you had it not been for your watch inside. Why, oh why, dear girl, could you not have been satisfied with my assurance that I had dropped the house key into your purse without handing it through the air window that I might show you just where I had placed it? I can only hope that you, poor, penniless child in an unknown town, will at least have the courage to wait upon my door step and the messenger brings this to you. Remember I shall not rest until you telegraph tomorrow. Lovingly, CYNTHIA."

Hopelessly big Jack Hayden collapsed into a chair. Remorse and shame and regret settled deeply upon him and he had held this plucky, resourceful little woman at the muzzle of a six shooter, had sneered at her unfortunately truthful tale, had driven her from her only possible shelter alone into the night. Her little white blouse was very thin, he remembered, and her jacket still clung to the porch railings where she had relieved herself of it. Ye gods and little fishes, but he had been an ass and several kinds of fool! Where could she go at this hour of the night?

Desperately Jack wandered among the flowers of the garden. Something moving at its further end attracted his attention, but it was only the hammock swayed by a breeze. Closer inspection revealed a white object in the depth of the hammock and—yes—it was she, the little outcast girl, a Persian kitten cuddled drowsily against her cheek. With a sudden, overwhelming wave of tenderness Jack bent and picked the girl up in his arms. "No word he spoke until he had placed her safely inside the house."

"Good night," said Jack. "I'll be back tomorrow."

Just one week later Miss Cynthia, receiving no response to her insistent ringing of the front door bell, persisted inquiringly round to the rear. A swaying hammock here gave the only evidence of life about the place. A man's broad and strangely familiar shoulders showed above the back of the hammock, and against one of these shoulders rested a woman's fair head. "Jack," cried Miss Cynthia aghast, "and Celia Celtone? I didn't know you had met. Who could have introduced you?"

"No one could," Jack answered pleasantly, "so we waited for our meeting was—er—rather unexpected."

What Housewives Are Glad to Know

Bills of Fare For the Children's Home Lunch

- Eggs—boiled, coddled, poached or scrambled—bread and butter, spinach or other greens, cake.
- Beef stew with vegetables, milk, crisp, thin tea biscuits, honey.
- Dried bean or pea puree, toast, baked apple, cookies.
- Vegetable milk soup, zwieback, rice with maple sugar and butter or with milk or cream.
- Potato chowder, crackers, jelly sandwiches.
- Cold meat, creamed potatoes, peas, bread and butter, frozen custard or plain ice cream and plain cake.
- Lamb chop, baked potatoes, bread and butter, sliced mixed fruits, cookies.
- Baked omelet with spinach, kale or other greens, bread and butter, apple sauce, cake.
- Milk toast, string beans, stewed fruit, cake.
- Boiled potatoes, codfish gravy, bread and butter, lettuce, custard.

Home Cookery

Apple Sponge.
Half a cupful of sugar, half a cupful of milk, two eggs, one and a half cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, five sliced apples, Beat eggs, add sugar, flour in which baking powder has been sifted and milk. Beat well, add apples, pour into buttered baking dish, bake to moderate oven one hour and serve with sugar and cream.

Cold Meat With Pea Salad.
Slice some cold chicken or lamb in equal sized slices and trim carefully. Place these, overlapping each other, on a chilled platter, and around the meat put crisp white lettuce hearts filled with cold cooked peas mixed with plenty of mayonnaise dressing.

Cook the gooseberries in a little water until soft. Press through a colander to remove the skins and then add to a sieve to remove the seeds. Add two-thirds as much sugar as fruit, and cinnamon and cloves to taste. Cook slowly a half hour, and bottle hot.

Bay Window Loses Its Value



Making Bouquets

In making bouquets or arranging flowers in vases amateurs often make the mistake of placing all the leaves around the outside and of massing the flowers tightly. This is suitable for small corsage or buttonhole bouquet, but is not good for other purposes. The leaves and flowers should be mixed so as to present a natural, growing look, and not enough flowers should be placed in one vase to give a crowded appearance. The simplest and surest way of securing a graceful, well balanced bouquet is to put the foliage in the vase first, using enough to make the leaves stand up nicely and not enough to crowd the vase. Into this foundation stick the stems of the blossoms, making sure that they reach down into the water. It is easy by this method to make few or many flowers show off to advantage. Even when a bouquet is to be taken away this will be found the surest method of securing good arrangement.

The Newest Jabot

Out of 175 designs for fall neckwear the handsome jabot here illustrated, originated by the Association of American Neckwear Manufacturers, was chosen for its chic effect. The



fabric is white net, daintily embroidered in tiny daisies, the high standing collar being attached to the jabot by narrow black moire ribbon.

String Bean Salad.
String the beans and boil whole water tender and cook five extra minutes and place them carefully crosswise on a platter. Season them an hour or two before serving with a marinade of a little pepper, salt, three spoonfuls of vinegar and one spoonful of olive oil. Just before serving drain off and mix with salad dressing.

Frozen Desserts

Dainty Frozen Pudding.—One quart of very ripe blackberries, two cupfuls of water, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one-fourth cupful granulated tapioca, one cupful of whipped cream. Cook and mash the blackberries through a very fine strainer. Add the sugar and salt. Boil the tapioca in the two cupfuls of water until clear. When cold add the blackberry and lemon juice and freeze.

Frozen Currant and Raspberry Punch.—Two cupfuls each of the currants and raspberries, two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of water, half cupful of orange juice. Crush currants and put them into an agate saucepan with one cupful of water. Boil for three minutes and mash through a fine strainer. Wash raspberries and cover with one cupful of cold water. Boil the sugar and water for three minutes and cool. Freeze.

Frozen Banana Pudding.—Three cupfuls of milk, one-fourth cupful of cornstarch, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of mashed bananas, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Put the milk on in a double boiler. When hot add the cornstarch, sugar and salt, mixed with cold milk until smooth. Cook for twenty minutes. When cold add the bananas. The lemon juice is added just before closing the freezer. Freeze.

Frozen Caramel Custard.—One quart of milk, two cupfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of maple flavoring, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Heat the milk in a double boiler. Mix the cornstarch with a little cold milk, two eggs well beaten and one cupful of sugar. Add salt. Cook for ten minutes. One cupful of sugar is melted and slightly burned. To it add half a cupful of cold milk and add to the custard. When cold add the flavoring and freeze.

- #### FLOWER NAMES.
- Carnelia was named from a missionary in the orient, Kameel.
 - On his return to France he brought with him some gorgeous specimens of a flower which he called the rose of Japan. His friends, however, gave it his name, Carnelia.
 - Dahlias were brought from Persia by one Andre Dahl.
 - Fuchsias were named for their discoverer, Leonard Fuchs.
 - Magnolias received the name of Professor Magnol de Montpelier, who first brought the beautiful trees from Asia and America to France.
 - Anemone means to tremble with the wind.
 - Lavender, so called because the Romans put a spray of them in the water to perfume the hands. The Latin word is lavare.