

Snapshots at the Sports Arena

Daubert of Brooklyn.
Manager Wilbert Robinson of the Brooklyn baseball club says that much of the credit for the team's fine showing belongs to Jake Daubert, the hard-hitting first baseman. Quoth Robinson:



Photo by Albert in Press Association.
JAKE DAUBERT.
of the man who holds down first sack for the superstars. Daubert can do anything and do it well. Talk about Hal Chase in his best days? Why, Chase never saw the day that he compared with Daubert, and that is saying some Chase is an individual star and always has been. Daubert is a team worker. It will be many years before we see his superior, if ever. He is worth \$30,000 to the Brooklyn club.

Ed Walsh's Great Record.

Fleider Jones considers the recent run of fourteen consecutive victories by the St. Louis Browns a more wonderful exploit in some respects than the famous drive that capped nineteen straight and a world's championship for the Chicago White Sox in 1905.

"I'll tell you why I think the Browns deserve as much credit for winning fourteen in a row as the Sox for coping nineteen," said Jones the other day. "We won the fourteen by playing all sorts of good baseball behind good but not especially wonderful pitching. You must remember that we have no Ed Walsh either. Walsh was the big figure in the campaign of 1905. The Browns have good pitchers, but none is a Walsh."

One of the reasons why Ed Walsh still sticks around with the White Sox nine years after his greatest season, is that Charles Comiskey has a long memory. Walsh won a fortune for Comiskey in 1905. Here is what he accomplished in that business of twenty straight victories. Started and finished seven games, two of which were shut-outs, allowed only two runs in the entire seven games, pitched fifty-five consecutive innings without being scored on.

Cobb Pays Tribute to Speaker.

By Cobb's this to say of Tris Speaker's hitting. "I have never seen any one hitting the ball better than Speaker is hitting it this year. His smashes in nearly every case are clean, rising smashes. He is hitting with fine confidence, is hitting to all three fields and is hitting all sorts of pitching. From the way he stands at the plate and the efficiency with which he steps into a ball you figure that he is almost sure to get a hit each time up. There is a feeling of surprise when he doesn't."

Rucker Comes Back.

The return to form of Nap Rucker of the Brooklyn is the sensation of the season. Last year it looked as though he was lost for the season when he was hurt by his shoulder giving out. He was under treatment all winter, but when he started last spring he was "not there," and the fans were ready to give mourning for their idol. Rucker however, did not give up the ghost, but kept working on the old salary thing, and today he is fooling them with his famous deep ball as of old.

Light as Chaff

Needed Religious Instruction.

The soldiers marched to the church and halted in the square outside. One wing of the office was undergoing repairs, so there was room only for about half the regiment. Sergeant "I ordered the colonel to tell the men who don't want to go to church to talk out. A large number quickly availed themselves of the privilege. "Now, sergeant," said the colonel "dismiss all the men who did not fall out and march the others to church—they need it most."

Neglected Advice.

"Did you hear that Ike was killed while traveling in Kentucky?" "No. How was he killed?" "In a feud."

The Forgotten Number.

"Confound it all!" cried a business man. "I've forgotten my new telephone number. I'd bet you'd know it down because that's an indication of mental weakness."

Forgetting the Number.

"What about forgetting the number?" said the other man. "Isn't that mental weakness too?" "It is the number of your home phone."

HOME.

A man can build a mansion
And furnish it throughout;
A man can build a palace
With lofty walls and stone,
A man can build a temple
With high and sun-lit dome,
But no man in the world can build
That precious thing called home.

The Time For Rest.

The housewife should never forget the value of a few minutes' rest during her busiest hours. This sounds impossible, but if made a part of each day's schedule it can be accomplished, and its value will be many times that of the work that might be done in the same amount of time.

Speed of Belts.

For ordinary single or double leather belts a speed of from 4,000 to 4,500 feet per minute is most suitable. With link or chain belts 3,000 to 3,500 feet per minute should not be greatly exceeded.

Rations For Laying Hens

Buttermilk supplies nutrients likely to be lacking in ordinary poultry feed.

Buttermilk supplies nutrients likely to be lacking in ordinary poultry feed. It has a tonic value and is keenly relished by the fowls. Points out W. A. Lippin, professor of poultry husbandry in the Kansas State Agricultural College. When ever the cost is not a prohibitive factor it will be well to include buttermilk in the poultry ration. Buttermilk has a desirable effect on the digestive tract, and its medicinal effect is advantageous. It stimulates the appetite. The amount that the birds are able to consume marks the limit of the amount of feed. The grain portion of a laying ration that has been used successfully at the experiment station consists of two parts corn and one part oats. The mash is composed of sixty pounds cornmeal, sixty pounds shorts, forty pounds meat scrap, thirty pounds wheat bran, ten pounds alfalfa, ten pounds meal and the buttermilk that the hens will drink.

Kitchen Kinks

All tea-on is improved by having boiling water poured over it before adding.

Always use very cold water for water if possible when mixing pie crust. It will retain their heat twice as long if you use a brick as an insulator.

When Women Meet.

"That woman pretended to be glad to see me. What a snob she is!" "But you were a snob for her?" "Yes. I pretended to be just as glad to see her." — Chicago Herald.

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PERSIAN DIPLOMACY.

Not Much Was Said, but the Prince Understood the Snub.

There were great variety and charm in the society of Kensington, writes Princess Lazzarini in her account of a holiday on the continent. There were people from the four corners of Europe, America and the Orient, each having a distinct personality that brought vivid suggestions of his origin.

Prince Malkin was the diplomatic representative of Persia for all Europe, being accredited at the same time to London, Petrograd and Rome. His wife, a beautiful Armenian princess, a Christian, was one of my dear-est friends in London. Prince Malkin told us one day of how he came to be a Persian diplomatic representative. He was a relative of the Shah, had been educated in several countries in Europe and had become interested in the Christian religion as the root force of western civilization.

Prince Malkin told us how he studied and pondered long to hit upon some means of bringing Christian principles to Persians in forms that they would understand, making Christianity the fulfillment of their Mithraic and Zoroastrian conceptions. Having formed a plan, he returned to Persia and began to work to his countrymen and put before them the ideas that he believed would raise up the fallen nation. The people everywhere listened to him eagerly and followed him about in throngs. Some of them began to proclaim him a prophet and almost worshiped his person. He tried to break away from that tendency, but in which he saw the speedy and complete wreck of his dearest hopes.

MEANINGS OF DREAMS.

What Scientific Analysis of Slumber Visions May Disclose.

Scientific dream interpretation helps us to see ourselves as we really are, as well as intimate glimpses of the subconscious as well as conscious desires, fears and modes of thinking that enter into the making of our character and the shaping of our conduct, according to H. Adlington Bruce in the Mothers Magazine.

Spoken With Feeling.

"There are all sorts of synonyms for money in this country," said the talkative man. "We call it 'the mazzina,' 'kake,' 'dough,' and a dozen other names. I don't recall 'em now."

No Use For It.

"Have you a five dollar bill that you don't know what to do with?" "Yes, here is one." "Oh, thank you. But I say, this is counterfeited!" "Was you asked me for one I didn't know what to do with." — Chicago Herald.

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CROSSING THE LINE

When Neptune Owns the Ship and Holds High Carnival.

PLAYS SOME ROUGH PRANKS.

As a Vessel Nears the Equator the Sea King's Reign Begins, and For the Time Being No Passenger Is Too High or Mighty to Escape.

It is to be expected that the people shut up in the little republic that is bounded by the iron walls of an ocean liner should seek many ways of diverting themselves. Perhaps "republic" is not altogether a happy word to use in that connection, because no czar of the Russians ever had such autocratic power over his subjects as the captain of a great liner has over the travelers of his ship. But he uses his power very sparingly, and if his temporary subjects behave decently and obey the unwritten laws of the sea he lets them do about as they please.

They exercise their ingenuity in providing all sorts of entertainments to relieve the monotony of the passing days. Shuffle board and deck golf, ring toss and ball board and a concert usually suffice for the brief journey across the Atlantic ocean, but on the more distant voyages to India or Australia the long coast of South America these mild amusements put upon the voyagers, and they plan something more elaborate. Tournaments of various kinds, races of every sort, lectures and plays are the order of the day.

But the most time honored and extravagant revelries are sure to take place when the ship crosses the imaginary line between the northern and southern hemispheres. From time immemorial that has been the day devoted to jokes and quips and pranks of all kinds. The captain's serious face relaxes, the mates and even the quartermasters and sailors are evidently concealing some huge scheme of fun; no horseplay is outlawed; no practical jokes are too rough, no exalted personage is too dignified to be exempt from Neptune's rough house.

The most elaborate fun of that sort that I remember witnessing was on a trip from New York to San Francisco. The night before the ship was to cross the line we saw a spot of light off the starboard bow. It seemed to draw nearer and nearer, and pretty soon old Neptune himself had in oilskins and dripping water from his garments and his long white beard, climbed the black side of our ship and, standing upon the hurricane deck, surrounded by an admiring throng of passengers announced that the next day at 2 o'clock in the afternoon we should cross the line and that he would welcome us to his domain with suitable "equator-verse" modes. He spoke in thunderous and somewhat sepulchral tones. Then he disappeared over the side of the ship.

The next day at 2 o'clock Neptune was promptly on land again. To prepare for his coming the sailors had arranged on the lower deck a great "equator-verse" party. Twenty feet squared, filled with water to a depth of about three feet, the deck was surrounded by a railing, and at first commanded that the passengers should be initiated into the mysteries of this domain. He had come aboard this second time with a great bunch of troupeurs, and he was followed by a long train of fantastically arrayed subjects.

These subjects ruthlessly seized the passengers. Right and left and Neptune himself, that the more should be shared. They were seated on the sides of the impassioned tub, and the harrier appeared, winking a lather brush beard as big as a lion and a post-horned nose as big as huge dimensions.

Covering a victim's face with a liberal smother of lather the harrier ruzzed on his tremendous razor. But just as he was about to apply it to the face of the unresisting passenger, two of Neptune's myrmidons standing in the great tub of water suddenly pulled the victim over backward and immersed him completely. A moment later he emerged, spluttering and coughing, but making a desperate effort to appear good natured.

If no passenger was particularly distressed or daunted if he had shown any overwrought concern in his own abilities, Neptune's slaves sought him out especially. The more spiteful the linen, the more splash the necktie, the more fleshless the white fannel suit the snorer was the owner to have the man literally taken out of him.

Of course not all of the 600 passengers could be initiated with these elaborate ceremonies. Most of those who were enjoying the fun to the utmost and who were congratulating them selves that they had gone out free did not notice some sailors in oilskins climbing the masts directly over their heads. The sailors had a big hose in their hands. While the last victim was being submerged and the boisterous fun was at its height the heavens seemed suddenly to open, and out of a dense fog a sky trumpet band showed itself down upon the bows of the liner.

The Admirable Mr. Starkweather

By EDWARD T. STEWART

In the autumn I was invited to visit my friend Mrs. Swinburne, who never returns to the city till November and sometimes later. I found there Miss North Harley, a young lady friend of Mrs. Swinburne. Miss Harley was very attractive, but she seemed to be a social in something. It was not long before I discovered that it was a young man. Whenever the family came from the railway station she would rush to the door, then turn away disappointed.

When she and I were together she was constantly saying "That reminds me of a friend of mine, who is very clever. He does everything so well. He was graduated at the head of his class in college and at the law school. Not that he is a bookworm or a grind, or anything like that, he goes in for athletics. He has taken a lot of champion prizes at tennis and golf and is considered the best hand player in his club."

"An Admirable Critton," I put in. "A what?"

"Did you never hear of the Scotch man of that name who a couple of hundred years or so ago could turn pine, cuttence, outside any other man in the world?"

I felt much irritated at this fellow who was standing between me and a very pretty girl, and I suppose my words had the tone in which they were spoken indicated a desire to make a suppositious case a real one. Miss Harley made no further remark, and looking at her face, I saw a faint smile which I interpreted as indicating something between pity and contempt for one who even hinted that he might in any respect down this remarkable friend of hers.

There was a little room in Mrs. Swinburne's house off the dining room containing a writing desk and materials for correspondence. I went in there one morning to write a letter, and there on the desk was a sheet of note paper with the following words on it:

"Dear Alonzo—When are you coming? We have an end of things to do when you arrive which we are keeping till you—"

The note stopped here. It had evidently been left by mistake. Looking down into a wastebasket beside the desk, I saw an envelope addressed to Alonzo L. Starkweather, 110 North Walnut street. This, too, was unopened, but Miss Harley had told me the city which her admirable friend honored by his presence, and I was thus led to believe that the unopened letter had been intended for him.

If she is too modest to send for her paragon, I thought, I will help her out. I wished to get sight of one who was "fascinating" my rival; for though I did not know it, I was falling in love with Miss Harley. I concluded to send the note to Mr. Starkweather unfinished as it was. Doubtless he would understand that he was pined for, but the piner was too modest to tell him so. There were some envelopes in the desk with the Swinburne address on the corner, and I put the unopened note in some of them, addressed and mailed it. This was something I had no right to do, but I was mad with love and jealousy and sincerely responsible.

A few days later, after a spat with Miss Harley over her friend's accomplishments to let off my ire I walked into the postoffice for the mail. I was handed the letter I had mailed to Mr. Starkweather, returned with a carrier's mark on it. "No such person there."

Slowly there came into my stupid noodle something that was scarcely creditable. "Mr. Starkweather was a myth. But why had this myth been confuted up? Was it for my benefit, and if so why had he been thus initiated upon me? I came to my conclusion as to this, but I concluded to confute up a female myth to match him. I wrote a letter to myself and sent it to town to a friend to mail to me. When I received it I opened it in Mrs. Harley's presence and read it. "What's happened?" asked my companion anxiously.

"She's very ill!" "Who?" "Your mother?" "No." "Sister?" "No, a very dear friend."

I cast a glance out of the corner of my eye at Miss Harley and saw a combination of emotions. "I must go to her at once," I added. "You have not told me of this very dear friend."

"You gave me no opportunity. You were too full of your own dear friend!" She looked at me inquiringly, then smiled. "Do you take the next train?" "That depends upon when Mr. Starkweather is to arrive."

"Mr. Starkweather is not coming!" Her smile was broadening. "In that case I would not think of going."

"Not even to a dear friend who is ill?"



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