IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Fielder Jones, Manager of St. Louis Federals.

Photo by American Press Association.

Fielder A. Jones, the new manager of the St. Louis Federal league team, has for three years past been president of the Northwestern league, which he governed with success. There is no doubt that the Federal league gained a valuable asset when it induced Jones to enter its organization. Owner Comiskey of the White Sox has tried repeatedly since Jones resigned his position with the Chicago team to secure his return.

Jones was one of the brainiest and shrewdest managers the game has known. His unfading mark in the hall of fame was credited to him when he won the championship of the world with the White Sox team, whose batting average was only .213.

Jones began his baseball career with the Oregon State league in 1893 as a catcher. The following season he played with Corning, N. Y., and the Springfield (Mass.) club. His work attracted the attenion of the major leagues, and he soon joined the Brooklyn Nationals. He remained with the Brooklyn team until the American league invaded the east, and then he cast his lot with the Chicago White Sox. He was made manager of that team on June 8, 1904 and until the close of the season of 1908 he directed the "hitless wonders."

During his affiliation with the White Sox as manager the team finished third three times, second once and won the pennant and the world's championship in 1906.

Cornell's New Stadium.

The dream of thousands of Cornell men, alumni and undergraduates—that varsity athletics be transferred to the new alumni field on the campus—is about to be realized. Coincident with the beginning of the construction of a concrete stadium on the level devoted to football and track, and which will be known in the future as Schoellkopf field, comes the announcement from Graduate Manager Kent of the Cornell Athletic association that track meets next spring will be held on the new field and that by the fall of 1915 football games will be played there.

Thus, after twelve years and following an expenditure of $330,000, Cornell will begin to use the great athletic field for varsity purposes.

The dirt already has begun to fly in the excavation work for the concrete stadium, which was made possible by the gift of $70,000 by the Schoellkopf family a few weeks ago.

Leach Cross Going Strong.

Leach Cross may be a veteran, but he shows no sign of being "on the slide." Leachie is as good as ever, judging by his victory over Joe Rivers. Cross showed nerve in taking Rivers on after having been trimmed by him in two ten-round bouts. The twenty round fight was sure to be decisive. Cross fights better in a long fight than in a short one, especially against a man who'll fight him instead of tapping and running, like Freddy Welsh. For a man who is just outside the top notch of the championship class Leach is a great money getter. That's because he always delivers the fighting goods.

Mack Wants Johnson.

Connie Mack is making an effort to have Walter Johnson join his team next winter, when a tour of the west to the Pacific coast is contemplated by a nine which Mack will select from the American league and another which Frank Bancroft of the Cincinnati club will pick from the National. Mack wants Johnson as his star pitcher because he realizes that he is a great attraction. Walter has taken the proposition under advisement, but it is more than likely he will turn it down, as he is anxious to spend the entire winter on his farm resting.

Red Sox Buy New Outfielder.

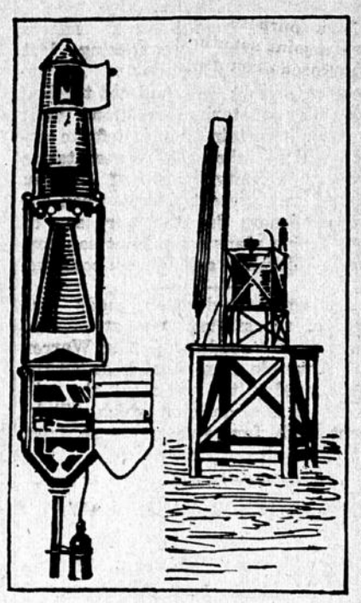
Charles Shorten, right fielder of the Worcester (Mass.) team of the New England league, has been sold to the Red Sox and will report in the Hub at the end of the season. Terms of the sale were not announced. This is Shorten's second term on the Worcester team. He comes from Scranton, Pa., and played in the New York State league.

WIRELESS FOG GUN.

Automatic Device For Warning Shipping In Thick Weather.

A system of wireless control that is now being applied successfully at several points in Scotland seems to have solved the problem of distant control of acetylene fog guns located at points difficult of access and provides a means by which a number of such installations may be operated from one wireless station without the necessity for visiting the different signals except for making repairs and replenishing the supply of gas, says Popular Mechanics.

When started it automatically feeds and fires itself at regular intervals until the supply of acetylene runs out, and the wireless control simply provides a means of starting it when there is a fog and stopping it when the fog



FOG GUN AND WIRELESS FIRER.

clears without going near the signal. Furthermore, the wireless apparatus is so arranged and tuned that it is not interfered with by the more powerful waves that may be sent out by passing ships or by other wireless stations. The control waves are sent out by an ordinary wireless station of rather low power, while the waves are received at the fog gun by four short aerials. The electric impulses then pass through a special form of coherer to a relay which is very sensitive, but has a large movement, and is therefore capable of keeping in adjustment under all temperature conditions. From the relay the impulses pass alternately to two synchronizers, each of which is connected with one of two electro magnets that control a needle valve in the outlet of the acetylene tank. When one of these magnets is energized it opens the needle valve and causes the gun to begin and continue feeding and firing itself automatically, and when the other magnet is energized the valve is closed and locked, shutting off the supply of acetylene and therefore stopping the operation of the gun.

Coal Waste Utilized.

The mountains of culm or coal waste which break the sky line throughout the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania and which were for many years considered a nuisance are now being made to serve a very useful purpose. There is at present a market for almost any grade of anthracite that will burn, and no more coal goes to the culm bank except for temporary storage and subsequent recovery by washers. These ranges of artificial hills, unsightly monuments to former waste, are contributing their share to the total coal production and are rapidly disappearing. Even the waste from the culm bank washers is being utilized, for it is flushed into the mines and partly fills old workings, where it cements together and furnishes support to the roof when the coal previously left for pillars is removed.

Uses of Quicksilver.

Quicksilver is used mainly for the manufacture of fulminate for explosive caps, electric appliances, drugs and scientific apparatus and for the recovery of gold and silver by amalgamation. The use in gold and silver recovery was formerly extensive, but the rapid increase in the cyanidation of gold and silver ores has materially decreased the recovery by amalgamation. This is, of course, due in part to the change in depth from free milling to unoxidized ores, but more largely to the successful treatment of certain large supplies of ores never profitable by amalgamation at any depth and to increased economies and profits by the substitution of cyanidation for amalgamation.

New Food Package Law.

Manufacturers and packers of foods sold in packages and bottles will be required after Sept. 3 next to show on the wrapper or label the net weight or volume of the contents as a result of an order recently issued by the United States department of agriculture. In the case of some classes of articles the contents may be stated by numerical count where this method gives accurate information as to the quantity of food in the package. The figures given on the label must represent the actual quantity of food exclusive of wrappings and container.

Sweating Aluminium to Other Metals.

Aluminium may be sweated to other metals by the following method: First coat the aluminium surface to be soldered with a layer of zinc. On top of the zinc is melted a layer of an alloy of one part aluminium to 2.5 parts of zinc. The surfaces are placed together and heated until the alloy between is liquefied.

Love's Faithful Haven

To Its Shelter Came the Erring One.

By MARIA CLIFFWORTH.

Mrs. Ferry sat upright in her favorite rockerless chair sewing a strand of braided rugs into a rug. Braided rugs were Mrs. Ferry's hobby.

To be sure, she and Anna Jane were the only people in the house, and visitors came very seldom, but to Mrs. Ferry that was no reason why she should keep her carpets covered.

The room was growing dim, for night fell early. This having to light up at half past 4 was a great drain on the oil can, but there are times when one cannot see even with two pairs of spectacles astride one's nose. She leaned forward and called:

"Anna Jane!"

Anna Jane came scurrying downstairs, stumbling over the braided rug at the top of the flight and almost losing her balance and tumbling over the braided rug at the foot.

"What have you been doing upstairs all this time?" Mrs. Ferry demanded, looking at her sharply. She had a notion that Anna Jane had been crying. "You'd better go to the postoffice right away if you're going."

Anna Jane took down her faded old jacket and limp hat. "Shall I light the lamp before I go?" she asked timidly.

"I guess not. I ain't in such a terrible hurry as you be to burn up the last bit of oil there is in the house. That's because I have to buy it, maybe."

She set her old mouth grimly. Anna Jane hurried into her things without another word.

There was really nothing to go to the postoffice for. She had gone four days now in sucession without receiving anything from the hands of the impatient clerk. Yet, rain or shine, Anna Jane must make her daily pilgrimage to the postoffice.

It never occurred to her to rebel against this or any other task Aunt Hulda set her. Aunt Hulda had been very good, she thought, to take her in when she was left a little helpless girl without parents or friends.

She had a childish memory of the time Aunt Hulda came to get her. She believed Aunt Hulda had favored her sister Tilly more, for Tilly was older and far prettier.

Tilly married early and well. When she had been married five years she suddenly remembered Anna Jane and sent for her to visit her. Anna Jane went and had the time of her life. Tilly was very good to her, but inclined to make fun of her old fashioned ways of dress and manner.

"Anna Jane," she said, "you've got to do your hair different and wear something besides that made over black dress of Aunt Hulda's. I'm going to get you a pink lawn, and when it's made I'll give you a party."

Anna Jane gasped with delight. The evening of that party and the first wearing of the pink lawn was the most memorable of her life, for that evening she met him. No man had ever before paid her any attention, and her little head was quite turned. He came to call the next evening, and the next, and the next. Of a sudden he had grown wonderfully friendly with the Martins, and Tilly understood. She worked with might and main to make the match, and when Anna Jane went home she was engaged.

Anna Jane was to be married from Aunt Hulda's house, and she set to work upon her simple trousseau. Aunt Hulda, grown suddenly generous, helped her, and Tilly sent $10 to buy the wedding dress. Anna Jane lived in a heavenly dream. He wrote every week, and she wrote back every week.

Then his letters began to lag, and at last came silence. Anna Jane wept and wondered. She could do nothing. Even Tilly could not for a long time find out what was the trouble. But when she did she wrote her sister.

"He's married!" she raged. "He married that Convers girl that was here at your party. She always wanted him, and now she's got him. They went to the justice a month ago and were married on the sly. I wouldn't believe it till I had it right from her own mouth, the impudent thing!"

Poor Anna Jane! She packed away her wedding things with a dazed look in her eyes that never after left them. Aunt Hulda sighed and sighed.

She seemed to feel that Anna Jane was all to blame and treated her accordingly.

But there were times when the burden pressed more heavily upon her than at others, and tonight was one of them. Her voice trembled as she stood at the general delivery window and put the worn question:

"Any mail for Mrs. Hulda Ferry, please?"

The clerk snatched a package of letters from a pigeonhole and thumbed them hurriedly. Then he shook his head, and Anna Jane, with fresh humiliation upon her, turned away.

The storm had increased, and in the faint light the sidewalk was slippery. A big man with an umbrella, whose hat brim was turned down and whose coat collar was turned up, saw her.

"Look out!" he cried gruffly. He caught her by the arm and helped her. Anna Jane dropped her head, with a gasp of thanks. He held the umbrella over her and walked silently at her side, shielding her generously from the flaying storm.

When she turned the corner he turned it with her. It was a most unusual proceeding. Anna Jane was not used to receiving such courtesies. She wondered who he was, but she did not dare look into his face to see. Presently he spoke again gruffly:

"I'm looking for Mrs. Hulda Ferry. Can you tell me where she lives?"

Anna Jane jumped. "Why, yes, I can," she said. "I'm going right to her house now. I live with her."

"Oh, do you?" said the man. "Then I'll accompany you home."

He did not speak again, nor did Anna Jane. When they reached Mrs. Ferry's little low house Anna Jane went up the steps, and he followed.

He tore open his long ulster and threw off his hat.

"Anna Jane," he said, "don't you know me?"

Anna Jane tipped uncertainly, and he caught her and put her in a chair.

"I've scared you most to death, and I didn't mean to," he said regretfully. "Anna Jane," he went on earnestly, "my wife's dead. I did a foolish thing by myself and a wicked one by you when I married her, but that's bygones and can't be helped now. I'm ten years older and a good deal wiser. And I've come to see if—if you won't forgive me and let me have another chance. It's the only thing that's of any account to me now on earth, for, Anna Jane, I love you."

He knelt down before her and put his head in her lap. Anna Jane sat like a stiff little statue. She looked down at the big head in her lap and the big man kneeling before her who asked her forgiveness and said he loved her.

She lifted her hand and let it fall upon his hair. He felt the touch and looked up.

"Anna Jane," he said, "if you don't believe me, if you can't trust me, I'm willing to pass the rest of my life trying to make you—if you'll only give me a chance."

A wan little smile went over Anna Jane's face, but it was like the first spring sunshine, and life and joy followed it.

"Anna Jane"— he began again.

Slow footsteps creaked over the floor of the next room. The door opened, and Aunt Hulda, standing there, saw the strange spectacle of her niece in the arms of a stranger who seemed to have just been kissing her. Anna Jane's face was alight. She was no longer afraid of Aunt Hulda or of anything in the world. Her voice rang out with a glad little cry:

"Oh, Aunt Hulda, Joe's come! Joe's come!"

But it was left for Joe to make the necessary explanations.

Food In Flour Form.

Powdered eggs and powdered milk are being made by an apparatus that was really invented to stop the smoke nuisance in the great smelters of the west and dust nuisance in cement mills. The inventor, Dr. F. G. Cottrell, developed a system of using electric currents—shooting through the chimney gases, for instance—to make the tiny particles of matter settle to the bottom instead of sailing off as smoke. Lately his process is being applied to many industries, the powdering of eggs being the latest. The eggs are sprayed in a big chamber and the electricity, shooting through, causes the little particles of egg to fall on the floor as dust. The powdering of other foods is being undertaken also, so that almost all foods may be obtainable one of these days as a dry flour.—Saturday Evening Post.

Four Greatest Ports.

The four greatest ports are New York, Hamburg, London and Liverpool. The figures for these four ports in foreign commerce, exports and imports, are as follow: New York, $1,966,226,617; Hamburg, $1,960,779,855; London, $1,866,930,782; Liverpool, $1,816,983,279.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Whooping Cough.

In the absence of complications children having whooping cough should be kept in the open air for twenty-four hours out of twenty-four. They should be well clad—clothing heavy enough to prevent chilling and light enough to prevent the child from becoming overheated or tired by the weight of the clothing. As long as the child has fever or is weak it should be kept in bed. The bed should be placed on a porch, in a tent, on the roof or in the yard. The sides of the tent should not be put down except for the purpose of keeping out rain. The matter of the treatment of the disease is one to be left to the physician attending the individual case. The cause of whooping cough is found in the sputum of persons having the disease. During the paroxysms of coughing this infected sputum is thrown a considerable distance. The first thing to do to prevent the spreading of this disease is to prevent the sputum of the sick being taken into the system of the well person. The sufferer should be provided with a quantity of soft paper napkins. As soon as they are soiled they should be burned. Everything which has come in touch with the patient should be sterilized before it is allowed to come in contact with other people or things which may be handled or used by other people.

EACH MADE A MISTAKE.

It Was, In Fact, a Case of "Turn About Is Fair Play."

Sam Showalter was having a sale of his surplus stock. To start the sale he led out a milk cow, one of the best of his herd, and told the auctioneer she was four years old. John Dawson, a long, leathery, weather beaten fellow with a shrewd eye, bid in the cow. He gave Showalter a check for the amount and said he would come for the cow the next day.

"I tell you, John," said Showalter when Dawson rode up the next morning to lead home his purchase. "I made a mistake yesterday. I said that cow was only four years old, but when I talked it over with the old woman last night I remembered that she is eight years old. It was another cow altogether that I had in mind.

"I didn't want to let a mistake like that go with a neighbor," continued Showalter, whose word was not usually accepted as entirely dependable in the community, "so I thought the fair thing to do was to tell you and just let you take your check back and I'll keep the cow."

Dawson squinted his eye approvingly at the cow—she had every mark of a good milker—and then looked appraisingly at Showalter.

"Well, Sam," he said, "turn about is fair play. You made a mistake yesterday; I'll make one today and just keep the cow."—Youth's Companion.

FANS, BASEBALL BRAND.

Are Most of Them Imitations of the Newspaper Cartoon?

My own belief is that the fan, as the baseball writers and cartoonist have depicted him, is a very rare being. To the extent that he does exist he is the creation, not of the baseball diamond, but of the sporting writer and the comic artist. The fan models himself consciously upon the type set before him in his favorite newspaper. It is once more a case of nature imitating art.

If Mr. Gibson many years ago had not drawn a picture of fat men in shirt sleeves, perspiring freely and waving straw hats the newspaper artists would not have imitated Mr. Gibson, and the baseball audience would not have imitated the newspapers. It is true that I have seen baseball crowds in frenzy, but these have been isolated moments of high tension when all of us have been brought to our feet with loud explosions of joy or agony.

But the perspiring, ululant fan in shirt sleeves, ceaselessly waving his straw hat, uttering imprecations on the enemy, his enthusiasm obviously aroused by stimulants preceding his arrival at the baseball park, is far from being representative of the baseball crowd.—Simeon Strunsky in Atlantic Monthly.

Atomic Attraction.

Hydrogen and oxygen gases separately may be compressed to the liquid form, and then the compression further is exceedingly difficult. But in the chemical union of two atoms of hydrogen with one of oxygen to form a water molecule the immense force of atomic attraction, or chemism, as one may prefer to name the force, is one of the most powerful in nature. It reduces huge volumes of the gases down to a far less volume, and the force is far greater than can be secured in any machine of screws, levers or hydraulic presses. Atomic attraction is perhaps the most powerful in nature. At least it is strong enough to hold atoms of steel and platinum together and diamonds.—New York American.

Napier at the Battle of Meeanee.

When in the fight I held my life as gone, for as to escaping all idea of that vanished when I saw the Twenty-second giving way and was obliged to ride between the fires of two lines not twenty yards apart. I expected death as much from our men as the enemy, and I was much singed by our fire, my whiskers twice or thrice so and my face peppered by fellows who in their fear fired high over all heads but mine and nearly scattered my brains. In agony I rode, holding my reins with a broken hand (he had sprained it a few days before) and quite unequal to a single combat had a Beloochee picked me out, as one was about to do when Marston slew him.—Letter of Sir Charles Napier.

Easily Classified.

Hemmandhaw, who was writing a letter, looked up to inquire:

"Is it ever permissible to apply gender to volcanoes?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Hemmendhaw returned, "but if it is they are surely masculine."

"Why?"

"Because they sputter, grumble and smoke."—Youngstown Telegram.

Hats On.

It is customary in Quito when a visitor takes off his hat upon entering a room to beg him to put it on again, and, in the absence of permission, leave is generally requested. This, it is said, arises from apprehension that cold will be taken by remaining uncovered.

Superoptimist.

"What a cheerful woman Mrs. Smiley is."

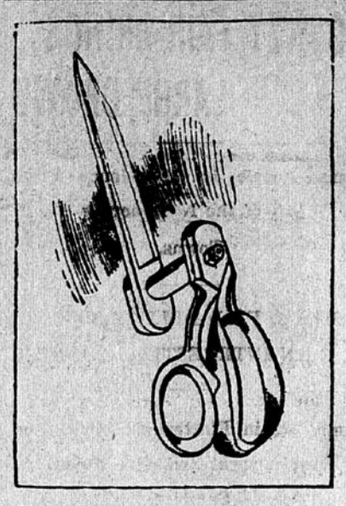
"Isn't she? Why, do you know, that woman can have a really good time thinking what a good time she would have if she were having it."—Boston Transcript.

The Single Thought.

Stella—Were you two souls with but a single thought? Bella—That was just the trouble; he wanted to stay single.—New York Sun.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Side Extension Shears Aid In Cutting Patterns.



Something new in shears has been recently sprung on the consuming public by the award of a patent on the new device. It is shown in the accompanying illustration, and the advantage claimed is that accurate cutting, as of patterns and similar work, is more accurately and easily done. With these shears the operator is enabled to follow the markings for the reason that he may see all around the cutting blades as they pass through the material.

Squash Pie.

Line a deep pie tin with good crust, build up well around the edges. Prick and set in a hot oven to partially bake. Set two cupfuls of milk in a saucepan to heat to scalding. Mix one and one-third cupful hot sifted squash with one tablespoonful butter, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful each of cinnamon and ginger, one-third cupful sugar, two tablespoonfuls molasses and the yolk of one egg and beat together well. Add scalding milk and, lastly, beat in the white of the egg, which has been beaten stiff. Fill into partially baked crust, set in hot oven and bake three-quarters of an hour.

Scalloped Eggplant.

For scalloped eggplant, peel, cut into dice and soak in cold water for an hour; then parboil twenty minutes, drain and put in layers in a baking dish alternately with crumbs. Dot each layer with butter, pepper and salt and strew with minced green pepper if you have it. When the dish is filled cover with a layer of crumbs moistened with cream, dot with butter, cover and bake half an hour; then remove cover and brown. It may also be scalloped with alternate layers of chopped ripe tomatoes.

Helpful Hints.

For cleansing tinware try dry flour applied with newspaper.

Turnips are improved by adding one or two tablespoonfuls of sugar when cooking.

To sweeten rancid butter melt the butter, skim it, then place a piece of light brown toast in it, and in a few minutes the toast will have absorbed the unpleasant taste and smell.

Discolored ivory can be restored by painting it with spirits of turpentine and putting it out in the sunshine a few days.

Creamed Peas and Beans.

Boil a quart of peas or broken string beans in as little water as possible, adding a pinch of soda to the water when half done; add salt. When done drain, add butter size of an egg, cup of sweet cream. Season with pepper and salt. Have ready two boiled potatoes, mashed fine. Add this to the peas. This absorbs butter and cream and makes them much better.

Deviled Cheese.

Two ounces of cheese, one teaspoonful of pickle, teaspoonful of curry powder. Grate cheese, chop pickles small and mix them with it, adding curry powder, little salt, pepper and cayenne and mustard. Butter some toast on both sides with paste. Bake in a buttered tin.

Baked Tomatoes.

Take good sized tomatoes, cut them in half. Place layer in a baking dish, covering the bottom. Season with pepper, salt and butter. Place another layer of sliced tomatoes, and so on until full. Place in moderate oven and bake slowly an hour. Serve while hot.

Cleaning Varnish.

To wash varnish, steep some tea leaves in water for half an hour, then strain them out and use the liquid for washing the varnish wood. This decoction gives the woodwork a cleaner, fresher look than when washed with only soap and water.

Bacon Frying Hint.

When next cooking bacon try putting it in a sieve, and pouring boiling water over it, then cover for a few moments with cold water, drying the bacon on a cloth before putting into the sizzling frying pan.

Beet Salad.

Chop fine six boiled beets, first paring them. Line a glass plate with crisp lettuce and celery leaves, put in the chipped beets and cover with olives and a rich salad dressing.

DEFECTIVE PAGE