

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Fred Clarke, Pittsburg Nationals' Great Pilot.



Fred Clarke, manager of the Pittsburg world's champions, is in his thirty-eighth year, but he is still able to play fast ball and is confident of winning another National league pennant.

Clarke's method of handling the champions is one of strict discipline without much jolly. He seldom compliments a player on his work, yet he never indulges in wild bursts of rage when a man makes a mistake. He tells his men what to do in emergencies, and they are supposed to follow instructions. If they prove unwilling or incapable they are soon let out, Clarke filling their places with brighter men.

The Pirates' manager possesses plenty of nerve and backbone. He plays no favorites and fears nobody. He knows the game from the inside, and that means everything. His players respect him, and there is absolutely no friction.

Nelson Wants to Stage Fight.
Battling Nelson has outlined a plan to meet Wolgast's demand of \$20,000 as his end for a fight with the Dane.

"The promoters refused to accede to this," said Nelson, "so I have agreed to handle the fight myself. There is an ideal arena near Frisco, with good transportation facilities and capable of holding 20,000 persons. I will take 75 per cent of the gate receipts for my end and out of that pay Ad Wolgast his \$20,000, the balance to go to myself. We will easily draw \$50,000, which will leave me \$17,500 after I have paid off Wolgast. I will deposit the entire amount of Wolgast's purse with the stakeholder before the battle and take every risk myself. This seems to be the only way in which I can get Wolgast into the ring."

Reviving Cricket at Pennsylvania.
A revival in cricket is in progress at the University of Pennsylvania as the result of the selection of a coach who has had long experience as coach of the cricket team of Oxford university.

The first intercollegiate game in any branch of sport, it is said, was played at Haverford college May 7, 1854, between a cricket eleven of the University of Pennsylvania and one from Haverford college.

The first game of cricket in America, according to tradition, was played in Philadelphia by British officers quartered there in 1777.

The new coach is M. R. Hulsh, who, besides coaching Oxford for nine years, has been a prominent member of several county teams in England.

Olympic Games in Sweden.
A meeting of the international Olympic committee has been called for the second week in June at Luxemburg for the purpose, it is said, of passing on the program of the games at Sweden in 1912. This program has already been arranged and will be presented by Colonel Black and Comte Clarence de Rosen, the Swedish representatives on the international jury, and to judge from the cursory allusions about its makeup it will not be nearly as long as the program of the English Olympic two years ago.

Young Hanlan Crack Sculler.
Edward Gordon Hanlan, a son of the great single sculler, will be trained next fall by James Rice, the Columbia crew coach. "Hanlan did me a good turn," says Rice, "and it's up to me to do as much for his son." Young Hanlan is employed by a mining concern and will leave soon for Cobalt, to be gone until the autumn. When he gets back his sculling work will begin. Young Ned is nineteen years old and five feet ten inches tall. Rice says he'll be a good one.

Ultima Thule

"There was a good congregation. The Blythes had some friends with them, so Mattie sat in my pew. She had the velvet taken off that green dress and satin put on instead."

"Well, it was time. The velvet looked awfully worn the last time she was here. I suppose that Farley girl was rigged out as usual?"

"She's cut her hair off short and curled it all over."

"Horrors! I wish she'd changed her pew—not that it will matter much to me, if I've got to spend the rest of my life here in this bed. Oh, dear! Sometimes I think I am going crazy."

"If you would only try letting me read to you—"

"It's no use. It nearly drives me wild. The only thing that gives me relief is cribbage, and I suppose you'd rather I died than play cards on Sunday. Oh, dear."

Barbara looked at the invalid with a troubled expression. Sunday was her god, and she was its prophet. To her it was her solemn duty. She believed that Fanny's sufferings were the result of her disregard for the seventh day. Fanny looked on it simply as an extra day, to be devoted to washing her hair and reading novels. All the week Barbara gave herself, mind and body, to her sister; every night she played numberless hands of cribbage, which seemed to quiet the invalid. For six days Fanny held supreme sway, but before the night of the seventh she was powerless. Barbara tried to make amends for this. Her soul would have revolted from secular thoughts in church, but since it interested Fanny to know who were there and what they wore she hurried out early Sunday morning and stood on the steps, anxiously scanning the congregation. She always felt nervous and deprecating as she did this, and wondered what people thought. She kept an explanation ready, but nobody ever asked.

"I always enjoyed life so much more than you did," Fanny went on, fretfully. "It seems queer that I should have had this, while you are as well and strong as ever. You never cared for fun. Why, don't you remember that winter when Aunt Miriam wrote for one of us to spend a couple of months in town with her and you didn't care about it? What a glorious time I had!"

Yes, Barbara remembered as vividly as though the 15 years had been as many days. She saw Fanny's eager face when the note was read, and heard the half-impromptu tone of her voice as she said: "O, Barbara! I suppose, of course, you'll go. I wish I were the oldest!" then her own voice answering, "No, I don't believe I care about it. You can go." Barbara had borne it all with patience and had cried when she went to bed that night. She had not been so well trained in self-sacrifice then as she was now. From that time she had dimly accepted the fact that Fanny was destined for the good things and had given them to her, faithfully and cheerfully, loving the younger sister better for every pang she cost her. Sunday was the sole thing she had set apart for herself.

The afternoon dragged slowly by. Barbara sat with her Bible in her lap, but she did not read. There was a troubled look in her eyes. Fanny tossed and sighed, and broke out petulantly now and then, wondering why she had to go on living when she would so much rather be dead; it would be a relief to have her out of the way. She had only slept two hours last night, and probably would not sleep at all to-night. If she only had someone to play cribbage with! That was the one thing that could make her sleep, but, of course, it was no matter what she endured, so long as Sunday was not infringed on. Oh, dear! Barbara answered with exasperating patience, but the troubled look deepened.

At 6 the maid came in with the invalid's tea on a tray.

"You haven't brought me any napkin, Kate," said Fanny, in an injured tone. She always looked on Kate's little sins of omission as intentional.

When Barbara returned from her own supper, she found Fanny in tears.

"I can't help it," Fanny sobbed. "I know you think I am just putting it on, but I'm not. I'm so nervous I can't stop crying."

Barbara took the tray in silence, and set it down in the hall; then she went into her own room and closed the door.

When she came back, the room was growing dark. Fanny was lying in a dejected attitude, her eyes filling with tears at every sound. Barbara stood in the shadow, her face strangely set. It was the hardest moment of her life. Then she said:

"I'll play cards with you, Fanny." Fanny's face brightened, and then she hesitated. Something in Barbara's face pierced even her selfishness.

"Won't you hate it awfully, Barbara?" she asked.

Barbara's eyes grew tender. This from Fanny! The sacrifice was not so hard, after all.

"Not if it helps you, dear," she said. Fanny sighed contentedly as she shuffled the cards.

"After all, it's only the idea," she said. "There's no harm in it, if you can only get over thinking there is." Barbara's lips tightened a little, but she did not answer.

All the evening the two women piled and shuffled the cards. When it was over, the invalid slept peacefully; it was the other who lay awake till morning.—ELIZABETH W. REED

SLEUTHS ON THE TRAIL.

Tactics Employed to Find a Wife Who Was Missing.

A man's voice, husky with anxiety, called up police headquarters the other night at about 2:30 a. m. It was a distraught husband begging the police to help him find his wife, who had been missing since 8 o'clock in the evening.

"What's her description," asked the official at the phone—"height, weight?"

"Er—er—about average, I guess," stammered the husband.

"Color of eyes?"

A confused burring sound came back over the wire.

"Blue or brown?" prompted the official.

"I—I don't know!"

"How was she dressed?"

"I guess she wore her coat and hat—she took the dog with her."

"What kind of a dog?"

"Brindle bull terrier, weight fourteen pounds and a half, four dark blotches on his body, shading from gray into white; a round blackish spot over the left eye; white stub of a tail, three white legs, and the right front leg nicely brindled all but the toes; a small nick in his left ear, gold filling in his upper right molar, a silver link collar with"—

"That'll do!" gasped the official. "We'll find the dog!"—Puck.

Too Late.

At luncheon at Buckingham palace one of the young sons of the Prince of Wales excitedly said to the king, "Oh, grandpapa," when the king interposed with some severity: "Little boys should be seen and not heard. Go on with your luncheon and don't talk."

The small prince collapsed. Presently the king said to him, relenting: "Now you can say what you were going to say."

The little prince, with a world of meaning, said: "Too late, grandpapa. It is too late."

The king said: "Nonsense! If it is worth saying five minutes ago it is worth saying now."

"No, grandpapa," said the little prince. "There was a big green worm in your salad, and you've eaten him."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Hunting For Trouble.

A traveler stopped at a country hotel in Arkansas. There was no water in his room when he arose in the morning, and he went downstairs and asked for some.

"What for?" the landlord asked.

"I want to wash my face."

The landlord directed him to a creek near by, and he went there for his ablutions, followed by several children, who stared at him in amazement.

The traveler washed his face and combed his hair as best he could with a pocket comb.

The children circled about him with wide open eyes. Finally the largest boy said, "Say, mister, do you all take all that trouble with yourself every day?"—Saturday Evening Post.

According to Her Count.

"Yes," said the young wife, "Phillip and I have lived together a whole year, and we've never had the slightest quarrel."

"What are you talking about! You and Phillip were married seven years ago!"

"To be sure we were, but you forget that he's a traveling salesman."—Chicago Tribune.

As to the Singer.

Tess—She had the nerve to tell me some professor had told her her voice was very good.

Jess—Well, you can never tell. Things are sometimes deceptive.

Tess—What are you talking about? Jess—Why, her voice may really be better than it sounds.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Equally Amicable.

"Bill Niggins and his wife have parted."

"Indeed! Was it an amicable separation?"

"Sure! He struck her over the head with a skillet, and she hit him with a flatiron as he was passing through the gate."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Couldn't Be Quiet.

Japly—Wonder if Clatterton got those new London clothes of his through without paying duty?

Snapply—He tried to, but they declared themselves.—Browning's Magazine.

Expensive Frolic.



"Scuse me. Dese cullud parties am bein' crowded too much for me."

"Then you won't buy a ticket, Mistah Dawson?"

"Not on your life, Miss An'son. De lastt pleasant event I t'ended I got mah razzor so nicked dat I ain't shaved since."

An Old Limerick.

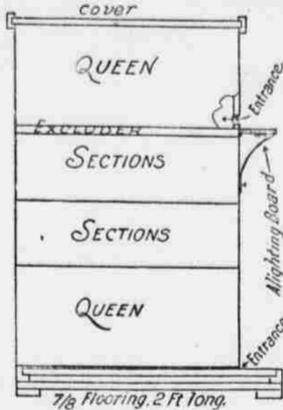
There was an old man of Madras, Who rode on a cream colored ass, But the length of its ears So promoted his fears That it killed that old man of Madras.—"A Book of Nonsense," by Edgar Lear.

BEEES AND BEE KEEPING

TWO QUEENS IN A HIVE.

A Clever Device for Housing Two Colonies of Bees.

In reference to the two-queen system of managing bees, I will say that I divide the hives with a thin division-board, bee-tight, from top to bottom. In this way we have the two queens in the spring; and if a queen is needed for another colony, one queen can be removed and the division-board taken out. I take two colonies and put them in two divided bodies, one on top of the other, so that each colony occupies half of



TWO QUEENS IN HIVE.

both bodies. In this way the best of both colonies is in one hive.

It always has been next to impossible for me to get my colonies built up in time for the white-clover honey-flow. Now when the flow begins, I put the two colonies, each with its queen, in two undivided bodies, both of which are on the same bottom-board. Two section-supers and an excluder are between the two colonies. Besides the regular entrance there is an entrance above the supers, as shown in the diagram. The bees keep right on rearing brood; and when they get too numerous for two hives and three or four supers remove the top colony to another stand.—R. H. Hall, Royal, Ill.

As To Swarming.

We have had it proven to our own satisfaction many times that bees often select a location before swarming. Away back in the 80's we were in the woods and saw bees going in and out of a knot-hole some 15 feet up in a tree. My first thought was that I had found a beehive. After observing more closely I discovered that it was only bees out selecting a place for their future home, for there were more or less bees around all the trees near that showed any signs of being hollow. From their actions it was easy to see that they were searching for a cavity for their future home. I watched them with much interest for several hours toward the middle of the day; but they seemed to pay little attention to any of the trees except the first one mentioned. Around this they greatly increased in numbers until it almost seemed as if a small swarm were in and around this tree. During the time I went to the house and told my wife to keep a close watch on a certain colony I knew was preparing to swarm. I was sure they were my bees that were so busily engaged at the tree. Pretty soon I heard my wife calling, "The bees are swarming!" I noticed, however, the bees about the tree had become very much less in numbers. A very few were to be seen at the tree just then.

I hastened to the house to watch the swarm to see what the result would be. They were pretty well out of the hive when I reached the house and had started to cluster. Not over two-thirds of the swarm ever clustered at all when they broke cluster and made a direct line for the tree where I had been watching them for hours, and went directly into it.

At another time a neighbor called on me, saying he had found a bee tree, and wanted to save the bees. They were working strong, as he thought. After a good many hard blows with his axe, he felled the tree, and, to his utter astonishment, no bees were in it, and no signs of comb or anything that showed that bees had ever occupied the tree. Before long he saw a big negro coming on a dead run through the brush rattling a bell for all it was worth; and about the same time he heard the roaring of a swarm of bees, and very soon they were hovering about the spot where the tree had stood. After circling around for a short time the bees clustered on a bush near where the tree stood, perhaps much astonished because their newly found home was destroyed.

These with many other instances I could relate, convince me that bees often select a home before they swarm.—L. B. Smith, Rescue, Texas.

Handling Combs

The handling of combs individually, and brushing off the bees, is a thing of the past with me. You can accomplish ten times more in a given time by using shallow supers when removing honey from the hives than by taking out and brushing each comb.

The Voracious Cormorant.

How a cormorant dives for sea trout and gets on is told by a writer: "I had the cormorant under observation only for the space of four or five minutes, and during that short period it had captured four sea trout, all of considerable size. After being under water for a few seconds the bird would reappear with a sea trout wriggling in its bill. But in spite of the victim's desperate efforts to escape it was deftly swallowed, and after a few gulps the cormorant would resume its fishing operations. One of the sea trout gave it considerable trouble, however, for the fish struggled violently for some moments, but was deftly placed so that its head pointed down its captor's throat, and thus its own struggles assisted the bird to swallow it. After a time the cormorant raised itself in the water, flapping its wings vigorously, as though to help it pack away its heavy repast, and then rose heavily and winged its way upstream."

Simple Transaction.

"I like de 'pearance o' dat turkey mighty well," said Mr. Johnson after a long and wistful study of the bird. The dusky marketman seemed strangely deaf.

"How could I—What arrangements could a pussion make dat wanted to buy dat turkey?" Mr. Johnson asked after a pause.

"Easy terms 'nough," said the marketman briskly. "You get him by means o' a note o' hand."

"A note o' hand," repeated Mr. Johnson, brightening up at once. "Do you mean I writes it out and pays some time when?" But his hope in this glorious prospect was rudely shattered by the marketman.

"A note o' hand means in dis case," he said, with disheartening clearness, "dat you hands me a two dollar note, Mr. Johnson, and I hands you de turkey in response to dat note."

All Is Not Lion That Roars.

A negro was arrested for stealing coal and employed a lawyer of loud oratorical voice to defend him in a justice court.

"That lawyer could roar like a lion," the negro said. "I thought he was going to talk that judge off the bench and that jury out of the box. I got one continuance and hurried up to burn all that coal and hide the evidence. Then came the day of my trial. That roarin' lawyer went up and whispered to the judge. Then he came back and whispered to me:

"You better send that coal back or you'll go to jail."—Kansas City Star.

Ruse That Worked.

Roundsman—How did you keep all of those girls from rushing out of the moving picture show when the lights went out? Policeman—it was dead easy. When they started to rush I said: "That's right! Old ladies first!" And the way they held back was a caution.—Chicago News.

BRINGING IN THE GOLD.

How Precious Metal is Collected, Guarded and Transported in Alaska.

"Six tons and a half of yellow gold, \$3,200,000 worth of virgin metal, the largest single shipment ever brought out from Alaska, was unloaded from the steamship Jefferson of the Alaska Steamship Company a couple of weeks ago," said Fred. W. Armstrong of Seattle, Wash.

"Of that sum," continued Mr. Armstrong, "\$2,800,000 was sent out by mail and about \$400,000 by express, coming from Fairbanks Circle, Dawson, and other rich camps of the interior. The gold was accompanied by several wealthy mine operators with thousands in their clothes, who have come to attend the Seattle fair.

"Receiving less consideration apparently than the trunks and suit cases of the passengers the sacks of gold were put ashore at Pier 2 by the sling load, only a small number watching the rich cargo discharging, and many not realizing that the dirty leather mail pouches were filled with the precious metal.

"In dust and bricks the treasure was shipped from the various camps along the Tanana and Yuko on the steamboat Victorian of the White Pass and Yukon fleet. The spring cleanup in central Alaska and the Yukon territory started long before the river was free of ice, and the dumps were relieved of a rich burden this spring before the first boat was able to feel its way against the ice toward Lake Le Barge. On the Victorian a heavy armed guard kept watch night and day to prevent any possibility of robbery. At White Horse the gold was shipped by rail to Skagway, thence to be taken by the Jefferson and rushed to Seattle.

"After unloading 100 sacks of gold on the dock the consignment was taken to the post office in a dozen mail wagons which were waiting on the dock. There were some extra men from the office to guard the treasure, but the weight of the pouches, one of which two men could barely lift, made robbery almost an impossibility. "The shipment on the Jefferson besides being the largest ever brought out indicates a large cleanup in Alaska this summer."

Saiting a Diamond Mine.

Howard DuBois, the noted mining engineer, told a good story to the Tech men recently, illustrating the art of salting a diamond mine. The story was told of a man in South Africa who, while walking one day over his property, suggested that they assay some of the soil.

In the search that ensued eight rough diamonds were found and offers began to fly through the air at a rapid rate for the land, when the host's wife called out to her husband: "Why, John, where are the other two?" The sequel of the story was left to the imagination.—Boston Record

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