

IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Jack McInnis, Connie Mack's Latest Wonder.



Photo by American Press Association.

Jack McInnis of the Philadelphia Athletics is not old enough to vote, but he is the best substitute infielder in the country. "Stuffy," as his teammates call him, first saw the light of day in Gloucester, Mass., in October, 1890. He joined the Athletics in the spring of 1909, having made a name for himself as a member of the Gloucester high school nine and the Haverhill New England league team. Mack started him in as a regular, but he soon yielded the shortstop position to Jack Barry. McInnis got back into the game regularly several weeks ago when Barry was injured and has been hitting at a .500 clip ever since. He is making two or more hits daily, and as a rule one of them is a triple. At the rate the little fellow is going now it is doubtful that Barry will be able to get back his old position as a member of the Mack stone wall infield. McInnis is the sensation of the American league season.

Bull Terrier Helps to Win Game.

At South Bend, Ind., where the Wheeling and South Bend teams of the Central league were playing recently, a Boston bull terrier won the game for Wheeling by a score of 4 to 3. In the ninth inning Crane of Wheeling drove the ball into the outfield, and the terrier chased the ball, grabbing it in his mouth and scampering away from the outfielders, hot in pursuit. Before an outfielder could overtake the canine and pick the ball from its teeth Crane had gained an additional base and later scored with the winning run.

Hawaii Swimming Tourney.

A team of Hawaiian swimmers are coming to the United States in July—that is, if they are satisfied they are good enough to have a chance with the Americans. For the purpose of finding out the real merit of the Hawaiians an aquatic meet is to be held at Honolulu on June 11. This is to be a record meet, and if the records are at all respectable the men will be sent to the Pacific coast.

Doyle Making Good.

Jimmy Doyle, the Cubs' new third baseman, is fast winning his spurs. He has batted in many runs at critical stages since he went to the far corner, and in each contest he shows signs of overcoming the nervousness that laid hold of him before he became thoroughly accustomed to the machine like work of Chance and Tinker.

Clarke Still Inventing.

Manager Fred Clarke of Pittsburg has invented a rubber device to be placed in front of the regulation pitching slab. The object is to prevent twirlers from digging deep holes. The Pirate leader has patents on several other baseball utensils, including a canvas jacket for the diamond.

New York Promoters Losing Money.

All the big fights in New York recently have been financial losers for the promoters, and three of the clubs in that city have announced that in the future the contestants in the star fights will have to work on the percentage basis, as they will not offer guarantees from now on.

Different Methods of Handling Vets.

What a difference in the passing of two veterans who have given their employers notable service—Sam Leever of Pittsburg is released free to his own inclinations; Harry Steinfeldt of Chicago, protesting, is sold into the minors. Just a difference in methods of magnates.

Why Ed Reulbach is Wild.

Knowing the weaknesses of the batters too well and trying to pitch to them is the reason Ed Reulbach of the Cubs gives for his wildness this season. Manager Chance has suggested that Reulbach forget the weaknesses and "put the ball over."

Hauser Hitting Ball Hard.

Little Shortstop Hauser of the Cardinals has developed into a .300 hitter. He chokes his bat now and crowds the plate.

Cookery Points

Good Sauces.
There is hardly any branch of cookery which does the cook more credit than the preparation of good sauces. To obtain the best results she must study the art both in theory and in practice. A cook who can make good sauces is never at a loss in cases of emergency, for a delicate sauce is capable of converting a plain dish of either fish, flesh or fowl into a dainty entree and a plainly cooked vegetable into a high class entremets de legume.

In many households the preparation of such a "simple" sauce as melted butter is left to an ordinary maid, and the result is often a compound which more closely resembles underdone paste than sauce blanche. It is the little details of the kitchen—of which the sauce in question is a good example—which bring discredit or the reverse on both mistress and cook. When properly made melted butter is one of the most useful sauces prepared in a modern kitchen, owing to the variety of which it is capable. The failure in making it is usually due to the fact that an entirely wrong method is adopted, which admits of insufficient cooking of the flour and a too scanty supply of butter.

Hollandaise Sauce.

There is no sauce which gives a more decided piquancy to a dish than well made hollandaise. There are several ways of preparing it, but to make hollandaise as it should be the process is not a very easy one. The following is a good recipe: Reduce two tablespoonfuls of vinegar in a saucepan with a pinch of salt and pepper until only one teaspoonful remains; draw the pan to the side of the stove, where the heat is only very moderate, and pour in two tablespoonfuls of cold water and the yolks of two eggs (taking care that no portion of the white adheres to them) and stir with a wooden spoon, watching the eggs closely, and directly they show signs of thickening take the pan at once from the stove and stir in quickly one ounce of fresh butter. When it has quite melted place the pan again on the stove, but only for a few seconds, to reheat the mixture, then take it off and add another ounce of butter, and when it is worked in reheat as before and continue in the same way until four ounces of butter have been amalgamated with the yolks of the eggs. After adding the second and third portion of butter pour in a dessertspoonful of cold water, and when the last ounce of butter has been stirred in add another dessertspoonful of water. So doing will make the sauce less liable to curdle. When ready the sauce should be of the same consistency as a thick mayonnaise.

Melted Butter.

To make melted butter sauce put into a saucepan two ounces of butter, and when it has melted add by degrees one ounce of flour and stir with a wooden spoon until a smooth paste is formed, taking care that the roux acquires no color. Pour in by degrees half a pint of warm milk or milk and water, working the mixture quickly all the time with the spoon. Place the pan on a hot part of the stove, so that the sauce may boil up, and continue to stir until it is thick and creamy; then add salt and pepper and let it simmer for ten minutes. Pour it through a fine strainer into a hot sauce boat and just before serving add a small piece of fresh butter, stirring it lightly into the sauce. In the event of the sauce being required for fish, fish broth which has been flavored with vegetables and herbs may be used with advantage in place of the milk, but in this case a tablespoonful or two of cream should be added the last thing.

Bearnaise Sauce.

Bearnaise sauce, which is usually much appreciated when served with a filet de boeuf, or veal cutlets, is merely hollandaise with a teaspoonful of finely chopped tarragon, a small quantity of chervil and a few drops of tarragon vinegar added the last thing before being served. It is well to note that a delicate sauce of the above description would be likely to curdle if poured into a tureen which has been made very hot.

Gherkin Sauce.

Gherkin sauce, which is often preferred, when a sauce of this description is required, to caper sauce, may be made by adding some chopped gherkins to some good white sauce which has been sharpened with a few drops of the pickle in which the gherkins were preserved and a small quantity of tarragon vinegar.

Anchovy Sauce.

For a rich anchovy sauce make half a pint of melted butter and add half an ounce of fresh butter which has been worked up with two teaspoonfuls of essence of anchovy and stir in three or four drops of carmine to improve the color, or, if preferred, fish stock may be used instead of milk.

Maitre d'Hotel Sauce.

Maitre d'hotel sauce can be quickly made in the same way as anchovy sauce by substituting one ounce of maitre d'hotel butter for the anchovy butter, but for this milk without water should be used for the white sauce.

HANDMADE BLOUSES.

They Are Lace Trimmed and Deftly Embroidered.



IMPORTED BLOUSES.

Handmade decorations are a feature of many of the new imported blouses. Those pictured here represent the latest and most artistic efforts of a great Parisian modiste. One of the blouses is of linen in drawn thread work, the entire surface of the blouse having the threads drawn. It is heavily braided both on revers and cuffs. The vest and collar are of embroidered lawn.

The other blouse, which is for dinner or theater wear, is of blue and black printed material. It is adorned with circular braided ornaments applied upon the fabric. The neck and elbow sleeves are finished with point d'esprit.

Waists intended for wear with the tailor made are elegant in their simplicity. They are made of the finest gauzes and so deftly embroidered that they resemble more a fine work of art than merely a blouse to be crushed and hidden by the coat.

One of the fads of the moment is to wear the transparent blouse over a handsome Irish crochet blouse, but when this idea is successfully carried out the sheerest of marquisette or chiffon must be used in the overwaist. The real chic of the tout ensemble is the effect of the heavy lace through the fine mesh of the top waist.

Puritan simplicity and Puritan styles are very fashionable at this hour. Simple lines are invariably becoming. The slim figure is given a graceful line and the stout one is improved.

Favorite Fiction.

"Yes, Sir; I Called You at 6 O'clock, Sharp."
"Read the Following Unsolicited Testimonials to the Merits of Our Remedy."
"Save These Coupons; They Are Valuable."
"Thank You, Sir, Gentlemen, I Am Offered \$15 to Start This Solid Gold Watch."
"Divorces Procured Without Publicity."
"I'd Go Your Security Willingly, Mr. Ardup, but My Wife Has Made Me Promise Never to Do Anything of That Kind."
"Invisible Patches a Specialty."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Harem Skirt.

I have a brand new harem skirt Of satin rich and black, With beaded gimp around the legs And buttons up the back. Each day I take it from the box In which it folded lies To gaze upon its sable sheen With fascinated eyes.

I shake it out and smooth it down On sofa, chair or bed. Its shining, bifurcated length Admirably I spread. Then for its narrow box again I mournfully prepare it, Because haven't got the nerve To put it on and wear it. —New York Press.

The Real Reason.

Adam sat down. "I am the greatest man in the world," he said to himself, "the wisest sage, the biggest financier and captain of industry; I hold all the records from the hundred yard dash to the Marathon; my wife is the best dressed woman in the world; I am the best dressed man. Gadzooks, I am too good to be true; I will eat of the fruit of the tree of evil."—Life.

Heard Downtown.

"S'pose my face is dirty," said the office boy in the elevator, "what business is it of yours? You ain't my dad."
"No," replied the elevator man, "but I'm bringing you up."—Boston Transcript.

Made to Order.

Thrice blessed the smile of the face sincere, But what will the spirit damp Like the face that smiles with a smile that seems Put on with a rubber stamp? —Puck.

WHERE HE LEARNED IT

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

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This is a story of Kentucky nearly a century ago.

One day a young man dressed not in the buckskin or linsey woolsey of the times, but in a costume that smacked rather of Europe than America, alighted from the coach at a tavern and called for supper and a room. It was at the end of the stage route, and the young man was obliged to proceed to his home farther south on horseback. This was the reason for his remaining overnight. There was not much amusement to be found in such a place, and after supper, hearing the strains of a violin in a saloon across the way, he concluded to walk over and see what was going on. At one end of the room was a bar, and at the other was the fiddler, who, sitting on a platform of boards set on barrels, was playing "The Arkansas Traveler." There was a story connected with the music, which the fiddler told, every now and again stopping to go on with the tune. At tables scattered here and there were men, most of them in hunting costumes, playing cards.

At the entrance of a young man in civilized dress over; one looked up. The newcomer, being embarrassed, was about to retreat when one of the card players called out: "Don't go, youngster. You're the paragon thing we've ever seen in these parts. Let's have a look at them clothes."
"Those clothes," said the stranger, "came from a long way off. As soon as I get settled at home I'll probably go in for the costume of the country."
"Where did you come from, anyway?"
"I've been to Germany."
"Germany?" exclaimed every one in the room. They had never before heard of any one who talked pure American coming from across the Atlantic.

"What war you doin' thar?" asked one.
"Studying."
"Did you go from hyar?"
"Yes. My father lives in the blue grass region. My name is Morgan."
"All right, sonny. If you had from old Kaluteck you're all right, no matter what kind of a rig you got on. My name's Speers. Step up and have some'n."
"I don't drink anything except beer. I reckon I can't get that here."
"Beer! No. We don't drink nothin' but pure Kaluteck corn juice down hyar. Step up and have some o' that."
"Thank you; I don't drink whiskey."
"Don't know how, eh? Well, we'll teach you."
"You can't teach me, for I won't learn."

The speaker reached down between his shoulder blades and drew forth a bowie knife a foot long and began to poke the young man with its point toward the bar. Several of the others protested that the young man should not be forced to drink what he didn't wish to drink. Others maintained that if there was to be a fight he should be furnished with arms to defend himself. "Is it drink or fight?" asked the man with the knife.

"It isn't drink," said the other resolutely.
"Well, then, it's fight. What weapons do you like?"
"I'd as soon have a knife like the one you're flourishing as anything. But I don't wish to fight. I'd much prefer to go over to the tavern and let you drink all the whiskey you like."
"Give him a bowie!" cried his enemy.

A man in the crowd handed Morgan a knife of the exact length of that of his antagonist, and he had no sooner got his fingers about its handle than his enemy made a dash for him with his knife raised high in the air. The youngster caught it on his own knife, making a gasp in his enemy's hand from which dripped the red blood. Speers unlocked his knife and made an under pass. Again the weapon was caught, and a fresh stream ran from its owner's hand. Then followed a series of passes by Speers, Morgan standing solely on the defensive. A dozen times he could have punctured his enemy in any part of the body he chose, but he refrained.

The interest in the fight among the onlookers was intense. The skill of Morgan won a number to his side, who kept calling, "Now's yo' chance, young un!" "Let drive!" "Finish him!" But Morgan contented himself with blocking his enemy's thrusts. Finally Morgan called to the crowd:
"Do you think this has gone on long enough?"
"Yes. Finish it up."
"All right."

Every one expected to see him plunge his knife into Speers' body, but instead of that he wedged his own blade in between Speers' fingers and the hilt of his knife, gave his own bowie a fling, and Speers' weapon went up to the ceiling and, falling, stood up in the floor on its point.

All gathered around the victor and were eager to hear where he had learned to handle a knife with such proficiency. He told them that three years before his father had sent him to a German university. He had joined the duelling corps and had shown a special facility for handling the small sword. He had worsted one antagonist after another and shortly before leaving the university had been declared the champion for that year.

Witty Ann Pitt.

Bollingbroke called England's great statesman, William Pitt (Lord Chatham), "Sublimity Pitt," and he dubbed his sister Ann "Divinity Pitt." But that must have been long after there were written and received the delightful letters addressed to Pitt's "Dearest Nanny," his "little Nan," his "little Jug."

"Oh, for the restless tongue of dear little Jug!" he exclaims in a letter written by him from Northampton when, a lad of twenty-three, he had but lately joined his regiment.

Ann Pitt's restless tongue was never stilled, for when Chesterfield, calling on her in his later life, complained of decay with the words, "I fear that I am growing an old woman," Ann briskly replied:

"I am glad of it. I was afraid you were growing an old man, which, as you know, is a much worse thing."

Prescott, the Historian.

William Hickling Prescott, one of America's most eminent historians, was afflicted with imperfect vision at the age of twenty. His "Ferdinand and Isabella," "Conquest of Mexico" and "Conquest of Peru" were written under most trying circumstances, owing to his partial blindness.

England's First Cricket Club.

The first cricket club, founded in England was the Hambledon (Hampshire) club, which began in 1750 and lasted till 1791.

Sweden and the Census.

Sweden was the first European country to make a complete enumeration of inhabitants, that census having been taken in 1749. Spain's first census was taken in 1798, while Great Britain and France did not begin to ascertain their population until 1801. The first census of the entire United States was taken in 1790.

A Definition of Man.

Man, said Huxley, the scientist, is a mixture of "horse nervousness, ass stubbornness and camel malice, with an angel bobbing about unexpectedly like the apple in the posset."

Panama.

It is supposed by some that Panama derived its name from the native word for butterfly. Explorers of the interior tell of swarms of butterflies which at times rise on the slopes of the mountains in dense clouds, darkening the sunshine. Others maintain that the name is from an Indian word meaning abounding in fish.

Kilkenny Castle.

Kilkenny castle is one of the oldest inhabited houses in the world, many of the rooms being much as they were 800 years ago.

Sailors and Horseshoes.

A horseshoe nailed to the mast was in times past thought by sailors not only to be a security against the evil one, but a specific against many dangers.

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