DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

SPORTING NEWS

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Providence	37	21	.644
Baltimore	32	27	.542
Buffalo	29	26	.537
Newark	29	30	.492
Richmond	28	29	.491
Toronto	24	26	.480
Montreal	26	32	.448
Rochester	20	34	.370

Rochester, 4; Toronto 2.
Rochester 2, Toronto 3.

Saturday Scores.
Buffalo 7, Montreal 1.
Buffalo 8, Montreal 7.
Baltimore 4, Richmond 3.
Baltimore 5, Richmond 0.
Newark 5, Providence 4.
Newark 5, Providence 2.

Sunday Scores.
Providence 5, Newark 3.
Providence 6, Newark 1.

Monday Games.
Rochester at Toronto.
Newark at Baltimore.
Providence at Richmond.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Brooklyn	36	25	.590
Philadelphia	34	28	.548
Boston	32	48	.525
New York	30	29	.508
Pittsburg	30	32	.484
Chicago	32	35	.478
St. Louis	30	39	.435
Cincinnati	29	37	.439

Saturday Scores.
Boston 7, Brooklyn 4.
Boston 2, Brooklyn 0.
Pittsburg 2, Cincinnati 1.
Philadelphia 9, New York 2.
Chicago 9, St. Louis 2.
Chicago 3, St. Louis 4.

Sunday Scores.
Cincinnati 3, Pittsburg 2.
Cincinnati 1, Pittsburg 10.
Chicago 5, St. Louis 1.

Monday Games.
Brooklyn at New York.
Philadelphia at Boston.
Cincinnati at St. Louis.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	38	26	.594
Cleveland	38	28	.576
Chicago	35	29	.547
Washington	35	30	.538
Boston	34	31	.523
Detroit	34	34	.500
St. Louis	29	38	.433
Philadelphia	17	44	.279

Saturday Scores.
New York 5, Philadelphia 4.
Washington 4, Boston 2.
Cleveland 5, St. Louis 4.
Chicago 6, Detroit 0.

Sunday Scores.
Cleveland 3, St. Louis 2.
Chicago 1, Detroit 0.

Monday Games.
St. Louis at Chicago.
New York at Washington.
Boston at Philadelphia.

AMERICAN LEAGUE
SATURDAY SCORES.

At Philadelphia—		R.	H.	E.
New York	000121001—	5	7	4
Philadelphia	000400000—	4	7	4

Batteries—Mogridge, Russell and Nunamaker; Meyers and Meyer. Umpires Hildebrand and O'Loughlin.

At Washington—		R.	H.	E.
Boston	001100000—	2	3	2
Washington	00040000*—	4	7	2

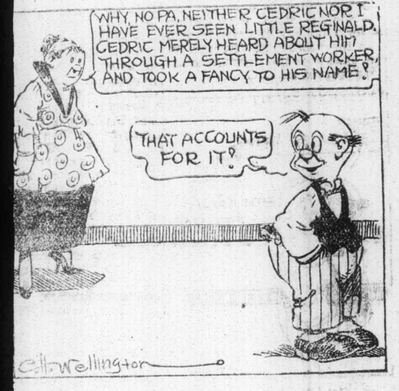
Batteries—Foster, Ruth and Cady; Johnson, Boehling and Henry. Umpires—Connnolly and Owens.

At Cleveland—		R.	H.	E.
St. Louis	00103000000—	4	8	2
Cleveland	01110010001—	5	15	3

At Detroit—		R.	H.	E.
Detroit	000000000—	0	7	2
Chicago	00000312*—	6	10	0

Batteries—Mitchell, James and Baker; Williams and Schalk. Umpires—Evans and Nallin.

TIP TOP TAILORS
wish to announce their
EARLY CLOSING WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS
during the months of July and August.
TIP TOP TAILORS
68 Colborne St.



REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

How Madge Classified Her New Neighbors

"GOOD morning."

The words, uttered in the low tones of a woman's voice, startled me. I stood in the living room of the Brennan house on the outskirts of Marvin, which Dicky had rented, superintending the work of a big negro, who, with flannel-covered brush, was wiping the dust and cobwebs from the ceiling and walls. I had discovered earlier in the morning that while the colored woman Mr. Brennan had engaged for me was a fairly reliable worker, her husband had to be watched or his work would suffer. So I had dispatched Katie and the woman helper to the bedrooms and attic, and supervised the man's work myself.

I turned to the door to confront a tired-looking but pleasant-faced woman, spare of figure, with iron-gray hair, features which once must have been pretty, and a complexion which showed traces of beauty it possessed when its owner was young.

"Good morning," I returned.

"I am your neighbor, directly opposite, Mrs. Burchell," she said genially. "I ran over to see if there was anything you needed. If you wish to use the telephone or I have anything which can help you, please consider me at your service."

"Why, that is very kind of you, I am sure," I stammered. I was really quite overcome at this neighborly kindness, which made me realize as almost nothing else could, the difference between the city from which I was moving to the country village which was to be my home for the summer. I smiled involuntarily at the idea of a New York city dweller concerning herself about the comfort of a new neighbor.

"I am sorry I cannot offer you a chair," I went on. "Perhaps I can find you a box."

"Oh, no," she returned, smiling with me at the suggestion. "Here you, William," she turned to the big negro, "you keep right on with your work. Never mind stopping to listen. You're paid by the hour remember."

Mrs. Burchell's Comment.

"Yass'm, yass'm," the man said, grinning, and fell to drawing his brush down the walls with a ludicrous show of energy. I began to revise my opinion of my new neighbor. Of course the man had loitered at his work when I relaxed my watching, but her interference startled and annoyed me.

She evidently had no conception of my feeling, however, for her next move was to lay a confidential hand on my shoulder.

"Surely," she said, "you are not going to keep that old square piano of the Brennans."

"Mr. Brennan said this morning when he gave me the keys that he would have it taken away very shortly."

Mrs. Burchell laughed unpleasantly.

"Don't you believe a word of it," she said. "That man won't do one thing he isn't compelled to do. He's great on promises. He will promise you anything, but doing it is a different matter. If I were in your place I'd call the junkman if he doesn't send for it, and pitch it out bodily. Why, the attic and cellar and barn and that little shack back there in the garden where the hired man slept are filled with stuff. You'll never have the use of the out buildings. My son saw Mr. Brennan stowing the things away, and heard him say he wouldn't move them as long as he had such a good place to store them."

By this time I had the woman classified. She was a gossip and a troublemaker, I was sure. But her words worried me secretly. I had made a cursory inspection of the grounds after Mr. Brennan's departure in the morning, and the heaps of tin cans, ashes and other rubbish which littered the garden and chicken yards prepared me to take Mrs. Burchell's revelations without the customary grain of salt.

But I did not intend to give her the satisfaction of knowing the effect of her ill-natured gossip. So I smiled serenely and tried to change the subject.

"What a beautiful view there is from these windows!" I indicated the north windows of the living room from which she could see a beautiful stretch of undulating woodland.

"Yes," she admitted grudgingly, "it is pretty around here. But I'm getting tired of it. I think we shall move back to the city. It would be all right except for the neighbors. That woman next door to me especially, Mrs. Hoch. I suppose I oughtn't to say anything, for she's sick in bed, and I've never gone in to see her. I ought to be ashamed of myself too, for it, but I just couldn't go. She's an awful hard person to get along with, and she and her daughter always know everybody's business. You're new here, and I thought I ought to warn you, so you wouldn't get thick with her."

I smiled involuntarily at the idea of getting "thick" with my new neighbors Mrs. Burchell stifled a little.

"It won't seem so funny to you after you've found out a few things," she said. "But I must hurry back. Don't forget, if you want to use the 'phone or need anything come right over."

"Thank you, you are very kind," I returned mechanically, and drew a sigh of relief when I had seen the last of her.

Introducing Eddie Hoch.

The hours sped on, all too fast for the work I wanted to accomplish. Katie, whose attitude toward the new home I was secretly anxious to ascertain, appeared at any rate to be enjoying the day with all the naivete of a child. She had brought a basket packed with all the food, cutlery and dishes for a good lunch, and she did not grumble at the inconveniences she found in preparing it in the kitchen, which, incidentally, was the dirtiest room I had ever see in my life. I meant to issue an ultimatum to Mr. Birdsall, the agent, as to the painting of that room at least.

It was quite late in the afternoon when my next caller appeared. A shock headed boy, about 16, with a happy grin on his turned face, came into the house without the formality of knocking.

"Hello," he observed, not disrespectfully, but with the gaucherie of the boy who never has been taught how to enter a room or address people properly.

"Good afternoon," I returned smiling, for there was something engaging about the lad in spite of his unconscious rudeness

"I'm Eddie Hoch. I came over to see if maybe you'd want to hire a boy to run errands or weed garden, or something like that. I ain't working just now, and ma said it wouldn't do any harm to try anyway."

"Grace Draper" Again.

"Surely not," I returned encouragingly, for the thought struck me that with any shop or market over half a mile away we might often have use for the boy's services. "I shall be glad to call on you if I need anything."

He looked around appraisingly. "Gee, you're doing a lot of cleaning around here. Celie said she guessed the house wouldn't know itself by the time you got through with it. The Brennans never did much cleaning."

I did not answer. It struck me that it would be rather dangerous to express any opinion save one about the weather or the beautiful views in this neighborhood into which I had moved. The boy's next words clinched my determination.

"Wasn't that Mrs. Burchell in here awhile ago?" he demanded. "Ma said she hoped you wouldn't get in with her. She's an awful funny woman, and she treated my mother awful mean. She's got an awful mean son, too. He and his wife live there, and the old woman do: all the work in the house, and the young woman goes to work in the city every day and earns the living. That fellow never does a stroke of work except lick the little girl once in awhile. Don't you think that's awful, for him to let his wife work? They say he's sick, but ma says he's plain lazy."

"I am very busy, Eddie," I returned as tactfully as I could, "and I won't need you today."

But Eddie had one more shaft in his quiver.

"Say, there's the funniest joke about you folks," he observed. "You know Grace Draper, she came over and wanted to rent this place for an artist friend of hers. She never said a word about his being married, and we kinda thought it was her beau, and maybe she was going to get married and live here herself. And then you came along. Ma says she should thinks you'd be jealous of Grace Draper. She's an awful pretty girl."

A SUMMER MIRAGE

By Will Nies

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IN the deserts—on the prairies—out on the seven seas—when the lower air is of just the RIGHT temperature, and the higher air is very DIFFERENT, there arises visions of precisely what the heart most DESIRES. Then it is that the parched desert traveler sees an oasis, the lonely desert dweller a wonderful city, the shipwrecked voyager a glorious vessel in the sky. So it is that sometimes in the summer there rises that loveliest of ALL flowers of fancy—THE SUMMER GIRL.

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT The Folly of Shielding Folks

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Winifred Black

HOW much can you shield people from the consequences of their own acts?

How much is it worth while to try?

I know a man whose brother is lazy—just plain, down and up, back and forth, in and out lazy—that's all. He isn't a bad man, naturally, or a cruel man or a vicious man in any way, but just because he's lazy he does all kinds of hideous things.

He doesn't pay his debts, he doesn't do the work he's paid to do, he doesn't support his own family, and he doesn't even support himself.

His brothers "shield him."

They're shielded him so long that they have come to believe the things they say about him to other people.

They call him "unfortunate" and "poor fellow," and they're sorry and they wish he'd had a chance and they think they're making every one believe it, and all the time every one is laughing and saying: "How can they think we are so easily deceived?"

His "Litany of Flowers."

Now if the man's brothers had thrown him out into the world and had made him sink or swim, survive or perish, the man might have stopped being lazy. What good did the shielding of him do? What good does it ever do?

I know a woman who's making a fool of herself—a ridiculous, silly, light-headed, selfish, wicked fool. She has a good husband and two pretty babies. She has a beautiful home, a fine social position and she can buy a new frock every week in the year if she wants to and never say a word about it to a human being but her dressmaker. Her husband will pay any bills she runs up and never even murmur.

But—she's in love, desperately, madly, passionately in love—with a young army officer. And the young army officer is in love with her—desperately, madly, passionately. He goes to see her every afternoon. He dines with her and her husband two or three nights in the week. He goes riding with her every morning. He writes letters to her every single night after he goes home from no matter where he's been. He sends her flowers—white roses on Monday, crimson roses on Tuesday, lilies of the valley on Wednesday, sweet peas on Thursday, heliotrope on Friday, carnations on Saturday—and on Sunday, lilies. He says this is his litany of flowers.

What Is the Use?

He writes verses to her, too—not such awfully bad verses as they might be, either. I believe he's written them before—such ease comes only with long practice. And she shows the verses to her friends, and she wears the flowers and she reads parts of the letters to her friends, too, and she flaunts her folly and her disloyalty like a shameful banner for all the world to see, and her husband knows all about it and he is "shielding her."

He goes to public dinners with her and the army officer. He goes to the theatre with her and sits in a box with his face like a mask of tragedy. The other day I saw them at the country club together—all three—and every one on the clubhouse porch was staring and wondering. Wondering how long the husband would "shield" the silly wife and how long that shielding would do any good.

You can't turn a fool from his folly by shielding him from the consequences of it. I wonder why so many persons try so hard to do it?

I know a girl who has worked like a slave for three years to get her brother out of prison. She's gone without proper food, she's worn miserable clothes, she's lived in a dreary little hall bedroom to save money enough to hire the right kind of a lawyer to get her wrong kind of a brother out of prison on a convenient kind of technicality.

She's shielding him from his just punishment—or trying to do it. What good will it do?

Will he appreciate her for it? Will he love her as long as he lives for what she's doing for him now? Perhaps—but "perhaps" is such a wabbly word!

You cannot shield the weakness and the wickedness out of any human heart no matter how hard you try.

What's the use of trying to dam up a rushing stream with a little bridge of pitiful straw?

Today's Fashion

Coatee Frock of Apple-Green and White Taffeta.

THE coatee frock is one of the summer's reigning favorites. This charming model is of striped green and white taffeta and embroidered batiste of a pale cream color. The coatee of the apple-green and white striped silk is cut with kimona sleeves and is trimmed with dark green ribbon velvet. A narrow piping of plain green silk outlines the lower edge of the coatee.

The wide skirt is of the embroidered batiste. And a short apron panel hangs across the front from beneath a girdle of green velvet ribbon.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS: How to Make Sweet Sandwiches for a Picnic

By ISOBEL BRANDS

IF you have plenty of space and a vehicle available, you needn't worry how heavy your picnic basket is. And so you can take with you your usual desserts and their necessary plates, etc., even unto custard, blanc mange or ice cream. But if you must cut down the number of dishes, and must keep your picnic basket as light as possible, one of the best ways to handle desserts is to send them into the picnic basket via the sandwich route.

Every one likes sandwiches outdoors, even those finicky ones who can't abide the American habit of "sandwiching" when they lunch informally indoors. And so you can make some delicious sweet sandwiches for the picnic basket of any of the fruits or creams or whips that you would serve otherwise in sherbet glasses.

Indeed, you can even make most refreshing sandwiches out of raw fruit. Sliced pineapple on white bread and butter slices is delicious. So also are the fruit and berry combinations, like sliced banana with strawberries or raspberries. Instead of spreading butter on the bread, spread mayonnaise—made with lemon juice, not vinegar.

Another sandwich that will find special favor with the little people is

The Chocolate Sandwich.

2 tablespoonfuls of cocoa.
5 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar.
2 tablespoonfuls of boiling water.
½ teaspoonful of vanilla.

These are mixed thoroughly together and then allowed to cool, when they are spread on thin slices of bread.

The cheese-and-berry preserve combination, or sweet cream and jam mixture, is always palatable. Then there is the plain cream sandwich, unsweetened. Half a cup of cream is whipped until stiff, when pepper, lemon juice, salt or any other seasoning preferred is added. This is spread between thin slices of bread, and is an excellent accompaniment to salad or vegetables of any kind.

Candy Sandwich.

This excellent and wholesome dessert is made of brown bread and fresh, creamy butter with sliced marshmallows. These may be sprinkled with chopped almonds, and then the slices are pressed together closely. Boiled figs, chopped dates and nuts, chopped raisins and nuts, cream cheese and chopped dates all make excellent sandwiches.

Raisin Sandwich.

You can make this delicious sandwich either by running the seeded raisins through the meat chopper and then spreading on bread spread first with a mayonnaise dressing, or the raisins can be cooked until thick on half their quantity of sugar and one-half of boiling water, flavored with some fruit juice.

In some respects the "sweet sandwich" has an advantage over the ordinary way of serving sweets. The bread neutralizes the too sweetish effect of a rich fruit or cream dessert, and supplies some nutriment in case the injudicious small members of the party find their appetites are not attracted by the substantial but by the sweet dishes

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ADVICE TO GIRLS

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I have met a girl on the street with whom I should like to become acquainted. My cousin knows her slightly, but shows by his manner that he does not wish to know her better.

I met her on the street a few days ago and she acted as if she had something to say.

Now, Miss Laurie, would you kindly tell me how to become acquainted with her? GYPSY.

GYPSY: You'll have to induce your cousin or some one else to introduce you, I'm sure. Do not take the chance of losing the girl's respect by attempting to force an acquaintance. The girl must recognize you first, of course, but she should not do so until you have been introduced, remember that.

Annie Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper, and will reply to them in these columns. Letters to Miss Laurie should be addressed to her, care this office.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Children Learn More Quickly Than Their Elders

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

DR. HIRSHBERG.

SATIETY is the abiding sin of grown-ups. The average child sees more truly and perceives more things in less time than an adult.

You and your friends ride on cars and do not see the numbers. You walk streets and fail to note the merchants' names. You read the baseball scores and omit to remember the line-up. Motor cars to you are merely roadsters or limousines; the average person usually cannot tell one make of car from another.

Grown-ups are dulled to a great many things. Their senses are usually not sharp. They vegetate and see as in a glass, darkly. Ask those who frequent a favorite restaurant what sort of dishes, table linens, pictures and other supposedly familiar objects are there, and you will be amazed at the pur-blindness shown. Indeed, ask yourself what the figure 6 on the dial of your watch is like—Roman or Arabic numerals?—and you will no doubt be unable to answer correctly. Yet you have looked at it times without number.

Children, on the other hand, are seldom blunted in their common senses. Realities hit their sensations as bull's eyes. The "animal spirits" of youngsters make their muscles more alert, agile and accurate. Motion, perception and precision characterize the healthful, non-morbid child.

Emotion, misconception and lack of precision characterize the grown-up. This makes the child, in fact, truly father to the man. Why should this be so?

The answer is to be found in the physical basis of life—physiological equilibrium.

The health and physical balance of most children is decidedly superior to that of the vast majority of men and women. When the eyes, the palate, the nose, the ear, the skin and the muscles are less than supremely vigorous, material radiations, particles or air in motion and the different substances in the universe which hammer impulsively at the doors of the senses fall on ground that has been worked too much, that is ill, tired or injured.

The upshot of this is that these impressions from without fail to stir the living fabric. Familiarity has smoothed the irritant and the irritable. The things to be seen are unnoted by the plane eye. So often have the names, shapes, numbers and scenes passed before the wearied or satiated eyes that the former have lost the power to arouse, and the latter have become inhospitable to such familiar impulses.

The senses of a child are vibrant with health and motion. They make everything sharp and novel. What is wanting intrinsically in the diamette and the emphatic itself is supplied by the mobility and buoyancy of the little one's growing, aggressive vitality.

Men long in a hospital or a prison, shut in between narrow walls for a length of time, may emerge with such enhanced powers to their refreshed senses, with such firmly restored health as to be led with the kindly light of little children.

In other words, it is as if it is suddenly vouchsafed to these convalescents to see truth instead of the falsity or want of truth, which many of the most honest, good people fight for and swear they have.

Answers to Health Questions

S. L. O. Q.—What will remove dandruff from the scalp?

2—Please tell me how to remove moles without leaving a scar.

A.—The scaly discs of dandruff may be removed by washing the scalp either with cocoanut oil and water or Castile soap and water. Then the surface may be treated with the following lotion: Precipitated sulphur, ½ ounce to 4 ounces of distilled water. Rub in gently after a thorough shaking, with a little brush, and see that the bristles reach the scalp. On account of the odor of the sulphur it is advisable to use it at bedtime.

2.—The lance, X-rays and radium will remove moles. The knife is more certain, less painful, not dangerous and most quickly through with.

* * *

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care this office.

Three Minute Journeys

Where Women Reckon Wealth in "Flat Bread"

By TEMPLE MANNING

OUR lesser brothers, the ant, the squirrel, the bear, and other insects, birds and beasts reckon their treasures in the terms of the food they store up in summer against the winter's need. And when you come right down to it these are the identical ultimate terms in which all men count their wealth of gold—the food and clothing, the shelter and amusements the gold will buy.

But it is of beautiful Norway of which I write—the land from where have come the world's hardiest seamen since the days when their Viking forebears swept the seas and first of all Europeans touched the new land we call America. In Norway, back from the fjords which rise from the breaking seas that lash its coasts, are the little farms of the sturdy country folk. On these bits of fertile ground, tilted sometimes at sharp angles between sterile rocks, grow the grain and the vegetables on which the family subsist.

In some parts of Norway, particularly in those sections near the coast, the women are the chief tillers of the soil.

Making the Norwegian "Flat Bread."

While their men folk are away on deep sea voyages or fishing half-a-day's journey off shore, these strong and often beautiful women cultivate the earth, gather the harvests and store them away for the winter. Then when the barley is all gathered they set to work to make the "flat bread" the Norwegians love so well.

Usually the bread-making utensils are gathered together under a little shelter of dried branches outdoors. The dough is made of coarse barley meal and water, and it usually is contained in a shallow vessel close by the hand of the bread-maker. A generous amount of the dough is laid out on a board and is rolled very thin. Then it is removed to a round stone, under which a fire of faggots is kept burning. Here it is baked, then laid on a pile which is stored in a dry place for the winter.

Though this "flat bread" is made in the most primitive way, it is usually clean and palatable. And the Norwegian housewife who can point to a goodly store counts herself rich indeed.