

# MILLER HUGGINS HAS MADE GOOD

### Little Manager of St. Louis Nationals Showing Great Ability

(By H. C. Hamilton)

One of the most surprising things in the league baseball, aside from the astonishing form shown by the young pitcher, is the truly remarkable way the Cardinals have been playing since a change of ownership gave Miller Huggins a real chance to exercise his true ability. Huggins, who has been in the big league since Mrs. Britton stepped out of the way, Huggins has been quick to size up the good ones, he has displayed some of the finest hitting young ball players the big league have glimpsed for several seasons—and he's still going strong.

Huggins' latest purchase was a young fellow named Goodwin, a right-handed pitcher from the Milwaukee American association club. Huggins' recommendation is zipped into the big circle through the announcement that Branch Rieky first saw him work and decided he was to be purchased regardless of the price to be paid. In view of the fact that George Sisler and Ernie Koob had several others, received their strong recommendations from a new president of the Cardinals, it is safe to say that Goodwin's advance notices will not fall down.

Huggins always has been just as good a manager as he is proving to be. The reason he never has proved it with any more vim in reaching high points in the National League standings couldn't be stronger stated in view of the reversal showed when the Cardinals were sold. His David Copperfield operations among clubs in the league, in which he fished out over after player and made them do no good, have proved his worth at signing up players.

It was Huggins who located Rogers Hornsby sunning himself in Texas, and gave him a regular job. Also it was Huggins who picked up a youth named Watson one day, gave him a big league job, and lives to see his efforts rewarded by Watson's remarkable success. This year he has trotted out the league's leading batsman—Walter Cruise, and has uncovered a new pitcher in Hortonman who looks mighty sweet.

Huggins has developed—not purchased—the makings of a championship baseball club. If he can keep on adding a touch here and there for another year, the Cardinals are due to win a pennant for St. Louis.

### GERMAN SHIPPING

Rotterdam, Netherlands, July 26.—(Associated Press)—A revival in German shipping is the latest curious feature of Rotterdam's water traffic. No fewer than fourteen German steamships arrived in port within forty-eight hours a day or two ago. Their occupation is perhaps still more strange, for, coming in ballast, they are engaged in loading German coal at Rotterdam and carrying it to German, Swedish and Norwegian ports. The coal is mostly brought down the Rhine in barges, the object achieved by this latest move being a lightening of the over-burdened German railways, where, on top of the pressure of war's demands, has come the increase of rolling stock due to the increased wear and tear resulting from lack of sufficient lubricating oil.

The new idea was first tested. One or two vessels laid up at Rotterdam were loaded with coal and put to sea. Hugging the coast, they arrived safely at Emden. Then an occasional German ship arrived to take a cargo of coal. The experiment proved successful.

### TO EXAMINE BODY

(Associated Press)

Stockholm, July 26.—The sarcophagus of Charles XII, Sweden's "hero king," who was killed by the shot in the back of the head at the siege of Frederikshald in 1718, is shortly to be opened by a commission of scientists appointed by King Gustavus. It is desired to make a careful examination of the nature of the wound, the direction of entry of the projectile, etc. The coffin was opened and the wound examined in 1859, but the examination was carelessly conducted.

### Our Daily: Pattern Service

### LADIES' TUCKED WAIST.

By Anabel Worthington.

The new tucked waists have taken the world of fashion by storm, and one sees them made up in all sorts of filmy materials, such as voile, chiffon, crepe de chine,orgette crepe, batiste and so on. A particularly lovely model is shown in No. 8321, which was developed in Georgia in the original. A collar so wide that it is almost a shopkeeper cape was made of allover lace in a fine pattern. A dainty tie of grosgrain ribbon accents the V-neck. These deep tucks—which may be hem-stitched—run around the blouse in a straight line, because the back and front are in one, with a seam on the shoulders. The three-quarter sleeves repeat the tucks.

The waist pattern, No. 8321, is cut in four sizes, 34 to 40 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size requires 2 1/4 yards of 36 inch material, with 3/4 yard of 27 inch all-over lace.

To obtain this pattern send 10 cents to the office of this publication.

# Good Night Stories

### MERRY FAIRY

Once upon a time in Fairyland there lived a tiny fairy. She was so loved and petted by all the other fairies that she soon became so lazy she never turned her dainty hands to do a thing.

"You are spoiling her," said the Queen, "and if you aren't careful she will grow up to think she has nothing to do in the world but play."

Merry Fairy, as they called her, only laughed, but as time rolled by and she still continued to idle her time away the Queen decided to take things into her own hands.

"It's all very well to be merry and light-hearted, but every fairy has work that must be done," said the Queen.

"I've never really thought of it," confessed Merry Fairy.

"Perhaps if you were sent into the world where you had to depend on yourself you'd soon see it is very wrong to be always idle. To-night you must go into the world. And don't return until you have made yourself useful," said the Queen.

So Merry Fairy was sent to the earth on the first silver moonbeam. She settled in an easter blossom and curled down to sleep.

When morning came a soft gray curtain hung before her doorway, and a big black spider sat in front of it.

Merry Fairy watched his great long fingers move swiftly in and out as he weaved the silky threads.

"How I should love to be able to make such lovely laces!" cried Merry Fairy. "Is it very hard?"

Black Spider laughed.

"No, indeed, and I could teach you in a very short time," he answered.

Merry Fairy was quite pleased to think she was going to find something to do, so Black Spider began her lessons right away. By evening Merry Fairy sat before a beautiful piece of lace she had woven herself.

Then some one sighed. Merry Fairy looked up and saw a youth sitting on a log with his face in his hands. Merry Fairy knew he was in trouble and asked him the cause.

"I can find no work, and I'm very unhappy," replied the youth.

Merry Fairy laughed. She told him she had been in the same way until Black Spider had taught her how to make the beautiful laces.

"And if you would like, I might teach you how to make them," said Merry Fairy.

The youth was delighted with the suggestion and came every day until a lovely pattern was completed. He took it to a big fair and received the prize for his efforts. Merry Fairy was quite proud to find she had been useful in helping him.

One evening he came to say goodbye, for a wealthy man, seeing the lace, had offered the youth a great sum to teach the art in his school far away, and the youth asked Merry Fairy's advice.

"Go, friend, work, for in that alone can you find real happiness. When you see another in need of help do the same as I have done for you," replied Merry Fairy.

She sat long after he had left, happy to feel that her work had not been in vain. A flutter sounded above her head. Her fairy friends had come to take her back to Fairyland. Merry Fairy was so happy in her work on earth that she begged to stay, and the Queen changed her into a big black spider.

You can find her almost any day weaving the great patches of beautiful laces from blades of grass in the garden and woods. Always busy and happy is Merry Fairy now, for she has discovered that real happiness comes only through keeping busy.

# A MILITARY TURBAN WITH "WAR BRIDE" VEIL



One of the most charming of the new American fall bonnets is shown here. This military turban of navy blue accompanied by the popular long "war bride" veil has a distinction all its own that few hats can even match.

# SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

### Do you know anyone who has the automobile bug?

No, I don't mean the mania to possess one of these luxury-necessities.

The kind of automobile bug I mean is first cousin to the hook worm.

Perhaps "automobilitis" would be a less confusing name for this disease.

A neighbor of mine was asked the other day why she didn't go to the meeting of a society which she has long belonged. "Well you know our car was out of order," she explained. "The car was out of order."

Settled it.

The meeting was in a home which my neighbor can reach from her home by electric in three-quarters of an hour. She acquired a car two years ago. Previous to that time she was in the habit of attending meetings that required anywhere from a half hour to an hour and a half's trip on the electric. She thought nothing of it—like the rest of us. But now that she has a car it has come to seem impossible to her that she should use any other means of conveyance. If the car is out of order, that settles it. She can't go.

To Be Sure She Had Small Children But Even So...

# WOMAN POSED AS MANN ORDER TO GET TO FRANCE

### "Private Hazel Carter" First U. S. Soldier Back From the Front

## BETRAYED BY VOICE

An American Port, July 26.—The first American soldier to come back from France stood on the deck of an army transport last night and gazed out of troubled eyes on the coldly twinkling lights of a city ever so many times as big as Douglas, Ariz., and in its tenderfoot way, ever so many times as wicked.

There was a damp streak on the soldier's cheek that might have been the trail of a tear, and the soldier's under lip trembled in its struggle to shape words that would sound brave.

"I reckon," said the soldier, "I reckon I must be afraid."

And to prove it Private Hazel Carter, U.S.A. (retired), who wanted to go to the front with Pershing so badly that she just up and went, broke down and cried in a manner so unreserved as to shame the warlike O. D. shirt, the khaki breeches, and the canvas leggings that clothed her.

### Betrayed by Her Voice.

So long as Private Carter resisted the impulse to say something her disguise was complete. She managed to keep her thoughts to herself so well that for eight days on the troop train which brought "her" regiment from the border and for five days more at sea, she was accepted at face value by the 1,100 men and officers in the France-bound transport.

Silence became oppressive on the fifth day of the voyage, and Private Carter forgot herself. She permitted her voice to tinkle and the jig was up. Capt. Eugene D. Rideout, the commissary officer aboard the transport, heard. He traced the voice to its owner and half an hour later his company was shy one "man."

### Husband May Suffer.

But military law may not deal as lightly with Corporal Ed Carter, U. S. A., active, who is Private Carter's husband. Somewhere in France officers are sitting up late nights with the regulations, looking for some paragraph that covers the offense of aiding and abetting a stowaway on an army transport in war time.

As Private Carter told her story she broke off more than once to plead, "Oh, I do hope you can do something for Ed. It wasn't his fault. He kept begging me to go back when I was on the train, and he almost cried, when he found me on the ship."

Before Private Carter had gone out on deck and looked at the lights and become completely unmanned, the story had been told. It goes back to Dec. 12, 1915, when Corporal Carter and Hazel Blauser walked into the office of a justice of the peace at Pirtville, Ariz., and Corporal and Mrs. Carter walked out.

"Just as soon as we were married I decided that if ever Ed had to go to the big war I'd be along, nursing. Ed is about my size and his uniform fitted me as well as my own clothes."

The day the regiment entrained I had my hair cut and climbed into K company's car. There were lots and lots of rookies who had just joined the regiment, and I passed easily enough for one of them.

"We'd been on the road quite a while when I caught Ed staring at me. By and by he made up his mind that I was me and he came back and whispered: 'You get off at the next stop. Understand?'"

"I shook my head and made him see I didn't care to talk. We were eight days on the train and all the time Ed kept after me, insisting that something terrible would happen if I didn't leave him. I half way promised I would turn back when we got to New York, but when I saw the ship and thought how far I had come I didn't have the heart to give up. Getting aboard was as easy as getting on the train had been."

Obeyed Orders Quickly.

"And it was lots easier on the ship to keep out of trouble. I kept moving. That was the secret of it. I didn't have to answer any roll call and didn't have any duties, of course to keep me in any particular place. So I could pick out the quiet spots and stay in them."

"Two or three times when I was the closest 'man' to him an officer would give me an order. You bet I obeyed. And then once in a while I got mixed up in the setting up exercises and in drills. But I had been around soldiers so much since I married Ed that I managed to get through without making any serious mistakes."

"Where did I sleep? Why, right on the berth deck with the rest of the men!"

The good looking young soldier who was spinning the yarn blushed and explained: "You see everybody was thinking about the submarines. We knew they would try to get us and felt they had a pretty good chance. So hardly anybody undressed at night."

"Eating was as simple as sleeping. Everybody was so hungry at mess time that there wasn't much talking."

# Courier Daily Recipe Column

### Roll Jelly Cake.

Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup flour 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, 1/2 teaspoonful soda, pinch of salt, scant cup of sweet milk; spread on a long tin; as soon as it's baked turn from the tin spread it with jelly and roll up immediately.

### Favorite Cake.

One cup of sugar, 1/2 cup of butter, 3/4 cup of milk, 3 eggs, 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla, 1 cup of flour, 1/2 teaspoonful of saleratus, 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar; cream butter and sugar, add yolks of eggs and beat well, add milk and vanilla and beat well, and last of all add whites of eggs (do not beat whites before you add to cake) and beat well and bake.

Larson made one mistake in storing his life supply of liquor. The law provided that the liquor should be kept in the home. Larson had con-

structed a special house for his liquor. It was not actually in his home, so Sheriff Clark raided the place and brought the entire supply down to the court house, where it filled several rooms.

Not only was his 4,000 gallons taken, but the court placed a fine of \$100 on Larson for having liquor in his possession outside of his home.

### Chocolate Marshmallow Cake.

Sift 1 1/2 cups flour with 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking powder (three times), stir 4 ounces of well washed butter with 1/2 pound of sugar to a light cream, all the yolks of 3 eggs, 1/2 teaspoonful of vanilla; beat the whites of 2 eggs to a stiff froth and add them alternately with the flour butter; mix well and bake in 2 jelly tins.

Filling for the cake—Boil 1-8 of a pound of chocolate in 1/4 cup of water with 1/2 cup of sugar till it forms a thread between the fingers; take 1/2 pound of marshmallow candies dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water and add to the chocolate; when cool, lay 1 of the cake layers in a flat dish and spread over it 1/2 of the filling, over this put the other layer, spread the remainder of top with chopped nuts.

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