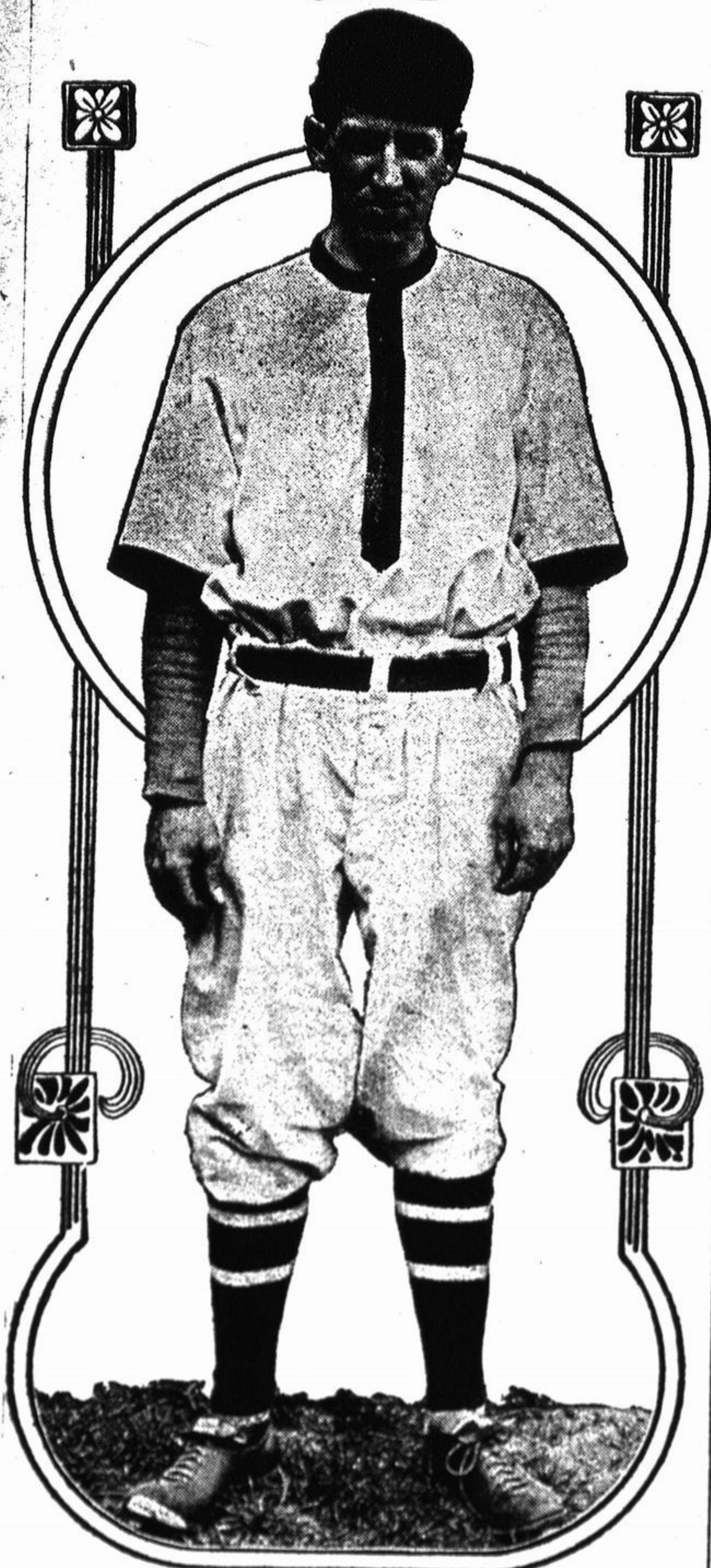


**ATHLETIC YOUNGSTERS HIT A BIG SNAG**



Pitcher Al Demaree, Star of Mobile.

The world champion Athletics youngsters suffered their only shut-out of the spring trip when Mobile defeated them 4 to 0 in a quickly played and highly interesting contest, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Al Demaree, star of the Sea Gulls pitching staff, performed in highly sensational manner against the Yankees. He is by far the best pitcher the Athletics battled against in the south, his speed being good and his curve ball per excellence. His control was wonderful. He hit Kibullen in the fourth, this being his only battery misplay.

In only two innings, the second and sixth, did more than three men face

Demaree in each round. The fourth man in these rounds represented the batsman who were lucky enough to hit the ball safely, Emerson in the second pulling a clean single to left.

In the sixth Maggert sent a scratch hit to shortstop. In all the other rounds it was one, two, three and out. In the fourth Kibullen was hit with two out and died stealing.

Not the least part of Demaree's brilliant performance was his strike-out record, thirteen men falling victims to his skill and curves. Derrick was the only man who did not whiff one or more times. Russell, Emerson, Mack and Thomas each fanned twice.

**SHERWOOD MAGEE IN A RAGE**

Star Outfielder of Phillies Wrought Up Over Christy Mathewson's Serial Stories.

Sherwood Magee, the Phillies' star gardener, has thrown down the gauntlet to Christy Mathewson and begs "Matty" to pick it up. Magee was aroused to fever heat when he read



Sherwood Magee.

one of Mathewson's serial stories. In his "Big Six" says he got Sherwood's "goat" during a game in New York last season.

Mathewson first paid Magee a compliment by saying he was one of the best natural hitters and hardest men to pitch to in the game today. Then "Big Six" went on to say that when Sherwood was stilled he could not come

near the ball with his bat. He told how, in a game in New York last season, he (Matty) accidentally bumped Welchance and it made Magee so angry that he came to the bat and was the easiest kind of picking.

"Was I the easiest kind of picking?" said Sherwood, when he read Matty's story. "I remember the day well. I think that Matty intentionally gave Welchance the shoulder, and I thought that was a rotten thing to do to a kid. I walked to the plate, threw my cap on it and said, 'Come on, you yellow dog, and get the ball over, and I'll show you something. He put it where I wanted it and I hit into the centerfield bleachers for a home run. The members of my team who were there that day will bear me out in that story."

Sherwood admits Mathewson is one of the greatest pitchers the game has ever known, but says it will give him great delight to try to knock the ball out of the lot every time he faces "Big Six" this season, to show him up for what he said.

**Davis Praises McGraw.**  
An enthusiastic baseball fan from Chicago provoked an argument with Harry Davis by the statement that the Giants had a great club and would have won the world's series but for McGraw. Harry's reply was: "McGraw is one of the best managers, and the Giants would have finished had had they any other man to lead the club."

**Cuts Off Smoking.**  
Vean Gregg has cut down on smoking for fear it might affect his physical condition. Smoking hasn't hurt him, Vean says, but he has almost sawed off for fear it might.

**McLean is Testotater.**  
Long Harry McLean, the Cincinnati catcher, says ice cream soda and lemon pop will be his strongest beverages this year.



**Would He Advertise?**  
Mr. Mockins was habitually all that the first syllable of his name might imply, but a day came when the worm turned at last and spoke his mind freely to that other member of the domestic firm who had assumed leadership. Mrs. M. stood aghast and then remarked ominously:  
"Timothy, you'd regret those words if you should suddenly lose your wife."  
"Oh, I don't want to lose her," came the cheerful retort, "but there are times when I'd like very much to mislay her for a few hours."—Harper's Bazar.

**Purely Speculative.**  
"I have always been interested," said little Binka, "in the utilization of waste. Now where do you suppose all these bursted tires go to in the end?"  
"I don't know," said the genial philosopher, "but if they go where most people consign 'em there must be a terrible smell of rubber in the hereafter."—Harper's Weekly.

**The First One.**  
"I hear that the Dutch palefaces have just bought Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars."  
"Just think of it. Sixty years ago my father could have bought it for three beads. If he had only done so, just think what I'd be worth now!"—Puck.

**WHY JACK FAILED.**



"So Jack failed in that wheat corner—I thought he had a bushel of brains!"  
"He did—but he lacked a million bushels of wheat."

**The Robin.**  
The early robin gets in line  
To raise our spirits that have sunk.  
As a musician he is fine,  
But as a weather prophet—punk!

**A Little Awkward.**  
Miss Gushy (entering a full tramcar as Jorkins prepares to rise)—Oh, don't get up—don't get up! Please keep your seat!  
Jorkins (slightly bewildered)—Like to oblige you, madam, but I get out at this street.

**Various Customs.**  
"In China a fine is imposed when a train is late. Queer custom, eh?"  
"Oh, I don't know. Ever notice what happens when a boat comes in late in this country?"  
"No; what happens?"  
"She is promptly docked."

**Its Proof.**  
"Are you so superstitious as to believe that there is bad luck in thirteen?"  
"Can't help believing it. The thirteenth girl I asked to marry me did it."

**Their Degree.**  
"How near of kin are those relatives of your wife's who are stopping with you?"  
"I don't know exactly, but I would certainly like to be able to say they are cousins once removed."

**Fitting Temper.**  
"What makes the dressmaker's assistant look so furious?"  
"She has to take out all the stitches she puts in the dress, and she's ripping mad."

**LEGAL NOTICE.**

State of Illinois, County of DuPage, ss. IN THE PROBATE COURT OF DUPAGE COUNTY.

To the June term thereof.  
In the matter of the final settlement of the estate of Mathias Mey, deceased.  
To Magdalena Mey, Downer's Grove, Illinois.  
To Franklin Mey, Vandalla, Illinois.  
To Jacob Mey, Lisle, Illinois.  
To Henry Mey, Lisle, Illinois.  
To David Mey, Sharpsburg, Pennsylvania.  
Heirs at law of Mathias Mey, deceased.

**PLEASE TAKE NOTICE.**  
That, on the third day of June, A. D. 1912, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, the undersigned will present to said court at the Probate Court Room at Wheaton, Illinois, in said county, his final account as executor of said estate, and ask that the same may be approved, that said estate be declared settled and that the undersigned be discharged from his duties of said office, at which time and place you are notified to be present, if you so desire.

Dated, Downer's Grove, Illinois, April 25th, A. D. 1912.  
HENRY H. WOELFERSHEIM,  
Executor of the estate of Mathias Mey, deceased.  
HUNGE, HARBOUR and CHADWICK,  
Attorneys.

**IMPRESSES THE OFFICE BOY**

Chicagoan Enthusiastic Over Scheme Which He Claims Is Great Success in New York.

Gerald Jones came here from Chicago. Consequently there are a number of things about New York which he compares with the same things in Chicago—much to the disadvantage of New York. One that chiefly irritates him is the office boy habit here, the Cincinnati Times-Star's New York correspondent writes. Gerald Jones enters the office of a friend of his. A small, cynical boy meets him at the mahogany rail. Mr. Jones declares that he wishes to see his old college pal, P. Norval Smith. The small boy demands a card, and hands him a blank form. "Write here what you want to see him about," says the small boy.

Mr. Jones protests. What he wants to see Smith about is something that he does not propose to confide to any small boy in the world—especially to a small boy toward whom he feels a sentiment perilously approaching hate. He waves his hand. He directs the small boy in a lordly way to take his name and be quick about it, and never mind the card. "Just say Jerry Jones is here," he says to the small boy. The small boy puts back the hunk of gum and sits down on his slippery little bench and indicates with an air of finality that there will be nothing doing until he gets the card he asked for and the full history of Mr. Jones' recent past. If Mr. Jones gets in to see P. Norval Smith it is only by assenting to the terms made by the small boy. Therefore, Mr. Jones has had a fresh set of cards printed for use upon the office boys of his friends. They bear the most awe inspiring names—Jim Jeffries, for example, and James J. Corbett and Packey McFarland and Cut Throat Jenkins, the terror of the gulch. He observes that the small New York boy is not well posted upon the life and crimes of Bloody Hand Ben, the scourge of the Sierras, but every one of them knows all about the men of the ring. "And tell that old fool Smith," he bellows, "in the character of Tom Sharkey, 'that if he doesn't come out here I'll beat him to death.'"

Gerald Jones is perfectly happy. He knows how to circumvent the office boy.

**NEVER FORGOT ITS ENMITY**

Colt's Repugnance to Calf Grew Until It Included Every Species of the Bovine.

On a stock farm near Syracuse, N. Y., a calf and colt were born on the same day. So soon as it was old enough to run about the calf resolutely repudiated its Jersey mother and insisted on being fed by the mare. Regularly every morning the calf would watch its chance for breakfast when the colt was kicking up its heels at the other end of the pasture, and would hurry to the good-natured mare, who seemed to develop a real affection for her foster baby and was quite willing to mother it. To this, however, her own offspring strenuously objected. So soon as it observed the calf enjoying the nourishment which it considered its own exclusive right, the colt would charge on the interloper and, grabbing it firmly by the back of the neck, would yank it away from the maternal fount and take its place.

So, far from forgetting its youthful enmity for the calf, the colt has grown up hating everything bovine. The farmer has had to erect a high fence dividing the pasture, and to keep cows and horses separated. The colt otherwise tractable in every way, goes wild with rage at sight of a cow, and attacks her with hoofs and teeth. For this reason it is impossible to drive him in the country, and his owner is even obliged to stable him in a building remote from sight and sound of the cowyard.

**Hard to Make It Stronger.**  
"But, my dear sir, your play does not even touch the chords of humanity!" remarked a theatrical lessee, referring to a comedy that he had deigned to scan. "What? No human touch? Great Scott!" exclaimed the dramatist. "And the hero is always borrowing money from his friends!"

**Fragility of Human Nature.**  
When one section of the community has power over another section it always has aimed that power, and always will, until the frailties of human nature are stimulated.—Exchange

**HOW THE MULE SHOULD BE HANDLED, BRED AND FED FOR THE MARKET**



A Team of Good Farm Mules.

By CHARLES C. JUDY, Tallula, Illinois.

Extract from a paper read before the Corn Growers' and Stockmen's convention at University of Illinois.

The mule is a very much abused and maligned animal, in fact, more so than any other, all caused often from the first handling. Most people when they commence on a mule, grab him by the ear and try to roll it to the size of a cigar. More than likely they have a club or pitchfork to beat him with. Finally, after tying him with a big draw halter which will make his head sore, they will hitch a pair of them to a wagon or sled and then three or four big fellows will get in and run them a mile or two, probably cutting them with a whip every jump they make. When run down they drive them to town a few miles through the mud, making their shoulders burnt and raw, mouths sore, and jaws skinned from the big halters. Next morning they will be taken to the field and expected to do as much work as a seasoned horse. Is it a wonder that a mule will kick with that kind of treatment?

My idea of handling a young mule is as follows: First have him in your barn loose; when feeding work around him, getting your hand on his neck—never attempt to touch his head or nose at first; scratch and rub him as much as you can. In a few days you will be able to go up to his head. Put a good stout halter on him, the him fast where he can see other horses or mules. When you hitch him take a good broke horse or mule, hitch them, tying the young one to the old one. Work him slowly, hauling small loads and going up to him often in the harness. If it should be farming time hitch four on a harrow or drag the young one on the outside and the old team in the middle. Be sure not to work them too hard at first. A mule knows more than some men who work him. He will get sullen and be

spoilt for work if driven too hard on the start. I have seen mules that were ruined this way and never got over it.

There is as much in breeding mules as in breeding horses. If you want a sugar mule you must not breed a 1,700-pound draft mare to a mammoth jack, or vice versa. If you want a draft mule do not use a 1,000-pound mare and a small 14-hand jack. It is one of the laws of nature that like begets like.

Different mule men have various ideas how to fatten mules for market, but all are agreed on most points. When a bunch of market mules are to be fed one must have a barn all open in the inside, feeding them loose with plenty of room, for best results; heavy bedding, and an abundance of roughness such as clover hay, alfalfa, pea hay, oats straw, or sheaf oats, shock corn or millet hay cut before heading, shelled corn or on the cob, shelled oats and some kind of molasses fed to make them sleek and have good hair. The last item is very essential when going to market. Feeding mules in the summer, the best results can be obtained by keeping them in the barn during the day out of the sun and letting them run on grass at night. In the fall mules will get much fatter and have better hair if they are put in the barn before fall rains come.

For cotton and sugar mules St. Louis, Kansas City, Memphis, Nashville, Atlanta and many other southern cities are the best markets.

The greatest number of large mares go to Pennsylvania, as well as the pitfers. Of course wherever there are coal mines in other sections of the country a limited number are used.

The large draft mule works in the pine woods north and south, in the cities east and west. In fact, he has a job all over the United States and Canada where there is hard work to be done.

**TRAINING GIRLS FOR THE HOME LIFE**



A Demonstration Lecture.

By MRS. NELLIE KEDZIE JONES.

The girl who can is the one who takes advantage of her opportunities and helps make this world what we want, but upon us rests the responsibility of providing these opportunities. Originally it was planned to educate the boys, but to the neglect of the girls, who never were given a chance until they had asked to be let in and proved their real worth.

All the girl's training must be toward the home and home making, as that is the most sacred place in the world. No training can be better given which she will find more occasion to apply.

Have we any right to ask girls to step into the hard work of life with no training? God made hands as well as brains, and they too can be taught; the two will better work together. The painter and musician could give us nothing if their hands were not trained. Training will make the work easier. The old method of working was a burden; the people neither knew how to take hold or how to manage.

Whether a girl marry or not, she will likely need to know housekeeping. There is a right and a wrong way to set a table, and it usually is slier to set it right. Likewise, there are the proper kinds of food which should be placed upon the table. The educated girl knows that unless we put into the body that kind of food it needs

needs, and balance the ration, we can hardly expect it to come up to the expectation of the Heavenly Father.

The home will be made much more beautiful if all the children are trained to some extent. By proper training they will learn something of manners and how and when to talk.

There is danger that the mother will forget her first and great duty in the house, which is to keep herself well and strong, so as to give the children the first attention.

Thus let us give to the girl all the home training possible, and then we can have the homes we want; the best homes in the land where we in turn find more of the girls who can.

**Agricultural Short Course.**

The total attendance in the agricultural short course at the University of Illinois was 855. Ten states and one foreign country were represented. From 18 counties came 66 representatives on scholarships. The number of acres of land represented by these in attendance totaled 219,025.

**Profits From a Creamery.**

The total profits from a creamery will depend largely upon the amount of cream that can be bought. If the factory can be run at its capacity it will be much more profitable. This is only half the amount of cream that is produced in the country.