

Kaiser Wilhelm and Children Snapped at Recent Reunion



Photo by American Press Association.

This interesting picture of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany and his children and close friends was taken recently. The emperor may be easily picked out at the upper left. Next to him stands the crown prince, who has been restored to his father's good graces and has returned to Berlin. Princess Victoria Louise, whose engagement to Prince Ernst Augustus was lately announced, and her sister-in-law, the crown princess, are at the upper right of the picture. The men are all wearing royal regimental uniforms.

COBB AFTER NEW RECORD.

Detroit Player Wants to Set Salary Mark That Will Stand.

According to a statement made recently to an old friend by Tyrus Raymond Cobb, the Georgia Peach did not ask the Detroit club for \$15,000 a year salary because he wants the money. It is stated that what Cobb really sought is the honor of having drawn more money than any ball player ever drew for his services in one year.

Cobb is a peculiar person, the story goes. He hopes to send his fame echo-



Photo by American Press Association.

TY COBB AND HIS SON, TY JUNIOR.

ing down the halls of time as the leader in every possible line in the baseball game. As a player he hasn't missed anything for which he started excepting the salary thing. He now draws \$9,000 per year. Hans Wagner gets or has been paid in the past \$10,000 per season. This, Cobb's friends say, is the largest sum that any player other than a manager has received in the history of baseball. Cobb wished to put the figure so high up that it could not be beaten in his lifetime.

Costly Advice.
"Advice is sometimes very costly."
"Indeed it is!" I stopped Jim this morning to give him a bit of advice, and he borrowed a five spot from me before I could get away.—Houston Post.
Sure Thing.
"I wish I knew how to make a barrel of money."
"I'll tell you how."
"How?"
"Spend a kg in advertising."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Quite Another Thing.



"What makes you so sleepy today, old man?"
"I was up at 4 this morning."
"Come off! You never got up at 4 in your life."
"I didn't say I got up. I said I was up."—Boston Transcript.
He Had Not.



"Have you seen my little kitten, Mr. Sharp?"
"Was it black and white, with a bell round its neck?"
"Yes."
"Well, I'm afraid I haven't."—London Mail.

A Spelling Test.
The catch question has often been asked, "How many words in the English language end in dous?" The common answer is four—hazardous, jeopardous, tremendous and stupendous. As a matter of fact, however, there are five, and the word often overlooked is hybridous, meaning mongrel or mixed sort.

LIKE CURES LIKE

By ELIZABETH WEED

Dr. Vermatille, the renowned Paris stomach specialist, being overworked, broke down and was obliged to give up the practice of his profession, at least temporarily. Before starting for the Riviera, where he proposed to recuperate, he turned over his patients to Dr. Hartwell, a young American who had studied medicine in Paris and after graduation had accepted a position with Dr. Vermatille preparatory to settling up for a specialist in America.

The two were sitting together in Dr. Vermatille's office, going over an alphabetical list of patients and a brief statement of the symptoms of each. Under the letter "L" came the name of Lassant, Louise.

"Louise Lassant," said Dr. Vermatille, "you will find a difficult case to diagnose. At least I have not yet made up my mind as to the nature of her disease. She is languid, takes no interest in anything, has no appetite and is inclined to melancholy. I have recommended a diet of the most digestible food and given her charcoal and other stomach remedies. She has responded to none of them. Possibly you may stumble on the weak spot that is causing the trouble, and if you do, as you well know, the battle is half won."

"Lassant?" said Dr. Hartwell, striving to recall the person to whom the name belonged. "Is not she a young lady about twenty years old, very beautiful, with chestnut hair and soft brown eyes? I think I visited such a patient one day—no, it was her mother—when you were out of town."

"Perhaps so," replied Dr. Vermatille and proceeded to give a statement of the case of the next patient on the list. A few days after Dr. Vermatille's departure Dr. Hartwell while making his round visits called upon Miss Lassant. He found her dressed in negligee costume lying on a lounge in her boudoir reading a novel. On seeing the doctor a slight flush came into her cheeks.

"A little fever this morning, eh?" said the doctor cheerily, at the same time gently pushing a gold bracelet up on to her arm that he might feel her pulse. The moment he touched her wrist he felt a quickened throbbing. "Feverish, not fever," he continued. "There is a difference, I assure you."

"Then the doctor asked her if she felt loss of breath in going upstairs, whether she suffered distress after eating, if she slept well. To all of these questions she gave satisfactory replies. Hartwell, being no wiser as to her case than before, resorted to the usual device of physicians, took out his prescription blanks, and filling one out with some hieroglyphics which any properly educated druggist would know meant pure water with an agreeable flavoring, he took his leave, promising to call again in a few days.

A Wrong Decision

By ARTHUR W. BREWSTER

My uncle, Nathan Travers, was a rich man without children of his own, and I was to be his heir. He was a man who never forgave an injury. If any one tried to get an unwarranted advantage of him he would beat him, if possible, and in any event would never forgive him. He lived in a suburban town alone except for the servants, received no company and never went out socially. I went to see him at least once a week, often remaining all night.

One morning, after having dined with him the evening before and remained all night, intending to take an early train to the city, I went into his room to bid him good-bye and was shocked to find him dead in his bed. He had been stabbed to the heart. I was about to call the servants when it occurred to me that, being my uncle's heir, I was in a position to be suspected of his murder.

Would it be better for me to be the first to discover the murderer of my uncle's having been killed or to leave the house, pretending not to know anything about it? I had been asked the night before by a maid if I would have breakfast prepared for me and had said that I would breakfast in the city.

If I went out, as was to be expected, the servants would discover and announce the murder. I gave but a few seconds to deliberate whether I should leave the house thus or announce the murder, then decided on the former course.

On my way to the city I was much agitated and fearful that I had decided wrong. It turned out that I had. A maid had arisen and was descending from the story above when I was leaving my uncle's room. She saw me and later, when she went to awaken her master and found him dead, remembered having seen me leaving his chamber. The result was that when I was told of the tragedy and looked surprised and shocked I was at once arrested and brought to trial.

The explanation I have given here was without any effect on the jury. My attorney only relied on it so far as it could be corroborated by other evidence. He introduced the statements of those who knew my uncle and who swore that he was a man having many enemies. During his long life several persons had said to him, "You shall pay for this," or "I'll have your heart's blood," or "Just you wait." My defender took the ground that some one of these persons had done the deed. But my unwise action on discovering my uncle's dead body had fixed his death irrevocably on me unless the real murderer could be discovered.

I was convicted. My lawyer resorted to the usual methods to secure delay, and my execution was put off from time to time. Finally, all these subterfuges having failed, a day was set for my death.

Books and newspapers were allowed me, but I could read only the latter. One day I was trying to keep my mind off my horror by reading a morning journal when I saw that a burglary had been committed and the robber had been arrested with the plunder on him.

His portrait was in the rogues' gallery and identified him as Peter Ritterhof, with several aliases. He had been recently left state prison, having been sent there for a robbery committed five years before.

BOMB HURLED AT PLAYER-AUTHORS

Baseball Men Oppose "Literary" Taste of Pill Tossers.

President of American League Says Articles Under Diamond Stars' Names Cause Trouble in the Ranks—Most of Them Are Fakes.

By TOMMY CLARK
President Ban Johnson of the American league undoubtedly took a laudatory step when he issued an ultimatum recently that all ball players in the junior organization should cease writing for newspapers over their names. Just how Mr. Johnson will enforce this ruling is not quite apparent if a strong minded, hard headed player should insist on continuing as a pseudo scribe. There is no doubt that such practices cause many serious grievances among players, especially within a team whose members are being criticised by one of their number. It matters not that the player himself did not pen the critical sentences. The very fact that he is credited with such articles, having his name put to the article, is sufficient to provoke serious differences and dissensions among the players of a team. And nine times out of ten such effusions are impositions on the public.

Of all the players whose names are appearing in public print as the accredited authors of weekly or daily contributions we know of only two who actually write their "stuff" themselves. And even in these instances it might be said that their articles pass under a rigid blue pencil process before they appear in public print.

The fact that the players do not actually compose the articles they sign is illustrated in the following yarn: "Say, Tesreau, what do you mean by bawling me out in your story this morning for that play of yesterday?" a certain member of the New York Giants is said to have remarked to the big pitcher after one of the world's series games last fall.

"Did I bawl you out?" asked Tesreau in amazement. "Well, I'll have to buy a copy of this morning's paper and see what I wrote."
"And there's more truth than fiction in the yarn."

Several newspapers already have published a list of the ball player-authors and the men who actually wrote their stories for them. The list shows that Christy Mathewson and John McGraw depend upon J. N. Wheeler, a New York writer, to turn out their criticisms and anecdotes. During the world's series last fall Wheeler also wrote Jeff Tesreau's "stories," while W. J. McBeth suggested and executed Chief Meyers' themes. Rubie Marquard's articles were produced by W. S. Farnsworth. Walter Johnson's screeds came from the pen of Ralph MacMillan, a Boston sporting editor. Cy Young's pieces were turned out by Sammie Carlick. Paul Shannon was the author of Charley Wagner's effusions. Bill Carrigan was looked after by A. H. C. Mitchell. Tim Murnane wrote for Tris Speaker. Jim O'Leary was the penman behind Joe Wood, while Ty Cobb's descriptions and comments were written by Stony McGinn of Philadelphia.

In starting this crusade President Johnson contends that the baseball public should not be deceived, that ball players should not be allowed to criticize members of their teams and that to avoid serious trouble in the shape of internal dissension, the entire practice should be wiped out. Johnson recently declared that ball players were not hired to "write" for newspapers, but to devote their entire time to promoting the welfare of their employers.

Sun and Tides.
The sun exerts about two-thirds as much force on the earth's tides as the moon.

Common Complaint.
Patient—Doctor, have you ever treated a patient for loss of memory?
The Doctor—Oh, yes! I employ a bill collector quite often.—Chicago News.

FORTUNE SPENT ON RECRUITS

Baseball Magnates Turn Over \$400,000 For Star Minors.

Crack Young Catcher Cost Chicago Club \$10,000—Chapman of Cleveland Comes Next at \$7,500—New York Giants Paid \$7,000 For Demaree.

It costs money, and lots of it, to operate a major league ball club. Star ball players, and players who are not stars, come high. Last year the two major leagues expended nearly \$400,000 on ball players. The report of the national commission announces this decidedly interesting fact.

The American league in its search for promising baseball material was far more liberal than its rival, the National. The organization presided over by Ban Johnson spent \$121,450 for purchased players. The National league was much behind in this respect with \$74,900. The American league gave the minors \$61,000 for drafted players, while the National league handed the smaller club owners \$41,900.

A recapitulation shows the American league gambled to the extent of \$93,000 more in recruits than did Tom Lynch's organization. As is customary, a number of players were purchased at a certain price, part of which was paid over at the time of delivery, the rest to be paid if the player made good. In this respect the National owes a little more than the Johnsonian circuit. If certain National league youngsters come through with the goods the minors will profit to the extent of \$40,350, while the American league that event will be forced to pay \$43,900 more.

These figures look big when one considers them only as such, but it is remarkable how the money can pile up when a club seeks to strengthen its lineup. Catcher Schalk, secured by Conkley from Milwaukee, cost the "Old Roman" in the neighborhood of \$10,000. He looks well worth that amount on the farm displayed last fall. Cleveland had to expend something like \$7,500 for Ray Chapman. It looked like a big price, but after Nap fans had a chance to see the youngster in action to a man they considered it money well spent.

The New York Giants paid about \$7,000 for Demaree from the Mobile club. McGraw gave this star several chances to show last fall, and he pitched well, scoring a shutout in his opening game. It is hinted that McGraw is banking on him for this summer. The New York Americans secured Ray Keating from the New England league at a cost of \$7,500. Great things are expected of this alphabet. Keating had a most unusual debut last fall. Sent in to pitch against the Browns in the ninth inning, he made the St. Louis fans sit up and take notice by retiring the side on strikes.

Walked 'Em Many Times.
"The governor has appointed Harry Turner on the good roads commission."
"Why, he's an expert."
"Yes, and an expert on the condition of roads."—Chicago News.

Cookery Points

Spinach Recipes For Spring.

Blanch and trim two sweetbreads very carefully and cook gently with a few pieces of vegetable—onion, turnip and carrot—in the water. Or sweetbreads take from one and one-half to two hours, calf's sweetbreads three quarters of an hour. When ready to use the sweetbreads out of the pan, wrap in a buttered paper and keep hot. Make a half pint of sauce with the liquor. Put one tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan. Rub over the fire with a wooden spoon till melted, then pour in one cupful of the liquor in which the sweetbreads were cooked. Stir till it boils and cooks ten minutes. Season with pepper and salt. Put the sweetbreads back in this sauce to keep hot, but not to cook any more. Have ready about a pound of spinach, which in this case may be thickened with two yolks of eggs. Butter two or three pieces of toast and cover with the spinach. Lay the sweetbreads, lay one on each toast and pour a little of the sauce on each piece of sweetbread. Serve as hot as possible.

Spinach Soup.
Put two quarts of stock (or water will make this soup very good) into a saucepan, a pound of well washed spinach and a large bunch of well washed parsley. Let these all boil half an hour, then rub as much as possible through a sieve. Dissolve one heaping tablespoonful of butter in the bottom of the pan, add one heaping tablespoonful of flour and stir it in till absorbed. Then add the puree of spinach. Let it boil up. Now beat smooth two yolks of eggs, add to them a very little cold water to thin them down and add to the soup. The soup must not boil after the yolks of eggs are added. Season nicely and serve with small squares of toast. A good squeeze of lemon juice is considered an improvement to this soup, but should be added and boiled up before the yolks of eggs.

Spinach Souffle.
Pick over a half peck of spinach, wash thoroughly, drain and put into a saucepan with a half cupful of water and a teaspoonful of salt. Simmer for fifteen minutes, take up, chop and press through a colander. Add two tablespoonfuls of cream, the yolks of four eggs and a dash of cayenne. Lastly, fold in the beaten whites of four eggs and turn into a buttered dish. Cover the top with grated breadcrumbs and one tablespoonful of butter, sprinkle with cheese and bake in a hot oven. Serve with egg sauce.

Creamed Spinach.
Cook, drain and chop a peck of spinach as described. Cook together two rounding tablespoonfuls of butter and two level tablespoonfuls of flour. After three minutes turn in the spinach with them and cook and stir for three minutes more. Pour a cupful of cream; cook five minutes longer, season with salt and pepper, stir thoroughly and serve at once.

Boiled Salt Mackerel.
A well freshened, fat salt mackerel, boiled or broiled, is very appetizing. Soak overnight in cold water, taking care that the skin side lies uppermost, so that the salt may be extracted from the fish. In the morning dry it carefully without breaking the flakes. If it is broiled lay it in a fine wire broiler, well buttered, and broil over a clear fire until a light brown. Then lay it on a heated platter. Melt a tablespoonful of butter, add to it a teaspoonful of lemon juice or vinegar, a tablespoonful of hot water, a pinch of black pepper and a small cucumber pickle, chopped fine, and pour over the mackerel.

Macaroni Rabbit.
For this recipe use a cupful of grated cheese to a cupful of boiled macaroni. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan. Put in the grated cheese and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Stir constantly until the cheese melts; then add the macaroni, cut in tiny rings. Measure the macaroni after cooking. Also add the beaten yolks of three eggs diluted with two-thirds of a cupful of milk. Stir constantly until the mixture thickens and then serve at once. After the cheese is melted flash cooking over hot water or in a double boiler.

SCOOP THE CUB REPORTER

The Boss is Very Sensitive About His Likeness

By HOP

