

THAT LOTTERY TICKET

By M. QUAD

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One day a tramp who was plainly on his last legs staggered into the village of Scottsville and dropped down in the street in front of the tavern.

He was carried into the hostelry and a doctor sent for, and in two days he was dead. The verdict at the inquest was that he had died from sickness and exposure.

When the coroner overhauled the dead wayfarer's pockets he found lots of simple things and a ticket in a Prussian lottery.

It was for a quarterly drawing that would not take place for nine weeks yet, and according to its face it might draw a prize of \$25,000.

No one in Scottsville had ever seen such a ticket before, and very little was said or thought about it for three or four days, or until a certain New York drummer came to town on one of his trips.

He was appealed to for information, and his reply was: "Well, I guess you've bought them myself, though I've never had any luck."

Three days later a bog drover came along and made an offer of \$250 for the ticket. According to his story, one of the members of the beef trust got his first \$1,000 from that very lottery.

The drummer created an instant excitement about that ticket. It started right in as a main topic of conversation and held the place.

Then a lighting rod man came along and offered \$100 cash for it. He knew three men who got their start in life by drawing large sums in that very lottery.

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For the Children

Prince William, heir apparent to the German throne.

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Photo by American Press Association.

The innocent looking little boy here with pictured is the eldest son of the crown prince of Germany.

There is a yew tree in a churchyard at Fortingal, in Perthshire, which De Candolle nearly a hundred years ago proved to be over 2,500 years old.

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HER NARROW ESCAPE

By MOLLIE K. WETHERELL

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Pepita was a Mexican girl living with an aunt in southern California. Pepita was an orphan and had inherited a patch of ground, on which the two lived.

One day a man was seen digging in a patch of ground adjoining Pepita's property. He was an American and, though roughly dressed, gave evidence of being a gentleman.

The stranger came over occasionally after that for a drink of water or to borrow something. He said his name was Thomas Burkhalter; that he was the son of a gentleman in the east.

One day a man came to Burkhalter's hole. He was a well dressed man and wore a diamond stickpin in his neck wear.

Enrique was much distressed. What could he do? But Enrique had more sense than Pepita and knew a little more about the world, though not much more.

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A LONG TIME COMING

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

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"Would you like to hire a man for the season?" The question was asked of a woman who stood at the door of a farmhouse.

"You don't seem strong enough to work," said the woman sympathetically, "but come in and I'll get you a snack."

There was something in either the old man's appearance or the tone of his voice that reminded her of some one she had known before.

"I reckon there's some work in me," replied the stranger. "Anyhow, I got to earn a livin' or go to the poor farm, and I'd rather kill myself workin' than live on the county."

"Where do you hail from?" asked the younger man. "I don't know."

"You see, I'm one of those persons who suddenly forget everything. It was about thirty years ago, I reckon, that I was discharged from a hospital. I remember comin' out of it, but I don't remember goin' in."

"That was about wartime, wasn't it?" asked the woman, much interested.

"I reckon it was for they told me that when I went in I had on a coat with brass buttons on it. I'd been there so long and there had been so many changes that no one could tell any more than that about it."

The old man looked so lugubrious that the woman turned the subject. "I tell you what you'd better do, Henry," she said to her son.

"You'd better let him work for his keep and do as much or as little as he likes."

"Just as you please, mother," said the son.

So the old man stayed with them, working sometimes a whole day and sometimes half a day.

One day when the old man suffered from a pain in his back the widow proposed to rub the affected part with liniment.

His shoulder blade was exposed, and she noticed a large mole on it. She started. She had seen on her husband's shoulder blade just such a mole.

The shape of both were peculiar, being of oblong shape with a protuberance on each side, the whole being not unlike a clover leaf.

From that time Mrs. Hardenberg treated the old man with every kindness and attention. But she said nothing more about her discovery to her son and did not mention it to any one except her son.

JOHNSON WOULD BE INVINCIBLE WITH WINNER

Record of Washington's Star Pitcher Proves Handicap Which Losing Team Puts on Great Pitcher.

Probably no baseball player in the country is being more discussed by the fans than Walter Johnson, the Washington's American star twirler.

He did not receive his demand for an increase in salary. Johnson wanted \$7,500 and a three year contract. After a little dickering the club compromised, and he attached his John Hancock to a paper calling for \$21,000 for the next three years.

Some Washington critics claim that Johnson's demands were too great and his record did not warrant the increase and that he was not with a first division team.

More raps were handed out when the big fellow was beaten in his 1911 debut.

In contrast to this are fans and critics in his home and other cities who are raving over the Idaho wonder.

Walter Johnson has lingered among the American leaguers and based his opinion of Johnson on those averages alone.

Walter broke into the big show during the season of 1907. Since that time he has been successful only once in gathering more victories in any one season than losses.

A perusal of the records of 1910 will show that that was the only year in which Johnson glided above the halfway mark.

In the four years in which he has steamed the spheres over the rubber for Washington he has gained a higher average than that of his club.

Even in 1909, the year of the big hurricane for Washington, which resulted in the demise of Joe Cantillon as a major league manager and in a final average of .278 for Washington, Johnson won thirteen games and lost twenty-five, which gave him an average of .342.

To pass from Johnson's individual prowess, it is interesting to contemplate what effect a winning club will have upon a pitcher's fame and his place in the hearts of the fans.

Imagine for a moment where Johnson would rank if placed with a team which finished one, two, three, imagine how that pill would look to the opposition as it sailed over the plate when Johnson had the confidence born of repeated victories.

Imagine the joy of a high class club playing behind a pitcher whom every club held in awe.

Some people have even gone so far as to say that Johnson never would lose a game if connected with a pennant winner.

Of course that's absurd. The mere presence of a man of that caliber in the box is half the victory.

Around the Washington club's bench any day that Johnson is scheduled to pitch one can hear the players say: "Well, there's nothing to it today. Walter is going to pitch. Those players go out on the field expecting to win, take chances which they would not take with a less reliable man in the box."

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