

REPRESENTATIVES OF OLD SCOTCH FAMILY



THREE SPARKLING MAJOR LEAGUE STARS.

The good old family trees of the Smiths and the Joneses have been pretty well represented in baseball for a number of years.

Three major league stars who are in the midst of their baseball careers represent the old Scotch family.

George Burns of the Giants, has often been rated as the greatest all-around outfielder in the National League, and of the three he is perhaps the most valuable player.

that of all the stars in the Giant constellation Burns stands out as the brightest, and this, coming from the famous Tiger manager, is some tribute.

First Baseman Burns of the Tigers is serving his fourth full season as a member of the Detroit Club.

Eddie Burns, catcher with the Phillies, is now in his fourth full season as a member of the Quaker-town club, and although an injury early in the season kept him back, he is considered one of the most valuable players on Pat Moran's team.

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DIAMOND NOTES

Like the baseball returns, we all like to read that the U-boat battlers shut the enemy out without a hit.

Cardinal fans should know by this time that they cannot injure Umpire "Lord Byron" with pop bottles.

As a fly catcher, Benny Kauff, the Giants' center fielder, beats all the glue-covered paper in the world.

Nevertheless there is no reason to suppose that the baseball players who go into the army will try to steal home.

Mike Gonzales, the clear Habana backstop of the Cardinals, is showing the regular article for the Huggins outfit.

Frank Schulte is not doing much in the batting line for the Phillies. He has been sent in as pinch hitter several times.

Walter Reh, who has been in and out of the big show several times, has become a member of the Stallings Rescue League.

All N. L. baseball admit Hornsby has improved immensely in the last year, but he still takes a cut at many a bad ball.

Adam Debus, the Pirate infielder grabbed from the Cardinals on waivers, already is being hailed as another Arthur Devlin.

Big league ball players should not get excited over the draft. Most of them came from the minors via the hat-drawing route.

Minneapolis continues to take on former Northern leaguers. Another addition is Pitcher Lester Stevenson, who was with Winnipeg.

With Johnson and Smith on the Seals, Henry Berry possesses the only team in organized baseball with two redskin pitchers on the staff.

Another pitcher who is attracting considerable attention because of the fine brand of ball he is delivering is Jim Bagby of the Cleveland.

If you don't believe that Zach Wheat's injured ankle will keep him out of the world's series this fall just look at the National League standings.

King Lear, the former Villanova baseball star, who had a trial with the Athletics at third base a few seasons ago, is playing clever ball on the Bridgeport team.

CENTER FIELDER DROPS FOUL

While Playing for Brooklyn Fielder Jones Muffed Ball Just Over Left Field Line.

Fielder Jones, manager of the St. Louis Americans, believes he is the only major league center fielder that ever received an error for miffing a foul ball.



Fielder Jones.

the McInnis type came to bat and the outfielder shifted so sharply that Jones was really playing left field. The batter sent up a long fly, which threatened to drop close to the left foul line. Kelley and Jones raced after the ball, and the latter got his hands on it, but the sphere fell from his grasp into foul territory.

COAST PLAYERS COME HIGH

Big Prices Paid by St. Louis Browns for Pacific Coast Stars—War Won't Interfere.

Phillip Ball, the former Federal league magnate, who now is the owner of the St. Louis Browns, is ready to spend big money for new players. Ball already has purchased two Pacific Coast league stars, Pitcher Speed Martin and Outfielder Kenneth Williams.

UMPIRE'S HARD LIFE

He is Arm of Authority Which Dignifies Sport.

Arbiter Can Make Game Spectacle Fit For Eyes of Women or by His Weakness Permit It to Degrade into a Riot.

In a recent article dealing with the lives and troubles of professional baseball umpires, H. Perry Lewis of Philadelphia.

In this generous world, which, despite pessimists and kultur, we believe is getting better every day, a man is prone to discount the mistakes of his fellows. Our prisons are no longer punitive establishments, but are founded on the principle of reformation.

Here is the man around whom the whole game revolves. He is the arm of authority which dignifies the sport; his is the voice which decides the fate of ball clubs in which are invested millions of capital.

You who see the umpire out there on the ball field with apparently nothing to do but stand behind the catcher and call the balls and strikes, or assume a Napoleonic attitude on the bases and occasionally make a decision, pause for a moment and consider the duties and the life of an umpire.

For about seven months of the year he leads a nomadic life, journeying from city to city, and never knowing four days ahead what his next move will be. One thing he does know, and that is that unless he "calls them right" 90 per cent of the time his next move will be out of the league, with absolutely no chance of working his way back.

His position is unlike that of the ball player. The latter spends half of the playing season on the road and half in the town in which he is playing. Therefore he has a chance to make his home where he is employed and of being in it half of the time. Not so the umpire. For seven months the only opportunity he has of seeing his family is by having them meet him somewhere on the road, usually at considerable expense.

AFTER STOLEN BASE RECORD

Joe Evers of Richmond Club in Central League is Burning Up Paths of That Circuit.

Fired with an ambition to again place the name of Evers in the baseball world, Joe Evers, second baseman of the Richmond club of the Central League, is burning up the paths of the circuit, and in 64 games has hung up a total of 40 stolen bases, within seven of the mark reached last season by Gygil of Terre Haute.

"CHIEF" JOHNSON GETS EVEN

Pitching His Last Game for Vernon Indian Lets His New Teammates Down With Two Hits.

Vernon asked waivers on Chief Wennebag Johnson and San Francisco claimed him. Johnson, pitching his final game for Vernon, before joining



"Chief" Johnson.

the Seals, shut out his new team with two hits, just to show what he could do when he wanted to do it. San Francisco can now claim to be the only team in organized ball with two Indian pitchers, Johnson and Casey Smith.

Women Must Make Study of Clothes

New York.—An English paper has recently published an article dealing with the attempt and failure of American women and designers to be independent of Paris and congratulates us on our good sense, as it were, in returning to the source.

In truth, there was not a serious or concerted attempt to be independent



This evening gown has a separate bodice. The skirt is of cyclamen tulle, accordion pleated, with garland of embroidery and formal bouquets. The bodice and sash are of black satin.

of Paris. It was only natural that the American people should feel that the outbreak of the war in France would stop all the wheels of her commerce in clothes and that the other countries would be compelled to go on their own.

It would take us a century to accomplish what we now buy from Paris in a week. We are too canny to give up the best source of fashion on the planet for no reason whatever.

It is a happy piece of news to report in support of this outlined sentiment that the shipments of costumes from France which will take place this fall will be as heavy as in normal times. The number of buyers who have gone abroad has been reduced, on account of volunteering, conscription and changes, therefore, in the personnel of many business houses, but the resident buyers and the important representatives for groups of houses have been able to transact the expected business.

Where America Comes In.

So much for Paris. But with all that she will do, the war places an important task on American women. Never before in the history of commerce in clothes has this special demand been made upon them. It is this: they must work out their own salvation. Our heads of shops and dressmaking houses are far from being aids to the dumb. They must sell what they have bought and made and they have rarely studied the needs of the individual.

The buyers who went to Paris in other days haunted the fashionable places where the women of pleasure and power foregathered. These women made and marred the fashions put out by the designers. When our buyers saw that these leaders were featuring certain fashions they brought them home for the American.

But, and this is the new situation, the women here are now confronted with the fact that thousands of new costumes will soon be unpacked from the boxes that brought them over the ocean, and as they were chosen from whatever the French houses had to offer, it will be our part to select from that heterogeneous mass that which brings out our special type and suits our environment. This is sane and sensible wartime adjustment of one's times and income, and possibly the lesson may be so thoroughly learned and digested that it will prove to be a lasting benefit to the national community.

Make a Study of Clothes.

It is not a waste of time to be fully aware of the kind of costumery that you should adopt. The comprehensive adjustment between your type and your clothing will save money, nerves and regrets.

The time will soon be upon us when we can become the arbiters of our own sartorial fate. The war in France has abolished leadership in certain fashions by their acceptance in the highest circles of power, and, with our dressmakers and shops somewhat puzzled as to what will lead and what will not, we have the best chance of our career to suit ourselves.

This will be really the millennium in dress. Paris, the center of art in the world, creates from a point in air, as the engineers say, and from the mass of material she sends we choose a thousand different types of costumes if we wish. Look a bit into the history of each costume, as Paris does, and say to yourself, Does my face and figure, my physical and moral individuality reflect that period? If the answer is in the negative, don't let anyone persuade you to buy it.

When the ships that dodge the man-made sharks of the sea bring to us these cases of silks, brocades, metals, embroideries and velvets fashioned for the American woman, we will see that these clothes are the heirs to all the ages. China will dominate some bits of costumery, the influence of Napoleon will be there, the Russian Cossacks who threw themselves before the retreating Eleventh army in Galicia will be another motive for certain cut and color, and the recent exhibition of French clothes in Madrid is reflected in the things that were brought out of Spain.

Not only will different countries be represented in the medley of costumery that is coming to us, but various epochs in the history of places, especially of France—the First Empire, the Consulate, the swirling and transparent draperies made famous by Mme. Tallien, the Queen of Shreds and Patches, as she was nicknamed, the biblike panels of embroidery worn by the queen of Roumania when she arrayed herself in the native costumes.

The polonaise will be revived from that day when the predecessor of Rose Bertin, who gowned Marie Antoinette, made fashionable the striking garment worn by the Polish princess, Marie, whom Louis XV made queen of France. Those Chinese wraps and sleeves and tassels worn by the noblemen who represented Pekin as the first embassy sent from China to France are recalled into the new fashions because China is with France and is fighting, as she fought, to be a republic.

Rakish Continental Hat. The green coque feathers flaunting from new hats have been borrowed from the hats of the sharpshooters, the bersaglieri of Italy, because the fighters of the Vosges and the Alpine passes have a comradeship. The rakish continental hat was included in the fashions because the land of that George Washington whom General Lafayette came to assist in spreading her soldiers over the pleasant valleys of the sister republic and sending her huge guns to protect the Road of Ladies as all gentlemen, good and true, should do.

The pinched-in crown and the rollicking brim have been included in the most fashionable hats because these

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WAITING FOR ART

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

It was a cheap little restaurant on the East side. The food was not bad, neither was the service, but there was a sense of barrenness about it all.

Watrous went there for his midday meal because it was inexpensive—a attraction for Watrous. He didn't have much money and had scarcely a hope of ever having any. He was the type, that blessed, happy-go-lucky, that finds happiness in the moon, the flowers and in the very fact that God has given us life.

His position was an indefinite sort of clerkship in a department store in the neighborhood. In the evening he wandered over to one of the Bohemian restaurants, his violin under his languid arm, and there played while artists, actors, futurists—what not—ate heterogeneous mixtures of food.

In the little restaurant he usually sketched attitudes while he absently swallowed whatever his waitress had considered nourishing and had placed on the polished surface before him.

Had Watrous been observing he would have known that he was, perhaps, the best-cared-for patron in the place. Molly Carey, who waited on him, always saw to that while she waited wistfully for the day when he would turn his eyes in her direction. She had that motherly tender look in her eyes that an artistic soul needs in the eyes of his life partner—and seldom chooses. If Watrous was conscious of this attention no one knew it but Watrous. He sketched on the menu cards whatever came within his vision and tossed the quaint little sketches aside when finished, just as he came he cast aside his serviette when the final mouthful of coffee had passed his lips.

He always left a dime on the table. Molly Carey saved all those dimes. She preserved them no less systematically than she saved every sketch that Watrous made on the menu cards.

The sketches were far more clever than she realized—portraits of patrons in various characteristic attitudes. The very tone, or, perhaps, lack of tone, of the cheap little restaurant was vividly drawn.

The only sketch he had made which Watrous did not leave in the restaurant was one of Molly. Something about her wistfulness, her entire lack of self-consciousness, had dragged a hasty likeness of her from his pencil. He had it in his room on his shaving stand. Dreamy, semiconscious appreciation had prompted him to put it there.

Watrous was never definite about lunching anywhere. There were days when the last quarter had gone "somewhere in the world of spent money." But because he never quite knew whether his coat was on or not, remembered having purchased clothing at odd optimistic moments, Molly Carey supposed him to be desperately poor and unhappy.

Molly never craved temperament. She only wanted to be human and make other people comfortable, but she had a thrill of the ultra temperamental upon the day when she took the sketches Watrous had made to an art dealer. The artist on lower Fifth avenue offered her so wonderful a price for them that for the moment she floated high up in a bubbling cloud of emotionalism.

Acting on her own counsel, Molly left 12 with the art dealer and brought back 12 tastefully framed to the restaurant. The manager was delighted. His round face beamed, and he gave Molly a good-sized check for the possession of the drawings.

In the evening when the day's work was over Molly stayed at the restaurant and helped hang the drawings. An artistic, quaint atmosphere took hold of the room. Fascination, that most mysterious of all powers, reached out and claimed the mind. The small restaurant became homy, while at luncheon next day animated groups of patrons stood gazing at themselves vividly drawn in those characteristic poses. They brought friends, and friends brought more friends.

Watrous, when he had discovered a mountainous check tilting his plate, cast a swift glance at the drawings on the walls and a deep flush rushed over his brow. He wanted to hide under the minute serviette. He rammed the check into his pocket and tried to look unconcerned.

He went home that evening, and his eyes proclaimed the fact that he was off dreaming again. When he went to the place where he was wont to fiddle he grouped his friends about him and told them a tale which dragged them one and all over to the other restaurant on the East side. When they entered with a babble of laughter and happy with expectation and the joy of a new acquaintance, Molly and the manager drew apart.

There was something defiant in the expression of his eyes that prompted Molly to seek shelter, for he was making straightway through the line of tables for her.

Watrous caught Molly and encircled her with his arms. In spite of himself he trembled. Breathless silence followed. The crowd waited.

Watrous looked down into Molly's eyes. She cast a swift glance around, blushed charmingly and snuggled her head against his shoulder.

The silence was broken by cheers. Love had met love, and all was well. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



One of the new autumn suits in green velour with turned-up hem on coat and wide girdle forming sash in front.

soldiers have been smiled at and, some say, kissed by the midnights as they strolled the boulevards at noon hour. Why try to outline the conglomeration of episodes that are reflected in these autumn clothes that we will soon be asked to buy and mold to our individuality? France has put the passing panorama of the planet into costumery. If we adopt it all, we shall look like a procession of the ages staged by some Gargantuan stage director. It is our part in this procession that is of vital importance. It is necessary that each woman should face the situation with some knowledge, much discernment and an inclination to express herself.

An All-Season Frock.

Georgette and chiffon are now considered suitable for winter wear upon many occasions, and are sheer and cool enough for wear in dog days. The various silk crepes are also capable of all-the-year-round service and by combining georgette or chiffon with silk one has another all-seasons frock.