

PROMINENT BASEBALL PLAYERS POSSESS LITTLE FADS OF ONE KIND OR ANOTHER



Many ball players have fads of one kind and another. A brief list might be instructive.

Lena Blackburne, who has played shortstop on many teams, collects pennants from the various cities he visits.

Joe Benz has an account of every game he has ever pitched pasted away in a scrap book.

Dutch Leonard has a passion for talking machines, and spends much of his spare cash purchasing records.

Strong for Flowers.

Eddie Collins is strong for flowers, and picks up a rose bush here and a new kind of plant there for his garden back in a suburb of Philadelphia.

A large number of players keep scrap books. Ed Walsh has a pile of them large enough to stock a small library. Few players have had so many features written about them as Walsh has enjoyed, and many a day he filed from one to four pages in his book.

Ed also picked up pictures of himself in action, and has fixed up a baseball den at his home in Meriden, Conn., which is said to be one of the finest of its kind in the country.

Eddie Cicotte is another who keeps a scrap book. His fondest hope is some day to place an account of his no-hit game in this volume. He has nearly everything else.

While on the coast this spring we visited Jack Fournier, former Sox and

Yankee, at his home in a Los Angeles hotel, writes Malcolm MacLean in Detroit Free Press. Jack is one of the coast's star players and seems certain to be back in the majors again before the year is out.

His room was bare of ornaments—unless a wardrobe and trunk could be considered such—and the only objects in sight were two scrap books on a table beside the water pitcher.

Many of the clippings in his books refer to him as the Frenchman, which he collects with great delight. "You know," he confided, "I was born in Michigan."

Had Great Time.

"I had a great time when I played with Montreal," he continued. "The French fans took me to their hearts. I actually heard one of them tell another that I couldn't understand any English except a few words like 'ball,' 'strike,' and others used in playing the pastime."

"And I didn't have to buy many dinners in Montreal, either. I had one or more invitations every night at one of the French homes, and I had one swell year of it. Many of them called me Jacques Flonyea, and I could often hear them yelling that at me when I was at bat."

Before closing we might state that the Angels have a hitting trio that compares favorably with many of those in the majors—Fournier bats third, Sam Crawford, former Tiger, fourth, and then comes Rube Ellis, ex-Cardinal.

OPINION OF ARBITER KLEM

Veteran Umpire Says All Players Are Battling as if Life Depended Upon Outcome.

Take it from Bill Klem, veteran umpire of the National league, the current pennant campaign is going to be one of the most bitterly fought races in the annals of the pastime.



Umpire Bill Klem.

Bill has umpired his way through many seasons, but he declares that not since the days of the old inter-city rivalry between New York and Chicago and New York and Pittsburgh have the players on all of the clubs fought so keenly in every contest to win as they appear to be doing now. "The old game is back," declared Klem; "make no mistake about that. The boys are all battling as if life itself hung upon the outcome of the chase. That is the spirit that makes baseball the most popular of all sports. And while they are all fighting every step of the journey there has been a praiseworthy lack of disorderly conduct on the field for which I am sure the fans are grateful."

PLAYED IN GAS MASKS

Hank Gowdy tells of playing one inning of a ball game over in France with the players wearing gas masks, against a team made up of Twenty-sixth division boys. Hank pitched, and of course his team won, 4 to 3, but the wonder of it to Hank and to all others who have worn these gas masks was his center fielder catching a fly while peering through the dim panes.

BASEBALL STORIES

Alaska will revive its twilight baseball league.

The Salt Lake club has dropped the veteran Ed Willett.

Claiming the pennant now is like dancing around a May pole in December.

Truck Hannah, catcher of the Yankees, is a heavy hitter. He's also a heavy runner.

Jack Tait, the Canadian middle distance amateur runner, is playing baseball with the veteran nine of the Toronto Senior league.

The grand stand managers at Bridgeport are panning Manager Grimes for releasing Outfielder Mitterling and Outfielder Yim.

Cuban Stars baseball team of Havana will shortly begin a tour of cities of the eastern part of this country, opening in New York city.

There is one thing about Fletcher as a shortstop. He plays grounders so few of them bound badly away from him as they do with others.

THE MARKETS

BALTIMORE—Wheat Sales—Bag lots of new wheat, as to quality and condition, at \$2.22, \$2.24 and \$2.26 per bushel.

Corn—Track yellow corn No. 3 or better, for domestic delivery, is \$1.94 per bushel for carlots on spot.

Oats—No. 2 white, 77¢; No. 3 white, 76½¢.

Rye—New, \$1.50 per bushel.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, per ton, \$38@39; standard timothy, \$38; No. 2 timothy, \$37@37.50; No. 3 timothy, \$33@35; No. 1 light clover, mixed, \$37@37.50; No. 2 light clover, mixed, \$35@36; No. 1 clover, mixed, \$34.50@35.50; No. 2 clover, mixed, \$30@33; No. 1 clover, nominal, \$29; No. 2 clover, nominal, \$27.

Straw—No. 1 straight rye, per ton, \$16@16.50; No. 2 do, per ton, \$15@15.50; No. 1 tangled rye, per ton, \$12.50@13.50; No. 2 do, per ton, \$8@8.50; No. 2 do, per ton, \$7.50@8; No. 1 oat, per ton, \$11.50@12; No. 2 do, per ton, \$11@11.50.

Butter—Creamery, Western separator, extras, 54¢; 55¢; firsts, 53¢; do, 52¢; 1/2 pound, extras, 56¢; firsts, 55¢; do, 1 pound, extras, 56¢; firsts, 55¢; do, 54¢; nearby creamery, extras, 53¢; firsts, 52¢; dairy prints, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, extras, 46¢; firsts, 45¢; storepacked, firsts, 46.

Live Poultry—Chickens, spring, 1 to 1½ pounds, pound, 46¢; do, 1½ to 2 pounds, pound, 50¢; do, 1½ to 2 pounds, pound, 55¢; do, old roosters, pound, 20¢; do, old hens, over 4 pounds, pound, 36¢; do, small, pound, 36¢; do, white leghorn springers, pound, 45.

Eggs—Western Maryland and Pennsylvania, nearby, firsts, loss off, 44¢; Eastern Shore, Maryland and Virginia, 44¢; Western (Ohio), 44¢; West Virginia, 44¢; Southern (North Carolina), 43.

Potatoes—New Eastern Shore, Maryland and Virginia, per barrel, \$5@5.50; do, York River, No. 1, per barrel, \$5@5.50; do, No. 2, per barrel, \$3@4; do, Rappahannock, per barrel, \$5@5.50; do, Norfolk, primes, per barrel, \$5.50@5.75.

Cheese—State whole milk flats, current make specials, 32¢; do, average run, 31¢; State whole milk twins, current make specials, 31¢; do, average run, 30¢.

Lambs and Sheep—Choice, fat sheep, per pound, 7¢; fair to good sheep, per head, \$67; inferior, rough sheep, per head, \$35; old bucks, per pound, as to quality and condition, 6¢; 7; spring lambs, fat, per pound, 16¢; 16½; do, poor to fair per pound, 14¢@15.

Live Pigs—Pigs as to size and condition, apiece, \$3.50@5; shoats, apiece, as to size, \$6@9.

NEW YORK—Corn—No. 2 yellow, \$1.98½; and No. 2 white, \$1.99½.

Oats—No. 1 white, 79½¢.

Hay—No. 1, \$2.10@2.15; No. 2, \$1.95@2.05; No. 3, \$1.80@1.90; shipping, \$1.70.

Butter—Creamery, higher than extra, 50¢; do, extra (92 score), 50¢; firsts, 48¢; do, packing stock, current make, No. 2, 45.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 51¢; do, 49¢; do, storage packed extra firsts, 49¢; do, firsts, 47¢; do, 45¢; state, Pennsylvania and nearby Western henry whites, fine to fancy, 57¢; do, state, Pennsylvania and nearby henry whites, ordinary to prime, 47¢; do, state, Pennsylvania and nearby henry browns, 53¢; do, gathered browns and mixed colors, 50¢.

Live Poultry—Broilers, 40¢@50¢.

PHILADELPHIA—Butter—Western creamery, extra, 51½¢; nearby prints, fancy, 59¢.

Live Poultry—Fowls, 36¢@37.

Corn—Yellow, as to grade and location, \$1.89@1.92.

Live Stock

CHICAGO—Hogs—Bulk, \$21@21.65; heavy weight, \$21.15@21.60; medium weight, \$21@21.65; light weight, \$21@21.75; light light, \$19.25@21.40; heavy packing sows, smooth, \$20.40@21; packing sows, rough, \$19.25@20.25; pigs, \$18@19.25.

Cattle—Choice and prime, \$14.50@15.50; medium and good, \$12.35@14.60; common, \$11@12.40; light weight, good and choice, \$13.50@15; common and medium, \$10@13.50; butcher cattle, heifers, \$7.75@13.50; cows, \$7.40@12.25; canners and cutters, \$6@7.40; veal calves, light and handy weight, \$17.25@18.25.

Sheep—Lambs, 84 pounds down, \$15@17.50; culs and common, \$8.50@14.50; yearlings, wethers, \$10.25@14; ewes, medium good and choice, \$6.75@9.75; culs and common, \$2.35@6.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Hogs—Bulk, \$20.75@21; heavies, \$20.90@21.05; medium weights, \$20.75@21.05; lights, 20.65@20.95; light lights, \$20.50@20.80; packing sows, \$20@20.80; pigs, \$19.50@20.65.

Cattle—Choice and prime, \$13.65@14.90; medium and good, \$12@13.50; common, \$10.75@11.90; light weight, good and choice, \$12@15; common and medium, \$9.10@12.25; butcher cattle, heifers, \$6.75@13; cows \$6.40@11.65; canners and cutters, \$5.25@6.35; veal calves, light and handy weight, \$12.25@15.50.

When Father Decides

By R. RAY BAKER

It was no use, the motor just wouldn't start. Not a sputter could Anne Davis get out of it. She tugged and tugged at the flywheel, but there was not even a buzz to reward her efforts.

She looked down the river, vexed and despairing. The boat was floating at a fair rate of speed, and unless she could get it moving in the other direction before long she would have little prospect of arriving at the Rest-White cottage before dark.

Already it was dusk, but she managed to make out something coming upstream. Soon she heard the creaking of oarlocks and presently a shadowy shape loomed into view. It was a rowboat with a man bending vigorously at the oars.

"One of the inhabitants," Anne decided, but there was little disdain in her voice. Meeting one of them in the village she would not have favored him with passing notice, but now any kind of man would be welcome. She hailed the stranger.

"Stop a minute, will you, please?" He rested with his oars partly out of the water.

"Did you call me?" he shouted, after brief hesitation.

"Yes, I can't get this old engine started. I wish you would help."

With some skill but much more difficulty he managed to get the rowboat alongside the motor craft. They were of about the same size, for the gasoline-propelled vehicle was far from being pretentious. It was, in truth, simply a rowboat in which a one-cylinder engine had been installed, and it was rented along with the cottage that the Culbertsons, with whom Anne was staying at the resort, had leased for the season.

Anne had insisted on coming after some provisions that were needed at the cottage, and she had started out early in the afternoon for Alanson, feeling not a little concealed over being the pilot and sole crew of the miserable little craft. The Culbertsons had expressed misgivings over the venture, but Anne generally had her own way, and was possessed of a reputation for being a self-reliant sort of girl, so she was allowed to make the trip alone.

Everything went smoothly until she had covered about half of the ten-mile journey on the way back, when the engine went dead without warning. Not another boat of any description was in sight, for it was at that time of day when most folks are partaking of their evening meal. She must have drifted two miles when the rowboat came into sight.

Anne breathed a sigh of relief when the newcomer grasped the gunwale of the motorboat and peered over at her. He had brought a lantern, and by its light she could see that he was a rather good-looking young man of perhaps twenty-six. He had on a green shirt and blue overalls, and on his head was a wide-brimmed straw hat.

She caught a glimpse of a tin can and a fishpole in the bottom of the boat, and in order to be congenial she inquired whether he had had any luck. Imagine Anne Davis discussing the subject of angling with a country breaker! Imagine Anne Davis, the breaker of men's hearts back in the big city, talking familiarly with a dealer in this country town!

"Fair, fair," he replied, and his voice seemed to be singularly musical for an uncultured person. "I got half a dozen—or seven, I forget just which it is. Hold the boats together, and don't move, will you, while I crawl over and see if I can start your engine."

She did as instructed, hoping he understood the business of getting from one boat to another. He caused considerable rocking, but nothing serious happened, and presently he was tinkering at the engine, while she held tentatively to the gunwales of the two boats where they met.

"Got it," he grunted after a few minutes' investigation, which was hampered somewhat by the dullness of the glow from the smoky lantern. "Loose battery connection, that's all." She heard an energetic buzz from the engine.

"Wait a minute; I better tie up," he reminded himself aloud, and left the motor to attach the painter of his boat to the gasoline craft. Returning to the motor, he gave the wheel a spin and the boat started down stream with a chug-chug that, under ordinary circumstances, was far from musical, but it sounded almost like chimes to Anne in this particular instance.

"Turn it around," she called, "I'm going up the river. It got turned the other way while we were floating and I was trying to start the engine."

He soon had the boat breasting the current, and again she sighed with relief.

"Guess I better take you home," he suggested. "It's pretty dark now, and besides, you look tired, and besides—I need the ride myself."

Naturally she assented. After he had proved so useful she could not very well dismiss him and send him back to laboring with the oars again. On the way she got unsmiling and decided it would be a great lark to carry on a life flirtation with her new acquaintance.

She started by introducing herself, and in return he told her that his name was Harry Saunders. She invited him

to spend the night at the Culbertson cottage, and after some slight hesitation he accepted.

So it came about that the breaker of men's hearts in the big city set out to break one in the country. But she got fooled. Before the evening was through Anne Davis had fallen in love for the first time in her life.

"Stuff and nonsense!" roared Uriah Davis. "Do you mean to tell me you have picked out a farmer for a husband? I tell you you're insane. You're stark, raving mad. Look at your opportunities here in Detroit."

"It's no disgrace to live in a small town," Anne told him. The summer season was over and she was home after a three weeks' love affair that started out frivolously and developed into a very serious case.

"Well, I won't have it, that's all," her father insisted. "You aren't going to disgrace the family like that. A girl of your beauty can pick off a man of money without any trouble."

Anne bit her lip savagely and stamped a foot.

"I don't want a man of money. I want Harry, and I'm going to have him or I'll die an old maid with—a broken heart." She left the room, sobbing, and went and climbed into her bed, where, bolstered by several pillows, she wrote a "good-by, forever," letter to Alanson.

Mr. Davis evidently was determined to see that things went to his liking, for the next day he came home with the announcement that he had invited his young law partner to the house for dinner.

"You've heard me speak of White," he said. "You know, he's been with me in business for two years and I've never yet got around to having him meet my family. He's a hustler, all right; in fact, he's worked up until he's been carrying on the burden of the firm's practice. He worked so hard that he broke down last spring, and he's only back in the harness this week, after a long rest, which appears to have done him lots of good. He's the man for you, Anne. I approve of him, and you will, too, if you can forget this silly country romance, for he's an attractive young chap."

Anne pouted in her room, but when her father summoned her down to meet Mr. White she put on her best smile and straightened her hair and added a few finishing touches of powder to her face, then went to the reception room. It was just as well to humor her father, she thought. It would not do to treat his partner shabbily.

When she descended the stairs she saw a slender, well-dressed, well-groomed young man talking to Mr. Davis. They immediately stopped their conversation when she appeared and introductions were in order.

The next noon, at luncheon, her father inquired:

"Well, Annie, how do you like Mr. White?"

She looked across the table with a happy little smile and lifted her coffee cup. After a few sips she placed it on the table and replied:

"Fine, father. He and I are engaged. We're to be married next month."

Mr. Davis all but choked on a piece of meat. He was forced to swallow half a glass of water to prevent strangulation.

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated, gasping. "So soon? Of course, I heartily approve, but it seems rather sudden." Then he grained, somewhat mischievously, "But what about this country lover?"

Anne laughed.

"Well, you see, father, Mr. White happens to be the country lover. His name was Harry Saunders down at Alanson, and mine was Susie Smith. You see, we each started out fooling the other, but we really fell in love."

"BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.



Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders it made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for women's ailments I ever saw."—Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

Roosevelt as a Writer.

In an article on Theodore Roosevelt in the Yale Review, Henry A. Beers says of him as a writer:

"Mr. Roosevelt produced much excellent literature, but no masterpieces like Lincoln's Gettysburg address and second inaugural. Probably his sketches of ranch life and of hunting trips in three continents will be read longest and will keep their freshness after the public questions which he discussed have lost interest and his historical works have been in part rewritten. In these outdoor papers, besides the thrilling adventure which they—very modestly—record, there are even passages of descriptive beauty and chapters of graphic narrative, like the tale of the pursuit and capture of the three robbers who stole the boats on the Missouri river which belonged to the Roosevelt ranch."

That Depends.

"Is the place within walking distance of the car?"

"I dunno," answered the landlord.

"How far kin you walk?"—London Answers.

The occasional use of Roman Eye Balsam at night will prevent and relieve tired eyes, watery eyes, and eye strain. Ad.

If you want a thing well done don't do it yourself unless you know how.—Boston Transcript.

Stop That Backache!

Those agonizing twinges across the small of the back, that dull, throbbing ache, may be your warning of serious kidney weakness—serious, if neglected, for it might easily lead to gravel, stone in the kidney, bladder inflammation, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. So if you are suffering with a bad back, have dizzy spells, headaches, nervous, dependent attacks or disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has been tried out for you by thousands.

A Virginia Case

Connie L. Cook, 302 Oak St., Covington, Va., says: "When I was about fourteen, I suffered from a bad case of diphtheria and after recovering found that my kidneys were weak. I first noticed it by backache, which kept growing worse. The kidney secretions became unnatural, passed so frequently, were painful and contained sediment. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and they cured me."

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FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

You Do More Work.

You are more ambitious and you get more enjoyment out of everything when your blood is in good condition. Impurities in the blood have a very depressing effect on the system, causing weakness, laziness, nervousness and sickness.

GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value.

GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC is not a patent medicine, it is simply IRON and QUININE suspended in Syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs Quinine to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. These reliable tonic properties never fail to drive out impurities in the blood.

The Strength-Creating Power of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC has made it the favorite tonic in thousands of homes. More than thirty-five years ago, folks would ride a long distance to get GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC when a member of their family had Malaria or needed a body-building, strength-giving tonic. The formula is just the same today and you can get it from any drug store. 60c per bottle.

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