

REDLEG PITCHERS HAND IVY WINGO FINE BOOST FOR PATIENT WORK BEHIND PLATE



Ivy Wingo, Cincinnati catcher, may not be regarded generally as a star receiver, but since Cincinnati won the National league flag and then copped the world's championship from the White Sox, he has two boosters who never pass up an opportunity to sing his praises. The boosters are Walter Ruether and Jimmy Ring, members of the Cincinnati hurling group.

Ring and Ruether both declared Wingo has been cheated out of his share of publicity for his work behind the bat. They say Ivy does not court publicity, nor does he expect any, and consequently he is overlooked by the scribes.

Best Work Never Seen.

According to Ring, Wingo's best work is never seen by the fans, because he is most valuable as a help to pitchers. "A pitcher never worries or frets in a critical situation when Ivy is behind the bat," he said, "because Ivy knows how to encourage a man and dwarf the danger of the situation regardless of what it may be."

It seems Wingo is one of the precious few big league catchers who

never seem to lose patience with a hurler, and when the hurler gets into a tight place Ivy tries to think of all the kind things he can say, instead of yelling at the flinger and otherwise exhibiting a full-grown peeve.

Praise From Toney.

Fred Toney of the Giants recently declared he never saw such a patient receiver as Wingo, and this confession was made before Ring or Ruether broke into print with a good word for Ivy. In every assignment in the recent world's series Wingo acquitted himself with great credit, exhibiting a grand throwing arm, directing his pitchers with rare judgment and responding with a wallop as often as such could be expected from the ordinary receiver.

Umpires are all strong for Wingo because he never fusses about decisions. He fights for everything he thinks is his, but he withdraws from the battle when a verdict is rendered. Pat Moran has a pair of stars in Wingo and Ruether, and a genuine comer in Allen, who had little chance to show his ability last year.

PRICE OF ATHLETIC GOODS DUE TO SOAR

Poor Man Is Barred From Privilege of Exercising.

Walking is Only Thing That Won't Cost More If It Is Done in Bare Feet—Increase Hits Every Sporting Article in Sight.

Exercise is no longer a poor man's privilege.

Inquiry among leading sporting goods dealers showed that prices of all sporting goods are coming up this year.

The only thing that won't cost more is walking if you do it in your bare feet. Hiking shoes will cost from \$10 to \$15, an increase of 20 per cent.

The increase hits every sporting article in sight and even that which isn't. Athletic underwear is on the upward grade.

"There'll be twice as many baseball teams this year as last year," predicted an official of a big sporting goods house.

The only new frills in sports this year will be in golf. Bloomers for women and a new set of iron clubs which allow the golfer to hit the ball from any angle are being displayed. There are ten clubs to the set.

Swimming suits will be one-piece affairs this year—both for men and women. Men's suits will be the baggy affairs of old, but women will have a creation in colors.

Under the new list of prices, just out, baseballs will cost 50 cents more. League balls will cost \$2.50 apiece. Balls for sand-lot games will cost 50 cents. Baseball gloves will cost as high as \$25. The cheapest will be \$1—a boy's fielding glove. Baseball shoes which sold last year for \$12 now cost \$21; chest protectors and masks have increased.

Golf clubs will cost \$6 and upward, while the minimum charge for golf balls will be 60 cents.

Football, boxing gloves, weight exercisers, punching bags, basketballs and other sporting paraphernalia experience similar boosts in prices.

The increase is due to higher costs of labor and material, it was said.

SANDLOTS FURNISH STARS

Mordecai Brown, Former Cub Pitcher, Says College Boy Is at Big Disadvantage.

The boy from the sandlots makes a better ball player than the college youth, according to Mordecai Brown, the one-time three-fingered pitching marvel of the Chicago Cubs.

"If I were to select one of two players of equal ability—one of them a boy off the sandlots and the other a college star—I would take the sandlot youth every time," says Mordecai.

"I do not mean to depreciate the ability of college players. Some of the really big men of the game have been developed by the colleges. But it has been my observation, both while in the major league and since leaving it, that the college player is at a disadvantage.

"This, I believe, is due to the fact that many of them have not been up against the world. They cannot give and take as the player who has had his start in semipro baseball."

BAN JOHNSON BEHIND PLATE

Chief Executive of American League Once Caught Game for Semi-Professional Team.

To look at Big Ban Johnson today one would not believe that somewhere back in dark ages the American league president was a ball player and a catcher at that.

Ban can remember the time when all ball players were looked upon with suspicion. His parents objected to his indulging in the pastime, but he nevertheless did catch for his college team.

One day a semi-pro team in his town needed a catcher badly. Its regular backstop had been injured and Ban sneaked out of the house to help his friends. Everything was lovely until a foul tip broke one of his fingers. He joined the ranks of the voluntarily retired players then and there.



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GOSSIP AMONG SPORTS

University of Wisconsin football team has scheduled annual games with Chicago at Stagg field for the next five years.

This country doesn't want war with France, but there's no telling what will happen if Carpentier fails to lick the shipyard slugger.

One hundred and ninety-three nominations have been made for the eight early closing events of the Kalamazoo grand circuit meeting.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology plans to enter a crew in the Intercollegiate regatta. The sport was recently taken up in the Boston college.

Lou Dillon, the trotting queen, has foaled a bay colt by Etawah. It is her tenth and last foal, as C. K. G. Billings announced that she will not be mated again.

The Polo association has added an army representative to its executive board in order to aid in promoting the sport in the United States army. Col. William Lassiter is the first delegate thus honored.

PERSISTENCY

That persistency has its reward has long been a truism, and a golfer who, after a poor round, thinks it's useless and might as well give up trying, may get some encouragement from the following: Charles Hutchings, British amateur champion in 1902, was over 30 years of age when he first took up the game. He was a member of the Royal Liverpool Golf club, which had monthly medal competitions scheduled. The club book contains a record of this event and at one stage of the game the entry read thus: Charles Hutchings, 114-30-84."

DIAMOND NOTES

No big leaguer has shown better all around work this spring than Bobby Veach.

Rumor has it that "Stuffy" McInnis has been placed on the market by the Red Sox.

Davy Bancroft, who had a mild case of flu, has recovered and is once more guarding the shortstop spot.

Fred Thomas is a fine fielder, but his weakness as a hitter may mean a new third baseman for the Athletics.

Marsans, the Cuban player, has found it a tough job trying to regain his old playing form after his long layoff.

Rabbit Garrity, with Galveston last year, is playing with the Caspar, Wyo., team, managed by the Texas veteran, Arbogast.

Gene Robertson, infielder, has been released by the St. Louis Americans to the Columbus club of the American association.

Pitcher Grimes expects to do a lot of work for the Brooklyn team this season, having declared that he will pitch 36 games.

A rather tough season is in store for Babe Ruth, if he tries to deliver all the wonderful stunts expected of him by Gotham fans.

With Pitchers Joe Bush and Harry Harper lined up, Manager Barrow looks for a big improvement in the Red Sox pastime.

Joe Boehling, the left-hander, who was quite a pitcher with Washington, predicts that he will make a sensational comeback this season.

Tris Speaker says that the greatest handicap under which the Indians are working is that all the writers are picking them to win the pennant.

Pitcher Bill Ryan, formerly of Holy Cross, has made a brilliant showing with the Giants and will most likely win a permanent berth with McGraw's team.

Pat Moran says that he will make no changes in the lineup of the champion Reds this season. "The team is good enough as it stands," he declares.

Horace Milan, brother of the veteran Washington outfielder, will be in the Western league again this year. He had a couple of trials with the Nationals.

Pitcher Wayne Wright of the Louisville club, has been completing his college work at Ohio State university, and has been late in reporting as a consequence.

Yankee fans are hopeful that Fawcett will entirely recover from his injuries and that some time next summer he will be able to resume work on the ball field.

Baseball has become one of the features of Peoria. It has a club in the Three-I league. The other day the city voted a bond issue of \$50,000 to build a baseball stadium.

Akron got Ray Morgan from Baltimore for the International league waiver price, of \$1,000. It paid the same sum for Billy Purtell, claimed on waivers from Toronto.

Ted Easterly, the old Cleveland catcher, and lefty Bill James, who once toiled on the Cleveland slab, both are now members of the Beaumont team of the Texas league.

Tris Speaker is raising an objection to the player limit. He is the only playing manager in the majors and thinks that he should be exempt, thus giving the Indians one more athlete.

Last season at least three clubs in the American league drew more than 50,000 people in the home games. By way of comparison, the Atlanta club led the Southern association with 105,033 paid at home.

Sand lots in St. Paul are very fertile. They graduated a half dozen to the professional ranks this spring. They are scattered all the way from the Southern association to the Pacific Coast International league.

THE FOOT OF FATE

By DORA MOLLAN

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For the third time since she entered the station Edith Redway's overshoe slipped at the heel. For the third time she stopped to give it an impatient tug. At the instant a little hard bulk of paper bound about by twisted elastic, skidding from under the spurning foot of a passerby, brought up against Edith's offending rubber.

She picked it up. Evidently the paper was wrapped about some small object. Whoever had kicked it her way had passed on. Edith dropped the little parcel into her bag and proceeded to her train.

Sinking into the first vacant seat the girl rested her head against the high plush back and wearily closed her eyes. Two weeks with a grip cold as bed fellow had forced Edith to take a vacation.

The listlessness of convalescence possessed her mind and body. Vagrant thoughts came and went, unpursued to any conclusive end. Cousin Marie, whom Edith was going to visit, would ascribe her sickness to the fact that she didn't wear woolens—she would harp on that. Then the illness itself—doctor's bills and meals in her room—a forfeited summer vacation—no money for week-end outings—an employer who expected an untiring service from his office force as from his typing machines!

The approaching summer would loom dreary enough, Edith decided, were it not that a small park, that quaint old square dedicated to the memory of the man who tradition tells us never uttered a lie, lay within easy walking distance of her rooming house. There were green growing things there, and benches where one might sit and watch the passing.

Associated with that park in Edith's mind was a man—a slender young man with dark, dreamy eyes who often walked there alone. He was not like the park's patron saint. He could tell a lie—had told her one. One sunny Sunday morning he had sat on the bench next to her favorite one. Across the walk a toddling, swarthy speck of humanity, fired by the same spirit that sent a famous compatriot sailing over uncharted seas centuries before, set out from the port of his mother's knee on a voyage of discovery, gleefully tottering to the inevitable fall.

Edith and the dark young man had simultaneously rushed to the rescue—half an instant too late. When the excited parent arrived they were making joint efforts to wipe away the evidences of a bleeding nose. The mother's voluble thanks served as an introduction of a sort, and when they seated themselves again it was upon the same bench. They talked of many things—impersonal mostly. But the man had said he walked in the square every pleasant Sunday morning—he would look forward to seeing her the following week. That was the lie. Two pleasant Sunday mornings had passed and he had not been there.

The conductor, coming for her ticket, interrupted Edith's train of thought. As she took the pasteboard from her bag she noticed the forgotten little package. Slipping the elastic binding, she found it to contain a blue plush jewel box, and in the box reposed a ring—a cameo of extraordinarily delicate pink set simply in gold. It bore the profile of a woman, beautifully chiseled. With an inward exclamation of admiration Edith proceeded to closer examination of the ring.

Some characters, engraved on the inner surface, she deciphered as "C. to E. 3-2-11-5." Surely that mystic inscription must mean much to some one. Somewhere, that some one was bewailing the loss of the cameo even while she was reveling in its beauty.

On the sheerest impulse Miss Redway dropped the jewel box to the floor and thrust it under the seat with her foot but not before she had glimpsed the name of a well-known firm of jewelers stamped in gold inside the lid.

She tried the ring on every finger and found that it best fitted the third finger of her left hand. Why shouldn't she keep it? The foot of fate had literally kicked it to her. And, anyway, she remembered reading somewhere that beautiful things should belong to those to whom they brought the most enjoyment. It was easy for a rather discouraged, half sick young woman in Edith's place to anesthetize her conscience.

But anesthesia is a temporary condition. Edith completely restored under Cousin Marie's motherly care and on her way home two days earlier than she had anticipated, spurred by the restlessness of the unaccustomedly idle, was sorely conscious of that jewelry firm's name and address.

It met her eyes in the columns of the magazine she tried to read; the wheels of the train pounded out the rhythm of it. The jewelers would be sure to have some record of the person to whom the ring had been sold and who had had it engraved. Surely, not to attempt to trace its ownership through that obvious channel was to steal it; no less. This was Saturday afternoon and too late in the day to do anything about it. But on Monday morning she would give up the ring. Meantime, Edith rejoiced that

with a clear conscience she could wear it one more day.

Sunday morning, warm and sunny, advance sample of the best styles in May weather, found Edith Redway strolling toward her favorite bench in the square. And there, looking as candid and trustworthy as if he and truth were one, sat the young man who had led to her—who had promised and had not come. Stealing herself to ignore him bitterly, Edith was sauntering regally when he caught sight of her and sprang up, his face alight. It was too genuine; his delight too sincere. The girl yielded to his entreaties to be seated and let him explain.

He had been called away six weeks before, he said, by the almost fatal illness of his mother, and had returned a fortnight ago. He had haunted the square ever since, hoping that she would come. What had happened? Where had she been?

So Edith told him about her own illness and her having to go away, and between them they plected it out that with any luck at all they would have met in the Grand Central, for they must have been there at the same moment on the day of her departure.

It was in the midst of this interesting comparison of data that Edith subconsciously resenting the pressure of too snug kid, drew the glove from her left hand. Her companion halted in the middle of a sentence. "Where did you get the ring?" he asked abruptly.

"It was given to me—by a friend," Edith told the fib desperately. For some vague woman's reason she was impelled to impress this nice young man that she had the sort of friends who would choose such a ring to give her.

But her companion if impressed, was impressed curiously. He glanced sidelong at Edith, at the ring and then straight across the square to the great Washington arch. Also he whistled, low and long and speculatively.

"Do you suppose," he inquired, still gazing across the park, "that the old boy over there on the arch ever told one like that? Honest Injun, where did you find it?"

Instantly Edith's tiny structure of deception collapsed. "I found it in the Grand Central station," she admitted penitently. "Is—is it yours?"

"Oh, no, no," was the hasty rejoinder. "I bought it, though, for a friend. You'll find it marked, 'C. to E. 3-2-11-5.' The C stands for my name, Chester—Chester Barlow."

"And the E stands, I suppose, for the name of your fiancée?" Edith was carrying it off bravely.

"I hope so, very earnestly. It stands, you see, for Edith—oh, I peeked twice at letters you had been reading, for I had to know. And the numbers stand for the month, the day and the hour when we first met. It's yours. It has always been yours. Will you wear it—dear?"

And Edith is wearing it yet.

WOULD GUARD BURIED CITIES

Archeologist Believes Important Discoveries Are Certain to Be Made in the Holy Land.

A great opportunity offers in Palestine. Prof. Flinders Petrie, the eminent archeologist, has appealed, in a little book on eastern exploration, to the British people to take immediate steps for the preservation of all historic sites and buildings which have fallen to Britain through General Allenby's conquest of Palestine. He says that the buried cities and ruined monuments of the holy land ("Palestine is full" of them) must at all costs be guarded with reverence. Professor Petrie is especially anxious concerning the old sites sacred to three religions should be forbidden. Modern scientific sanitation is against piling more buildings on these ruins. There is a clean and sanitary alternative; extend a suburb down the valley of Rehphaim to the southwest, where the railway is, or to a better site two miles northwest in the valley running down from Ramah. The present city has "bad water and bad access;" it ought to be kept for its historical value, and modern life ought to be removed to suitable healthy ground. Professor Petrie believes that with careful research, discoveries will be made of importance. The documents of early Palestine were clay tablets which can only be destroyed by crushing. Clay documents of David's or Solomon's reign or of the Judges may be found."

Dress in Jugo-Slavia.

The national dress of the women of Jugo-Slavia is very beautiful, and they wear it every day, a custom now all too rare in Europe. Over the long, white skirt, of a hand-made linen, plaited like the Greek, they wear a brilliantly embroidered apron. The blouses, of the same material as the skirt, have long clumsy sleeves, a high collar, hung and dangling with beads of gold, silver or coin. From the neck to the narrow waistline, like the breastplate of the men, are two pieces of meticulous embroidery—these, with white veils on their heads, flowers in their hair, worsted stockings, and you have the peasant women from the mountains. They stand together with baskets of fruit in the sun of the little squares.

No Hurry.

Mrs. Newrich—Our pictures look all right, but we haven't a single old master in our house.

Newrich—Never mind, Jane; they will all be in a few hundred years.—Boston Transcript.

HURT ALL OVER COULDN'T SLEEP

Suffered So Much and So Long, Indiana Lady Became Discouraged, and at Times Cared Little to Live.

Leavenworth, Ind.—Mrs. Hannah Peru, of this town, writes: "About six years ago I began the use of Cardui for female weakness. I suffered such fearful bearing-down pains at . . . It seemed like something was just pressing on the top of my head and it burned like fire. I was, indeed, a nervous wreck.

"For four years I couldn't do my housework. I was in bed most of the time. . . I got so discouraged, and at times I wanted to die, I was in so much pain. At times I hurt all over. . . At night I was restless and couldn't sleep. I had no appetite, in fact was a misery to myself and every one else.

"I continued in this condition until finally I began Cardui. . . Took Cardui regularly until I took a number of bottles. It cured me. I cannot say too much for this treatment, and highly recommend it to others."

For more than forty years Cardui has proven beneficial to suffering women.

Your druggist sells it. Try It!—Adv.

Order Filled.

"Did you see where some woman complained because she had to pay \$1 for a glass of lemonade?"

"Well, she asked to have a lemon handed her, didn't she?"

If a man will stand for being petted his wife has no earthly use for any other pet animal.

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

FOR WOMEN

For over half a century DR. TUTT'S LIVER PILLS have been sold for the Liver.

Read the following from a woman of forty-eight: "I have used DR. TUTT'S PILLS for Bowel regulation many years. I am now convinced that they are also the best known regulator for other retarded female functions. I have told many of my friends and now none would be without them. A few days before, and you are all right."

Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills

Leggett & Myers KING PIN PLUG TOBACCO

Known as "that good kind"

Try it—and you will know why

Ladies Keep Your Skin Clear, Sweet, Healthy With Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Talcum

When You Need a Good Tonic Take BABEK

THE QUICK AND SURE CURE FOR Malaria, Chills, Fever and Grippe

CONTAINS NO QUININE

ALL DRUGGISTS or by Parcel Post, prepaid, from Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

Pocket Flash Light, \$1.00

Should be in every vest—lady's purse—with every auto driver and traveler—"with you when wanted."

Not a toy—a big light in a small case. If not convenient to remove a light will be sent by parcel post C. O. D. Extra double batteries, 15c.

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