

THE SCHEDULES.

League and Brotherhood Will Conflict in Sixty Games.

THEY ARE ALL READY TO FIGHT.

W. L. Harris Believes that the Fight Will Be Bitter, That Both Leagues Will Eat the Game Through, but "After That the Deeds."

The lines of battle between the National and the Players' leagues have at last been definitely settled. The ten club circuit of the League has been smashed and a new schedule adopted, as I held it would be. The deal which the magnates labored so hard to make in Cleveland was finally consummated in New York, and was made on the exact lines that I had predicted. That is, Washington retired altogether and Indianapolis gave its players to the League and retained its franchise, continuing as a ninth, but inactive member. In other words, Mr. Brush is ready to take any vacancy that may occur in the west in either this or next season, and if in a few years the League is in proper shape to run clubs Indianapolis returns to business.

Meanwhile, there will be no baseball at the Indiana capital. The only reason for the entire withdrawal of the Washington club was the decision of President Hawcutt to play ball in the Atlantic seaboard. There is no certainty of its truth, that the League gave Mr. Hewett assurance that whenever it was desirable to make a ten club circuit he should have the first call in the east. Both Brush and Hewett were well paid for their services for the good of the League. The former got something like \$50,000, most of which was paid by the New York club, and Mr. Hewett took home with him a check for about \$10,000, which came from the League treasury.

That Mr. Brush was positively sincere in maintaining that he desired to please his people and himself in remaining in the League was shown by his action at the League meeting. After having been discussing the terms of surrender all of Thursday night, all day Friday, down into the small hours of Saturday morning, it looked as if no satisfactory basis could be reached. Then Mr. Brush arose and said, with earnestness: "Gentlemen, we have been a long time at this. I will pay \$10,000 into the League treasury if you will agree to drop the discussion right here and go ahead with ten clubs."

And the schedule. Well, that schedule prepared by Messrs. Spalding, Soden and Nimick is a clever document. They have brought their strong clubs in contact with the Players' league clubs wherever practicable. As to conflicting dates, the ten club schedule wasn't it with the new one. In the city of New York, for example, the two organizations conflicted on the whole schedule in thirty-seven games. Under the new document they conflict in sixty-two games out of seventy. Evidently the magnates intended that it shall be war to the knife. The Brotherhood leaders began by announcing every possible objection to the schedule, and the old League accepted the challenge then given. The new schedule is that it will be a surprise to few.

The reduction of the circuit puts a new aspect on affairs. It was a great move for the League, and when all the teams are filed the League will not be far behind the Brotherhood in playing strength. The two weak teams were New York and Pittsburgh. Surely John B. Day should be able to get a retelling team out of his present list. Here it is: Catchers—P. Murphy, Buckley, Somers, Clarke and O'Rourke. Pitchers—Wooly, J. Sharratt, Rusie, Burkett, Boyle. Infielders—Deegan, Scanlan, Bassett, Farrell, Crane, Sieff, Denny, Glascock. Outfielders—Tiernan, Hornung, Hines, John H. Murphy.

Of course Mr. Day will not retain all these men. Glascock will be made captain, and he and Manager Mutrie will select a team with proper substitutes, and those not needed will go to Pittsburgh and Cleveland. John T. Brush, after this has played a part in the League, will be a player of clothes that New York would win the pennant, and Director Schmidt, of Indianapolis, made two clubs of his.

The Brotherhood leaders, while, of course, not hilly over the success of the League in strengthening its line of battle by mobilizing its troops, so to speak, are not dismayed at the outlook. They say that they are satisfied with the result, and that they will be satisfied if they are entitled to their share of public patronage, and have the utmost confidence that they will get it. They still insist that they have all the players and are bound to win. Looking at the situation, however, it is fair to say that the Brotherhood will at the start have the best of it, because their teams, as made up, contain the larger number of noted players than the League has, and hence they will at the start be aided by the sympathy of many persons who are not ball cranks in the strict sense of the word, and who ordinarily do not spend much money in baseball.

After the first month, however, the two leagues will stand on their merits as caterers to the amusement of the public. Those who expect to see the League wiped out this season will be disappointed, and those who expect the same fate for the Brotherhood will expect themselves mistaken. This season both organizations will go through with their schedules. Somebody, in fact nearly everybody, will lose money. Next season is too far ahead to speculate on. Conservative baseball men fear that the fight will injure baseball. Everybody will be benefited with the game; certainly in the neighborhood of New York no one need sigh for more. Last year there were 140 games in that vicinity. This season there will be less. Now figures out the profit.

W. L. HARRIS.

CHINESE METHODS OF EATING.

The Mongolian Stomach Satisfied with Two Spoonfuls of Food.

[Special Correspondence.] SAN FRANCISCO, March 20.—It is not the purpose of this paper to state that Chinamen use chopsticks instead of forks and spoons to carry their food to their mouths. That has been said once or twice before, to my certain knowledge. In fact such startling revelations rightfully belong to the columns of "tracing writers" who have taken to "tracing" nothing but a few minutes for refreshment.

Nor will I undertake to repeat the national motto of the Mongolians. I have seen it stated in at least one newspaper article that Chinamen eat rats. I will not say whether they do or not. But, as a matter of fact, they eat much less inviting dishes than a good, fat rat well broiled and properly seasoned would make. This question of what shall be eaten is largely a matter of taste and education, rather than fixed upon any well defined lines or classification of what is fit for human food. The French are fond of equine chops, but Americans have not included horseflesh in their bills of fare. Indians and Chinamen are particularly fond of roast dog, yet we are not. People abroad prefer game in an advanced state of decomposition, but it is very offensive to our olfactory.

Therefore, what a people eats is of less interest than how they eat it. The first thing that strikes me in the matter of eating in China was the hours for meals. The Chinese eat early, but they don't begin the business of the day upon empty stomachs. Breakfast is taken in the middle of the forenoon. Then business is suspended until the rice is boiled and everybody eats his fill. In the middle of the afternoon another feed is taken. Two meals a day is the rule, and tea drinking is indulged in as a habit.

While tables are spread in the stores and shops, and are usually round boards, in the center of which stand the large bowls, well filled with a nameless mixture of boiled vegetables, meats, etc. The meat is boiled until the flesh separates from the bones, and is readily divisible into small parcels. Each person goes to the kettle and fills his bowl with rice. It holds about a quart, and is held in one hand and the chop sticks in the other. The food is liberally shoveled into the mouth, and the chop sticks are dipped into the center bowl, all partaking of the common stock. No side or separate dishes are found on the tables. Bread is but little used, and almost entirely confined to doughnuts boiled in vegetable oil.

Vermicelli is popular. It is made by making the dough into paste. Then the stuff is drawn out in long strings like yarn on a reel, and hung in the sun to dry. It is boiled before being eaten. Fish, fowl and eggs comprise the chief meat dishes. Pork is only used as seasoning for vegetables. An ordinary sized pig, of say 300 pounds weight, is cut into 400 bits and sold to many people. A half pound to a pound of fat pork boiled in a pot of cabbage or sweet potatoes will give a palatable flavor to the whole. The Chinese eat little and do not live to eat. I have visited several Chinese hospitals and medical dispensaries, but never heard of a case of dyspepsia or gout. The quantity of meat eaten daily by a European would make a feast for a Chinese family of ten. And the expenses of a moderate smoker for one cigar after each meal would make a princely income for a Chinaman, upon which he would support a family and save money.

BEN TOR.

MAGIC AND CHARITY.

A Wonderful Electrical Exhibition for the Benefit of the Chinese.

On Easter Monday the attention of the whole scientific world will be specially directed to an exhibition that is to be given in New York city for the benefit of the New York Exchange for Women's Work. Of course it is not the fact that this institution, meritorious as it is, is to be the beneficiary which interests scientists. It is that the exhibition itself is to be the most complete and most modern demonstration ever made of the possibilities of applied electrical science. It is not so long ago that the great Paris exposition was opened, and on that occasion Mr. Edison surprised the world by exhibiting a greater collection of electric machinery than had ever been displayed in a group before, but electricity moves rapidly, and the development of its science is rapid, too. If we look back to the early days of the invention and completed machines with a rapidity which would be impossible if it were not for the facilities of his wonderful workshop and his marvelous creative faculty.

Now, therefore, he is able to show much more than when he spent over a hundred thousand dollars on the French exhibit. That display has been brought back intact, numerous additions to it have been made, and the whole will be exhibited to the public in Lenox Lyceum, for some weeks to come; all the proceeds to go to the Woman's exchange.

It would be manifestly impossible to describe even a small fraction of the whole number of these machines in this brief article. There are hundreds and hundreds of them, from dolls that talk and walk about as electric railroads, to the most complicated and intricate of the present list. Here it is: Catchers—P. Murphy, Buckley, Somers, Clarke and O'Rourke. Pitchers—Wooly, J. Sharratt, Rusie, Burkett, Boyle. Infielders—Deegan, Scanlan, Bassett, Farrell, Crane, Sieff, Denny, Glascock. Outfielders—Tiernan, Hornung, Hines, John H. Murphy.

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ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

at the moment, or touching another button to have your boots blackened or your breakfast cooked by a self-acting machine. This performance is called "A Peep Into the Twentieth Century," and will include scores of marvels that seem now almost as impossible as the steam engine and the telegraph did to those who witnessed their birth.

The main hall of the Lenox Lyceum is a circular room, lofty and large—as beautiful a hall as any in the country. It is to be illuminated as no room was ever illuminated before. An overhead twenty feet high has been placed in the center from the inside of which electricians will work miracles in the way of optical illusions. The tower is dressed as a maypole. Five thousand electric lights, in colored lamps, form a part of its outer decorations, and as many more are twined in the fourteen streamers that are stretched from the top of the pole to the center of the hall. Every conceivable trick that can be played with the artificial lightning for the amusement of the audience, not only this hall, but all over the building. For example, a very beautiful statue—the creation of Miss Lawson, the well known sculptor—is placed in one of the lobbies and fairly irradiated with dazzling light that comes from somewhere, but nobody but the experts who arranged it know from where. This statue, by the way, would probably delight Tom Moore more than anyone else. If he could see it, for it is a beautiful embodiment in marble of his fancy of the origin of the harp—the passing of the mermaid.

made of numberless other specimens of women's work.

In addition to all this there will be concerts twice a day by the Hungarian Elite band, under the direction of Dr. Leo Sommer. This band, sometimes called the Royal Hungarian orchestra, includes several notable soloists, such as an infant violinist and a performer on a cymbal, which is an instrument new to this country and is reckoned the equivalent of four pianos. Altogether the affair is very notable, none the less so for being under the sole direction of Mr. A. B. De Frece, a gentleman who has managed all the principal charitable entertainments in the city for some years past. This is the fiftieth one he has managed without asking or accepting a cent for his services.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

THE LOST CHORDS.

Some Queens of Song Whose Reigns Have Ended.

FOUR DIVINE DIVAS OF THE PAST.

Epheka Gerster, the Bavarian Prima Donna. Annie Louise Cary and What She Did "For Charity's Sake"—The Marriage of Clara Louise Kellogg and Christine Nilsson.

It is a notable fact that the honors of the stage are seldom divided equally between drama and song. Fifteen years ago, for instance, there were two great singers that would give a palatable flavor to the whole. The Chinese eat little and do not live to eat. I have visited several Chinese hospitals and medical dispensaries, but never heard of a case of dyspepsia or gout. The quantity of meat eaten daily by a European would make a feast for a Chinese family of ten. And the expenses of a moderate smoker for one cigar after each meal would make a princely income for a Chinaman, upon which he would support a family and save money.

When Gerster's voice gave way after months of illness the calamity was not hers alone; the whole world lost by it. In 1887 she sang for the last time in public. When she landed in New York on a November morning of that year she intended to carry out an extended concert tour. She sang once in New York; but her old admirers, who have long been expecting to hear that wonderful bell like voice, which she possessed then in times gone past, were disappointed. A few nights afterward she sang in New Haven. It was apparent that she could not continue the tour, and she retired to her home in New York city, where she was being nursed by a New York physician, hoping that a few months of rest would bring back her waning vocal powers. It was a vain hope. That New Haven concert was her last.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Gerster's wonderful success in concert, it was in opera that she appeared at her best. In the light of her wonderful bell like voice, which she possessed then in times gone past, were disappointed. A few nights afterward she sang in New Haven. It was apparent that she could not continue the tour, and she retired to her home in New York city, where she was being nursed by a New York physician, hoping that a few months of rest would bring back her waning vocal powers. It was a vain hope. That New Haven concert was her last.

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sang in a chorus during a Brooklyn concert not long ago, but says she has not courage to sing a solo in public now.

Perhaps it is hardly fair to class Clara Louise Kellogg with the prima donnas of the past. It would be still fairer to say that Miss Kellogg was then at her best. The larger cities were often not omitted from her list of concerts. Miss Kellogg was essentially a concert singer, and she sang as long there was money in singing. When the public ceased to pay its dollars to hear her, she stopped singing and did not until then.

During the years when her voice was at its best, she sang in a wonderful manner. Such clearness, such flexibility, such richness had seldom been heard before, and it is improbable that such combinations of many such combinations in store. Miss Kellogg was one of the few women who have in her own person combined with the public without first making a success with the newspaper men.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I feel very much indebted to Hood's Sarsaparilla for I believe it is the use of this medicine that I owe my present health. In the spring I got so completely run down that I could not eat or sleep, and all the dreaded diseases of life seemed to have a mortgage on my system. I was obliged to abandon my work, and after seeking medical treatment and spending over \$50 for different preparations, I found myself no better. Then my wife persuaded me to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before the first bottle was gone I began to mend. I have now used two bottles and have gained 25 pounds. Can you tell me how to get it?"

W. V. EULOW, Lincoln, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purified my blood, gave me strength, and overcame the headache and dizziness, so that now I am able to work again. I am now a well man. Those two bottles were worth \$100 to me." W. V. EULOW, Lincoln, Ill.

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Peculiar to Itself

"I feel very much indebted to Hood's Sarsaparilla for I believe it is the use of this medicine that I owe my present health. In the spring I got so completely run down that I could not eat or sleep, and all the dreaded diseases of life seemed to have a mortgage on my system. I was obliged to abandon my work, and after seeking medical treatment and spending over \$50 for different preparations, I found myself no better. Then my wife persuaded me to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before the first bottle was gone I began to mend. I have now used two bottles and have gained 25 pounds. Can you tell me how to get it?"

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