

## Business Dress

Bright and Pretty Colors Worn by the Women

By JOHN W. V. BALLARD

THE difference between man's and woman's attire in color is largely attributable to the difference in temperament and taste. Men's dress is grave because they dress in accordance with the requirement of their business, and their clothes for full dress and half dress are quiet, principally that the contrast with that of women should be more apparent.

From time immemorial woman has been garbed in gayer dress than that of man. This is opposite to the nature of the sexes in the bird kingdom, for the male bird's plumage is more brilliant than that of his mate. Then why does woman dress more gaily? It is her nature. It is her desire to dress becomingly. It is her wish to dress in a manner more pleasing to her husband, her lover, her friend.

It is also a fact that a few of the fair sex who seem to have little desire to please the eye of man will study attractive dress and bright attire. The adage, "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most," seems a contradiction of ideas, but the most beautiful women of the world desire to dress in richest colors and best quality of fabric.

Imagine at a grand ball a lady entering the assemblage in the sombre colors employed by the male sex, such an effect would seem ridiculous. A desirable effect is not always produced in gaudy colors alone, but must be combined with materials of exquisite texture. A new and lovely gown often is conducive to the promotion of a cheerful temperament and in a practical way a fresh and pretty frock has suggested an aid to convalescence after a protracted illness. A great variety of costumes is necessary to the fair sex to meet the requirements of the many festal and other occasions of the present day. The church, the theater, dinner, dance, motoring, and sports in general, all require special costuming. We have been asked by one of our large papers to design a suitable and becoming costume for young ladies' baseball college clubs in the brilliant colors of their respective colleges.

We are unwilling to acquiesce in the report that the society ladies of our city dress in extremely subdued fashion, for they certainly manifest exceptionally refined taste in the adoption of rich colors and superior fabrics. So it seems to us that bright and beautiful colors are rightfully employed by the fair sex on nearly every occasion.

*John W. V. Ballard!*

## Working Out Our Own Salvation

By L. H. O'CONNOR

And now comes a great writer who says that we are too stingy, that we should spend more money, eat better food, wear better clothes, pay our friends' car fare. That such a course is money well invested. Henry Ward Beecher is reported to have said that a dollar a day was enough for a laboring man. Ingersoll advised young men if they had but a dollar to "spend it like a god." Every banker will tell us that if we have a dollar we should deposit it with him, and he will make us rich.

I wonder if it has ever occurred to these people that the majority of men do with their money as necessity requires. There is not much choice for many of us. Philosophy, economics and frugality are all right in their places, but there is no fixed rule by which a dog can be made to wag his tail. He is governed by the occasion whether it's a fight or a frolic.

I have many times been in the wheat pit on the Chicago board of trade, where 1,000 men were yelling, clawing each other like wild beasts, when from the edge of the pit a well known character noted for his keen, shrill voice would cry aloud: "This is a gay life."

Laughter and ridicule sometimes has a quieting effect. Life, if not "gay," is certainly susceptible of numerous variations. We each have our own individuality. Each is himself alone. He can be no one else. No general rule of conduct applicable alike to all can ever be successfully carried out.

When Adam and Eve passed out of Eden beneath the flaming sword they were apprised that the world was all before them. Since then man in his wanderings has made many discoveries, many secrets of nature he has unlocked, but the greatest of them all remains a mystery, that is, man himself. God does not intend that his kingdom shall be filled with counterfeit presentments. We must work out our own salvation, crystallize, harmonize and purify and do it alone.

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan; the proper study of mankind is man."

## Problem of Saving All Personal Letters

By E. P. MELLINGER

Here, then, arises the dilemma: shall the recipient destroy such a letter, or shall he stow it away, thereby giving himself a chance to reread it, but also rendering it possible that other eyes than those for which it was intended may read it?

One type of person solves the question by throwing everything away. As he himself avers, he thus cuts himself loose from the riddle. Unfortunately, at the same time he cuts himself loose from a host of ties by which he may bind himself to the past. He surrenders one of the most precious privileges of letter exchanging. The solution by throwing everything away is really no solution at all. That is merely to adopt the method of one who avoids a sprained ankle by never taking a step, or who avoids trashy novels by not reading at all.

Over against him stands the person who never destroys any personal letters. He goes on classifying and preserving, preserving and classifying, until, instead of merely filling odd corners here and there, he fills whole boxes, drawers and trunks. By traditional custom letters find their way to the attic. They do not always—largely because people cannot afford room for attics nowadays—but they end by filling an unconscionable amount of space somewhere.

## POSITION OF BATTERS

No Two Players Handle Themselves Alike at Plate.

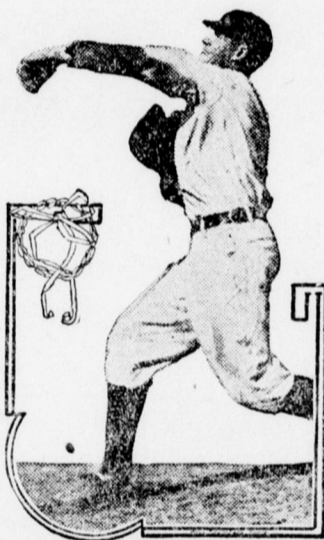
Hal Chase Assumes Seemingly Attitude of Indifference and Carelessness—Swings Bat With Good Deal of Snap, but Not Hard.

Similar results in batting—good results that is, are obtained from many different styles. Good form, poor form and no form at all get there with the bat, and each contributes its quota to the 300 division. This thing of "form" at the bat is largely a shibboleth based on nothing. In other sports "form" may be more or less of a necessity, at any rate certain branches of sport lay much stress on "form," possibly laying more on the niceties of physical poise than there is occasion for. Maybe there is "form" in baseball, but if many different exponents of hard hitting go about getting good results in quite different ways as to adjustment of body, feet, arms and so forth it is not clear just where any regulation form comes in.

No two batters handle themselves exactly alike at the plate, of course, but methods differ so widely as to make each man's "form" his own. Styles can be corrected to advantage; that is, faults overcome and changes made suitable to the individual, but even then there is no approach to a standard. A few cases will serve to show how different batters maintain a sway among the batting elect, the 300 class with a wide dissimilarity of method.

Take Hal Chase, for instance. Many is the spectator who says he doesn't see how Chase hits the ball. Yet he does hit it, keeps on hitting it and always has been a first-class batter. The batter who steps away from the plate is notoriously a poor hitter, but while Chase doesn't step or pull away he is fidgety with his feet and suggests that he is about to step away.

Seemingly careless and indifferent, he really is watching the pitcher's every movement as well as the whole layout, and no man can hit better with a base runner. His attitude is anything but menacing, indeed contains a hint of timidity, which really doesn't exist, but with loose wrist and arm action he can adapt himself to any sort of a pitched ball hittable. He



Hal Chase.

used to be weak on a low curve outside the plate, but got over that and now is a free hitter. If he wants to hit he'll hit at anything, like Lajoie and Wagner, and he's liable to hit anything. He doesn't swing hard in the sense of having a long swing, but swings with a good deal of snap. His eye and arm do the work without much use of the body in adding force to the drive.

## FLAG WON BY EIGHT LEADERS

Struggle for Pennant in American Association Already Landed by Various Managers.

The struggle in the American association for the championship pennant is already over according to the claims of the various managers, as given below:

Hugh Duffy: It's a cinch. Joe Cantillon: The flag is already pinned to my piano.

Jack Tighe: Really, it's a shame to take it.

Jimmy Burke: After deep thought and careful consideration I can freely predict that the A. A. championship banner will float in Indianapolis next fall.

Charles Carr: There's nothing to it but the Blues. The flag has already been ordered from my sporting goods house.

Topsy Hartsel: My Mack style of battle will cop for sure.

Mike Kelley: Ditto, only more emphatic.

Bill Friel: The same.

## Rival in Points.

Certain cities overshadow all rivals in certain departments of play. Greater New York, as a starter, is well fixed for first basemen, with Chase, Daubert and Merkle. Boston can boast of two stanch outfielders in Speaker, Hooper and Lewis of the Red Sox, with Miller, Campbell and Jackson of the Braves. Chicago has always stood high with catchers in Sullivan and Archer. And Philadelphia has the Athletics.

## UNIQUE POSITION OF CLEVELAND PLAYER



Neal Ball, Naps' Great Utility Player.

Neal Ball stands in a rather peculiar position on the Cleveland club.

No one reckons that he has a chance to become a regular in the immediate future. The only thing that may bring that title to him is an injury to Nap Lajoie or a shift of Larry from second to first.

But every one reckons Neal a regular member of the club just as they do Larry, Gregg and Olson.

Neal isn't fighting for a job. He is a star utility man. Before the gong sounds announcing the opening of the campaign he can rest assured that his name will remain on the roster, no matter who else departs.

It is doubtful if there has ever been a parallel to his case in the history of baseball. A utility role is a hazardous one at its best.

Forced to rest upon the bench during the greater part of a season, then suddenly called upon to jump into a breach during the heat of a race, asked perhaps, to fill the shoes of a man who has been playing brilliantly, the

fans invariably demand that the utility player deliver the same high-class article as the man who preceded him. It's an injustice to expect a man, virtually out of practice, to do so. The utility player who can do so is one of the rarest things in baseball. By the same token he is almost invaluable.

That's just what makes Neal Ball a great player for the Cleveland club. The folks around the circuit are still talking about his performance last year. There was not a better fielding second baseman in the league. A huge number of the critics and players believe that Neal was the greatest fielding second baseman of 1911.

Neal is undoubtedly one of the most popular players with his teammates that the club has ever had. It is doubtful if anyone ever heard a Cleveland player criticize the "triple play hero." He's everyone's friend. He's a conscientious athlete. On the field he gives the club everything he possesses. Off the field he takes perfect care of himself.

## PIRATES' HOODOO IS SOLVED

Pittsburg Team Find Long-Wanted First Baseman in "Dots" Miller—Has Hard Job Ahead.

The Pittsburg team of the National league claims to have found its long looked-for first baseman in "Dots" Miller, the Kearney, N. J., boy, who has been shifted from second base to first. The Pirates have searched diligently for a first baseman ever since they traded Kitty Bransfield to the Phillies in the spring of 1905. In the last seven years the Smoky City aggregation has tried out first sackers by the wholesale, but never succeeded in landing a high class man. Among the men tried were Del Howard, Nealon, Flynn, Swacina, Gill, Abstein, Sharpe, Hunter, Keating and McKechnie, but none of them suited Fred Clarke or the Pittsburg fans.

Last spring and through all of 1910 the Pittsburg scribes were singing

asking themselves whether Miller also will prove to be a fizzle at first base. "Dots" has a hard job ahead of him, as there seems to be a hoodoo to the position on the Pittsburg team. It is even intimated in Pittsburg that Hans Wagner would rather not tackle the place, as he believes he might succumb to the hoodoo and lose his batting eye or his fielding ability.

## NOTES of the DIAMOND

The St. Louis Browns send Pitcher Hawk back to Burlington.

Birmingham has released Charles Bell, a recruit, to Chillicothe, O.

The veteran Happy Jim Crandle will play the outfield with Oshkosh. Stahl, Davis, Callahan and Griffith, all in new berths, are making good with a rush.

St. Paul has sold its giant catcher, Hub Dawson, to the Beaumont club of the Texas league.

Joe Raiby, last season manager of the Zanesville team, has been given his unconditional release.

Charles B. Smith will manage the New Castle team of the Ohio-Pennsylvania league for Owner Leist.

Veteran Jack Warner says Amos Rusie had more puzzling curves and better control than Rube Marquard.

Manager Wallace of the Browns has sent a recruit first baseman named Miller to Lowell, along with Wolfgang and Magee.

"If you can show me a better outfield than Carey, Donlin and Wilson, I'll buy," says Fred Clarke, the Pirate's manager.

Clark Griffith has his eye on Tal Pendleton, the brilliant football player and speedy shortstop of the Princeton baseball team.

"If St. Louis could buy Lajoie for \$10,000 he would more than earn the purchase price back for them in ten days," says Hughie Jennings.

President Comiskey, of the White Sox, has promised his team a training trip to California in the spring of 1915, the year of the Panama exposition.

Big Bill James, the Cleveland pitcher, has the biggest hand of any player in the major league. A baseball look like a pea in the giant's hand



"Dots" Miller.

the praises of Fred Hunter, said to be by far the greatest first sacker that ever performed in the American association. Fred lasted half the season, when he was shunted to the side lines, and was released before the season was over.

Followers of the Pirates now are

## AROUND THE CAMP FIRE



### KISS BROUGHT BACK A LIFE

Incident Showing Tenderness of Heart of Martyred President—Scene Worthy of Artist.

No story of Abraham Lincoln so well illustrates the great tenderness of his heart as that which tells of the kiss he gave a wounded soldier-hero.

In a narrow cot in the military hospital at City Point Maj. Charles H. Houghton was dying. He had been in command of Fort Haskell, a strategic point in the rear of Grant's lines, against which all the fury of Lee's attack was being directed in an effort to break the Union lines. Against Maj. Houghton, a mere boy of 29 years old, were pitted the science and strategic knowledge of Gen. John B. Gordon, of Georgia.

Shortly after, at 9 o'clock one morning, the door at the end of the ward was opened and Dr. MacDonald, chief surgeon, called:

"Attention! The President of the United States."

Those on the cots who had the strength sat erect; nurses propped others against pillows. Hands went to pallid foreheads in the military salute and weakened hearts beat fast again as in the doorway appeared the form of the man who stood for all that thousands of other men had fought for, died for and would live for.

There outside the door, the sunlight streaming into the room over square, gaunt shoulders, stood Abraham Lincoln. Into the room he stalked, bending his awkward form ungracefully, for the doorway was low. At cot after cot he paused to speak some word of cheer.

At Houghton's cot the two men paused. "This is the man," whispered MacDonald.

With a large, uncouth hand the President motioned for a chair. Silently a nurse placed one at the cot's head. Houghton did not know; he could not. As though he were afraid it would clatter and hurt the sufferer, Lincoln softly placed his "stovepipe" hat of exaggerated fashion on the floor. Gently as a woman he took the wasted, colorless hand in his own sinewy one of iron strength. Just the suspicion of a pressure was there, but Houghton opened his eyes. Slowly, dully he realized who it was beside him.

A smile which had forgotten suffering answered the great President's smile of pain. In tones soft, almost musical, it seemed, the President spoke to the boy on the cot, told him how he had heard of his great deeds, how he was proud of his fellow countryman, how he had saved an army.

A few feeble words Houghton spoke in reply. At the poor, toneless voice the President winced. The doctor had told him that Houghton would die. Then happened a strange thing. The President asked to see the wound which was taking so noble a life.

Surgeons and nurses tried to dissuade him, but Lincoln insisted. The horrors of war were for him to bear as well as others, he told them, and



Gently as a Woman He Took the Wasted, Colorless Hand.

to him the wound was a thing holy. Bandages long and stained were removed, and the President saw.

"Oh, this war! This awful, awful war!" he sobbed.

Down the deep lined furrows of the homely, kindly face hot tears burned their way. Slowly, tenderly, the President leaned over the pillow. Now the tears of which he was not ashamed cut heavy furrows in it and splashed the white sheets on which they fell. While nurses and surgeons and men watched there in the little hospital Abraham Lincoln took the pallid face of Houghton between his hands and kissed it, just below the damp, tangled hair.

"My boy," he said brokenly, swallowing, "you must live. You must live."

The first gleam of real, warm, throbbing life came into the dull eyes. Houghton, stiffened, with a conscious, elastic tension in the cot. With a little wan smile he managed to drag a hand to his forehead. It was the nearest he could come to a salute. The awkward form of the President bent lower and lower to catch the faint, faint words.

"I intend to, sir," was what Houghton said. And he did.