

Made Debut by Fanning Ruth

A twenty-four-year-old novice had made the familiar journey from the bullpen to the pitching hill. He faced the supreme test in his major league debut—a second division team opposed to the Yankees, three on in the eighth inning, none out and Babe Ruth the batter. That was in the summer of 1923.



Charlie Root.

The customary warm-up was held. Hank Severdel caught the five twisters from the kid, announced to Empire George Hildebrand he was ready for play to be resumed, the Babe tightened the grip on his home-run swing and another major league star was made.

One sharp curve floated through the center. The Babe swung and missed. Another curve. Another curve and it was strike two. Fifteen thousand enthusiastic fans then shrieked until the stands at Sportsman's park in St. Louis rocked, when the third curve became the third strike with the Home Run King completely felled.

There you have the major league debut of Charlie Root, now the star of the Chicago Cubs, who was called a pitching phenom for the future by such expert judges as Lee Fohl, then manager of the Browns; Levy Lelfield, present coach of the Detroit Tigers; Urban Shocker, Dixie Davis, Johnny Tobin and others who sat on the Browns' bench and saw the gritty performance by the kid from Ohio, who did not stir an eyelash, but went out and fanned Babe Ruth with three pitches and three on.

One Backer of Runners Had Inside Information

There were three runners, and business in the ring was not very brisk. A quiet-looking little fellow walked up to one of the prosperous layers and asked the price of one of the runners. With a knowledgeable twinkle in his eye, and in a patronizing way, the bookie offered six to one.

"Very good, I'll take sixty pounds to ten."

Just before the "off," the backer returned, and asked if he could invest another tenner on the horse.

"Why, certainly, my son, and this time I'll lay you eighty."

The horse won and the backer went to draw his money.

"Say, young fellow, what made you fancy that horse?" asked the bookmaker, eyeing his client up and down in some amazement.

"Fancy? Oh, I had inside information."

"Inside information 'be blowed," smirked the bookie. "Do you know the horse you backed belongs to me?"

"Very likely," quietly retorted the backer, "but the other two runners belong to me."

Harvard's Pilot



The photograph shows Charlie Pratt, captain of the Harvard Varsity football team, who will very likely win one of the tackle positions on the 1927 eleven.

Englishman Claims Golf Cure-All for Diseases

There is no disease for which golf is not good, declared Dr. Peter Fowler, an English physician, during a discussion by the British Medical association on "Sport, Its Use and Abuse." He averred that he had seen men with the worst forms of valvular disease kept alive by interest in golf and by the fresh air into which the game took them.

Other doctors advocated boxing, fencing, motor racing and yachting as aids to health. Dr. Adolphe Abraham, brother of H. M. Abrahams, British Olympic star, testified that a healthy heart could not be damaged by any exercise of which a human being is capable.

Dr. M. A. Cassidy said the only persons he had seen injured by athletics were the very young and the very old.

Ruth's Longest Homer Made at Red Sox Park

The forty-fifth home run from the bat of George Herman "Babe" Ruth, of the champion New York Yankees, delivered in the sixth inning of the first game of the double-header with the Boston Red Sox on the latter's field, September 6, will be long remembered as one of the mightiest drives of the champion slugger of modern baseball. Experts figure the sphere covered fully 500 feet as it disappeared over the center field fence. It was the first time any batsman ever sent the ball over the fence out near the flagpole.

PENN'S COACH IS AGAINST SCOUTING

Its Elimination Would Be Good for Football.

Louis Alonso Young, University of Pennsylvania head football coach, believes that the complete elimination of the scouting system at present employed by colleges would be a good thing for the game, yet contends that Young's views were expressed while discussing the agreement between Tad Jones of Yale and Bill Roper of Princeton not to scout their rival eleven before their battle.

With scouting in vogue, every team has the same privilege, but under the no-scouting agreement Young believes there would be too much temptation for some to "cut the corners." He compares this new phase of the game to the honor system in the colleges and universities at present, which offers many temptations that some persons cannot resist.

Young's views on scouting follow: "I believe that the complete elimination of scouting from football would be a good thing for the game. "Certainly it would give the spectators a better run for their money, because more time would be spent by the coaches in developing their offenses and less time to defenses. This would mean more scoring and a more open game. "Scouting has been overplayed. There is no doubt of it. This is particularly true where a college has two or three men at every game in which a coming rival is playing. Then again, some teams scout a year ahead for a game the following season. "It is all a question of the honor system. If every college agreed to stick strictly to the letter of the agreement, there would not be any worry. But the fact of the matter is that some college would 'cut the corners' a trifle or more than a trifle, and that would mean trouble."

Swedes Spell Success for Dartmouth Team

Because Swedes and success have been synonymous in Dartmouth football, Jess Hawley, head coach of the Green, has become hopeful of the season's football prospect since learned that he has R. O. "Swede" Shergub among his gridiron candidates.

"Swede" Oberlander, Dartmouth's last Scandinavian gridiron star, carried the Green through two unbeaten seasons. Before Oberlander's time, "Swede" Youngstrom helped Dartmouth to a winning year. A bit earlier "Swede" Sonnenberg turned a similar trick and ancient Dartmouth history affords other examples equally striking.

Shergub, the newest Dartmouth "Swede," hails from Chicago and after playing on the Dartmouth freshman team two seasons ago, left college for a year to return again this fall.

Tulsa Wins Big Shoot

Carrying the box she ran upstairs to mother's room. Mother sat in the sunny window knitting lace. Knitting lace! She arose and kissed her daughter. And then Edith took the dress from the box.

"For you, dearest! Put it on. Let me see if it fits."

It did fit. But that odd little tremor crossed mother's face as she looked down at the rich broadness, touching lace and ornament with her small, crooked-fingered hand. "It's lovely. But—I've never worn color, you know, dear, since your father died. Won't it look foolish on an old woman like me? Besides, it must have cost a lot of money?"

"What difference does that make?" Edith cried, almost sharply. "Money is of no consequence if you are pleased."

"You are sweet, dear, and Marc is generous." But mother's face did not light because of the gift. "I had company. Sally came over to lunch. We had it up here—on Tracy. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Of course not! You're to do exactly as you please in this house. But Edith felt again that wave of disappointment. She had failed again to reach her mother.

She went downstairs and out upon the porch where she sat down to think. But unable to reason things out she sprang up presently and ran down the street and round the corner and through a lane until she came to a low, old-fashioned white house with a trellis over the door. Here on the doorstep knitting lace which looked oddly familiar sat a stout, sweet-faced woman, who smiled welcomingly through her glasses.

"Dear Mrs. Rollins, you are mother's dearest and oldest friend. Can you tell me what's the matter with her?"

"Why, there isn't a single living thing the matter with your mother, Edith. She's as well as I am, and that's saying a good deal."

"Oh, yes, I know her health's good. It's not that. It's—oh, Mrs. Rollins! You know how I love my mother and how I want to repay her for all she has done for me, and how willing and able we are to give her all the lovely things she has had to do without all her life. When we go in the new car she prefers to stay at home. When I buy her pretty things she does not enjoy them. Nothing I do seems to give her pleasure. It is a tragedy. It—its breaking my heart." Edith's head went down with a sob.

The older woman patted her head gently.

"You're making too much of it, Edith," Mrs. Rollins said. "I guess maybe it's because you don't understand your mother as well as I do. We're old together, you see, just as we were young together. I know how poor your folks always were. Your father did his best but he was never a great earner. Your mother had to stomp and scold. Probably you didn't know how much, but I guess your mother had to cut all the corners while she was bringing you up. Of course you're grateful as any loving child would be, and now that Marc's making so much money you want to help your mother with favors. You want to make her dreams come true. She's been showing me things today that you've given her and if you could see how she cherishes them, how proud she is to be remembered. But she doesn't really want fine lace and sable neckpieces. I shouldn't wonder if most of the things you do for her are way over her head, like that music you took us to hear the other evening. It was mostly sounds to me till they played Home, Sweet Home."

As the older woman talked Edith lifted her head, looking into those honest, loyal eyes. She even smiled now faintly.

"When your mother sees you happy and fortunate she's got all she ever wished for," Mrs. Rollins went on softly. "She's happy to see you happy. But she does appreciate not having to think about money troubles. She sits in that pretty room with her work-basket and pile of religious journals and feels all the contentment and peace of mind that she's never known before. Her requirements aren't many now—just quiet and love and seeing you happy. Those are her wishes. There's an old saying I heard long ago. 'Each woman's wishes are her heaven.' It's true. Your mother's got her wish, Edith."

Edith grasped the caressing old hand and put it to her lips. It was clear to her now. She had misunderstood mother. Mother didn't want blue dresses or parties. Mother had her wish.

It was an enlightened Edith that flew home to mother. Her mother still sat by the window but she was not working now. She was gazing at something she held in her hand—something she tried to press out of sight. But Edith gently got possession of her mother's hand and drew the little secret forth. It was a tiny photograph of a little girl in checked gingham with pigtail.

"Mother, darling!" cried Edith, then suddenly they were both laughing, tremulously yet heartily over that funny treasure of mother's—the picture of Edith herself when she was seven.

Northwestern Uses Odd Plan With Grid Tickets

There will be 303,000 tickets admitting to Northwestern university's home football games this season. To insure that there will be no more than this number arrangements have been made to print the tickets on a special made mill stock, which is so constructed that the gateman, upon tearing off the stub, can tell whether or not the pasteboard is counterfeit.

The secret of the new patent lies in the fact that when a ticket is torn a colored insert comes to light, a different color being used for the various sections.

The tickets this year will have a drawing of the McKinlock campus on the face, while a bird's-eye view of the stadium looms as the background for the stub. A detailed diagram of the stadium will appear on the back of the ticket, with complete instructions for finding the seat.

EACH WOMAN'S WISHES

(By D. J. Walsh.)

EDITH LESTER entered her mother's bedroom like a breeze of the May morning. She was a vivid young woman in becoming motor clothes of the most expensive make, but her gay smile gave way to a frown of disapproval as she saw the work upon which the older woman was engaged.

"Mother! You're not darning those old stockings!"

"They're not old, dear. And they're for too good to throw away. You'll never notice the mended place. I'm taking lots of pains."

"I know," Edith laid her hand on the slender drooping shoulder, then lifted it to her mother's white hair and rearranged a lock tenderly. "But, dearest—I had I don't those away to go to the cook. I—I don't have to wear darned stockings now and you most certainly don't have to darn them." She was instantly sorry that she had said this when she saw the faint tremor of pain that crossed her mother's delicate face. "Come!" she went on brightly. "Put away your work and go with Marc and me. We're going for a run into town, lunch at the Spafford inn and a bit of shopping afterward. It's too glorious a morning to spend indoors."

Again that faint tremor. Mrs. Sherman glanced from the window at the big gray car, standing at the curb, and then up at her daughter's questioning face.

"Dear child! If you will just go without me, I—I've got some little things I want to do. I—"

"Nonsense! Come, mother."

"Mrs. Sherman sighed.

"I'd rather stay here—"

Edith bit her lip. Mother certainly behaved most provokingly at times. "Never mind. Stay if you choose. Of course, I want you to do what you like best," she said rather shortly and ran out of the room, struggling with fears of disappointment.

"You'll be home!" Mrs. Lester asked as his wife appeared. Edith merely shook her head in silence.

As her husband drove toward town she sat beside him thinking about her mother. She felt that she no longer understood her mother. Now that Marc's new affluence made it possible for them to do everything for Mrs. Sherman she seemed willing to accept whatever that mother was old or ill; mother with her lovely spirit could never be old or ill. It was simply a pronounced indifference to the things that Edith found so delightful—the motor trips, the charming dinner parties, the fine house with its beautiful furniture and obliging servants.

She was as disappointed as a child in not having her mother with her. Then a pretty thought came to her. Why not take a bit of town back home to mother? If she could find the thing she wanted!

She did find the very thing that she wanted in an exclusive shop—a gown of dull blue with a touch of lace, a gleam of rhinestones. Think of mother in that dress with her white hair waved! She would be beautiful. Her heart was light as they sped homeward.

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America Had Horses Before Spanish Came

At the time of the discovery of America and its exploration by the early Spaniards, this continent is thought to have had no native horses. Be that as it may, in the prehistoric period just preceding our own time, "Ice age" true horses or so-called "ice horses" roamed in great numbers over most of the American continent, both North and South; and their fossil remains have been found in all parts of the United States, in Mexico, Central and South America, and far north in Alaska even beyond the Arctic circle. The horses of this period were all modern in type, and in life differed little or not at all in general appearance from the horse of today, but each kind possessed certain features which, to the naturalist, marked them as distinct from their living relatives and from each other. Like the living horse they were relatively long limbed with a single toe and hoof on each foot, and their skulls were long-muzzled with deep jaws to accommodate the long, high-crowned teeth so characteristic of the modern horse. In size they ranged from little animals no bigger than the smallest Shetland pony to kinds that excelled the largest draft horse. The period of existence of these horses extended over many thousands of years and as a group they seemed to have been very well fitted to continue on the American continent. Why they did not is an unsolved problem.—Scientific Monthly.

Sad Day Coming

Four-year-old Buddy was speculating on the sad future that life held for his little one-year-old sister.

"Mother," he said, "Betty's a little girl, isn't she?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, does she know she's a girl?"

"She probably hasn't given the matter much thought," replied mother.

"Gee! I'll bet she'll be sorry when she finds it out, don't you, mother?"

Trees for Six Poets

Six American poets were honored when trees were planted on Riverside drive, New York city, says the American Tree association. The poets are Whitman, Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, Emerson and Joyce Kilmer, author of the famous poem on trees. The trees were planted by the Women's league.

Sport Notes

Atlanta is famed for golf, tennis, swimming—not to mention baseball. * * *

Portland, Ore., boasts a recreation building with two billiard tables and twenty-eight bowling alleys. * * *

Sale of Norman Platt, Brooklyn pitcher, to the New York Giants over the walver route, was announced. * * *

Then again, there are fights at which a ringside seat 205 rows from the ring really isn't far enough away. * * *

The Chicago Cubs have won 11 National League pennants and two world championships. * * *

The youngest pitcher in the American league is Daniel Mac Fayden, age twenty, of the Red Sox. * * *

Tulsa won the Western league pennant again this year for the third successive time. * * *

Fielding: (1) A famous British novelist. (2) A department of baseball. Also, a pitcher's alibi. * * *

A movement is gradually taking on momentum to have golf remain golf and to pick out some other name for whatever it is Mr. Jones is playing. * * *

An obscure town, we should say, is one that doesn't claim to have "the best golf course in this part of the state." * * *

Cowboys in Texas are reported to be going in for golf. Who knows, they may enrich even the vocabulary of golf, already rich. * * *

Otto Strohmeier, former University of Chicago football star, will be line coach of the Indiana university team this season. * * *

Eskimos have found rich ivory mines where walrus tusks have been buried for many years, in case any manager is still in the market for a 360 hitter. * * *

We imagine an umpire keeps in pretty good trim in the off season by pulling a whiskbroom out occasionally at dinner and dusting the plate. * * *

The skin of a hippopotamus, says a scientific writer, is two inches thick. Yet fate destined him to loaf in rivers instead of umpling in St. Louis. * * *

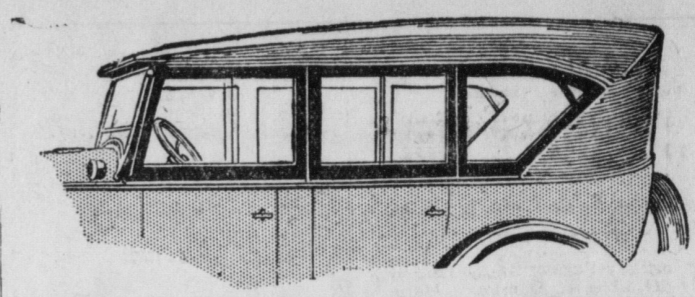
Among baseball's many unsung heroes were the brave umpires 20 years back who had to decide whether Joinson's fast one was a ball or a strike. * * *

One of the pleasures of pugilism lies in the fact that nobody ever gets hurt sufficiently to prevent him from arriving on time and in pretty good form to collect his share of the gate money. * * *

Version 24: "Isn't your grammar improving?" asked the boss, by way of encouraging the office boy. "No," replied the office boy, who was also a baseball fanatic, "she died yesterday." * * *

The Red Sox management exercised its recall option on Fitcher Hoast league. The purchase of Outfielders Taitt and Loemp, from the Nashville and Mobile clubs, respectively, also was announced. * * *

Bill Lucas, Triple Cities pitcher, hurled a no-hit, no-run game, shutting out Shamokin, 1 to 0, in a New York-Pennsylvania league game. Lucas was sent to Triple Cities on option about three months ago by Toronto club. * * *



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Seeing Daylight

Uncle was far from pleased with Dorothy's answers to the simple questions he asked.

"How much does a six-pound chicken weigh?"

"I don't know," confessed the little girl sorrowfully.

"Well," said the uncle, "when does the 12 o'clock train leave?"

"Twelve."

"Right! Now, how much does a six-pound chicken weigh?"

"Ah," smiled his niece, suddenly seeing daylight, "twelve pounds!"

The unexpected doesn't happen as often as the expected fails to.

The hardest work an industrious man can do is nothing.

England Again Cycling

With the movement of city workers to the suburbs, the bicycle is returning to popularity in England. The number of wheels has greatly increased this year, and bicycle races are being held with all the glory of the glorious nineties. F. W. Southall recently broke a record, established last year, over the course from London to Brighton and return, by pedaling the distance in 5 hours, 6 minutes and 46 seconds. Other riders are endeavoring to break some of the long-distance records made more than 25 years ago.

Wisdom of Confucius

It is hard not to chafe at poverty, a high thing not to be proud of wealth.—Confucius.

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