

WADDELL WAS PEER OF ALL SOUTHERN



Rube Waddell.

Conceding that all of these left-handers have merit, old-timers refuse to believe that any of them excel the celebrated Rube Waddell when the latter allowed himself to be led around by the nose by Connie Mack. For the Athletics Waddell pitched peerless baseball for several seasons. A disturber and a rule breaker under other managers, the Rube was as meek as a lamb under Mack, and without word of complaint he did an enormous amount of work. Though painfully eccentric Waddell showed headwork and skill. He held the league's strike-out record for a single season until it was topped by Walter Johnson of the Washingtons. His control was especially good and he had the number of practically every batsman who faced him.

Tom Ramsey, of the old Louisville club, was another left-handed world beater. For many years he was rated as the kingpin and his ability earned a big salary until he fell by the wayside because of his habits. Kilroy of the Baltimore American association team of more than 20 years ago was a wonder. The Boston in the old days had a corker in Kid Madden. Then Pittsburg boasted of Ed Morris, and Detroit won a world's championship chiefly through the southpaw work of Lady Baldwin. Probably the first really great left-hander in the National league was Charley Buffington, who helped Boston win a pennant in 1883. Buffington had a drop ball that baffled the heaviest sluggers. He used it incessantly together with curves that finally wore out his pitching arm. But as veterans remember him, he was one of the greatest pitchers that ever wore a toe plate. St. Louis, in Von der Ahe's reign, had a star in Theodore Breitenstein, a little sorrel-topped fellow who never knew when he had enough. With great speed and beautiful control Breitenstein did splendid work, and finally Von der Ahe paid him to Cincinnati for \$10,000. That was 20 years ago, yet Breit was playing ball last year in the Southern association.

PLAYERS SAVE THEIR MONEY

Diamond Artists of Present Keeping Their Money for Rainy Day—Clarke Has Quarter Million.

Statistics said to be reasonably accurate show that thirty-four old ball players died during 1911, and of this number only two left families in comfortable financial circumstances.

Another text, of course, for a sermon on the happy-go-lucky ways of



Fred Clarke.

the old-time players and the freedom with which they entertained their friends while they were in the height of their fame. No, not that. Some truth in that, too, but there is another side to this statement which is brightened by a silver lining and the full of hope for the present generation.

Players have learned to save their money. They receive better salaries, too, than in the old days, and with strict training methods, and in many instances good advice from club owners, the habit of saving has been instilled and the ball player can now retire with as much money as any salaried employe in the average business can save in a lifetime.

Fred Clarke is worth a quarter million and he is still playing. Frank Chance and dozens of other players can be named who have plenty of this world's goods, and safely invested, too. When the present generation of ball players passes on and thirty-four of them, perchance, die in one year, there will be a different story to tell about mouths of fatherless children unfed.

O'Day is Certainly in Bad. Now they say that in case Hank O'Day falls to make good as manager of the Cincinnati Reds he can fall back on his ability as an umpire. There must be a whole lot of consolation in that for Hank. One job is just about as good as another.

NOTES OF SPORTDOM

Grand Forks, N. D., wants a place in any circuit that is organized along the northern border.

If Toledo lets Harry Hinchman go, Mike Kelly would like to have him to play second base for St. Paul.

Intercollegiate basket ball is as good as football, with the added attraction that pads are not worn.

The easiest thing in the whole world to explain is how a man happened to be knocked out in a prize fight.

Jimmy Toman of Los Angeles has signed his contract to umpire in the Northwestern League next season.

Minneapolis has signed a catcher named Otto Hungary, who is a product of Riverdale (Cal.) University.

The Chicago Cubs will go to West Baden for a week's water drinking before they go south to New Orleans.

Manager Mike Flinn of Mobile denies that he has closed deals for Maxwell, Paulette or Cutshaw, as reported.

Some statistician figures that 11,297 hits were made in the American League in 1911 as against 9,925 in 1910.

Seattle has bought Hosea Siner from the Danville, Ill., club to take the place of Bill Leard at second base.

There seems to be as much diplomacy required in this broadsword game as there is in boxing—beforehand.

Probably it would have eased the minds of many of the wrestlers were Mahmut barred from every city in the United States.

Lee Fohl, manager of the four-time pennant winning Akron, O., team, tires of the glory of championships and may retire next season.

South Bend in the Central League has signed two Cubans for next year. They are Thomas Romanzo and Ramino Seigle. Both are infielders.

Ben Egan, Connie Mack's catching recruit, secured from Baltimore, is the father of a girl, born at the family home in Sherrill, N. Y., recently.

It was on Charley Carr's recommendation that Detroit bought Pitcher James Maroney from Utica. Carr is a sort of unofficial agent for Jennings.

Ad Wolgast, champion lightweight pugilist, was fined \$75 in Santa Monica, Cal., after pleading guilty to automobile speeding. He said the fine

Harvest Hands

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press)

They wanted harvest hands in Indiana, Iowa, Kansas—all over the west. They wanted them so bad that very high wages were offered and agents sent east to talk and advertise. It was free fare out, with keep on the road, and then \$3 per day and the most liberal board for weeks and weeks. It was the greatest chance for the students working their way through college, and scores of them took advantage of it.

Dwight Carleton, of Columbia, looked upon it as a special interposition of Providence. In six weeks he could earn sufficient to take him through the winter term. He had no wealthy father to back him.

Fourteen hours per day in the harvest field, and the farmer carrying a grouch because he could not make it fifteen! A bed on the hay in the barn, and every man still hungry as he arose from the "liberal table!" The husky workers groaned and perspired and stood it. Those who had never roughed it kept on as long as they could, and dropped out and were paid off and told to go. And when Dwight Carleton was handed his wages, after ten days of back-breaking work, he found them insufficient even to pay his railroad fare back as far as Chicago. And then some one stole his spare clothing, and when he "hit the pike" he had nothing to carry in his hands.

There came a day to Dwight Carleton when he had to sit down by the roadside and wonder if he could ever make another mile. Exhausted with hunger and tramping and exposure, and a fever burning him, he sat with his head in his hands and his courage all gone. And then the children from the country school, a quarter of a mile away, came along on their way home and stopped to look at him and make comments. And a little later came the schoolma'am in her pink sunbonnet and clean calico dress.

"You are ill," she said as she glanced at the young man.

He nodded his head. "Well, come back to the first house. That's where I live. My father is a farmer, but I'm teaching this school this term. You are ill and weak. Take my arm."

"But I'm penniless," replied the ex-harvest hand with a rueful smile.

"Come now, and we'll walk slowly."

It was after the patient had got to the house and found a bed and the telephone had summoned a doctor, that the farmer came up from the field to say to his daughter:

"For the last two years you've been trying to turn this house into a tramp hospital, and now you've done it! That feller is playing 'possum on you. He's got to get out of this and move along!"

The father was taken into the bedroom of the half-asleep, muttering young man and shown the palms of his hands. They were blistered.

"Guess he's been at work somewhere and played out, but it ain't for us to pay his doctor bills and nurse him."

"I can pay, father, from my school money."

"Humph! And when he gets able to go, he'll steal my best horse!"

It was two weeks before the patient was able to leave his room, and two more before he was moving around outdoors. Before that he had told his story and written a letter to be mailed to New York city.

"Trying to get through college—hump!" was the farmer's reply. "Ma, our Susie's soft as butter. She believes every word that feller says, and you keep your eye out that they don't elope together. That letter to New York was only a blind. It'll never be took notice of."

But it was. There came an answer and a big money order, and young Mr. Carleton was to get some clothes and come on as soon as he could. He owed something to the farmer. At a family council the farmer reckoned that \$50 would be about right.

"He shall never pay it, father!" exclaimed the daughter as the red blazed up in her cheeks.

"Then who will?"

"I will! I told you so in the beginning. That money is only a loan from a friend."

Out in the orchard, the day before he left, the ex-harvest hand tried to pay the money to his nurse, but she held her hands behind her and said she wanted to be his creditor.

"For how long?" he asked.

"Till you—you—"

"I shall come back some day to pay my debt. When I do I shall ask for something I dare not speak of now. How long will you wait?"

"Isn't cash in thirty days the rule?" she blushing asked.

One spring day three years later the mother ran down into the field to say to the husband:

"Oh, pa, but it's all happened—it's all happened!"

"Has that ding-dong smokehouse tipped over?"

AS ORDERED.

A country tailor recently found himself in an awkward fix. He wanted to order two fatirons of the type known as "tailor's goose," but he looked at the order he had written and shook his head.

"Two tailor's geese," he muttered; "that don't look right. Two tailor's geese—no, I'm sure that can't be correct."

He pondered the question until he became quite worried, but finally hit on the brilliant idea of writing his order:

"Messrs. ———. Please send one tailor's goose. P. S.—You can send two instead of one."—London Weekly Telegraph.

The Bitter End. "Do you think," asked the girl's mother, "you have succeeded at last in convincing Mr. Youngbuck that he can never have our daughter?"

"I'm afraid not. Somehow, I can't help feeling that he may get her yet."

"But you told him this morning when he asked you for the seventh time that you would not give your consent."

"Yes. The trouble is that he has not threatened to carry on his campaign to the bitter end. As long as a chap refrains from referring to the bitter end there is a chance that he may win out."



The Preacher—Then you don't think I practice what I preach, eh? Deacon Hayrick—No, sirree, I don't. You've been preaching on their subject of resignation for two years, and yer ain't resigned yit.

Excuse These Tears. "I chose a pet word yesterday. And now I'm feeling lonely. 'Twas 'only,' but as sure's you're born, 'The printer made it 'only.'"

A Mode of Concealment. "I want to keep the real facts concerning this transaction a secret," said the enterprising man. "Then," replied the sage counselor, "I should immediately start a controversy concerning it. Then so many theories will be advanced that the facts will never become public."

Looking Ahead. A popular local belle is very romantic. "I think I had better get a job before we marry," said her fiance. The girl protested. "Don't be so unromantic," she said. "I won't need any clothes for a long, long time."

Oriental Politics. "Hi Lee, Hi Loo," he declared as he read the evening paper. "And why this ribald song?" asked his wife, trying to get a sniff of his breath. "I am not singing," he replied. "I am merely trying to memorize the names of the Chinese cabinet officers."

TO WISH IS CHEAP.



Hix—I never deny my wife a wish. Dix—I didn't know you were so well fixed financially.

Hix—Tut! tut! It doesn't cost anything to wish.

Hast One? The chap who has a dreadful cold is very far from feeling jolly; is far more apt, if truth be told, to yield himself to melancholy.

Toward Morning. Mrs. Schnapps—I have no words to express my contempt of you. Mr. Schnapps—That's 'il' best news I've heard for a long time, m'dear.

The Difference. "Is your neighbor's garden much cultivated?" "Yes, but he isn't."

THEATER IN CHINA

Playhouse is the Great National Amusement.

English Writer Attends Performance and Tells of His Experience With Celestials—Play Lasts Several Days.

Pekin, China.—The theater in China is the great national amusement, and the Chinese will attend a play that lasts for several days without getting the least tired of it, says an English writer.

Figure to yourself a huge, dingy barn crammed full of Chinese, mostly of the coolie class, the men all on one side and the women on the other; attendants go round selling saucers of fruit, melon seeds, sweetmeats and cups of green, unstewed tea. Up above is a huge gallery, also crammed with tier upon tier of men, women and children, smoking, eating and gesticulating, but, as a rule, perfectly well behaved. In the last respect they could give many of our own music hall audiences points, and they never applaud.

Some have taken their shoes off and sit with their bare feet up on the edge in front of them, where also is placed the program (in Chinese and written from the bottom of the page up to the top), and the saucers of fruit and other "chow" purchased from the half-naked attendants. The odor from this unashamed mass of humanity is appalling.

As you push your way through the crowd to your reserved pew, because that is exactly what it is like, you hear the beating of tomtoms and the strident squeak of fiddles completely out of tune, mingled with a sound as though all the firetrons in Christendom were being thrown downstairs. This is the orchestra, and it plays throughout the performance; there is no escape from it, even for a moment, and the crash of cymbals and bangings of gongs never give you one moment's respite.

Through the dim, cloudy atmosphere you catch sight of what is happening on the stage. There is no scenery, no drop curtains, no wings and no footlights. The actors make their entrance from doors at the back of the stage, one of which is to the left and the other on the right.

No actresses appear. Although not actually forbidden, it is considered extremely bad form for a woman to appear on the stage in China. All the women's parts have to be taken by men, and the impersonation is absolutely perfect as to deportment, gesture, dress and figure, and, above all, voice. The shrill falsetto twitter-



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

A Theater in China.

ing is perfectly produced, and the little half stumpe, half run, the expression, etc., are all faithfully portrayed.

I was lucky in seeing two distinct plays with a fresh set of actors in each. Some of the dresses are really gorgeous, and the make-up is particularly good. In the first play we were shown a reproduction of a real Chinese criminal court, in which, at any trial, in true Oriental fashion, they torture and punish the prisoner long before they decide whether or not he is guilty, and in the second play two mighty warriors, twins and rivals for the same maiden's hand, fought a long and most realistic duel, first with daggers, then with long swords, and eventually they indulged in a spirited wrestling match, quite acrobatic in its movements, until one poor fellow whirled madly in the air, turned a trick somersault and expired doing a cartwheel. It was really funny, but the audience took it all quite seriously. Many of the women broke down and wept at the woes the heroine had to go through, while to the European eye the whole thing was simply ludicrous.

Big Price for Arm. Bendleton, Ore.—Attorney Dan P. Smythe, president of the Commercial association and secretary of the Oregon Wood Growers' association, is in Portland to prosecute a damage suit against the Northern Pacific company for \$50,000. While attending a train load of sheep to Tacoma he was struck by a train and received injuries which resulted in the loss of an arm and caused him to spend several

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

ADVICE ON ALL KINDS OF SOCIAL FORMS.

Dear Mary, Most Noted Authority on Social Subjects, Also Furnishes Helpful Hints for Varieties of Home Entertainments.

Reply to "Anxious Reader."

Please tell me whether the tines of the fork should be placed up or down when one has finished eating. I think they should be placed down. Is it ever proper to use a spoon in drinking tea or coffee? What is the best book I can get on table etiquette? I wish something new.

The tines of the fork are left up and it is proper to use a spoon with tea and coffee; what else could one use? For name of new and up-to-date book of etiquettes send me a self-addressed stamped envelope in care of the paper, as it is against the rules to publish names and addresses in the department.

The Woman Speaks First.

When a boy and girl meet on the street, or a man and woman, which should speak first? If you were to see a boy you knew, coming, and he was going in the same direction you were, would it be proper to wait for him; or, if he were a little ahead of you, and he did not see you, would it be proper to call him?

DOROTHY.

It is always a woman's privilege to speak first and show the first sign of recognition. Perfectly proper to wait for or call to the boy whom you know, as you are both going the same way.

Leap-Year Dinner.

I am to entertain a party of young ladies and gentlemen at dinner, after which all are to go to a dancing party. Will you please suggest about four or five courses for dinner, also what favors, place cards and decorations to use? It is a leap-year affair.

ETTA.

For the table centerpiece get the length to make you the figures 1912; do them in small flowers. Then for the favors have cleverly written proposals at the men's places, with little mittens (doll size) at the girls'. The place cards should be attached to these favors. They may be plain, with the hostess' monogram or crest in gold, or hand-painted, to correspond with the color scheme.

Serve raw oysters, cream of celery soup, crown roast of lamb, browned potatoes, rice croquettes, peas in pastry shells, hot rolls, nut bread, banana salad with nuts, cheese and ham in fine heart kisses filled with ice cream, coffee.

A March Party.

Please give information concerning a party to be given in honor of mother in March. Flowers, colors, table decorations, games, etc.

READER.

Violets are the flower appropriated to this month, and it would be lovely to have a bunch for each guest. Then for other decorations use any of the spring blossoms in pots or arranged in flower holders; all of the bulb flowers are especially effective used in this way. Ask the guests to bring their work and also ask them to tell stories of their grandchildren, taking it for granted that most of them may claim these wonderful adjuncts to eternal youth, for what grandmother does not live over her own and her children's lives in the wee mortals who again bring back the bygone days with so much sweetness? Most women play cards, and if your guests are among the number I would arrange for several rubbers with perhaps favors for all and no prizes.

If you like, use this appropriate verse on the place cards, or you could have it on the invitations:

In March the earliest blushed came and croiled from the orchard tree the little tremulous song to me, and pulsed upon the summer's name, and made old summers in my heart all sweet with flower and sun again. —William Dean Howells.

MME. MERRI.

EASTERN PLUMAGE IN WEST

