

"BIG ED" WALSH'S SPITTER RANKS AS BEST



Marty O'Toole, \$25,000 Pittsburg Beauty.

"Marty O'Toole," says Hank O'Day, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, "has a spitball that breaks something like Walsh's, but he has nowhere near as much speed nor anything like as good control, and yet he is getting more strikeouts—getting them against good batters, too. Rather hard to figure, but he's getting away with it in clever style."

Notwithstanding the Reds can't understand how O'Toole gets away with it, it is probable that he will be a successful pitcher unless something happens to his arm.

There is no greater pitcher than Ed Walsh of the Chicago Americans, and in intelligence Big Ed also ranks high.



"Big Ed" Walsh.

He says the spitball is and will continue to be the most effective ball a pitcher can throw.

One can understand how O'Toole could fan Becher (a star hitter on the Cincinnati team), three times straight, and also make every other man on the team miss them after reading what Walsh says he can do in such batters as Cobb, Crawford and Jackson, the stars of the American league. The White Sox twirler says: "When I've got my spitball breaking like I can beat any ball club in the league. No one trying to hit against me is any good."

John Titus is just slugging that old globe for the Boston Braves. Cleveland has grabbed from its Toledo farm Outfielder Arthur Hanger. This Speaker is 23 years old. Five years ago he cost the Boston management \$300.

Pitcher Collins of Vanderbilt fame is desired by Clark Griffith for the Washington club. Last year fans stopped going to games in St. Louis. This year there aren't any fans there. Ray Caldwell's bad arm is still bad and it may be a long time before he will pitch any real ball. Never has Charlie Wagner's work with the Boston Red Sox been more brilliant than at present.

Boston—first in the American, last in the National! New York—first in the National, last in the American! Three times this season the Giants have run up nine wins in a row, besides their sixteen straight victories. Dave Altizer was treated to a fine of \$50 for jawing with a spectator in a recent American association game. They call Mr. Marquard Rube, but he has demonstrated that he is not entirely unsophisticated in the art of pitching.

STORIES OF THE DIAMOND

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SUSPICIOUS



Bank President—I think our new paying teller will bear watching. Bank Cashier—Bear it? Why, he positively enjoys it.

UNAPPRECIATED KINDNESS



Mrs. Suburbs—What did you do with the flower seeds? Mr. Suburbs—Fed them to the chickens this morning. I thought I'd save the poor things the trouble of scratching them all up as soon as you planted them.

IN THE KINDERGARTEN



"Now, Willie, why do bees swarm what is the cause of it?" "Oh, simply bee cause, I guess."

QUITE LIKELY



Reggy—I make it a point never to talk more than ten minutes with any one person. Virginia Wise—So as not to tell all you know, I suppose.

HER REAL OBJECTIONS



Gerald—Do you object to baldness in a man? Geraldine—Not unless the bald spot extends into his brain.

ARISTOCRACY.

"Is your mother at home, Bub?" "No, sir. Mother is at the police station." "What is she doing there?" "Furnishing bail for our chauffeur, who was arrested while taking her to town in our automobile this morning." "Is your father here?" "No, sir. Father is in court." "I see. He is helping your mother to get the chauffeur set free, is he?" "No, father has been indicted for destroying books that the government wanted in a trust-busting case." "And are you the only child your parents have?" "No, sir. I have a sister." "Is she at home?" "She's out at one of the country clubs entertaining a French count." "Well, it is evident that your family belongs to our most aristocratic circle."

Generous Boy.

Little Harry's parents always kept a barrel of apples in the cellar. Not long ago they moved next door to an orphan's home. Shortly after moving Harry's mother noticed that the apples disappeared with great rapidity. "Harry," she asked one morning, "what is going on with our apples?" "Mother," he replied, "I have to eat a great many apples." "I am willing that you should have all the apples you want. But why do you eat so many lately?" "Well, I have to eat a great many 'cause the orphans want the cores."—Judge.

HAD TIME TO GET HUNGRY.



Customer—Are you the waiter who took my order for that chop? Waiter—Yes, sir. Customer—Bless me, how you have grown!

Human Nature.

A man may wear a pleasant smile, And be a villain still; A man may preach on honesty And later tap a till.

Noble Sacrifice.

"Why doesn't Jabez Jones go to work and get prosperous?" "Because," replied the loyal friend, "he's a patriot who never neglects his duty as a citizen. He has been a member of the petty jury three times, a member of the grand jury twice, a delegate to four conventions and has gone unresisting to the legislature frequently. What time has he had to himself?"

A Reflection.

"It is a curious thing in public life," said Wiggins, as he laid his newspaper on the table, "that a windy, loud mouthed impostor often succeeds, while men of great merit are passed over." "Not at all," replied Bobbley. "It's the most natural thing in the world to put the blower before the grate."—Puck.

NO TIME FOR TRIFLES.



"Have you written your thesis for graduation yet?" "Haven't started it. How can I find time for such things when I have to spend most of my time trying on my graduation gown?"

Nowadays.

Old Opportunity mopped his brow, And hung around a spell. "No use," he grumbled, "of knocking now—'I've got to ring the bell!'"

No Harmony.

"Will you accompany us if we sing a round?" "Can't on this. It's a square piano."

Sounds Like It.

"What's a superman, pa?" "The kind they take on at theaters to do the yelling, my son."

PROMINENT PEOPLE

MRS. LITTLETON SCORES VICTORY



Mrs. Martin W. Littleton, wife of Representative Littleton of New York, won a notable victory the other day before the senate committee on library, when she secured by unanimous vote an authorization for a favorable report on Senator Martine's resolution authorizing the appointment of a joint committee of five senators and five representatives to investigate and report on the feasibility of having the government acquire Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson.

Mrs. Littleton became interested in having the government acquire the estate and tomb of Thomas Jefferson and preserve it, like Mount Vernon and Arlington, after she had made a visit to the place. A year ago she sent out an interesting pamphlet devoted to proving the patriotic duty of the government to acquire and preserve Monticello. Since then Mrs. Littleton has kept up the fight over many obstacles.

The most formidable of these has been the opposition of Representative Jefferson M. Levy, who owns Monticello, and declares that he will not sell

it to the government. When Mrs. Littleton appeared before the committee she found confronting her Judge R. T. W. Duke, Jr., of Charlottesville, Va., who appeared as the representative of Mr. Levy, and who took issue with Mrs. Littleton's statement in regard to the present condition of Monticello.

She had told the committee that "the roads leading to the Jefferson estate were atrocious; that the residence needed painting, and that the general appearance of the place was one of neglect and decay." Mr. Duke explained that Representative Levy had no desire to sell Monticello, even to the government. He insisted that the place was kept in repair. Senator Cummins, a member of the committee, suggested that Monticello might be acquired by the exercise of the right of eminent domain.

"We have taken private property from private owners for public purposes heretofore, and there is no question that we can do so in this case if it becomes necessary," suggested Senator Cummins.

The force of this suggestion appeared to appeal to Judge Duke, who observed that in spite of Mr. Levy's unwillingness to sell the property, he believed that if the congressman could be convinced that there was a wide popular interest in acquiring it for patriotic use, that he would yield.

COUSIN OF CZAR IS UNDER GUARD

Grand Duke Gabriel Constantino-vich, a cousin of the czar, twenty-five years old, supplies the latest court romance. He insists on marrying Xenia Ivanovna, formerly his sister's governess and now his mother's companion.

Gabriel is an officer of the household troops and enjoyed life like his comrades up to two months ago. Then he began to sit at the feet of Xenia, whom he had known for years without taking particular notice of her.

Xenia owns to being thirty, is dark, slim and by no means a beauty.

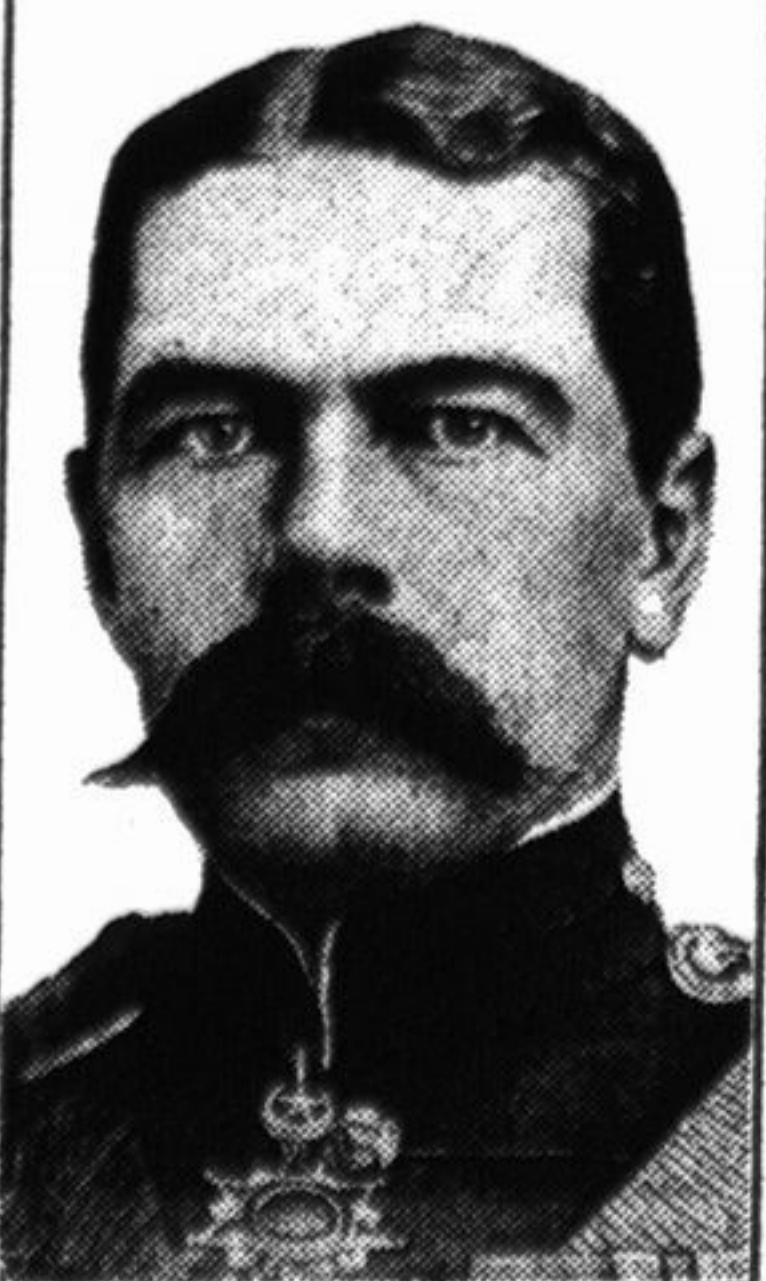
People recall the Emperor Paul's infatuation for a middle-aged maid of honor, who had more influence over him than anyone else. But Gabriel's father, Grand Duke Constantine, is of course angry and insists on having the boy banished to some distant province. The czar objects, saying that sort of punishment has always resulted in lovers getting married. So Xenia has been sent to Moscow with a handsome pension, which will be stopped the moment she renews association with her high-born lover.

Gabriel went mad with disappointment and rage when he learned that his love had left the ducal palace. It was a long time before he found out where she had gone. Then he determined to follow her and escaped from his rooms by a rope ladder, but was caught at the gates and ignominiously hurried back. Since then he has been under a strong guard, ostensibly because he committed some military blunder in his regiment, though everybody knows his father is keeping him from Xenia.

When he has been tamed by solitude, one of the ducal household is to organize orgies in the city's night haunts. But Gabriel tells his mother that nothing will make him forget his dear Xenia and that he means to marry her even if he has to wait years. Those who know him say he is capable of pretending indifference and running off to church with Xenia as soon as parental vigilance is relaxed. His infatuation remains a "nine-day wonder" at court. All efforts, parental and otherwise, to chaff or bully him out of it having been of no avail, an investigation into his sanity is being considered.



SURRENDER FOR LORD KITCHENER



It can be predicted with confidence that as soon as the facts which are about to be set forth are known in London society, there will be an immediate rush of marriageable grande dames to Egypt. And the exodus will include, especially, those impressionable American widows—one hesitates to embarrass them by mentioning their names—who in the past have made a dead set for that hitherto most determined of bachelors—Lord Kitchener.

For Lord Kitchener at last has determined to marry. Before many moons have run their course a proud and happy Lady Kitchener will rule the household of the greatest and most picturesque soldier of the present day. But before that time what a fluttering of middle-aged hearts there will be in Mayfair!

The writer has the news of Kitchener's change of heart from one of his close personal friends who recently returned from Egypt. Said this friend: "Lord Kitchener is no longer the confirmed bachelor who was the despair of countless women in English society. He is beginning to soften toward the fair sex. He is getting along in life and has reached that period when every man longs for the constant companionship of a good and loving woman. He is looking forward to the time when he will be able to retire from active work and settle down on his beautiful English estate and when the help of a wife will be almost imperative. Furthermore he believes that he has done most of his life work that requires a single, undivided attention and which he long believed could not be done properly with a woman hanging on to his coat tails. "One thing that makes me believe that he is most anxious to marry as soon as possible is the extreme probability of his being transferred to India as viceroy. That is the supreme ambition of his life."