

TWO BATTING KINGS OF MAJOR BALL LEAGUES



Tyros Cobb, Champion of American League.

NOTES of the DIAMOND

Umpire Brick Owens wears steel shoes while on the job. He has corns.

Infielder Mattick of Kewanee is a brother of the Chicago White Sox outfielder.

And, after all, Rube Marquard was the first Giant pitcher to lose three straight.

New York writers say that the present St. Louis Browns club is the worst in the world.

Toureaux is the biggest man in the big leagues. He weighs 241 pounds. He is wild, but not savage.

The way "Dingdong" Bell is going with Newark gives a hint that he may be back in the big show next year.

New York isn't going to pledge itself on the coming election until it hears how Rube Marquard is going to vote.

Eppa Rixey's family is much disturbed because he is determined to follow the career of a professional ball player.

Rube Oldring says Amos Strunk is the fastest man in baseball today, and believes he is faster than Craig of Olympic fame.

Jack Leivelt, once a star on the Washington team, probably will be signed by the Yanks, along with Tommy McMillan.

Fred Clarke is to retire as manager of the Pirates next year and Billy Murray is to succeed him. Oh, yes, merely a rumor.

Slk O'Loughlin is getting to be a tremendous disciplinarian. The other day in a game at Philadelphia he even banished the bat boy.

Cy Young says that all the really great ball players come from the country. For instance, Cub Heine Zimmerman of the Bronx.

Cy Barger of the Dodgers is surely a tough-luck pitcher. Cy has started nine games this season and was pounded off the slab eight times.

Talk about winning streaks, in 1875 Boston had a team that didn't lose a game on the home grounds all season and only twelve on the road.

The Pirates have dug up a fast outfielder in Eddie Messer, of the Portland club of the Northwestern league, paying \$3,000 in cash for the prize.

Marty O'Toole, the high-priced twirler of the Pirates, has been having his share of hard luck. He has pitched several fine games only to lose them.

Jake Stahl is not overconfident that his bunch will be able to pull through. The Woodlawn banker is too good a business man to figure anything a sure thing.

Washington fans are going to present Clyde Milan with a gold crown at the end of the season—though what the dickens he'll do with it nobody knows.

St. Louis says that Arnold Hauser of the Cardinals has shoved Mike Downen of the Phillies off the map as the best fielding shortstop in the game today.

McGraw says: "You can have your Cobbs, your Lajoles, your Chases, your Bakers and all the rest, but I'll take Hans Wagner for mine as the greatest ever."

George McConnell, the elongated pitcher of the Highlanders, has been the best ball this season.

McConnell has made McConnell a pitcher.

McConnell has made McConnell a pitcher.

McConnell has made McConnell a pitcher.

McConnell has made McConnell a pitcher.

McConnell has made McConnell a pitcher.

McConnell has made McConnell a pitcher.

McConnell has made McConnell a pitcher.

JUST A LITTLE SMILE



A Suggestion.

The retailer stopped one of his oldest customers on the street. "I want to speak to you," he began. "Go ahead and see if I care." "You've got to care. This bill of yours has been running a long time now." "Poor thing! How can you be so cruel as to let it run a long time?" "Well, what are you going to do with it?" "I'm going to make you a suggestion. If that bill has been running for as long as you say it has, give it a rest. Let it stand for a month or two."

Influence of Clothes.

He—Did you ever observe what a difference clothes make on one's mind? Now, when I am in my riding togs I'm all horse; when I have on my business suit my mind's full of business; when I get into my evening dress my mind takes a purely social turn.

She—And I suppose that when you take a bath your mind's an utter blank?—Stray Stories.

Flirting With Fame.

"Why do you insist on nibbling around that hook?" said the wise fish. "You know the danger." "Yes," replied the little fellow; "but we all have a certain appetite for glory. I am willing to take a chance for the sake of being described to that man's friends as the big fish that got away."

WELL NAMED.



She—Do you notice that Lord De Broke calls Miss Milyuns, to whom he's engaged, "My Subby?" He—Yes; I suppose he means "sub-treasury."

Didn't Live Long. Day and night He sought fresh air; That's his grave In the corner there.

A Bit Radical.

"It seems to me that Mrs. Waggon is inclined to go too far in her demand for woman's rights." "She does seem a bit radical." "I heard say, the other day, that she would never be satisfied until the word 'patriot' had become obsolete and 'matriot' had taken its place."

Doing Something.

"Say, John, our calf isn't any better. Isn't their anything we could do till the vet comes?" "Well, there are two powders left that the doctor gave Tommie for the measles. Let's try those."—Flegende Maetter.

Well Satisfied.

Bliffers—Buncom is a self made man, isn't he? Wiffers—Yes. What made you think so? Bliffers—He seems to be so well satisfied with the job.

Oh, You Revolving Door!

Attendant (as lady comes around the eighth time)—This ain't no merry-go-round, lady! Lady—I know; but I can't remember whether I was going in or coming out.—Judge.

Movable Boundaries.

"Didn't you buy a lot at Prune Beach?" "Yep." "How deep is it?" "About 150 feet at low water, 100 feet at high water."

A Sad Loss.

"I am lost!" "How so?" "The man with whom I expected to get a good job, wants me to find myself."



Heine Zimmerman.

swatters with an average of over .400. In the National league, Heine Zimmerman, the hard-hitting third baseman of the Chicago Cubs, continues his work with the stick and has a comfortable lead over all his rivals, with figures of about .400. Zimmerman is also doing some great long-distance clouting.

That's What the Umpire's For!

Umpire George Hildebrand of the Pacific Coast baseball league cites the following plays as the hardest on the diamond to judge: Players running out of base lines; an interference play; three men on the bases, scored and two strikes and three balls on the batter; runner missing bag with winning run going over the plate; calling balk on pitchers; with single umpire, to be in position to give a decision with a man on first and a man on third.

Fred Clarke Plays Golf.

Fred Clarke, the Pirate manager, who is some golfer as a side line, has driven a golf ball from near the pennant pole clear over the grand stand at Pittsburg, and now professionals are coming from near and far to duplicate the feat. None has succeeded.

Satisfied With Duffy.

Mrs. Havenor, owner of the Milwaukee team, says she is well satisfied with Hughie Duffy as manager of the Brewers and that he will be there another season.

"Cy" Young is a Writer.

Cy Young, the veteran, is writing, telling his views of what a youngster should have in order to make good in the big leagues.

OFF THE TRACK.

To add to Bunkerton's discomfiture in losing his way, he has now been brought to a standstill by the absolute impassability of the highway, and his temper, already sorely tried, finally gave way. "What kind of people are you up here in this rotten old state?" he cried, addressing an old countryman who stood close by, inspecting his stranded car with curious eyes. "I dunno," said the old man. "Babout the same ez most folks, I cal'late."

"Do you call this blankety blank scar on the face of nature a road?" roared Bunkerton. "Not ez I knows on," returned the old man. "This here hain't the pike; it's Mose Whibley's trout stream run dry. I wondered what yo was drivin' up it for."—Harper's Weekly.

Not Reciprocated.

"How many children have you?" "Three. Two grown up daughters and a son in college." "How proud you must be of them." "I am, but somehow or other I don't seem to be able to act so they can bring themselves to feel proud of me."

A CHEERING EFFECT.



Dinks—Hot weather doesn't appear to affect the doctor as in former years. Winks—No, his uncle died and left him stock in the ice trust.

A Rare Bird.

There lives a man in our town Whose like you seldom meet; The bright remarks his children make He never does repeat.

In a Department Store.

"See here, my wife had a rib broken at your bargain counter just now." "We will reset it, of course, in our surgical department," said the polite floorwalker. "And if you are contemplating any other operations, now is the time to take advantage of summer rates. We remove the appendix, for instance, for \$19.99."

Margulous.

"Quick! I want to show you something remarkable. Do you see that little woman across the lawn—the one with the pink gown?" "Yes." "Take a good look at her." "She doesn't impress me as being remarkable in any way." "Wait till I tell you about her. She isn't afraid that she has a cancer."

Talking for the Lungs.

Bill—The capacity of the normal and unrestricted lungs is said to be about 27.3 per cent. more than those which have been compressed by the corset. Jill—That's strange, when you think how much more a woman gets out of her lungs than does a man.

Plenty of Poetry.

"There should be poetry in life." "Well, we get it in street cars, on billboards, on soap wrappers, and on the breakfast food. What do you want?"

SURE THING.



She (quoting)—Death loves a shining mark. He—The doctor loves an easy mark.

The Grouch.

"It's now the grouch with sneering air Declares the day because it's fair; And snarling at the cooling blast, Growls 'neath his breath, 'It cannot last!'"

Not Satisfied.

"I am afraid your friend will not care for a glass of water here." "Why not, since he is thirsty?" "Because this is soft water, and I understand he is a hard drinker."

A Preference.

"Mrs. Stoughton says she always sleeps on her front porch." "Does she? I prefer my right side."

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Colored Brethren Stirred Up Over Question of Hell



WASHINGTON.—The colored brethren and sisters in the District of Columbia and the city of Washington are stirred up to a boiling point over the question of hell. The pastors of the various and sundry colored churches held a meeting the other day and in solemn convocation decided that there must be something "didding" immediately to offset the effect of the recent action of the International Bible Students' association in going on record as believing there was no burning hell.

If you take the fireworks out of hell according to some of the colored dispensers of "de gospil" in this city, you rob them of a great lever and a club over their uncertain congregations. A regular honest-to-goodness-burning lake of brimstone and molten lead is the old fashioned kind of hell that has done yeoman service in making young negroes see the error of their ways in the past and has helped mightily the limited donations to foreign missions and the colored pastors here beg to enter a protest against its abolition.

Others may discard the old time bon-

ored hell, but as for the aforesaid pastors they propose to hold right on to it. They reaffirm their undivided belief in the hell of the fathers; the same old hell that they have taught their flocks of, and that is so hot, that if a colored brother gets in ten thousand miles of it he will smell like a wet dog on a hot stove.

Some of the younger members of the various congregations were inclined to harken unto the superior judgment of the Bible Students' association, and were a little inclined to turn a willing ear to the cooling news. So gratifying was the intelligence to them that they were getting real cheerful, and there was some talk of holding a regular justification over the event, in which everybody would be invited to "cut loose and have a good time" and when doubtless many respectable persons would have got all "lit up" in honor of the occasion.

The pastors held their meeting, however, and decided to put a crimp in all this wild joy. On the following Sunday, therefore, at the sundry churches all over the city, the colored brother who has been congratulating himself that he could, when he got ready, lay deprecating hands upon any unprotected chicken roost without fear of having at some vague time in the future to wrap his system around a few gallons of molten lava while splashing around in a lake of burning brimstone, got a rude jar that upset his calculations.

Perspiring Statesmen Labor At the Capitol.



DID you ever attend a Decoration day celebration and see the local politicians rise up on the platform and deliver themselves of long and fervid oratory? Did you ever notice that they are always dressed in the dignified and sober Prince Albert coat? No matter how hot the day none of them would ever think of rising to speak unless they were attired in this emblem of American statesmanship.

After the local dignitaries had their say and the chairman rose to introduce the most important of them all, the representative in congress from the district or one of the United States senators, were you not impressed by his distinguished appearance? Could you imagine him going about in shirt sleeves, with vest unbuttoned and a handkerchief tied about his neck? No! A thousand times No! You could not. But they do.

It's warm in Washington in the summertime. Some people say it's hot and some more people say some other things about it.

One day the papers print an interview with some one of the leaders that congress will adjourn early in

August. The story arouses hope in many hearts. A few days after they print another interview with some other gentleman just as prominent who says that there will be no adjournment until the middle of September. So it goes. Meanwhile it is hard to get together a quorum of the faithful to transact business. The other day when an important bill was up before the house there were not enough members present and the sergeant at arms was instructed to go out and arrest any members that he could find and bring them in. They were rounded up from their offices and from the long cool corridors and cloakrooms of the capitol where they were basking in the breeze from electric fans or in the solitude of their offices where they had discarded their coats and were endeavoring to keep cool.

Proved That His Baby Was Finest in the World.

A BABY boy arrived at the residence of Thomas Fronesack a few days ago. He is a very remarkable youngster. Any one who has anything to say to the contrary does so at his own peril. Fronesack has promised to "lick" the man who dares to tell him to his face that that boy isn't the finest baby in the world. And Fronesack makes good, too.

The other afternoon Fronesack and his brother-in-law, Felix Wosnack, were sitting together on the Fronesack porch. Fronesack was discussing the baby. He has done nothing else but discuss that infant since he put in his appearance.

"Did you see the smart way he doubled up his little fists this morning?" said Fronesack to Wosnack. "My, that boy is going to have strong hands."

At this moment a casual acquaintance of Fronesack's passed at the gate.

"Hear you got a new baby, Mr. Fronesack?" said he.

"You bet," responded Fronesack; "the finest little baby boy in the world."

The visitor was conducted into the



house and the Fronesack baby was proudly exhibited. He did not seem impressed.

"He's a nice enough baby," said the visitor, "but he's just like all kids."

"What's that?" demanded Fronesack, "you come into my house and tell me to my face that this is just an ordinary baby. I can lick the man who says that."

"Well, I said what I said," retorted the visitor, "and I ain't taking it back. That baby of ours has got your baby skinned to—"

Bang! Also bang, biff, and bam! Fronesack waded into the stranger. The police came finally. They locked Fronesack and Wosnack up at the police station. The visitor went to the hospital. He was unable to give his name and address there. He wasn't able to talk.

Practical Joke Causes Break Between Senators



THE late Senator Coke of Texas and Private John Allen of Mississippi were warm personal friends and for years dined at the same table at the old Metropolitan hotel," said Col. Charles A. Edwards, the noted correspondent, the other day.

"The propensity of Private John to work off a joke even on as dignified a statesman as was Richard Coke came very near creating a permanent break in their amicable relations. I may say here that the Texan was an intense southerner, naturally of an irascible temperament.

"Well, to get back to my story as to the trick played him by the gentleman from Tupelo. It all came about through

the action of John Allen in allowing his beard to grow out during a vacation of congress. Throughout the session he had gone clean-shaved, so that on his reappearance the following winter with a full beard not even the negro bellboys at his hotel knew him, and he had to introduce himself to the proprietor.

"The only other person to whom the jocose legislator disclosed himself was Senator Berry of Arkansas, and the latter, at Allen's request, took him into the presence of Coke and introduced the humorist as Mr. Beeman, a newly elected member from Mississippi.

"Very glad, Mr. Beeman, to meet you," said Senator Coke, rising and extending his hand with great savvy, shaking the proffered hand, the impostor drawled out: "Very glad also to meet you, senator. Senator Coke of Massachusetts, I believe?"

"No, sir; not from Massachusetts by a d— sight," answered the hot-tempered Texan, snorting."