

A Fish Out of Water

By BERTHA ORVILLE

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Ned Morgan was in a quandary. His sister Edith and his best friend, Tom Winters, had been in that delightful stage of courtship that precedes an engagement when suddenly the situation changed and Tom's visits ceased. The big brother had at first concluded that it was a lovers' quarrel and would in time, right itself. But Edith's demeanor soon changed that theory. She seemed to be as happy and as intensely interested in her thoughts as she was when first she met Tom.

On the other hand, Tom was in a state of deep despondency. One day he suddenly announced his intention of going west.

"See here, Edith," said Ned, "what's wrong between you and Tom? He's going away, and I am inclined to think it's because you haven't treated him right."

"I love Ned. When I saw that I didn't care for him in the way he wanted me to, I told him so frankly."

"What occasioned your change of heart?"

"She blushed and turned away her eyes."

"Who in the world is the man? The other man. There is one, isn't there, Edith?"

"I am not sure," she hesitated, her blue eyes softening in remembrance.

"But no one comes to see you. You haven't received any attention since you turned Tom down. This is a Jack and Jill town, you know, and there is no one available that I know of."

"You won't tell me, Edith?"

"No," she said decidedly, "not yet."

Her brother wisely refrained from further questioning. He sought Tom.

"So you are going west, Tom?"

"Yes, a business trip that no one else in the firm wanted to take, but

"The picturesque new boatman. The girls all have been out to see him. They say he looks like Romeo. Mother wouldn't let me go out there alone."

"Ned had to admit that Jack was certainly of the type to appeal to the artistic and feminine eye. He was slender, supple and little and handled the boat with ease and grace. He had dark, foreign-looking eyes, strong features, brown skin, even white teeth and a musical voice. He wore corduroy trousers, blue flannel shirt with turn-down collar and rolled-up sleeves, red tie, a bit of a cap on the back of his head, with a Byronic raven lock on his brow."

When they were in the sailboat Ned tried to draw him into conversation but sailor-like his eyes and thoughts were centered on the boat and sky.

"They must keep you pretty busy here," he observed as they landed. "Have to work evenings, I suppose?"

"Yes; that's our busy time," replied Jack. "Once in a while I lay off for a morning. I am going to get up tomorrow and go to the ball game."

"Be sure you do," urged Ned. "It's going to be the game of the season."

He went home, relieved. Jack had omitted all his "g's" and had said "git" for "get." He went early to the game the next morning and secured a seat on the bleachers watching the entrance faithfully.

Presently Jack appeared, "dressed up." His attire was just what Ned had hoped it would be. At luncheon he remarked casually to his sister: "Bessie Lawrence and I went to Round lake for a sail yesterday."

"I hear the girls are all wild over the new boatman. I don't wonder. He's about as handsome a chap as I ever saw outside of a picture."

"Isn't he beautiful?" she asked enthusiastically, "and can't he handle a boat well?"

"Yes; he's a born sailor. So you have been sailing with him, Edith?"

"Yes, a few times," she said. "Have you been with him anywhere else?"

"Once or twice. We rowed up the creek and—"

"And where else, Edith?" he asked gently.

"I took him in my automobile for a ride."

"And do you think that was just the thing to do? Why not ask him to come to your house, as you did Tom and the others?"

"I thought," she said, reddening under his gaze, "that you would object."

"I would certainly prefer to have you see him here than to be going where he is. I made his acquaintance at the ball game this morning. I shall ask him to call, if you like."

"I don't think I want him to call," she said nervously.



"We Rowed Up the Creek."

which was welcomed by me under the circumstances."

"I know Edith. This is a passing whim of hers, and she will be all right again by the time you return."

Ned grew watchful of his sister. From the fact of her having no evening entertainment he concluded that the other man must be employed at night and able only to pursue his wooing by day. It was quite by accident that he gained knowledge of the affair.

He was taking a turn in his car in the country one morning, and passed a small lake near. Feeling thirsty he ran the car into the grounds up to the pavilion. To his surprise he saw his sister's runabout in the driveway.

"Where is the young lady who came out in the runabout?" he asked of the landlady.

"If 'twas a young lady, ten to one she's out in the sailboat with Jack," was the reply with a significant smile.

"Jack?"

"Jack Berdan. He has charge of the boats here. He's a pretty fair looking chap and since I've had him here the boat trade has more than doubled. All the girls in the country and town have come to think there's nothing like sailing. There's one pretty girl who has been here every morning regularly for ten days."

On his way home Ned evolved a plan of action. In the afternoon he invited a girl he knew to go to the summer resort for a sail.

MATHEWSON NEAR THIRD NO-HIT NO-RUN GAME

SCRATCH BINGLE AND AN ERROR PREVENTS NEW RECORD—GOSSIP OF THE DIAMOND.

THERE'S a fellow pitching for the New York Giants named Mathewson. Wherever baseball is known the name of Mathewson is known. Generally the fans call him "Matty." Sometimes you hear him spoken of as "Big Six." He's some pitcher, this Mathewson, as every player in the National League, except Joe Tinker, the Cubs' shortstop, will admit. Joe no doubt agrees that Mathewson can twirl some, but he has, in seasons gone by, shown that he had no fear of Christy. In fact, Joe has had a hard time hitting some of the weak pitchers, but he could stand on "Matty's" fadeaway or his fastest shoots without much trouble. Joe won a championship for Chicago by swatting one of "Big Six's" curves for two bags in 1908.

Anyway Mathewson has it on the best in the National League and it is doubtful if there are any in the American who is as good, which comes pretty near saying that he is the greatest pitcher in the business. Lots of people wouldn't dispute this statement, but some might, so we'll let it go with the qualifications attached.

Manager McGraw took his boys across the Brooklyn bridge a few days ago to play the Dodgers, now under the guiding hand of one "Bill" Dahlen. McGraw wanted to stay at the top of the list so he sent Mathewson to the slab. "Big Six" right there came near shattering all records. He already has two no-hit no-run games to his credit and it looked like he was going to make it three when McGraw got a scratch that spoiled the record. Devlin made a wonderful one-hand stop of the ball but threw low while off his balance and now Mathewson will have to wait until he can claim the honor of three no-hit games. On July 15, 1901, Mathewson shut out St. Louis without a hit. On June 13, 1905, he did the same thing to the Chicago boys. It just goes to show that "Matty" hasn't lost his cunning and he will be as dangerous this year as ever.

All the old-time ball players were sorry to hear of the death of Tom Loftus and many were the stories told about him. "He was manager of the Chicago team when I played there," said Bradley. "One day in a close game at the West Side park, Hans Wagner, who was not in the lineup that afternoon, was sent up to bat for the pitcher of the visiting team. Loftus, who was sitting on the bench, began laughing so uproariously that play was temporarily suspended. 'What's the matter, Tom?' somebody asked. 'Oh,' said Loftus, 'this is too funny. Think of sending a Dutchman to bat in an emergency!' Then everybody laughed and Wagner was so mad that he struck out—which, of course, was just what Loftus was trying to get him to do."

After holding out for a year, Danny Sheehan, who used to play third for the South Bend club, is back in the Central league and Bert Annis has assigned him to Grand Rapids. By not reporting to the South Bend team last season, Daniel made room for "Runt" Walsh, who used the Senators as a stepping-stone into the National league. Down in Philadelphia they think a good deal of "Runt," and it would not be surprising to see Charley Doolin use him in the regular lineup before the season is far advanced.

Ed Walsh says Boston is the best place in the major league circuit for a traveling team. "I may be wrong, but to my way of thinking Boston is the fountain center of all the baseball level-headedness in the world," says Walsh. "I think—I may be mistaken—but I think that I have won 16 out of the last 17 games I have pitched against the Red Sox on their grounds. But I remember that in the one game I lost I was cheered so hard that I was deeply ashamed to lose the game. The fans were with me simply because I had been successful against their team as a rule. One never hears in Boston a lot of fans snapping and snarling over the failure of their team to win a game. Down there they go to the ballpark to see a game; not necessarily to see the home team win."

Frank Smith is likely to succeed to the title of "iron man" which Joe McGinnity formerly wore. Newspaper writers and fans all over the American league circuit are referring to the South sider as "Iron Man" Smith. It certainly would be a fitting title.

Larry Gatto, who originated the gift of an oyster with every drink and made a fortune in his model saloon as a result, died a few days ago of heart disease at Louisville, Ky. Gatto started as a bootblack. He would not allow one man to be introduced to another in his saloon, would not allow treating and would not sell to a man who was known to be intoxicated. He was half-owner of the Louisville Baseball club when it won the pennant in 1890.

King Kelly, the "champeen" lazy catcher of the Central league for a number of years, has been sent to the Freeport club of the Wisconsin-Illinois league by Dubuque. Kelly was with Hendricks here in 1908, but when the catcher got too lazy to call his dog, and let him get under the other players' feet, Hendricks let King and the dog both go.

Reading to Avoid Thinking

The danger of thinking has been reduced to a minimum. One sometimes feels that life has been arranged in sole regard to this. There are more ways to avoid thinking than there are to avoid everything else put together. Some people live to a good old age without having ever thought; some are overtaken and made to stand face to face with their thoughts during a long illness and convalescence. Flat on their backs with nothing to do,

HOW I WIN

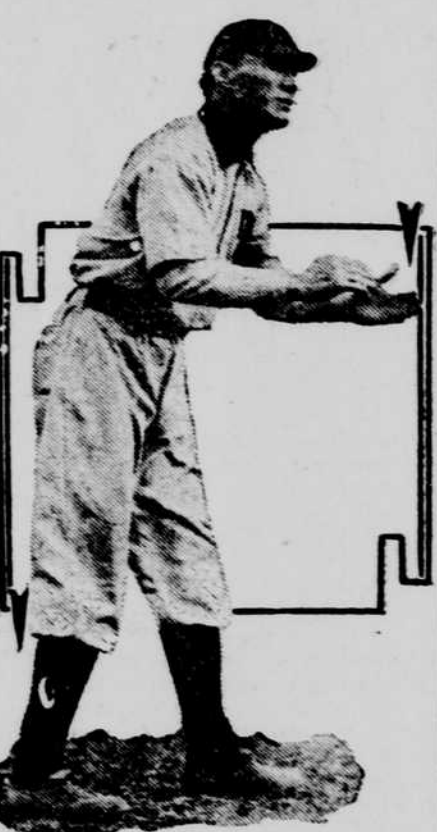
By HUGH JENNINGS
Manager Detroit Tigers, Champion American League Shortstop for Baltimore Orioles, Three-Time Champions

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I win because my team does. Possibly part of the credit is due to me, and I am not modest enough to disclaim any credit. I strive to keep them fighting, working hard all the time, and cutting out the pace for the other teams, because I believe we have the best ball club and the gamest, and the one that will wear down the others and beat them out. I am not much of a stickler for harmony and do not care whether there is harmony among the players or not—so long as they are harmonious on the ball field and will do or try to do what they are told to do and not do anything that will hurt the club.

Devotion to the club itself is all the harmony necessary, although it is pleasanter to have it. Sometimes 20 or 30 fighting, aggressive ball players are hard to harmonize, but it can be done, as far as the game itself is concerned. The best infield work I ever did was with a player who didn't speak to me all season except to call me if I came slow—and you bet I came and he came.

In the first place, when a team starts training there is one thing every man should keep in mind, and that is that they shall condition themselves



HUGH JENNINGS

so that no further strenuous work will be necessary after the season starts. In other words, to get into such condition that after a certain period players can devote their time and attention to the perfecting of team work and not be burdened with any superfluous flesh or strained muscles. A fellow with a sore arm cannot keep his mind on the signals, and a man may begin thinking how his Charley horse hurts and lose a ball game.

Of course, when this is accomplished there is also the essential requirement essential in a ball player, and that is that he shall be able to arise to the situation when it presents itself and show the necessary stamina and nerve to carry him through these trying periods. The general public does not know how much courage, moral and physical, is necessary to carry a player through a season, or the heavy strain under which he labors at all times.

Plenty of time should be given over to figuring out the intricate problems

of the game and studying up the good points and weaknesses of opposing players. Striving to overcome honestly a little defects he may have will do more to make a successful player than all the instructions and advice that may be given by a manager, coach or fellow player. The player who forgets the game when he takes off his uniform is not a good player, and the one who sits all evening arguing with a fellow on some point of play generally outlasts him and becomes a better man for himself and his team.

Summing it all up, it really is up to the player himself, after he becomes a major league man, as to whether he is going to become a big factor in the game or remain just a mediocre player. Many players are satisfied when they reach the major league and forget that they must continue to advance or go back, and self-satisfaction has sent more good men back to the minor leagues than any other element in the game. No man ever became a star who did not give the greater part of his time to the study of the game from all angles, and he must keep it up or the ones who do study will beat him out. The player who thinks he knows enough is a failure before he starts. Good arms, legs, hands and feet cannot play ball if they are disconnected from the brain.

Mitchell Studies the Game.

The Naps never had a man more willing to learn the game than Willie Mitchell, who Jim McGuire is confident will develop into one of the best left-hand pitchers in the country. Willie only left school a year ago, and his two months' experience in the Texas league didn't give him enough time to get help to all the many fine points of the game. He spends considerable time every day studying a rule book. He reads the records of players in all leagues, in addition to the work of making himself letter perfect in the rules.

Murray's Claim Settled.

The claim of William J. Murray against the Philadelphia National league baseball club has been adjusted at a meeting between Thomas J. Lynch, president of the National league; former manager Murray and officials of the Philadelphia club. The terms of the settlement of the claim, which was for the uncompleted term of his contract as manager and for back salary, were not made public.

Walsh Breaks His Hoodoo.

Big Ed Walsh, the great pitcher of the Chicago Sox, was under a hoodoo until the team met the Detroit Tigers for their second game in Chicago. It took fifteen innings to trim Jennings' men, but Walsh persevered even with the men behind him playing a ragged game. He struck out Bush, the star shortstop of the Detroit, five times in the game and the great Ty Cobb whiffed twice.

Cubs' Boss Escapes Fine.

The national baseball commission has decided that the owner of the Chicago Cubs need not pay the \$200 fine assessed for sending a contract to Johnny Kling while the catcher was under suspension. The commission decided that it would not be fair to punish Mr. Murphy, as it was necessary for him to send the contract in order to hold the player, whose old contract had expired.

STILL SOME HITS IN STEINFELDT'S BAT



The Cub third baseman demonstrated to a crowd of 25,000 "dugs" in a Chicago-Pittsburg game, when he hit for two bases and scored two men, that he has kept his batting eye and is in great form.

Were installed in ships, newboys on trains, and so once more we were rescued. Then the dozen little activities of daily life help so—bustling, sewing on buttons—one manages to put off the thing we think we do most of all until old age, and when that is reached we comfortably decide to postpone our thinking once again, as we will have more time in the next world.

Of course love may be blind; but it can smell clove.—Dallas News.

TOLL HOUSE STILL STANDS

Building in East Braintree, Boston, Was Used Many Years Ago as Collecting Station.

Boston.—The old toll house in East Braintree, on the south bank of Fore river, is one of the few structures of the kind which are still standing in the territory of greater Boston.

A ferry was established at this point at a date which corresponds with the first settlement of Braintree. Charles Francis Adams has said that



Toll House at East Braintree.

the rate of carriage was "a penny for each person and three pence for each horse."

Another local historian has left a record "that near the Fore river stood the toll house where the singers met. Here the toll keeper lived, had his house rent free, was paid a small salary, and opened the gates so that one could pass through upon paying four pence or six and one-quarter cents. He also hoisted the draw for the craft that went up and down the river."

HEDGING ABOUT YOUNG FOLKS

Freedom of the Library Not a Good Thing to Allow the Rising Generation.

A recent writer, in referring to the traditionally divergent attitudes of the English-speaking and the continental worlds toward literary reticence, has said that in England and America it has been the custom to tie up literature in order to give young people the freedom of the library, while elsewhere it has been customary to turn literature loose and to tie up the young. The result, he adds, is that we have developed precocious young people and an insipid literature and they a precocious literature and they insipid young people. Which is a witty summing up of a tangled situation. Unhappily, like the man and wife who respectively preferred cotton and linen sheets and who, after much acrimonious argument, "compromised" on cotton, we in America seem to be by the way of granting a certain liberty to literature without placing a corresponding restraint upon the browsing of the immature. And we are thus creating a problem with which every conscientious commentator upon current literature finds himself constantly faced, namely, upon whom—the writer, the critic, or the parent—rests the responsibility of safeguarding the reading of the young? Personally, it seems to me that there is but one answer. That the responsibility for the physical diet of childhood and for the intellectual diet of adolescence rests upon the same shoulders; that there is no more reason for turning a girl of 15 loose in a public library than for giving a boy of seven the run of the jam and medicine chest; no more excuse, in a family with half-grown members, for leaving adult literature on the sitting-room table than for leaving adult razors on the nursery floor at an earlier stage of the same family's development. From an article in Everybody's Magazine.

She Was an Innocent Victim.

Everyone in that part of the car missed except the man who did it and the girl who was under the hat. He wouldn't let himself, and she did not know anything about it. He was a plain, quiet man, apparently of the higher type of mechanic. She was young and pretty and had one of the enormous new hats, with correspondingly enormous pins stuck in at various angles. She was in one of the cross seats and he was standing behind her. Without moving a muscle of his face he drew from his pocket a folding footrule, carefully measured the expanse of the brim and let everyone around see that it was full 35 inches. Then he laid the ruler along the projecting end of a hatpin and beyond the crown. The unconscious gave proof that it reached 5 1/2 inches. The owner of the creation looked up with a puzzled little frown as her seatmate suddenly doubled over in mirth.

Plant Societies.

The science of botany has been greatly advanced by the development of what may be called the sociology of plants—that is, the study of their relations to one another as well as their adjustments to surroundings. Botanists recognize that plants are not scattered haphazard over the globe, but are organized into definite communities. A plant has its plant society, all the members of which fall into their proper places. A swamp forest consists of trees possessing a certain social relationship and differing from those that form a forest on dry land. There is progression from one social organization of plants to another. A lily pond may give place to a swamp forest of tamarack, pines and hemlock. So societies of plants on dry land succeed one another as the conditions change.

The Comet's Finder Was a Great Man.

Edmund Halley was a very great man. He was not only the first to predict correctly the return of a comet, that which is now known by his name, but also—before Newton had announced his results to anyone—arrived at the conclusion that the attraction of gravitation probably varied inversely as the square of the distance. While these and other important achievements of his are well known, it seems to have been forgotten that Halley devised a method of determining the age of the ocean from chemical denudation.—Dr. George F. Becker in Science.



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The Simple Shepherd! A Cockney, while spending his holidays in the Highlands, met an old shepherd driving a flock of sheep. Wishing to show off a bit, he said: "Now, if I were a shepherd I would teach the sheep to follow me."

Importation of Leeches. Leeches are enumerated by the bureau of statistics under its general head of animals imported, the total value of the imports of this species in 1908 having been \$5,341; in 1907, \$6,922; in 1906, \$4,494; in 1905, \$3,862; in 1904, \$3,589; in 1903, \$3,240, and in 1902, \$2,415—the commerce in leeches being thus of a growing character. The total value of the leeches imported into the United States in the decade ending with 1908, is about \$40,000. Leeches are imported free of duty. Snails were at one time enumerated as an article of importation, the records from 1894 to 1898 showing snails imported to the extent of about \$5,600; but the snail trade so dwindled, showing only \$21 of imports in 1898, that the bureau discontinued its statements of this article.

A clear brain and Steady, dependable nerves Can win wealth and fame For their own.

Clear headedness and a Strong, healthy body Depend largely on the Right elements in Regular food and drink.

Coffee contains caffeine—A poisonous drug. Postum is rich in the Gluten and phosphates that Furnish the vital energy That puts "ginger" and "hustle" Into body and brain.

"There's a Reason"

Frozen to Death in Alaska

Klondike Pioneer Leaves Pathetic Note Warning His Goods to Indians.

His feet frozen and dying in an Alaskan wilderness from lack of attention, Martin C. Harrison, a Klondike pioneer, left a will of eight words, reading: "Am dying; let natives have my stuff. Good-by."

Harrison's feet were frozen while going from Tanana Crossing to his camp on Nabesna river, a Tacoma (Wash.) dispatch to the San Francisco Chronicle says. The Indians on the Nabesna and Upper White rivers had requested his help in erecting log buildings for their use. A blizzard came up and during the blinding storm, whose cold water froze both lower limbs, Harrison was 200 miles away from medical care and wrote the note quoted, which was found in his pocket, when he felt himself dying.

Harrison had been employed as a special agent for the North American Transportation and Trading company on the upper Yukon and lately had located valuable copper claims on the Nabesna and White river. His family, which is living at Seattle, has been without tidings of him for months. Solomon Albert, a former partner of Harrison, left Dawson with a dog team upon learning that the latter had met with an accident. Harrison died before Albert reached him. The relatives of Albert are now anxious regarding his safety.

No Delay With Second Case. "The first time I hired that lawyer to handle a court case for me he kept getting it adjourned and adjourned; but on the next occasion he rushed the case through in no time!" "How do you account for his rapidity in the latter case?" "I made him do it by contract."