

FORD, THE PITCHING FIND OF 1910, SHOWS FAILURE OF BASEBALL "DOPE"



RUSSELL FORD.

Russell Ford of the New York Yankees, who is regarded as the pitching find of the American league this year, has helped to prove the oft-repeated assertion that "dope" on baseball teams is the most uncertain of any in sport.

There is the turf "dope," for instance. The experts have been fairly able to figure that if "Cinch" beats "Sure Thing" and "Lead Pipe" throws first in the eyes of both of them, it is as good as money in your pocket to have a bet on "Cinch" when he is in a race with "Lead Pipe" and "Sure Thing" because he has recently trimmed "Lead Pipe." Sometimes it fails, but more often it will not.

In pugilism "Pug" and "Knocker-out" battle to a draw. "Left Swing" hammers the life out of "Right Jab." Then "Right Jab" turns around and trims "Pug." Along comes "Upper Cut" and he whales both "Left Swing" and "Right Jab." Then some promoter matches "Upper Cut" and "Knocker-out." Who should win? The "dope" says "Upper Cut."

But in baseball you have to figure on too many men. So when the season started there were few who thought the Stallings bunch would be such troublemakers in the American league. It was because they did not know just how good Ford is. Some persons say he is a better spit ball artist than Ed Walsh, which is going some. The youngster won seven straight before he lost a game. It is agreed that his great twirling has had much to do with putting the New York team up near the top, thereby showing how impossible it is to "dope" a baseball team.

Umphre Bill Evans asked Ford the other day if he really knows which way his spit ball delivery is going to break. Ford's answer was that he would demonstrate, and, according to Bill, he broke the spitter just as he said he would. On the strength of what ball players and umpires say about the New York phenomenon, it is not at all hard to understand why he has been meeting with such success.

Every batter of any class can be divided into three divisions, according to some of our most prominent umpires. Larry Lajole leads one section, Ty Cobb the second and Frank Schulte the third, in other words, these three great batters are the most typical of their divisions.

Lajole of Cleveland, who has stood as a leading American and National league slugger for years, stands "up to" the ball with only a trifle of a bend, and swings his bat slowly. He does not exactly walk into the ball, being more of a one-base swatter than a clean-up hitter. This is the most reliable type perhaps. The performer being a sure hitter. Others of the same class are Wagner of the Pirates, Willie Keeler, now of the Giants and a former Highlander, and Johnnie Evers of the Cubs and Crawford of the Tigers. Gessler of Washington and Stahl of the Boston Red Sox are other notable examples.

Ty Cobb, the great Tiger slugger, is the nervous type. His body forms a sort of an arch, and he swings his bat faster and faster as the pitcher winds. He puts all the strength of his body into the final swing, and if he hits the ball it is "good night." This is the clean-up type. Doubles, triples and home runs often fall to the lot of the leaders in this division. The Cubs have many in their lineup who bat according to this style. Manager Chance is one and Joe Tinker another. Terry Turner of the Naps falls into the same category, and so does Killifer of the Senators.

Then comes the silent type, best exemplified by Frank Schulte of the Cubs. To the average fan these batters appear careless. They stand like

CORRECT YOUR MISTAKES IS FALKENBERG'S ADVICE

BASEBALL IS A GAME OF IMPOSSIBILITIES DECLARES THE CLEVELAND PITCHER.

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I am asked to write how to win, but the ball player does not learn from that, but gets his lesson from losing. We study our mistakes and try to correct them, and after correcting and correcting up to near the time the arm wears out some of us get to learn part of the game.

There is no game in the world that offers such a variety of plays and so great a number of ways to make each one. It is a game of possibilities, and to take advantage of them a player must study his own profession all the time. One might learn it all, but for the fact that the other fellows are studying at the same time, and just when he thinks he knows all about them they switch on him and he must start all over again.

I have studied pitching and studied batters ever since I was a school boy, and there are times when I think I know less than when I first started. For a pitcher, no matter what curves and speed he may have, I think the most essential thing is that he shall possess the keenest power of observation. Pitching, in fact, is the one acquired art of baseball. Every other position depends more upon the natural ability of the player, while any one with a good arm, a free motion and a fair brain can become a pitcher through constant practice and study. Whether he is a success or not depends largely upon what kind of a brain he has and how rapidly he can think.

A boy who aspires to become a pitcher ought to begin early—and to begin caring for his arm from the first. I believe four out of every five school boys who start to pitch ruin their arms before they really learn anything about pitching. As I understand it, this is intended to be a few hints to pitchers, and I am trying to tell boys not how the big leaguers pitch curves, but how boys who aspire to be big leaguers ought to start. Most of them begin pitching with full power, and as soon as they learn to pitch an overcurve they pitch it all the time until the arm weakens and a baseball career is made impossible. I have talked with dozens of



FRED FALKENBERG.

major league pitchers and very few of them pitched when they were "kids," but began late. I have watched school boys of fourteen and fifteen cracking their arms. A few hints to these boys may help. In the first place, a boy ought to learn to "warm up" before he starts to pitch. Few do. The pitcher who is going to work in a game ought to start perhaps ten minutes before time to play, throwing the ball easily, and with a free swing of the arm and body and gradually increase the speed as the arm warms up and the muscles work freely. Then he can pitch as hard as he pleases without endangering the arm. If he starts pitching hard with this preliminary warming up he will ruin the shoulder sooner or later. Instead of developing and strengthening it, and have a sore arm all the time.

Another thing, he should not pitch too many curve balls. The first thing a boy ought to learn is that a curve is not effective unless other balls are being pitched. Control is the first essential. I know we won college pennants for years because our coach taught us two things: First, that the pitcher should get control and pitch at the plate steadily, and, second, that the batters should learn to wait. The success of our team was in the fact that our pitchers seldom gave bases on balls and had control enough to put the ball over. A boy ought, however, to remember that when the other team is swinging at bad balls not to pitch them good ones, and that a straight ball a foot away from the plate will be misused as often as a curve is.

A boy who will take care of his arm, avoid straining it and practice slowly and steadily, tossing the ball either at a mark or to his catcher, and striving always to get control, rather than speed and curves, can make a pitcher of himself. The other things will come naturally and if he has the arm and the control he will last long enough to learn more.

Patrick Back With Naps. Pitcher Andrew Patrick, who went home from Alexandria, La., during the Naps' training season, on account of illness, has reported to Manager Jim McGuire and appears to be in good trim.

Wants to Buy a Million. He had taken up another millionaire for a drive in his auto—remember the Peacock auto story?

"Frick has four autos," said a friend to Peacock. Mr. Peacock at once got an auto agent on the phone.

"Send out two more machines," said he. "an 'tha' I mak me saxe."

Profits of a Russian Fair. The turn-over in all lines at the last Nijni-Novgorod fair in Russia was estimated to amount to \$2,900,000.

ARE QUEENS OF HOMES AS WELL AS EMPIRES



EVER since Queen Victoria, some fifty or sixty years ago, roundly spanked a small son who was cutting up dainties—and that right in public in the midst of some big procession or other—the English throne has set about the most forceful example of strict attention on the part of its queens to the principal business of womanhood that the modern world has seen.

Not that publicly chastising a naughty child is of itself an index of the right sort of motherhood, by any means. But in the particular circumstances it certainly was. For it served to show the entire world that the queen of Great Britain and empress of all India put nothing, not even royal decorum, above the business of motherhood.

She did not, as many mothers might have done, allow the offender to keep on in his evil course until the royal parade was at an end, and then get down to maternal first principles.

Nor did she loftily wave him out of sight, as we fondly imagine all kings and queens may, when brought face to face with an unpleasantness of whatsoever sort.

Instead, she spanked sonny with her own right royal hand.

The act was simple, human and illuminating, even if a far to that English hallmark of good-breeding, deadly composure under all circumstances.

Queen Victoria set the example of supreme maternalness at a time when to be motherly and domestically inclined was not considered in the best of social form. Queen Alexandra after her, and now Queen Mary, continue to make a fashion of it, as much as anything can be made a fashion of, that requires all that is best in one to perform.

Makers of Homes. In trying to get hold of the salient characteristics of Alexandra, now called the Queen Mother by her own wish, and Queen Mary, upon whose shoulders the royal mantle worn by Alexandra for nine years now falls, the curious fact presents itself that they have almost no existence outside the role of mother and housewife.

That is, whatever distinction they have attained has been through being devoted mothers, splendid home-makers, companions to their husbands when companionship was desired of them, and conservers always of the name they took in marriage.

While the English people have loved her, their feeling is nearer reverence than fellowship. She has stood alone in a little world of her own, aureoled by pure goodness.

Perhaps the fact that she is more than slightly deaf has caused this separateness from human foibles. Perhaps it has saved her pain, too, for people may whisper, but they will not shout about scandal.

Alexandra is a lover of horses and dogs, particularly dogs. At one time she was the champion woman tandem driver of England. She adores music and flowers. In Edward's dead hands she folded one white rose before he was shut forever from the world.

The queen who succeeds Alexandra on the throne, Mary, is the first British consort that has sat on the throne of England for hundreds of years. While resembling Alexandra in the most womanly of her traits—love of home and children—she gives every promise of being a more aggressive factor in the final summing up of the reign in which she figures.

Personality of New Queen. She and her husband have led so secluded a life that very little has been heard of their private affairs—but it appears that she is renowned as a determined patroness of English textile manufactures, refusing to wear anything not woven in British realms. She is no sportswoman. She likes to skate, but will skate on nothing but natural ice. She is a gentlewoman, and will have none but gentlemen about her, so "freak dinners" and cotillon presents running into four or five figures are about as likely to win her suffrage as murder or arson.

Queen Mary is very good to the poor, liberally aiding bazaars, etc. She has guarded her privacy jealously, has reared five splendid children, one of whom is a girl, and has allowed herself to be photographed in an en-

unwarranted Assumption. A youth from the Horton neighborhood went to Nevada and got a marriage license. He supposed he was the girl's first choice, although he had never come to any "definite understanding" on the subject. The Sunday following the purchase of the license the couple went to church, and during the progress of the service the young man unfolded the certificate and, showing it to the girl beside him, said: "Let's go up after the preacher gets through and get married." The

young woman was so shocked that she could not speak for a few moments. Then she told him he had spent his money foolishly and asked that he never speak to her again. The "sympathy of the community" is divided.—Kansas City Star.

Cat's Sense of Locality. A kitten about six months old was taken to a house a few miles distant from its birthplace, confined in a room and tenderly cared for during a week, and then set at liberty. It was sup-

posed to have become habituated to its new surroundings, but it returned to its old home on the day of its release. The sense of locality and direction was exhibited still more strikingly by an old tomcat, which was stolen and carried a distance of 20 miles, confined in a bag. The cat was imprisoned, but made its escape, and in a few days reappeared in a pitiable state at the home of its former master, which was separated from that of the thief by a high wooded cliff.—Scientific American.

the short shrifts necessary, and lasted through all the after years unbroken, save where death intervened. This is in part demonstrated by Alexandra's recently establishing her summer home near Copenhagen with her sister, the dowager empress of Russia. Here, it is said, she will retire, in companionship with her sister.

Edward and Alexandra were married in 1863, when she was but nineteen. In all the years since then, during which she has had to pass through the ordeal of getting acquainted with the English people, and has had to maintain a tremendously difficult social role as princess and queen, not one single social blunder has been charged against her.

She has shown herself to be "a woman of singularly blameless life, loving and lovable," as one chronicler puts it. You cannot review her life generally without the impression that she is a woman of superlative goodness of character. And not without keen intelligence, or she could never have picked her steps so carefully as neither to give offense nor seem to be offended.

For 37 years the wife of a prince whose scope, both by inclination and circumstance, was entirely social, a "good fellow" in the widest sense of the word, a man of boundless energy, superlative good nature and eager admiration for brilliance and wit in either man or woman, Alexandra maintained a character so self-contained, so truly pure and good, that, as one writer says, a veil seems to have fallen between herself and the rest of the world, so that not even her most spontaneous act brings her near to common human nature.

Tasks Ahead of King George. About King George's past there hangs a romantic rumor of a morganatic marriage with the daughter of Admiral Seymour. He has made a good husband, however, being without any good fellowship or club notions whatever. He is no "mixer" in the sense that King Edward was.

They say that while many members of his father's court did not know him by sight when he succeeded King Edward, his was a familiar figure in the councils of the workmen of the East End. However that may be, it certainly "listens good" in the past in which King George finds himself today, called upon to stem the tide of one of the greatest political revolts that Great Britain has ever known.

In her pictures Queen Mary has the face of a little puritan, which she is said to be. Her training has not been such as to liberalize her views socially, at any rate in the way that Queen Alexandra's have been—or shall we say that Queen Alexandra has allowed it to appear? Queen Mary was born to a great position. Her mother was a favorite English princess and the English people have never concealed that of all women she would be the choice for England's queen.

Married to a man sharing her quiet tastes, her lack of particular care for fashion and the ostentation of wealth—in fact, of everything that King Edward stood for, including unparalleled popularity—it is but natural to believe those who predict a startling reversal to the manners of Queen Victoria's court in England; chiefly in the rigid exclusion from royal circles of all persons who cannot back up with brilliancy, beauty or richness with blue blood and unspotted escutcheons.

Already Queen Mary takes out a piece of needlework or a bit of crocheting for the poor after dinner in the drawing-room and works at it standing up, for she believes that it is good for the health to stand up after dinner.

Of course, the only thing for the ladies of the court to do is to follow suit. So they, many of whom gathered around the pleasant bridge tables of evenings heretofore, stand aside and teach their still, unaccustomed fingers the gentle art of wielding the hdylike needle again.

It is probably going to be a thoroughly well-bred court at St. James hereafter, with a blue-blooded attendance. There will be no surprises in the way of introductions therein of celebrities in arts not commonly recognized as polite. For which reason by many it is feared that it will be a much duller court, too. Which, of course, remains to be seen.

An Amazing People. It is extraordinary how few Jews there really are in England, considering their great influence and insistence, says London Opinion. Mr. Herbert Samuel is the one Jewish member of the ministry. There are only four Jewish privy councillors, and only four Jewish peers. Eight Jews sit on the London county council; between twenty and thirty are members of the house of commons. British journalism has many Jews among its members, and American journalism more.

The newspapers in Paris are largely influenced by Jews. In Berlin their influence is greater still, and in Vienna it is predominant. Finance is entirely controlled by Jews, and hence it may be said that wars are in their hands, and the fate of nations. Yet there are only 11,000,000 Jews in the whole world, and less than two hundred thousand in London! Truly an amazing people!

Hands Up! "It's just twelve o'clock," said the timid man, tremblingly, when he had consulted his watch at the request of the polite highwayman.

"Thank you," was the polite highwayman's acknowledgment. "And now, sir," he begged, "will you be so kind as to place your hands in the same position as those on your watch, so that I will be enabled to go through your pockets with as little trouble as possible?"

Recheater Gingerbread. Cream one-half cup of butter and beat in slowly one-half cup of sugar, add one cup of molasses, two eggs, beaten light, one cup of thick sour milk and three cups of flour, measured after sifting and then sifted again, with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda and one level teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon. Bake in a large shallow pan in a moderate oven.

Pineapple Marshmallow. Cut with scissors half a pound of marshmallows, drain juice off a can of grated pineapple and use pulp only. Sweeten with one cup of sugar. Beat half a pint of heavy cream very stiff. Add marshmallows to cream and half a cup of powdered sugar. About half an hour before serving add the sweetened pineapple. Serve in sherbet glasses with maraschino cherries on top.

Berries and Toast. Cut some slices of stale bread very thin and toast them a light brown, butter quite thick, and line the bottom and sides of a pudding dish with them. Fill the dish with strawberries as full as it will hold and sift plenty of sugar through and over them. Set this in the oven for about half an hour. Serve very cold with rich cream.

GOOD FOR DESSERT.

SOME TRIFLES WITH WHICH TO FINISH DINNER.

Sweets That Will Be Appreciated by Both Old and Young—Strawberry Souffle Recommended as a Delicious Confection.

Strawberry Souffle.—Rich and heavy sweets, always out of place for children, are especially harmful in summer. But there is no reason why simple sweets may not be indulged in. Strawberry souffle, if made of fresh, ripe fruit and served in sherbet glasses, is a treat for the warm summer afternoon tea party which any child should welcome. Let two cups of strawberry juice and a cup and a half of sugar stand together until they form a syrup. Cover half a box of gelatin with half a cup of cold water, and when the gelatin has softened add a cup of boiling water. Beat the yolks of six eggs until they are creamy, add them to the syrup and then add the gelatin water, strained. Freeze, turning the crank constantly until the mixture is stiff. Add a quart of cream, whipped to a froth. Pack the freezer with ice and salt and set aside for two hours.

Raisin Cake.—This cake might be called "children's fruit cake," for although it is not rich enough to cause indigestion, it is given the appearance of festiveness by the addition of nuts, molasses and raisins. Besides that, it keeps well and may be on hand for the afternoon spread for a couple of weeks. To make it, beat a quarter of a pound of butter and half a cup of brown sugar to a cream, add two tablespoonfuls of molasses and then two eggs, one at a time, unbeaten. Mix a cupful and a half of flour, half a nutmeg grated, an eighth of a pound of blanched almonds and the same amount of shredded lemon or orange peel and add to the cream. Lastly add a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of baking soda, dissolved in not more than a quarter of a cupful of milk. Pour it into a paper lined tin, well buttered, and bake for two or three hours in a slow, steady oven. This cake is especially suitable for serving with lemonade or grape juice.

Orange Granite.—Six oranges, a pint of orange juice, a pound of sugar and a quart of water—these are the materials needed to make a delicious ice. Peel and grate the oranges, add the water and sugar and fruit juices digest far more easily and quickly than cream and milk. To make the granite boil the water and sugar together for five minutes. Peel the oranges, separate the sections, remove seeds, white skin and every bit of fruit connecting tissue. Throw the pieces of fruit into the hot syrup, stand aside for an hour to cool and then drain the syrup into the ice cream freezer, add the orange juice and freeze. When frozen stiff mix in the pieces of orange and serve in glasses.

Curly Peters.—Where these drop cakes got their name is hard to tell, but they are a prime favorite with most children and make a good accompaniment for similar creams and ices. To make them cream together 1½ cups of sugar and one cup of butter. Add yolks of two eggs, one cup of sour milk in which one teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, three cups of flour, nutmeg, salt, all spice, one cup of currants, and lastly the whites of two eggs beaten to a froth. Drop the batter in spoonfuls on a buttered tin, plant a raisin firmly in the center of each cake and bake in a moderately warm oven until the cakes are golden brown and crisp at the edges.

Raspberry Crown. Place one cup of sweetened raspberry juice where it will boil, then stir into it two rounding tablespoonfuls cornstarch (or sifted flour) wet in two tablespoonfuls cold water. Add one cup sugar and stir until it looks transparent; then add one level teaspoonful butter and juice of one-half lemon. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Turn mixture into fancy molds and set in a place where it will become cold. When serving place on a cold dish with whole berries in center. Serve with either whipped or plain sweetened cream.

Sally Lunn. One egg, one small cup of sugar, creamed well together. Then stir well with a lump of butter the size of an egg, and beat all together, then add one cup sweet milk and stir well, then add three and one-half cups of flour that has been sifted three times and in which has been sifted two tablespoonfuls baking powder; also add a pinch of salt. Mix all well together. Bake in a loaf cake. Try it with a brown stream to see when done.

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ONE OF CARNEGIE'S "FINDS"

Some Good Stories Told on Millionaire Helped to Influence by the Ironmaster.

They got to telling stories the other day about Alexander Peacock, the one of Carnegie's young men who proposes to erect a bronze statue to the ironmaster. Mr. Peacock is the former foot-walker in a Pittsburgh department store who attracted Carnegie's attention by a Glasgow socialist it

wasn't long afterward, according to the yarn, that Mr. Peacock was discovered sobbing in a corner of one of the Pittsburgh clubs. "It's aye family trouble, laddie," said Mr. Peacock to a kind inquirer. "My wumman and me's had a bit disagreement. She says I ha' not sax meelions, and I'm sair-I ha' na less than eight."

But that story has been told before and is here repeated rather as an example of the Peacock candor than because of its newness. The latter presents Mr. Peacock as a