

GREATEST BASEBALL LEADER



Cornelius McGillicuddy.

National league world's champions have passed for the day, and American league champions now are possessed of the highest honor in professional baseball. Cornelius McGillicuddy, who is a worthy hands in which to repose the custody of this glory, for he is one of the safe men now connected with the game. He is strictly honest, wise beyond his generation, and a pure sportsman, writes James A. Hart, former president of the Chicago National League club, in the Chicago Tribune. Certainly the goddess of fortune selected wisely when she chose this long bodied, long headed gentleman to become the recipient of the world's baseball championship emblem.

Mack's plan of developing young players into a championship team is in my opinion the proper one, for it makes the player realize more fully that he is really and truly a part of the team rather than if his release had been purchased from some other club whose manager had given him the proper schooling and to whom he should feel obligated.

Do not for one moment permit yourself to believe that this unassuming down east Yankee does not know and use the tricks of the game, for he is wise and will turn any honest advantage.

PICKERING LOST TO GOPHERS

Star End Is Taken Ill Suddenly and Later Is Operated on for Appendicitis—Out of Game.

Gopher prospects have taken a fall by the loss of Earl Pickering, the star end, hurried to a hospital and operated on for appendicitis. His loss will be felt keenly, for he was not only one of the fastest and best men on the line, but did all the Gophers' punting. He will be out of the game for the season. Who will take his place has not been settled.



Pickering, Minnesota Star.

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Oldest People in the World

One of the most interesting exhibitions of the year is the Japanese-British exposition being held at Shepherd's Bush, near London. Japanese landscape gardeners have turned large tracts into flower gardens dotted with quaint Japanese houses, and there is a magnificent exhibit of the arts, crafts and industries of Japan. A party of Almas, the people often called the oldest race in the world, who live in

the southern part of Japan, is attracting much attention. There are but few of them left, though at one time they doubtless held a great part of Japan. It is thought that they will soon be extinct. It will be noticed that their faces bear but little resemblance to those of the Japanese. The Almas are sometimes compared to the American Indians, both having held full sway over a country for centuries.

It was this same Connie Mack, nee Cornelius McGillicuddy, who as a catcher back of the bat in the old days when a caught foul tip made an out, invented and perfected the fake foul tip, or, in other words, could make a noise by snapping his finger against his mitt in a certain manner, or by using his well trained lips could emit a sound so like the noise of a foul tip that the umpire, who as a general rule had faith in Mack's innocence, would upon Connie's supplication, call out the batsman, firmly believing that the ball had been a foul tip.

Mack has been a player under him, for he is a man of perfect personal habits, is of a most kindly disposition, and more than tolerant with the playing errors of his men.

He is of Scotch-Irish extraction, born and reared in New England. He made his first appearance in fast company in the Washington team when that club was a member of the National league. He and his favorite pitcher—they used to go in pairs in those days—Gilmore by name, came to Washington as a battery in the '80s.

The records show that trotters have done an unusual amount of record breaking this year, while among the horses the breaking of records has been confined to the performances of Minor Heir at Law. Minor Heir lowered Star Pointers' mark of 2:06 1/2 to 2:00 1/2 at Galveston, Tex., recently, and at Indianapolis a week later he paced the mile in 1:50. Then at Indianapolis he brought his record mark down to 1:47 1/2.

The new world's trotting records of the trotters:
Fastest Stallion—The Harvester, from 2:02 1/2 to 2:02.
Fastest Gelding—Ulian, from 1:59 1/2 to 1:58 1/2.
Fastest Three-Year-Old Colt—Colorado E., from 2:00 1/2 to 2:00 1/2.
Fastest Mile to Wagon—Ulian, from 2:00 1/2 to 2:01.
Fastest Mile in a Race by a Stallion—The Harvester, from 2:02 1/2 to 2:02 1/2.
Fastest Two Miles in a Race by a Stallion—The Harvester from 2:02 1/2 to 2:04 1/2, and 2:03 1/2.
Fastest Three Hags—The Harvester, from 2:04 1/2 to 2:02.
Fastest Green Stallion—Colorado E., from 2:07 1/2 to 2:06 1/2.

Great Run by Hoppe.
While Hoppe in an exhibition billiard game played at Hartford, Conn., the other day, broke his record of a continuous run of 197 by scoring 212. The run was made on a four and a half by nine foot table, with a four-foot-bank ball-line, with one shot in the record will not become official because play was not on a regulation size table.

Tom Hughes a Hero.
Pitcher Tom Hughes of the New York American league, entered the hero class the other day, when he stopped a runaway in Philadelphia and probably saved two young women, who were in the vehicle, from possible serious injuries. Hughes was dragged a dozen feet or more, but escaped unhurt.

SIMPLY DRIFTED INTO GAME

Outfielder "Bill" Davidson, Outfielder of the Brooklyn Team, Tells of His Early Start.

BY "BILL" DAVIDSON.

The only reason I can think of that I became a professional player is that when I was a small boy I lived near the Chicago American league park. Up to that time I didn't know whether to become a bank robber, a cowboy or a conductor, but when Comiskey brought his team to Chicago I used to climb fences, chase foul balls and do anything else I could think of to see them play. My brother and I played together and after we had seen a game on the White Sox park we used to sit up as late as the family would let us, arguing over plays.

I dropped my other ambitions and decided to become a ball player. Also I played hooky from school as often as I dared, in order to watch Jones and his team play. I learned a lot from them, and pretty soon got on a bigger team and finally my brother and I began playing semi-professional ball around Chicago and in a short time he went out as a professional. Finally I got a job at Fort Dodge and in that league I hit hard, leading the league in 1906, and the next year Lincoln bought me. Somehow I didn't seem to advance rapidly. I certainly worked hard there, for I was determined to get up in the business. My brother was making good in the American Association and there always was a lot of friendly rivalry between us. I wanted to play in Chicago, my home town—and last fall Manager Chance bought me from Lincoln. Up to that time my sympathies had been with the American league, perhaps because I lived near Comiskey's park, but I was glad of the chance to join the Cubs, which I think is the best club in the world. I had little chance to win a regular position there, however, with such a strong outfield and I was anxious to play. It did not please me to think of sitting on the bench and watching the others. I learned more in watching the Cubs play in the spring and during the early season than I learned in my minor league experience and when I was traded to Brooklyn I felt sure I could hold my own. I had gained confidence in myself and found a team I felt I could help.

It makes a lot of difference to a fellow what team he gets with, and



"Bill" Davidson.

how he is received, and in Brooklyn I think I found the right team for me. Many of us were starting in the big league together and felt closer to each other on that account and more anxious to help each other. We are going fairly well now—and watch us next season.

DARING FEAT IN CALIFORNIA

San Francisco Man First to Climb Twin Peaks With Motorcycle—Forced to Pick Way.

Harry P. Christofferson, an enthusiastic and daring motor cyclist of San Francisco, performed a feat the other day heretofore unaccomplished by any wheelman. He rode to the top of Twin peaks on his new seven-horse power machine. What makes the performance so remarkable was the condition of the road. Christofferson wheeled over going up the mountain as a matter of fact, he had no road to travel over whatever. He was forced to pick his way over rock piles through heaps of sand and various other obstacles. There was no path or trail to follow. It was rough riding, such as no other cyclist ever experienced. "I certainly will not attempt it again," remarked the successful climber. "Getting up I bent my handle bar, ruined a tire and knocked my exhaust pipe to pieces. I shouldn't have attempted it, but I got started and I was determined to go through. I had to pull down a couple of wire fences before I reached the summit, and I don't know how many rock piles I went over. Considering the condition of the ground, I went up in good time. I don't know how long it took me, for I didn't have a watch."

Christofferson climbed what is called the north peak, and he geared his machine very low for the ascent.

only to be driven into a small part of their former territory by a stronger and progressive race. The stronger and victorious races have often been unjust, oppressive and murderous in spirit and action, as the white man was against the red man here. Strange to say, the aborigines of almost all lands, when they are crowded back by the stronger arm, die almost as rapidly from civilization as from the bullet, like wild animals that pine and die when confined within pens.—Christian Herald.

Psychic Virtues Possessed by Captains of Finance

NEW YORK.—Do the captains of high finance possess psychic virtues? Yes, and decidedly so, maintains Mrs. Lillian Hobart French, the handsome young woman from Butte and nemesis of Fritz Augustus Heinze, the copper millionaire, whom she has sued for \$25,000, the amount she claims she lent him in the panic of 1907. Mrs. French, by the way, is a theosophist of no mean ability.

"There are psychic virtues and psychic defects in every man," said Mrs. French. "But these psychic characteristics are most developed in the great geniuses of finance, art and literature. My knowledge of such virtues and defects have been confined chiefly to the captains of high finance. The man I've studied most is Fritz Augustus Heinze. But I have studied financial men of an even higher type of ability.

"Take J. Pierpont Morgan, for example, whom I have met socially. There is a man whose psychic virtues positively dominate and control his psychic defects. It is the triumph of mind over mere sensualism.

"Now, on the other hand, take Fritz Augustus Heinze. Here is a man with both traits actually developed, but with lack of sufficient will power to allow his virtues to dominate. "Fritz has run away from me and got married. Well, I feel sorry for the other woman, for sooner or later he will come back to me with his hat in his hand crying like a naughty boy to be reinstated in my affections. That won't happen just yet, but when the gray days come, when fortune falls to smile.

"My feelings toward my Fritz have undergone a great change," Mrs. French continued. "My love for him has utterly vanished, never to return. Yet I shall always regard him as my occult lord and master. His life and mine have been bound by inseparable ties for many years and a great and lasting friendship is in my heart.

"I really feel sorry for Fritz Heinze. He doesn't understand his own nature. When the realization comes, when hard luck arrives, he will know that he has attempted to humiliate the woman who knows his vacillating nature.

Says She Protected Heinze.
"I have always been Heinze's good friend. I have known him for years and stood by him in all his troubles. When the exposure came at my home at No. 22 East Thirty-third street and the fat Great White Mahatma, otherwise known as Ann O'Della Diss Debar, was unmasked as the notorious confidence woman, did I not protect Heinze when he had the temerity to state that he had merely known me for a short time as an acquaintance? I suppose that is what explained why his photograph was on my piano and why he was at my home every day that he was in this city.

"So far as this marriage of Heinze's is concerned, I simply feel terribly sorry for the woman, for he will certainly come back to me. I know that from my sources of theosophic information. I wish him joy, but I am not through with him yet. I still and all ways shall regard myself as his wife. He may marry fifty times prior to the next reincarnation, but if I wait a million years I shall in the last analysis wed him and become in the fullest sense of the term Mrs. Fritz Augustus Heinze."

Mrs. French was then persuaded to show the proof sheets of her new book entitled "Are These Things True?" One of its chapters is on marriage, and, according to Mrs. French, explains her long-continued "occult love" for Heinze.

In the preface to the book, as written by Mrs. French, appears the following: "Some things we know we know. Some things we think we know. Some things we believe we do not know. Some things we try to know. Fools deride; thinkers investigate. If Darwin proved nothing, he at least raised the question, which to science is next in importance to proof. Perhaps nothing is proved in this book, but the question is before you: are these things true?"

There follows a poem entitled "The Mystery," in the closing lines of which Mrs. French modestly explains that the glorious mysteries of the occult heaven are at last made known.

Her Views on Marriage.
Of greatest lay interest to the followers of the strange romance surrounding the life of Fritz Augustus

MUCH GOLD IN IRISH SOIL

Mines in Wicklow County Have Yielded Rich Rewards to Those Who Have Dived.

Ireland is certainly not the "poor distressing country" some people would like one to believe. The fact that it possesses gold mines (although they are not worked today) is proof to the contrary. The mines are situated in Wicklow. According to tradition, the Wicklow gold mines were first discovered by a poor schoolmaster. One day, while fishing in one of the streams which descend from the Croghan mountains, he picked up a piece of shining metal. Ascertaining that it was gold, he gradually enriched himself by searching the various streams in the neighborhood and disposing of what he found to a Dublin goldsmith. He kept the secret to himself for twenty years, but, having married, he told his wife, and she, believing that he was mad, told her relatives, who soon made it public. When the story of the gold mine



LILLIAN HOBART FRENCH

Heinze, and his alleged fall before a red-haired siren is Mrs. French's chapter on marriage.

"Marriage is an institution by the people, for the people and is as necessary to evolution as humanity at its present stage," writes Mrs. French. "as are all other laws and rules laid down by men to govern nations.

"But the time will come when there will be neither marriage nor giving in marriage. However, no force can hasten this ultimate condition, for long roads to intellectual and spiritual development stretch out before us and we must individually and alone find our way along these roads ere the mind can grasp the scheme of mother nature and apply it.

"When we can grow as the flowers and love as the sun, who gives his warmth and light to every animate and inanimate thing alike, then only are we able to discard the present necessary system of matrimony. When we have reached this point in evolution all human passion and emotion will have been subdued and ruled, instead as today the majority are ruled by them, which present condition is also necessary at this time for the development of the true self.

"Time was when polygamy formed part of the belief of the old worlds, but we have intellectualized and spiritualized out of this condition of belief; nor was polygamy wrong at that time, as all things are right and necessary in their proper time and place, and our inability to grasp the stupendous plan of human evolution causes us to look from a narrow, dogmatic point of view.

"True, there are some who run out ahead of their field, not knowing whither or why they go, only that the impulse moves them, and there be those who this day come forth with statements concerning the uselessness of marriage, giving no logical reason, nor offering a substitute system more acceptable.

"Uselessness" of Marriage.
"It requires a peculiar and highly developed mentality to grasp the real reason of the uselessness of marriage, and humanity as a whole has a long way to go before it develops the necessary attributes to the attainment of such knowledge as will fit it to discard the present marital relations.

"The fact that day by day marriage is becoming a failure is proved by the divorce courts, and shows we are approaching a thing higher and better—a condition where jealousy, envy, selfishness and pride of possession sits at the feet of love and does her bidding, nor ever rises up in rebellion against her—a condition where pure undiluted love rules supreme and is compress of the whole wide world.

"And that love is not the selfish love of one individual for another, but the love of the sun for the earth, the love of the mother for her children, the love of mate for mate, who will sacrifice his or her all for the other and glory in the sacrifice. When the human heart is capable of radiating such love we will have no need for marriage laws or any other laws, and we are surely moving toward this condition, however far away the goal.

Radical Opinions.
"There are undoubtedly thousands of couples today living happily and performing their duties to society, to whom the marriage ceremony is a mere form which could neither bind nor compel them to share the same abode did they not have real love for each other. On the other hand there are thousands of couples bound together and sharing the same abode with no semblance of love between them simply because the laws of church and state have distorted the command, 'What God hath joined to-

gether let no man break asunder,' which church and state have literally assumed Godship. Remember the command says, 'What God hath joined,' not what man hath joined, and therefore doth the church or state assume to know whether God has to join two souls. Only the contracting parties know how much God hath joined them by the unselfish love they bear each other, wherefore again doth the marriage ceremony join them together if they cease to feel love for each other."

Indicative of her attitude toward Heinze, Mrs. French points to the following excerpt from this amazing chapter on marriage:

"No human power can separate two souls whom God hath joined together and no human power can keep together two souls that man hath joined together if they see fit to separate. Thus we see how eventually the marriage ceremony will become useless.

"It has become almost so in this present day, for the most important purpose it serves is the governing of the financial conditions between the contracting parties, which of course becomes very necessary under the present materialistic rule. However, all these things must pass away and in the passing we shall find no regrets, for a better and higher plan will force itself forward and we shall step to another landing along the stairs of evolution.

"But in the meantime let us not feel that any one of us is destined or commissioned to try to force these convictions upon the world, because the world or anything thereof will not go faster than nature intended it should. The state of union without marriage is a long way off to the vast majority of humanity."

Mrs. French's Position.
"Mr. Heinze is a wonderful man in many ways," Mrs. French said, "and I still love him dearly. If he married me I feel sure that he would have risen to be president of the United States. Not alone through my aid, but we were so well mated that I could, and did, help him greatly.

"Why, he made most of his money while I was with him. He got \$12,500,000 in cash and an equal amount in stock from the Standard Oil crowd for his Amalgamated Copper holdings through my help. Since he left me he has lost a mighty lot of this. He isn't 'broke' by any means, but he has not got anywhere near the wealth he had.

"But he will not learn—the reincarnation. Mr. Heinze is the reborn of St. Paul, but he won't profit by the experience he had in that life and heed when the 'great light shines on him.'"

"My own former identity as Joan of Arc shows my personal peculiarities. I have strength of mind and character and was born again to lead again. And I will. That's why I want my \$25,000 so I can start my school."

"I have been held up to shame for my relations with Mr. Heinze, but they were as holy as though a priest or legal officer had said words about it. I hold in my faith that I am Mr. Heinze's wife. Even the greatest Christian text-book, the Bible, says, 'Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'"

Left in the Lurch.
"Here's an exciting story."
"What's it about?"
"Three suburban housekeepers wage a three-cornered war over a cook."
"How does it end?"
"Deplorably. She elopes with a scissors-grinder."

tell me of a person who sent his children there on a Sunday morning, after it had rained, and that they brought back gold to the value of twenty guineas.

During the interval between the publication of the circumstance and the government taking possession of the mine—a period of two months—upwards of 2,500 ounces of gold was collected by the peasantry, chiefly from the mud and sand of Ballinvalley stream, and disposed of for at most £10,000. This sum greatly exceeded the produce of the mine under government operations, which only amounted to little more than £3,500. The gold was found in pieces of all sizes, from the smallest particle to a mass of twenty-two ounces, which sold for about eighty guineas. A cast of it, gilt, was deposited in the museum of Trinity college, Dublin. So pure was the gold generally found that it was the custom of the Dublin goldsmiths to put gold coin into the opposite scale to it, and to give weight for weight.

CURE THAT GOLD TODAY



"I would rather preserve the health of a nation than be its ruler."—MUNYON.

Thousands of people who are suffering with colds are about today. Tomorrow they may be prostrated with pneumonia. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Get a 25 cent bottle of Munyon's Cold Cure at the nearest drug store. This bottle may be conveniently carried in the vest pocket. If you are not satisfied with the effects of the remedy, send us your empty bottle and we will refund your money. Munyon's Cold Cure will speedily break up all forms of colds and prevent grippe and pneumonia. It checks discharges of the nose and eyes, stops sneezing, allays inflammation and fever, and tones up the system.

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WHEN YOU need a remedy
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Strong Winds and Sand Storms
cause granulation of the eyelids. PETTIT'S EYE SALVE soothes and quickly relieves All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N.Y.

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Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CAS-STORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*, in Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Realist on Hope.
William Dean Howells, discussing realism at one of his Sunday afternoon talks in New York, let fall a neat epigram on hope.

"Hope," said the famous novelist, "is not, really, an angel in a diaphanous robe of white, but only the wisp of hay held before a donkey's nose to make him go."

With a Sour Laugh.
A Chicago editor has brought from London an amusing story about Humphrey Ward.

"Humphrey Ward," he said, "was in his bachelor days, a really well-known art critic. But now?"

"I met Humphrey Ward at a dinner in Soho, and he said to me, with a sour laugh: 'When a girl wants to retire from the world and be lost in oblivion, she has to enter a nunnery. But a man, to achieve the same end, need only marry a famous woman.'"

He was a Boston Boy.
"Your little boy must be very intelligent," said a visitor to a Boston school teacher whose five-year-old son was forming Greek words with building blocks.

"Intelligent!" exclaimed the proud parent. "He is phenomenally gifted. As an example of his early erudition, what do you suppose were the first words he ever spoke?"

"Puff and mamma!"
"Stuff and nonsense!" ejaculated the father, in a tone of disgust. "Why, the day he was 12 months old he suddenly laid down his alphabet and said to me: 'Father, the longer I live the more indubitable proofs I perceive that there is in Boston as much culture to the square inch as there ever was in the ambient area of ancient Athens!'"

STOPPED SHORT
Taking Tonics, and Built Up on Right Food.

The mistake is frequently made of trying to build up a worn-out nervous system on so-called tonics—drugs. New material from which to rebuild wasted nerve cells is what should be supplied, and this can be obtained only from proper food.

"Two years ago I found myself on the verge of a complete nervous collapse, due to overwork and study, and to illness in the family," writes a Wisconsin young mother.

"My friends became alarmed because I grew pale and thin and could not sleep nights. I took various tonics prescribed by physicians, but their effects wore off shortly after I stopped taking them. My food did not seem to nourish me and I gained no flesh nor blood.

"Reading of Grape-Nuts, I determined to stop the tonics and see what a change of diet would do. I ate Grape-Nuts four times a day, with cream and drank milk also, went to bed early after eating a dish of Grape-Nuts.

"In about two weeks I was sleeping soundly. In a short time gained 20 pounds in weight and felt like a different woman. My little daughter whom I was obliged to keep out of school last spring on account of chronic catarrh has changed from a thin, pale, nervous child to a rosy, healthy girl and has gone back to school this fall.

"Grape-Nuts and fresh air were the only agents used to accomplish the happy results."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.