

New News of Yesterday

By E. J. EDWARDS

Forced Himself on Lowell

How Emory Storrs, Brilliant Chicago Lawyer, Made the Minister to Great Britain Entertain Him and His Friends.

When James Russell Lowell was minister from the United States to the Court of St. James he entertained at dinner and in other formal ways many men of distinction and official character, and he was esteemed a most charming host. But there began to be heard complaints from plain American citizens that Mr. Lowell was not as hospitably inclined towards them as he was towards the great dignitaries. So the report spread abroad through the United States that Mr. Lowell had at no time invited an American citizen who had no official distinction to dine with him.

Whatever truth there may have been in this criticism, it inspired a very brilliant but also very eccentric Chicago lawyer, the late Emory Storrs, with the ambition to secure an invitation from Mr. Lowell for a dinner not only for himself but also for several American friends in Europe at that time.

Mr. Storrs was regarded by the American bar up to the time of his death in 1884 as one of the most brilliant of American advocates. He was also a very successful stump speaker. He ranked as high a reputation as any of the speakers who appeared upon the stump advocating the election of Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876. And far and wide he was noted as being so full of fun and wit as a man of wit, and so fond of a joke as the original Joe Miller.

It was in the summer of 1882, two years after Mr. Lowell had become our minister to Great Britain, that Mr. Storrs undertook to have some fun with the distinguished New England man of letters. On his way abroad he fell in with Clarence M. Depeu.

"I am on this steamer," said Mr. Storrs, gravely, "in an official capacity. I am a commissioner appointed by the packing interests of Chicago to inspect the ocean cattle-carrying methods. I am a great new boy."

"Well, you must have some other

purpose in going abroad than an investigation of live cattle upon an ocean steamer," said Mr. Depeu, incredulously. "You don't need to do that for a living. What do you expect to get out of it?"

"Well, I will tell you what I expect to get, and what I will get out of it," Mr. Storrs replied, even more gravely than before. "I am going to get a dinner out of James Russell Lowell, our exquisite literary critic who is now occupying the post of minister to the Court of St. James. And I am not only going to get an invitation from Mr. Lowell for a dinner; I also am going to name my fellow guests."

"You are joking, Storrs," protested Mr. Depeu. "This is one of your jests."

"It is no joke at all," was the response. "I tell you I am going to make James Russell Lowell do what he never did before, and probably what he will never do again: I am going to make him invite me, a plain, humble American citizen, to dinner at the American embassy, and to invite also the guests whose names I will furnish him."

Some weeks later Mr. Depeu met Mr. Storrs upon the continent.

"Well, did James Russell Lowell give a dinner in your honor?" he asked the Chicago lawyer.

"He certainly did, and he tried to appear happy," was Mr. Storrs' reply.

Odd Coincidence of War Days

How Gerrit Smith, One of the Original Abolitionists, Won First Draft of Emancipation Proclamation in a Raffle.

"I suppose that almost everyone who has ever thought of the matter is of the opinion that the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation is in the archives of the state department at Washington. But it is not there, and it never was there." So said Frederick W. Seward, son of William H. Seward, and assistant secretary of state under Lincoln, Johnson and Hayes.

Inspired Henry Ward Beecher

Starr King's Efforts for Union on Pacific Slope Led to Those of More Famous Orator in England.

The late John G. North of New Haven, Conn., who was one of the most successful of the Lyceum platform managers in the days when the lecture was one of the most popular and instructive forms of public entertainment, said to me one day:

"I suppose that Wendell Phillips' lecture entitled 'The Lost Arts' is, all things considered, the most popular lecture that has been delivered in the United States. Mr. Phillips told me the last time he came to New Haven that he had already delivered the lecture about three thousand times. The popularity of it you can judge when I tell you that the last time Mr. Phillips delivered this lecture at New Haven the night was bitter cold and stormy, yet the great music hall was packed with people who were willing to put up with the severity of the weather in order to hear Wendell Phillips."

"I remember that I asked Mr. Phillips late that evening what he considered the most popular lecture outside of those of his own repertoire that had held the boards in his day."

"To my surprise he said: 'I think that Thomas Starr King's lecture entitled 'Substance and Shadow' has been heard by as many persons as have heard of my 'Lost Arts.' It is a wonderful lecture and nobody but a man who had lived, as King did, winter and summer amid the White Mountains, could have written it.'"

"I asked Mr. Phillips if my impression was correct that Thomas Starr King had been a Unitarian preacher in or near Boston, and was later a Unitarian clergyman at San Francisco. Mr. Phillips answered my question sharply and emphatically by simply saying: 'Yes.'"

"I saw, however, that my question had stirred up a new train of thought in Mr. Phillips' mind and hoped that he would give me the benefit of it, although I did not dare ask him what he was thinking about. At last, he said:

Unique 'Jail' to Go.

Gerlach, California, is to lose its unique jail, which is the only one of its kind in the country. The jail consisted of chains attached to a telegraph pole. On the post was nailed the sign "Gerlach City Jail." Of course, after being found guilty, simply had the chains attached to their ankles and were left there to spend their term. Others were kept there awaiting trial in a Justice court. Now, however, a new portable steel jail is on its way to Gerlach, in which prisoners are to be confined in the future. Gerlach is a Western Pacific railroad division point on the edge of the Nevada desert. Its total population is less than 100, but like most new railroad towns it has an unduly large proportion of undesirable citizens, whose presence made a jail an absolute necessity.

"I saw where an angry wife had her husband arrested at an aviation meet."

"What for?"

"I think she had an idea that he went there to see his slinky."

CANTILLON IS TRICKED

Washington Manager Fooled at His Own Game.

Elevates Pitcher's Box So That White Sox Twirlers Couldn't Get Ball Over Plate—Comiskey Lowers His.

"Long ago, when the world was young," says Joe Cantillon, once manager of Washington, "Charlie Comiskey and I were running rival teams in the old Western league, and what we didn't plan in the way of jobs and tricks upon each other wasn't worth putting in the Book of Frauds. I always figured the great-hearted Comiskey as my legitimate meat, and he soon learned a few things on his own account, so that the score was kept fairly even as the days went by."

"One time, when Comiskey's team was slated for a series on my grounds, a really great idea struck me. In those days there were no rules restricting the height of the pitcher's mound, and some awful elevations were constructed round the circuit. I resolved on making a hill such as no pitcher ever used before, and I made it, too. The ground-keeper at my park built up a mountain, and I trained my hurlers on that mountain every morning for four days. When Comiskey's gang arrived they were dumfounded to see that Mount Whitney of a pitching hill, towering up above the diamond, and with my pitchers grinning down at them. But they kicked in vain; there was no rule to stop me, and the game began. For three days we had rich fun with Comiskey's men. My pitchers sent the ball swooping downward with a speed and an angle of direction that they couldn't touch, while Comiskey's pitchers, unused to such an altitude, were helpless, hitting the batters on the feet and rebounding the ball from the turf for wild pitches."

"We arrived in Comiskey's burg two weeks later, and I felt pretty sure that we had a cinch. No matter how the old Roman might elevate his pitching mound, he couldn't fool us, for my pitchers were all trained to the bill work, and could not be rattled or put to the bad, even if they were asked to throw from the summit of a steep. But when we got to Comiskey's field we let go one long, lingering yell of anguish and despair. We were tricked, beaten, flim-flammed, and skinned alive."

"Immediately after his return from my town, so it seems, Comiskey got busy with his plans for a dark revenge. He had his groundkeeper dig a grave at the pitcher's slab—an excavation about up to the hips of the average man—and then he trained his curving force, day by day, to that most difficult of feats—throwing uphill. It is awful labor, but, of course, a man can learn to do it, and by the time we appeared in the vicinity they all had it down to perfection. Can you imagine the flash?"

"My pitchers, trained to throwing downward from a mountain, were absolutely done. They couldn't get the ball anywhere near the batters and man after man walked, while the few reeble tosses that came over the plate were batted half a mile. For three days the carnage went on and we were trimmed 12 to 2, 11 to 2 and 17 to 5. Then Comiskey and I got together, agreed to restore our pitching slabs to their normal altitude and never again to try anything on each other."

Roy Thomas is still on the payroll of the Quakers. His services nowadays are confined to acting as pinch hitter.

Of the five players Cleveland gets from the Central league, two are hitting over .300, while another is close up to that mark.

First baseman M. M. Kiliber of Petersburg, Va., who starred in the Virginia State league, has reported to Fred Clarke for a try-out.

The St. Louis Browns have acquired a pitcher named Spencer from Quincy, Ill. The purchase has been delayed somewhat in announcement.

Owners of the Decatur (Ala.) club of the Southeastern league deny the reports that their city will not be represented in the circuit next season.

The announcement that James McAleer might get a controlling interest in the Washington club was greeted with general approval over the American league circuit.

Cincinnati asked waivers on Larry McLean and all clubs said "Sure." But Larry will remain a Red; it was just to show him that he's not the backbone of the national game.

One of the records claimed by the Henderson team of the Kitty league for the season, was three consecutive shutouts over Fulton. The scores were 1 to 0, 5 to 0 and 4 to 0.

The Cleveland Club has obtained permission to withdraw the name of Shortstop Henry Knaupp from the list of players recalled by the Naps under optional agreement and he stays with New Orleans.

Jimmy Whalen, who has been playing shortstop at Cheyenne, Wyo., but belongs to Hannibal, Mo., was wanted by the Salt Lake club, which planned to use him next year, but announcement is that Minneapolis has landed him.

Walter Johnson, the National star pitcher, says his new teammate, Jay Cashion, is one of the most promising young twirlers in the big leagues today. In Johnson's opinion, Cashion will develop into a star as soon as he has more seasoning.

The wonderful work of Rube Marquard, the Giants' southpaw, continues, and he is probably pitching better ball at present than any twirler has done in the National league since Matty's first days, and the phenomenal streak of Alexander the Great.

YOUNGSTER'S FAST BALL JUMPS A FOOT



Grover Cleveland Alexander of Phillies.

Manager Charles Doolin of the Phillies declares that he has the greatest young pitcher in the National league in the person of young Alexander, the recruit.

This young Alexander is supposed to possess a finer assortment of deliveries than any other youngster in the game.

His fast one is the most deceptive, according to Manager Doolin, and the red-headed boss will take oath that this jumps anywhere from fourteen to fifteen inches. An exaggeration? The manager of the Phillies says no. He

says it is an actual fact that the fast one of his youngster jumps more than a foot.

Alexander isn't exactly built on the endurance order, and yet he has always had the reputation of being a pitcher who could do a lot of work in a season. Last year he was with the Syracuse team of the New York State league. He pitched 46 games in that league.

Alexander is a youngster, being but twenty-three years old. He is a weatherer, his home being in St. Paul, Neb. He stands six feet two inches.

PITCHERS LOSE THEIR NERVE

Manager John McGraw of New York Giants Says Managers Ruin Young Hurlers by Changing.

The custom has grown upon managers to suddenly shift pitchers if they happen to be batted hard. For that reason ball teams are carrying more pitchers in comparison with the actual work that they do on a ball field than they ever did.

If pitchers who happen to be hit hard were to be kept in the game in-



Manager John McGraw.

stead of being sent to the bench it might be that the team would rally as quickly behind him as it would behind a fresh pitcher, and it frequently has been demonstrated in baseball that a pitcher may be hit hard in one inning and after that hold a team to almost nothing.

John McGraw is slow to change a pitcher who happens to be hit for the reason that he wants the pitcher to have every opportunity to help himself out of the trouble into which he has fallen. When he notes that a pitcher is not himself he is likely to change in a hurry, whether he is an old or a young player. There are days when the best pitchers are less effective than is usually the case when they are in the box.

Before it was baseball etiquette to have almost as many pitchers on a team as there are other players combined the time was when a pitcher would be rapped for three or four runs in the rather early part of the game and yet stick through and win.

Worth the Money.

Barney Dreyfus made no mistake in paying a large price for Pitcher Marty O'Toole. His victories so far prove this.

CHIP OFF OLD BLOCK

Young Gates Very Much Like His Father.

Has Already Shown the "Plunging Spirit" on a Small Scale—Some of His Escapades in the Field of Chance.

New York.—Like his late father, but necessarily on a smaller scale, Charles G. Gates has been known for several years as a spender. Now, with up ward of \$30,000,000 in his control, will be prone to be a spender to an extent proportionate to the reputation he has gained as an embryo, or as "the son of John W. Gates."

Several transactions in which young Gates has figured and which may be regarded as significant are recalled here. While they perhaps no more than verge on the sensational, they disclose, it is pointed out, a character that in time may develop true "bet-you-a-million" proclivities.

It is recalled that in 1901 Charles Gates decided he wanted a seat on the New York stock exchange, and to get it wrote a check for \$52,000, the record price paid for a seat up to that time.

On one occasion John W. Gates went to Texas on a shooting trip and left his son in charge of his Wall street brokerage office. One day the latter went out before the books closed on Colorado Fuel & Iron, borrowed about 10,000 shares and had it transferred into his own name. After the books closed he returned the certificates, but gave proxies on them to Mr. Hartman.

By a strange coincidence, George J. Gould owned all of this stock. He had planted it about Wall street to see what would happen to it. When Mr. Gould saw the clever move made by young Gates—for the Colorado Fuel had had just begun, and such moves counted—he let Hartman go ahead



Charles G. Gates.

counting the stock until the next day, when young Gates was overwhelmed by having served on him legal papers by the numerous brokers from whom he had borrowed the stock, ordering him to send the proxies on to it them and telling him that if he attempted to vote it at the Denver meeting they would bring suit for damages. Gates had run head on into the law and had to back out.

"When John W. Gates was in his prime he was a familiar figure and a heavy plunger at the race tracks. So was his son. The latter's best record of winnings was made at Los Angeles, when he took \$28,000 from the Santa Anita bookmakers. Returning to the city on the last day of the meeting, young Gates much elated, paid \$500 for a dog worth \$10. He then gave it to the cashier of the Alexandria hotel.

Next he procured a \$50 puppy, but meeting a young woman who liked the animal, pup No. 2 vanished in oblivion. Then the young plunger found a handsome bulldog and parted with \$5,500, but kept the animal.

"Charles" Gates has also taken occasional flings at roulette and faro and a fortune usually changed hands one way or the other. One night, after a banquet on Broadway, he fell in with Arnold Rothstein and William Shea, both notorious gamblers, and spent the night at their place of business. In the morning Rothstein accompanied the young plunger to his bank, where Rothstein cashed a check for \$40,000 which Gates had written at night.

If the father was possessed of a whole-souled sense of humor, so is the son, and it has been amply evidenced several times. Again his sums were always involved, at least in the stories that found their way to the public print.

The following is a sample:

"Turn me a trick in the market, will you? I need the money badly."

This request came over the telephone to young Gates one morning. Mr. Gates immediately bought 200 shares of Louisville & Nashville, in less than an hour the stock had been sold at two points profit.

"I've got \$400 for you," shouted Gates over the telephone. "How do you want it, cashier's check?"

The clerk, who thought Mr. Gates was joking, replied: "Oh, send it over in pennies."

Two strong porters were dispatched to the sub-treasury; 40,000 new pennies were procured and delivered to the amazed customer in a bushel basket.

Millions of Fish Poisoned.

Winchester, Va.—The United States Leather company, which operates several tanneries in Hampshire and Hardy counties, West Virginia, is to be prosecuted by the state authorities for polluting Capon river and destroying millions of speckled trout and black bass and other game fish.

A large quantity of refuse matter from the tanneries poisoned the large fish, minnows and turtles and long irregular lines of buzzards can be seen from every hill crowding to the river banks to eat the dead fish, which a nauseating stench is carried by the wind for miles.