

# 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 is 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:

"Henry Ward Beecher and Starr King—these two are the men who have spoken to the hearts of men and have persuaded them. It is a little singular that two clergymen, one an orthodox, as we call it in Massachusetts, the other a Unitarian, should in the days of the Civil war have so spoken as to change public sentiment and shape the destiny of the nation."

"Starr King was living at San Francisco at the time of the secession of the southern states from the Union. He heard that the Pacific states would take advantage of this breaking up of the Union to establish a Pacific coast republic."

"Not while I have tongue to speak or while there are ears to hear what I say will that be done," King said to those who brought this news to him. And he so spoke, so pleaded and persuaded as to hold in check that purpose."

"I never shall forget," said Mr. North, "how impressively Mr. Phillips told me this. He said he had received information at first hand of the manner in which Starr King challenged and defied those who hinted to him that the time had come when the Pacific states should establish their own republic. And Mr. Phillips went on to say that it was Starr King's battle from the platform against those who were trying to take California out of the Union which inspired his friend, Henry Ward Beecher, to undertake that superb campaign in Great Britain in 1863 in which, from the public platform, Beecher beat down the influence of the aristocracy of Great Britain in behalf of the Confederacy and concentrated and consolidated the public opinion of the great middle class and the yeomen of Great Britain in such a manner as to make it apparent that this class would give unflinching support to the cause of the Union."

"Suddenly Mr. Phillips paused. He looked me square in the eye. 'Mr. North, he said, let us never forget that in the days of the extremity of the Union two clergymen spoke words which aided in saving it.' And in uttering that sentence he was never more eloquent or compelling or impressive on the lecture platform."

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## He Wanted It Over

Magistrate Appleton was holding court the other day when the door opened and the premium pickle came in, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. He carried a suit case and he was stewed to the ears.

"Morn', judge," said he, bowing gravely. "Lovely morn'?"

The court attendants arranged to give him the bum's rush.

"Nix on zat," said Mr. Fisher, gravely freeing himself from their clutches. "P all's same to judge, I'll pay fine now."

Magistrate Appleton wanted to know what he was talking about.

"Thought I'd come in to get fined, judge," said he. "Make it ten dollars. Might not be convenient later. Or fifteen. Uh got nice hill package now, but I'm goin' to get drunker. So might 'well get it over with."

Appleton ordered him held for one day to sober up.

"No sports' blood in you, old top," said Mr. Fisher, reproachfully, as he

## 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 pitching 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."

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## YOUNGSTER'S FAST BALL JUMPS A FOOT

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 deceivers 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

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.

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

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

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.

## CHOP OFF OLD BLOCK

Young Gates Very Much Like His Father.

Has Already Shown the "Plunging Spirit" on a Small Scale—Some of His Escapes 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 just begun, and such moves counted—he let Hartman go ahead

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.

Fake Story.

President Hedges of the St. Louis Browns says the story he has offered the management of the Browns to Harry Davis is a fake, evidently for the purpose of discrediting Manager Wallace.

Expected There Will Be Fewer Players Hit in Southern League as Result of Ruling.

There'll be fewer players "beamed" in the Southern league as a result of a recent ruling made by President Kavanaugh. The Memphis News-Sentinel tells of this order: "No more quick returns to the plate by pitchers in the Southern league—that is, not unless the umpire has his foot on the rubber. Judge Kavanaugh, president of the league, characterizes these 'quick returns' as 'near balks' and he has instructed his umpires to put a stop to them."

Kavanaugh was probably influenced to issue this order by one or two accidents that have occurred this season, notably that of Scotty Walker, who is now permanently out of baseball as a result of being hit on the head by a 'quick return' by Bert Maxwell. There are several pitchers who specialize on the quick throw to the plate to catch the batsman off his guard, and among these are Maxwell and Hess, the two leading pitchers of the league.

"I am not prepared to say that all of these 'quick returns' are balks," says Judge Kavanaugh in his order to the umpires, "but there has been considerable complaint against this practice. See that the pitcher is in his correct position in the box when he delivers the ball to the plate."

Can't Stop Sheekard.

Referee Time is having a dreadful furry counting out Jimmy Sheekard of the Cubs. For three seasons expectant fans have been looking for the fatal toll to start, but each year James bobs up brighter, fresher and more capable than ever. Sheekard is still one of the best lead-off men in baseball.

Some time back in baseball history Chicago handed Brooklyn four or five players for this star. Sheekard is still shining more brightly than ever, while the men who went to Brooklyn have faded from sight for the most part.

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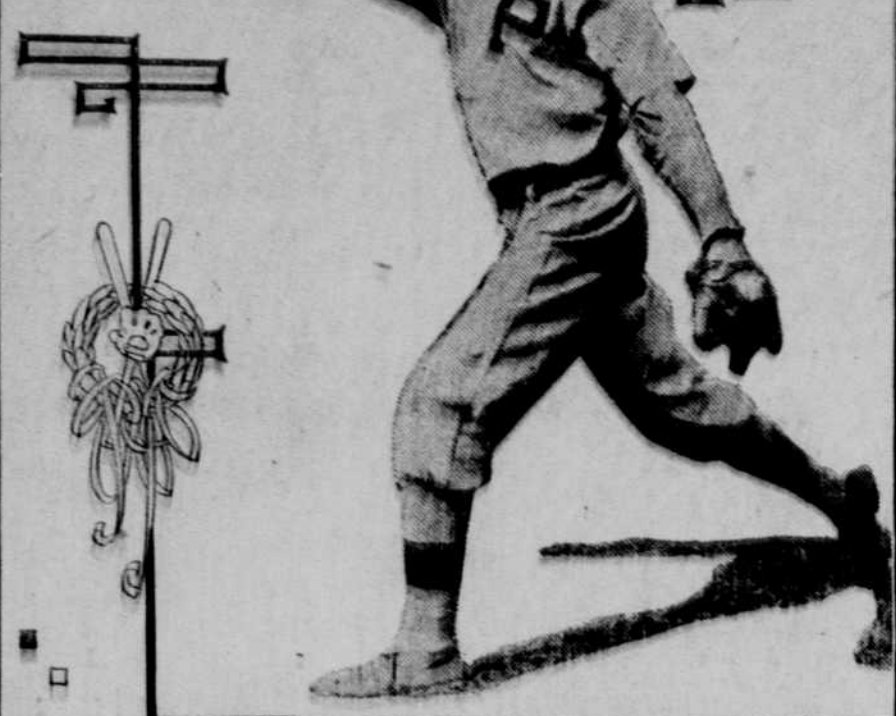
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