

ZIMMERMAN IS A REAL HERO IN THE BRONX



Heinie Zimmerman, Slugging Chicago Cub.

The proudest men in the Bronx today are those who can look up from the baseball extras and regale their young hopefuls with tales of the time when Heinie Zimmerman was carrying plumb's tools and earning \$2 a day. Every citizen of that sequestered section of New York who can faintly remember the occasion when Heinie repaired a leak in his bathtub today refers to the sensational batter of the Cubs as one of his boyhood friends.

In New York a ball player may get lost in the shuffle, but not so in the Bronx. When the Cubs are in New York Young America waits in droves for the arrival of Zimmerman at his home after the game, and not to

know where Heinie lives is not merely locked upon as ignorance—it is a crime.

During the recent series with the Giants, in which Zimmerman banked the ball into the stands for three home runs, excitement in the Bronx ran riot. Heinie was counting on a few quiet days at home, but such pleasure was denied him. Friends came so thick and fast he couldn't get a minute to himself, and finally, in desperation, sneaked downtown in New York and joined the team to escape the demonstrations.

Zimmerman is 6 feet tall in his stocking feet, weighs 180 pounds, and never had a day's illness in his life.

OLD TIMER IS PASSED ALONG

John Titus, for years a favorite of the Philadelphia fans, is released to Boston.

For years the name of Titus has been synonymous with the Phillies. The last man in the major leagues to shave his mustache and a good ball player for years, years had years now wears a Boston National league uniform. It seems like a blow in the



John Titus.

face to learn that Titus has been swapped or sold. Philadelphia will not seem the same to the veteran fans who hate to see their old-time favorites go.

Sammy White Won't Play.
Sammy White, the Princeton bright star, who has been on the point of joining several teams, with Baltimore making the most definite claim to his services, now announces that he is going to join none of them but that he will go into business. Baltimore claims to have his contract tucked away in the office safe to spring on him any time he changes his mind again.

London Club Fined.
President Fitzgerald recently fined the London club of the Canadian \$200 for issuing more passes than the league regulations allowed. London threatened to "strike" but the league directors upheld the president's action and London backed up. The \$200 was divided between four clubs that were victims of the London pass liberality.

NOTES OF THE DIAMOND

The Jersey City team has bought Pitcher Barry from the Athletics.

John B. Boyle of Chicago university is the latest recruit to join the Phillies.

Jimmy McAleer, the president of the Boston Americans, is a happy man these days.

Edgar Willett, of the Jennings crew, is the leading pitcher for his team so far this year.

Buffalo has secured Charles Hightower, a pitcher from the Cornell university team.

Harry McIntyre, tried out by Milwaukee in one game, has been taken on by Indianapolis.

Connie Mack has picked up Johnny King, a college pitcher of the Sacred Heart team of Denver.

Clark Griffith says if he had one reliable southpaw he could win the American league pennant.

Connie Mack will get another star recruit this fall from his Baltimore farm in Outfielder Murphy.

Frank Chance complains of his "beamed" head, which is at least ever so much better than a bonehead.

Elberfeld is about ready to quit baseball and return to his home in Chattanooga. The old boy is all in.

Louisville has purchased Second baseman Harris of the McKeesport team in the Ohio-Pennsylvania league.

Mike Doolan has one defensive weakness. Somehow he can't field bunts that are tapped toward first base.

The Slegel company of Boston has made Denton T. Young an offer to take charge of its baseball department.

The Reds have sent Pitcher Floyd Cornwell back to Huntington, W. Va., whence he came. They said Floyd had a nice disposition, but that let him out.

The Cleveland Naps have four of the first six men in the honor list of American league batters, and still the Naps are not able to get up among the contenders.

Pitcher Weiser Dell, the big pitcher sent by the St. Louis Cardinals to Butte for development, seems to be coming on fast. He recently held Ogdon to one hit. Unsteadiness marred his game, however.

Athletics Need Pitchers.
Manager Connie Mack has purchased the release of Pitcher Riley of the Steubenville, O. team for \$1,000. Connie is not going to stop trying because he has yet to land a 1512 phenom.

BIG LEAGUERS IN TROUBLE

Charges Made That New York and Brooklyn Players Compete With Semiprof Around Gotham.

Officials of both the National and American Leagues have begun an investigation of charges that members of the New York and Brooklyn teams have been playing Sunday baseball here in semi-professional teams under assumed names. It is alleged that from \$100 to \$250 is regularly paid to the big team stars for this service by semi-professional teams here and in suburban towns.

On several occasions, it is said, star pitchers on the pay rolls of the local major league clubs have worked on Sundays for as much as \$250, only to fall utterly when called upon to enter the box the next day by their regular employers. One crack boxman, it is alleged, pitched a sixteen inning game on a recent Sunday in a Hudson river town in spite of the fact that it was his regular turn to pitch on Monday.

On another occasion, according to the investigators, a star battery hired for \$250 by a semi-professional club found that the opposing team had a pitcher and catcher equally well known in organized baseball. The recognition on the field was mutual, but in order to fool the spectators, the major leaguers, whose names were assumed, did not speak.

The first move, it is said, will be a sweeping order prohibiting players under contract to organized clubs from accepting offers from semi-professional managers.

SUNDAY BALL IN WASHINGTON

Manager Clark Griffith of Senators Thinks It Would Be Great Blessing for Capital Fans.

Sunday baseball in Washington is a probability of the near future. A conference held by President Ban B. Johnson and Manager Griffith at the former's office recently resulted in the head of the league giving his approval of such a change in the schedule and incidentally immediately taking the matter up with the other officials of the Washington club.

Griffith contends that a majority of the people in Washington want Sunday games. He says that it has been argued to him by those most interested in the project that Sunday baseball would be a blessing in disguise for those inhabitants of the nation's capital who cannot afford to attend games during the week and who have no place to spend their Sundays.

President Johnson is an advocate of Sunday ball. He pointed out that it required years to have the barriers raised against the sport on the Sabbath in both Detroit and Cleveland, but that since it has been tried there the clergy of these two cities sanction the playing of the games on that day, and that there is not the slightest objection from any source.

He immediately wrote a letter to President Noyes regarding the subject, and if the club can see its way clear to play games at home on Sunday the schedule will be so arranged at once as to make this possible during the Nationals' long stay at home.

"CY" YOUNG SAYS FAREWELL

Famous Pitcher Makes His Final Appearance on the Diamond at Place Where He Started.

It was a fine sense of the appropriateness of things that led Denton T. Young to make his final farewell announcement on the diamond where he began his career. It was at New Athens, O., at the commencement day game of Franklin College where the veteran first learned the fine points of the game. Young consented to pitch part of the game for the college team. He twirled three innings, then the veteran walked out before the grandstand and declared he was through. "The old arm is gone; I give way to a young-



Cy Young.

ger man. This is my last game. It was here that I began my baseball career and it is fitting that I should end it here," he said.

George Browne Again Released.
President Fogel of the Philadelphia National league team announced that he had unconditionally released George Browne, substitute outfielder. Browne, formerly one of the stars of the New York Nationals, started in this season as manager of the Washington United States league team.

Second Place Struggle.
All interest in the National league seems to have turned to the race for second place, in which the Pirates, Cubs and Reds figure prominently. All seem agreed that the Giants will win the pennant unless the team is kidnapped or totally destroyed.

Senator Joe Dixon Comes of Quaker parentage, and was brought up to speak mildly, call no man a liar, and to be not too aggressive.
Not long after he was first elected to congress as a member of the lower

KALI and Her Dark Temple

UCH as the English authorities would like to abolish the appalling Indian worship of Kali, the Goddess of Revolution, the popularity of her little shrine within easy reach of government house seems to increase year by year. Millions of followers journey every year from all parts of Bengal to bow before the god. And the strangest part of the whole thing is that this worship is not confined to the more ignorant of the Hindus, but is participated in to an equal degree by those who have had the advantage of European residence and education. Although formerly there was a daily sacrifice of human life before Kali, since the British occupation she has had to be satisfied with goats and sheep. But even today the sight of the daily slaying of 150 of these dumb creatures before the shrine of the insatiable goddess is one that few foreigners can stand.

Kali is known to the revolutionists of India as the Mother; she has four arms; her hands are covered with blood; in one she holds aloft a dripping sword and in the other a freshly severed head; from her neck hangs a string of beads; her feet are on the body of her husband, the god Siva. The temple of Kali is two miles from government house. You pass at one bound from Europe to Asia, for the road suddenly assumes a tropical aspect. Coconut palms spring aloft out of water tanks and instead of splendid buildings you see nothing but mud huts thatched with grass. The avenue to the temple is a narrow lane of dark, box-like shops filled with religious ware—clay models of the goddess, garlands of the sacred flower, hideous colored prints of Kali and charms to keep away the evil eye. The pilgrims who come from every part of Bengal to worship at this shrine find their creature comforts in the food piled on copper dishes—sweet meats and fried stuffs about which the flies swarm in hungry hordes. An smelling place it is. No sooner do you alight from the carriage than you are beset by ragged unkempt men who call themselves priests and seek to prove their holiness by displaying the sacred thread worn by the Brahmans. One ruffian takes possession of you only to encounter the clamor of others, but after a little argument they come to terms and the latest arrivals go in search of other prey.

Along a narrow alley thronged with perspiring natives you reach the shrine of the elephant-headed god, Ganesha—a little cubbyhole of stone and plaster where the god resides in red relief, garlanded with marigolds. Elbowing our way through the crowd we penetrate to the court of the temple of Kali, where men, women and children swarm like bees, screaming and thrusting their way to the horrible shrine. The stones are stained with pools of blood that lie near a cross-piece of wood shaped like a gullionette. It is here that the sheep and goats are slain amid revolting scenes. The heads are collected and given to the poor, but the bodies and skins belong to the pilgrims and the priest. In the shadow of the shrine—a plain stone structure—is a barren-looking tree smeared with red paint and from the bare branches hang hundreds of little stones tied with human hair, for women who are childless worship this tree and the stones and hair are pledges of gifts if a child should be born to them.

The temple itself stands in the center—small and mean to the eye. The main entrance is closed except during the early hours of the morning, but there is a side door that opens into what looks like a bottomless pit—all dark and dreadful. Through this door presses a mob of men, women and children, eager to do puja, or reverence, to the goddess of destruction. Only Hindus are permitted to ascend the steps and enter the temple and others have to be content to crane their necks from the courtyard, while their priestly guides strive to press the stream of worshippers in order to get a passing glimpse of Kali in her house of darkness. One catches a glimmer of crimson and gold through the noisome blackness of the pit that seethes with humanity. This was Kali dripping blood and putting

out her gold tongue. It was a relief to turn from this hideous mummy to the courtyard again where children played and older pilgrims squatted and ate and wretched themselves with yellow garlands. Among them was a dwarf whom the people urged upon our notice—a gentle little creature perfectly formed and 50 years old. If Barnum had happened upon him he would not be seeking a precarious living in the temple of Kali, for no dwarf was ever a more real and graceful miniature of a man. As we pushed through the throng our guide pointed out the shrines of another Ganesha, a Vishnu, with ten arms and legs, and a pale Buddha, whose serene composure looked strangely out of place in the midst of this warlike and sanguinary mob of deities. Each shrine has its own Brahman attendant who holds out an itching palm to visitor and pilgrim alike.

Three fakirs sat on the steps of the



KALI

ghat amid cinders and ashes. The face of one was grey with ashes. Another sat in the attitude of Buddha. "For many years," whispered my guide, in awestricken tones, "this fakir has not uncrossed his legs." Fakirs or ascetics do this sort of penance. One will hold up an arm till it withers and becomes useless; another will stand on one leg for years and a third never rises from the ground. The faithful supply all their wants and acquire merit thereby. One of these men held his head so proud and looked at us from under level brows with the most beautiful eyes in the world. When one looked lower and saw the twisted and wizened legs one turned away with a shudder. He took the rupee flung to him with the most haughty air imaginable. It was evident that he was convinced of his holiness and imagined that torture had lifted him far above the rest of human kind.

To what depths the worship of Kali can descend will be understood when it is recalled that she was the patron goddess of the Thugs, a Hindoo sect, who devoted their lives to highway robbery. They entered into friendly conversation with strangers on the high road and, at a convenient moment, strangled them to death and made off with their goods. It is less than 50 years since the last of their number was hanged after a relentless war with the British authorities.

Three fakirs sat on the steps of the

Honors to Russian Dead

Japanese Have Converted the Field of Mukden Into a Beautiful Cemetery.

A recent traveler through Manchuria gives us a picture and a description of the great cemetery which the Japanese have nearly completed and which some time ago they consecrated to the Russian dead who fell in the battles about Mukden.

In their precipitate retreat the armies of the czar left thousands upon thousands of their fallen comrades unburied. After the signing of the treaty of peace the soldiers of the Mikado collected every last bone and every bit of ragged uniform and every broken weapon which the Russians had left upon the field and buried them with soldierly honors. In the center of this vast plot they inclosed by a white marble fencing a reserved space for those who had evidently been officers.

Over the graves of the common soldiers iron crosses, in the Greek form, were erected and over the graves of commanders crosses of white marble. Then as a plot to the converging lines they reared a terrace, and on the terrace built a marble temple, all at a cost of 50,000 yen. When the work was ready for dedicatory rites, they invited Russian ecclesiastics from Peking, Harbin and Vladivostok, together with such military commanders as were near, to assemble for re-

ligious service in this chapel, where, amid the assembled men of both races, the land was solemnly consecrated as a resting place for the Russian dead.

We think we have not done badly when fifty years after the battle of Gettysburg we invite the surviving Confederates to meet us where they fought us, and with their northern fellow citizens give thanks today for a united country. But the "Japs" have bettered as well as anticipated our act. For within five years of the battle of Mukden they laid out the field as a cemetery for their conquered enemies, buried them decently, had religious rites celebrated by priests of their own faith, and paid personal tribute to the courage and loyalty of the men they had vanquished. All this without one word of suggestion from outside.—The Advance.

Shepherd Dog.

Shepherd dog, shepherd's dog, and sheep dog are interchangeable terms for the same breed of animal, the last term being, perhaps, the most used. A Scotch collie is one of the two best varieties of sheep dogs. The southern, or English, sheep dog, is larger than the Scotch collie, with rather shorter hair. Ordinarily people who are not very particular about matters of the kennel call them both "collies."

How Aviators Rose To Fame

Hubert Latham Was a Street Car Conductor Before Flying Career—Some Others.

Hubert Latham began his career as a consumptive street car conductor, doomed by the doctors. But either the doctors were wrong or flying is conducive to health, for Hubert Latham is still alive and well, having flown more miles and won more prize

Marked Lack of Enthusiasm

"Glad Hand" Was Not Extended to Statesman With Any Great Degree of Enthusiasm.

Senator Joe Dixon comes of Quaker parentage, and was brought up to speak mildly, call no man a liar, and to be not too aggressive. Not long after he was first elected to congress as a member of the lower

SPLENDID OUTLOOK FOR CROPS IN WESTERN CANADA

RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE GRAIN FIELDS SHOW THAT THE PROSPECTS ARE GOOD.

This is the time of year when considerable anxiety is felt in all the northern agricultural districts as to the probable outcome of the growing crops. Central Canada, comprising the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, with their 16,000,000 acres of wheat, oats, barley and flax, of which 6,000,000 acres may be said to be sown to wheat alone, has become a great factor in the grain markets of the world. Besides this, government returns show that every state in the Union has representatives in these provinces, and naturally the friends of these representatives are anxious to hear of their success. It has never been said of that country that it is absolutely faultless. There are, and have been, districts that have experienced the vagaries of the weather, the same as in districts south of the boundary line between the two countries, but these are only such as are to be expected in any agricultural country. The past has proven that the agricultural possibilities of this portion of Canada are probably more attractive in every way than most countries where grain raising is the chief industry. The present year promises to be even better than past years, and in a month or six weeks it is felt there will be produced the evidence that warrants the enthusiasm of the present. Then these great broad acres will have the ripened wheat, oats, barley and flax, and the farmer, who has been looking forward to making his last payment on his big farm will be satisfied. At the time of writing, all crops give the promise of reaching the most sanguine expectations.

In the central portion of Alberta, it is said that crop conditions are more favorable than in any previous year. Heavy rains recently visited this part, and the whole of this grain growing section has been covered. Reports like the following come from all parts:

"Splendid heavy rain yesterday. Crops forging ahead. Great prospects. All grains more than a week ahead of last year. Weather warm last week. Good rains last night."

From southern Alberta the reports to hand indicate sufficient rain. Crops in excellent condition. Labor scarce. Throughout Saskatchewan all grains are looking well, and there has been sufficient rain to carry them through to harvest.

From all portions of Manitoba there comes an assurance of an abundant yield of all grains. Throughout southern Manitoba, where rain was needed a few weeks ago, there has lately been abundant precipitation, and that portion of the province will in all probability have a crop to equal the best anticipations. A large quantity of grain was sown on the stubble in the newer west, which is never a satisfactory method of farming, and may reduce the general average.

Taken altogether, the country is now fully two weeks in advance of last year, and in all grains the acreages sown are much larger than in 1911. This means that with auspicious weather the west will have the grandest harvest in its history. Two hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat has been mentioned as an estimate of the present growing crop, and it looks now as if that guess will be none too large.

Fit Punishment.

The Wicked Soul was sitting on a hot stove, drinking molten lava and fanning himself with a chunk of red hot sheet iron.

"And who is the poor wretch?" asked Dante.

"That," replied Satan, "is the first man who said, 'Is it hot enough for you?'"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Advantage.

Stella—Has that summer resort any views?
Bella—Er—no, but it is close to the moonlight.

Old friends are best, but many a woman deludes herself with the idea that she is too young to have any old friends.

Be Well!

The First Step Towards Good Health is a Strong Stomach

Is Your Appetite Poor
Is Your Digestion Weak
Is Your Liver Sluggish

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