

HISTORY OF SENATORS

Sensational Spurt Proves Talk of Baseball World.

Washington Team Has Won Seven "Cellar" Championships in Twenty-Two Years in Major Leagues—Never Stood Very High.

The wonderful spurt made by the Washington Americans this season under the skillful leadership of Clark Griffith has been the talk of the whole baseball world, as the fans at the seat of government have waited in vain for a pennant contender during the past 25 seasons.

The Washington club succeeded the Providence team in the National League in 1886. This circuit was made up as an eight-club league until the early 90's, when it expanded into a circuit composed of 12 clubs.

Starting with the season of 1886, the Senators finished as tail-enders in 1886, 1888 and 1889, claiming seventh place in 1887. They dropped out in 1890 and 1891, but came back into a 12-club circuit the following season. In 1892 they finished tenth and repeated in 1895. The season of 1892 found them once more the cellar champions. In 1894, 1895 and 1898 they managed to cling to eleventh place, refusing to be pushed to the bottom rung again.

In 1896 things took on a brighter look and the team pulled up in ninth place at the finish. The season of 1897 was a banner one for the down-trodden Washingtonians, for they climbed to the seventh rung, finishing in proud leaders of the second division teams in the 12-club circuit.

Washington dropped out of the National League again in 1900 and joined the new American League under Ban Johnson in 1902. In an eight-club circuit the team dropped to sixth place in 1902. They claimed the cellar championship in 1904, 1907 and 1909. The seasons of 1902, 1906, 1908, 1910 and 1911 I of the Washington representation struggling along in seventh place at the close of these respective seasons.

Summing up the record of the Washington team for 22 seasons we find they have won seven cellar championships, finishing in 10 seasons as runners-up for the tail-end gonfalon, three times on the third rung from the bottom of the ladder, once in ninth place in a 12-club circuit and last but not least leaders for the first and only time of the second division.

BUSH IS WONDERFUL PLAYER

Manager Harry Wolverton of New York Highlanders Would Be Content if He Had Owine.

Harry Wolverton has a very high opinion of "Bill" Louden as a baseball player. Louden worked for Wolverton a few years ago and the Yank manager is well acquainted with the young player's ability.

"Louden is a seasoned ball player," said Wolverton. "I think he is above the average second sacker right now and with plenty of work he will round



Owine Bush.

into a star that will outline them all. In addition Louden can hit about 350 and he is fast on the bases.

"But about Bush—why he's no good at all. He's slow and can't cover any ground. His whip is also poor—hey? Say, if I had that youngster I'd be satisfied with life. He is a wonderful little feller and he is in the game all the time. The Detroit pitchers can thank Owine Bush for the number of hits he robs opposing batsmen in a season. Without Bush at short, I think the Tigers would not look so formidable."

Dowd Turned Back.

Infield Leo Dowd was turned back by the New York club to the Brockton club of the New England league, from which he was purchased on the recommendation of Scout Arthur Irwin. Dowd is considered a most promising player, but he is lacking in experience. The New York club retains an option on the player and he will be recalled at the close of the New England league season.

Will Try Ray Powell.

President Navin will try out Ray Powell, the St. Joseph outfielder, with the Tigers at the end of the season. If Powell makes good \$5,000 will be paid for his release. He was tried by the White Sox last spring and Manager Callahan decided that he needed a little more experience, so he sent him on his way.

Triple Play Unassisted.

Shortstop Foreman of the Kankakee club of the Illinois-Missouri league, executed an unassisted triple play in a recent game between Champaign and Kankakee.

Attendance Slump.

The Boston Nationals are suffering from a terrific attendance slump. Of course Kilgus's team is an awful shine compared with the Red Sox and is stung accordingly.

SCOUTS SECURE STAR PITCHERS FOR GIANTS



Al Demaree, Leading Twirler of Southern League.

Combing the underbrush of the minor leagues are several scouts who are on the trail of young pitchers for the New York Nationals. No league is too small to be explored, no tip so humble as to be ignored, and no price too big if the goods are delivered. The ivory hunters have been fanning the jungles for many weeks, and now, with drafting days are here, they are springing their traps.

Manager McGraw recently announced the purchase of Pitcher Al Demaree from the Mobile club of the Southern League, and of pitcher Bader from the Dallas club of the Texas League. Larne Kirby, the Michigan bearcat, is already on the job. Demaree and Bader and some others may show in the fall. But the whole mob will be in Marin next spring.

STARS AT INITIAL CUSHION

Hoblitzel, Red Player, Ranks High With Major League Baseman—Good With Stick.

Lacking in years, but already ranked as one of the excellent players of the day, is Richard Carlton Hoblitzel, the heavy port side hitter and able first baseman of the Reds. "Hobby" is only 22 years old, but if a man was asked to pick a better first-sacker, counting in hitting ability, winning spirit and general disposition, he



First Baseman Hoblitzel.

would be hard put to find a name to place ahead of that youngster from West Virginia.

Two brief years ago "Hobby" was an unknown quantity. When he reported to the Reds at Atlanta in the spring of 1909 it looked for a time as if he would be beaten for the first base job by Chick Autrey, a left-hander and a player of much more experience than Richard, but, by dint of sticking to his work with tenacity, "Hobby" won out in the fight for the position, and now there is not a club in the league which would not be proud to number him among its regular players.

Browns Get Miller.

Second Baseman Miller of the Lowell New England league club was sold to the St. Louis Americans for \$2,000. He will report at the end of the New England league season.

ANNE AVERTED A CRIME

By Marrying the Only Man She Loved.

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD.

His weekly letter, due on Thursday morning, was not at her plate when she came down to breakfast. She ran through her mail hurriedly, an unpleasant suspicion chilling her heart.

"What does Tom write? Is it time for one of those—those roundups he told us about when he was here?" "I don't know, mother. There's no letter from him this morning."

"The poor boy must be ill. I'll have your father telegraph at once."

"I would rather you wouldn't do that—not just yet. The mail may be late."

"Late? It is a strange thing that it has never been late before, in three or four years. I think of Tom Marshall as one of my own children. His mother was my best friend, and she would appreciate my interest if she were alive today."

"Not when you have a marriageable daughter," said Anne smiling. In the privacy of her own room, an hour later, she read again his last letter.

"If you don't object, Anne," it ran, "I would like to read bits of your letter dated the twentieth to a little girl out here. She is a pretty little thing and often helps me pass away time. Your letters are gems, fragrant with my old life, and I would like her to hear a part of the one I mentioned."

Anne looked up over her desk where his picture had hung ever since he came home from school. He had been a student in the great university near his own college. When he was graduated he had gone west to a ranch owned by his father. He was determined to make good in the world as a man.

"I want to be a man's man, Anne," he had told her, "not a weakling. I don't want to stay in the east and be pushed by dad's friends and have frequent pink teas and dinner parties. I am going to get away from the people who know me so that I will be forced to stand or fall on my own resources."

He had found the west, robbed of its glamour of romance and adventure, to be the very place to test his strength and ability. Discouraged



"No," She Said Quietly.

many times, yet always manfully brave, he succeeded in carving out a future for himself as he had dreamed.

Weeks went by, then months, and still Anne had no word from him. She had answered his last letter promptly assuring him of no objection in case he still cared to read parts of her letter to a stranger. Months added to months made a year of silence. Then Anne went away with her mother to the mountains. A few days after she left home her father telegraphed her that Tom Marshall had appeared and wanted to see her.

"Don't tell where we are," she answered, and settled down to enjoy the courtship of Standfield Meyers, who had followed her to the mountains and who offered balm for her wounded pride.

One evening as she swayed with young Meyers to the music in the ballroom of the hotel she saw Tom Marshall standing in the entrance, his eyes fixed on her. She nodded pleasantly, much as she would have done in any casual acquaintance.

The music stopped when she was near a door across the room. She hurried into the darkness, and pleading a headache to her partner, went directly down the long veranda, through a French window and so gained the elevator without encountering Marshall. A night's rest, she reflected, would fit her for the ordeal of meeting his wife. Her father's letter that day stated that Marshall had with him a beautiful young woman whom he had heard called Mrs. Marshall.

Anne was conscious of the gossip over the bridge tables and embroidery frames as she started out for a tramp with Meyers the next morning. The engagement of the two would be announced at the beginning of the season in town, the marriage to take place the following spring, so one declared. Anne was glad that such a story was abroad. Marshall would be sure to hear it and so realize how little she really cared for him. Later, down by Deep Rock springs, Standfield Meyers demanded his final answer.

"Leave me alone now," she urged. "I want to think it over before I answer you positively."

And so it was that she sat there, chin in hand, elbow on knee, looking out across the valley basking in the sunlight. Marshall came upon her. She could not quite keep the gladness out of her eyes as she looked up and saw him, stalwart and strong, with his youthful dreams still in his brown eyes.

"It is great to be back in the

mountains. Anne. You look today just as you did that morning up at old Chester when I went to stammer goodbye to you. I was such a kid. Remember?"

Anne tossed the petals of a wild rose on the clear little stream that flowed from Deep Rock.

"No," she said, quietly. "That was a long time ago."

"What's the matter with your memory, Anne? You've changed. I couldn't sleep last night for thinking that you left the ballroom after seeing me without coming to welcome me. You meant home to me. That's why I followed you to the mountains."

"You don't know how hard it is to speak to anybody when Standfield is around."

"Standfield Meyers? What has he to do with your attitude to your old friends?"

"I am going to marry him." Anne wondered why her voice did not quiver with her heart.

Without a word he turned and started down the path.

"Tom," questioned Anne, a tiny pulse hammering in her throat. "Tom, won't you wish me joy?"

He came back then, his hand out, the old brave smile of his youth lighting his face.

"I was a beast, Anne, dear. Of course I wish you joy. I knocked me over a bit to hear the news. I was selfish, thinking only of my own loss. You see, I have always—foolishly, of course—believed that you were mine. It has never occurred to me that any man could take you away from me."

"Oh," cried Anne, "you mustn't talk to me like that. What would your wife think if she heard?"

"My what?"

"Your wife. You wrote me about a girl you said was very pretty. You wanted to read one of my letters to her, and when you didn't answer my letter—"

"Didn't answer? I wrote to you four or five times while I was hurt."

"Hurt?" cried Anne, in alarm. "Oh, Tom, how?"

"Pony bucked with me and I unfortunately got mixed up with a machine that happened to be passing. The boys hurried me off to St. Joseph's hospital, where they patched up one shoulder and an arm until they are as good as new."

All the mother's solicitude deep in the heart of every woman for the only man, although he may be her senior by many years, showed in Anne's eager, tender questioning.

"Why didn't you let me know, Tom? Mother and I would have gone to you. Haven't you always known that I would do anything for you?"

"All but the greatest thing, Anne, the giving of yourself."

"Aren't you married, Tom?"

"No, I never wanted any woman but you. My brother and his wife met me and came on to meet you, but you had gone. I absolutely held your father up and demanded to know where you were."

"I haven't answered Standfield yet, Tom. It would be a crime to marry anybody but you. My pride was hurt—"

"You'll have to marry me now, today," said Marshall, his arms about her. "Then we'll go west and shoot up the town until I find out what became of our letters."

"All's well that ends well," laughed the girl happily, while a mocking bird broke into a melody of silver song somewhere in the young green branches overhead.

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Simple Bath for an Elephant.

During the recent heat wave in Paris the proprietor of a great menagerie, noticing that his favorite elephant, Jimmy, was weak and listless, thought that a bath might do him good, so a bath was prescribed. First, six men soaped Jimmy all over, not forgetting—and this was the most delicate part of their task—the multitudinous folds of his ears. Then hoses played on this pachyderm from every quarter of the compass. Now came the drying, which was performed by throwing quantities of fine sand over the animal. Jimmy was then rubbed down and anointed with pure cocoa oil till his skin was smooth and shining. He appeared very much better for his bath, and well he might, for this seemingly simple prescription had cost his owner \$300.

Professional Instinct.

Some of the newspaper correspondents have to work without pause at conventions, grinding out interminable strings of copy for transmission by telegraph. On such occasions it is not uncommon for four or five who are friendly to each other to form combinations and exchange reports. The simplest way to do this is to have each writer make carbon copies of his day's work. Five weary correspondents were occupying one room in Michigan avenue, and four of them had keeled out on beds, while the fifth continued to pound his mill. "What are you writing?" asked one of them, after a while. "A letter to my wife." "Give us carbons," yelled the four in chorus.—The Argonaut.

Banana Flour.

Banana flour, especially prepared as a tonic food is making its appearance in Paris under the name of bananeine. It is to be remarked that within a recent period this fruit was but little used in France, and even now its consumption is limited. However, measures are being taken to increase the importation, and it is said that 70 vessels were recently fitted up for bringing the fruit to Europe. Banana flour has a much more extended use in England than on the continent, but efforts are now made to introduce it in France, owing to its great nutritious value. The bananeine is a preparation 60 per cent of banana flour, this being put through a sterilizing process at the proper heat.

Soporific.

She—What was it the choir just sang? He—From the appearance of the congregation, I think it must have been some kind of a lullaby.—Laughter.



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