

## EVERS FACES TOUGH PROBLEM AS MANAGER



Johnny Evers, New Manager of Cubs.

Stepping into his new job as manager of the Cubs with the best wishes of the fans, Johnny Evers nevertheless faces about the fanciest bunch of trouble ever gathered under one tent, says the Chicago Evening Post.

Before signing him up—and Evers wasn't exactly yearning for the job—Charles Webb Murphy made him agree to carry out some of the policies which Frank Chance, out of the wealth of his experience as a baseball general, had refused to consider.

"It looks like tough sledding, for a while," Evers admitted, after he had put his name to a contract which

does what he is up against, but he is game and may make a success of it. He doesn't go into the job with any illusions. He has been playing for the Cubs for ten years, and he knows Murphy. Johnny isn't harboring the delusion that he is lying down to pleasant dreams in a bed of roses.

"If the fans will stick by him until he gets a fair try-out, that's all he asks. And he believes they will. It looks like a second division team for the West Side for a couple of years, but after the new machine gets to working properly Johnny thinks he can bring it up to the top again."

"I'm glad it's all over," said Chance. "The strain of the last few developments in my case has been a tough one for a man just out of a hospital. I'm looking forward to a good rest on my ranch, where there will be nothing to worry me."

"There are no hard feelings between Evers and myself. I want you to emphasize that point. It is a promotion for Johnny, and he deserves it. He will make good. The boys will play ball for him after the bitterness wears away, and Johnny is popular with the fans. No city can show a more loyal bunch of fans than Chicago has. They have been my friends in the past, and I believe they are my friends now. All I can say is that in return for their loyalty I have always given the best that was in me."

## GOSSIP AMONG SPORTS

Kitty Bransfield has signed to manage the Montreal team next season. Shortstop O'Dowd of the New York Highlanders has been sold to Brooklyn.

Joe Mandot has cleaned up over \$20,000 in nine months with his boxing gloves.

The Cardinals have signed a Cuban catcher named Cueto. He is said to be a star.

Fame is a great thing. Tris Speaker was selected to start an automobile race at Salem, N. H.

Bob Harmon of the St. Louis Cardinals has been elected vice-president of a wallpaper company.

Reports say that all the New York American league games will be played at the Polo grounds next year.

They are now pulling this: Snodgrass is the best furrer in the world because he made a \$29,000 muff.

Captain Wendell of the Harvard football team says his squad ought to make a general clearing this year.

Hinchman, captain of the Fordham football team, is one of the latest to be declared ineligible because of scholarship conditions.

St. Louis seems to get along well without boxing, and New York is going along all right under the Frawley law, so, you see, it can be done.

They say that Forest Gady, catcher of the Red Sox and one of the world's series heroes, has a whip something similar to that of Jimmy Archer's.



Frank Chance, Ex-Manager.

made him manager of the team for the next five years. "There will be many changes. But Mr. Murphy has assured me that I can do anything I want to in the way of trades, and I will be responsible for whatever happens."

There had been many reports that after Chance had been completely shorn of any authority to protest the Cubs team would be torn to pieces, and Evers' statement appears to substantiate these rumors.

The circumstances under which Evers stepped into Chance's shoes were explained by a member of the team.

"Evers didn't want the job, and it took a lot of persuasion to force him to it," he declared. "In fact, there wasn't a man on the team who wanted to become manager. Tinker frankly said he wouldn't take it under any circumstances, and when he was called down by Murphy for making these statements to Murphy's face."

"But Evers' situation was different. Johnny has been unfortunate in financial matters, and the added salary as manager was a great inducement. Then, too, Murphy's hand had been forced by statements that he was stalling and was having trouble finding anybody who would work for him, and he was determined to sign Evers."

"It was a case of become manager or quit baseball. Evers couldn't refuse. Nobody knows better than he

## WORK OF PUNTER NOT HARD

Under New Rules Kickers Are Called on Less Often to Boot—Feature Almost Eliminated.

Punters are likely to be put out of their jobs if the early football games of the season can be said to accurately forecast the action of the new rules.

From all over the country there is agreement on this one point in connection with the radically changed regulations—punting has virtually been eliminated.

Now a team can keep the ball, and make gains, hence there is no reason to surrender it by a punt, says the Milwaukee Sentinel. Instead there is recourse to the forward pass which means big gains if it works, and should it fail, carries no penalty severer than a lost down, unless, of course, the ball should be cleanly caught by the enemy and be carried for a big gain.

This lack of punting may be said to be the most notable change worked by the new rules. It was a reform that was desired, for in the last few years the defense had gained strength to a point where the offense had little chance to make consistent progress against a team of anywhere near its own caliber. Hence there was the constant use of the punt. Two tries, a petty gain and then a punt. That was the program.

The football authorities sought to do away with this condition. They weakened the defense. The forward pass was made, legal anywhere on the field, the number of downs was increased from three to four.

The removal of the restrictions on the forward pass makes it a play that is likely to be used all the time, and compels the team on defense to play a more open game in order to guard against a surprise.

With the defense thus opened there is a better chance for fleet backs to run the ends, or for heavy plunging backs to hit the line for small gains. The added downs makes this style of play the more successful since with four chances to make ten yards, the comparatively small average of only two and one-half yards to plunge suffices to hold the ball.

During the three or four last seasons, the coaches ran around breathless to find punters, and to develop their distance kicking ability.

Now the punt comes so comparatively seldom that the importance of the punter is much reduced. The abolition of the inside kick also does away to a large extent with the need for a man who can punt accurately.

Only for the field goal kicker is there still a strong demand, and unless later games bring some change it is likely that in this department the use of the skilled toe will have its best development.

## PERCY WENDELL



Captain and Fullback of Harvard University Football Team.

Braves Get Paul Strand. The Boston Nationals cleaned up on Northwestern league pitching talent when they drafted Paul Strand from Spokane. He is the phenomenal kid that Joe Cohn sold to the Boston Red Sox a year ago, but the Red Sox turned him back and did not exercise their option. He is said to have improved and may yet shine in the Hub.

Carlo's Good Record. Anthony Carlo, the Wendell Phillips high school lad who will join the St. Louis Browns next season, won his twenty-eighth victory in thirty-two games by shutting out the Artisans, 4 to 0, at Chicago recently. Bartell, who slammed the first ball for a triple, was the only Artesian to get a hit. Seventeen went out on strikes.

Snake-Up in Baseball. The coming baseball season is going to witness the biggest snake-up in National league managers that the old major body has ever known. Only three old managers will be left in the league—McGraw, Doolin and Fred Clarke.

Street Sold Again. President Frank J. Navin, owner of the Detroit and Providence teams, has announced the sale of Gabby Street, former catcher of the Washington and New York American league teams, to the Chattanooga club of the Southern league.

## A ROLE REPEATED

Let His Friend Down Easy When He Saw the Joke.

By FRANK FILSON.

"Confound those storage people!" muttered Tom Bryant, as he unlocked the door of his apartment and ushered his friend Wells into an empty room. He stared round him. "Well, of all the gall!" he exclaimed. "Here's that confounded landlord of mine decorated the walls in saffron when I went over the matter with him a dozen times and he swore by all the gods to do them in red. And the storage men were on their honor to have my furniture in today. I tell you, Billy, it makes a fellow tired."

They entered and sat down upon a board which the painters had left stretched out between two step-ladders. Tom lit his pipe and began puffing savagely.

The men were old acquaintances whom fate had driven apart for many years. Recently Tom Bryant had been spending his vacation with Wells in the Adirondacks, and the latter had accompanied him back to his home, to be his guest for a few days. Mrs. Bryant, who had been visiting his mother, was expected on the following morning.

"I'm going round to the storage men the first thing in the morning," said Tom, "and I'm going to tell them some of the things I won't do to them if they don't have my goods here before 11 o'clock." He paused and began wrinkling his brow. "Billy," he said, "if you'll give me your word of honor never to breathe a word of it I'll tell you of an extraordinary thing that happened to me when I got back from my honeymoon four years ago. Mrs. Bryant has never ceased teasing

"Where did you say you used to live?" asked William Wells.

"Number 465—across the street, Billy," said the other yawning.

"Fifty-seventh street?"

"Sure! This is Fifty-seventh street, why?"

"O, nothing," answered his friend. "Only they must have marked it wrong on the corner lamps, because they call it Fifty-eighth. Tom, you thundering fool, you're in the wrong house again!"

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## IS RELIC OF PAGAN TIMES

In Brittany There Exists a Huge Black Stone Image of a Woman That Is Very Old.



"Don't Mention a Word About It." me about it, but it was mighty serious at the time, and this little episode reminds me of it."

"Word of honor," said William Wells. "Go ahead, Tom."

The other struck a fresh match for his pipe and cast the burned end into a pall of half dry paint.

"We'd just got back from a blissful three weeks' honeymoon in the mountains," he began, sending out clouds of smoke and leaning back against the ladder. "Previous to my marriage I had rented a little apartment something like this one in the West Fifties. You used to know this town pretty well, Billy; I guess you remember that section, where every house looks just like its neighbor and every street for blocks is exactly the same. Well, the place was decorated for us and our new furniture was moved in and we were both thoroughly pleased. We speculated how happy and cosy we were going to be, and all the way home in the train we talked about it and indulged in housekeeping rhapsodies.

"When we reached our apartment house the janitor met me at the door with a telegram in his hand. It was from the office, asking me to come down immediately. I returned in order to explain something that had cropped up during my absence—a matter of which I alone was cognizant. It wouldn't take more than a couple of minutes to straighten out affairs, and perhaps an hour's absence in all. I didn't like it, but there was nothing else to do; so, after escorting Mrs. Bryant to the door and opening it for her, and glancing to make sure that all the furniture was there, I kissed her and took the car down town.

"The matter proved more important than I had anticipated. I called up my wife, explained the matter, and remained at the office until late in the evening, unraveling the tangle. It was half past nine before I got home. I walked straight in, went up the three flights of stairs and unlocked the apartment door.

"It was absolutely bare. Billy, as bare as this one. The smell of fresh paint was not the only thing there was in it. Not a stick of furniture, not a rug, not a cup or a saucer or a dish rag in the kitchen. And Eleanor was gone.

"Well, sir, I nearly went crazy. Of course you can guess what had happened. But the solution did not occur to me at all. There was the apartment, arranged just as before, with the kitchen leading out of the dining room, and the bath-room with its three-quarter length tub, and the gas bracket over the medicine chest, and my key which fitted the lock. I didn't know where to turn. Eleanor's folks lived at Syracuse, and even if she had got angry at my delay and gone home, she couldn't have taken the furniture with her. And the janitor was out somewhere and I couldn't find a soul in the basement to ask about her.

"Well, I spent that night pacing through the apartment, and by morning I was as nearly crazy as a man could

be. Somehow or other, though, I had sense enough to call up the office to say I couldn't get down, and when I got the answer I found I could get down after all. In fact I got down in record time. Eleanor had been telephoning all the evening before until they closed up at eleven (we were doing a rush business then), and that morning she had camped on the doorstep about six and waited till the day watchman came on duty, and then she had a fit of hysteria in his arms. And the police had been notified and were searching the hospitals and looking in all the dark corners to see if I was lying there sandbagged. When I got down and Eleanor fainted in my arms and then came to and had another hysterical attack in the middle of the office floor—well, it was no joke, I tell you. And all because I had mistaken the street and walked into the corresponding house on the same block in the street above it. I tell you, Billy, my sticks and rugs looked pretty good to me when I got back with Mrs. Bryant about nine o'clock.

"But for the Lord's sake don't mention a word about it to her when you meet. You'll be surprised how she has changed from the time when you knew her four years ago. Do you remember telling her she looked as though she would never grow up, that day you said good-bye to us at the station? She has, though, and into a fine woman. You see, we've had some pretty heavy responsibilities, old man, during these few years, what with our business nearly going out in the park and then shooting up like a rocket. When we had to get out of Fifty-seventh street we took a regular tenement place up in the Bronx. But I knew things would get better again, and it wasn't long before we were able to get back into our old quarters again. But we'd always coveted this apartment house—come to the window! That's where we used to live—number 465, across the street. And when we took this place last month we felt that we had begun to stretch ourselves at last."

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In Brittany There Exists a Huge Black Stone Image of a Woman That Is Very Old.

One of the most curious relics of paganism remaining in a Christian country is the gigantic black stone figure of a woman which is to be seen in a forest of the district of Morbihan in Brittany.

It is known as the "black Venus," but probably dates far back of the time when the Greeks and Romans worshiped that goddess. Antiquaries assert that this figure belongs to the age of the serpent worshippers, one of whose subterranean temples is in the neighborhood. This would make the figure far older than the Christian era.

The statue is that of a huge, uncouth woman, with a sullen, angry countenance, her form enveloped in a loose mantle. The superstitious Bretons have always worshiped the figure, asserting that it has power over the weather and the crops. If the idol is neglected they declare that the grain dies on the ear, and if the anger of the "black woman" over Morbihan.

Twice the stone was cast into the sea by pious folk, who hoped thereby to put an end to this idolatry, and twice the peasants dragged it back and set it up in its old place.

Some two hundred years ago Count Pierre de Lannon, on whose estate the figure stood, in order to save the statue from both friends and enemies, dragged it by forty yoke of oxen to his own chateau and set it up in the courtyard. He cut an inscription on the base of the pedestal, declaring the figure to be a Venus carved by Caesar's soldiers.—Harper's Weekly.

Betrayed. Two men were discussing European trips. One was frank enough to say that he had never been abroad, but the other spoke of certain aspects of travel with the assumed lightness of experience. Still, there was a false note in his speech—for one thing, his French sounding as a child would pronounce it with strictly English methods.

Said the stay-at-home suddenly: "I'll bet you can't name a single hotel in Paris."

"Soft," returned the bogus traveler. "What about the Hotel des Invalides?"

Begin Well. Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.—Emerson.

Women as Plumbers. From a note which appears in the columns of the Ironmonger it would appear that no fewer than 150 young women in New York are about to go to school to learn plumbing, carpentering and so forth. They seem to be thoroughly in earnest. The promoters of the school obtained \$50,000 and the services of six teachers with scarcely any effort.

His Inspiration. Percollum (of the Daily Bread)—"My dear, you are not only my chief incentive to work, but my lifelong inspiration." Mrs. Percollum—"I know I'm your inspiration, all right, Percival. Whenever I mix a metaphor or make a little mistake in my grammar you turn it into a story and get pay for it."



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