



SWIFTEST PITCHER'S AMAZING RECORD

"How do they know what Johnson's got? Whether he uses a curve or not—Whether his break is set? How can they tell how his outshoots fall? Whether his incurve's big or small? How can they tell what he's got on the ball? Nobody's seen it yet."

So sang a minor poet of the major leagues.

The hero of this baseball epic was Walter Johnson, the marvelous pitcher of the Washington club, who has just beaten all records by hurling the ball for 56 consecutive innings with such skill and cunning that not a batsman on an opposing club has been able to score a run.

Speed was the great factor in the achievement—dazzling, sizzling speed! The big Idahoan's delivery is like the flight of a shell. The mightiest hitters of the American league are as helpless as town lot players when Johnson turns loose his fastest ball: "Ty" Cobb, "Home Run" Baker and Jackson alike are babes in his hands.

Johnson's amazing swiftness in pitching is no mere fancy. It has been scientifically measured. In the testing room of the Remington Arms company at Bridgeport, Conn., Johnson showed that his right arm could hurl the baseball at the rate of 122 feet a second! It was acknowledged that he could do even better, because in athletic parlance he was not warmed up. It is well known that a hurler gathers speed as a game progresses.

Johnson flung the sphere through an aperture in a frame of wood about two feet square. Running from top to bottom were ten very delicate and filmy copper wires. These were broken by the ball, and by an electrical device the moment of passage was accurately timed. Five yards away was a steel plate and the impact of the ball on this barrier again caused the electric clock to register. Thus the exact time of the ball's flight was mathematically determined.

The velocity obtained by Johnson is all the more extraordinary when it is known that a bullet from the new government .45 automatic pistol travels 800 feet per second. A high power hunting rifle, .35 caliber, auto-loading, travels 2,000 feet per second. The Twentieth Century limited, the fastest long-distance train in the world, makes the 978.7 miles from New York to Chicago in just 20 hours, or an average speed of 48.9 miles every hour. This means a velocity of nearly 72 feet a second.

Suppose Johnson's speedball kept on traveling at 122 feet a second right on toward the Windy City at its own hurricane speed. It would take out the 5,163,840 feet to Chicago in just 11 hours and 48 minutes. The ball

would beat the train to Chicago by eight hours and 12 minutes. In other words, the catcher who received the ball could go to bed, have a full night's rest, get up and into his uniform again, and be on hand in the morning to meet the Twentieth Century as she rolled into Chicago.

Putting it another way—the train leaves New York at 2:45 p. m. daily. Time is set back at Buffalo by just an hour, so that the onrushing train gains 60 minutes on her westward journey. Eleven hours and 48 minutes after the start Johnson's bender has reached Chicago, or at 1:33 a. m. Chicago time, the roaring locomotive has just plunged through Cleveland without stopping, more than 350 miles away.

The striking energy of Johnson's missile was shown to be 160 foot pounds. That means that it possessed approximately half the force in impact of a bullet fired from a .45 automatic pistol!

According to these figures, it takes less than half a second for a ball thrown by Johnson at his high speed to travel from his fingers to catcher's glove!

That is why he bewilders even the quickest witted batsman. He isn't able to guess whether it is a straight ball, an in or an out curve, a drop, or whether the sphere is going to jump up into the air in defiance of the law of gravity.

"Any time you get a hit of Johnson," declared Napoleon Lajoie, himself one of the most formidable wielders of the bat that the game ever knew, "you must not think that you're smart. Just figure that you're lucky—lucky that you were able to make that blind swing at just the right spot. There never was, and I doubt if there ever will be, a pitcher as great as Johnson. If he turned loose his best or his hardest throw with his best curve on it no catcher could get down in time to receive the ball.

"Every ball he throws has stuff on it that can't be solved. Some of the hops that his swiftest ones take are bigger curves than a man ever threw before. I've seen him slam balls up to the plate that didn't look larger than a pinhead."

Not surprising, is it, that Johnson is such a terror? The quiet, modest young Idaho youth—he is only twenty-five years old—also fooled his opponents into giving him another record. Last year he struck out 393 men in 386 innings. None of the other wizards could touch that mark. Before he became a big league striking out batsmen was merely a pastime for him. Out in Weiser, when only nineteen, he was playing in the Idaho State league, and among the performances credited to him was the striking out of the

first eight men who faced him in an important game, and he later struck out 11 other men during the nine innings.

And these men were all crack players, many of whom are now stars in the western leagues. In that Idaho season Johnson was the star artist in fifty-seven straight games in which not a run was scored off his delivery. So you see he got the habit early!

After that feat Johnson applied to various smart managers of the clubs in the big cities. But they wouldn't even give him a trial. They were disdainful, and easily declared that Johnson would be shattered by the heavy artillery of the major leagues. It remained for the then tail-ender Washington team to send Catcher Blenkinsop in 1907 out to Weiser to investigate the picturesque stories that came east of the youth's prowess. The scout lost no time in getting Johnson to sign a contract as soon as he had seen him pitch a few innings. That Washington is now one of the leading clubs of the American league is due in large part to the skill of the western recruit.

When Johnson made good from the jump there was we among all the Napoleonic managers who had turned him down. But his steady and astonishing improvement is shown by the following official table:

Year	G.	B.	H.	R.	B.E.	S.O.	W.	L.	Ave.
1907	14	99	24	35	72	5	5	384	
1908	23	167	55	50	149	14	11	518	
1909	27	238	109	85	158	12	24	332	
1910	41	358	156	74	202	24	16	600	
1911	28	231	107	63	229	22	15	603	
1912	40	244	85	72	281	20	10	750	

Total for 6 years 198 1237 137 330 1162 308 84 462

A big, likable fellow is Johnson, a raw-boned product of the prairie farms. There is nothing very speedy about him except his pitching. Otherwise he is slow as law. He moves slow, eats slow and even runs his motor car in an "out-of-gasoline manner." He saves all his energy for the diamond.

After seeing Johnson shoot the ball at the plate you wouldn't wonder the poet was inspired to song. You wouldn't wonder at the dazed batsmen.

If you can't see it you can't hit it.

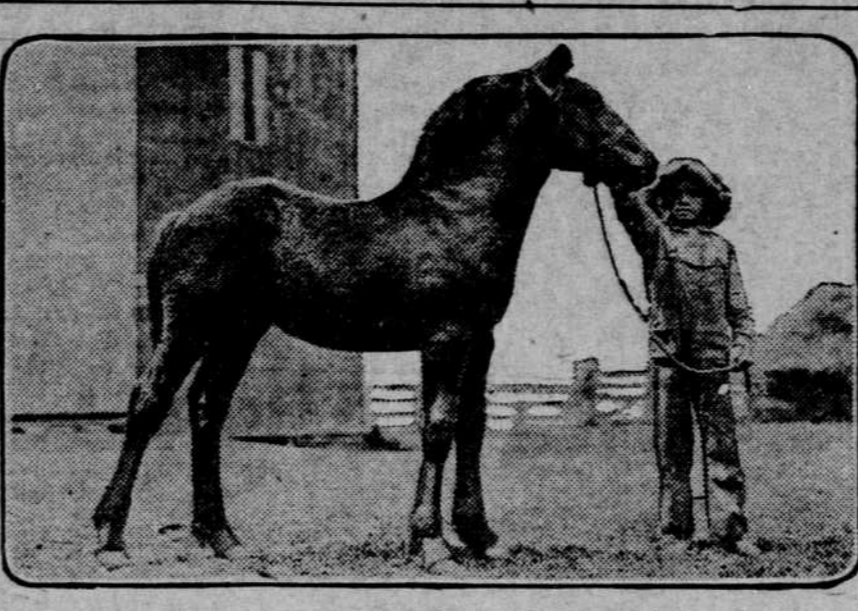
Resuscitated Memory.

Charles Reade, the novelist, believed in the daily newspaper as a source for incidents that would furnish better material for romance than could possibly be created by any effort of fancy. He kept a scrap book in which he stored away newspaper clippings which were afterward to masquerade as fiction. His story of "A Simpleton" is one in which Dr. Christopher Staines of London is lost overboard in mid-ocean, picked up all but dead from a raft, taken to Cape Town with all memory of the past utterly obliterated, but afterward restored in small installments through the agency of a couple of the terrific thunderstorms peculiar to that latitude. That story of forty years ago has been more than confirmed over and over again in real life by incidents of memory and personality lost and regained. The last of these comes from Warren, Pa., of a man, a common laborer, working at a silica sand plant, who, struck by a fall of ice, while lying in a hospital, regained his identity, lost a dozen years ago, and says he is John Oliver, the owner of 125 valuable building lots in Wheeling, W. Va., and of mineral lands in Lancaster, Pa. A telegram from relatives in Chicago confirms the story. It can not be wholly unpleasant to wake up after twelve years' sleep of this kind and find one's self not dead broke, but entirely solvent.

Imagine a farmer starting out to mow hay with a green or half-broken colt hitched alongside of a mule or a steady farm horse to a mowing machine, double row cultivator, corn planter, plow or harrow! All implements need a steady, well broken team and the same time a good driver, who in order to do his best crops need work, when the flies are rampant, and when neither the master's nor the colt's tempers are at their best.

Some Books Must Pass Away. The discovery by Professor Cobb of the department of agriculture that documents can be preserved apparently indefinitely in a vacuum offers, if further tests verify his results, a convenient way of exhibiting precious and rapidly disintegrating manuscripts while permitting their exhibition under glass. But it does not offer much comfort to authors whose work is printed on wood pulp paper. With so many books in the world, to try to preserve sample copies in a vacuum would be far too ambitious an undertaking. Whatever books survive will have to be kept alive by the process of reprinting from time to time, and not many modern books stay in vogue long enough for that.

HANDLING COLTS DURING HOT WEATHER



A Promising Youngster.

(By J. M. BELL.) Try to be patient with your colt, Mr. Farmer. Remember that he is green—yes, as green as the grass he eats so peacefully when you turn him out to graze, and the harness no longer chafes his soft young body.

All farmers know that a four-year colt will stand more than a better matured and generally of better size; therefore, he is better able to stand a day's work. But when it comes to that green, unbroken colt should be expected to do a full day's work in the team of well seasoned farm or road horses.

So many good colts have been aged and made dull by this foolish habit of letting them run absolutely unbroken into the spring when they are three or four years old, and then catching them and putting them at hard, steady work just as the busy season comes on, when time is precious, when the

work, has little time for else than quietly handling his team and implement at one and the same time.

This man will not get much satisfaction out of a day's work if he has to worry with a green, restive colt, who, chaffing at the unexpected misery of heavy work in hot weather, starts up a little too soon, or not soon enough, protests at having to walk in a straight line at a slow gait, etc.

It is not possible that he will balk, kick or rear upon what might be considered a very slight provocation, or no provocation at all to a broken mid-dle-aged farm horse.

In that section of Virginia known as "The Valley," famous for its notably heavy draft horses, and their rule is to break these big colts at two years old, never working them over half a day at a time, and beginning the process in the late winter and early spring.

The first work to a wagon in a steady team and with a quiet teamster, generally a white man who is used to the daily handling of horses.

The writer visited that section recently and while the quest of a well-known horse breeder, saw four full-blooded Percherons working to a mure spreader, a nine-year-old mare under the saddle, a three-year-old stallion in the off lead and a young mare under the line.

The average weight of these splendid horses was about 1,800 pounds each, but the remarkable part of the business was that these two young, vigorous stallions were working quietly with mares. Their teamster had them under perfect control, but they had been worked the same as the two-year-olds, and had become used to farm labor by degrees.

Of course advice is cheap and farmers get lots of it, and in the matter of working colts and green horses in the summer time they have heard it all—fitting on the harness, scraping the collars at night, washing off the shoulders, and sparing the lash.

I have only to say this, and I speak from experience; if the farmer does not go easy with the three and four-year-olds at this season they will be old and sluggish before their time.

Our experience with bind-weeds is that spring plowing and persistent use of the cultivator only serve to spread the roots over greater areas.

The lowlands where the bind-weed flourishes are also suitable for alfalfa. We find that between the cuttings of alfalfa the bind-weed has no opportunity to seed, and in a few years a plant can hardly be found in an alfalfa field.

The bind-weed, when once established in a field, is there to stay or put up a strenuous fight, and no half-way methods will accomplish anything in the way of getting rid of this pest.

When plowing or cultivating through small spots of morning glory, it pays to clean the plow or cultivator of all roots to prevent the spreading of the growth of new plants.

The use of the disk harrows and disk cultivators will help to prevent the spread of this pest.

CHECK ROW CORN PLANTER ESSENTIAL

If Seed Is Substantially Same Size Machine Will Drop Same Number of Kernels.

(By WALTER B. LEUTZ.) On all farms where the fields are of sufficient size the check row corn planter is almost a necessity. If the seed is substantially of the same size and shape the machine will drop precisely the same number of kernels to the hill. If on the other hand, the grains from the tips and butts of the ears is included the number of kernels in the hill will vary considerably.

The distance between the hills and the number of plants to the hill will vary more or less according to the variety that is planted and the climate of the locality in which the field is being planted.

Under ordinary conditions I believe in planting four kernels to the hill and planting the hills about three feet six inches apart—both ways. As a general rule nothing is gained by planting the field until the cold spring rains are over. None but good seed that possesses a strong germinating power should be planted.

Increases Purchasing Power. Intelligence in buying dairy feeds increases the purchasing power of the dollar.

Improving Lettuce. Some gardeners greatly improve their lettuce, Swiss chard and spinach by growing them under a canopy of cheese cloth, held about five feet above the ground by stakes or a light frame.

Diseases of Beans. The diseases of beans and tomatoes may be held in check by spraying with fungicides. Those of egg plants and cucumbers are more difficult to control.

CITY OF BENARE

Scenes on the Banks of the Sacred Ganges.

Bathers in the River—The Devotion of the Hindus—The Regeneration of India—Religious Ideas Along Waterway.

London.—At Benares you realize that Hinduism is a living thing, and it presents itself with a beauty and pathos which are astonishing to the visitor who has thought of it only as antiquated idolatry.

Just now the Ganges is low, and the long flights of steps, the ghats, are bare almost to the bottom, but in the ruined colonnades and embankments and a temple actually slidden into the water the power and ravages of the river in flood are seen. We embark on a miniature boat-house, and seat ourselves on the roof, and we are slowly rowed up the stream, as far as the tree-covered terrace where Warren Hastings took refuge from the outraged people of the city; then down the stream to the mosque with its tall minarets which Aurungzeb erected to flout the Hindus and rebuke their idolatry. But neither Warren Hastings nor Aurungzeb, neither Moslem nor Christian, neither east nor west, has made any appreciable change in the customs, the rites, the religious ideas which find their picturesque expression in that mile or more of river front.

The bank is steep and rises to the height of 200 feet. On it rise temples, with their carved sikras and gilded summits, jumbled together with palaces, flat roofed, piled high on solid and imposing battlements, and a medley of steps and terraces, and gateways, through which the river is reached from the city. The buildings are yellow, or terra cotta colored, gilded, and otherwise, so that the effect is hardly less beautiful than that of the Grand canal. Sacred bulls are tethered in many places, to which the people salaam. Everywhere are the gay colors in which India delights. Garments of bright orange, blue, magenta, iris colors, and dazzling white make the whole scene brilliant in the morning sun.

The pandits recline under their umbrellas, comfortable and serene, exacting toll from the bathers who come down to the water at the allotments.

Windom, Kansas.—"I had a displacement which caused bladder trouble and I was so miserable I didn't know what to do. I suffered from bearing down pains, my eyes hurt me, I was nervous, dizzy and irregular and had female weakness. I spent money on doctors but got worse all the time.

"A friend told me about the Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was cured. I cannot praise your remedies enough for I know I never would have been well if I had not taken it."—Miss MARY A. HORNER, Route No. 2, Box 41, Windom, Kansas.

Consider Well This Advice. No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

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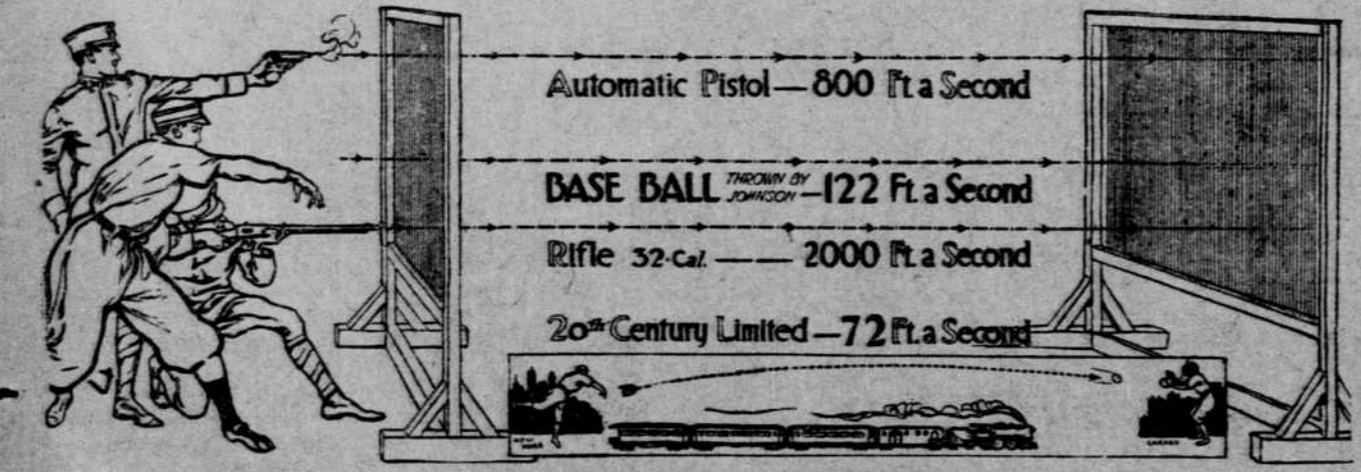
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UNUSUAL FEATS OF MEMORY

Thomas Babington Macaulay, Historian, Among Those Who Could Repeat Whole Books.

One of the most astonishing mnemonic feats on record is recorded by John Wesley. "I knew a man about 20 years ago," writes Wesley, "who was so thoroughly acquainted with the Bible that if he was questioned as to any Hebrew word in the old, or any Greek word in the New Testa-

ment, he would tell, after a little pause, not only how often the one or the other occurred in the Bible, but also what it meant in every place. His name was Thomas Walsh. Such a master of Bible knowledge I never saw before, and never expect to see again." Walsh had a close rival in Macaulay, who, according to James Stephen, could repeat "all Demosthenes by heart, and all Milton, as well as a great part of the Bible."

A strange instance of freak memory is recorded in the case of a servant girl in a Scottish manse. She was almost illiterate, yet when delicious in fever, surprised those around her by repeating long passages of the Bible in Hebrew. The kitchen where the girl spent her evenings adjoined the minister's study. He was accustomed to read aloud. The girl had not understood or consciously taken heed of the reading, yet her mind had seized upon and stored the phrases. Men admire women who are perfectly square, but not too angular.

Speaking of Fables. Once upon a time there was a ball player who seemed to understand that in any argument with an umpire the best he could finish was a fuzzy second.

Realizing which, said ball player gravely absorbed each decision which the umpire furnished, and merely let it go at that, curbing even the tendency toward a rebuttal. Moral—It all happened too long after we were dead to know whether it got him anything or not.

Helps for Peas and Beans. Peas and beans are checked in their early growth when grown on soils deficient in nitrogen, and are benefited by the applications of nitrogenous fertilizers. Sodium nitrate is better adapted to top-dressing than ammonium sulphate on account of its quick action. Sodium nitrate is easily washed into the subsoil, whereas the ammonium sulphate is more firmly held in the soil. The continued application of sodium nitrate tends to form crusts on the soil.

Improving Lettuce. Some gardeners greatly improve their lettuce, Swiss chard and spinach by growing them under a canopy of cheese cloth, held about five feet above the ground by stakes or a light frame.

Diseases of Beans. The diseases of beans and tomatoes may be held in check by spraying with fungicides. Those of egg plants and cucumbers are more difficult to control.

Left Mark Twain Thinking. Mark Twain at a dinner at the Authors' club said: "Speaking of fresh eggs, I am reminded of the town of Squash. In my early lecturing days I went to Squash to lecture in Temperance hall, arriving in the afternoon. The town seemed poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if the people knew anything at all about what was in store for them. So I turned in at the general store. 'Good afternoon, friend,' I said to the general storekeeper. 'Any entertainment here to-

night to help a stranger while away the evening?' The general storekeeper, who was sorting mackerel, straightened up, wiped his briny hands on his apron and said: 'I expect there's going to be a lecture. I been sellin' eggs all day.'

Ruling Passion. "What possessed the Jingles to marry their daughter to that disreputable baronet?" "Well, she is an inveterate bargain hunter, and they got him very cheap."