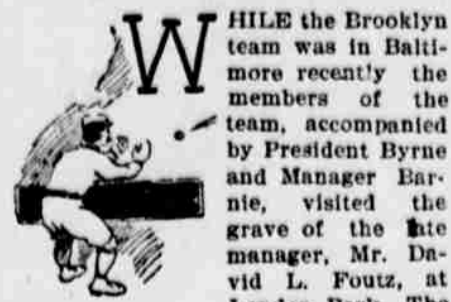


BASE BALL GOSSIP.

CURRENT SAYINGS AND DOINGS ON THE DIAMOND.

A Tribute to the Memory of the Late Dave Foutz—A. G. Spalding Grows Reminiscent and Tells of the Days When Anson Was Young.



WHILE the Brooklyn team was in Baltimore recently the members of the team, accompanied by President Byrne and Manager Barnie, visited the grave of the late manager, Mr. Dave Foutz, at London Park. The team was accompanied by the members of Mr. Foutz's family, consisting of his mother, Mrs. Miriam C. Foutz, and his brothers and sisters. At the grave Mr. Byrne made an address, in which he eulogized the life of Mr. Foutz, and said he had known him for a long time as a quiet, honest and conscientious man, and one of the greatest ball players the country has produced.

A. G. Spalding lapsed into a reminiscent mood the other day and described his first meeting with Anson. He said: "It was the last year that I played with Rockford. Our team took a trip out in Iowa. Among other games we had two arranged with the club at Marshalltown, Iowa. Well, the Anson family were the athletic men of the town. The father and the two boys, Adrain and his brother, owned it, in fact. I can remember how we lined up in the game. Anson, a big, rawboned, loose-jointed fellow, was playing second, and his father in center. One of my first recollections of the captain was seeing him at a time when one of our men lined a hit over center. Young Anson was yelling: "Go it, dad, get that ball; and his dad was shagging the best he could, but he couldn't connect. I remember I hit the old gentleman with a ball. It was entirely accidental. He didn't say anything the first time, but when I touched him up the second time in the same spot he walked out toward me and asked: "Young man, did you do that a purpose?" Of course I assured him that I had not. He scared me so that I kept the ball away from the plate after that for fear of reaching him again. The Iowa men lost lots of money on the games. We won both by big scores. The Rockford boys liked the game that young Anson put up. He was fast and showed it. After I



CAPT. ANSON TO-DAY.

left Rockford Anson came there and played with them. He is a great athlete. He used to outplay anybody at billiards in the early days of the league. I remember once our crowd lost considerable money backing another ball player against him at the game. He can shoot a gun, too. I firmly believe that if Anson was to leave the team the change would be so noticeable in the playing that there would be an instant howl for his return. I look for him to do something with that nine of his this year."

Brodie's Tricks. Walter Brodie, the eccentric member of the Pittsburg team, is admittedly the

greatest outfielder in America. This statement goes only as far as fielding is concerned. There are other outfielders that when batting, base running and run getting are considered overshadow the center fielder of the Smoky City crew. As far as catching a ball is concerned Brodie has all the others beat. "He can do more with a ball than any player I ever saw," said Dennis Lyons yesterday. "Talk about circus work. This Brodie has Duniap beat a block. No matter how high or long you hit a fly Brodie can gauge it and 'scoop' it up on the short bound. Any fly ball that he has time to settle under he can let go over his head and catch on his back. Taking flies with his hand twisted and his back to the ball, like Duniap used to do, is his long shot. He never attempts anything fancy in a game. He is too much in earnest to make a 'grand stand' play out of a catch that he can get both hands on. In practice before the game when he is feeling well is the time to see Walter do his fancy work. Walter is a crank on No. 13. Instead of bad luck he thinks it is a mascot number. He'll take locker 13, and he would sleep in No. 13 if any of the hotels had a room with that number on it."

Parker Not a Spring Chicken.

Dr. Harley Parker, a pitcher who is claimed by Manager Charles A. Comiskey, of the St. Paul team of the Western League, made quite a reputation for himself during the latter part of last season by helping the Minneapolis



DR. HARLEY PARKER.

team to win the championship of the Western League, and afterwards in defeating the Indianapolis nine for the Free Press Cup by winning two of the three games he participated in. Parker was born on June 14, 1872, in New York City, but learned to play ball at Chicago, Ill., going to that city at an early age. He played with several teams of the Chicago City League, and gained some local renown before he began playing ball professionally by accepting an engagement with the Grand Rapids club, of the Western League, in 1894.

Matured Players Unable to Change.

"I can't quite agree with that suggestion of Duke Farrell's to ball players who lose their arms," observed Al Maul. "Farrell believes that an infielder whose arm falls him can practice with his other arm a certain length of time, develop the knack of throwing, and within a few months will have taught his new throwing skill enough to play the outfield. This has been tried by players repeatedly, but they never succeeded in mastering the knack. A player could develop a new throwing arm if he began early enough in his life, say at the age of 16 or 17. But after manhood has set in and the bones and muscles have developed it is almost impossible to cultivate throwing with the left when the right is played out. When Larry Corcoran's pitching arm was falling him he began to practice left handed pitching, and showed the patience of Job while attempting to domesticate the left wing. He practiced long enough to get pretty fair command of the ball, but he couldn't pitch the curves, and when his working arm played out entirely he gave up pitching by the advice of his physician, who laughed at his attempts to cultivate speed and benders in his left wing."—Washington Post.

McAleer's Hard Luck.

"Umpires seemed to have it in for me," said Jimmy McAleer, the fast center fielder of the Cleveland the other day. "I have been fined several times when I did not know what I was fined for. 'Hank' O'Day once took money away from me and I never knew what it was for. He umpired a game in Cleveland and a few days later in Washington I received notice from President Young that he had fined me \$75. I did not say a word to him during the game. Either he didn't like the way I combed my hair or he got me mixed with some one else. Or perhaps he fined me because I room with Jack O'Connor. I have been rooming with Jack for five years, and that is the only thing that I can figure that he had against me."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Didn't Want Any Hoodoos.

Eddie Burke's best bat last season was a 15 cent affair. He batted above .300 with it. During a game in St. Louis there was a row at the Shoot-the-chutes, and a policeman clubbed one of the offenders on the head with Eddie's bat. Two days later the man died. Burke threw the bat away as soon as he heard the news.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Smith—No, I do not like jokes which make fun in any way of religion. It seems to me we are liable to be called up for them in the next world. Smythe—We're more likely to be called down.

LIFE IN A HAREM.

SHOP GIRL WHO BECAME FIRST LADY IN PERSIA.

Married a Nobleman—He Was a Cousin of the Shah, and Took Her Home to a Splendid Palace—History of Her Life.



HERE is an Arabian Nights tale. It is not one of the famous thousand and one told by the first lady of the harem, the beautiful Scheherazade, to beguile her royal spouse from his announced intention of chopping her

head from her lovely shoulders, but is quite new, quite modern and altogether fascinating. Like Scheherazade's, it is told by a first lady of the harem, and it deals with her life in Persia. It is a romance that mixes up prosy England and the sensuous East in the most delightful fashion, for the heroine of it was a London shop girl before she became one of the four wives, and later one of the four widows, of a Persian nobleman.

Seven years ago Miss Frances Blackman was a tall girl at the Crystal Palace, and sold ivory bric-a-brac to whoever would buy. She was a rather pretty girl, and at the time of the Shah's visit to England captivated the fancy of a dark-skinned nobleman in the potentate's party.

This man proved to be Abdullah Hussein Khan, cousin of the Shah, a man of great wealth and influence in his own country. Stopping one day at the stalls, he was greatly attracted by Miss Blackman and bought some trifles from her. He returned the next day and bought some more.

When he appeared the third day Miss Blackman perceived that it was she, and not her wares, that attracted the dark-skinned stranger, and thereupon the romance began. History is silent upon the details of the courtship, but it is known that he gave her many costly gifts of exquisite Eastern workmanship and eventually proposed, was accepted and married her. The ceremony was performed in a Roman Catholic church in the beginning of 1890.

Abdullah Hussein Khan was from the beginning exceedingly fond of his pretty English bride. He obtained permission to remain in England when the Shah went home and hired a handsome flat at Hyde Park Mansions,



THE ENGLISH SHOP GIRL WHO MARRIED INTO THE HAREM.

where he lived in supreme happiness for nearly two years. He had told his wife of his rank and his wealth, but he had not yet mentioned the fact that he already had three other wives at home.

But in 1892 there came a command from the Shah to return home. Abdullah had by this time decided to make England his home. He was a man of cultivation and had found European civilization much to his taste. But, under penalty of forfeiting his estate, he was obliged to obey the Shah's orders, and when he reached Teheran he had to tell his English bride that she was only No. 4. One can imagine the scene, the tears, the protestations, and all the rest. But there was nothing for the young wife to do but to submit, and she had the satisfaction of being the preferred wife, the first lady of the harem.

When it was known to the English at Teheran that one of their countrywomen was in the harem there was considerable excitement, and many English ladies visited her. She became at once popular in court circles, and the Shah gave her the name of Beebe Khanum, signifying "the lady of ladies." But favor and popularity cost her trials and dangers, as will be seen.

A few months ago Abdullah suddenly died, much to his wife's grief. His eldest son, jealous because his father had settled so much property upon Beebe's little son, seized the house and sealed the doors. Beebe broke the seals and was arrested, and three attempts were made to poison her, the

last so nearly successful that an English doctor barely succeeded in saving her life. Through the intervention of the British Legation she finally obtained her property, and sailed for London, where she has just arrived with her boy.

This little boy, Allah Nasrit, or the "Gift of God," has exchanged the baggy satin trousers and loose silken coat, set off with diamond buttons, of his own country for the sailor costume of a British tar. He is a handsome, clever boy, and at the age of four already displays the autocracy enjoyed by his sex in Persia.

"He much needs the discipline of an English school," says his mother, "for in Persia his word is law. Being cozier with an only brother, he was lord of the village in which we lived, and every village child was his slave. When brought in to amuse him, if their bows were not sufficiently reverential and conduct irreproachable, he issued instructions, and the small offenders were promptly beaten, for Persian boys are taught tyranny from the cradle.

"When bored, a band, with the inevitable dancing monkey, was brought in for his sole delectation. He has been only two weeks in England, and it is impossible yet to make him understand that piano-organ and street musicians are not under his absolute authority. He perpetually orders them, in native Persian, to remain playing so long as he is pleased to be pleased, and exhibits the utmost disgust when they move on regardless of his lordly commands.

"Sometimes I am glad he cannot speak English, for in Persia he was taught to class Europeans with monkeys, and he has no hesitation in addressing them as such if they offend his prejudices. Fortunately his language is so pretty that the opprobrious title frequently passes for a term of endearment."

Nasrit is a devout Mussulman, and was intensely horrified to find the familiar terms on which dogs, so abhorred by Mohammedans, are admitted to English households. The friendly nose of a dog thrust into his hand was the signal for a flood of tears and vehement insistence on a triple scrubbing of the member so defiled. The love of animals inherent in boy nature has changed the spirit of Nasrit's prejudices, and he now scampers prettily about a lawn with a sympathetic English bulldog as friend and confidante.

Stow, the English Antiquary. John Stow, the celebrated English antiquary, was a remarkable man. He was born of poor parents about 1525, and brought up to the tailor's trade.

DUEL WITH RED INK.

How a Humorous New Yorker Turned Melodrama Into Farce.

"There are some things so serious that the very fact of their having occurred makes those interested secretive. It was such a thing took place while I was acquiring the practical knowledge of a civil engineer," said a man who has long enjoyed a fortune as the result of his professional efforts, to a Detroit Free Press man.

"I went with a surveying party into the southwest and to the work of laying out a railroad was added that of fighting some of the Indians that neglected everything else for the sake of giving us trouble. With us was a Philadelphia boy, one of these unfortunate fellows who thinks he is always being imposed upon, slighted or ridiculed. In reality I was his friend and did what I could to make things pleasant for him. But his suspicions always placed me in the wrong, and when he did nothing worse than scowl at me I considered that we were getting along very well together.

"A crisis came when I received a promotion which he thought should have been given him. He lost no time in challenging me, and there was nothing to do but accept or resign and go home. I accepted and made the solemn preparations usual in such a case. In the corps was a New Yorker who never had a serious thought or cared for anything from which fun could not be extracted. He constituted himself master of ceremonies in this affair of honor and went about it all with an air that suggested an anticipation of at least two deaths.

"When the word was given we fired together and the result was astounding. From each pistol there shot a streak of mingled colors, red and black predominating. The effect was irresistibly funny, for leaves, grass and seconds were tinted with the ink used by the New Yorker. He had filled capsules with the fluids and turned the whole thing into a farce. Of course the Philadelphian was angry, but even he had a sense of humor, and from the time we had a roaring spread that night he was a happier, brighter and more companionable fellow."

Human Density.

A French scientific writer points out that a mere gain in weight should not, in itself, be taken as an indication of improved bodily condition. It is, according to him, rather a question of the density than of the quantity of tissue that covers the bones. When increase of weight results from increased density, then the health is

THE TOMB OF ATTILA.

A Writer Who Doubts Brussels' Right to Rejoice.

Brussels is "enthusing" over the sarcophagus of Attila, which turned up casually the other day, in sinking the foundations of the new exhibition, says the London Standard. They call it a very remarkable discovery and no one will question that. The day when Attila's grave is found will be an epoch in history; but we do not expect to hear of it in Belgium, nor to read the account in a newspaper paragraph. When the people of Athens went mad with joy over a report of Alexander's death, Phoebon declined to believe it; for said he, "If Alexander were dead the universe would reek with smell;" so, if Attila's or Alaric's tomb were discovered, art and culture throughout the world would be convulsed. For in these spots the choicest treasures of Greece and Rome, such as had survived—and there is excellent reason to think that they are those which we should most specially value. For the quantity of gold and silver plate in each case was described as enormous and for generations before that time Romans had little enough to spend on new articles of luxury. It follows that the vast hoard must have been old, mostly. But there is no reasonable hope that Attila's tomb will ever be found. We only know that he was buried somewhere beside the Danube, at a depth far beyond the reach of the plow. If by some lucky chance a canal should be dug across the spot the bones of the slaughtered slaves or other indications may turn up, and if they be noticed by intelligent persons the work may be carried deeper. That appears to be the only hope. But the resting place of Alaric is known. There would be no difficulty and small expense in opening it. That effort has never made a scandal.

Pearls Buried Under Water.

An interesting story is told concerning some of the jewels belonging to the empress of Germany. She owns a very fine necklace, made of large pearls, well matched in size and singularly pure in color. The necklace, however, had been laid aside for some time, away from the light and air, and as a natural result the color of the pearls had suffered considerably. In fact, when the empress took out her necklace it was so discolored that she found she could not possibly wear it in its then condition. The court jeweler, when appealed to, gave it as his opinion that nothing would restore the pristine purity of the pearls except a very long immersion in the sea. A glass case was accordingly made, with holes in it to admit the water, the pearls were deposited in it and it was sunk "full fathoms five" in the waters of the North sea. The spot chosen is close to the shore and it is said that sentries are on duty there night and day.—Malme.

In the Department Store.

Customer (who has purchased a pair of kid gloves)—They will do very well, though they are a trifle large. Saleswoman—But, then, your hands are so small! Is there anything else? Customer—Yes, there are a few things I wanted. Let me see—oh, yes; a gallon of molasses, a pound of tannery nails and a hindquarter of lamb. Saleswoman—Will you take them with you or have them sent? Customer—Perhaps you may as well send them, as I am not going directly home.—Boston Transcript.

SAID BY WISE MEN.

The haunts of happiness are varied, but I have more often found her among little children, home firesides and country homes than anywhere else.—Sidney Smith. Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.—Felton. Never sacrifice a right principle to obtain a favor—the cost is too great. If you cannot secure what is right and needful for you by square and manly conduct, better do without it.—George Wilson.

There are depths in man that go the lengths of lowest hell, as there are heights that reach highest heaven; for are not both heaven and hell made out of him, made by him, everlasting miracle and mystery that he is.—Carlyle. If we look down, then our shoulders stoop. If our thoughts look down, our character bends. It is only when we hold our heads up that the body becomes erect. It is only when our thoughts go up that our life becomes erect.—Alexander McKenzie.

Infinito toll would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—Helps. In order to love mankind, expect but little from them; in order to view their faults without bitterness, we must accustom ourselves to pardon them, and to perceive that indulgence is a justice which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom. Now, nothing tends more to dispose us to indulgence, to close our hearts against hatred, to open them to the principles of a humane and soft morality, than a profound knowledge of the human heart. Accordingly, the wisest men have always been the most indulgent.—Lord Lytton.

The oldest living English composer is Henry Russell, author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and "A Life on the Ocean Wave." He has composed over 5,000 songs.

WOMEN OF NOTE.

Mrs. McKinley presented to each of the young ladies in her party who attended the inaugural ball a handsome fan and lace handkerchief as a souvenir.

When the queen, now in her 78th year, ascended the throne, the poke bonnet was the most characteristic feature of feminine attire. That was in the year 1837.

Mrs. John Sherman is exceedingly well read and deeply interested in current events. Next year she and Secretary Sherman will be able to celebrate their golden wedding.

Nowadays, when women are just venturing to ride horseback astride, it is interesting to know that Queen Anne, consort of Richard II of England, was the first woman to ride a side saddle, previous to that women riding as did the men.

Fraulein Anna Sigmund, a grand-niece of the great composer Schubert, recently appeared in that city as Francisca in "Minna von Barnhelm" and Viola in "As You Like It." It was her first public performance.

Danger Ahead.

Cyclist—I always get nervous when I see a woman crossing the street ahead of me.

Second Cyclist—So do I. They have so many pins in their clothes that if a fellow collides with them he is almost sure to puncture a tire.—Chips.

Teacher—Who was Joan of Arc? Bright Boy—Noah's wife.—Life.