

CUBS WINNERS WITH CHANCE IN THE GAME



FRANK L. CHANCE.

Last season when the Chicago Cubs fell down some of the wise ones said it was because Johnny Kling, the star catcher, was suking in his tent and not doing the backstop work for the team. When the season was over and Pittsburgh won the pennant of the National league by a comfortable majority Joe Tinker, shortstop for the former champions, expressed the opinion that it was the absence of Frank Chance, the peerless leader, from so many games in the early part of the season that put the Cubs down and out.

There seems to be a whole lot to Tinker's argument. Already this season it has been demonstrated that the Cubs are at least 25 per cent better when the "Big Bear" is on first base and taking his turn at the bat. Along in May when the eastern teams were playing in Chicago Chance was threatened with pneumonia. A physician told him he certainly would be forced to go to bed if he did not stay in the house. "Husk" couldn't see it that way at all and although he could not play he was out on the grounds managing from the bench. But the Cubs didn't play baseball. Boston and Brooklyn beat them. That was too much for the P. L. He was so ill he

could hardly hold his head up, but he went to first base and held down the job. Right away the team took a hitch in its belt, so to speak, and began winning. Then the former champs went east. Chance had a sore finger and couldn't play. Philadelphia and Boston smacked them. Chance didn't wait for the injury to heal and got back in the game. Did they win? Certainly.

There are baseball players and baseball players, but when you go to hand-ling around bouquets don't forget Frank Chance. He's a real live leader. He can do anything he asks his men to do. He is a disciplinarian and when he makes a rule he expects to have it obeyed. At the same time he abides by the rules he makes just like any other player on the team.

He has climbed on the water wagon and will not take even a glass of beer until the season closes. Several other Cubs have also decided to let the amber fluid alone until the last game is played. Give it to Chance. He's the candy kid in baseball and even in New York, where they hate anything connected with Chicago, they say the Giants could make the Cubs eat out of their hands if it were not for the Peerless Leader.

DIAMOND GLOSSIP

It's all right to be an iron man, a title which Joe McGinlity once held with credit, but when a pitcher's wing is substantial enough to entitle him to this metallic sobriquet he must in addition possess the faculty of being able to assimilate the cheers while they last and evade the hisses when they come, for come they will in time. That is the inevitable fate of the hurler with the untiring arm.

As the baseball world is aware, an "iron man" is one who can work at least four games a week and be ready to act as the main stem in a double-header in between if any are carded to be played. The "iron man" must be always willing to unloosen some of the steel in his arm for the benefit of his club.

Joe McGinlity used to be the best "iron man" in the business. He could pitch a double engagement today and go in and twirl again tomorrow. And he used to win the majority of his games. That's why he was regarded as the best "iron man." Joe did his most superbly work when McGraw was erecting pennant poles at the Polo grounds. This was over five years ago.

At present McGinlity is not twirling for the Giants. Too many "iron man" entertainments made him lose his National league effectiveness. Now he is managing the Newark club of the Eastern league, and pitching—once or twice a week.

The "iron men" of the newer baseball era are no longer "iron men." Jack Chesbro, leading pitcher of the American league in 1901, is farming today on a big homestead in New England. Jack is done for so far as the use of his big league arm is considered. He is not beset with any financial worries, because he saved a great deal of what he made in the days of success but the fact that it was Jack's steady pitching that enforced his retirement from baseball cannot be gainsaid.

Interesting it is to consider the reasons some baseball leaders advance as to why certain teams can often win a big majority of their games "on the road" the way from home battles, while unable to keep up the same pace when on their own grounds, with thousands of fans cheering them for all their good plays and "rooting" for them with might and main, in the tight places.

Hugh Jennings was asked the question point-blank, when he was in the city the other day:

"It's a hard problem," said Hugh. "The old Orioles were away-from-home players. We would go out from Baltimore almost hopelessly out of the race, and come back in first place."

"That fact raises the old question, "Does 'rooting' help?" Hugh went on. "Certainly, no crowd ever 'rooted' for a home team than did that old bunch of fans at Baltimore, for us. Certainly, no team ever encountered fiercer opposition 'rooting' than we did on the road, here in Cleveland, for instance. This fact makes me a little suspicious of the value the fans are inclined to put upon their ability to help the home team along by their so-called 'loyalty.'"

Pop Anson is broke. The last remnant of his finances blew away the other day when a mortgage on his home was foreclosed in default of the notes aggregating \$6,800. The old man who helped to build the Cub machine that has since been a power both on the field and in attracting shovels into the box office, has joined the D. & O's. Pop alleges that he has been a victim of base ingratitude. Despite the years he labored in the cause of the Chicago National Baseball club, he was side-tracked when he had outlived his utility as a performer.

Do ball players depreciate in value? Four years ago Manager McGraw of the Giants offered \$10,000 for Outfielder Lumley and First Baseman Jordan of Brooklyn. The offer was refused. A few weeks ago, when waivers were asked on this pair, not a National league manager thought either was worth the waiver price of \$1,500.

William (Ducky) Holmes has been displaced as manager of the Toledo club, in a game that was held in the box office, has joined the D. & O's. It is said that the relations between Holmes and the players have not been amicable since the club began the regular season. Holmes will probably purchase an interest in the Des Moines Western league team.

Harry Swacina is in the Southern league—in the circuit where he started long ago. During the past few years Swats has been in about ten leagues, including the National. Swacina is one of the handsomest men playing ball, and one of the most likable. That's the trouble—he was too popular.

Ray Demmitt, the former Yankee and Brown outfielder, certainly has been playing a grand game for the Royals. He has been holding in grand form, while his sticking has been of the heavy kind. The other day he drove in the winning run in the twelfth when he made a clout over Delehanty, Toronto's left fielder.

In the American league umpires are equal. There is no divided authority. Mr. Lynch says keeping the same umpire behind the plate assures the sport better umpiring. But O'Day, Klem, Higler and Johnstone can't keep on judging balls and strikes forever. Unless they work in pad and mask they will get rusty and their judgment will get to be bad.

The Boston Red Sox have not been playing the game everybody thought they would put up this year after their great finish last season. This gives rise to frequent rumors that Patsy Donovan, the manager, is to be fired and some other man take the place. One report had Fred Tenney picked for the job. President Taylor immediately denied it.

DROPPED IN AT RIGHT TIME

Burglar's Opportune Visit Enabled Woman to Rid Herself of Much Undesirable "Truck."

The burglar hesitated. Back of him was a sheer drop of 25 feet to the ground. In front of him was a determined woman, grasping in her hand a huge revolver. She covered him steadily.

"I won't shoot," she said, "if you will remain still."

She advanced upon him and poking the muzzle of the gun in his face reached into his pocket and pulled out his revolver.

"Come in," the burglar obediently stepped inside the room. All his courage was gone.

"Sit down," said the woman. He sat down.

She got a huge ball of cord from her bureau and spent the next 20 minutes in tying him up.

Then she pointed out of the window. "Is that your wagon out there behind the barn?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The woman called her husband, who was hiding behind the baby's crib in the next room.

"Here, John," she said, "take some of this furniture out."

John came in and got to work. The burglar watched with curious eyes. Suddenly his face blanched. He looked out of the window and saw in the light of the moon what John was carrying.

"What are you doing to me?" he asked.

The woman began cutting his cords. "I'm going to load you up with all of the old eyecores that we have had in the house for these many years," she said, merrily—"all the furniture presented to us at Christmas by kind hearted relatives, all the prizes we have taken at card parties, all the family portraits—everything that we have been simply dying to get rid of."

Life.

Good Turn by the O' Clo' Man.

"That old clothes man back on the corner just now saved me the price of a new suit," remarked a young business man yesterday, on his way down Euclid avenue past the old Arcade. "Nope. Guess again. I didn't sell him anything and I haven't any idea of buying a suit of second-hand clothes from him. But until I walked by him just then I was of the opinion that I would have to lay aside this last summer's suit I've been wearing and pay forty or fifty dollars for a new one. Now I've changed my mind. That fellow on the corner asked me: 'Got any o' clo's to sell, mister?' I told him I didn't, and our conversation ended right there. But it was enough. He wouldn't ask a seedy-looking man if he had any old clothes for sale, would he? Naturally he'd think a shabbily-dressed person was wearing about the only clothes he owned and wouldn't want to part with those. The ones these old clothes people like to deal with are the dressy ducks—the boys that get a new suit every little while and dispose of the old ones for little or nothing. He must have thought I was that sort. So I judge this suit must stack up pretty well. I'll just make it do this summer for every day and take that forty or fifty dollars out of one pocket and put it in another."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Making a Railway Man Work.

E. J. Naylor, general agent of the Hawley lines, at Los Angeles, was in the city last week on business, and while on his way to the Flood building Thursday left his suitcase in the office of the Canadian Pacific. The boys in the office loaded it with lead pipe, and when Naylor got the suitcase later in the afternoon and walked with it to the Manx hotel nearby every railroad man on the row walked behind and watched the struggle.

"Gee, I only got about two collars and three ties in this, but it is heavy!" he said when he was about three blocks from the Manx.

"Well, it gets heavier the longer you pack it," volunteered J. R. Holcomb of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient. Naylor didn't open the grip until the next day, and since that time he has been looking for the Canadian Pacific agents with a piece of lead pipe in his hand.—San Francisco Call.

Mustard Plaster Cure.

"Mustard as a promoter of morals was a new role," said the New York woman. "Yesterday I heard my Bohemian neighbor say to her 11-year-old daughter:

"If you do that again I'll put a mustard plaster on you."

"The child didn't do it again. When I asked why, the mother told me that in her country disobedient children are punished by applying a mustard plaster. It is more efficacious than whipping, scolding or moral suasion. The plaster isn't on long enough to blister badly, but even without a blister a mustard plaster is a corrective measure that all little Bohemians try to avoid, even at the expense of good behavior."

He Liked Life Term Best.

He was one of Magistrate Gallagher's "regular" prisoners. His ready tongue had generally contrived to get him off with a reprimand, but one day the magistrate, holding the scales of justice from the desk in the Fifteenth and Vine streets police station, decided to take severer measures.

"You'll take the pledge or go to the house of correction," he told the apparently penitent prisoner. "Which?"

"Pledge for life!" said the man.

"Well," said the magistrate, leniently, "better make it for a year first. Then you can renew it."

"Oh, that's all right," the prisoner remarked, cheerfully. "I always take it for life!"—Philadelphia Times.

Always Late.

They had gone to a theater at eight and found it empty. The people strolled in about half after, and by nine the house was filled.

The next night they went to a club dinner at seven, and the dinner arrived at half after eight and nine.

It was the same at a five-o'clock tea that did not start until seven.

"I believe," he said, "that these New Yorkers would come in late to their own funerals."—New York Press.

"NEVER SAY DIE." UNCLE SAM.



THE STAR-SPANGLED FIFTH.

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
Or have you no chance to behold its
glad gleaming?
Is your face bandaged and your nose hidden
from sight,
Are you pleased with yourself or in
agony screaming?
Did the rocket's red glare get mixed up
with your hair,
And your teeth and your fingers, are all
of them there?
Oh, say, do you still feel undaunted and
brave
Or do you, all bandaged, in agony rave?
Are your legs still undamaged and have
you two feet?
Are your ears where they were when
the hurrah was started?
Do you still think of freedom as splendid
and sweet,
Or has your glad anilor forever depart-
ed?
Are your eyes both in place, have you all
of your face,
Has the doctor reported concerning your
case?
Are you up and around with the free and
the brave,
Or is one of your arms in its poor little
grave?
Oh, are you still sound, do you think life
is grand,
Or is the world nothing but dark desola-
tion?
Are you still patriotic and able to stand
Or has your hope gone on an endless
vacation?
Did the toy cannon bust and thus rob you
of trust
As it scattered your digits around in the
dust?
Oh, did you pull through, does your ban-
ner still wave,
Or are you one of those who in agony
rave?

The Inevitable Result.



Mr. Headofhouse—How did the parrot get all his head feather burned off?
Mrs. Headofhouse—He said he wanted a cracker, and Willie gave him one.

PRESERVING THE DECLARATION

It is Cared for With Much Reverence at the Nation's Capital.

There is so much reverence for the document on which the 56 signers of the immortal Declaration of Independence inscribed their names that it is no wonder it is preserved at the national capital with the utmost care. It is in the state department building that the document is kept, and a safe specially constructed for its preservation in as good condition as possible is its home. The guardianship of the revered document is intrusted to an official of the department named William H. McNeer.

The parchment with the original signatures was deposited with the department of state when the government was organized in 1789. In 1833 John Quincy Adams had a copperplate facsimile made to give copies to the signers and their heirs. The original was injured in this way, the wet sheet pressed on the face drawing out the ink so that the names of the signers have become illegible and the text partially so. In recent years it has been kept sealed up in a steel case, and the greatest care has been taken to prevent its coming to any harm.

One of the results of the preservation of interest in the Declaration of Independence is the formation of a society composed of descendants of

signers of this immortal document. The most important meeting in the history of this organization was that held at Washington last April, when the descendants of the patriots of '76 visited the state department and gazed upon the charter of liberty there guarded with so much jealousy and even reverence. The first reunion of the signers was held at the James town exposition in 1907 as part of the celebration of Independence day by the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Association of the United States.

The primary objects of the organization are "for the purpose of aiding in the preservation of historical records, to help educate the people in love and patriotism for country, to appropriately mark and protect the last resting places of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, to collect and publish instructive material regarding the life and works of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence and for other patriotic purposes."

The membership of the Descendants of the Signers is now up into the hundreds, with descendants of nearly every one of the 46 of the signers of the Declaration of Independence who left descendants. Nine of the signers died without issue, several never marrying. There are members of the organization in Switzerland, France, England and Hungary, with most of the states represented. Thus far Pennsylvania seems to have taken the more active interest in the movement although others give good promise. It is estimated that there are several thousand persons, including the children, who are eligible to membership.

July 4 in American Wars.

The Fourth of July has been a big day in the wars of this republic. It is 1861 July 4 was the first day of the extra session of Congress, with eight states unrepresented.

On July 4, 1863, Vicksburg surrendered to General Grant.

On the same day news was sent over the country that the Federal forces had won at Gettysburg.

On July 4, 1864, Grant was gradually driving Lee back, though at a terrific cost of human life.

On July 4, 1898, we got the news that Cervera's entire Spanish fleet had been destroyed off Santiago by the United States fleet, that 600 Spaniards had been killed and drowned and 1,400 taken prisoners on the day before.

Change.

"You say he actually likes having his wife be a suffragette and all that?"
"Yes. He thinks it's fun to get up and go through her trousers pockets for change, while she's asleep."—Cleveland Leader.

THE DAY AFTER.



The Mangled One: "Say, Doc! Will I Be Well Agin' by the Next Fourth?"

HOW I WIN

By George Edward ("Rube") Waddell

Waddell is Perhaps the Most Famous Pitcher of Recent Years, and Despite His Eccentricities, a Great Left-Hander

(Copyright, 1910, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Curve them when they think they're coming straight, straighten them out when they are expecting a curve, lob them when they are set for fast ones; and come on with the speed in a pinch.

I think my speed and curve have done more to win for me than anything else, but at the same time I think I have outgassed about as many batters who were trying to out-guess me as any one in the business. There are a lot of fellows who think

Then comes the curve, and if a fellow can get that fast enough and break it where he pleases he needs little else—at least as long as the speed lasts.

There is a lot more to pitching than that, however, for no matter how fast a ball is, or how it jumps, or how fast a curve is, or how much it curves, the batters are going to do a lot of hitting if they can find out in some way what is coming. A pitcher's motion is for the purpose of keeping them from seeing his position of hand, or his swing of arm in time to see what is coming. A good motion is necessary, not only to keep the batters from getting on to what a fellow is pitching, but also to save the strain on the pitching arm and back, and to add to the speed. The only thing that hurts is control, and if you notice when a left-hander is wild it is mainly because he is swinging himself off his stride. Then he has to shorten up the swing to regain control, and if he has not the speed with the shorter swing—bing bing—and to the bench for him.

All that is all right as long as there are no runners on the bases. The minute a runner gets on first the pitcher must cut his balk motion and hold up the runners. Every one has a "balk motion." I always thought the balk motion was cheating the rules and that if the rule makers wanted to make more base running the umpires ought to call a balk every time—instead of once a week. If one is a balk another is. I have a pretty fair balk motion myself, but the fact is I have caught more runners off first by outguessing them than in any other way.

I know all the batters and where to pitch to them—or where not to pitch, rather—but in a game I watch them closely to see what they are trying to do, and then "cross" them with something else.

The easiest games for me are on dark days when I can just out loose the speed and curve and mow them down. On rays like that a pitcher with speed does not need to strain his head thinking. He can just pitch.

This stuff is on the square with me, and I hope it will help some young pitchers. It will show them, anyhow, that they will have to do their own thinking in every game.

McGraw Disapproves of Sacrifice.

"The sacrifice hit," says Manager McGraw, "at one time was a great play, but I think it has lost its effectiveness by constant use. The Giants as a rule do not use it except when there are runners on second and first both. Then it is advisable to move them up so that they can score on a long fly or a slow grounder. They also have the chance of scoring on a bad throw, a fumble or any number of things."



"Rube" Waddell.

the "Rube," as they have called me ever since I was a rube, isn't doing much thinking, but they keep taking three heatlies and sitting down just the same.

The first thing a left-hander needs is a fast ball with a jump to it—that is with speed enough to make the ball hop in the air. If he has that and can get control he is a pretty good left-hander without much else. Control has been the great trouble with all left-handed pitchers, and very few of them can get the ball where they want it to go. I always have had pretty fair control, and sometimes perfect control for months at a time. A fellow cannot say honestly he always has it for, there are times when the ball won't go anywhere he wants it to go and he has to retreat.