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**SLOW.**  


**What, hasn't George proposed yet?**  
 "No, what can you expect of a man who won't spend his automobile over fifteen miles an hour."  
 Someone Might Get Hurt.  
 Pietro had drifted to Florida and was working with a gang at railroad construction. He had been told to beware of rattlesnakes, but assured that they would always give the warning rattle before striking.  
 One hot day he was eating his noon luncheon on a pine log when he saw a big rattler coiled a few feet in front of him. He eyed the serpent and began to lift his legs over the log. He had barely got them out of the way when the snake's fangs bit the bark beneath him.  
 "Son of a gun!" yelled Pietro. "Why you no ringa da bell!"—Everybody's Magazine.

**A Handicapped Official.**  
 "You let me of the swiftest auto scooters get by without a word?"  
 "I know it," replied the village constable. "My glasses don't suit my eyes like they used to, and I can't do anything with an auto that ain't going slow enough for me to read the number."

**World's Largest Cemetery.**  
 At Rookwood, Australia, is the largest cemetery in the world. It covers 2,000 acres. Only a plot of 200 acres has been used thus far, in which 100,000 persons of all nationalities have been buried.

**She Was a Big Fighter.**  
 Mrs. Benham—Do you remember when I had my coming out?  
 Benham—No, but it must have been like the launching of a battleship.

**Music lends expression to that for which the speech has no words.—Carman Silva.**

**PUZZLED**  
**Hard Work, Sometimes, to Raise Children.**  
 Children's taste is oftentimes more accurate, in selecting the right kind of food to fit the body, than that of adults. Nature works more accurately through the children.  
 A Brooklyn lady says: "Our little boy had long been troubled with weak digestion. We could never persuade him to take more than one taste of any kind of cereal food. He was a weak little chap and we were puzzled to know what to feed him on."  
 "One lucky day we tried Grape-Nuts. Well, you never saw a child eat with such a relish, and it did me good to see him. From that day on it seemed as though we could almost see him grow. He would eat Grape-Nuts for breakfast and supper, and I think he would have liked the food for dinner."  
 "The difference in his appearance is something wonderful."  
 "My husband had never fancied cereal foods of any kind, but he became very fond of Grape-Nuts and has become much improved in health since using it."  
 "We are now a healthy family, and naturally believe in Grape-Nuts."  
 "A friend has two children who were formerly afflicted with rickets. I was satisfied that the disease was caused by lack of proper nourishment. They showed it. So I urged her to use Grape-Nuts as an experiment and the result was almost magical."  
 "They continued the food and today both children are well and strong as any children in this city, and, of course, my friend is a firm believer in Grape-Nuts for she has the evidence before her eyes every day."  
 Read "The Road to Wellville," found in page "There's a Reason."  
 Please send me a sample letter! A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of business information.

**THE QUICKENING**  
 BY FRANCIS LYNDE  
 Copyright, 1906, by Francis Lynde

CHAPTER XXV.  
 Hoping always for the best, after the manner prescribed for optimistic pessimists who successfully exploit their fellows, Mr. Duxbury Farley did not deem it necessary to confide fully in his son when the representative of American Aqueduct broke off negotiations abruptly and went back to New York.

When the comfortable arrangement with the pipe trust threatened to miscarry, all he did was to urge Vincent to hasten the day when Miss Dabney's stock could be utilized as a Farley asset. Pressed for particular reasons, he turned it off lightly. A young man in the fever of ante-nuptial expectancy was a mere pawn in the business game; let it be over and done with, so that the nominal treasurer of Chiawasseo Limited could once more become the treasurer in fact.

Whereupon Vincent, who rode badly at best, bought a new saddle-horse and took his place at Miss Dabney's whip-hand in the early morning rides, the place formerly filled by Tom Gordon—which was not the part of wisdom, one would say. Contrasts are pitiless things, and the wary woman-hunter will break new paths rather than traverse those already broken by his rival.

Tom, meanwhile, had apparently relapsed into his former condition of disinterest, and was once more spending his days on the mountain seemingly bent on effacing himself socially, as he had been effaced business-wise by the Farley overture.

A week or more after the relapse, as he was crossing the road leading over the mountain's shoulder, he came on the morning riders walking their horses toward Paradise, and saw trouble in Miss Dabney's eyes, and on Farley's impassive face a mask of sullen anger.

With the negotiations for the sale to the Gordon plant, there had been a return of dry weather and mild temperatures, with warm, soft nights when the blue haze seemed to hold all objects in suspension.

Tom had pushed out a chair for his father when he suddenly became aware that the still air was once more thrumming and murmuring to the familiar orb and sigh of the great furnace-blowing-engines. He started up quickly.

"What's that?" he demanded. "Surely they haven't blown in again!" Caleb nodded assent.

"I reckon so, Colonel Duxbury allowed to me this mornin' that he was about out of the woods—in spite of you, he said, as it yerd' been the one that was doin' him up."  
 "But he can't be!" exclaimed Tom, so earnestly and definitely that the mask fell away and the father was no longer deceived.

That the stock transaction should figure as a forced sale at next to nothing, in which all the stockholders should participate, and that the remainder of the purchase price, which would have been a fair figure for all the stock, should be paid to him and his son individually as a bonus!

The old iron-master groaned. In spite of the hard teaching of all the years, he would have clung to some poor shadow of belief in Duxbury Farley if he could have done so.

"That's all," Tom went on, stridently, "all but the turning of the trick that put them in the hole they were digging for you and the Major. Vint Farley had no notion of letting Ardea bring her money into the family of her own free will; he planned to rob her first and marry her afterward. Now I'm going down to tell them both what they're up against! Don't sit up for me."

He had taken a dozen strides down the gravelled path when he saw some one coming hurriedly across the lawn from Deer Trace, and heard a voice—the voice of the woman he loved—calling to him softly in the stillness:

"Tom! O Tom!" is said, "please wait—just one minute!"  
 But there are emotions mightier, momentarily, than love, and vengeance is one. He made as if he did not see or hear; and lest she should overtake him, left the path to lose himself among the trees and to vault the low boundary wall into the pike at a point safely out of sight from the gate.

(To be continued.)

**THE CAT AND THE BABY.**

A Medical Opinion as to the Tradition of a Feline Danger.  
 Several physicians have investigated the ancient story that cats suck the breath of babies, and Dr. J. Rice Gibbs declares that the theory is ridiculous. Cats occasionally kill children, he declares, but they do it in a different fashion.

"It has been stated that a cat's nostrils are so formed as to make a perfect junction with the nose of a baby," said Dr. Gibbs, "and that a little pressure would push them upward and make them a perfect fit. Then the cat's chin would rest over and below the baby's mouth, preventing it from opening to relieve the strangulation while the cat sucked its breath. That is all rot. The manner in which little children are killed by cats is this: A cat looking for a warm place to curl up and sleep lies down upon the chest of a little child, and, being quite heavy—many cats are as heavy as little babies—simply crushes the breath out of the child's lungs, and strangulation takes place, but not through sucking the child's breath."

"The idea that only black cats kill little babies is equally ridiculous. It is simply because black cats are considered unlucky. In former times the black cat was considered the very genius of witchcraft. In those days when a baby died the blame was often fixed upon some hag who, the judges said, had sent a black cat to suck the baby's breath. And often hag and cat suffered death at the stake."

"Evil omen is still the cry in many parts of the world whenever a black cat approaches a cradle. Many persons are superstitious that the appearance of a black cat in a sickroom is considered equivalent to an announcement of an approaching death. What could be more absurd?"

"Mothers need not be afraid of cats, black, white or green, sucking their babies' breath and murdering them. It is time that this popular fallacy should be exploded.—New York World.

**CARE OF PARROTS.**

The Proper Way to Feed, Cage and Teach the Birds.  
 As few people who own parrots really know how to care for them, a few good rules may be of interest.  
 As to their food, it should be seeds—canary, hemp (but not too much), millet, boiled maize, linseed, rape and the like. Bread soaked in hot water is good, given twice a day, and fruit in moderation, and in variety is wholesome, such as grapes, apples and pears, occasional raisin and lettuce.  
 Gray parrots are very fond of rice, and almost all parrots appreciate rice pudding and have a taste, too, for bread and butter. Meat is bad for them. Clean, fresh wood should be given them to gnaw—bits of elm, birch, larch and chestnut. Fresh dry gravel must be sprinkled at the bottom of the cage every day and fresh water be put in the glass.  
 It is important that parrots should have the opportunity to stand flat footed, so if the cage has wires at the bottom it is well to remove them. Always to have its claws clasping a round perch is injurious to any bird, and two perches of different size are advisable, so that he may change his posture at will.  
 When a parrot continues to scream he wants water or food or feels ill and uncomfortable or maybe is merely dull. Music, which he loves, will cheer him up at all times.  
 A parrot learns to talk only from one who speaks very slowly and distinctly to him and preferably when he is about to fall asleep. Last, but not least, a parrot should be carefully covered at night.—London Mail.

**PITCHER JOHNSON IS MARVEL**



Ever since Walter Johnson of the Washington Americans broke into fast company opposing players have marveled at his great speed.  
 With an easy motion Johnson seems able to send the sphere through space at such a terrific pace that even though the batsman knows that the ball will come on a straight course, he is unable to meet it with his stick.  
 Johnson gets his speed by reason of his wonderful reach. He has longer arms than any other pitcher in the country and pitches with the least effort.  
 When his arms are stretched out they measure 77 1/2 inches from finger tips to finger tips. This is 2 1/2 inches longer than Jeffries' reach and 5 1/2 inches longer than Jack Johnson's.  
 When he releases a ball after having wound up this long right arm it goes through space with the speed of a bullet.  
 Few, indeed, are the pitchers who can score strike-out after strike-out without resorting to the use of curves or spit balls, as does Johnson. He has frequently struck out three men on nine pitched balls without ever using a curve.  
 It is Johnson's speed that makes him one of the most marvelous pitchers the game has ever produced, and it is his great, long arm that gives him his speed.  
 Every batter of note who has faced Johnson says that the Idaho phenomenon has terrific speed. His fast ball makes the best batters in the league, including Ty Cobb, Larry Lajoie, and Tris Speaker, break their backs trying to connect with it.  
 The illustration given above is an excellent likeness of Johnson and Catcher Street. Street has had quite a bit to do with Johnson's success. The illustration shown is published by courtesy of The Sporting News.

**PITCHER M. BROWN'S START**

Premier Twirler for Chicago Cubs Tells How He Broke Into Fast Company—Was Miner.  
 By Mordcael Brown.  
 (Copyright, 1916, by Joseph B. Bowles)  
 When I was a boy I had a hard time. My people were poor, and I was lucky to have one shoe and one rubber boot. I started to work in the mines around Coville, Ind., about the time other kids are starting to kindergarten.

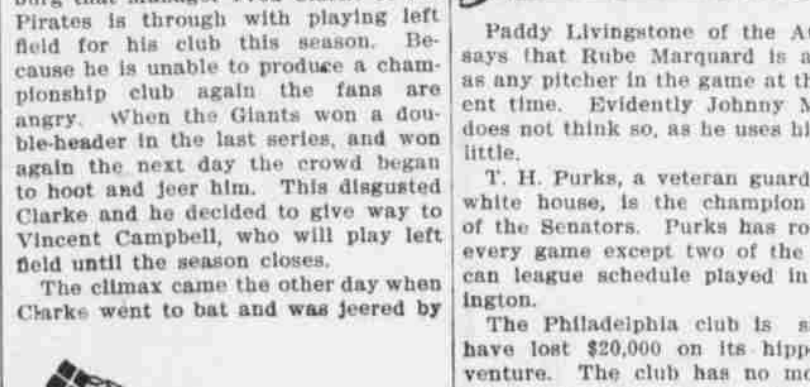
Just when I began playing ball I can't remember. It must have been when I was a kid seven or eight years old and I always loved the game and played it every chance I got. Pretty soon, when I was about fourteen, I began to get real wages in the mines. I became checker, hired by the union to check the coal that came up and keep the accounts of the men.



The only time I had for baseball was Saturday and Sunday afternoons. There were seven small towns nearby and we all had teams. I have walked time and again eight to ten miles and back to play games. I was a catcher and third baseman on the team and showed so much skill at the game that pretty soon the miners would hire a man in my place to check the coal in order to let me go away and play ball to win for the team.  
 I did not like the miner's life. It did not seem to get a fellow any place and I saw men grow old and worn out and scarcely save enough to bury them. I looked to me as if I ought to cultivate my ability to play ball and I set to work in earnest. I read in a paper that pitchers were the best paid players and decided to pitch, although I never had tried it before. I pitched three games for Coville one fall, and the next spring I was boosted for a job with the Terre Haute club. I reported to the team, a great big kid. I never had made a cent out of baseball, in fact the only money I ever had made outside of mining was in acting as protector for a fat boy. His mother paid me fifty cents a week to keep the other kids from licking him and I was so anxious to earn that fifty cents that if no kid made a move at him I licked a couple anyhow to earn my money.  
 The spring I went to Terre Haute and they had eleven pitchers for trial and I never had pitched but three games. I was determined to make good and the only way I knew how was to work my head off.  
 I never worked harder in the mines than I did there. I pitched every minute and watched the older pitchers work, learning from them. Also I started to read and study and worked harder than ever. Finally Omaha got me and I began to be a real pitcher. I always wanted to make good for the sake of the boys in the mines who had stuck with me all the way and I almost broke records at Omaha for number of games pitched. I worked so hard I hurt my arm and when St. Louis got me I thought I was going back to the mines. I worked the arm around into shape and when I got to Chicago it was right.  
 Everything I ever have accomplished has been due to hard work, and little else. I have a great love for baseball, and like to play the game. I realize I owe a lot to it and I want to show it by working all I can. It has given me all a chance to meet people, and to develop into something. I think the game is a good profession, an honorable one and one any boy can enter, providing he enters it with the determination to work and win his way. No loafer or "joy rider" ever will succeed.

**CLARK GUIDES FROM BENCH**

Jeering of Pittsburg Crowds Drives Leader of Pirates From Game for Season.  
 Announcement comes from Pittsburg that Manager Fred Clarke of the Pirates is through with playing left field for his club this season. Because he is unable to produce a championship club again the fans are angry. When the Giants won a doubleheader in the last series, and won again the next day the crowd began to hoot and jeer him. This disgusted Clarke and he decided to give way to Vincent Campbell, who will play left field until the season closes.  
 The climax came the other day when Clarke went to bat and was jeered by



Paddy Livingstone of the Athletics says that Rube Marquard is as good as any pitcher in the game at the present time. Evidently Johnny McGraw does not think so, as he uses him very little.  
 T. H. Purks, a veteran guard at the white house, is the champion rooster of the Senators. Purks has rooted at every game except two of the American league schedule played in Washington.  
 The Philadelphia club is said to have lost \$20,000 on its hippodrome venture. The club has no money to spend for buying new players, and there is no chance to strengthen much for next season.  
 Pitcher Covallesco and Outfielder Messenger, two ex-major leaguers, engaged in a fist fight in Birmingham the other day. A little more of that kind of spirit in the game would have kept them in the big leagues.  
 Ted Anderson, first baseman of the Flint, Mich. team, but who belonged to the Quincy, Ill. team, has been purchased by the Chicago American league club. He will report at the close of the Southern Michigan season.  
 Some of the critics are advocating a change in the rules of baseball so that a batter who is hit by a pitched ball can have two bases instead of one. Paul Meleon really deserved a home run for that "banning" he got the other day.  
 Christy Mathewson, the veteran star of the Giants, and Russell Ford, the new find of the Highlanders, will have a chance to show their prowess when the two New York teams get together next fall in the post-season championship of Gotham.  
 Manager Fred Clarke of the world's champion Pirates established a new record in having four assists from the outfield. The record of three assists has been made several times, but never four by one man from the outfield in a single game.  
 Eastern sporting men say Philadelphia is not game and that the Cubs will win because of the zameness they display at all times. However, with Plank and Bender doing well Chicago fans look for a great world's series between the league winners.  
 Pat Powers, president of the Eastern league, has instructed his umpires to keep managers off the ball field unless the manager is actually taking part in the game. Even with a uniform on the manager is not allowed to coach in the Eastern league. The manager has no right to dispute an umpire's decision. Only the captain has that prerogative.  
 The Springfield club of the St. Paul league got Melon from the St. Paul club of the American association for \$300. Two years ago Melon played with the Jacksonville, Ill. team, and he was drafted from there by the Springfield club and later went to St. Paul for a trial. He did not look good enough for Mike Kelly and then went back to Springfield. He need not worry about going back to the minors any more, for a while at least.

**EVERY PLAYER BECAME BOSS**

Former Members of Cleveland Spiders Gets Jobs as Managers in Different Cities.  
 "I wonder," remarked Patsy Donovan, speaking of the Cleveland Naps, "if all the crowd will become managers, as did all the old Cleveland Spiders."  
 "All of them?" asked one of the Red Sox.  
 "I think so," replied Donovan. "Let's see if I can place them all. You know, of course, that Burlett is manager of the Worcester team, that O'Connor is boss of the Browns, and McAleer of the Nationals. Harry Blinke, I think, is manager of the Portsmouth team in the Ohio State league. George Tebeaut was manager of the Kansas City team before he became a club owner. Dale Gear has managed a number of teams in the south. Jack McAllister was manager at Buffalo for several seasons. So was Chief Zimmer at Little Rock. Ed McKean at Dayton and O'Meara at Fort Wayne."  
 "There's a list of ten managers, all graduated from one ball team, a record that no other club that was ever organized could show."  
 Jeckey ignores Big Retainer.  
 Jeckey Shilling has received a handsome offer to ride for Baron Oppenheim in Europe next year. Shilling says he prefers to remain here and ride for S. C. Hildreth.

**Manager Fred Clarke.**

nearly every spectator in the stands. He was hooted because he declined to change pitchers when the fans thought it was necessary. He paid no attention to the rosters, but took himself out and put Campbell in his position. Campbell played a good game, making three hits.

**Walsh After Franchise.**  
 It was reported in Washington the other day that Ed Walsh, the White Sox pitcher, is dickering for a franchise in the Connecticut league, and that he may leave major league baseball to become a magnate.  
 Walsh is after the Hartford franchise, it is said. This is a good paying proposition, and if he can land the franchise, he will ask Comiskey for his release this fall.  
 It was in the Connecticut league that Walsh made his start in baseball, pitching for the Meriden club, in 1903.

**Record Sunday Attendance.**  
 Kansas City fans came close to setting a minor league attendance record a Sunday or so ago when 17,748 of them turned out to see the Blues give Louisville a double battle. And Dusty Rhoades, ex-Nap, showed that he knew what a psychological moment was by pitching a one-hit game in the first half of that double bill, shutting out the American Association champions.