

NEW PRESIDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA CLUB.



Horace S. Fogel, a former newspaper man and sporting writer, took a sudden leap into the baseball limelight when he became the head of the Quaker team. He declares the club has been purchased by business men, who will run it in the interests of clean sport and denies that a syndicate of magnates is behind him in the deal.

BASEBALL WORLD ALL STIRRED UP

SALE OF PHILADELPHIA TEAM BIGGEST DIAMOND SENSATION IN YEARS.

TALK OF SYNDICATE BALL

Murphy of the Chicago Cubs Denies That He is Interested in the Deal, But, Nevertheless, the Report Will Not Down.

This winter promises to be the most important in the history of baseball and before the umpire gives the familiar order to "play ball" next spring the various fights between magnates and the quarrels of the players for more salary and other concessions some startling changes are expected.

The recent sale of the Philadelphia National league team to a syndicate headed by Horace Fogel, who has been elected president, gave the ball of trouble which had already started to rolling a hard push, and is the big sensation to date.

Because of the presence of Charles W. Murphy, president of the Chicago Cubs, in Philadelphia when the deal was made, it was immediately predicted that he was behind Fogel. Murphy denies it, but in such a way that there is serious question whether he was not leaving something unexplained. Charles P. Taft, brother of the president, is Murphy's backer, and it may yet develop that it was the Taft purse that furnished the coin to pay for the club. It was announced that \$350,000 was the price paid.

It was also announced that Brush of the New York Giants and Dreyfuss of the Pittsburgh Pirates were in the deal with Murphy. This at once raised the cry of syndicate baseball, and brought forth the prediction that the National league will be disrupted if it is found that certain of the big magnates are uniting to control all the clubs. One report said the clique intended to buy the St. Louis Cardinals and the Boston Doves. Robison quickly said his team was not for sale and Dovey made the same kind of talk. However the report will not down that a syndicate has been formed to gain control, and important developments are expected any day.

Pittsburg fans were so wrought up by the tactics of Murphy and others that they urged Barney Dreyfuss to withdraw the Pirates from the National league and join the American league. Such a scheme if carried out necessarily would mean a ten-club league or would crowd out one of the other teams. Naturally thought turned to Washington when it was said that one of the American league teams would be dropped to let Pittsburg in. Washington always has a tail end team, but still the owners there make good money.

other year to serve under his contract, but according to good information he will get the salary and be allowed to drop out when another man is agreed upon for the place.

Mordecai Brown, the most reliable of Cub pitchers, may join the hold-outs unless President Murphy comes through with the figure named by the three-fingered wonder. Brown's contract expired at the close of the last season.

It is said he received \$4,500 straight salary for the season's work, with a promise of \$1,000 more if he "made good." He certainly did that and the bonus undoubtedly will be forthcoming, although Brown has not received it yet. Brown will ask for \$6,000 next season and the chances are he will get it. He never has been one of the pushing kind, nor has he done any unnecessary talking about himself or the pay he should command.

Are the Detroit Tigers due to slump during the season of 1910?

No team in recent years in either of the big leagues has been able to win the pennant more than three times in succession.

In the National the Pittsburg team thrice copped the bunting and then dropped out of the running for several years. Last summer the Pirates came back into their own and copped the grand old rag. Are they due to win it a couple of more times?

Chicago for three years won the honors of the National, also twice gathered in the world's championship. It was the desire of Owner Murphy and Manager Chance to set a new record by taking four straight, but their hopes were blasted by the superior playing of the Pittsburg team.

In the American league Detroit has captured the pennant three times in succession, landing the honor in 1907, 1908 and 1909. Can Jennings and his team repeat and thereby smash tradition? It is a much-mooted question.

Jennings is a resourceful chap and he may be able to turn the trick, but there are many who believe that the Tigers are doomed to disappointment in the next campaign. The clever move of the Detroit manager in getting Delehanty from Washington and Jones from St. Louis late in the year undoubtedly saved the Tigers. Rossman and Schaefer were going and the addition of the new men prevented imminent danger.

HEADS THREE I LEAGUE.



A. R. Tearney, who was elected president of the Three I organization recently, has gone to work to strengthen the league. He says he recognizes no factions and will conduct the league's affairs for its best interests.

Mrs. Wilton's Expectations

By JANE RICHARDSON

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Mrs. Wilton sat in consultation with her three daughters the day after her husband's funeral. She had been a great belle in her girlhood—a large florid woman, with an abundance of blonde hair. The two elder girls, Cecilia and Edith, resembled her, both in appearance and in the indolent good nature which was their mother's chief characteristic. Susan, the younger, had been named by her father for his mother, and the name suited her. She reminded one of some plain, old-fashioned flower. She had been born with the instinct of helpfulness, and all her life had been ready to do the tasks which others shirked, or over which they rebelled and grumbled.

Her husband's sudden death had been an overwhelming blow to Mrs. Wilton. She was as helpless as a baby, and the two elder daughters scarcely less dependent; there was nothing by which either of the two might have added to their income.

"Cecilia might take up her music again and fit herself for teaching," she said.

"There are already 27 music teachers in Madison, mother," Susan interposed.

"There's your uncle Jabez, he is certain to help us. He never forgets us at Christmas, nor on any of your birthdays. Though he hadn't seen your father since he went out to California, he was very fond of him when they were boys, and he always meant to visit us."

"No, he won't forget us," Cecilia echoed, hopefully.

"We can't depend upon that either," said the practical Susan, "he may 'remember' us, and he may not."

"You disapprove everything," said Edith. "What do you advise—that we

unlucky move. It was true: Susan was as good as gold.

They had held their own and no more. Susan had not expected to grow rich, and was grateful that they had not fallen into debt. But the house had suffered; the furniture began to show signs of hard usage; the carpets were growing threadbare, and the profits of the business would certainly not enable her to replace them when they were quite gone. And she had other troubles. She had insisted upon releasing Burrell from his engagement, arguing that his salary was not more than sufficient for two. She would not consent that he should be burdened with the support of her mother and sisters, as hundreds of other women had done before her. Burrell, who was superintendent of the electric light works, had to admit that she was right, and, while he released her, he did so with the clear understanding that he considered himself still irrevocably bound, and should continue to do so as long as she lived, or until she married some other man.

And, moreover, he came to board with them, and found consolation in seeing her constantly, and helping and comforting her in a thousand ways.

He was especially fortunate in being able to mollify old Mr. Worthington, listening patiently to his complaints and his interminable stories, and he even relieved Miss Vantage at chess, permitting himself to be beaten with the utmost amiability. But his indulgence drew the line at the old man's criticism of the house and its management. Not only did he stop him, but he intimated pretty plainly that he was ungrateful. "I reckon I am," he replied, gruffly, "but I haven't any patience with their fool talk about their rich kin; I don't believe they have any."

This, however, was to be at last proved beyond cavil. Mrs. Wilton received a letter from Jabez Wilton's agent in San Francisco—he never wrote, himself; he always telegraphed. The letter stated that Mr. Jabez Wilton would start east that morning, and be with them five days later. Mighty preparations began at once. Mrs. Wilton insisted upon giving up her own room to Uncle Jabez, and went to the expense of buying a new carpet and new curtains; she also brought out the few remaining relics of their former prosperity—pictures and bric-a-brac and embroidered cushions.

The eventful day came, dull and threatening, with a biting east wind. A fire crackled in the grate, casting rosy shadows upon the wall and ceiling of the cheerful room, which was in readiness for its prospective occupant. At the last moment Susan had filled a bowl with splendid yellow chrysanthemums and placed it upon a table by the window.

The train was due at four o'clock, and Burrell and Susan had gone to the station, hoping to recognize the expected arrival by some sort of intuition.

Mrs. Wilton ran upstairs after they had gone to see if any thing needful had been forgotten in the guest chamber.

On the threshold she detected an unmistakable odor of tobacco. She opened the door and stood transfixed. There sat old Mr. Worthington in his shabby dressing gown, lounging in the armchair, smoking his pipe, his slippers feet on the fender.

Newspapers were scattered about, and he had been lying on the lounge, as the disordered pillows made evident.

"Well, really, Mr. Worthington!" said Mrs. Wilton, her eyes flashing—she knew him to be capable of anything—"I must say that this is unpardonable."

She was always ladylike.

He turned and glanced at her calmly over his shoulder, and did not stir.

"Sit down, Arabella," he said at length, "and don't excite yourself."

Arabella indeed! Addressing her by her Christian name! He had never been quite so impudent as this.

She walked across the room and stood beside him, panting with indignation.

"I've a right here," he said with unusual mildness. "I'm the man you've fixed up this room for, and Susan will not find me at the station. I've been in your house some time, as you'll allow."

Mrs. Wilton did not in the least comprehend what he was saying; she was so dazed that she could not speak.

"This has been done before," he went on, "I've read about it. I wanted to make certain as to who and what you all were before entering into an arrangement that I might regret. Sit down, do." And thus urged, she dropped limply into a chair beside him. The truth at last dawned upon her, but she could only look at him in silence.

"You've been really kind and patient—and I've tried you purposely. I like you, Arabella—and Susan. She may have this house, if you agree—it will be just the thing—and you and the other girls may go back to California with me, if you have no better plan."

Mrs. Wilton had no better plan; and it was so arranged.



Old Mr. Worthington.

shall march in procession to the poor-house, with mamma at the head?"

"What I propose," said Susan, unhesitatingly, "is that we turn this house into—a boarding house."

There was an exclamation of horror. They had always prided themselves—with all their old-fashioned hospitality—on their exclusiveness.

"Open the house to everybody and anybody—never," and they shook their heads vehemently.

"To anybody that is respectable—and can pay," Susan replied, unabashed.

In the end she had her way. The house was soon filled with the usual floatsam and jetsam that drift through life, content with, or temporarily resigned to, their homelessness; the young rector of St. Jude's, Miss Vantage, the principal of the high school, a rich widow with her two daughters, several young business men, among whom was Richard Burrell, to whom Susan had been engaged for a year. All were tractable and reasonably well content, except old Mr. Worthington.

There was but one room vacant when he came, a small stuffy chamber in the rear, but after much fault-finding he said that it would do. He was exacting about the cooking, and imperious in his demands for hot water, although Mrs. Wilton said plaintively that she could not understand why, since he, apparently, used so little. But she grew accustomed to him, as one gets used to a pinching shoe, and turned him over to Miss Vantage, who played chess with him occasionally. From her he learned of their "expectations," and that their relative in California had really sent them the money with which to undertake the boarding house.

"More fool he," remarked the old man crossly, as he protested against an unforeseen checkmate. "They're a worthless pack."

"O, don't say that!" exclaimed the good-natured schoolteacher. "I'm sure Miss Susan is as good as gold."

"Well—she's all right, maybe," he admitted tentatively, making another

Mourning Millinery



By JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

TWO lovely examples of mourning hats are pictured here made of the two materials most favored for mourning wear, crape and silk grenadine. The hat of English crape, shown in Fig. 1, is a perfect example of the milliner's art using this exquisite material as a means of expression. The entire hat is covered with crape, the brim made of narrow parallel folds. The crown has wide folds for its covering also a drapery of crape with a large buckle of dull jet, serve as a mounting for the pompon of down feathers and aligrette mounted at the left side.

In shape, this hat is graceful and of a kind that will not soon be out of style. Such shapes should be selected for mourning, as good mourning fabrics are very durable and will outlast the accepted periods of mourning, if well selected. English crape should be chosen, as it is manufactured to withstand moisture which is ruinous to crapes not protected against it. In this particular fabric, the English excel all other manufacturers and the great modistes who specially design mourning use this crape. It is the most beautiful of the fabrics used for mourning.

Silk grenadine is equally popular, although not universally recognized as first mourning. There is much latitude in the selection of fabrics, however, and many persons prefer grenadine to any other. The hat and veil shown in Fig. 2 are of this beautiful fabric. It is also of English manufacture, although the English send to various parts of the world—including America—for the materials necessary to make and dye both crape and grenadine. This material is manufactured waterproof. This is very necessary in order that the rain or snow may not spot the grenadine. One can easily test the material by immersing it in water. If properly made the dye will not run and the fabric will remain unchanged. Crape should be subjected to the same test. The crimp is not affected by water and its color remains unchanged.

VISITING DRESS.



This elegant dress is carried out in champagne suede cloth, and is a fitting princess, tucked under the arms. A band of braided cloth trims the lower edge of princess where the material is slightly draped, below this the skirt part is plaited, the plaits being attached down a few inches. A handsome braiding design surrounds the yoke of tucked silk, which is also trimmed with braid and small buttons. The sleeve is long, tight-fitting, and trimmed to match.

Hat of black beaver, trimmed with a feather mount.

Materials required: 6 1/2 yards cloth 48 inches wide, 4 dozen yards braid, 1/2 yard tuck silk.

Twenty-Inch Rope of Pearls.

The fashion in length for a string of pearls has changed. It was once 14 inches, then 16; now the correct string must measure 20 inches.

NOW THE ROBIN HOOD HAT

Style That Divides Favor with What is Known as the Prairie, of Felt and Suede.

Millinery is one of the most important features in the toilette of the woman who wishes to be well dressed, and to-day the cult of the plain hat is as carefully considered as the elaborate, the subject being as inexhaustible as the budget itself. The craze for beaver still continues, but it is safe to predict that as the winter approaches black will lead the van, adorned with cinnamon and royal blue ostrich plumes for visiting and velvet for morning wear. The Robin Hood hat is the latest shape to make its debut carried out in this charming material. As will be remembered, the hat worn by the famous outlaw of this name was turned up on one side, had rather a high crown, and was trimmed with two long quill-like feathers. The smart mondaine, although retaining the shape, has substituted a rosette of tinsel and a tuft of breast plumage for the feathers. For traveling it will divide honors with the prairie hat, which is fashioned of felt and relieved with a band of suede of a contrasting shade.—From the Tatler.

A Golden Feather.

It can be made of an old quill from which the battered feathers have been stripped.

Gold lace is sewn as a scant ruffle on each side, the end being slightly pointed.

You have no idea how effective this is on a fur turban. From this idea a departure into the realms of silver, bronze or jeweled lace can be made, and at little cost.

This quill, with a band of braid or lace to match, will furnish sufficient trimming for a velvet or fur toque.

Shadow Lace.

This is new, and because of its unobtrusive pattern can be used in great quantities without fear of over-decoration.

The pattern is woven in such a way that an uncertain shadow effect is produced. It is especially lovely in black and cream. The black shadow lace is used over black net and a white satin underslip. The cream is effective over pale tints in evening gowns.

Gobelin Green Again.

The hats of this winter will again show that entrancing shade of green known as gobelin. It will be used in thick, short plumes and thick long ones, but not in ribbons or moire.