

STORIES OF THE DIAMOND.

Rucker Says Intuition Is Needed For Success in Baseball.

FAST THINKING WHAT COUNTS

Brooklyn's Star Southpaw Twirler Points Out Why Many Players Succeed or Fail When They Get Trial in Fast Company.

No. V.
By NAP RUCKER.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

A young pitcher may come into the big leagues from a minor club with a great record. He may have good curves, fair control and great speed. Many people are under the impression that this is all that is needed to keep the recruit in fast company. This is not so, however. The youngster may possess all these qualities and yet may not be fit for fast company, and he is quickly sent back to where he came from. It is the little things that count the most for the twirler in the big leagues. For instance, here are a few: A pitcher must know how to stand when a runner reaches first. He must learn how to use his shoulders in making a quick movement as if to throw to first when shooting the ball up to the next batter. This little act will serve to make the runner keep on the jump, not knowing just what is going to happen.

Another important point for a young twirler to master is in covering first



NAP RUCKER, BROOKLYN NATIONALS' STAR PITCHER.

base on everything hit in the direction of right field, whether it be foul or fair. And yet how many players ever go over to cover the bag? A twirler who is in the habit of running over to cover first sack whenever a ball is hit in the right field direction is of great value to a team in every game played. The matter of learning to cover the initial sack on the pitch is easy. All the twirler must do when delivering the ball is to slightly incline his body in the direction of first corner, and in the swing with the ball he gets a fairly good start in the desired direction.

Every now and then the fans read of "boneheads" in baseball. The reason for this is that they do not possess a subconscious mind. Many times there are plays on the diamond which the player must as soon as the ball is hit know exactly what to do. His hands and feet must be ready to act with his mind. Many persons call this instinct, but it is nothing else, however, than the inner mind. In this advanced day of the game ball tossers must think and do so rapidly. They must also possess an inner mind. Could a manager have on his team nine such men he would come close to owning a pennant winning team.

How many times have you read about the wonderful curves that some young pitcher has, and just as soon as the season lengthens how little do you hear of him? A pitcher with freak ball and curves does not last very long in the big leagues.

In the first place, throwing that kind of balls all the time is so hard on the muscles of the arm that one cannot stand the strain very long, and, secondly, in time the batters are bound to get wise to curves and then bat them all over the diamond.

My advice to young men who aspire to success as pitchers is to learn how to throw a straight ball with unerring accuracy, either very fast, very slow or halfway between, as the occasion demands.

I've found that my most effective ball is a high, swift, straight shoot, cutting the inside corner of the plate. Of course this should be varied occasionally with a slow teaser, and in a tight pitch a curve or a slow drop will do no harm. Just make it a point to see how many batters make a safe hit off a ball that comes in swift on the level and close to the shoulders.

THE NEEDY FAR AWAY.

With a Word About the Man Just Around the Corner.

On a certain Sunday last fall I attended the morning service of a village church in an eastern state. At the close of the sermon—a helpful sermon—the pastor reminded his congregation of the barrel of clothing regularly sent at this time to the poor of a city some fifty miles away.

I was just a bit startled, because I have been accustomed to hear city pastors remind their congregations of barrels to be sent to the poor of villages. It had not occurred to me that villages might be concerned about the poor in cities. I knew, of course, that cities whose churches are sending barrels to villages have their own desperately poor always with them, and I was in a position to know that this village whose church was preparing a barrel also had its proportion of sadly reduced families.

The situation struck me somehow as incongruous, illogical, out of gear. Why should good people in the cities distress themselves about suffering in the villages and good people in the villages distress themselves about suffering in the cities and both apparently feel little distress about the suffering right at their very doors—both apparently be more concerned about the distress of a stranger whom they have not seen than they are about the suffering of a neighbor whom they know?

Are warm hearted, helpfully inclined people more distressed by suffering a thousand miles, fifty miles, away than they are by suffering around the corner? I could not seem to get an answer to this query until I turned it on myself. Is it true of me? Am I more distressed, am I more strongly appealed to, by remote suffering?

Well, it's unselfish and good for us to think of others. Yes, but that poor devil right around the corner! Oh, he might not like it! He may be proud, and, besides, he does not seem so badly off. At any rate, he got himself where he is, and he will be stronger and have more self respect to dig his own way out.

True enough! And that other poor devil fifty miles away?

Oh, that's different—terribly pathetic case! What makes it so different?—Erman J. Ridgway in Delineator.

His Punishment.

Colley Cibber, known for some years by the name of Master Colley, made his first appearance on the stage in a very subordinate situation. After waiting impatiently for the prompter's notice he by good fortune obtained the honor of carrying a message on the stage to one of the principal actors of that day, whom he greatly disconcerted by his awkwardness.

Betterton in anger inquired who it was that had committed such a blunder. Drones, the prompter, replied:

"Master Colley."

"Then fine him," rejoined Betterton.

"Why, sir, he has no salary!"

"No? Then put him down 10 shillings a week and fine him 5."

To this good natured adjustment of rewards and punishments Cibber owed the first money he received from the dramatic treasury.

Florence Nightingale's Real Name.

The family name of Florence Nightingale was not originally Nightingale, but Shore. Her father was a rich Sheffield banker of the name of Shore and connected with an old family which had been in possession of land in the counties of Derby and York since the fifteenth century. Mr. Shore assumed the name of Nightingale long after the birth of his children and because he inherited the fortune and estates of his mother's uncle. There were but two children in the family, both girls. The eldest was named Parthenos, because she was born in Athens, and this name was supposed to indicate her father's profound admiration for the Parthenon. The younger, Florence, was also named after the city of her birth.

The Turkey.

The turkey, rather than the eagle, is the real American bird. Eagles are found all over the world, but the turkey is a foreigner everywhere else except in America, his native home. The wild turkey of America is the progenitor of all the turkeys in the world. In North America, Mexico and Honduras the turkey was found in great numbers by the white men, but in South America the bird is unknown. Scientists are agreed that the turkey resides outside of his continent only as an immigrant, and that his native home must be sought somewhere north of the isthmus of Panama.—Arzonaut.

SPECIAL 98c SALE

The Drouth is broken and this is going to be the wettest town you ever saw for a while, with no eight o'clock closing limit on the weather. Your only protection will be to attend our annual umbrella sale, commencing Wednesday, May 4th, and continuing the balance of week. Look in our east window and see the best lot of \$1.25 and \$1.50 umbrellas you ever saw. Now Wednesday come in and take your choice for 98c, all new and up-to-date.

E. G. DOVEY & SON

ALVO

Dorothea Manners and Minnie Buell spent Saturday and Sunday in Murdock.

W. E. Carey was a Lincoln visitor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Barrett of Lincoln were guests at the home of Charlie Kirkpatrick Sunday.

Miss Bessie Higgins of Lincoln spent Sunday at the home of her parents W. Higgins.

Ralph Gullion of Lincoln was in town Sunday.

The ladies aid society met at the home of A. N. Meyers this week.

Henry Viekens of Omaha spent Sunday at home.

Miss Lola Reid of Omaha spent Saturday and Sunday at her home south of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Baker were Lincoln visitors Tuesday.

Date Boyles was home from Lincoln Sunday.

Mrs. E. M. Stone was shopping in Lincoln Tuesday.

John Mullins drove to Lincoln Wednesday.

J. H. Stroemer and S. C. Boyls shipped their live stock to Omaha Wednesday.

Mrs. M. P. Stone is visiting relatives in Lincoln this week.

Mrs. Patterson returned to Lincoln Tuesday on No. 17 after several days visit at the home of her daughter Mrs. Geo. Ryan.

Thos. Stout drove to Greenwood Saturday.

Clyde and Minnie Newkirk attended the dance at Waverly Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Cashner of University Place and Miss Nellie Dreamer of Lincoln were guests at the home of Fred Dreamer Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Shrader of Avoca spent Sunday at the home of C. Dreamer.

Marie Stroemer of Avoca spent Sunday at the home of C. Dreamer.

Mrs. Kate Miller of Syracuse was visiting at the home of her parents A. O. Suttons Tuesday and Wednesday.

Professional Coach Barred in West.

While delegates representing the colleges in the Missouri valley conference in Kansas City voted to retain football, hard and fast restraints were made as to matches. Intercollegiate Thanksgiving day games were abolished except where already contracted for. After Dec. 1, 1910, no athletic coach is to be allowed except he be a regular member of the teaching staff employed for the full academic year.

Marathon Running.

Tom Flanagan, former manager of Tom Longboat, the Indian, says: "One Marathon at top speed is the work of a lifetime. If it is in a big event you are a hero; if it is in a small affair you never amount to anything."

RACE THROUGH THE RAPIDS.

Unique Event on Niagara to Be Held Sept. 17.

Saturday, Sept. 17, has been fixed as the time for the power boat race through Whirlpool rapids, Niagara river, for the John A. Penton \$500 gold cup and Power Boating's cash prize of \$1,000. Already some twenty contestants have signified their intention of entering, and a half dozen boats have been named.

The committee in charge at a recent meeting in Buffalo decided that open boats shall not be allowed to compete. The committee thinks the element of danger too great for an open craft, and as this is a test of reliability and not of daring as many elements of danger as possible have been eliminated.

No restriction will be placed upon the number of crew. Contestants shall be started away at intervals of not less than ten minutes. The boat finishing the prescribed course under her own power in the shortest time will be declared the winner.

The course shall be from the Maid of the Mist landing on the Canadian side or some point above the bridges, as may be decided later, down to and around a turn about one-half mile below Queenston dock, thence to Pitz's dock at Lewiston.

TWO FAITHFUL PITCHERS.

Pittsburg Has Valuable Pair in Philippe and Leever.

Sam Leever and "Deacon" Philippe have won 339 out of 522 games for the Pittsburgs during their careers with that club. During the time they have been with Fred Clarke their work has been faithfully performed. Only recently they demonstrated their loyalty to Captain Fred. At St. Louis the Pirates were forced to play the Cardinals while rain and snow fell in inclement combinations.

Clarke didn't want to take a chance on ruining either Adams or Camnitz for life, so he asked for volunteers to pitch the game. Leever and Philippe were the ones to answer the call. Leever was chosen, and he went in and won.

The King's Speech.

When William IV. read his last speech in the house of lords his eyesight was defective, and the light in the chamber was bad. The result was that he had the greatest difficulty in deciphering the manuscript and floundered hopelessly about, pausing indeed at every other word to mutter to his prime minister, "What is it, Melbourne?" He struggled along in this fashion for awhile, but at last, completely losing his temper, he flashed out at the top of his voice, "D— it, I can't see!"

Lighted tapers were immediately brought in and placed before him, and then the king, apologizing to the assembly for not having been able to read the speech before, harked right back to the first word and this time succeeded in going straight through with his performance to the bitter end.

Barclay's Restaurant



THE PLACE TO EAT

Everything neat and clean and a good place to go for your SUNDAY DINNER. Board by the week. Lunch counter in connection.

Open All Night

Center of Block Between 4th and 5th Sts.

THE TAILOR'S SONG

Fit out at Frank's—get a suit up to date, Right in the fashion—of woollens first rate. A suit that will fit—goods sound as a bell, No outside shops will fit you as well, Keep track of Mac's good value he sells.

Mac builds good clothes garments all neat, Chicago's ready made agents cannot compete. Examine his line and prices all through, Look him up for a suit, saves money for you. Reliable goods, all through his line, Order a suit for the on coming spring time, You find value for money here every time.

QUAINT ANDORRA.

This Primitive Little Republic Is Run by Patriarchs.

They come together like the teeth of a dog, do the frontiers of France and Spain, and between the teeth is a bone—such a very small bone that one wonders why it was not swallowed up long ago—and the name of the bone is Andorra. The whole area of this lonely little nation is something less than half that of Greater New York. Its entire population does not equal that of one of our great office buildings. For want of a better name the geographers have called it a republic, but the Andorrans part their allegiance carefully in the middle, as they do their hair, dividing it (the allegiance, not the hair) between the pope and the French president. If Tolstoy himself had framed its government he could not have built anything more after his own heart. The heads of families—the patriarchs of Scripture, you know—elect representatives who

several times each year saddle their mules and go riding down to the 400 year old parliament house, where it nestles cozily in the mountain valley of Andorra la Vieja, to make such few and simple laws as the well being of their pastoral constituents requires. So slight are the expenses of government in Andorra, for all told there are but four salaried officials (no place this for gofers), that a small poll tax on goats and sheep amply meets them all. There is no army, even of the smallest—for who is there to fight? There are no police, for the peasants do their own policing. When I was in Andorra the prison—there is but one—was used as a poultry house. There is no fire department, for the houses are all of stone. There is no coinage, for the people pay in kind. No postal system is there either, for when an Andorran writes a letter, which rarely happens, he intrusts it to some accommodating person who is going over the border into France or Spain.—Metropolitan Magazine.