

REAL BOSS OF GIANTS

Responsibility Shifted on Former Oriole Captain.

Wilbert Robinson Given Credit for Success of Rube Marquard and Wonderful Showing of McGraw's Team This Season.

Wilbert Robinson, formerly backstop of the invincible Orioles, stands today in the spotlight of fandom as the most successful trainer in baseball.

Robbie is responsible for the success of Rube Marquard, and as well for the wonderful showing the Giants have made this season and last. Most of the honor goes to John McGraw, manager of the famous New York team, but if anything serious should happen to the little Napoleon there is little doubt that Robbie would step in to his shoes.

The result of Robinson's success is that he has been placed almost in entire charge of the team, McGraw electing to witness each game from the side lines, although all the work that once burdened his shoulders has been shifted to the Baltimorean. For his share in keeping the team in trim Robbie draws down \$150 a week, and he as well is entitled to a liberal percentage of the receipts in every world series in which the Giants figure in the division.

Robbie recently spent two days in Baltimore. In an interview Robbie stated that his duties are to work out the players in morning practice, to select the pitchers for each day, to decide when a twirler is to be taken out and to work the signals from the bench.

"There is no doubt in my mind about the National league winning this season," Robbie says. "We've got the pennant clinched, and there will be a new champion team of the world when the big series of next fall is over with. There is no secret to the success of our team. It is the best aggregation of players in baseball, and there is not a weak spot anywhere. Team work figures largely in the results, but that's what makes or breaks any club, as without it no organization can expect to meet with the unprecedented success that has characterized our march so far this season and the latter part of last."

MAKING GOOD AT FIRST BASE

Jack Miller Fills Big Gap in Pittsburgh Team by Clever Work at the Initial Sack.

The Pirates have a better first baseman this season than they have had in years. Jack Miller, who formerly looked after the Keystone sack for the



Jack Miller.

Pirates, was moved over to first and has done so well that he has been made a permanent fixture there. First base has long been a weak spot in the Pittsburgh line-up. Manager Fred Clarke figures that more than one pennant was lost to the Smoky City through weakness at the initial sack. The Pirates have been playing better ball lately than they did in the fore part of the season, and have hopes of winding up in the first or second place.

Fromme Makes History.

Considerable history was made when Art Fromme shut out the Giants with one hit in Cincinnati. It was the first one-hit game in the National this season; it was the second time the Reds had beaten Mathewson this season and the first time on their own grounds since 1908.

Browns Will Be Favorites.

In the coming fall series between the Browns and Cardinals in St. Louis conditions will be reversed in that the Browns will be strong favorites on the recent showing they have made in the American league. The series will start October 8 and seven games will be played.

Star Pitcher Is Sold.

Albert Leak, who was considered the star pitcher of the Central Kansas league, was sold by Junction City following the close of the league season, to Traverse City of the Michigan State league for \$500. When not pitching, Leak played the outfield for Junction City because of his ability to hit.

Mrs. Britton Makes Denial.

Mrs. Britton of the Cardinals denied that she sought to trade Roger Bresnahan to Cincinnati, says there is no ill feeling and that Roger will be her manager for years to come, just as his contract says.

Keep Smiling

By Rev. FRANK CRANE, Chicago

Many Little Helps in Calling Fate's Bluff

IT IS wonderful what you can do if you will only keep your chin up. This is a strange world, and one of the strangest things about it is the way it sympathizes with success.

We are supposed to sympathize with failure and grief, but we don't.

I am going to tell you the truth about this naughty world, and the truth is that whichever way you're going, up or down, people want to help you along.

If you are going up we all want to boost; if you are going down we all want to push. That is what we call sympathy.

You hear complaints that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. That has always been the case, simply because it is human nature. Society has always been organized to increase the wealth of the wealthy and the power of the powerful; also to make the weak weaker.

There's no use whining about it. It is simply one of the flinty laws of nature. The only thing to do with nature's laws is to adjust oneself to them and not complain.

This might be called the law of the inertia of prosperity. You are guilty yourself. Whom do you want to see? The man everybody wants to see. And you read the book everybody's reading and go to the store where it is "the thing" to go.

"Follow the crowds," says the advertiser, with the shrewd knowledge of our makeup.

If you have a hundred dollars ahead to whom do you want to hand it? To the poor man who needs it? Not at all, but to the rich banker who doesn't need it.

If I ask you for the loan of a quarter you will pass it over to me without a word if you think it is a trifling matter to me; but if you suspect I really am in want and need the quarter to buy a little food with, that's quite another affair; you can't encourage that sort of thing; I should go to the Associated Charities.

Now, the way to use this law is to feign prosperity even if you have it not. Keep your chin up.

Wear good clothes. Don't withdraw from the society of the prosperous. Look pleasant. Don't let yourself get down at the heel. Don't get that poor beggar look on your face.

It isn't hypocrisy. It isn't pretense. It is sheer courage. It is letting the world know that while you live you propose to fight, and that like old General Taylor you "don't know when you're licked."

Keep smiling and an unfriendly universe will not know what to do with you; so it will crown you.

Says Alfred de Vigny: "All those that struggle against the unjust heavens have had the admiration and secret love of men."

Fate is a bluff. Face her, defy her, and she will fawn on you.

Fate is cruel, but only to the quitter.

Problem of the City is the Greatest

By James P. Burnett, Atlanta, Ga.

The greatest problem which confronts the economists and the social workers of America today is the problem of the city. Every year the population of the cities is increasing and that of the counties diminishing. Men are deserting the country in droves to come into the city. They are leaving the green fields for the dirty highways, the clear atmosphere for the pollution of the city, and with every new recruit the problem of handling them and the vice which grows among them becomes more difficult and more intricate.

Men are casting about for reform, and they don't know where to begin, so vast and so deep is the problem.

Figures compiled each year show that the denser the population, the greater the death rate—in other words, the closer men live together, the quicker they die.

In a certain English city, to prove that congested dwelling-places caused death, a certain area in the slums was demolished and modern, sanitary tenements erected in their place. The death rate sank something like 75 per cent. as a result. And yet the hordes of men crowd into the city, and conditions grow more congested, crime gains a new impetus and death increases at a horrible rate.

Understand me, I do not mean that every new recruit into the city means that that person is evil and that crime increases as a direct result. The point is that wherever conditions are congested and where poverty reigns crime increases, as figures have proved, and poverty is one of the most prolific sources of crime.

The problem of the city is a hydra-headed one, and sociologists are beginning to realize that, while it demands instant attention, they do not know how to cope with it.

Let Bachelor Forget His Lonely Misery

By JANE ERICSEN, Sacramento, Cal.

I cannot see the advisability of tagging a man because he is a bachelor. In the first place, it is cruel, to say the least. Just because a fellow has been so unfortunate as to be left outside of matrimony's hospitable gates there is no reason why we should throw it up to him. There are very few men who have not met at least one girl whom they would like to marry, and that they have failed to qualify up to the lady's requirements is no sound reason for unseemly mirth and merriment from the world at large.

Did you ever get turned down? Then you know what a delightful sensation it is. How would you like to have that hideous experience, which has caused you much inward anguish, to say nothing of humiliation, blared abroad to an unsympathetic public?

How would you like having to wear a button or a badge boldly displayed on your coat lapel signifying that you belong to the great wandering family of Turned Downs? It wouldn't set well, would it?

So I declare, in the cause of common courtesy, that it wouldn't be fair to tag the bachelor.

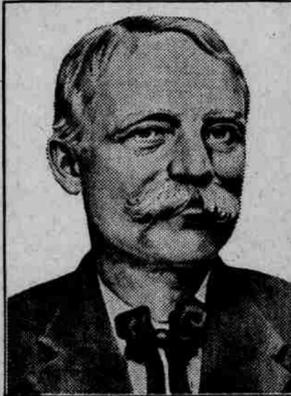
Let him forget his lonely misery if he can.

Don't doom him to remember his troubles every time he puts on his coat.

Let him alone and maybe some day when nobody's paying much attention to him he may manage to slip through the big gates. You never can tell.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

NEW SCHEME FOR CO-OPERATIVE COLONIES



After seventy years of more or less profound slumber the co-operative colony idea has reawakened in this country. Groups of men and women, believers in the mission of co-operation to help solve the economic and social problems of our time, have been established in the suburbs of New York, Boston, Reading, Penn., and Los Angeles, and other groups are being established elsewhere. One of the colonies, at Westwood, Mass., is six years old and thriving mightily. The others have been in existence for two years or less, and might be considered still in the experimental stage. The New York enterprise was launched quite recently, and is obtaining a site in New Jersey within commuting distance of the metropolis. All these groups are organized on the same general principles and by a band of enthusiasts who call themselves the Fellowship Farms Founders' Association. The president of the association is George Elmer Littlefield, a small, ruddy faced, snowy haired man, with a poetic temperament, much energy and a talking style that is extremely magnetic. He is the founder of the Westwood colony, is a Harvard graduate, a practical printer and farmer, and was a minister of the gospel for fourteen years.

SENATOR GEORGE C. PERKINS TO RETIRE

The announcement a few days ago by Senator George C. Perkins that he will retire from public life brings to its close a remarkable career. Born on a little farm near Kennebunkport, Me., Mr. Perkins ran away from home when he was about 13 years old. He took to the sea, as a Maine boy naturally would, shipping as cabin boy on a ship at New Orleans and sailed the seas. In 1855 he shipped aboard the mast on the good ship Galatea, and sailing round the Horn, eventually landed in San Francisco. Here the gold fever seized him and he abandoned the sea for the mining camps. Fortune frowned for many a year, and he was glad to find work of any kind to earn his bread. He was a teamster, a miner, a storekeeper in rough mining camps, anything indeed that came to hand. At last he accumulated enough money to own his own team and he became a boss freighter.

Then fortune, tired of frowning, smiled and soon Mr. Perkins became a rich man, even as rich men were rated in California. The former cabin boy began to own steamship lines of his own; the miner began to own mines; the teamster became the head of great transportation companies on land and on sea. His education was self-taught, but it became thorough. Finally he entered politics, and in 1879 he was elected governor of his state. Then in 1893 he was appointed to the United States senate to fill out the unexpired term of Leland Stanford, and since then his state has kept him in the senate.

Today he is regarded as one of the ablest members of that body. He is chairman of the naval committee and a member of almost every other important committee. He is not one of the orators, but the senate always listens attentively to what he says in his direct, terse, business-like way of explaining a matter. Mr. Perkins' health has been gradually failing, and he retired from public life solely for that reason.



ITALIAN DIPLOMAT LAUDS OWN COUNTRY



Signor Gaston Del Frate, diplomat and noted member of the Italian bar, who recently spent a few days in America, being on a visit to his wife's relatives at Madison, Wis., told of the progress of the Italian war, of American influence in his country, and spoke of Italian art and literature and music. Old Italy has beaten the Turk, he said, and soon will come the settlement. Italian influence will increase. Italy and the United States will grow closer together. The art of Italy and increasing American appreciation of art will bring it about.

Signor Del Frate is legal adviser to the United States embassy in Rome. He has been legal adviser to the French and Russian legations. When J. Pierpont Morgan bought the site in Rome on which the American academy is now erecting a beautiful home and presented it to that organization, Signor Del Frate had charge of the matter.

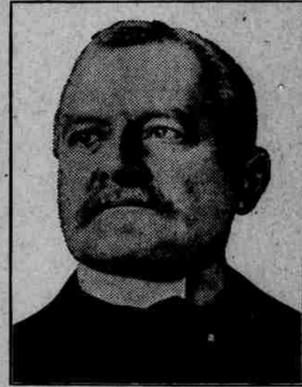
The Italian-Turkish war, which has been so well censored as to battle reports, will not last much longer. Signor Del Frate believes, but its end will come, he said, not until questions that involve not only Italy, but also Montenegro, Bulgaria, Albania and other Balkan states have been considered. "We have financed the Italian war without levying special taxes or increasing existing taxes, which, for a Latin people who are naturally philosophers and artists, but not fundamentally financiers, is doing well," he said. "We sold some bonds, but they went at 4 per cent."

AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN AMBASSADOR RETIRES

Baron Hengelmueller von Hengervar, the Austrian ambassador to the United States, formally announced the other day that he has been granted leave to return to Austria. It is his intention to return, but settle permanently in his own country, after being in the diplomatic service 44 years, 20 of which have been spent in the United States. He has made no plans further than to occupy his seat in the House of Lords.

Baron Hengelmueller said he had informed his own government and the American state department of his intention, adding that both he and his family are leaving the United States with feelings of the deepest regret.

Baron Hengelmueller has been the dean of the diplomatic corps at Washington. He was born in Pressburg, Hungary, about 55 years ago, and was educated in Vienna especially for the diplomatic service. A man of strong personality, the Baron has, during his long residence in Washington, gained recognition among all American officials with whom he has come in contact as a conscientious, painstaking diplomatist, who is much more of a plodder in his work than many of his not necessarily more brilliant colleagues.



Kansas City Ball Park Burns.

Kansas City's American association baseball team, was destroyed by fire Sunday that also burned a plant of the City Ice and Storage company and two residences, all near the park. The total loss was \$100,000, of which \$60,000 was sustained by the ice company and \$20,000 by George Tebeau, owner of the park and of the local association team. A motor fire engine valued at \$8,000 burned when the engine stopped and firemen were unable to move it.

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NOTICE OF PROBATE.

Estate No. 3120, of Thomas Hornby, deceased, in County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, To all persons interested in said estate, take notice that a petition has been filed for the probate of the last will of said deceased, and for appointment of Peter Hornby as executor thereof, which has been set for hearing on October 9, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Dated September 11, 1912. GEO. H. RISSER, County Judge.



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