

ON THE BOARDWALK

Anita's Pink Dress Was Mighty Becoming.

By ELLA RANDALL PEARCE.

By a strange coincidence, just as the clock was striking 8 that balmy summer night, Miss Anita Wallace started out for a solitary stroll from the north end of the boardwalk, while at the south end, Mr. Franklin Sholes, having shaken off his gay friends at his hotel, lighted a cigar and sauntered moodily northward.

The strangeness of it lay in the fact that only forty-eight hours before these two young people had quarreled and parted—forever, as each one passionately affirmed.

"I shall go to the Canadian forests and you may never hear of me again," was Sholes' parting shot.

"I'm going abroad with the MacPhersons!" called out Anita, mockingly. "Goodbye."

Each one believed in the other's intention, but after a day spent in miserable reflection decided that a broken heart could best be mended nearer home, so, doubtless actuated by similar reasons, both the dejected lovers once, but strangers now, had migrated to the popular shore resort where a year ago their courtship had begun and run happily through a wonderful summer season.

Anita's thoughts were traveling backward as she slowly pursued her way with her pensive face turned toward the sea. What was the shifting throng of pleasure seekers to her? What did she have in common with the festive world, where in every direction that her glances turned she saw couples arm in arm, fond-eyed and smiling? Franklin Sholes was on his way to Canada and she was alone!

"After all, I was foolish to come here of all places," reflected Anita. "I don't want to care for him any more. I want to forget, and there's nothing like stirring up old memories to make folks remember. And those were happy times! But he has changed—and I hate a stingy man!"

Some distance ahead a solitary figure leaned over the narrow railing and tossed a half-finished cigar into the waves.

"Tastes like a stogie," muttered young Sholes. "Well, I suppose Miss Anita Wallace is on the high seas to-night. The sight of the ocean gives me the blues—what did I come down here for, anyway? Brings back the old days when Anita was so dear and sweet. Society's spoiled her—and I hate a frivolous, extravagant woman! Besides, my income would not support her. Glad I found it out in time."

Then, as he leaned over the dark, lapping water, his meditations keyed to their melancholy music, he recalled Anita as he had seen her last—a dazzling figure in pale pink, with delicate hand-embroideries of deeper rose shades flecked with crystal beads—a beautiful gown, but quite inconsistently worn by a young woman of modest means.

There had been other times when his practical mind had revolved around the perplexing subject of his sweetheart's attractive—and, as it seemed to him, extravagant—wearing apparel. It was Sholes' frank criticism that had started the quarrel that ended so disastrously. How defiant, how tantalizing Anita had been, and how harshly she had forced him to speak.

"Oh, well, she'd be no wife for a poor man. Vanity and extravagance have broken up many a home. But perhaps I might have expressed myself more diplomatically. Anita's young and has been flattered a lot. And that pink dress was mighty becoming."

Then he continued his way. Meanwhile Anita, hoping to find diversion for her jaded mind, had turned in at one of the little Japanese bazars that bordered the boardwalk, where the regular evening auction sale was in progress.

The place was thronged, but she found a single front seat at one side where the glib auctioneer's interesting prattle came plainly to her. He was disposing of some fine linens; a small Oriental rug followed, and after that the nimble assistant brought out some gay flat boxes that displayed soft folds of radiant color.

"Little silk scarf, made in Japan, all hand-embroider," chanted the auctioneer. "Here's a beauty—what you call that color? Yes, 'Merican Beauty. It is most suitable for 'Merican beauty—yes, it will make lovely the lady who wear it. How much you offer? Anything to start—how much for this 'Merican Beauty scarf? Five dollar, thank you—all dat! It is hand-embroider, not machine, you understand? Ten dollar, thank you. Do I hear more?"

Because of her bitter, restive mood, Anita became suddenly possessed of a desire to possess that lovely, silken thing, flaunting at her its rosy pink sheen and delicate embroideries. Two nights ago she had worn an embroidered rose pink gown.

"Twelve," called somebody on the other side of the bazar. "Thirteen," stammered Anita, close at the auctioneer's side, and, when the word was repeated, two or three higher bids were made. The auctioneer nodded his head toward the far corner.

"Do I hear more? Eighteen, thank you. Eighteen is bid, eight—"

"Twenty," said Anita, her pulses thrilling with the spirit of the contest. "Twenty—do I hear more? Twenty-two!"

The auctioneer's look of inquiry was answered by a nod from her distant opponent, and, when his glance swung around again, Anita snapped her eyes affirmatively. So they silently bid against each other, she and the unknown in the far corner, while the pattering talk went on.

"Twenty-eight," agreed Anita, at last, with an uncomfortable feeling of getting beyond her depths. "Thirty," nodded the unknown. Anita sank back with a little gasp of mingled disappointment and relief. No, she would not bid again, but oh! how she wanted that lovely rose-leaf scarf from old Japan.

She looked curiously at the last bidder as she slipped out to the boardwalk again. Box in hand, he faced her.

"You!" gasped Anita. The hot color swept over her face and her slim figure stiffened.

"Oh! Then you—you—great Scot, Anita, how could I know?" Then Franklin Sholes began to laugh uproariously.

"Hush! Everybody's looking at us. They'll all understand it—if—"

Anita suddenly sped away as if on wings and Sholes rapidly followed until, in the shadows, he overtook her.

"Why, listen to me, Anita. I'm sorry, but—say, are you laughing or crying?"

"Both! I never knew of anything so ridiculous in all my life. You were going to Canada—"

"And you to Europe—"

"And we both came here and bid against each other on a foolish little thing—a pink—embroidered—article!"

Anita slowly emphasized each descriptive word, and then there was an expressive silence. Involuntarily they drew nearer each other with wistful, searching glances and their hands reached out to clasp fervently.

"Forgive me!" said Franklin, huskily. "That other, too, was a foolish thing—to quarrel about. And just to show you how I felt about it tonight, Anita, I bought this scarf to send to you!"

The girl's dark eyes were misty with tears as she folded the gift to her bosom. How unjust she had been when she called him "stingy!" Surely he deserved a full confession.

"Franklin, I want you to know—tonight is the first time in my life I was ever really extravagant. I always help with my dresses, and, Franklin, I can make my own hats! I can copy a Paris model so you wouldn't know the difference—and I just glory in being economical! Oh, I've often been amused to see you wondering at my little fineries. But the idea of your paying thirty dollars for that Japanese trifle when we might have had it for fifteen!"

"Who cares?" cried Sholes, recklessly. "It's for my 'Merican beauty."

HE HAD DECIDED TO STAY

Ole's Discharge Indefinitely Postponed, and for Really a Very Simple Reason.

Ole had been the man-of-all-work about the Randall place so long that he considered himself a fixture, and had begun to assert his own ideas in the management of things, wherever he could. One eccentricity he practiced was that of denying the family to visitors whose appearance was not pleasing to him. One Sunday a friend drove up in his car and seeing Ole near the gate, asked if Mr. Randall was at home.

"No, they bane out," calmly replied the Swede.

As a matter of fact the Randalls were all at home lounging around in lieu of something more interesting to do.

When the occurrence was brought to light the next day on the telephone Mrs. Randall was very much exasperated over it and called the man to task.

"Why did you do such a thing, Ole?" she asked. "Don't you know that man is the manager of the Colossal railroad?"

Ole looked a bit sullen for a second. "Aye knew it," he said knowingly, "aye knew he was something on a railroad—a conductor, a brakeman or something—aye just knew it."

This incident repeated, the Randalls served notice on Ole that he was no longer needed about the place. The day came for him to leave and Mrs. Randall found him working diligently weeding the garden.

"When are you going?" she inquired kindly.

"Oh, aye tank aye won't go at all," he replied, without stopping his work. "Aye tank aye will stay now." And he did.

Laconic Laconians.

William Lyon Phelps, Yale's brilliant professor of English literature, was discussing, at a dinner in New Haven, the significance of words.

"Some words," he said, "have a history, and a knowledge of their history gives them a richer meaning. Take, for example, the word 'laconic.'"

"Phillip of Macedon was threatening the Laconians."

"If I enter your city," he said, "I will level it to the dust."

"If!" was the Laconians' reply.

"And the pointed brevity of that reply is imbedded in our word 'laconic' like a fly in amber."

Thrifty.

"In that millionaire's life history written for the benefit of young men, I noticed he put great emphasis on the need of forming thrifty habits."

"Did he?"

"He said that when he began life, he made it a point even when he was only getting five dollars a week, to save ten out of it."

BRIGHT FUTURE FOR BIG JEFF TESREAU



Jeff Tesreau of New York Giants.

Of all the pitchers who broke into the major leagues this season Jeff Tesreau of the Giants looks the most promising. His no-hit game against the Phils recently stamps him as a man possessing the goods.

Tessy has the gigantic build and the strength of a mighty twirler. Like Ed Walsh he is ideally constructed for a spit-ball hurler. Unlike Walsh, he came into his own the first year—it took Walsh about two seasons before he really got going.

During the early part of the season Tesreau was a delight and a despair to McGraw. "He seems to have everything a pitcher should have, yet he don't seem to be coming across," the Giant boss is reported as saying. But so, but no harm is done in the telling.

Like other wise managers, this McGraw can spot budding talent and is patient during its development. Look how he waited two years while Rube Marquard was getting back into his stride. He was willing to wait that long or longer for Tesreau, but this is one time he didn't have to hang around.

Some day Tesreau probably will be called the "King of Pitchers," a proud title held the last ten years by Messrs. Mathewson, Brown, Walsh, Johnson and Wood in the order named. The kings of former days are fewer—because they stretched over a longer period of time. Look 'em over—Radbourne, Spalding, Clarkson and Rusie. Perhaps we have missed a dozen or so, but no harm is done in the telling.

HOW JENNINGS GOT STARTED

Leader of Detroit Tigers Worked His Way From Pennsylvania Coal Mine to Bar.

Hughie Jennings came out of a coal mine without much education or much of anything else. He saw in baseball a chance for something better and he worked both on and off the field to improve himself and his people.

After he got through playing ball because his arm wore out he coached Cornell, studying law at the same time, and eventually graduated. When he is not leading his team and tearing up grass on the base-lines he is the head of the firm of Jennings & Jennings, attorneys at Scranton, Pa., near



Hugh Jennings.

where he crawled out of an anthracite mine to become leader of two great baseball clubs.

He is quite a skillful lawyer—and they say when he sticks up one leg, doubles his fists and yells "e-yah" at a jury the opposing attorney quits.

Hard Hitting Pitcher.

Bill McCorry, pitcher, made two hits, one a double, the other a single, in one inning, when sent in as pinch hitter for the San Francisco team recently.

Pitcher Kellogg Killed.

Albert Kellogg, former schoolboy pitcher, who had a tryout with the Pilates this spring, was shot and killed by a cowboy in Montana recently. He was once with Providence.

CATCHES GAME FOR QUARTER

Bradley Kocher of Detroit Tigers is Called From Grandstand to Earn Muncificent Sum.

Had the manager of the Easton team of the now defunct Atlantic league refused to give Jack Kocher, now second catcher of the Detroit team, the 25 cents that he paid to witness a game at Easton in 1909 the Tigers would probably be without one of the best young backstops in the game. That was the only condition on which he would catch for Easton, when he was picked out of the stand after the only catcher that team had was crippled by a foul.

It is the merest bit of luck that gave Kocher his start in baseball. It happened this way. Kocher lived at White Haven, near Philadelphia, and a short distance from Easton. A big, husky farmer's boy drifted into Easton to visit his cousin, said boy being Kocher, on a day when the Easton team was playing a double-header against Sunbury, another Atlantic league team.

The cousin suggested that they spend the afternoon at the ball game and Kocher, who was something of a catcher in White Haven, agreed to go along. In the seventh inning of the first game Catcher Barret was put out with a batted ball and the game was about to be called off when the cousin tipped the manager off to the fact that Kocher could catch.

Kocher didn't want to catch a game that he had paid to see, and so informed the manager, making the proposition that he would catch if he received his quarter back. An agreement reached, he put on Barret's uniform and caught eleven innings of star baseball. The following day Lave Cross, the old Athletic and Washington third baseman, came to Easton with his Mount Carmel team. Kocher threw to all the bases with such speed and ease that Cross told Connie Mack and Kocher has had a job ever since.

PITCHER LOSES LITTLE TIME

Brooklyn Twirler Accomplishes Notable Feat in Recent Game With Cincinnati Reds.

Pitcher Ragon of the Brooklyn Dodgers is one of the fastest working twirlers in the National League. In a recent game with the Cincinnati Reds



Pitcher Ragon.

but one hour and ten minutes were needed to enable Ragon to defeat the westerners. Ragon omits all unnecessary flourishes and keeps right at work all the time he is in the box, never taking a breathing spell, nor allowing his catcher any rest.

Triple Play Unassisted.

First Baseman William Rapps of the Pacific Coast league made a triple play unassisted in a recent game between Portland and Oakland. Oakland runners were on first and second bases. The batsman hit a low liner toward first and the base runners, thinking the ball could not be fielded, sprinted ahead. Rapps scooped up the ball, with one hand before it touched the ground. He touched first base before the runner could get back and then raced to second in time to get the third man.

Good to Tesreau.

They had to strain a point to make a no-hit game for Jeff Tesreau at Philadelphia on September 6, but not because the Big Bear did not do his part. The disputed hit was a short fly hit by Paskert. Both Merkle and Wilson went after it and let it drop between them. It was first scored as a hit, but Merkle afterwards declared without batting an eye that he touched the ball and took an error, so that Tesreau's hit column might be a blank.

Articles in Mix-Up.

Artie Hofman and Artie Butler did the Alphonse and Gaston act on a fly recently, and were roasted for being boneheads, but Manager Clarke came to their rescue with the explanation that it was due to both having the same names. Wagner shouted "Artie" for Butler and Carey shouted "Artie" for Hofman. The result was that both Arties ran after the ball and stopped to avoid a collision.

Great Work by Richie.

Lou Richie of the Chicago Cubs has done great work in the box for the team this year. He is only a pick-up pitcher, but his splendid twirling has helped mightily in putting the Cubs in the pennant race.

Gaston Suspended.

Dave Gaston was suspended for the season in the South Atlantic league because he was drawing more than the salary limit of the league.

IN LAND OF BEAUTY

Switzerland a Perpetual Delight for the Tourist.

Charm of Ancient Times to Be Met With at Every Turn—Country of Immense Views and Magnificent Sunsets.

Geneva.—"Switzerland for the Swiss," is the occasional plaint that catches the eye of the reader of the Swiss journals, the latest items of the kind being the little communing of Rd in a recent Journal de Geneve.

"The strangers are here," it begins, "with their porters, their guides, their autos, their funiculars, the panoramas and shops, and souvenirs born of the shops—will they not presently make our country uninhabitable? But when the day does come," he continues in substance, "and we shall be obliged to abandon the Alps, there will still remain to us the great Swiss plateau."

The Germans do not cease to boast of flowery Lunebourg, the Black Forest, the Bords du Rhin, the Thuringian hills and of the Saxon Switzerland, and perhaps some day, drawn by their persistent praise, we may get to see them, but then, they resemble the scenery of the Swiss plateau.

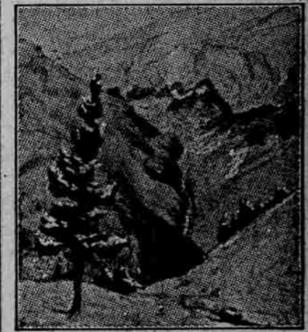
"Do you know of it?" he continues. "The foot of the Jura, the Fribourg country, the Toggenburg, High Thurgovia, the outskirts of Schaffhausen, the banks of the Aar and the Reusa, the little lakes of Biene, Hallwi and the Greiffensee. And do you know that there are little villages where there are still the good old inns with their wrought iron swing-signs, just as in the days of the diligence? Do you realize the beauties of the hillsides here, the prealpes, from which the view is immense and the sunsets are magnificent?"

There used to be in this old Switzerland the ancient customs. Sundays, when fair, the forests were filled with the young girls in white, with bare arms and flowers in their hair, and troops of children loaded with the berries and blossoms of the country. Now there are no troopings of the children, no songful young men, no girls in white. You ramble in the woods—it is hot below, but it is always cool and fragrant in groves of pine—but there is no one there. You stroll leisurely, you fill your handkerchief with chanterelles and this is what you see. "A vast expanse of hills, the nearer green, the middle distance, blue. There are masses of forests, one behind another, the village is out there, crowned by its lofty castle, the covered bridge below and the calm river flows without so much as a ruffle. Houses play at hide and seek with you, and their chimneys smoke in unison like crows, for the

hour of supper is approaching. You hear the village bells, first the precursor telling the hour and in his wake the others in solos, duets and trios. Far away the lake is a burning spot in the vast expanse and the long line of the Jura is brown. See, the Alps are turning to roses."

This is the Switzerland to which Rd would call the attention and appreciation of his countrymen, of which, indeed, they now know but little, "and when you gaze upon it," he concludes, "you cannot help but feel within you the sentiment, 'My Switzerland, my beautiful home.'"

YANKEES STUDYING ENGLISH



In the Alpine Country.

London School Does a Big Business Teaching Touring Americans "Correct" Accent.

London.—"English taught to foreigners, Americans, and English people. Accurate speech, perfect accent, and an elegant style of writing. English guaranteed in a few weeks."

This advertisement appeared recently in the London newspapers, The Lyceum School of Languages is responsible for it.

"During the summer," said the manager, "we practically live by teaching English to American visitors. We find here that every American in his heart wants to speak English with a British accent."

To Have Big Air Fleet.

London.—England is to have a mighty air fleet. Plans already under way will put this new arm of the service on a par with that of the other great powers. A great fleet of fighting war planes will be organized immediately. This fleet will consist of two types of machines, one armed with quick-firing guns for engaging and destroying the enemy's aeroplanes and the other designed for scouting.