

SCIENCE MADE BRAIN NORMAL

Science has reclaimed another person from the crime world, closed a chapter of wildness and converted an irresponsible into a human being of moral strength. In the awakening of Jeannie Gordon, through the professional ministrations of Dr. H. N. Rowell, a girl who was a runaway and later a thief has been restored to society. Her disturbed brain for years whirled her out of the domestic orbit and she was heading for state prison when the surgeon's knife and the mental healer saved her from herself.

By the time she had grown into early teens she was seized with a stronger wanderlust. It would not let her rest. She seemed bewitched by the ever-moving light of some will-o'-the-wisp. Powerless to control herself, she fled one day to Long Beach, where in boy's clothes that she had contrived to borrow, she found work in a bowling alley. A police alarm was sent far and wide. The girl read it, but did not return.

A woman probation officer, much taken by the pretty child, discovered her disguise and she was taken back to Judge Barclay's home, and with a solicitude for her future they placed her under the kindly tutelage of the sisters at a convent.

Her brain having been set awry in some strange way, and in its wild working having cast her out of the domestic orbit, she was now beyond control. She cut out the lock of a door that imprisoned her and, heedless of danger, she slid down a drain pipe from a third-story window and scaled the convent walls. Taking to the highway she reached the open country before dawn. She found a companion of her own years and sex and together, dressed as boys, they roamed through southern California, living as tramps and learning how to ride the slant-hipped ponies on the ranches like vaqueros.

Again the hand of authority fell upon the shoulders of the flyaway child, and she was carried back under restraint to the home which she had abandoned.

The ingenuity of a mind keyed to the abnormal is more than a match for

And without waiting for an answer they took the shadow in and seated it at a table and fed it all it could eat, which is a hospitality denied none in the land of longhorns.

A week thereafter the shadow lay upon a cot in the big ranch house, with a handkerchief about the temples and the delicate heart pumping so feebly that only the trained ear of a nurse, who had been brought up from Tia Juana, could hear it.

"How did it happen?" she asked. "Why, miss," said "Poker Chip Charley," the youngster called himself the kid cowboy, and he wanted to hook a leg on the trickiest horse on the ranch just to show us what he could do. So, miss, we give in and put him aboard Dulce, which ain't no horse for a kid to ride, but he did ride him, the kid did. Never saw anything like it, but the kid wa'n't beefy enough to stick, Dulce bucked and the kid landed on the head."

Kid "Cowboy" a Girl. That night the boss of Sanchez ranch went out to the cowboys' shack with a bit of news. The kid cowboy was a girl, an innocent little runaway from the states. Her name was Jeannie Gordon.

Right here, as well as anywhere, the opening chapter of this girl's strange life may be told. It may be called the chapter of her moral sleep, as the other chapter is properly called that of her awakening.

Jeannie Vivien Claire Gordon—story-bookish sort of name, but rightfully

hers by birth and christening—became an orphan in her infancy. Her parents were West Virginians. They left the child in the care of a kind hearted nurse, who took her to California. When Jeannie had grown into knee-length pinafores Judge and Mrs. Lillian Barclay of Los Angeles took a liking to the bright-eyed little one and adopted her. They rechristened her Bessie Barclay and she took her place in their home as a daughter.

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she was out and roaming to the south in boy's clothes. Then, as medico-criminal records have shown in other cases, the switch controlling the nerve wires of this girl's brain became set for a brief return to the normal. She changed absolutely. Those who did not know attributed it to the influence of tracts and such moral teachings as is given collectively to inmates of institutions, including jails. They were not aware that it was periodic, and quite incidental.

During this mental lull much of her gentleness and girlhood sweetness and charm for the time returned. Mr. Thurnherr, a young Berkeley business man, met and fell in love with her and made her his wife. Before they had returned from a brief honeymoon the switch was on again, intensifying her cunning and making her boldly criminal where before she had been cautious.

As Kleptomaniac. One evening as he sat reading and she embroidered, he fell asleep; quick as a cat she slipped out of the house and into a neighbor's, where she stole some pretty articles of no use to herself.

"Where have you been, my dear?" asked the husband, waking as she returned. "I just ran over to Mrs. —'s to show her my embroidery," was the quick reply. "She is anxious to work a pattern like it."

It was about this time when some silverware which she had stolen and buried was found, and the young wife was under arrest, that Dr. H. N. Rowell, who long had watched her career from a distance, slipped actively into her life. All the stories he had heard concerning her pointed to tendencies and gave confirmation to his suspicions that her abnormality was an incident that could be corrected.

Surgery Put to Work. He made a plea for her probation and became her bondsman. With the consent of the authorities, as well as that of herself and her husband, he took the young woman—she is now only 22 years old—under his professional care.

Dr. Rowell's theory was that after the pressure on the brain was relieved, a systematic daily hypnotizing of his patient would cure her. Her sensitive subconscious mind was to be instructed to forget the past that had now ceased to be vital and turn toward the perfectly new future and all its possibilities.

Victory for Science. At first it seemed as if the strenuous surgical and mental trial she had been through was to influence her but temporarily. But it is beginning to be evident that the old Jeannie Gordon is as dead as the little Barclay girl who ran away so many years ago in a ruffled apron and became a boy.

Mrs. Thurnherr is interested in things she never cared about before, never thought of or appeared to notice. Always strikingly pretty in a boyish way, and with unusually beautiful, pleading hazel eyes, the young woman has an expression like that of a child taken to see the ocean for the first time—a sort of rapt wonder.

And now that the awakening has come after all these years, and the child of impish impulse and the girl whose brain reeled her always toward the vortex have ceased to exist, she remembers it as one recalls an ugly dream phantom.

"I am not the same girl at all," she says, with eyes that look straight into yours—eyes that are soft, honest, sincere. "It used to be so strange. I lived a nightmare—a wild, uncertain existence which was as bereft of orderly sequence as the jumble of impossible things through which we drift in unhappy dreams. Oh, how different it is since the change came. The world seems so much quieter, and now I can rest. Without half trying, I can be good like other people."—New York World.

lovely young bride striking 19, more affectionate and gratifying speeches could not have flown from my bridegroom's lips of 23. I am so little worthy of it. It belongs to his nature; I have nothing to do with it; a delightful instance of the dormant qualities which come out in elemental partnerships.

Hurt Her Dignity. Annie is nothing if not proud and sensitive. The other day, after begging and bothering all morning to be allowed to visit a beloved young auntie, she returned home in very short order. Annie's mother naturally wondered why.

"Well, mamma," the little girl explained, "I went to see Aunt Estelle, as I wanted, and she was sitting on the front porch with a great big ugly dog beside her. And after she'd zipped me she said:

"'Rover, this is your dear little cousin, Annie,' and made him shake hands with me. So I came right home, mamma. I don't think it was nice of Aunt Estelle to introduce me to a dog."

Wordsworth on one occasion, when talking to his wife, referred to a time when, "as you know, I was better looking." "But," my dear," replied she, "you were always very ugly."

Lady Deane, on her eighty-third birthday, wrote to her granddaughter: "I do assure you that if I had been

English Writers Express Ideas as to Why Literary Characters Are Not Happy in Marriage.

Andrew Lang says that the reason literary characters are often unhappy in marriage is that theirs is a home industry and they and their wives see too much of each other. The Carliques rise to the front as a useful instance, the Grotes more humorously. "I like Mr. Grote," exclaimed Sydney Smith; "he's so ladylike; and I like her, she's such a perfect gentleman!" Jenny Lind compared the historian to a fine old bust in a corner which one longed to dust. "Aad," commented Hare, "Mrs. Grote dusted him!"

More aggressive in defense was the Rev. R. C. Matrin who, when in the throes of composition, would be faced with a red wafer stuck on his forehead, a sign to his wife and numerous family that he was not to be spoken to. That the home industry is not, however, the sole cause of the conjugal unrest is suggested by the famous

letter of the French wife: "I am writing to you because I do not know what to do, and I am ending my letter because I do not know what to say."

The traffic in kind speeches and occasional slips on the chalice preparer for other lips are potent factors in the pleasantness of married life. When Harm Jan Hudekoff and his wife added up the same column of figures to see if the results corresponded and they would sometimes differ, he would always say: "Dear, I must have made a mistake." Less tact was shown by the autograph collector, who, perceiving that the house was on fire, scrambled out of bed crying to his wife: "You save the children and I will save the autographs." Obviously, if an important thing is to be done, one should do it one's self.

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APPRECIATES PLAYERS UNDER CONTRACT

Fred Clarke of Pittsburg, returned after a scouting trip. Besieged by the eager correspondents the manager protested that there was nothing doing—that he had not signed any new player or players; that he hadn't talked trades—and that he hadn't accomplished anything at all, at all.

"What did you do on your trip?" the writer asked Clarke. "Nothing," was the smiling rejoinder. "Did you uncover any phenoms?" "Not any, but I did learn one thing."

"What was that?"

"That the kid cowboy was a girl—a runaway."



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CHANGE IN PLAYER'S WORTH

One Year He May Look Like a Million Dollars to Owner and Following Season Prove Failure.

Star ball players are certainly a mighty risky commodity. One year a player may show to advantage, look like a million dollars, cause his owner to turn down all kinds of fabulous offers for his services, and the following year proves a big failure.

While every club owner is in the baseball business to get the money, still it's the one ambition of every owner and manager to win pennants, otherwise there would be much more trading and selling of players among the various clubs of the majors and minors. Civic pride often keeps an owner from selling one of his stars for a big sum.

Four years ago George Stone of the St. Louis club led the American league in batting. Stone and his big stick was feared by every pitcher in the Johnsonian circuit. Every club owner would have been delighted to buy Stone at most any old price, while the St. Louis fans simply idolized their batting king. All kinds of offers were made Owner Hedges, but he turned a deaf ear to them.

Stone was expected to be the big noise the following year, but he proved a rank disappointment. Trouble over salary caused him to get a late start. Injuries set him back several times just as he was getting into his stride and all in all he had a bad year. One of the injuries to his ankle slowed him up considerably and since then a number of hits that he used to beat out go in the putout column. Three years ago Stone would have brought down something like \$10,000.

A few years ago Manager McGraw of the New York Giants offered the St. Louis Nationals \$10,000 for Pitcher Karger and was willing to throw in a couple of young pitchers to boot. Owner Robinson of the Cardinals wanted to give the fans a winner and turned down the offer without even hesitating. Karger failed to show the next year, was traded to Cincinnati and then turned loose to a minor league club. He is now with the Boston Americans, but is nothing like the pitcher he was a few years ago.

Not so many years ago Elmer Flick, Jack Powell, Lou Criger, Terry Turner, Herman Schaefer, Lee Tannehill, Bill Bradley, Bill Donovan and a host of other stars would have brought fancy prices were they placed on the auction block of baseball. While quite a few of the boys are still valuable to have around, there wouldn't be any riot should they be offered for sale, and they wouldn't bring one-fifth the price they would have commanded five years ago.

Good players are players who take long chances. Players who take unusual risks are, of course, very liable to injury, and slight injuries often ruin star players. Yes, indeed, star ball players are more delicate than the daintiest bits of bric-a-brac.

CALLAHAN IS BIG SURPRISE Former White Sox Manager and Player is Proving Sensation of Season in American League.

Jimmy Callahan, one of the veterans of the diamond, is the surprise of the baseball season. Jimmy was manager of the Chicago White Sox several years ago and left the club to manage a semi-professional team in the Windy city. Now he is back with the Sox again and apparently playing as good ball as he ever did. Speaking of his come back Jimmy says:

"I'll tell you one thing; it's not old age that stops most ball players, it's the knee. That's what put out Hamilton, McGraw, Bill Lange, Jack Doyle and Emmet Heidrick. That knee cap will stop any of them. But that's not my case. I quit when I was managing the Sox. I was having too good a time. But I haven't been really out of it. I was playing ball all the time in Chicago. At one time I had Mike Donlin, Tom Hughes, Jake Stahl, Barry McCormick and myself on my team. That's pretty nearly a ball club.

"As to the reasons for my coming back there are four or five of them. Too many managers seem to cause dissatisfaction in Beantown. The fighting spirit of the White Sox is always present this season. The expected slump of the "Tigers" seems indefinitely postponed. Vic Saier has improved a humiliated per cent under Chance's tutelage. Egan shows them that the old man has not gone back so far as they thought.

In the days of the slugging baseball teams five hits make it look like an air tight game. Milan, the Washington outfielder, is considered Cobb's only rival in hitting this year by some critics. The Highlanders are to get Third Baseman Dolan from the Jersey City club at the end of the Eastern league season.

Tony Smith, who was called in by Brooklyn when Dolly Stark was crippled, and Bert Tooley went wrong, has been released to Toledo. Fred Clarke of the Pirates has decided that kicking on the decisions of umpires does not pay, and has ordered his players to stop it also. Jakey Atz's success with Providence was a flash only. "There does not seem to be any hope for the Grays," mourns a Providence writer.

The combination of Irish and Germans on a ball team seems to be the right one for a winner. The Cubs have the mixture and the Phillies are also made up of the Celtic and Teuton races. Owner Grayson of Louisville protested, it is said, because St. Paul gave Catcher Spencer his unconditional release without first asking him if he wanted to buy the player. That's a new one.

The National league is staging the banner show this year. The American league has had the call on the close races for several seasons, and it is no more than right that it should be passed around. Connie Mack is anxious to secure Jack Knight again. The Highlander shortstop started his career with the Philadelphia team, but he was a raw youth then and had not developed into the star that he is now.

Manager Fred Clarke of Pittsburg Pirates.

"Why, to appreciate more than ever the players we now have under contract. Say for me that we do appreciate these men, no matter what any person or persons say."

Greased Ball in New York. The visiting teams have again unearthed that old story about the balls being greased on the Polo grounds. There is a soil over in New Jersey that makes the ball feel greasy when it is applied, and that is what the Cardinals and Pirates are accusing McGraw of having around the pitcher's box.

"CHICK" FRASER IS ALL IN FEEBLE-MINDED ON DIAMOND Former National Leaguer Is Released Unconditionally by New Orleans Club of Southern.

The New Orleans Southern league club today announced the sale of Outfielder Barr to the Cleveland club. Barr will not report to Cleveland until

Superintendent of New York State Institution to Sharpen Wits of Boys With Baseball.

Dr. C. S. Little, a Dartmouth football star of 1891, who is superintendent of "Letchworth village," a state institution for 2,500 feeble-minded persons, will endeavor to build up the wits of the boys in that colony by organizing a number of baseball teams. He was in New York the other day to get baseball outfits for his charges, and a suit of armor for the umpire.

"Do you think that a team of feeble-minded boys can be made to understand the intricacies of baseball?" asked an incredulous member of the board of directors when he asked for an appropriation for this purpose. "Oh, I don't intend to develop any Hal Chase's or Ty Cobb's," said Dr. Little, "but I think we might turn out a good grade of umpires, if all I see in the papers is true. I believe that baseball is so lubred in the American people that even the weak-minded love the sport. We hope to have football, too, of the safe and sane variety, and contests with other institutions of the same sort."

AROUND THE BASES Tigers so far show no signs of slowing up in their pace. Too many managers seem to cause dissatisfaction in Beantown. The fighting spirit of the White Sox is always present this season. The expected slump of the "Tigers" seems indefinitely postponed. Vic Saier has improved a humiliated per cent under Chance's tutelage. Egan shows them that the old man has not gone back so far as they thought.

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NOTHING BUT AN AMATEUR

Fair Damsel's Questions That Revealed Calf Lover in His True Light.

"Do you really and truly think I am beautiful?" she asked. "You are simply divine," he replied. "But there are other girls whom you think more beautiful than I."

"No, I don't think there is a more beautiful girl in the world than you." "There are other girls you think are just as beautiful, though."

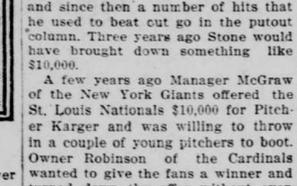
"You are more beautiful than any other girl I ever saw." "I suppose there are plenty of girls whom you consider almost as beautiful as I am."

"I think you are far more beautiful than any other girl that ever breathed." "Well, why didn't you say that in the first place?"

"That was what I meant, if I didn't exactly say so." "O, well, go on. My goodness! Must I suggest everything nice that you say to me?"

"What more can I say?" "Heavens! I'm not going to sit here giving you lessons. I thought the way you started out that you had made love before."

J. PIEREPONT, NO DOUBT.



Smith—My boy thinks he'll be a pirate when he grows up. Jones—Thinks there is more money in piracy than anything else, eh? Smith—Yes; but I think he's got Morgan, the buccaner, mixed up with Morgan, the financier.

Sufficient Evidence. Having vouched for the honesty of the woman who wished a situation as scrub-woman the good-natured man was subjected to a severe examination by the superintendent of the building.

"There are degrees of honesty," said the superintendent. "How honest is she?" The good-natured man reflected.

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you. She is so honest that if you throw anything that looks to be worth a copper into the waste basket you have to tag it 'Destroy this,' or she will fish it out and put it back on your desk night after night, no matter how badly you want to get rid of it. I don't know that I can say anything more."

"No more is necessary," said the superintendent, and he proceeded to hire the woman.

Held the Records. Two ladies seated at afternoon tea fell to discussing the prowess of their respective hubbies.

After each had related several feats of endurance and hardihood, one of them remarked that her husband had on one occasion dived under the water and remained down for fully two minutes, without coming up to take breath.

"Oh," said the other, "that is nothing. My first husband dived below the water five years ago, and has not yet come up to breathe."

Leaving Him at Sea. "Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked the seedy-looking wanderer at the gate. "Poor old sailor," echoed the lady at the tub. "Yes'm, I followed the wotter for 16 years."

"Well," said the woman, after a critical look, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up with it." Then she resumed her labors.

Immortality. "Speaking of immortality, what's the matter with the hen?" "Go on." "Her son never sets."

Hold fast to the highest ideals that flash upon your vision in hours of exaltation.—Frances C. Willard.

STRONGER THAN MEAT A Judge's Opinion of Grape-Nuts.

A gentleman who has acquired a judicial turn of mind from experience on the bench out in the Sunflower State writes a carefully considered opinion as to the value of Grape-Nuts as food. He says:

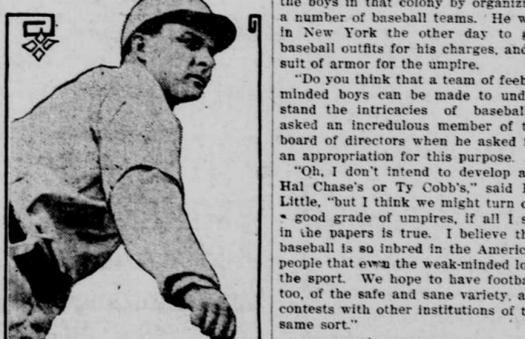
"For the past 5 years Grape-Nuts has been a prominent feature in our bill of fare. The crisp food with the delicious nutty flavor has become an indispensable necessity in my family's everyday life.

"It has proved to be most healthful and beneficial, and has enabled us to practically abolish pastry and pie from our table, for the children prefer Grape-Nuts, and do not crave rich and unwholesome food.

"Grape-Nuts keeps us all in perfect physical condition—as a preventive of disease it is beyond value. I have been particularly impressed by the beneficial effects of Grape-Nuts when used by ladies who are troubled with face blemishes, skin eruptions, etc. It clears up the complexion wonderfully.

"As to its nutritive qualities, my experience is that one small dish of Grape-Nuts is superior to a pound of meat for breakfast, which is an important consideration for anyone. It satisfies the appetite and strengthens the power of resisting fatigue, while its use involves none of the disagreeable consequences that sometimes follow a meat breakfast." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason." Ever read the above letter? A very one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

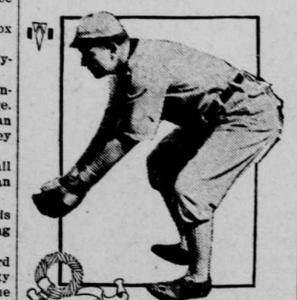


"Chick" Fraser.

At the end of the season. The New Orleans manager also gave Pitcher "Chick" Fraser, the former National leaguer, his unconditional release.

Point for Umpires. Here is a point for umpires who neglect to call "Play" and officially start an interrupted game. Manager Stovall of the Naps protested a recent game, but inasmuch as the Naps won, the protest will never be sent to Ban Johnson. With Shotton on first, Austin fouled off a ball. As James resumed pitching and started to deliver the ball to the plate, Austin stepped back from the plate and James withheld his throw. St. Louis claimed a balk and Mullen allowed Shotton to take second. Mullen was clearly in the wrong as he had not officially renewed the game after the foul had been hit.

Gamblers After Umpire. A crowd surrounded the gates of the National league park in Boston waiting for Umpire Johnstone to come forth, at the conclusion of a recent game. It became necessary to call on the police, and five detectives were rushed to the scene. The display of feeling was engineered by the alleged gamblers, who became angry when Empire Johnstone called Flaherty's hit over the left field fence in the eighth foul.



Jimmy Callahan.

In the first place, I needed the money and semi-pro ball didn't look so good to me, for the party I rented from raised the rent on me from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year. Besides, the American association has just invested \$52,000 in real estate in Chicago and you know what they would do to the semi-pros. When I started they had two other clubs. Now there are 11 semi-pro clubs in Chicago. One day I met Commy and he said he'd like to meet me with him again. I was ineligible at the time, so I said to him: 'You release me.' He did and they reinstated me and here I am."

Dolly Gray's Three-Bagger. Some of the pinch hitters are like Dolly Gray of Washington. The first year Gray was in fast company, Cantillon sent the tall pitcher up as a pinch hitter every time one was needed and Gray religiously fanned, accumulating a batting average of something like .007 in April, May and June. When a scribe asked Cantillon one afternoon why he persistently sent up Gray, Joe indignantly responded: "Great guns, man, you ought to have seen the three-bagger that fellow hit when we were playing Galveston March 22."