

BIG RAT ATTACKS AN ENTIRE FAMILY

Ten-Pound Rodent Turns on Five Persons and Leaps Upon Child's Back.

GIRL BADLY BITTEN

Food in Large Quantities Had Been Missed from the Pantry, and Every Night the House Was Filled With Peculiar Noises.

New York.—A ten-pound, twenty-seven-inch rat fought five members of a family all over the ground floor of their home in East New York the other day. It was killed only after a desperate struggle in which one woman was badly bitten and another driven into hysteria.

The rat put to flight Terence McKenna, of 48 Montauk avenue, his wife and three children. Mrs. McKenna is ill as the result of her fright and her daughter, Mae, is suffering from bites.

The McKennas have believed for some weeks past that their home was infested by a plague of rats. Food in large quantities was missed from the pantry, and every night the house was filled with noises.

The other night McKenna, his wife and the three children—Joseph, Lillian and Mae—decided to begin war on the pests. They put a trap in the kitchen and went into the dining room to await results.

They heard two or three loud thumps and rushed out. The trap was empty, but two potatoes and a cabbage lay in the middle of the floor. The McKennas could not believe that rats had dragged the vegetables from their bin.

After an hour of waiting, the family heard the trap click. They again went into the kitchen and saw an enormous rat sitting beside the trap. The glare of its eye made Mrs. McKenna hysterical.

Instead of running to escape, the rat rushed at the astonished family. They fled. The rat jumped first at



Jumped First at One and Then the Other.

one and then another. Its knife-like teeth shone as it snapped its jaws. Joseph McKenna picked up a revolver from the sideboard and fired several times, but missed.

Benjamin Hoffman was passing and heard the shots. He ran into the house, grabbed up a shovel and joined in the fight.

The rat had just made a spring at Mae McKenna. She jumped atop the dining table. The rat leaped after her and bit her twice, on the back and arm.

Joseph McKenna started to attack the animal with his bare hands when Benjamin swung the shovel. He hit the rat squarely on the head and killed it. A physician was called to attend the injured women.

Cuts Elephant's Corns.

New York.—Elephant's corns, which Slead Keeper Billy Snyder says are larger than policemen's or ordinary people's, were cut the other day at the Central Park zoo.

Billy cuts elephant's corns about the first of May every year, and it is quite a feat of chiropody. For Jewel and Hatty, the two lady elephants acquire corns just standing around in their houses all winter, and corns make both of them grumpy.

Hatty potted Billy with her trunk all the time that he was working on her feet, but when he came to Jewel she was peaceful. The big elephant dropped her trunk, circled Billy's waist and lifted him up where she could get a good look at him. When she saw that it was just Billy Snyder, Jewel set him down.

J. P.'s Grandson Fined.

Cambridge, Mass.—Julius Spencer Morgan, Jr., grandson of J. Pierpont Morgan, defied the forces of law and order by refusing to stop his auto when a policeman hailed him. He was fined \$25, but appealed.

Where One Can Swear.

Houston, N. J.—You may swear on your own premises in Bonton. A conviction against Miss Josephine N. Nixon, on a charge of using profane language, was reversed because she was on her own porch.

Seek New Law.

Chicago.—Suffragettes are unanimous in their support of a proposed law to enable women when called as witnesses and asked their age to hide behind the statement of "I am of legal age."

DAVIS SAYS EASTERLY WILL BE A STAR



PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON

Catcher Easterly of Cleveland.

Manager Harry Davis of Cleveland insists he will make one of the star catchers of baseball out of Ted Easterly.

"Easterly doesn't belong in the outfield, his place is behind the bat, and that is where I intend to play him," says Davis.

"Easterly is one of the best hitters in the American league. In this department he is a natural ball player."

SUSPENSION FOR DAVE SHEAN

President Chivington of American Association Takes Action in Case of Former Cub.

For refusing to join the Louisville club, to which he was sold, David Shean, formerly with the Chicago club of the National league, has been indefinitely suspended, according to



Dave Shean.

the American association bulletin issued by President Chivington.

Shean was utility infielder with Chicago, and was dropped at Louisville while the club was on its southern training trip. He previously played with the Boston Nationals, and his home is in Arlington, Mass.

"Wave Spitter" Is Latest.

Elmer Stricklett, inventor of the "spitball," has a "wave spitter" to fool the big league batters. The "wave spitter" is a ball which breaks in at least two different directions on its way to the batter. It has more speed than the ordinary "spitter."

Stricklett "lost" his arm several years ago when he was in the majors, and was sent to the minors. When he perfected the spitball he went back to Brooklyn and was a leading National league pitcher several seasons.

The "wave spitter" is said by experts to be more effective against scientific batters than bushers, and is expected to make Stricklett famous again.

Cotton States Venture a Failure.

The attempt of the Class D Cotton States league to operate a team in New Orleans has proven a failure and Gene Demontreville, who was given the franchise, announces that in less than a month's time he has dropped \$2,500 in his venture and will seek a transfer. Laurel, which was first awarded the Yazoo City franchise that it was later decided to try out at New Orleans, probably will be asked to take over the team.

O'Toole's Brother "Yanked."

Marty O'Toole has a little brother named Mike. He plays with the same team the \$25,000 beauty played with when a member of the American association. He twirled in the game against Toledo, and St. Paul had to yank him out of the box. With a new twirler at the helm, Toledo was trimmed.

Bates as a "Waiter."

Johnny Bates is getting surprising few "times at bat" in the records. Never has he shown such skill as a writer, and he is collecting a barrel of bases on balls. Numerous sacrifices are also to his credit, and his "A. B.'s" have been averaging less than three to the game.

IDEAL TRAINING CAMP

Managers of Big League Teams Differ on Question.

Some Like Quiet Places Where There Is Little to Divert Attention of Players From Their Work—Others Favor Big Cities.

What constitutes an ideal training camp for big league baseball teams? Big league managers and players differ in their opinions. Some like the quiet places, where there is nothing to take the thoughts of the players off their work. Others like the big towns, where there are diversions to break the monotony of training. Some also prefer the big towns because more money is taken in at the gate. Some managers like to change every year, so their players will get a change of scene. Many prefer a spot where the athletes may imbibe freely of mineral waters.

In the latter class are the managers of at least five—Fred Clarke of Pittsburgh, Bill Dahlen of Brooklyn, "Red" Doolin of Philadelphia and Jimmy McAleer of Boston. Of the five, all but New York have picked Hot Springs, while the Giants have trained at Marlin, Texas, for several seasons. The fact that the Giants and Pirates have been contenders for the pennant all the time they have trained at health resorts speaks well for their system.

The Boston and Chicago Americans are the two clubs that have made circus trips of their training tours. Comiskey several times took his squad to the coast and once to Mexico, while the Red Sox twice went to California. Neither team obtained good results.

In the opinion of Nap Lajoie, a training camp combining the good qualities of Alexandria, La., and Macon, Ga., would be the ideal place. Alexandria has the climate, the water and the hotel, but it lacks population and a good baseball diamond. The latter fault could be rectified, however, by the sending of a groundskeeper ahead of the team to get things in shape. But the town is small and lacks amusements. Consequently the players got mighty tired of it in a week or so, and their work seemed unusually onerous, especially as Manager McGuire was a stickler for that old-style plan of having the players walk some eight miles a day in addition to their double workout. Again, it was a case of "all going out and nothing coming in," as the gate receipts at Alexandria were practically nothing.

Now, Macon has an even better climate—that is, from a training standpoint—that it does not get so extremely warm. Macon also is a much larger city, but unfortunately it lacks as good a hotel as is wanted by the big league clubs, who insist on the best.

MURPHY SIZES UP TY COBB

Field Captain of Athletics Says There Never Was Player Like Him—Can Do Anything.

Danny Murphy has a boost for T. Raymond Cobb. Dan is apt to censure the glittering Georgian for loafing a mite when he looks like lying down on a fellow-player, but when it comes to the personal stuff it's aces and eights for Tyrus as far as Danny is concerned. Hear the manner in which the Athletics' new field Napoleon sizes up that Cobb personage:

"I don't believe there was ever one like him before, and I don't think we'll ever see one like him again.

"He can do anything. He hits, he throws, he fields, and he can run. A

He was in at the beginning and at the finish, and he returned home no wiser about Miss Ruth's silence.

"If he calls, then what?" asked the brother.

"He won't call."

"All right for you. Ruth, you are as stubborn as a mule."

"A coward has no place in my estimation."

"How about the half dozen fellows hanging around you? Do you know whether they are cowards or brave men?"

"It isn't necessary for me to know. I am going down the country and shall forget all about it."

Young Mr. Burt took a resolve, and next day he hunted out the returned warrior and put the case to him straight from the shoulder.

"And is that it?" was mused in reply. "This is the first time I have heard of the rumors, and it's pretty late in the day to put up a denial. Thanks for your interest."

Young Burt went home to sit down and purse his lips and say to himself: "Let's see? Let's see? The governor and the duchess are keeping hands off, and the thing has been hung on my shoulders to settle. Very well; I will settle. Fred Winters must prove he is not a coward, and Ruth must apologize for doing him an injustice. I bring about a marriage."

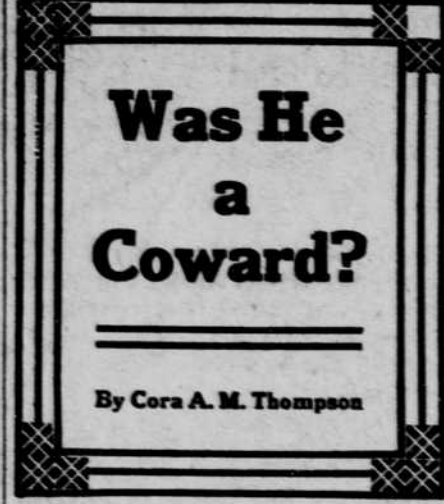
Not of the players in our league used to tell about his boneheaded running the bases. Well, let me tell you something. He's so fast he can take chances all the time. There isn't a club in the league that don't hate to see Cobb on first with one run needed by Detroit. He keeps the pitcher worried, he has the team bothered, he has the catcher worried, and it's almost a cinch that he'll get around. He's the greatest I ever saw."

Marquard Shy on Slow Ball.

When Rube Marquard can pitch a slow ball Coach Robinson of the Giants says he will be invincible. Marquard has learned to control terrific speed and a fast-breaking curve. But he doesn't know much about change of pace. Robinson is drilling him every day in the art of pitching floaters, and says the big southpaw is making progress. All of the great pitchers in days gone by mixed slow ones with fast ones, thereby increasing their effectiveness remarkably.

"Brick" Owen Is Lauded.

"It is seldom that an umpire can give emphatic satisfaction to both the winning and losing teams, but that is what 'Brick' Owen is doing in the National league. 'He umpired five of our games,' said Manager Fred Clarke of Pittsburgh. 'We lost four of them, but there wasn't a kick coming on him. It is hard to find fault when he is working.



Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.

Was He a Coward?

By Cora A. M. Thompson

When Fred Winters departed for Cuba with his regiment the knowledge in society said there was an engagement between him and Ruth Burt, and that when the war was over and the lieutenant came marching back again there was to be a wedding.

By and by there came strange rumors from the front. In no case could they be traced to a fountain head, but those who held them in greatest contempt had a half-belief just the same. Some one was giving out and repeating that Fred Winters had shown cowardice in the face of the enemy. The newspapers didn't have it, but letters came back affirming and denying it.

"It's a lie, and I know it!" exclaimed Miss Ruth's only brother, who had reached his sixteenth birthday. "It's the work of some of his jealous rivals."

"I do not know a gentleman that would stoop to anything of the sort," replied the sister.

"Well, some one has been stooping. Have you written to Fred what is being said about him?"

"Of course not. Indeed, I am not writing to him at all."

"Just like a girl to condemn a feller unheard! Hang it, I'll write him myself."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. I can manage my own affairs."

"Go on, then, but I'd give my pony to find out the liar."

"We shall know all about it when the soldiers return."

"Yes, and I'll challenge and fight the man that first set the rumor afloat!"

And the youth puffed out his chest and walked to and fro in the long parlors and tried to look determined and ferocious.

When Miss Ruth's letters ceased to put in an appearance, Mr. Winters was on his dignity at once. There was some good reason, but was it for him to beg it? He had written last, and now he must wait. At the front there were no rumors of cowardice. It was the other way. Lieutenant Winters had received high praise from his superior officers.



No One Knew Their Mission.

He was in at the beginning and at the finish, and he returned home no wiser about Miss Ruth's silence.

"If he calls, then what?" asked the brother.

"He won't call."

"All right for you. Ruth, you are as stubborn as a mule."

"A coward has no place in my estimation."

"How about the half dozen fellows hanging around you? Do you know whether they are cowards or brave men?"

"It isn't necessary for me to know. I am going down the country and shall forget all about it."

Young Mr. Burt took a resolve, and next day he hunted out the returned warrior and put the case to him straight from the shoulder.

"And is that it?" was mused in reply. "This is the first time I have heard of the rumors, and it's pretty late in the day to put up a denial. Thanks for your interest."

Young Burt went home to sit down and purse his lips and say to himself: "Let's see? Let's see? The governor and the duchess are keeping hands off, and the thing has been hung on my shoulders to settle. Very well; I will settle. Fred Winters must prove he is not a coward, and Ruth must apologize for doing him an injustice. I bring about a marriage."

Not of the players in our league used to tell about his boneheaded running the bases. Well, let me tell you something. He's so fast he can take chances all the time. There isn't a club in the league that don't hate to see Cobb on first with one run needed by Detroit. He keeps the pitcher worried, he has the team bothered, he has the catcher worried, and it's almost a cinch that he'll get around. He's the greatest I ever saw."

Marquard Shy on Slow Ball.

When Rube Marquard can pitch a slow ball Coach Robinson of the Giants says he will be invincible. Marquard has learned to control terrific speed and a fast-breaking curve. But he doesn't know much about change of pace. Robinson is drilling him every day in the art of pitching floaters, and says the big southpaw is making progress. All of the great pitchers in days gone by mixed slow ones with fast ones, thereby increasing their effectiveness remarkably.

"Brick" Owen Is Lauded.

"It is seldom that an umpire can give emphatic satisfaction to both the winning and losing teams, but that is what 'Brick' Owen is doing in the National league. 'He umpired five of our games,' said Manager Fred Clarke of Pittsburgh. 'We lost four of them, but there wasn't a kick coming on him. It is hard to find fault when he is working.

Not of the players in our league used to tell about his boneheaded running the bases. Well, let me tell you something. He's so fast he can take chances all the time. There isn't a club in the league that don't hate to see Cobb on first with one run needed by Detroit. He keeps the pitcher worried, he has the team bothered, he has the catcher worried, and it's almost a cinch that he'll get around. He's the greatest I ever saw."

Marquard Shy on Slow Ball.

When Rube Marquard can pitch a slow ball Coach Robinson of the Giants says he will be invincible. Marquard has learned to control terrific speed and a fast-breaking curve. But he doesn't know much about change of pace. Robinson is drilling him every day in the art of pitching floaters, and says the big southpaw is making progress. All of the great pitchers in days gone by mixed slow ones with fast ones, thereby increasing their effectiveness remarkably.

make two souls happy and gain a tip-top feller for a brother-in-law. Um! I am equal to the occasion."

Eagle's Nest is a manor house. So is the Birches. They are three miles apart. Two days after Miss Ruth reached the Nest, Mr. Winters reached the Birches. It just happened so.

As the ex-warrior had his auto with him, and the girl had had her electric sent down, it could be only a question of time when the two must meet.

Young Burt imagined that meeting and smiled. Not a word—not a nod—not a look! For three days he disappeared from the paternal mansion and a detective might have traced him to a country inn between the two manor houses. He was there on business. He saw his sister and a friend out in the electric, but he took good care not to be seen himself. In his company, much to the wonderment of the landlord and others, were three beetle-browed men who seemed to ache to cut throats. No one knew their mission, but on a sunny morning, out behind the barn, young Burt was saying to them:

"You go right down the road about a mile to the thick growth of bushes and go into ambush. When two young ladies in an electric runabout come along look up and down the road and see if you can see an auto. If you can then go ahead and hold up the girls. These revolvers are loaded with blank cartridges. Do a good deal of shooting. If the chap in the auto stops to mix in give him fists."

"Are we to hurt him?" was asked.

"If you can. Don't fear that he won't try to hurt you. If he doesn't show up then let the ladies pass and come back here."

"If it's highway robbery or assault we may get arrested," muttered the leader of the trio.

"Then I'll get you clear. It's all in the way of a joke, you know. The idea is that the man in the auto rescues the ladies, and the harder you fight the more credit he gets. All as easy as pie, you see?"

For four days Mr. Winter had been out in his auto, and for the same four days Miss Ruth Burt had gone spinning over the highways in her electric. No meeting. One was due, however. On this morning Miss Ruth started for the village, and Mr. Winter to explore a pond where there was said to be good fishing. There came a time when he sighted her, but too far ahead to tell who it was. He was about to turn off when he heard the reports of pistols, and saw three men bound out of the bushes and stop the vehicle.

Five minutes covered the distance. The autoist didn't stop to look at the woman who was screaming at the top of her voice. The three men were his game. They shouted to him to "hands up," but he didn't put them higher than the professional boxer usually does. They turned their guns on him, but he got on to the blank cartridge bluff, and then followed a sad ten minutes for the conspirators. They were knocked gally-west and gally-east, and they finally threw away their useless weapons and fled into the woods.

It was then that the puffing, bleeding Mr. Winters had time to look about him. He knew that the electric and the young lady were there, and that after his arrival the cries for help had ceased.

"What—you," he exclaimed, as he looked into the face of the girl who wasn't sure that he was not a coward.

"And you here!" she answered.

"You have come to no harm?"

"No, thanks to you."

Then there came an embarrassing silence. One of the men had left his cap behind, and Mr. Winters stood turning it over with his foot.

"You did not call on your return from Cuba," said the girl at last.

"I feared you might not be at home to me."

"Did you fight this way in Cuba?"

"I shall have to refer you to the official reports."

"I am stopping at Eagle's Nest."

"Yes?"

"And you might call."

"Thanks, I will."

And when he did call it didn't take twenty minutes to make satisfactory explanations, and a week later young Burt was saying to his mother:

"They've made it up."

"So Ruth writes me."

"Mighty lucky she had a brother about my size."

"But what had you to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing much, except that Fred has got to return me the sixty dollars I paid the robbers. You can't hire fellers to be knocked into the middle of next week for a nickel apiece."

No Mourning.

"I hear Jagsby's son has taken to gambling."

"So he has."

"I suppose he has broken his poor old father's heart."

"Not much he broke his poor old father's heart, he did! He broke the bank."

"I have seen three doctors. The first said it was arthritis and the second stax."

"And the third?"

"Of course he contradicted the other two flatly."—Rire.

Novelty in Surgery.

The bone of a sheep was transferred to the arm of a patient recently. The forearm undergoing the novel operation had been shattered by the discharge of a gun. The operation was pronounced successful.

Novelty in Surgery.

The bone of a sheep was transferred to the arm of a patient recently. The forearm undergoing the novel operation had been shattered by the discharge of a gun. The operation was pronounced successful.

Novelty in Surgery.

The bone of a sheep was transferred to the arm of a patient recently. The forearm undergoing the novel operation had been shattered by the discharge of a gun. The operation was pronounced successful.

Novelty in Surgery.

The bone of a sheep was transferred to the arm of a patient recently. The forearm undergoing the novel operation had been shattered by the discharge of a gun. The operation was pronounced successful.

Novelty in Surgery.

The bone of a sheep was transferred to the arm of a patient recently. The forearm undergoing the novel operation had been shattered by the discharge of a gun. The operation was pronounced successful.

Novelty in Surgery.

The bone of a sheep was transferred to the arm of a patient recently. The forearm undergoing the novel operation had been shattered by the discharge of a gun. The operation was pronounced successful.

Novelty in Surgery.

The bone of a sheep was transferred to the arm of a patient recently. The forearm undergoing the novel operation had been shattered by the discharge of a gun. The operation was pronounced successful.

Novelty in Surgery.

The bone of a sheep was transferred to the arm of a patient recently. The forearm undergoing the novel operation had been shattered by the discharge of a gun. The operation was pronounced successful.

Novelty in Surgery.

The bone of a sheep was transferred to the arm of a patient recently. The forearm undergoing the novel operation had been shattered by the discharge of a gun. The operation was pronounced successful.

Novelty in Surgery.

The bone of a sheep was transferred to the arm of a patient recently. The forearm undergoing the novel operation had been shattered by the discharge of a gun. The operation was pronounced successful.

SAILOR IS PURSUED BY A CHINESE GOD

Seaman Is Threatened With Death for Preventing a Sacrifice in Yangtse River.

New York.—Believing that he has been trailed by members of a Chinese secret society all the way from the harbor of Che-Foo, China, to this city, with ultimate death at their hands as an inevitable result, Alfred K. Scanze, a mechanical engineer, applied to Fourth Deputy Police Commissioner Dillon for a permit to carry a revolver. His request was granted, after he had shown Dillon letters of a threatening character from a Chinese band.

According to Scanze, in 1908 he was a midshipman on the gunboat Mindora, lying in the harbor of Che-Foo, and while on leave of absence took



Saw Her Leap Into River.

a small river steamer up the Yangtse river. On the way back Scanze saw a young Chinese woman leap into the river. He plunged after her and rescued the woman.

When he told the story later on the Mindora his shipmates told him he might get into trouble, as the Chinese regarded the girl offered as a sacrifice to the river god, who had flooded the river, and in rescuing the girl he had deprived the god of his sacrifice.

One of the letters received by Scanze was delivered to him on Saturday morning while he was at work on a new building at Broadway and Thirty-fourth street. The note was handed to him by one of