

RUNTS WANT A GAME

LITTLE FELLOWS OF AMERICAN LEAGUE HURL DARE.

Offer to Play Game With National League Youngsters Anywhere and at Any Convenient Time—Pitchers Are Hard to Beat.

Are the runts of the National league scared? If not, they have the opportunity of demonstrating their bravado. The American league runts have authorized us to issue a challenge in their name, and offer to play the ball game anywhere and at any convenient time, writes Malcolm MacLean in Chicago Evening Post.

Captain Ray Schalk of the American league runts gave us the line-up of his team. Both he and Eddie Cicotte, one of the moving spirits in the club, are wildly enthusiastic over the idea, and are in dead earnest in their desire to stage the contest with a similar team from the Nationals.

"Go ahead and issue the challenge," said Schalk, the tallest man of the bunch. Without an exception the men on his team are under average height. Some even would have trouble passing



"Knuckles" Cicotte of White Sox.

the examinations to enlist with the United States cavalry, where the requirements call for a 5 feet 4 inches height.

Here is the runt squad:

- Pitchers—Wolfgang and Cicotte, White Sox; Foster, Red Sox, and Warhop, Yankees. Catcher—Schalk, White Sox. First base—McInnis, Athletics. Second base—Maisei, Yankees. Shortstop—Bush, Tigers. Third base—Foster, Senators. Left field—High, Tigers. Center field—Milan, Senators. Right field—Liebold, Naps. Utility—Morgan, Senators. Manager—Kid Gleason, White Sox.

"Anything you say will be all right for me," said Manager Kid Gleason, when asked for a statement. "And make it as strong as you please. The stronger the better I'll like it. Just rub it on thick. Make 'em enjoy it. And, say, whatever you say, just tell 'em it's not strong enough. Get me?" Cicotte insisted on saying something. "Say, how do you like that pitching staff? I guess not," he exclaimed. "But, on the level, I don't



Maisei of New York Yankees.

think those National guys could get up a team that could stand a ghost of a show with us. Maranville of the Beans and Moran of the Cincinnati Reds would help some. But what pitchers could they show up? I ask again, what pitchers could they get we couldn't whang all over the lot?"

Eugene Elliott "Coming Back." Eugene Elliott, the infielder, who was with the New York Yankees for a short time during the 1911 season, is coming back to the team. Elliott had no quarrel with the Yankees, but was obliged to give up base ball because of a severe attack of rheumatism. He has been living in Peoria for the last three years, and is said to have been entirely cured of his ailment. He has been on the club's reserve list since. Elliott went to the Yankees from the McKeesport team, which also developed Ray Caldwell for the Yankees.

Chance Praises Browns. Frank L. Chance declares that the St. Louis Browns are the most improved team in the American league. The Yankee leader says this after having met all of them. This is what he says: "The improvement in this tail-end aggregation is almost beyond belief." The man who has brought about this improvement is the same that St. Louis scribe experts ridiculed as a joke.

COURT HITS "PEONAGE" IN HOFMAN CASE



"Artie" Hofman, Clever Brooklyn Player.

"Artie" Hofman won in Chicago the other day—not at the Federal league park, but in the municipal court. As acting manager of the Brooklyn Feds he lost his game, but as "Artie" Hofman, one-time Cub star, he won in court by defeating the Cubs in a lawsuit. Incidentally he went far toward upsetting the whole "economic system" of the National and American leagues.

The verdict returned in Judge Dolan's court awarded \$2,900.47 to Hofman, the amount claimed as back pay due from the Cubs for the season of 1912.

"Peonage" was the basis of the victory for Hofman. He told his story of having been "sold" by the Cubs, and of the refusal of the Cubs' president, Charles Webb Murphy, to make good his contract. Judge Dolan made it clear that the "peonage" which has been the constant source of complaint against the old major leagues, was illegal.

"It is for the jury to determine," said Judge Dolan, "whether Hofman consented to be sold to the Pittsburgh team and whether he voluntarily entered into a new contract with Pittsburgh."

And the jury, after just 19 minutes of deliberation and balloting, decided that Hofman was entitled to his money.

"I had a contract with the Chicago

club of the National League for the season of April 1 to October 15, 1912, calling for \$5,000," Hofman testified. "In June I was struck on the head by a ball and injured. The injury interfered with my playing and a week later—June 30—I received a letter from Mr. Murphy, president of the club, informing me that I had been disposed of to Pittsburgh."

"After only a few weeks with Pittsburgh I was let out and all I obtained from Pittsburgh was \$694.47. When I demanded payment for the remainder of the amount called for in my contract with the Chicago club, Mr. Murphy told me I would have to look to Pittsburgh for my salary."

"I had received payments from the Chicago club early in the year of 1912, which, with the payment by Pittsburgh, left a balance of \$2,900.47."

Attorney Keehn devoted his argument chiefly to the "peonage" feature of the case.

"The evidence shows that the plaintiff has been the victim of a human market," he said, "a market in which men are bought and sold regardless of their own wishes. Hofman's contract was with the Chicago team. He was sold to another team and briefly notified he had been sold. When a system like that is contented in this country, what right have we to criticize Russia?"

PHILLIES KEPT IN RUNNING

First Baseman Fred Luderus Has Aided Materially in Keeping Philadelphia Team in Fight.

Though Fred Luderus, first baseman of the Phillies, has not been hitting up to his usual form this year, he has otherwise done a noble part in the effort to keep the wrecked Phillies in the running. The erratic work of his fellow infielders has made his task unusually hard. They keep him on pins and needles with their wild throws and their bobbles, but through



Fred W. Luderus.

gone out into the garden, Lessing lingering behind to settle Mrs. Brenner in her chair and put the knitting needles in her lap. Then he hurried out. Madge was waiting for him! That was a blunt way of putting it, and yet he knew that the same instinct of understanding which had always bound them together had sent her alone to that arbor beneath the chestnuts. The night was dark; he could only see her white dress shining. He went softly toward her.

"Dearest," he whispered, taking her by the hands, "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

"Yes," she whispered, and pressed her lips to his. And then he found himself looking into Edith's dark eyes. It was well for his training that he had been schooled in a difficult world. He did not start or betray himself. He linked her arm through his and they started back toward the house together.

And, at the door, stood Madge and Carter.

"Aren't you coming out?" Carter began; and then the sight of Lessing's face checked him.

"I want to tell you all," said Lessing, "that Edith has promised to be my wife."

He kissed her again at the foot of the stairs and went up to his room. He sat for hours in his chair, thinking. All the rules of his breeding told him that the mistake must never be acknowledged. To ask a woman to be one's wife and then to jilt her was an unpardonable offense in his code. He knew Edith had all ways cared a little for him; in the old days there had been a little jealousy between the girls on that account. But the thought of Madge and what he had lost, the look of surprise upon her face at the announcement—these things made life seem intolerable. And Edith loved him! There was no possibility of misunderstanding what that expression had meant when she kissed him.

A man who lives by a code is bound with silken threads stronger than steel. Lessing knew that there was no way out of the entanglement with honor. He was the first down in the morning, but after he had paced the grounds for a few minutes, Carter joined him.

"I didn't have much chance to congratulate you last night," he said, of

OF STERLING MERIT

By MARY RUHL.

It seemed like a dream to Arthur Lessing to be back again at Squire Brenner's house that afternoon in early May.

The placid New England country, green with young grass, the apple-trees in blossom, the well remembered scenes came back so vividly to his remembrance. It was four years since he had left Wakefield, to make his way in the world, and now, at the age of twenty-six, he was back, Brenner's guest, and already with an established position in the city.

It was an open secret that he had come back to ask Madge to be his wife. They were old friends. She had written to him sometimes, and there was always a note of intimacy in her letters. It had been an idyllic love affair, though no word had been spoken.

And they received him like an old friend. When Madge shook hands with him he felt the same subtle touch of sympathy. And Edith, her sister, smiled as she greeted him. She seemed to know; everybody knew the purpose of his return during that week that he was to be the guest of his father's oldest friend.

Squire Brenner alluded tactfully to the impending engagement as they strolled under the big chestnut trees together.

"The man who gets Madge will be a lucky fellow," he said. "She is a girl of sterling merit. And she will inherit a good deal of money." Then he turned suddenly and shook hands with the young fellow.

In the old days he and Leslie Carter had been rivals for Madge. Leslie had borne no malice when his suit was gently declined. Lessing had hardly expected to see Carter there, but he seemed to be on intimate terms with the family. He, too, was a week-end guest at the Brenner home.

During dinner Lessing noticed with a touch of the old jealousy that Carter seemed to have established a brotherly relationship with the girls. And this was all that was needed to kindle the young man's determination. He would ask Madge that night.

The opportunity was easily arrived at, for the squire retired to his library, and Mrs. Brenner nodded over her sewing. The girls and Carter had

fering his hand. "It's odd, isn't it?" he continued, with a short laugh. "Do you know, I always thought it was Madge you cared for."

Lessing tore himself away, because he could not trust himself to speak. As he entered the breakfast-room Madge passed him. They stopped and looked at each other for an instant. There were dark rings under her eyes, and she looked worn and haggard. Then she inclined her head slowly and was about to pass him.

"Madge!" cried Lessing, suddenly. He touched her arm. "Won't you come here a moment?" he asked, drawing her toward the door. "Madge! I thought—"

She tried to pass him, but he blocked the way. She was crying; she could not restrain herself.

"Don't!" he pleaded—and suddenly he was holding her in his arms and kissing her as he had done so often in his dreams, but had never done in reality.

She lay in his arms without resisting, and it was fully a minute before she could get her voice.

"Why—why?" she stammered. "It was you, Madge," he cried desperately. "I thought that Edith was you. It was quite dark, and you both wore white dresses. I thought that you knew, and that you had gone there to wait for me."

"You thought—it was—I?" she exclaimed, looking up at him with staring eyes.

"I made a mad mistake which I must atone for the rest of my life," he answered. "Edith loves me, and she thinks I love her. You remember the old days? This must be good-bye, Madge, forever, my dear."

A silvery laugh from the breakfast room startled them. They spun round, to see Edith standing there.

"I couldn't help hearing you," she said, laughing happily. "O, Arthur, how foolish we both were! I could never have found courage to tell you—"

"To tell me?" "That I thought you were Leslie," she replied.

And then, in the revulsion of it all, Arthur kissed Edith again. But Madge did not seem to care.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

SACRED TO TENDER MEMORY Sunday Night Sparking a Time of Joy That Leaves its Impression on the Heart.

The Sunday night sparking is a sacred institution, the Manchester Mirror and American remarks.

But for it, life would be at a certain age not worth living, and race society would become indeed a matter of serious apprehension.

The man who has no tender memories of taking his girl home from Sunday evening service and going in for "a little while" is apt to be a crusty bachelor, hating women because he never knew one in her most charming attitude.

The man whose youth was never mellowed by a Sunday night kiss, stoten from not too unwilling lips, has missed half his life.

Half? Yes, nine-tenths! The Sunday nights when the fire burned low—and the lamp, too—hold a hallowed place in the memories of every normal life. The low fire and the low light have cast a softened glow that reaches all the way to the grave.

They who are grown old and heart hardened may sneer at it now and think that young hearts should be calloused as old ones are; but time was with all of us when we looked forward through the seven days of the week to Sunday night as the golden time of the week.

And our fathers did it. And our grandfathers. And our great-grandfathers. It is an ancient human custom that did not originate with our own youth or fall with it. The children do it in spite of our frowns. And our grandchildren will. And our great-grandchildren. Generations come and go, but Sunday night sparking remains.

Value of Human Energy. To raise a dish of strawberries for your Christmas dinner requires enough energy to grow your bread for a year.

The studied care which produces one orchid would, if employed in raising potatoes, give you a supply for many months.

Labor is the vital commodity in most of the things we eat and wear and enjoy. It changes a pound of metal worth a couple of dollars into watch parts worth thousands.

It covers \$12 worth of cloth into a \$50 suit of clothes. It multiplies the value of steel a hundred times when it makes razor blades.

When human energy is so valuable a thing, it is surprising how much of it is thrown away.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Were in Embryo. Mrs. Boucher (Miss Violet Vanbrugh) tells a story of two actors who were discussing their professional careers. One of them mentioned that since he last saw the other he had left the stage.

"But why did you leave the stage?" his friend asked, in surprise.

"Well," replied the other, "I had a hint that I was not suited for it."

"I see," was the friend's comment. "The little birds told you, eh?"

"Well, no; not exactly," was the reply. "But they might have become birds if they had been allowed to hatch."

They Take One Look. "How do you keep the girls at work? We employed girls for a time, but we found they spent too much time before the mirror."

"Our mirrors are all twisted, and make a girl's face look like it had been stepped on by a horse."

Not Surprising. "What do you think of an open meeting to discuss ways and means, by self-confessed rooters and grafters?"

"That's nerry. Who are they?" "Members of a professional gardeners' club."

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Advertisement for Coca-Cola featuring the classic logo and a bottle. Text includes 'Drink Coca-Cola' and 'And feel your thirst slip away You'll finish refreshed, cooled, satisfied.'

Advertisement for Redwood Stock and Tanks. Text includes 'REDWOOD STOCK AND TANKS SUPPLY' and 'LAST A LIFETIME—CANT RUST OR ROT—NO KNOTS'.

Advertisement for 'HAD THE CAP AND MESSAGE' and 'BLINDNESS IS BOY'S FATE'. Text includes 'Monsieur's Fun With Messenger Boy' and 'Appalling Effect of Careless Action'.

Continuation of the 'HAD THE CAP AND MESSAGE' story. A clerk on the fifth floor of the hall of records at New York saw a dark object fly by a window and opened the window to investigate. As he poked his head out he saw a fairly large-sized monkey chattering and scolding from the next window sill. Down below a crowd had gathered attracted by the unusual sight, and among the most interested was a hatless messenger boy. His interest was explained by the fact that he monkey held his hat in its paws and seemed about to tear it up, number plate, and all.

The Mammot Microbe. "The microbe craze is a good thing," said Dr. Egbert R. Hewittson, the well-known histologist, at a dinner at Atlantic City. "Yes, the microbe craze is a good thing. It has cleaned up the world. It has put a lot of diseases on the run. But, at the same time, it has its humorous side."

Want Much Below. Church—Who was it who said that man wanted little here below? Gotham—I don't know; but evidently he was not referring to the men who own the subways.

Self-Evident. "Why do you name that especial kind of a hat band the 'Vaudeville'?" "Because, stupid, it's a headliner."

HIT THE SPOT. Postum Knocked Out Coffee Ails. There's a good deal of satisfaction and comfort in hitting upon the right thing to rid one of the varied and constant ailments caused by coffee drinking.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Advertisement for Libby's Selected Olives. Text includes 'Libby's Selected Olives' and 'Every one from Seville, long famed as the home of the world's best olives.'