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## 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 brave-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 Mac-Lean in Chicago Evening Post.

Captain Ray Schalk of the American league Runts gave us the line-up of his 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" Clootte of White Sox.

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

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-Maisel, Yankees, Shortstop-Bush, Tigers.

Third base-Foster, Senators Left field-High, Tigers. Center field-Milan, Senators. 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 Charley Carr is certainly punishing make it as strong as you please. The the pellet. stronger the better I'll like it. Just rub it on thick. Make 'em enjoy it. And, say, whatever you say, just tell ing his own in the Federal league. 'em it's not strong enough. Get me?"

Cicotte insisted on saying something. "Say, how do you like that as the Naps' most reliable pitcher. pitching staff? I guess not!" he exclaimed. "But, on the level, I don't



Maisel 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. El- the season because of a broken leg. set out in October with a new record liott 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 Pe for Detroit, but the Tigers have been cria for the last three years, and is no respecters of southpaws this seasaid to have been entirely cured of son. his allment. He has been on the club's reserve list since. Elliott ent. to the Yankees from the McKeesport by Pitcher Gallia of the Kansas City team, which also developed Ray Cald- A. A. team the other day. He fanned well for the Yankees.

Frank L. Chance declares that the St Louis Browns are the most improved team in the American league that the fans are not tired of the The Yankee leader says this after national game, but are only waiting having met all of them. This is what he says: "The improvement in this tailend aggregation is almost beyond helief." The man who has brought about this improvement is the same but large-sized proportions of men Modesto battled for 17 innings before

## **COURT HITS "PEONAGE" IN HOFMAN CASE**



"Artie" Hofman, Clever Brooklyn Player.

"After only a few weeks with Pitts-

When I demanded payment for the

remainder of the amount called for

in my contract with the Chicago club,

"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."

ment chiefly to the "peonage" feature

men are bought and sold regardless

of their own wishes. Hofman's con-

tract was with the Chicago team. He

was sold to another team and brief-

ed Materially in Keeping Phila-

delphia Team in Fight.

tainly looks like the saving grace of

McGraw 25 Years in the Game.

as a professional ball player. His

in copping four successive National

will receive \$5,000 a month while turn-

ing the trick. He is forty-one years

Generous to Bradley.

erous thing by Bill Bradley, now man-

aging the Brooklyn Federals. Follow-

ing President Barrow's ruling that no

contract jumper could return to the

sent Bradley his outright release. Now

Longest California Game.

the California league was played at

The longest game in the history of

The Toronto club has done the gen-

Twenty-five years ago at this time

Dooin's infield.

Mike Palenti, ex-Brown and mem- contract was with the Olean, N. Y.,

team, with Ty Cobb the one man, Stockton May 16, when Stockton and

are Crawford, Bush, Dauss and Du- either side could score. Modesto won,

of the case.

Attorney Keehn devoted his argu-

"The evidence shows that the plain-

look to Pittsburgh for my salary.

"Artie" Hofman won in Chicago the | club of the National League for the other day-not at the Federal league season of April 1 to October 15, 1912, park, but in the municipal court. As calling for \$5,000," Hofman testified acting manager of the Brooklyn Feds "In June I was struck on the head he lost his game, but as "Artie" Hof- by a ball and injured. The injury man, one-time Cub star, he won in court | interfered with my playing and a by defeating the Cubs in a lawsuit. week later-June 30-I received a letincidentally he went far toward up- ter from Mr. Murphy, president of setting the whole "economic system" of the National and American leagues. | been disposed of to Pittsburgh.

The verdict returned in Judge Dolan's court awarded \$2,900.47 to Hofman, the amount claimed as back tained from Pittsburgh was \$694.47. pay due from the Cubs for the season

"Peonage" was the basis of the victory for Hofman. He told his story Mr. Murphy told me I would have to 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 tiff has been the victim of a human consented to be sold to the Pitts- market," he said, "a market in which burgh team and whether he voluntarily entered into a new contract with Pittsburgh."

And the jury, after just 19 minutes deliberation and balloting. de- ly 'notified' he had been sold. When a cided that Hofman was entitled to his system like that is countenanced in

Russ Ford is doing more than hold-

Bill Steen has replaced Vean Gregg

Eddie Cicotte is one of the hardest

Now they are beginning to call

President Gilmore says the Federals

Baseball must be slipping a little.

Lefty Schultz is now a member of

Pete Schneider ought to fit in with

the rest of the Reds. His name has

a name that harmonizes with Herzog's

Muggsy McGraw declares he will

win the bunting this year because he

consider the Detroit team a real pen-

Napoleon Lajoie may have lost some

of his speed, but it's still worth the

price of admission to watch him pick

ber of the Chattanooga Southern

Every manager in the American

league used to save his left-handers

A nifty pitching feat was performed

three men in a row on eleven pitched

The attendance in the East is in-

The Detroits may be a one-man

buc, not to mention several others. 1 to 0.

that the fans are not tired of the with organized ball.

creasing every day of late, showing

for the races to tighten up a bit.

league team, is out of the game for

. . .

the Buffalo club. He deserted Frank

. . .

J. Franklin Baker isn't getting his

will land Walter Johnson if money

Honus Wagner Huerta, because he re-

fuses to quit.

can secure him.

usual circuit swat.

Chance's Highlanders.

nant-contender.

up a ground ball.

balls.

worked pitchers in the American

"I had a contract with the Chicago'l criticize Russia?"

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 appletrees 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

And they received him like an old with him he felt the same subtle there to wait for me." 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.

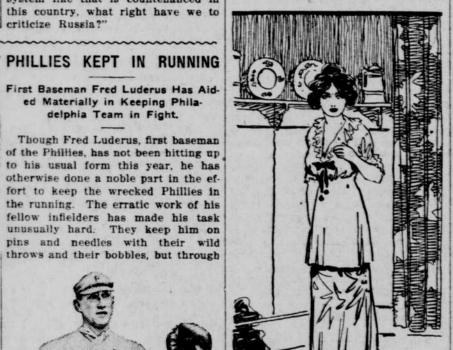
Squire Brenner alluded tactfully to strolled under the big chestnut trees by, Madge, forever, my dear." together.

"The man who gets Madge will be the club, informing me that I had lucky fellow," he said. "She is a girl of sterling merit. And she will inherit a good deal of money." Then burgh I was let out and all I obwith 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

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



gone out into the garden. Lessing lingering behind to settle Mrs. Bren- dren do it in spite of our frowns. ner in her chair and put the knitting And our grandchildren will. And our needles in her lap. Then he hurried

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 your Christmas dinner requires alone to that arbor beneath the chestnuts. The night was dark; he could a year. only see her white dress shining. He went softly toward her.

by the hands, "I love you. Will you many months. be my wife?"

"Yes," she whispered, and pressed her lips to his. And then he found and enjoy. It changes a pound of drinking. himself looking into Edith's dark eyes. metal worth a couple of dollars into It was well for his training that watch parts worth thousands. he had been schooled in a difficult has the best bunch of substitutes in it all he has played fine ball. It's a his and they started back toward the when it makes razor blades. nerve racking job he has and it may house together. be the psychological effect that in-

And, at the door, stood Madge and Managers Rickey, Callaban and Bir- fluences his batting. However, he is Carter. mingham, of the Western section, all a natural hitter and should soon strike his stride. In the meantime he cer-

"Aren't you coming out-?" Carter lic Ledger. began; and then the sight of Lessing's face checked him. "I want to tell you all," said Less-

ing, "that Edith has promised to be my wife." He kissed her again at the foot of John J. McGraw was just breaking in the stairs and went up to his room.

He sat for hours in his chair.

thinking. All the rules of his breedteam, and for six months of service ing told him that the mistake must he was paid \$360. Now he is about to never be acknowledged. To ask a woman to be one's wife and then to hint that I was not suited for it." filt her was an unpardonable offense league pennants, and incidentally he in his code. He knew Edith had always cared a little for him: in the old days there had been a little jealousy between the girls on that ac-birds i count. But the thought of Madge and hatch." what he had lost, the look of surprise upon her face at the announcement-these things made life seem intolerable. And Edith loved him!

standing what that expression had International league, the Toronto club | meant when she kissed him. A man who lives by a code is bound he can claim that his record is clear with silken threads stronger than been stepped on by a horse." steel. Lessing knew that there was no way out of the entanglement with

There was no possibility of misunder-

He was the first down in the morning, but after he had paced the grounds for a few minutes, Carter ers?" joined him.

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

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 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 though that friend. When Madge shook hands you knew, and that you had gone

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

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

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, he turned suddenly and shook hands 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 suicide would become indeed a matter of serious apprehension. The man who has not tender mem-

ories 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, stolen 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 speer 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 fail with it. The chilgreat-grandchildren. Generations come and go, but Sunday night sparking remains.

Value of Human Energy. To raise a dish of strawberries for

enough energy to grow your bread for The studied care which produces one orchid would, if employed in rais-

"Dearest," he whispered, taking her ing potatoes, give you a supply for Labor is the vital commodity in most of the things we eat and wear

It converts \$12 worth of cloth into world. He did not start or betray a \$50 suit of clothes. It multiplies

himself. He linked her arm through the value of steel a hundred times When human energy is so valuable

a thing, it is surprising how much of it is thrown away.-Philadelphia Pub-

Were in Embryo.

Mrs. Bourcher (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 "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

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

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

"That's nervy. Who are they?" "Members of a professional gar-



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# HAD THE CAP AND MESSAGE BLINDNESS IS BOY'S FATE

Monkey's Fun With Messenger Boy Was Altogether One-Sided, for a Period, at Least.

A clerk on the fifth floor of the hall ject flit by a window and opened the his head out he saw a fairly largesized monkey chattering and scolding jured boy is in a critical condition in from the next window sill. Down be- the Polyclinic hospital, and physicians by the unusual sight, and among the remove the terribly lacerated optics most interested was a hatless messenger boy. His interest was explained | life. by the fact that he monkey held his hat in its paws and seemed about to

tear it up, number plate, and all. "Run along, sonny, and deliver your message," said a stout man, who was puzzle. One of his playmates, unconamong the watchers. "I'll stay till the scious of Inglesbry's presence, threw monkey is caught, and keep your cap out the hand in which he was holding for you."

"Dat's all right," said the messenger, "but de message is in me cap." The monkey ran from window to window, trying to evade the volunteers almost gouged from their sockets. who rapidly organized a pursuit and The wounded child's screams of agony finally captured it. Its collar bore the attracted his parents, and they hurname of William H. Benjamin of 56 red him to the hospital.-Philadelphia Pine street. Over the telephone Mr. Inquirer, Benjamin said he bought the animal from a South American sailor recently. and it had escaped by unfastening its chain in his office before he could take to his home at Morristown, N. J. Mr. Benjamin called at the hall of records later and got his monkey.

The Mammoth Microbe.

But, at the same time, it has its

humorous side. have nothing to do with dogs or cats, works." because they are full of microbes. This morning, however, I came uponhim on the beach playing with a stray duffer called me Boyes." mongrel. But just as I came up he quitted the mongrel hurriedly.

"Papa," he said. "it's true about dogs having microbes. A big black microbe just jumped out of that dog's coat and lighted on my hand."

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 Alls.

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

"Ever since I can remember." writes an Ind. woman, "my father has been a lover of his coffee, but the continued use of it so affected his stomach that he could scarcely eat at times.

"Mother had coffee-headache and dizziness, and if I drank coffee for breakfast I would taste it all day and usually go to bed with a headache.

"One day father brought home a pkg. of Postum recommended by our grocer. Mother made it according to directions on the box and it just "hit the spot." It has a dark, seal-brown color, changing to golden brown when cream is added, and a snappy taste similar to mild, high-grade coffee, and we found that its continued use speedily put an end to all our coffee ills. "That was at least ten years ago

and Postum has, from that day to this, been a standing order of father's grocery bill. "When I married, my husband was

a great coffee drinker, although he admitted that it hurt him. When I mentioned Postum he said he did not like the taste of it. I told him I could make it taste all right. He smiled and said, try it. The result This extra quality is true of was a success, he won't have anything but Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum-must be well boiled-15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum-is a soluble powder. Made in the cup with hot water-no boiling-30c and 50c tins. The cost per cup of both kinds to about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

Appailing Effect of Careless Action Will Be the Permanent Loss of Child's Eyesight.

Gashed across the face by a pair of records at New York saw a dark ob- of scissors which a playmate thoughtlessly wielded in a reckless manner, window to investigate. As he poked three-year-old Thomas Inglesbry will lose the sight of both eyes. The inlow a crowd had gathered attracted say that, even though an operation to be necessary, he will be blinded for

With several companions who were spending the evening in his home. young Inglesbry was cutting strips from a newspaper to solve a picturethe scissors. The sharp point struck the Inglesbry boy's right eye and swept across the bridge of his nose, penetrating the other eye. Both eyeballs were

The Pilgrim. Alfred Noyes, the exponent of "paying poetry," told a good story at Princeton.

"One morning," he said, "my work was interrupted by a Westerner. He rushed in on me enthusiastically. He bruised my hand with the power of "The microbe craze is a good thing," his cordial clasp. He made me sit said Dr. Egbert R. Hewittson, the well- down and write my name 50 times on known histologist, at a dinner at At- a sheet of foolscap that he drew from is pocket-he wanted to dist 'Yes, the microbe craze is a good he explained, my autograph among all thing. It has cleaned up the world. his friends. He even urged me to It has put a lot of diseases on the run. write a poem for him-to dash a poem off while he looked on. This f he would not go till I had read him "I frequently urge my little son to a half dozen selections from my

Mr. Noves sighed. "And all the time," he ended, "the

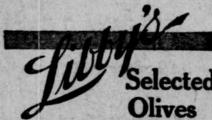
Bluecoats Rescue Kitten.

A report was telephoned to the West One Hundred and Sixty-second street police station by Mrs. Emanuel Levy of 7 Hamilton place that some one had fallen into a culvert opposite her home. Patrolman Nieand and two other policemen were hurried to the place. When they looked into the sewer they saw a kitten swimming about in the water ten feet below the street level. It had fallen through a four-inch opening while chasing a ball. The patrolmen spent half an hour fishing for the kitten with a rake. When they finally got it to the sidewalk it ran between the patrolmen's legs and disappeared around the corner.-New York Times.

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 Chartfulthers.
In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

"I'm afraid," said the lawyer, "that we will have to resort to the insanity

"Don't do that," said the prisoner. "I served on a jury once. If I have to listen to another lot of expert arguments on insanity I'll go crazy sure."



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Nature's finest, put up like the ho nade kind and all your trouble saved ents and there is real economy

