

BASE BALL GOSSIP.

CURRENT SAYINGS AND DOINGS ON THE DIAMOND.

President Young Interprets Section 9.—Rule 71 for the Guidance of Scorers.—Dexter's Doings—Indians in Baseball—Diamond Glints.



RESIDENT Young of the National League has come to the relief of the perplexed scorers and officially defined what an earned run under the new rule is. Here is his announcement:

"To Base Ball Scorers:—I have received several communications asking for an official interpretation of the rule (Sec. 9, Rule 71), relative to earned runs. An earned run is a run that reaches home base without the aid of a fielding or battery error. A stolen base cannot cut any figure, although there is no chargeable error. Still someone is at fault in one of several ways which would not justify the scoring of a fielding error. A base runner who makes a base hit and is advanced a base by a successful sacrifice hit is entitled to the credit of an earned run if he reaches home base before chances have been offered to retire his side. The section must be considered intelligently as a whole and not in part, and admits of no other fair interpretation."

The object of the rule makers in this matter evidently was to discourage bunting and to make the records more clearly indicate the ability and effectiveness of the pitcher regardless of his support, either in the field or on the base paths. In this the new rule will doubtless succeed as well as the rule maker could have wished. Whether it will have an adverse effect on base running, already too much handicapped, is a question. However, as runs, whether earned or unearned, decide games managers will doubtless see to it that the base runners are kept up to concert pitch regardless of any question of pitchers' records.

The Good Natured Man.

Recently Mr. Von der Ahe made the statement that catcher George Miller is a hard man to manage simply because of his good nature. At the league meeting Mr. Von der Ahe illustrated his saying with a case in point. Once last season George had had a hard night, and was playing wretchedly. Chris sent down word that Miller would be fined \$50. After the game Doggy hunted up Der Boss and told him that \$50 fine served him right, and that it should have been a hundred, and he knew he had done wrong. Miller said he would reform and never do wrong again, and asked Der Boss to lend him a dollar, which was done. Then Miller put the dollar on a bar and asked Von der Ahe to have a drink on his good intentions. Then Chris thought to even up by having another drink. Miller continued to express his sincere regrets at his misconduct, and Chris' soft spot was touched so much that he remitted the fine. Then Miller asked the magnate to drink to him because of his generosity. Chris then said, "Have another." Miller's borrowed dollar was now gone, and as Chris was already in mellow mood Doggy made a "touch" for twenty, which was forthcoming. They had a drink on that, and then some more drinks. When the bout ceased both men were glorious. Next day Chris reflected that Doggy had been relieved of his fine, had borrowed \$21 and both had become too much so, and he reflected that Callope was indeed a hard man to manage.

Dexter's Doings.

There is playing in one of the National League teams a young man who is a great credit to his profession beyond his worth as a player. We refer to Charles Dexter, of the Louisville team. His story of success is rather peculiar. Dexter is only 20 years old and is a graduate of Swannee University of the south, where he was for three years catcher for the



CHARLES DEXTER.

"varsity nine. After graduating he went home to Indianapolis and was made private secretary to Hon. John G. Shanklin, then secretary of the Hoosier state. From that position he drifted into journalism and went to Evansville, where he became a reporter for the Tribune. In his leisure hours young Dexter played with the strong Evansville base ball team. On a visit of the Louisvilles to that city last year Dexter's playing so favorably impressed the Louisville manager that an offer from that club was made so tempting in its provisions that Dexter accepted it and became a player in the National League. His success was immediate and unquestionable. Besides his remarkable fielding, good batting and "heady work while playing, this young man brings into the profession a high

standard of intelligence and polished manners so much needed among professional players. If there were more Dexters, Ponds, Tenneys, Smiths and Lewises in the National League it would be better for the great sport.

Native Denzer.

Denzer, the pitcher sold to Chicago by St. Paul, is of German parentage and first saw the light of day in Le Seur, Minn., a town of 1,700, Oct. 5, 1874. He went to school and grew, like so many others, and that's all, he says, he remembers. Of course, he liked base ball, like so many other boys, and when the town of St. Peter, 12 miles from his father's house, organized a team in 1893, Denzer was asked to join and pitch. He did, and for three years he played the nine of the neighboring towns. In the majority of these games the St. Peter nine came off victorious. Denzer's fame gradually got as far as St. Paul, and last year he was signed in that city. He pitched in 49 games during the season, and he acknowledges naively, "I lost all but 33 of the games." During the season he was in the box almost every other day. His best record he made during the August trip of the St. Paul team, when out of 24 games played, he pitched 12 and lost only two. Anson heard of the feat and so Denzer—modest, frank, simple—is now where his very act on the diamond is laid before the people of a great country.

Indians in Ball.

The most recent contract signed by the Cleveland Base Ball Club introduces to the National League the first Indian as a professional player. Sockalexis, the newest Spider, is a full-blooded aboriginal. The American Indian always had a love for games of ball, and the most expert lacrosse players on this continent are of that race. There is every reason why Indians should be good ball players. As a rule they are swift-footed, natural athletes, who need little training to get into the "pink of condition," and are noted for their acute eyesight. These qualities go far toward giving a ball player success on the diamond. Base ball to the Indians is as yet a venture, but within the last year he has demonstrated that



SOCKALEXIS.

In other games, especially foot ball, he has the power to give his Caucasian brother a "run for the money." The success achieved last season by the Carlisle foot ball eleven against some of the strongest college teams of the east demonstrated the fact that these descendants of the former lords of the forest, if given equal opportunities, would in a few years take the foot ball championship from their white competitors. It is only the advantage which the big college teams have of selecting players from greater numbers which gives them their present superiority. What the red race will do in base ball remains to be seen. If Sockalexis achieves any success with the Cleveland team, he will undoubtedly open the gates of the profession to others of his people. There is no prejudice against the Indian among professional sporting circles such as has always existed against the negro.

Best of All.

Captain Anson is the exponent of a half dozen sports. He is a clever billiardist, a good cyclist, can hold his own at the traps, and might be able to score a few points with the gloves. Base ball, however, is the apple of his eye. "That's the game for me," said he. "It is the only pastime ever devised that makes a manager out of every mother's son who sits on the bleachers or in the pavilion. Every fan who has paid his quarter thinks he could run the team better than anybody else, and he is honest in his belief. Suggestions? I get 'em by the basketful, and when I have my team arranged as I intend to play it into another basket they go—many of them without reading." And every manager could tell a like story at an experience meeting.—Cincinnati Post.

Diamond Glints.

It is claimed by Birmingham, Mich., that the first ball club organized in Michigan was started there just 43 years ago. One member of that team still survives. The famous Cass Club of Detroit was the outcome of an effort to emulate the Birmingham Club.

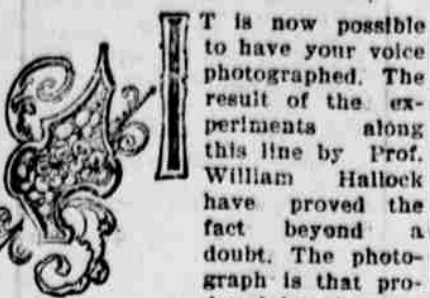
Louisville, Boston and Brooklyn competed for pitcher McMahon's services, but Brooklyn got his signature. Manager Barnie having enough faith in his old pitcher's ability to give him the limit. It will be remembered that it was Barnie who originally signed McMahon and Robinson for the Baltimore Club away back in 1890.

Anson's 46 years have not left many traces. His complexion is as clear and rosy as that of a young blood. He is within a few pounds of weight, and unless one knew of his long record on the diamond he would not suspect that he is the father of a young lady who, rumor hath it, will soon be wedded to a well-known business man of Kansas City.

SOUND PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE VOICE MAY NOW BE CAUGHT BY CAMERA.

One of the Most Wonderful Inventions of the Age—A New Range of Startling Possibilities Opened Up to Students of the Art.



It is now possible to have your voice photographed. The result of the experiments along this line by Prof. William Hallock have proved the fact beyond a doubt. The photograph is that produced by picturing the result of the vibrations caused by the voice. Every vibrating body has a certain keynote or pitch to which it vibrates. It will respond to no other note. It is necessary in considering Professor Hallock's discovery to bear this fact constantly in mind. The apparatus of Professor Hallock is very interesting and equally simple. In the first place, there is a series of hollow metallic spheres, differing in size. Naturally, each vibrates to a musical tone, all different. There are available as it were all the different vibrations which go to make up a melody which pleases the ears of great and small. Each of these balls, or metallic spheres, has a small hole at one side. Opposite this hole a membranous drumhead is placed. A lighted gas jet is placed on the further side of the drum. This arrangement is entirely toward the point of vibration. Therefore, when the air inside the ball is made to vibrate by the musical sound corresponding to its tone pitch the membrane also vibrates. The vibration is promptly communicated to the lighted gas jet on the further side of the drumhead. The vibration causes the gas jet to jump, and therefore one sound of the voice is registered in an objective fashion. While it would be very interesting the mere photograph of a single vibration would be practically valueless from a scientific standpoint, but Professor Hallock has, however, utilized his method in another manner. He arranges a series of these spheres, drumheads and lights,



PHOTOGRAPHING THE HUMAN VOICE.

so that each one responds to the tone of a musical scale. When the singer strikes C, the C sphere vibrates, and so on through the gamut. Thus it may be seen that the voice—the sounds that it means!—become matters to be seen rather than heard. In fact, a person who is totally deaf could tell, with a little practice, just exactly what these gas jets told in the way of music. To see musical sounds is something few people ever expected would happen, but, as has often occurred before, science has brought about the apparently impossible. The person whose voice is tested with the Hallock apparatus can always have a photograph taken thereof, which will show a power exact in accordance with the facts. The possibility of photographing the singer's voice also renders it possible to give photographic certificates of excellence. One of these days it is likely to become as common a matter to see a photograph of a person's face in a newspaper as it is of his face. Thus the great singers of the world can give ocular evidence of the power of their singing voices.

When a new star appears in the operatic world by means of the Hallock discoveries, the public may become thoroughly familiarized with his or her singing powers before they have heard the voice. Some scientists declare that this discovery is the beginning of an area in photography whereby not only the human voice shall be photographed, but the thoughts of a person as they are framed in the mind.

Too New.

Mildred—Why did you spurn the attentions of Charley Middleton? Alice—Because he doesn't come of an old enough family to suit my folks. Mildred—Indeed! Why, I supposed that his great-grandfather had fought in the revolutionary war. Alice—That may all be, but his father and mother have just taken up the bicycle.—Cleveland Leader.

MUSIC FROM A CAVERN.

Mysterious Choir Has Produced a Remarkable Awakening.

The city of Roswell, in the Pecos valley of New Mexico, is in mourning, and consternation prevails, says the Galveston News. No longer do its citizens wear the smile of peace and contentment as of yore. Saloons and gambling houses are all closed and their occupants may be seen standing about in crowds canvassing the recently discovered phenomenon which has enveloped this land in gloom greater than would follow the announcement of the millennium. Three days ago a Mexican shepherd walked into Roswell, and, standing on the street corner with eyes directed heavenward, was making the sign of the cross on his breast and murmuring incoherently as if praying. Being accosted by a man passing by, he stated that he had discovered, ten miles west of Roswell, a cave in which angels were singing and playing upon musical instruments never before heard by him, and, feeling confident that the world was coming to an end, he wished to apprise the people of the earth, that they may prepare themselves for the grand finale. Several men returned with him, and to their utter amazement discovered that he spoke the truth, for as they appeared at the mouth of the cave plainly could they hear the enchanting chords of the heavenly orchestra pealing forth the familiar notes of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." They returned to Roswell with tears in their eyes and proclaimed that all is vanity here on earth and the time had come for the people to abandon temporal affairs and prepare for the millennium, for the end of the world draws near. Crowd after crowd, counting hundreds on hundreds of people, have visited the musical cave the past two days, and such an era of peace and good will, of reconciliation and of forgiveness and protestations of sorrow for past evils never before prevailed in the godless land. People approach this cave with heads uncovered, with awe and reverence depicted in every line of feature and drawing inspiration from the sweet melody pouring forth from the bowels of the earth stand spellbound under the influence of an unknown power. Men, women and children have surrendered themselves to religious zeal, and our country presents the appearance of a camp meeting under the combined influence of Sam Jones, Mulkey, Moody and Sanky.

LIFE IN OUR ARMY.

COMFORT AND DISCOMFORT IN GARRISON POSTS.

The Officers and Their Families Compose a Little Social World in Which Scandal Rarely Enters—More or Less Isolated.



EVULIAN visitors at West Point during the month of June, while examinations are going on, must acquire very rosy ideas of army life. Nothing is sterner, little is known, and less thought of the hard work and incessant application to study that lie behind that brilliant panorama of military display that unrolls with marvellous and bewildering rapidity before the eyes of the visitor at "The Point."

Now, the Military Academy is not the army, and army life is not the average military post is widely different from life at West Point. So far as the cadets are concerned their life is that of a student—one of preparation. As for the officers on duty there, they have, as a rule, heartily welcomed the order that transferred them from an isolated frontier post to West Point, the most attractive station in the army, and though the duties peculiar to that post are not by any means always agreeable the officers manage to make their tour of duty there one long holiday.

But for the army posts, nearly every one of them is quite a distance from any center of civilization, and is, of course, very much isolated. This condition of affairs was worse before the War of the Rebellion than it is today, when the railroads practically shorten the distance between most of our garrisons and the nearest, yet still distant towns. But even as it is now, the people of the garrison are, to a great extent, cut off from society at large, if by nothing else than the difficulty experienced by civilian visitors in the effort to reach the post.

But army life, like other lives, is just what one makes it. You can extract from it enough commonplace discomfort and annoyance to gratify, satisfy and in every way accommodate the most exacting grumbler, who is always lying low in wait for a grievance, and who, like Mrs. Gummidge, in "David Copperfield," is never happy unless she is miserable. On the other hand, if, as the Holy Scriptures say: "You have the kingdom of heaven within you" in the guise of a good digestion, a hopeful and always cheerful heart, you can find an abundance of real fun in a garrison life.

Thrown together in a comparatively isolated situation, the garrison people, unless very near a large city, come to depend almost entirely upon themselves for social enjoyment. Sociables, whist parties, sewing circles for the benefit of neighboring poor, and gatherings together for progressive euche, are organized, and under the influence of a few of the most energetic among them, generally prove to be successful. With all this friendly and frequent intercourse the usual courtesies of polite society are far more strictly observed, in my opinion, and as a matter of duty, than they are in civil life. As strict an observance of formal calls and return calls is kept up as if the parties were but slightly acquainted and separated by half the breadth of a city.

This intimate social intercourse, tempered by the formality of good breeding, results in a comradeship and mutual respect from which spring the friendships of a lifetime. The individuals of this little community have common interests. They share alike in the discomforts of the not infrequent changes of station, with the consequent and unavoidable transfer of families and household goods.

With all this there is, of course, a readiness on the part of each to help the other to whom has come a time of trouble or anxiety, or who may be inconvenienced by some unforeseen complication of unavoidable events. This mutual helpfulness often has a funny side to it. I remember at one post where I was stationed there was an officer who prided himself on being the happy possessor of the best army overcoat and cape in the garrison. This was during one of those times when congress had failed to appropriate money for the pay of the army, and the officers were not buying as many suits of clothes as usual.

This particular overcoat and cape were borrowed so often that the owner was never quite sure whether either article could be found in his quarters when he desired it for his own use. The cape was in particular demand by the youngsters who were bent girward, and whose pay was not then more than half as much as it is now.

Another officer got into the habit of loaning his steamer trunk, which, by the way, really belonged to his wife. It was a very handy thing for one to take along who was going on court-martial duty to another station, being small and light and yet large enough to hold a full dress suit and a change of clothes. One day his wife was herself called upon to take a short journey and desired to use that particular trunk. After considerable searching it was found in the quarters of another officer, a grizzled old veteran, who had been the last to use it in its round through the garrison, but had forgotten to return it. But it was so plastered over with a picturesque pattern of baggage labels pertaining to pieces of which the lady had, perhaps, only heard in a vague sort of way that it was with some difficulty she identified her property.

Into such a flock of intelligent, educated and highly bred people it is but natural that there should, now and then, but rarely, as sometimes happens in other societies, come an obstreperous sheep, or several of them, whose antics attract all the more attention and all the more newspaper notoriety because of the official position and the necessarily well known names of the officers of the post where such a thing may possibly occur. But army officers are rather remarkable for being just that, for attending to their own business—and, as a rule, are unsuspecting of conduct that, while it may sometimes be somewhat unusual, is perfectly proper—any way it is none of their business. A violation of this general rule of conduct sometimes leads to a court martial and nearly always to social ostracism.

But the brightest, noblest side of garrison life is seen when the little community is threatened by a misfortune that may involve all within its limits. Such, for instance, is an epidemic of yellow fever in some southern post.

Regardless of self, the officers, their wives and the enlisted men and their families become endowed with a spirit of devotion that seems to know no fear, and that obliterates in the cause of suffering humanity all distinctions of rank or social position. Instances of this kind are too numerous to mention in a limited article like this, but the history of them all would be well worth reading.

C. A. LANGDON.

WE'D SETTLE IT.

But the Threat to Do So Had to Be Explained.

Judge Murphy was trying a case in San Rafael once. It was a murder case and bitterly contested. It had not proceeded very far before the attorneys got to loggerheads, says the San Francisco Bulletin. The attorney for the defense did his best to intimidate the attorney for the prosecution, and the prosecuting attorney retailed with all his might. Finally matters got to such a pitch that the attorney for the prosecution turned upon his opponent and called him down in open court. Judge Murphy interrupted, saying:

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, this won't do. This sort of thing is very disrespectful to the court. This is no place for such exhibitions. If you gentlemen have any differences to settle, settle them out of court."

"The attorney for the defense immediately rose and said: "We have no differences, if your honor please."

"If your honor please," said the prosecuting attorney, "I wish to say that we have differences. And I wish to give notice that when court adjourns I intend to crack that man's head over there."

Judge Murphy exploded. "How dare you, sir? How dare you? This is the grossest contempt of court. How dare you come here and attempt to terrify counsel? I fine you \$50, sir, \$50."

The attorney replied: "That is rather hard on me, if your honor please. Your honor distinctly suggested that I should settle my differences with this man out of court, and I gave notice of my intention to do so. That is all. I have the highest respect and appreciation of your honor's judgment in such matters, and I felt proud to accept your honor's advice."

Judge Murphy was not proof against such subtle flattery and the fine was promptly remitted.

Dr. Abernethy's Memory.

A friend dining with the famous Dr. Abernethy on Mrs. Abernethy's birthday had composed some verses in honor of the occasion, which he repeated to the family circle after dinner. "Ah!" said Abernethy, smiling, "that is a good joke, now, your pretending to have written those verses." His friend simply rejoined that "Such as they were, they were certainly his own." After a little good-natured bantering he began to show annoyance at Abernethy's apparent incredulity, who, thinking it time to finish the joke, said: "I know those verses very well, and I could say them by heart." His friend was amazed at Abernethy's repeating them throughout correctly, and with the greatest ease. He had fixed them in his memory, though only once read to him.

What It Costs to Travel in Private Car.

Traveling in a private car is a luxury that may now be enjoyed upon most American railroads by any one who will pay eighteen railway fares, and for eighteen berths, and bear the cost of the cook, meat and drink; but it is most frequently enjoyed, free of cost, by those who can perfectly well afford to pay for it. The charms of this method of getting about may be greatly overrated; and I have one friend who rides in a special car and tells me that to travel in that way is not always agreeable.—Scribner's.

Corn in Cornflowers.

The demand for blue cornflowers in the markets of Berlin for the decoration of persons and houses on the centenary festival of old Kaiser Wilhelm's birthday was so enormous that it was next to impossible to obtain a sufficient supply.—Berlin Das Echo.

Stewed Putty-Blowers.

Johnny, who had been out to dinner, came home and told his mother they had stewed putty blowers. Subsequently it came out that they had macaroni.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Harpoon in a Whale.

A whale recently captured in Arctic waters was found to have embodied in its side a harpoon belonging to a whaling vessel that had been out of service nearly half a century.