

Nevertheless, there's not a Philadelphia fan, I venture, who would n't make an indignant retort if you pointed out to him that it was not a Philadelphia team he was supporting so fanatically, but a group of money machines. And these "fans," as they are known, are drawn from every walk of life. In Washington they say that the Taft Administration is a better "baseball administration" than was that of Roosevelt. They say that while the Colonel would go to a ball game once in a while, he was not a "fan" like President Taft. In the Washington American League park there's a box reserved for the Presidential Party. Other fans at the Capital are Vice-President James S. Sherman, Chief Justice White, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, and a score of senators. Like the Playwright, the Actress, the Butcher, the Boy and the Priest, whom we saw at Shibe Park, they demand action—the action of a star player and a long hit.

Every year, the National and the American Leagues pay close to \$175,000 to the minor leagues for young and promising players whom they draft. New blood is demanded by the box office. Last year Pittsburgh paid St. Paul \$22,500 for Martin J. O'Toole, a phenomenal young pitcher. Three years ago New York paid Indianapolis \$11,000 for Marquard; and Philadelphia paid Baltimore \$12,500 for Russel. Let me explain that these players are drafted and bought after representatives of the major league clubs have

seen them work on minor league diamonds. These representatives, known as "scouts," search the smaller league circuits for the new player, the new attraction that is constantly in demand. Let me illustrate:

One summer a few years ago, two teams were playing in a small Eastern town. Perched high in the grand stand, far above the clamorous rooters, was a man. Beyond the fact that he was a stranger and kept very quiet, there was nothing to distinguish him from any of the other spectators at that game. He did not enthuse. Indeed, it was only when the strong-looking, dark-haired young man, who was at third base for the home team, featured the play that he appeared interested. As the game neared its end, the stranger drew a little memorandum pad from his pocket and scribbled in it. The sturdy young man had made four hits, in addition to showing all-round skill. Then, the stranger went to a telegraph station and wired the Philadelphia American League Baseball Club. The message suggested that an immediate option on the third baseman be obtained.

Two years have passed. A world's series game is being played in Shibe Park. Philadelphia is at bat, fighting the New York Giants. A great volume of sound mounts roaring to the skies. A home run has been made; a ball is bounding down Twenty-first street; a thick-legged young man is crossing the plate. His name—you've guessed it—is Baker.

THE WIDOW WREN

(Continued from Page 11)

"I would n't think about it, if I was you," she soothed, nearly as agitated as he was. "It's all over and done with now."

"No it ain't; not by a damned sight!" he burst out shrilly. "It can't be over till I've made it up to her with every drop of blood and every bit of sense I've got left in my miserable old carcass. And to think that I was mad at her when I first found her note saying she was gone; I even cussed some and slammed things around. Then, it got awful still. The sound of my boots tramping round on the bare floors of the big house scared me, and I got to going in my stocking feet and to shutting doors quiet as though there was some one dead in the house. And there was! Oh, my God, there was! If I had choked her to death with my big hands—the little, shy, lovin' thing that I'd sworn to take care of—I could n't 'a' done any worse." He buried his face in his hands, his body racked by terrible, dry sobs. Mrs. Wren was crying softly at his side.

"In time, though, I got to thinking—and seeing," he went on, at length, when he was calmer; "and, one day I saw her room—our room—for the first time. I'd slept in it for years, but I

had n't ever seen it before. It was—Oh Lord!" He came near breaking down again, but pulled himself together. "It was as bare as the attic. There was a picture from a paper pinned on the wall and some red berries in an ink bottle on the bureau. That was all, and I understood; and when I stumbled down stairs and out into the yard, 'most crazy, I run across a place in a fence corner where she'd tried to have some flowers the summer before; but the hens had scratched 'em all up. I laid right down with my face in the dried stalks and had it out, and—and—here I am," he concluded brokenly, his big hand stealing out timidly in search of hers.

The hand farther down the lawn was playing softly, and a great, quiet peace had settled over the place with the coming of twilight.

"Do—do you suppose—she could ever—forgive me?" he whispered, at length, brokenly.

For answer, Mrs. Wren took the big hand that she was holding tightly in both of hers, and kissed it; then, a joyful cry of "Esther! Oh, Esther!" broke the stillness, and little Mrs. Wren disappeared within her husband's arms.

WOMEN WHO COUNT

May Wilson Preston

Mrs. May Wilson Preston is well known as a magazine illustrator, and her portrait of Ernest Lawson, the painter, attracted much favorable comment at the American Academy's exhibition in 1911. Mrs. Preston, who is prominent in the literary and artistic summer colony of Bellport, L. I., was born in New York, has a large circle of friends, and is a leader in the independent and advanced element of American illustrators and artists.—Beatrice Lang.

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth is known as the "Angel of the Prisons." She is the founder of Hope Hall, an institution in the city of New York, to which the discharged convict may go and live amid homelike surroundings until his prison-blinded eyes become accustomed to the light of the busy world around him. He is given employment, and is "tried out" until the officials feel that he is worthy of trust. Then, the "Little Mother," as she is sometimes called, finds a place for him and stands responsible for him until he proves his worth, or goes back to his life of crime, which last occasionally happens. But failures are rare, and

in most cases the personality of this little woman, the friend of the most friendless class in all the world, holds the men in line.—Lida D. Woods.

Miss. Helen Clay Frick

Miss Helen Clay Frick is already spending in charities a portion of her father's fortune. Mr. Frick is credited with donating to Pittsburg a splendid park site, which it is said will rank among the greatest playgrounds of America. It was, however, really the gift of his daughter. Miss Frick is especially interested in the work and life of shop girls. She has taken a splendid farm near the Frick summer home, and has turned it into a vacation place for women workers. For several summers now, she has opened its hospitable doors to scores of girls who come from the city.—L. A.

White buckskin or canvas shoes can be made to look like new by scrubbing them (using a small hand brush) with lukewarm water and soap. Leave them in the sun until thoroughly dry; then, sprinkle talcum powder over them and rub it in with the palm of the hand. The powder makes the shoes white and glossy. Velvet shoes can be successfully cleaned by rubbing them with a cloth dipped in gasoline.



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