Sport News and Gossip

MY WORST BLUNDER

Famous "Bonehead" Plays on Major League Diamonds Explained by Leading Baseball Players to

Hugh S. Fullerton

BY HANS LOBERT

Infielder Philadelphia Nationals, Who Is One of the Fastest and Cleverest Baserunners in the Business

The worst bonehead play I ever made was in not picking one position and sticking to that, but if you mean some play on the diamond, I have one that was tolerably solid. It is one to put in the book and laugh over later, but it wasn't very laughable then. The play show that a fellow can't think of two things at once, and proves that sometimes one idea gets into a fellow's head and keeps him from thinking of anything else for a second, or a part of a second, and that is about all the time a fellow needs to make a bad break at baseball.

It was when I was with the Cincinnati club. I had been playing third and in the outfield, but on this day I was put in at short because someone was hurt. It was late in the season and the team we were playing against was almost as far out of it as we were, so there was a lot of kidding going on. There was a field day to be held that fall and the announcement had just been made, so we were joshing about what we were going to do to each other. Along late in the game one of their players, a fellow who was so slow that I won't mention his name, got to second and started joking with me about bunting and running.

"Why," he said, "I can trim you myself at the bunt and run, or circling the bases. Did you see me come down here?" We kept this up for several minutes. There was a runner on third also, and the batter fouled off a couple and gave us more time to kid each other, and finally he hit a ball down to me on the second bound. Two were out, but I saw that slow fellow pass me and start for third. Like a flash I decided to run him down, touch him out and turn the joke, so instead of tossing the ball over to first and ending the inning I chased him. I caught him ten feet from third, but as I hit him in the back the ball bounced out of my hands and rolled away, and the runner scored from third and everyone was safe. Along came a couple of hits, and they came within a run of tying us up. You may bet I worked my head off to beat them out, and we managed to do it, but if that game had been lost by my blunder I certainly never would have heard the last of it. I never have tried a joke on any opposing player since then, at least not of that kind. It is too likely to kick back.

Little Stories About Baseball

(By W. A. Phelon).

The Evening Bible Class

"Uncle Anson was a merry old soul," says Jimmy Ryan, the on-time star of the champion Chicago team, "but he was also a strict old soul when it came to rules and discipline. He observed rigorous training laws himself, and he insisted that his followers should do the same. Poker was all right when on the cars—up to a limited extent and to a certain hour. A cold beer might be had after a hot afternoon's hard work, but Uncle frowned on the amber when the hours were late and the athletes ought to be in bed. He had ways find means too, of finding out whether you were putting anything over on him, and somehow or other the old boy seemed to get wise to almost anything that was going on.

"One summer night in Boston, or so long ago, we waited till we were quite sure that the old man, being very tired from the stress of a double-header, had retired. Then a select bunch of us gathered in Bill Everitt's room, and surely there was cheer and comfort for one and all. We had several pitchers full of cold stuff, and two tables, with six heroes gathered round each table. Two poker games, for very decent stakes, were soon in progress, and the clicking of chips and the gurgling of beer made up a sweet medley of wholly inoffensive sounds.

"The fun had been under way for perhaps half an hour, when Tim Donohue stepped out in the hall for a moment. The next instant we heard Tim give a whistle of surprise. Then he came back, and called us out in pairs. The glass transom was resting at such an angle that the whole crowd in the room was reflected on its surface almost as clearly as in a mirror, and anyone stopping outside could see every detail of what was going on.

"Boys," hissed Tim in a stage whisper, "I'll swear I heard footsteps and breathings out here a minute ago. Some divil has spotted us, and ten to wan he'll go an' tell th' ould man. Shall we quit the game?"

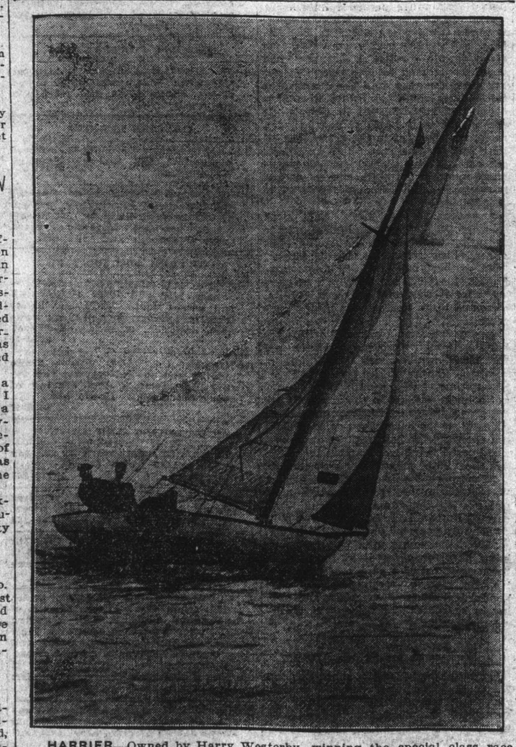
"Quit nothing," said Bill Everitt. "Watch me and take my cue!" "Like lightning the ingenious Mr. Everitt got in his deadly work. There was a Bible, left by some religious association, on a table near the window, and Bill forayed into an adjoining, empty room to get another. The cards were hidden. The beer was carefully concealed—interiorly—and the pitchers were filled with plain, cold water. We gathered round the tables again. At one table, Bill Lange presided, with his bible open; at the other, Bill Everitt was in charge, and both began softly to read passages from the good books. At this juncture, we heard feet in the corridor. Sure enough, some cheap spy had spotted us, and gone to tell old Uncle.

"The feet halted for a minute, and then there came a knock on the door. Then the door opened, and in strode uncle.

His red face grew redder yet for a moment, and then turned a light, apologetic pink.

"Boys," said Uncle, "This is a pleasant surprise. Some sneaking reptile told me you were boozing and gambling in this room, and I hurried up to see about it. I apologize to you all for ever harboring such unworthy suspicions, and I'll tend to the sneaking hound that lied to me as soon as I get downstairs.'

"Three minutes later, the chips clicked once more, but what little noise they made was drowned by shrieks and cries that came from the floor below, and told what was happening to the would-be knocker who had brought the dreadful tale to the good Old Man."



HARRIER—Owned by Harry Westerby, winning the special class race at the National Yacht club regatta recently on Lake Ontario.

ZIMMERMAN AND COBB ARE LIKELY 1912 MAJOR LEAGUE KINGS

Joe Wood Leads American Twirlers and Marquard Again Leads National

There were practically no changes in the positions of the batting leaders in the big leagues during the last week. Ty Cobb topped the American league with comfortable margin and Zimmerman has little to fear from his nearest rival, Sweeney.

Joe Wood continues his marvelous winning streak and bids fair to hang up a record that will stand for all time. Marquard has regained the leadership of the National league pitchers, Lew Richie dropped into second place.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Leading Hitters

	A.B.	R.	H.	S.B.	P.C.
Cobb, Detroit	482	103	197	46	.409
Speaker, Boston	501	114	197	48	.393
Jackson, Clev.	483	95	178	27	.369
Schalk, Chicago	39	6	14	1	.359
Collins, Philadel.	455	109	151	39	.334
Lajoie, Cleveland	345	50	115	12	.333
McInnes, Phila.	408	63	155	18	.331
Dr. Murphy, Phila.	130	27	43	7	.331
Baker, Phila	490	96	161	31	.328
Easterly, Chicago	215	19	67	4	.312
Crawford, Detroit	513	65	159	39	.310
Cady, Boston	84	13	26	0	.310
Gardner, Boston	466	77	144	23	.309

Leading Pitchers.

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Wood, Boston	32	4	.889
Plank, Philadelphia	21	5	.808
Johnson, Washington	30	10	.750
Bedient, Boston	16	6	.727
R. Collins, Boston	12	5	.706
Coons, Philadelphia	21	9	.700
Hall, Boston	16	7	.696
Dubuc, Detroit	18	9	.667
Scott, Chicago	2	1	.667
Bender, Philadelphia	14	8	.636
Cashion, Washington	7	4	.636
Groome, Washington	19	12	.619

Team Fielding

	G.	P.O.	A.	E.	P.C.
Boston	129	3446	1576	211	.960
Phila.	127	3364	1594	205	.960
Cleveland	129	3390	1630	235	.855
Washington	131	3492	1640	246	.954
Chicago	129	3466	1765	267	.951
Detroit	131	3525	1886	283	.950
St. Louis	129	3380	1623	290	.945
New York	127	3340	1503	319	.339

Team Batting

	A.B.	R.	H.	P.C.
Philadelphia	4210	650	1182	.281
Boston	4283	674	1184	.276
Detroit	4424	619	1174	.265
Cleveland	4311	528	1185	.265
New York	4198	520	1082	.258
Chicago	4275	534	1092	.255
Washington	4299	601	1027	.253
St. Louis	4196	451	1026	.245

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Leading Hitters

	A.B.	R.	H.	S.B.	P.C.
Zimmerman, Chi.	119	471	84	183	.389
Sweeney, Boston	125	484	66	178	.368
Meyers, N. Y.	112	350	59	124	.354
Doyle, N. Y.	115	455	94	155	.341
Konetchy, St. L.	148	549	78	156	.340
Evers, Chicago	122	413	62	138	.334
Wilte, N. Y.	20	45	5	15	.333
Simon, Pittsburg	28	76	8	25	.329
Kling, Boston	76	235	26	75	.319
Lobert, Phila.	85	257	82	37	.319
Kelly, Pittsburg	43	129	19	41	.318
W. Miller, Chicago	55	145	25	46	.317
Wagner, Pittsburg	118	151	56	142	.315

Leading Pitchers

	Won	Lost	P.C.
Marquard, New York	25	8	.758
Richie, Chicago	15	5	.750
Chalmers, Philadelphia	8	2	.750
Cheney, Chicago	21	8	.724
Tesreau, New York	12	8	.706
Hendrix, Pittsburg	19	8	.704
Leifield, Chicago	7	3	.700
Wiltse, New York	0	4	.692
Candall, New York	11	5	.688
C. Smith, Chicago	6	3	.667
Matheweson, New York	20	11	.645

Team Hitting

	G.	P.O.	A.	E.	P.C.
New York	4151	714	1169		.282
Chicago	4230	648	1184		.280
Pittsburg	4320	580	1205		.279
St. Louis	4267	578	1166		.273
Boston	4387	544	1174		.269
Brooklyn	4215	544	1130		.268
Philadelphia	4127	556	1084		.263
Cincinnati	4229	526	1073		.254

Team Fielding

	G.	P.O.	A.	E.	P.C.
Pittsburg	126	3466	1554	164	.968
Chicago	126	3404	1678	190	.962
Philadelphia	124	3306	1546	162	.962
Cincinnati	125	3431	1565	203	.961
St. Louis	127	3412	1683	216	.959
Brooklyn	124	3261	1572	210	.958
Boston	125	3354	1584	254	.951
New York	124	3298	1514	247	.951

Wants act quickly and they cost but a trifle.

PITCHER GASPAR—Who was released by the Toronto International Ball club to Wilkesbarre team. He is a very pretty pitcher, for which Toronto paid thirty-five hundred dollars to the Cincinnati Nationals, but he used poor judgment, and Wilkesbarre got him for five hundred dollars.

TIDE OF EMIGRATION SOUTHWARD HAS CEASED TO FLOW

The sending of special agents from Washington to Canada to enquire into the causes for the emigration of the people northward is conclusive evidence that the movement has assumed such proportions as to call for action even from the optimistic Uncle Sam, writes T. St. Pierre in the Winnipeg Free Press.

Although the showing made in the last Canadian census did not quite meet the expectations to which the reports of the immigration officials had given rise, there is according other information which demonstrates that during the last decade a great and favorable change occurred in the movement of population in this country.

The most pleasing part of the information is to be found in the statistics which have just been compiled in Washington giving the birthplace of the inhabitants of the republic. The appearance of these tables after each decennial census has long had a special interest for Canada, but it was a melancholy feeling to which they gave rise in the breast of every patriotic Canadian, because each census showed a rapidly increasing number of natives of this country who had gone to live under the Stars and Stripes. At last the pendulum has started to swing back; and if there is some satisfaction in attracting a large number of immigrants from the four corners of the world, there must be greater rejoicing at finding that Canada is now well on the way to becoming indeed the country for the Canadians.

157,000 in Year 1850

The emigration of native Canadians from the older provinces of Canada to the south and western states has been a plague to our rulers almost since the origin of our government. The first American census in which the birthplace of the people was reported, that of 1850, showed 157,000 natives of Canada living in the United States. Then the building of railroads across the boundary, the opening of the Mississippi valley to agriculture, the creation of an American manufacturing industry, the discovery of gold in California, even the war of secession, would contribute to increase the flow of population southward. The National Policy of 1879, as everybody knows, proved a dismal failure in stopping this loss of Canadian blood, and even the building of the Canadian Pacific was without any appreciable influence in settling the country. There never was a larger annual immigration from Canada to the United States than during the years 1880 to 1900.

The extent of this loss can only be measured by reflecting well on the following figures: There were in 1900 1,183,325 natives of Canada in the United States, with 1,719,412 children born in the republic having both parents Canadians and 412,350 children more having one parent born in Canada. So that more than one-third of the whole Canadian race were living under a foreign flag.

No Increase Now.

This stream of emigration which had been going on for a century could not be diverted in a moment; the channels which it had dug for itself were to deep; those who had almost inherited the belief, "when in trouble go to the States," needed strong preaching to change their mind. But it is evident now that the policy of national development pursued between 1900 and 1910 has produced an impression. For the first time in sixty years the number of native Canadians in the States has not materially increased during the elapsed decade. Its actual increase has been only 2.2 per cent.; and we must consider in connection with this fact that now the loss is far more than counterbalanced by the immigration from the United States to Canada. Another significant fact is that while in 1900 Canada supplied 11.5 per cent. of the foreign born population of the republic, our proportion in 1910 was reduced to 9 per cent.

Still we now find 1,198,000 native Canadians living in the States and the field for the repatriation of these wanderers is an inviting one. The distribution of the Canadian population between the several states is of great interest in that connection. The following table shows, by states mentioned, the distribution of natives of Canada, distinguishing between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians, a distinction which was first introduced in the American enumeration in 1890, upon the suggestion of the writer of this article.

The following table shows the number of natives of Canada, living in the United States, and the states named, distinguishing between English and French-speaking.

(These figures are subject to revision as those given for the individual states would show a larger total than those estimated for the United States by the census bureau.)

	English Speaking	French Speaking
Continental United States	824,474	373,526
North Atlantic Division	364,467	304,713
Maine	40,336	34,984
New Hampshire	16,930	40,762
Vermont	11,354	14,624
Massachusetts	160,712	134,460
Rhode Island	7,706	24,042
Connecticut	7,769	18,869
New York	97,829	24,532
New Jersey	7,828	1,203
Pennsylvania	13,953	1,246
North Central Division	346,913	64,805
Ohio	21,068	2,310
Indiana	4,985	789
Illinois	37,668	7,427
Michigan	142,713	28,082
Wisconsin	14,875	7,970
Minnesota	29,592	10,977
Iowa	10,588	944
Missouri	7,164	779
North Dakota	18,607	2,362
Nebraska	6,592	1,080
Kansas	6,030	1,087
South Dakota	5,022	998

The other states showing a large Canadian born population are California, 44,000; Washington, 39,000; Oregon, 12,000; Montana, 13,000; Colorado, 9,000; and Idaho, 5,000. The state showing the smallest Canadian born population was South Carolina with only 278. Between Florida and Colorado, Texas and Oklahoma show the largest Canadian population, each having about 3,000.

Many in New York.

Of the Canadian Born population of New York state one-half resides in and around Manhattan Island and not less than 16,000 in Buffalo and 9,000 in Rochester. Chicago's Canadian population is on the decrease, but there is an increase in Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, Providence and especially Seattle, Spokane and Portland. In fact the present emigration from Canada to the States must be explained by the attraction of the American cities for the English-speaking sons of Canada. There is also a trace of the inability of the Maritime provinces to hold their population in the increase of the number of Canadians in Maine and Massachusetts. The French Canadians have shown the greatest readiness to be repatriated, there being a notable decrease of the number of natives of Quebec in all the leading states, even such centres as Fall River, Lowell and Worcester, showing the falling off.

The most significant fact is that the central states—Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa—lost their attraction for Canadians, when the great Canadian west was revealed. It is from these great agricultural communities that Canada will now continue to draw.

MOUNTED MARINES POLICE TO PROTECT LOBSTERS

It Is Agreed That Industry Is Diminishing and Must Be Conserved

Charlottetown, P.E.I., Sept. 18.—The shellfish commission is in session here today. Evidence was taken in the lobster and oyster industry. The lobster men unanimously opposed fixing a size limit. If more protection is needed they say, let the season be shortened. W. T. Tidmarsh, packer of Charlottetown, suggested the organization of mounted marine police to co-operate with patrol boats. There was a diversity of opinion regarding hatcheries, some witnesses advocating the use of some large bay as natural spawning grounds. A general desire was expressed for the protection of the lobster industry which is diminishing.

COMPLETION OF THE G. T. P. DEPENDS ON LABOR

Montreal, Sept. 18.—Final completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific will largely depend on the supply of labor, which is so scarce at present, according to the announcement made at the Grand Trunk Pacific annual meeting today. The newly elected directors of the Grand Trunk Pacific are Sir Felix Schuster and Sir William White, directors of the Grand Trunk Railway in London.

Americans in Granada

San Juan Del Sur, Nicaragua, Sept. 18.—A detachment of American bluejackets arrived at Granada, south of the capital, today. The American force experienced no trouble in entering the city.

GIRL WIFE AND HUSBAND KILL HER STEPFATHER

Walk 100 Miles, She in Male Attire to Avenge an Alleged Crime

Young Woman, Aged 17, Fires Last Shot Into Head of Victim

Colfax, Wash., Sept. 18.—Trailed by his stepdaughter in male attire and her husband, who walked 100 miles to find him, Al Neeves was shot and killed by the avengers today.

The stepdaughter, who alleges her parent-in-law had foully wronged her, fired a bullet into Neeves as he lay dying.

Mrs. Brownell said the authorities stated, that she wished to kill her stepfather and fired the final shot in his head as he lay struggling on the porch. Both reloaded their guns after the shooting.

Only a few days ago the young couple—the girl is only 17—caused a sensation by abandoning their two infant children. The real cause for this abandonment they now attempt to explain.

Reports the Killing

Dooks Fry, a farmer living southwest of town, reported the killing to the sheriff's office and said that the perpetrators of the deed were on their way to Colfax to give themselves up. Sheriff Carter, Deputy Cole, Prosecuting Attorney Pattison and Coroner Bruning started for the scene and met the two just out of town. The man and woman, who was dressed in the garb of a man, with her hair cut short, at once handed over their guns to the sheriff and told about the crime. Prior to the shooting they had not eaten for 24 hours. They were brought back to Colfax, lodged in jail and the sheriff's party went to the home of the dead man's son-in-law, Charles Long, where they found Neeves with his body full of bullet holes.

Alleged Cause of Shooting

The shooting is an outcome of trouble between the dead man and the Brownells, which started near Culdesac, Idaho, last August. According to Brownell, while they were living near Culdesac, and during his absence from home, Neeves wronged his stepdaughter, Mrs. Brownell.

Also, they allege, at Neeve's instigation other men, including a bachelor neighbor, had also wronged the girl, and against the latter Brownell preferred charges, and a preliminary hearing was held before Judge Stewart of Culdesac. Pending the trial, according to Brownell, he received threats from several parties that unless he and his wife left the country they would be killed.

Accordingly, they left their two children, aged 15 months and 3 months, respectively, leaving a note asking that the children be cared for. After roaming about Craig mountain for several days the couple returned to Culdesac with the intention of "getting their enemies," the stepfather included.

In the meantime Stewart had given the children into the custody of Mrs. Brownell's mother and stepfather, Neeves, who brought them to the Long home near Colfax.

Start After Neeves

Failing to find trace of the children and the men who had threatened their lives, and learning where Neeves had gone, the pair immediately started for gone, the pair immediately started for the home of Charles Long on foot, arriving there the night at dusk. They slept in the barn, and this morning Mr. Long and wife drove away and left their two children with Neeves. The couple waited until about 2 o'clock this afternoon when they approached the house, called the two Long children into another room and the husband opened fire on Neeves, who started to run from the house. At the back door Neeves fell, and Brownell having emptied his gun, Mrs. Brownell also fired a shot through the man's neck, which took effect. The couple then took the Long children, aged 4 and 6 years, and started for Colfax to give themselves up. On the way they were overtaken by Dooks Fry, to whom they gave the children and told their story, asking him to report it to the sheriff, as they were tired and could walk no further.

The body of Neeves was brought to Colfax, Mrs. Neeves and the two Brownell children having returned to Culdesac.

VANCOUVER TO BE PART TERMINAL OF C. N. R.

Will be Passenger Terminal of Transcontinental With Freight Yards

Port Mann Will be Transcontinental Freight Terminal of Road

Vancouver, B.C., Sept. 17.—In view of questions which have arisen as to whether Vancouver or Port Mann is to be the terminus of the Canadian Northern Railway on the Pacific coast, officials of the company today presented a statement to the city council of Vancouver, with which the company is now negotiating.

Vancouver is to be the passenger terminal with freight yards, the available room in the False Creek bed to be about 120 acres.

Port Mann will be the transcontinental freight terminal, the location of Vancouver private industries and of round house and railway construction and repair plants for railway and ships. Work is now being commenced on railway buildings at Port Mann. There is no question but that the scheme for the granting of the False Creek flats to the Canadian Northern by the city will go through the council and be endorsed by the people. The city terminal is to be reached by a tunnel, the flats filled in and station erected, all to cost ten million dollars; work to be done in three years.

HOLDING UP NAVIGATION ON RAINY RIVER

Big Firm Diverting Water and Makng Water Travel Dangerous

Question Being Discussed at International Waterways Commission

International Falls, Minn., Sept. 17.—Only one important point was brought out this morning at the sitting of the International Waterways commission, the fact that the Minnesota and Ontario Power company did retard the flow of water from the Rainy Lake into Rainy River in July last year, with the result that navigation was rendered exceedingly difficult if not altogether impossible along the river route. This was admitted practically by C. J. Rockwood, Minneapolis, representing the Backus interests, who later stated that such a condition would not occur again. Chairman Tawney remarking this was no assurance of it.

A. R. Bartlett, Windsor, Ontario, representing the Rainy River Navigation company and Western Canal company, gave figures showing that on July 1st 3,970 cubic feet per second went through the falls; on July 2, 2,500; and July 3, 1,900; the average for the month being little more than the last figures. According to the department of public works at Ottawa, 6,000 per second should be the minimum allowance to insure fair navigation, and the contention of Bartlett was that contrary to an order in council of 1905, the company had interfered with navigation both above and below the dam at Fort Frances by use of flash boards, expressly prohibited.

REBEL THREATS TO KILL YANKS AROUSE BORDER

All American Towns Near the Line Prohibit Celebration of Mexican Independence

Gold Mining Camp Is Captured and Looted—Colonel Orozco Captured

Douglas, Ariz., Sept. 19.—Interest here in the Mexican situation on the border centered today on the widespread threats of the rebel leaders to kill Americans in Sonora tomorrow, which is the Mexican independence day, and the report that a new revolt against the Madero administration was to be launched.

Because of the intense feeling along the border nearly all of the American towns on or near the international line have prohibited celebration of the day.

Captures Mining Camp.

Fulfilment of the threat of Emilio Campa to capture Mermosilli, the capital of Sonora, on the Mexican holiday, was given some color today when a message from Nogales stated that Campa's rebels were thought to be in striking distance. There are 100 Americans in Hermosillo.

There were persistent rumors during last week that strong supporters of the Madero administration were plotting to overthrow Madero, and the beginning of the new revolt was said to have been set for tomorrow.

Inez Salazar and his rebel band captured El Tigre, the American gold mining camp, twice attacked by him yesterday forenoon at 11 o'clock. In the fighting before the defenders of the camp were defeated seven federals were killed and a dozen wounded.

One American Wounded.

Only one American was wounded. He was Gilbert McNeil, but his wound is not serious, as a bullet went through his foot.

The rebel loss could not be learned. Only meager details of the taking of the town were received and the news did not come until tonight.

Rebels looted the store of the company, taking about $10,000 worth of goods, and the main body started in the direction of Nacozari, a small band being left in the camp. The valuable plant of the El Tigre company was not molested.

Federal re-enforcements for the El Tigre garrison were at a point twelve miles from the camp nine hours before the capture of the town, but they never arrived.

Orozco's Father Caught.

El Paso, Tex., Sept. 18.—Ojinaga, the Mexican border town opposite Presidio, Tex., was taken by federal troops, after brisk fighting at daybreak, say advices received at Fort Bliss by Gen. E. Z. Steever, commanding the Department of Texas.

Gen. Steever also received a report from army officers at Presidio, Tex., opposite Ojinaga, Mexico, that Col. Pascual Orozco, sr., father of the rebel leader, was captured yesterday and is held by United States troops at Presidio, with Col. P. G. Orozco, who is not related to the rebel leader.

Whether Gen. Pascual Orozco, jr., the rebel commander-in-chief, was fighting in Ojinaga or escaped over the international line into the United States is not known.

Battle is Still On

Federal forces numbering 350, under command of Col. Manuel Landa entered Ojinaga proper, driving the rebels before them.

The rebels took refuge in San Francisco, a suburb to the south and away from the American side of the line, and at last reports fighting continued.

U. S Will Hold Orozco.

Washington, Sept. 18.—The United States will hold Col. Pascual Orozco, sr., and Col. P. G. Orozco, probably for deportation to Mexico. No charges of violations of the neutrality laws are pending against either.

Gen. Orozco, however, if captured, would be held for the Mexican government, which is prepared to ask for his extradition to face charges of embezzlement of funds in his care while inspector general of rurales, and charges of murder and brigandage.

Madero Rings Liberty Bell.

Mexico City, Sept. 18.—President Madero, standing at an open window of the national palace at 11 o'clock tonight, facing thousands of persons below, rang the historic liberty bell, with which Hildalgo called the people to revolt September 16, 1810, and pronounced the historic words uttered by Hildalgo, "Viva Independencia, viva libertad, viva Mexico!"

The Poet Philosopher

By WALT MASON.

ONE THING FREE

THE sinful trusts, which scheme together, all mundane things to own, can't get their talons on the weather—that they must leave alone. Oh, nearly all life's necessaries cost so they make us bawl, but one great blessing never varies—the weather's free to all! No man's so poor he cannot wallow in weather day by day; he knows that in the days to follow, it will be the same old way. The trusts, those grasping, soulless varmints, may boss the universe, may rule the price of grub and garments, of cradle and of hearse, may raise the price of shredded heather, flaked wheat and boneset tea, but they must keep hands off the weather—that blessing still is free! The trusts have piped our drinking water (I hope the piping busts!), the hat you purchase for your daughter is sent forth by the trusts; the coal you burn, the oil, the kindling, are trust controlled, my friend; what wonder that your wad is dwindling, your patience near an end! The trusts have raised the tax on leather until you have no shoes, and all that's left you is the weather, to comfort and amuse. My indignation—I can't rhyme it,—stirs all my soul, by jing, the while I fill myself with climate, and try to dance and sing

Vest Pocket Essays

By GEORGE FITCH

THE BLANK PAGE

I WRITE in a sort of copybook which has leaves entirely blank. I like a nice, clean page of blank paper, but find it hard to buy a blank-book which is not ruled. I loathe lines.

And it's much the same with everything else. There are lines ruled for you on every page of experience.

You cannot go to a store and buy a veal cutlet, when you want that and nothing else, and take it home and cook it. Your wife will not permit any such doings, even if there were not other good reasons.

You must first sit down to the table; tablecloth, napkins, salt and pepper and what not must be in due array, then you must either take soup or wait till everyone else has taken it; and so on. You approach your veal cutlet, which you want, only through the avenue of a dozen things you don't want.

If you learn anything, first you must learn a lot of other things that you care nothing about.

You can't go to the theatre to laugh, nor go to church to pray, nor go to the club to smoke, nor go to Europe to see the sights, nor go any where to do any thing, but you have to stand in line and obey the rules.

It's part of the game, I suppose, and society would be a mess without its conventions, but I sometimes think the cheerful vagabond tramping a summer road is not altogether to be pitied.

"I cannot easily buy a blank-book to write thoughts in," said Thoreau; "they are commonly ruled for dollars and cents."

Sidewalk Sketches

By HOWARD L. RANN.

SWEEPING is one of the unbridled passions of the American housewife which is usually good for six strenuous hours, after which it tapers off into a pole-vaulting headache.

The object of sweeping is to stir up all the adjacent microbes and chase them from room to room. They are then allowed to settle in a new place without fear of interruption for a week.

Whenever a woman gets ready to sweep, she takes a good night's rest and an unsullied corn broom and lands in the middle of an Axminster rug with a desperate look. Her attire consists of a long apron in the fashionable box effect so much in vogue and a dusting cap which reclines gracefully over one ear. She is also accompanied b ya dust pan, in which she deposits any loose germs which were not quick enough to get out of the way.

After a woman has chased a balky broom over several rag carpets and under half a dozen beds, in the effort to renovate a ten-room house, she will not be in any mood to dissipate at the ice ceram parlor, but will prefect to sit down at full length on a hair mattress and see if her breadth is going to come back that week. She will also have a stitch in her back which would send the average man to the sanitarium for a month.

One of the neatest forms of sweeping is to turn a power vacuum cleaner loose in the home and allow it to run from floor to floor with its purifying presence. The vacuum cleaner does not leave any sting, except in the monthly light bill. It never complains of a lame back or has to put off sweeping until tomorrow on account of a club meeting. Also it never meets a man at the front door on sweeping day and inform him that there is nothing for dinner except forlorn relics of yesterday's menu.

After the sweeping is done, woman takes a dust rag and assaults the furniture with great violence. She feels better after this is done, and so does everybody else. However, her activity in this line, enables us to sit down in the front parlor without being frescoed with cobwebs, and we ought to be thankful.

Ideas of a Plain Man

By DR. FRANK CRANE

THERE is something about a stringed instrument that makes it more human than all others.

The violin has a soul. The voice of the violincello is a spirit's cry.

A tone's a tone, of course, just as a man's a man; yet as some men have kingly and prophetic spirits, an some are but little better than animals, so some tones come all surrounded with suggestions, enclosing strange implications, attending by spiritual connotations, drenched with mystery, dripping with the waters of the infinite.

I wonder if is that cat-gut. Does this fragment of a dead animal become the medium speaking to us the unknowable secrets of that darkness into which animal-souls go when the body dies?

When I hear a skillful cellist draw his bow across the string, the sound that penetrates me is not like that of a drum or a harp-string, but it is a veritable voice, the voice of one calling across the lake of tears in my heart.