

BUSTED IN CHICAGO

Hundreds Daily Shuffle Through Streets Without Money or Friends.

Young Hoosier Lad Leaves Small Town to Answer Advertisement of Employment Agency—Is Duped and Robbed of Coin.

In Chicago penniless and without a friend.

Were you ever in such circumstances? Probably not, but every day sees hundreds of your fellows who are. The other day Walter Summers, a lad of only 17 years, good looking and apparently fairly well educated, shuffled into the Desplaines street police station.

The lad, tired and broken in spirit, sat down in a chair.

"Say," the boy asked timidly, "how far is it to Wabash avenue?"

"About a mile," was the reply. He smiled half-heartedly.

"About a mile, eh? Gee, I wish I had a dollar for every mile I've walked today. I could buy some regular food and have enough left to get cleaned up and pay my railroad fare home."

"Where is your home?" was asked.

"Evansville."

"Indiana?"

"Yep."

And then the tired boy told his story.

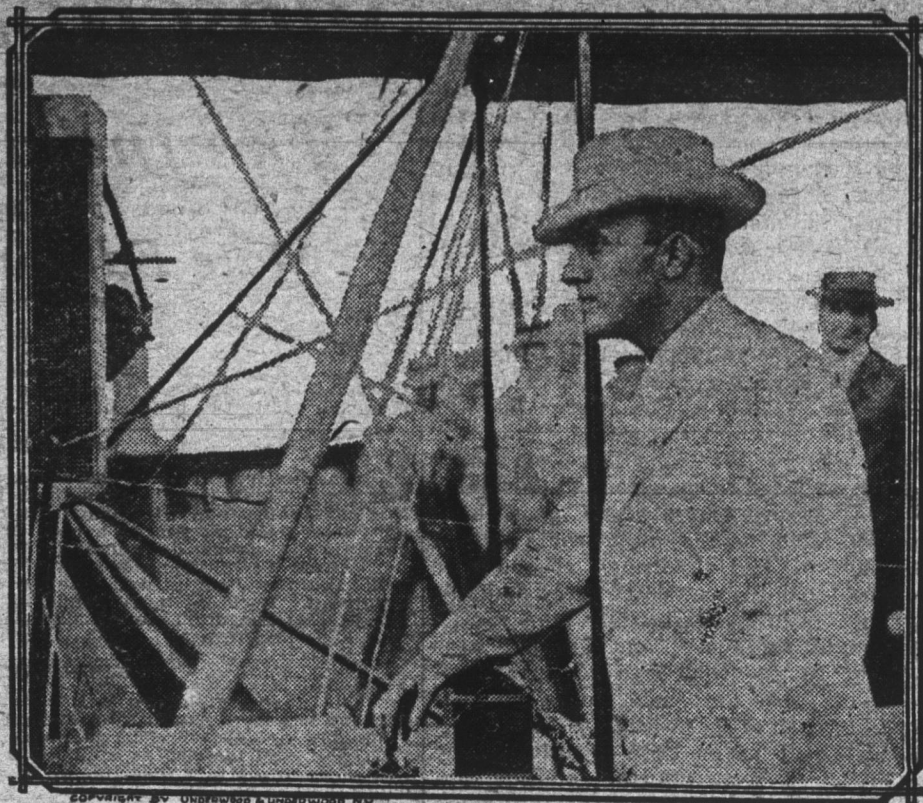
"I had a job in West Salem, Wis.," he said, "and I was getting along pretty well. I had a few dollars saved up and thought I was satisfied. I saw an advertisement in a pamphlet up there, telling how easy it was to make money in Chicago. The 'ad' was signed by an employment agency. All you had to do was to give the agency \$2 and it would ship you to Chicago, where a job would be waiting for you. It sounded fine, so I thought I'd try it."

"I gave my \$2 to the agency and took the rest of my money with me. I was shipped with about fifteen other fellows."

"When I got to Chicago I went to the place where the agency had told me I could land a job. The address which they had given me I found was a swamp—out that way somewhere," and the boy pointed toward the southwest side.

"Then I saw that I had been 'bunked.' The agency, I guess, was a fake, or else they had given me the

THE FIRST WIRELESS TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT EVER USED ON AN AEROPLANE



This photograph, the first of its kind, shows the tiny wireless telegraph apparatus designed by H. N. Horton and placed on Glenn H. Curtiss' Aeroplane for sending messages while in flight. Dr. C. F. Everitt of the signal corps, N. Y. National Guard is seen sending a message.

wrong address by mistake. I thought, though, that I could get a job next day, so I gave a dollar for the room I slept in that night. I hunted around for two days, trying to find a job. Twice I was told to call next week, but that is as close as I've come, so far.

"It was Tuesday when I came to Chicago. The following Sunday night I slept on the dock, down there by the river. There were lots of other fellows there, too. I spread out some papers and lay down on them. When I woke up in the morning I found that some fellow had taken my last \$10."

The boy paused a minute, looked at his lone auditor and smiled.

"Say, honest now, ain't I the 'fall guy'?" I guess I need a guardian," he said, and in spite of the fact that he was hungry and without money, he actually laughed.

"Ever since that night I have had to beg what food I have had. And I haven't had a shave, either, not since I came to this town."

"Yesterday I gave up. I went in the station down there," pointing west again, "and the 'copper' at the desk gave me a postal card and a nickel. Then I wrote to my mother and told

her where I was and that I was 'broke.' I expect to hear from her tomorrow and then I am going home. An' say," he went on, "for all the three years which I have been away, I haven't written to my mother. She didn't know but what I was dead. I had an argument with her one day," he admitted reluctantly, "and I ran away. I got along all right up in West Salem, but Chicago is a fierce place."

The boy got up to go. A plain clothes detective who had come out during the latter part of the boy's story gave him 50 cents.

"Here, lad," he said, "you're too young to be in this town without money."

The reporter added his mite to the boy's fortune, then turned to go into the station.

"Well, much obliged," murmured the runaway, "so long" and he was off.

Order French War Planes.
Paris.—The ministry of war has ordered the purchase of ten military monoplane and twenty biplanes within the next three months. This will give the French army an aerial flotilla of sixty by the end of the year.

church, and the unique event attracted hundreds from miles around.

Buffenbarger's idea in arranging and executing plans for the event was that he could be sure that his funeral would be conducted strictly as he wished. He purchased a lot in the Grape Grove cemetery three years ago and a week later ordered a coffin from a Jamestown undertaker.

Buffenbarger personally supervised the digging of his own grave and has selected a plain tombstone. Pursuant to his request the minister, Dr. Spahr, avoided the usual remarks of adulation. The coffin was buried and the crowd dispersed. Buffenbarger now offers to give his 80-acre farm to anyone who will keep him for the balance of his days.

Praise for American Girls.

New York.—"American girls do not go abroad to have a good time by drinking wine, smoking cigarettes and following other European customs. Those who say they do libel them."

Thus said Lady Francis Cook (Tennessee Claffin), herself an American girl, who arrived the other day from Europe.

"American girls have revolutionized Europe," she continued. "Continental streets, which were regarded as unsafe for women after dark, now are as safe as our own avenues. It is the American girl who has worked this change."

WEARING TWO VEILS LATEST

Double Protection Against Dust and Sun Is Forced in English Society Circles.

London.—Woman is in future to wear two veils, so that she may suggest more and more the rainbow shrouded in a fine mist by her many colored garments veiled with transparent materials.

The fashion of the combination of colorings in veiling one over the other, which has become such a pronounced vogue in both evening and afternoon dresses, has spread to the veil itself.

Motor veils of different tints worn over each other to produce a shot effect lead the way to the same style of veiling for wear with the promenade hat.

Fair women are soon to be mysteriously hidden behind folds of mauve over blue, mole over pink, dark blues shading rose and pale blues.

A lining of pink under black lace or white has been recognized for a long time as very becoming.

It will require a decided artistic taste in the ordinary woman who chooses her veiling apart from her hat to know exactly what tones to blend and which will also suit her complexion.

"A combination of colors is the fashion for motor veils," a representative of a West end firm said, "and very fine gauzes and chiffons are sold for their construction."

"The several layers of veiling are

effective as well as picturesque, as they protect the face from the dust better than a single veil.

"In the same way bright colored hats are covered tightly with a veil of chiffon, and many varieties of the veiled hat will be seen in the autumn modes."

WOMAN BALKS AT MALE TOGS

Fair Guest Is Angry, and So Is Man When Their Baggage Gets Mixed at Chicago Hotel.

Chicago.—"Say, do you think I can sleep in a block and tackle, or a man's red and yellow bath robe?" was the question shouted to Assistant Manager Hutchins of the La Salle hotel the other night by a woman guest. "Some one's got my traveling bag and I have one belonging to some man."

The guest was assured the mistake would be rectified and had scarcely been placated when another call came. "I have been given the wrong traveling bag. I cannot sleep in scented pink pajamas with ruffles all round the top and bottom, and have no use for a bunch of woman's underwear," the voice said.

House men and maids soon straightened the trouble, which was occasioned when the two bags, one of which belonged to a woman from Denver and the other to a traveling man of Wilkes-barre, Pa., had been mixed.

STORY OF "TOPSY" HARTSEL

Veteran Outfielder of Philadelphia Athletics Was Handicapped at Start Because of Size.

By "Topsy" Hartsel.

It took me a long time to get started right in baseball, but only a minute to start. The greatest handicap I had when I was trying to get started was my size. You see down at Polk, O., they thought I was a great player and we had an old player there who taught me to play the game. I began playing before I was ten years old, and was on the high school and town teams when I was fifteen. I was five feet four inches tall and weighed then about 125 pounds. I played around with the teams in our section of the country, and was determined to become a professional player. We had few chances to learn much, and when I finally got a job with the Burlington, Ia., club in 1897, I must have been as green a "busher" as there was. I was fast, but in that league they seemed to think I was too small to play, and I went to Montgomery, then to Salem, Ohio, and finally reached Grand Rapids, Mich. It was there I really started. The Grand Rapids team then was a sort of farm for big league clubs and a bunch of experienced and really good players were there. I learned rapidly then, and began to see where I was shy. I found I had been making mistakes and misplaying the game in many ways and still thinking I was doing it right because no one ever had told me how I should do. Louisville took me from Grand Rapids, then Indianapolis got me, and finally I landed with the Chicago National league team. I think I played better ball there than I ever did. Besides I had learned a whole lot about batting and had a good opportunity to study pitchers.

It was at Chicago that I had my best hitting year, and my best base running seasons, and I attribute all my success there to the study of the opposing pitchers. A base runner especially ought to be familiar with every trick and move of every op-



"Topsy" Hartsel.

posing pitcher. I found that out when I went into the American league in 1902 with the Athletics. Many of the pitchers were new to me and I made many breaks in base running before I learned their styles and their tricks. I had to begin all over again to study them, and it did me more good than before, because of the experience in the National league.

Experience and close study of the game and the men who play it are necessary to success, and if there is any lesson in my experience in getting started that may be of value to new men it is that any man no matter how good, must think and study all the time. The starting is easy, for players are in demand—but the finish is quick unless the player is willing to work and learn.

PLAY BASEBALL AT NIGHT

Two La Crosse Teams Battle for Two Hours by Aid of Artificial Light Without Inconvenience.

C. A. Comiskey's recently installed lights received their first real tryout at the American league grounds in Chicago the other night, when the Illinois Athletic club and Calumet La Crosse teams battled for over two hours in a fast match in the glare of over 1,000,000 candle power of light which constitutes a portion of the light plant that will give Chicago night baseball in the near future.

The plant proved itself equal to the occasion, for the test held up to what was expected.

The Illinois A. C. won the game, 11 to 10, but this fact was lost to view in the confusion resulting from the pronounced success of the light plant—and at that the grounds were curtained and only half the power was in use.

At no time during the 80 minutes of play did the players find it hard to follow the ball, but the game proved as fast and as interesting as if it had been played in the broad daylight.

No complaint was heard from the players and with the roof lights uncovered the contestants were in no way bothered by the force of the lamps.

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP CLASH



Manager Frank Chance of Chicago.

Cubs vs. Athletics for the world's baseball honors! That's the morsel to be ladled out for fandom during the latter days of October unless some dire calamity befalls F. Leroy Chance & Co., writes Harold D. Johnson in Chicago Record-Herald. It's all over but the shouting as regards the American league race with Mack's seasoned youngsters galloping pennantward on the high speed. Practically the same situation prevails in the National despite the crippled condition of the great Cub machine, and fans whether partial or impartial around both circuits have conceded the palm to the West side combination.

Interest in the coming clash already has stirred the rooting populace of every city of major, minor or trolley league caliber. Speculation over the outcome of the Cubs-Athletics struggle is running at fever heat, with the majority of the critics picking Chicago as the flaunting scene of the next world's pennant. Whatever the outcome, the battle royal will bring together two of the most formidable twirling forces ever known to the national pastime.

Frank Chance, typical exponent of the playing manager, will be on first, unless the aforementioned dire calamity works a change in the color scheme. And from the initial corner the P. L. is a master hand at driving his hurlers. Ask any umpire who has officiated on the bases when some poor, unhappy Cub finger has experienced a bad spell. On the other hand, Connie Mack (real name Cornelius McGinnis) is a bench leader of the highest rank, crafty, quick to note a player's shortcomings and a thorough practitioner of inside ball.

A seven-game series is no criterion of the real strength of any team. And chances are neither will use more than three pitchers in the big show. Veteran batting stars in the National league claim "Three-fingered" Brown isn't the same demon he was two seasons ago. Orval Overall at present is hors de combat and may miss the big series. Leonard (King) Cole, the young phenom uncovered by Chance this season is almost sure of a steady job in the championship.

Then there's Jack Pfister, one of the greatest left-handers in the game, and southpaws, by the way, are usually effective against the Macks. For reserve fingers the Cubs boast of such veterans as McIntire, Richie and Foxen. Against this array of talent Mack will offer his three mainstays, Chief Bender, Eddie Plank and Jack Coombs, all seasoned veterans of hundreds of conflicts.

Of the Philadelphia staff Plank probably has shown the poorest form this season, while his stablemates, including "Cy" Morgan, have gone at breakneck speed. It looks like a nip and tuck affair, this coming test of pitching strength.

Chicago will have the advantage in the catching department with King and Archer, two of the really greats of the age, as against Thomas and Livingston of the Athletics. Veterans will play first base on both sides—Chance, king of them all for the Cubs, and Davis, a master hand, for the easterners. At second two of the brainiest exponents of the inside ball now in service will be seen.

For years Evers has been hailed monarch of all he surveys around that section of the field, but the crafty little Trojan will encounter a sturdy opponent in Collins, who practically commands the Athletic forces. Critics throughout the land have named Tinker the superior of all other short stops, and Joe, with his greater experience, should overshadow Barry, the Holy Cross product with Mack's troupe. Steinfeldt and Baker—the first a grizzled warrior—tried and found not wanting in a thousand combats, and the latter a hustling youngster

and a slashing batter, will strive for supremacy at third.

In the outfield it looks like first money for the Cubs. Hofman, Schulte and Sheppard, against Lord, Oldring and Murphy, assures the fans of some spectacular fielding and lots of hard hitting, but the West side garden staff looms up ace high. As regards utility talent Chance has all the better of the argument, having fortified the Cubs with a valuable corps of assistants in Beaumont, Zimmerman and Kane.

AROUND THE BASES

Melton and Zwilling, the new White Sox outfielders, are each 22 years old. Ed Walsh is a good imitator and is said to have the best vaudeville talent of any baseball player in the major leagues.

The attendance for the recent Chicago-New York series was close to 90,000, which is going some for a four-day session.

Umpire Johnstone of the National league says that the Cubs should win over the Athletics because of the better catching of Kling and Archer.

Unless Overall shows improvement he will not be picked to open the world's series this year. It will probably be Mordecai Brown against Plank.

Owen Bush, the smallest player in the American league, is batting .262. He has made ten doubles, four triples, three homers and twenty-three sacrifice hits.

Elmer Flick, who was released by the Cleveland Naps to the Kansas City Blues and refused to go, has settled himself on his farm for a long life of it.

Manager Chance could substitute "Toots" Hoffman for Arlie any time and no one would be the wiser. The brothers look enough alike on the diamond to be twins.

A leading umpire has asked the question why left-handed batters can't hit southpaws when right-hand hitters can hit right-hand pitchers. This is a fair question, but difficult to answer.

OSSIE "SCHRECK" IN MARION

Noted Partner of Eccentric Pitcher Rube Waddell, Lands in Little Town in Indiana.

Ossie Schreckengost, who was once a member of the Philadelphia Athletics, later with the White Sox and



Ossie Schreck.

played with the Louisville team of the American association, has become a full-fledged manager. He has succeeded Emmet Reilly as manager of the Marion, Ind. team.

INDIAN IS GOOD COOK

Woman Wastes More Than She Uses, Says Prof. Barnard.

Specialist in Household Economy Says American Man, Because of Wife's Culinary Inefficiency, Not as Well Nourished as European.

New York.—Go to the squaw, thou housewife, consider her ways and do likewise.

At least such is the advice of Prof. Charles Barnard, specialist in household economy, and one of the foremost figures at the household show recently held in Madison Square garden, says a writer in the New York World.

What Professor Barnard is not telling eager inquirers at the garden of the superior housekeeping methods of our great-grandmother, Minnehaha, he is busy with the "housekeeping experiment station," which he maintains at Darien, Conn., for testing under the most simple housekeeping conditions all new materials, methods, utensils and appliances which may prove useful in the home.

"The American housekeeper, compared with the housewives of France and Germany, is an unlettered child," declared Professor Barnard to me yesterday.

"The American man, because of his wife's culinary inefficiency, is not so well nourished as the European making half the income. At least 20 per cent. of the money spent on the American table is absolute waste."

Professor Barnard, mild of voice and eye, spoke with an earnestness that belied his manner.

"The American woman," he added, "does not know as much about cooking as the Indian squaw."

"Cooking, though it is part of the profession of wifehood, does not interest her. She 'can't be bothered,' she says. The merchant's wife vies with the millionaire's wife in buying only the most expensive cuts of meat. Steak, chops, steak, chops! swings the unvarying pendulum of the week's bill of fare.

"Now, only 24 per cent. of a beef, for instance, can provide the expensive porterhouse steaks. Delmonico roasts, etc. The other 76 per cent. is made up of the cheaper cuts—chuck, rump, round, shank, navel, brisket, etc. This meat if properly cooked, that is, slowly cooked, is more nutritious and has a better flavor than tenderloin. But the poor man's wife won't take the trouble to cook it. Her husband may say, 'We'll have to economize. Let's buy a little cheaper meat.' But when she gets to the butcher's and sees another woman buying something more expensive she feels ashamed of what she intended to order or else says to herself, 'What's good enough

for her is none too good for me,' and buys a porterhouse steak instead.

"There's another type of woman that would rather spend her husband's money than her own time. She 'can't be bothered' cooking. But—here Professor Barnard brightened up perceptibly—"a solution has been found even for her. It is fireless cooking. Have you ever tried it?"

I confessed that my education had been neglected in that respect.

"That's a trick the Indian squaw has taught us," Professor Barnard continued. "There are 15 or 20 different fireless cookers on the market, so you see I'm not booming anybody in talking about them."

ATTENDS HIS OWN FUNERAL

Ohio Man Buys Coffin, Digs Grave and Hires Minister—Eulogy Is Omitted.

Springfield, Ohio.—Marion F. Buffenbarger, an eccentric bachelor farmer living at Grape Grove, ten miles south of here, the other afternoon had his funeral sermon preached. The event took place in the Christian