

CAP and BELLS



FLASH OF THE LACKAYE WIT

Admitted Steele Mackaye Has Been Acknowledged Master of Dramatic Art for Twenty Years.

Thirty years ago, when Wilton Lackaye first went upon the stage, he was rehearsing a part in "Paul Kaur," under the direction of the author, Steele Mackaye, who, while admittedly a capable stage manager, was regarded as old-fashioned by the moderns. During rehearsal Lackaye and Mackaye had a slight difference as to how a certain part should be acted.

"Do you argue with me?" Mackaye demanded with magisterial severity. "I have been an acknowledged master of the dramatic art for twenty years."

"Yes," Lackaye retorted, "but not this twenty."

Officer, Do Your Duty.

"If man evolved from the monkey," remarked Dinglebatz, "he at least has the satisfaction of knowing that his ancestors were remarkably intelligent."

"What's the answer?" queried Snickelfritz. "They were educated in the higher branches," replied Dinglebatz.

A Pest.

"As a rule I have a kindly feeling for my fellow-man."

"Yes?"

"But something should be done to the chap who starts to tell an ancient wheeze just when you sit down to hear your favorite record on the phonograph."

Sincerity Test.

"What's your idea of an honest man?"

"An honest man," replied Mr. Cumrox, "is one who likes the same music in private that he says he likes when his wife is giving a musicale."

Cruel Comment.

"You know, there is an air I heard lately humming through my brain this morning."

"That's no air; what you hear in your brains are their wheels humming."

Ponto's Place.

Sol Sodbuster—What's that funny little coop under the back part of your automobile?

Hiram Haycock—That's for the dog that used to trot along under the buckboard.—Puck.

Sad, but True.

"Do all people who marry in haste repent at leisure?" asked the seeker after knowledge.

"Not all," answered the cynic. "Some of them merely forget that they are married."

A BARGAIN.



"I bought this for a mere song." "Indeed?"

"At any rate, I gave a note for it."

Wealthy.

"He is very wealthy?" we asked as the man with the diamonds zipped by in his motor car.

"Goodness, yes," friend answered. "He even has his own private breakfast food factory!"—Indianapolis Star.

A Dazzling Series.

"Life with Daubson is just one woman after another."

"He must be a fearful rake."

"Nothing of the sort. He draws cover designs for popular magazines."

Significant.

"Is Plodworth a poor man?"

"I guess so. Whenever he speaks of money he has a far away look in his eyes."

WISHED HE WAS A BELGIAN

Man With Missing Button Didn't Have Heart to Worry Wife Who Was Knitting for War Victims.

"There goes another button!" said the man who was standing with his thumb hitched inside his waistband. "Didn't you know it was loose?"

"Of course I knew it was loose. I knew that my hosiery needs darning, and that I ought to have a lot of needle and thread work done."

"Why don't you tell your wife about it?"

"I haven't the heart to worry her. You know, she's so sympathetic, she isn't happy unless she's knitting something to send over to Europe. Honestly, sometimes I almost wish I was one of those unhappy Belgians."

Highly Important Occasion.

"You've had that canopy running from your front door to the curbstone for a long time."

"Yes. After my wife had a party I told 'em to leave the canopy. The weather's pretty rough, and I've got some people coming to the house that I want to take the best possible care of."

"Are you going to give another party?"

"No. I'm going to put in a ton of coal."

Surprising Himself.

"What you want to do," said the physician, "is to take an ice-cold bath every day."

"I haven't the nerve."

"You won't mind it after the first plunge."

"That's what I'm afraid of. If I could only manage to take the plunge unexpectedly I'd be all right. I know what I'll do. I'll get a pair of skates."

THERE'S A REASON.



Dinks—Why do women stand for such gowns?

Winks—Because they can't sit down.

Gentle Reminder.

"That man has a voice like a saw-mill," said the woman with a sensitive ear.

"I wouldn't say that," replied her husband.

"What do you know about it?"

"I was in the lumber business for several years. Some saw mills don't sound so bad."

Making No Allowances.

"Women are unreasonable creatures."

"Maybe you are right."

"I'm convinced of it. A woman of my acquaintance who weighs more than two hundred pounds has a husband who weighs 115, yet she cries because he doesn't take her in his arms and soothe her injured feelings just as he used to do when she was a slip of a girl."

Sidelight on History.

"But, my dear," said the husband, mildly, "you must admit that the most patient person that ever lived was a man."

"I'll admit nothing of the kind," rejoined the wife of his bosom. "Old man Job may have been patient, but just think of the patience poor Mrs. Job must have had to enable her to put up with such a husband."

Certainly Not.

"Baseball players and newspaper men seem to fraternize a great deal."

"Yes, but there's a decided difference between a baseball player and a newspaper man."

"In what respect?"

"A newspaper man is never offered a bonus of \$10,000 to jump from one paper to another."

In Conclusion.

"I see where another stage beauty is suing a millionaire for 'heart balm.'"

"I fear you have used the wrong term."

"Why so?"

"It isn't really 'heart balm' that she's after. She's merely arrived at the final stage of the trimming process."

A Bad Example.

"Mother, what's a 'bonehead'?"

"That's a vulgar word applied to a stupid person, my son, but you must never use it. Mother wants her boy to be refined and speak correctly."

"All right, mother. I wouldn't have asked you what it meant if I hadn't heard you call father a 'bonehead' last night after I left the room."

Attire to Suit.

"The cashier and his bride were certainly appropriately dressed for their wedding."

"How so?"

"She wore a changeable silk, and he had on a check suit."

MANAGER JOHN M'GRAW CONVERT TO GOLF



McGraw and Mathewson, Golf Enthusiasts.

The conversion of John McGraw to the cause of golf is complete.

"Nobody loves outdoor exercise more than I do," said McGraw, "and I find that golf is the best game for keeping in the open air that I ever saw. I still have my doubts about it being a good thing for ball players, especially those who are expected to hit well, during the regular season, but it is a good thing for me, and I expect to keep it up until I play a pretty good game. I improved enough at Havana to do the nine holes in 54, which they tell me is pretty good for a beginner. Hitting a golf ball is entirely different from hitting a baseball."

"A peculiar thing to me is that my greatest difficulty is in driving the ball straight ahead. I have a tendency to slice. When playing baseball I was regarded as pretty accurate in placing the ball, but evidently the same prin-

ciples do not apply to the stroke in golf."

"Mathewson was the best golfer in our party, and I believe he would have won the tournament if he had not decided to withdraw. He had won two games, but did not want to beat a local club man out of the trophy, even if it had been possible for him to do so."

"Another thing," he added, "is that I will continue to play left-handed. I do not believe in this idea of changing over. It is the only way I can swing naturally, and, in my opinion, a golfer had better stick to the style that is most natural. It is that way in baseball, and I can find no logical reason why a man should not play golf left-handed just as well as right-handed. Still, I am not proficient enough yet to begin telling these experts how to play their own game. But I'm going to learn."

TANGO AN AID TO BASEBALL

Movements of Dance Help Base Runner to Develop Speed and Dignity, Says Connie Mack.

Connie Mack has given out a statement to the effect that he is strong for the tango as an aid to baserunning—that the steps and lightly graceful movements of the dance help a runner to develop speed and dignity. Collins and Barry were the nearest dancers of the whole Athletic club last season, and both are lightning on the cushions. Good argument—but what



Manager Connie Mack.

If some plotter should start the music going just as the noble athletes are working a double steal, and they begin to revolve and trot instead of sliding, while the enemy, with hoarse guffaws, turns it into a double play?

Brenahan Likes Dell.

Roger Brenahan, the pilot of the Cubs, says that the Dodgers have secured a promising pitcher in Dell, who was tried out by the Cardinals three years ago, when Brenahan was their manager. Dell was drafted from the Seattle club of the Northwestern league, with which club he played in 1913 and 1914. He won 18 games and lost 12 last year, his record showing an average of 2 runs, 5½ hits, 2½ bases on balls, 4½ strikeouts a game. Dell lives in Butte, Mont. He pitched for Edmonston in 1910 and then went to the Cardinals. He is twenty-seven years old, 6 feet 4 inches tall and tips the beam at 210 pounds.

Jennings' Opinion of Cleveland.

Hughy Jennings picks Joe Birmingham's Cleveland to finish last in the American league race this season. "Birmingham will have to get a new club before he can hope to benefit his position. He has too many slow men," says the leader of the Tigers.

Chester Blue Makes Debut.

A team mate of no less a personage than Hank Gowdy will make his break into professional ball this season. He is Chester Blue of Marysville, O., and he is a shortstop.

ERRORS HAVE HELPED FEDS

First Bone Play Was Perpetrated When Cincinnati Club Released Shortstop Joe Tinker.

For the defensive situation into which organized baseball has been forced by the Federal league's attack on the foundation of the nation's pastime the forces of organized baseball have only themselves to blame. There could have been no Federal league of sufficient dimensions or pretensions to worry anybody but for the mistakes of the "old line" magnates.

They are constantly talking about the "bone plays" pulled off by thick skulled athletes and ridiculing the players for lack of gray matter and inability to think quickly. But no ball player or team of ball players ever performed in as slow thinking a manner as did the men who are indirectly responsible for the existence of the Federal league.

The first of these bone plays was pulled by the directors of the Cincinnati club when they released Joe Tinker rather than give him the complete responsibility which, as manager of the Reds, he demanded. The Reds not only lost a swell manager, as Tinker has since proved himself to be, but they furnished the Federal league with the first real ammunition for its battle to wreck the sport.

With the Federal league making herculean efforts to tempt Tinker away from organized baseball, while the player-manager was disgusted over his ill treatment in Cincinnati, Brooklyn went right along treating Tinker like a dog.

Instead of realizing the danger of the situation, Brooklyn tried to bluff Tinker into accepting a lower salary than he demanded to manage the Dodgers, in spite of the fact he was willing to stick in organized baseball



Manager Joe Tinker of Chicago Federals.

for less coin than the outlaws offered him. Ebbetts fairly compelled Tinker to jump to the Federal league to maintain his self-respect, and since then he has proved the most effective foe of the old league which abused him.

The situation looked so tough to the Federal league promoters even as late as a year ago that the established forces easily could have sidetracked the outlaw movement by mollifying Owner Weeghman of the Chicago "outlaws," with the American association franchise in Chicago, thereby occupying the vacant territory on the North side of the big city. At the time it would have looked better to North siders than the doubtful proposition of financing an outlaw circuit, for the Federals had not then interested the Wards and their big bank roll in the venture.

Ban Johnson admits his remarks about the Fed's "may be tinged a trifle by prejudice." Impossible!

Marty O'Toole has gone back to the minors! The press agent can make and the press agent can break.

Now that the Athletics have lost two big dreadnaughts, they will have to make a submarine fight of it.

Lee Magee will not allow the Brooklyn Tip Tops to play poker this year. Hap Myers, therefore, is shedding tears.

Little Ray Chapman has been honored by Manager Birmingham of the Naps by being placed in the cleanup position.

Hugh Fullerton has picked the Braves to finish one-two. Bettors can now devote their time to picking the winner.

Pitchee George Foster of the Red Sox is another who fears only Chicago in the race for the American league pennant.

It is said that the work of Billy Hart, National league umpire, has been so satisfactory that he has received a raise in salary.

Tris Speaker says the Red Sox are the class of the league. So did Ty Cobb and he's busy now explaining to Hugh Jennings.

Eminent medical authorities, after an exhaustive examination, staggered the world by saying that there is bone in Nap Rucker's left arm.

Manager Phillips of Indianapolis has no first baseman capable of filling the job to his satisfaction, and he is going to give Rousch a crack at the corner.

The St. Louis Fed's now declare they do not want Roy Corban, the Pacific Coast league star, whom they claimed to have signed, but who denied that he had.

It is said that the work of Billy Hart, National league umpire, has been so satisfactory that he has received a raise in salary. It might be well to point out that Heine Zimmerman isn't president of the National league.

Mike Gonzales Does Well. Catcher Mike Gonzales of the Reds won the pennant in the Cuban league last winter with his crack team, the Havanas. Mike managed the club and did the catching throughout the entire season.

Yankess Secure Bauman. The New York Americans finally have completed the deal by which they secure Third Baseman Paddy Bauman from the Providence Grays.

THAT OLD, SWEET SONG

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

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Enid smiled softly to herself while she labored over the task of selecting a number of songs preparatory to journeying across the ocean. She was going over to do her mite in the great war crisis by singing at numerous benefits and concerts and in the hospitals for wounded soldiers and sailors.

It was not until she had reached the lowest shelf of her music cabinet that Enid found the old, old song that Capt. Cyril Blaker had given her. The irresponsible, fascinating young scapegrace of the British army had been in New York just long enough to capture a few foolishly feminine hearts, to borrow money from everyone who was unwise enough to give it to him, and to disappear into a future no less vague than the past from which he had come.

"My mother used to sing this to me," he had said softly. "Will you too sing it to me? I want to hear you—now." The effect of the dainty homage on Enid came vividly back to her as she sat three years later looking over the song. A flush crept into her cheeks even as it had on that other day, and Enid wondered if she would ever see the flattering young ne'er-do-well again.

Enid put the beautiful little song called "Ruby" into her overburdened folio with a hope that its donor would find that salvation held out to so many men in times of war. Perhaps among the thousands of khaki-clad figures she would see Captain Blaker. She was curiously, and without much reason, interested in the career of the handsome, irresponsible officer.

The men had been brought into the big sun parlor of the hospital, some carried in on stretchers, others in chairs and some of them could limp in on the arms of their nurses. Enid had never expected, in the whole of her musical career, to sing before so completely wrecked an assembly of living men.

She was standing quietly after a storm of applause when one of the nurses approached the platform.

"Have you, by any chance, a song called Ruby?" the nurse asked Enid. "One of my patients is longing for it."

Enid smiled and glanced swiftly over the mass of upturned faces.

"It is not a very cheerful song," she said. "But I will be glad to sing it."

Her hurried glance had failed to find a familiar golden head that somehow she had expected with the request for the song. Her accompanist left the platform and Enid sat down at the piano and played the dainty, rippling melody.

In so far as she could watch her audience Enid watched for one soldier among them who was more than interested in the song. She was curious to see who it was that was familiar with the old-time favorite. In the far corner a man, so wound with bandages as to be unrecognizable, was leaning forward.

But when she had finished the officer who had been leaning forward had been wheeled away. Enid searched for the nurse who had spoken with her, but she, too, had disappeared.

Out in the corridor Enid was stopped by one of the surgeons.

"I am going to hold you responsible for the sudden desire on the part of one of my patients to live."

"I!" Enid laughed back at the surgeon. "What have I done?"

"You have sung life back into the heart of a young dare-devil officer whom we had all given up. He had come back from the battlefield wounded, a hero who has won the Victoria Cross, and has stepped into a title and huge estates, but it took your song to make him fight for his own life. He has begun the fight and if he wins, you and your song have saved him. Desire is a great factor as a stimulant along with our medicines. You have given young Blaker that desire and I want to shake hands with you."

When Enid stood beside the young officer who was lying with his face to the wall, she did not speak until the door had closed upon the surgeon.

"Why did you not make yourself known to me?" she asked softly, and Blaker turned swiftly.

"I am ashamed of my past," he said, and did not offer his unbandaged hand, but his eyes devoured the beauty of her face and told Enid that a new man had arisen from the experience of the past. The gentle flattery was still there and Enid suddenly knew that it would always be there for her. She put her hand softly over his.

"You have done much to be unashamed of and your future is before you."

The blue of Blaker's eyes deepened. He looked steadily into Enid's suddenly blushing face. She scarcely realized that during three long years her heart had clung to the hope that one day she would stand face to face with the scapegrace captain of the British army and that honor and love would meet her glance.

"I have been an undeniable failure," Blaker said. "With all that, I have kept you in my heart, Enid, though I have not been half worthy. The future—"

"—is a path of sunshine," Enid told him. "I am glad," she added shyly, "that I came over to sing to the soldiers."