

Che Sara, Sara

Preach wisdom unto him who under-stands!
When there's such lovely longing in
thine eyes,
And such a pulse in thy small, clinging
hands,
What is the good of being great or
wise?
What is the good of beating up the dust
On the world's highway, vex with
drouthy heat?
Oh, I grow fatalist—what must be must,
Seeing that thou, beloved, art so sweet!
—Victor Jarr.

A DAY'S OUTING

By GLEN HATHAWAY

(Copyright.)

Nan was in a gipsyish mood that morning. Her feet tripped to an unuttered tune as she walked down to the village with her Cousin Marie.

"Oh!" sighed she, her eyes lifted to the hills that climbed to meet the breezy blue of the horizon beyond the river. "I do wish we were going somewhere today!"

"We are going somewhere—to the post office, after the mail, and the drug store, after some candy and writing paper," practically returned Marie, to whom the incongruities of certain village stores were an unalloyed source of amusement.

The two girls had come to Scrimbling Kill a few weeks before from a thriving western city, on a long-promised visit to a couple of elderly cousins, the Misses Loretta and Lavinia Vechten.

The mail was being distributed when they reached the post office. Nan waited for the home letters which they saw tantalizingly near, yet far, behind the glass front of the Van Vechten box, while Marie went on to do her shopping. As she returned, however, she met her cousin coming in quest of her.

"Marie," she solemnly began, "let us elope. The stage is waiting for us, so hurry up."

Instead of hurrying, Mrs. Powell stood still in not unnatural surprise. "The stage?" questioned she.

"The stage to Sharpsburg," explained Nan. "You know we heard that one takes mail and passengers there from here in the morning, and comes back in the afternoon. I never saw it till to-day, but it is standing before the post office this moment. It drove up while I was there, and one of the men asked the driver if he was starting for Sharpsburg, and he said he was only waiting till the mail was sorted for him, so I came after you at once. Do let's take passage!"

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"Think also what our cousins would say of our going off so without a word to them, along with a strange driver," objected Marie, though even as she spoke a thought of the trip came temptingly to her in contrast to the over-quiet morning and long, dull, drowsy afternoon that would otherwise be her portion.

"The driver looks very gentlemanly, and we can send a note home by some boy to say where we've gone, and for the rest—can you not always chaperone me?"

This small joke was a standing one between the two. Nan was 23 and tall and dignified and gravely sweet of aspect; Marie was 19 and small and gay and an innocently audacious flirt. Nan had gained knowledge of the world by having had to face it alone ever since she began teaching at 17, and Marie had gone straight from an indulgent father's home to that of an equally indulgent husband—but Marie was married, and Nan was not, and hence the Boston aunt whom they had first visited had expressed her approval of their traveling alone, "because Marie could always chaperone Nan," a remark which had struck deep into their western sense of the absurd.

The chaperon now permitted herself to be drawn rather briskly along the street by the chaperoned.

The people waiting at the post office for their mail had departed, but a vehicle still stood before the building—a stout-built, open vehicle, with a canopy and broad, empty, inviting seats, a very attractive stage to those used to seeing everything from a new four-in-hand to an old farm wagon dubbed with that name. The driver, a dark-haired young man in a rather shabby flannel suit, was just gathering up his reins to start. Nan, who was generally spokeswoman in the two cousins' travels, hurriedly advanced.

"You're going to Sharpsburg this morning, and coming back before night, aren't you?" she inquired, to make sure.

"Yes," replied the young man, politely lifting his hat as he turned at the sound of her voice and regarding her with a pair of somewhat startled and intensely blue eyes—true Irish eyes of mingled fun and fire.

"Then," said Nan, with graceful dignity, intensified by the knowledge that Marie was considering the proposed trip particularly "jolly lark," "then we will go with you. How much is the stage fare?"

"I believe it's a dollar, miss," hesitated the driver. "You see," he began to explain, "I'm not the regular driver, but—"

"His substitute, I suppose," put in Marie, who thought it about time she had a share of the conversation.

"Yes, a substitute," agreed the young man, as he alighted to help his passengers in.

He proved an obliging driver. He willingly consented to wait while Nan wrote a note to her cousin, and Marie bribed a small boy with some bonbons to deliver it. Then, at a word and touch, the two strong horses struck off at a swinging gallop, and the beautiful view of the valley began to widen and lengthen beneath.

Both chaperone and chaperoned were used to the western type of country driver, who thinks it is his duty to entertain his fares on the road, and bow long he was point-

ing out the interesting places on the road for the ladies and even getting out occasionally and picking flowers for them.

The drive home in the late afternoon was delightful, and it was with real gratitude that the cousins said and thanked and dismissed their nonpareil of stage drivers at their own gate. He looked a little doubtfully at the money as it fell into his slim brown hand, and for a moment Marie, who had once had a trifling experience with a Chicago hackman, feared he was about to dispute the fare, but he merely slipped it into his pocket, thanked her and drove away.

Cousin Loretta met the girls on the porch. She had heard the wheels stopping at her gate, but had delayed to put in her teeth and take out her crimp before appearing in public. She gazed after the retreating vehicle and its driver with interest.

"Look, girls, there goes the new wagonette of the Daisys!" she exclaimed.

"The what?" gasped Marie. She said no more, for Nan promptly gave her a warning pinch. Both had recognized the name of Daisy as that of the richest saw mill owning family in the village.

"The Daisy wagonette," said Cousin Loretta. "It's the first thing of the sort in town, but those people are always getting something new. Nell Daisy was driving it, I saw. He hasn't been long back from a yachting tour with his sister. She married a New York banker."

Nan presently escaped to her room under plea of changing her gown.

Her Whole Mind Was Given to Tense-ly Watching.

There she was followed by Mrs. Powell. The two looked at each other an instant in eloquent silence, and then Nan cried and Marie laughed till both were out of breath.

"The joke on us is too, too good!" sighed the latter at length.

On the very next evening the ladies' society of the church to which Miss Loretta and Miss Lavinia belonged gave a lawn social. Miss Lavinia was chatting about it to Nan as the quartette of cousins walked down the hill in the scented summer twilight.

"You see," she said, "we have been putting off till Nell Daisy got back and her sister came home for her regular visit. They always have a lot of guests then, and they always come to-night."

Several elderly acquaintances of the Misses Van Vechten greeted them and the girls, and Nan answered them all mechanically, but her whole mind was given to tensely watching a certain faultlessly attired, bronzed young man with blue eyes and black hair as he neared her party.

"Nan," whispered Marie warningly, "it is to be hoped that our friend the stage driver will have sense enough to pretend he is properly acquainted with us, for old Mrs. Pepperell saw us yesterday and has just been asking me how we enjoyed our drive, and she spoke so loud that I'm sure he heard her."

Here was a new complication! Nan bit her lip vexedly. She was aware that Nell Daisy had come up and had taken his cue and was speaking to her, but she was sure she accepted of his escort for a promenade merely to give Mrs. Pepperell no cause for remark, and to get him away before Miss Loretta or Miss Lavinia should turn from the gossiping group they were engaged with, and ask awkward questions as to how and where they had been introduced to Mr. Daisy.

This point, indeed, has never been quite clear to the Misses Van Vechten. They know, and innocently value as a fine feather in their social caps, the patent fact that Nell Daisy introduced his sister to Nan and Marie that evening at the social; and they know that presently her brother was doing much more than his share of the calling, and that his wooing sped with such true Irish fervor that almost before old Mrs. Pepperell could write a note to her cousin, and Marie bribed a small boy with some bonbons to deliver it. Then, at a word and touch, the two strong horses struck off at a swinging gallop, and the beautiful view of the valley began to widen and lengthen beneath.

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WILL CONGRESS ESTABLISH A FEDERAL BANK?



THE GIRARD NATIONAL BANK OF PHILADELPHIA, ONCE THE HOME OF FIRST U.S. BANK.

This interesting question which is being raised by the present agitation in congress looking to some kind of currency reform will prevent a money stringency in the future similar to that which has but recently affected the whole country recalls the fact that the United States has had two federal banks in its history, although they are buried in the long past out of the recollection of all but the oldest of the older generations.

But the buildings where the government did its own banking still stand as monuments to the system which it is proposed to resurrect. They form two of the interesting landmarks of Philadelphia, the Quaker City, which is known as the "Cradle of Liberty," and is perhaps the richest spot in point of historical interest in the country.

It was in 1791 that congress, chiefly through the efforts of Alexander Hamilton, first secretary of the treasury, authorized the establishment of the first bank in the United States.

Hamilton's original idea was to include the Bank of North America, which Robert Morris founded, in the federal constitution, but the lawmakers "hought around, and they charged a new institution with a capital of \$10,000,000 to run for 20 years. Thomas Willing, one time partner of Morris, was chosen president of the bank, and the institution fulfilled its functions for the allotted time in the face of an agitation against it. Albert Gallatin, who was secretary of the treasury at the time of the war of 1812, was strongly in favor of congress renewing its charter, but his advice was not heeded and the bank passed into the hands of Stephen Girard, the great philanthropist and financier. Girard renamed it "The Bank of Stephen Girard," and operated it as a private enterprise. It is still in existence under the same name.

Need for a revival of the federal bank was felt in 1816, and congress was prevailed upon to authorize a charter for the Second Bank of the United States in that same year. It was around this institution that the great "Bank War" raged for many years, and in which two remarkable men, Nicholas Biddle and Andrew Jackson, were the striking figures.

The second bank was capitalized at \$35,000,000, and was to run 20 years. As in the case of the first bank, Philadelphia was chosen for its home, as the City of Brotherly Love was the financial center of the country in those days.

The new bank occupied a magnificent marble building in Chestnut street, above Fourth, now used as a custom house and the treasury. In its vaults were \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000 of public money. Private deposits amounted to about \$6,000,000 more. It had outstanding about \$12,000,000 of notes, which were as good as gold from Maine to Georgia. Indeed, they were worth their face in specie in any foreign exchange house in London, Paris, Calcutta or St. Petersburg. The annual profits of the institution, were more than \$3,000,000. In the bank in Philadelphia 100 clerks were employed, and it had 25 branches in various towns and cities of the union, employing 400 or 500 more. Through its agencies all the revenues of the national government were received and disbursed.

Nicholas Biddle, who bore at once the reputation of being one of the handsomest men in America, one of

the best scholars and one of the shrewdest financiers of his time, succeeded to the presidency of the second bank upon the retirement of Langdon Cheves, a leader in congress and a South Carolina man, who was first president of the institution. This was in 1823. Biddle had been a director of the bank since 1819.

Andrew Jackson represented an element in the country opposed to the federal bank plan, and he had not been long in the White House before Biddle, whose heart and soul were burned up in the institution, realized that he would have to do battle with a powerful adversary if the bank was to remain a part of the nation's financial system.

The clash between the two strong men was precipitated when Biddle refused at Jackson's request to remove Jeremiah Mason, a friend of Daniel Webster, from the presidency of the branch bank at Portsmouth, N. H. "Old Hickory's" ire was aroused and his hatred of Biddle and the bank assumed the most implacable form. Finally he vetoed bills to recharter the bank at the expiration of its life in 1836. He withdrew the government deposits and put them in state banks, regardless of the distress in financial and business circles, which his course induced.

Biddle on his side was by nature somewhat formal and ceremonious in his manner, and made a little vain of his position because of the deference which had so long been paid him on account of his financial power, neither at first nor afterward offered to abate anything in the struggle.

While he overrated his power, he was not to be outdone, and applied for and secured a charter at Harrisburg. Thus, when the national grant expired, the doors continued to open each morning as of yore under the name of the Bank of the United States of Pennsylvania.

So well did Biddle manage that he weathered a storm of suits against him and carried the bank through the panic of 1837. When he retired from the presidency in 1839, the bank's shares were selling at \$111.

But trouble followed in 1841, as a result of disturbances of that year, and in 1843 the shares were worth only two dollars. The eventual failure of the pet financial scheme affected Biddle so keenly that he died in 1844, virtually of a broken heart.

And now with the necessity of some kind of financial legislation, one of the pet schemes advocated by the currency system reformers is this federal bank idea, a scheme for a great central institution, something like the Bank of England, through which the affairs of the government may be transacted and relief accorded the money market in times of stress. It is to be a sort of financial life-saving station.

Various lawmakers view the plan in various ways. Some are enthusiastic over it, some are willing to debate the scheme, while others dismiss it absolutely.

Royal Visitors' Tips. Some London papers say that custom fixes \$250 a day as the amount to be paid in tips by royal visitors at Windsor castle. This amount is frequently exceeded, according to these newspaper authorities, and one of them states that Kaiser Wilhelm's recent stay with King Edward cost him \$10,000 in gratuities to servants.

ART OF GETTING BREAKFAST

Man Who Has Tried It Unhesitatingly Admits Woman's Superiority.

"Ever try to get your own breakfasts?" asked the man whose wife is away. "No? Well, it's a most valuable education in the art of holding more than one thing in the mind at a time. I can understand after a week of it how women get to be expert in matters of detail.

"We men go through life blundering along first at one thing and then at another, with the idea that what we are doing at the moment should be finished before anything else is taken up. You can't get breakfast on that principle. Women instinctively know how to run half a dozen things at once. When they have the coffee on the stove and the toast is browning and the eggs cooking, they can put the finishing touches on the setting of the table with a light and cheerful heart. At the psychological moment the coffee will be whisked off, the toast ex-

tracted and the eggs removed to a place where further application of heat is impossible. It's a wonder to me how they do it.

"A man if he attempts to make coffee, must devote his whole attention to the operation—likewise with everything else. If he doesn't there'll be trouble. He isn't a success in a double act, and when the question is one of a triple or a quadruple act, he might as well throw up his hands. At least," he concluded, with a shade of pride in his tone, "till he's got the hang of it."

"So you consider yourself qualified now, do you?" his friend inquired with mock seriousness.

"If a succession of spoiled meals qualifies me," the first speaker rejoined, "I'm it."

To ascertain the age of a woman it is necessary to ask her and ask her best friend. She will say 30, the friend will say 40, and then you take the average.

SHAFT TO OIL KING

RICH TEXAN PREPARING HONOR FOR JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

A. G. Lee Believes Multi-Millionaire Is Greatest Man in the World—Wants Him to Run for President.

Houston, Tex.—John D. Rockefeller need not wait until he reaches the spirit land to have a monument raised to his virtues. He will be able to stand in propria persona before the statue which will hand down his name to posterity and realize something of the impression the memento will make on future generations.

True, he has raised costly structures which stand to-day as monuments to his philanthropy. But this particular monument will be different. Mr. Rockefeller was not consulted in this matter, and the memorial will rise as a voluntary tribute from one of his admirers.

A. G. Lee of Denton, Tex., is the man who is erecting the Rockefeller monument. Somebody asked him why the other day and Mr. Lee showed plainly that his ideas on the subject were emphatic and deeply rooted.

"Why?" he answered; "why, because John D. Rockefeller is the greatest man in the world. I wish they could get him to run for president on the Democratic ticket next year. He'd be elected sure."

Mr. Lee is tall and straight, keen-eyed and shrewd looking. He is rich, too, and is looked upon as a person of consequence in his home section. He dresses plainly, explaining that he is too busy to bother about clothes, but there is something in his bearing which marks him as a man above the ordinary. He owns a homestead at Denton, which he has named the "John D.



Rockefeller hotel," another mark of his esteem for the oil king.

Besides his firm conviction as to Mr. Rockefeller's right to an ante-mortem monument, Mr. Lee has equally strong ideas about how the monument should be built. In fact, he has superintended the work as far as it has gone, and he has helped with his own hands on the foundation.

For months Mr. Lee's teams have been busy hauling stones of all sizes to a farm two miles from Denton, where the memorial is being erected. These stones range in size from pebbles to great boulders.

In the language of Mr. Lee, "Every rock in the pile stands for a noble deed. Mr. Rockefeller has done." Surmounting the rugged foundation will be a heroic statue of Mr. Rockefeller, and about its base four tablets will tell of his good works.

Mr. Lee expects to spend \$15,000 on the statue itself. He has ordered it from a bronze-casting firm in New York, but of this particular feature he declines to talk. It is evident that he is planning to surprise his neighbors when the statue comes along.

The unveiling ceremony is to be one of "Texas" great occasions, according to Mr. Lee. It is to be held next spring, and if present plans of the monument builder work out, Mr. Rockefeller and his family will, it is expected, be present at the ceremony.

Mr. Lee's office at his hotel, where he has his business headquarters, is littered with plans for the memorial, designs for the statue and suggestions for the tablets which are to stand at the base. Jokers have had their fun making up inscriptions which they think ought to be placed on the tablets, but it is evident that Mr. Lee himself will attend to that without outside aid. Border lines of dollar marks are favorite decorations with the volunteer inscription writers, and references to Standard Oil make up a large percentage of the suggested tributes. But the monument maker will have none of them.

Inasmuch as Mr. Lee says that his monument is, in part, the result of a desire to refute the harsh things said against Mr. Rockefeller by his critics, it is quite likely that the inscription work will be devoted to a defense of the subject's methods.

His ample fortune, which is variously estimated by his neighbors, has given the monument maker an opportunity to copy his hero's philanthropy. Besides erecting the memorial, he is credited with many other kind deeds, but, like his model citizen, Mr. Lee is careful of his funds.

Gone West. Mr. Brownstone (of New York)—What's become of De Curb? Mr. Barnes (of Brooklyn)—He's gone west to live.

Mr. Brownstone—You don't say so! What was he caught at?—N. Y. Week-ly.

"Sweet Are the Uses of Society." Mrs. Black—Why did you enter society? Miss White—To find a husband.

Mrs. Black—To get away from the one I've got.—Cleveland Leader.

Jerome Keogh of Buffalo has posted a forfeit to bind a match with Thomas J. Huston of St. Louis for the pool championship of the world. The match will be played within 40 days if Huston accepts the def. The championship contest will be at 200 balls for a stake of \$300.

SPORTING FACTS AND FANCIES

The wheels of baseball bring about strange things. For instance, Joe Kelley returns to Boston, where he started 16 years ago. He was then released to Omaha, and worked his way into fast company again in the next few years, finally landing as a member of the Baltimore champions. Dan McGann, traded to Boston the other day by Manager McGraw, of New York, was a former Boston player, playing there in 1895. It is significant that four men connected with the old Baltimore champions are managing big league clubs, as follows: Jennings in Detroit, Kelley in Boston, McGraw in New York and Hanlon in Cincinnati. This is Hanlon's last year in company in the capacity of manager. Joe Kelly intends to take the Boston Nationals to Augusta, Ga., to train. Augusta has been the stamping ground of the Tigers for three years, but will be passed up for Little Rock next spring. Considering the hard time he had in making good at Boston, it is indeed surprising that Fred Tenney remained there so long. He went to the Hub in 1895 with his pitcher, Sexton, from Brown university. Boston then had Jack Ryan, Charley Gangel and Jack Warner as backstops, and the fact that Fred was a southpaw retarded his progress. For two years Seale worked him occasionally behind the bat, but more often played him in the outfield. In 1897 his chance came. Tommy Tucker began to go back, and Tenney got the job at first base. For the 13 years he played with Boston he had a grand batting average of .303. In 1899 he batted .350, while in 1904 he hit his lowest mark, .270. For the last seven years he has led all the National league first sackers in the number of assists, and his poorest fielding average was .974 in 1903.

In a letter to an eastern friend, written since the jockey club ordered the secretaries of the tracks operating under its jurisdiction to refuse entries from his stable hereafter, Charles E. Durnell declares the action took him completely by surprise. Then he goes on: "I want to say that I was never called up to explain the running of any of my horses. It was never necessary. No jockey or trainer employed by me was ever called before the stewards. I have never violated a sta-

ble rule of racing. All my transactions on the turf have been open and above board and I defy anyone to prove anything to the contrary." Durnell makes no misstatement when he asserts that his horses ran true to form last season and it is equally true that neither he nor his jockeys nor his trainers were at any time last season called before the stewards of the jockey club to explain the running of his horses. Durnell says that he has made arrangements for the disposition of his horses, of which the stewards of the Pacific Coast Jockey club approve. He has made no plans for the future, but he expects to see some racing in the east.

President August Herrmann is still looking for a manager for his Cincinnati team. He has been in receipt of many applications from all sorts of cranks. One man offers to handle the Reds on a scale of wages of \$500 if the team finishes fifth, \$1,800 if fourth, \$2,800 if third, \$3,800 if second, and \$5,000 if first. He also tells Herrmann that he has another scheme by which \$100,000 can be made. Another applicant says that he has a magnetic power over ball players, that he is 35 years old, is a wonder at the bat and in the field, and will assume the management if Garry will send him transportation and a ten dollar bill. Herrmann has no idea who will manage his team, and the Cincinnati fans are up in arms. He was evidently afraid to make any deals at the recent league meeting, believing that an error of judgment would cause some warm criticism, for which Portkown is noted. It is believed that when it comes down to cases Herrmann will make either John Gangel or Miller Huggins manager. In view of the fact that Hanlon developed such players as Lobert, Kane, Mitchell, McLean and others now considered valuable by Cincinnati critics, it appears to many outside judges that the release of Hanlon was a serious mistake, although it is charged that he was unpopular with his men.

Daniels Sets New Record. Swimmers are beginning to wonder whether Champion C. M. Daniels of the New York Athletic club will ever reach the end of his tether. A few days ago the voice went around that he was out of shape, going back, and unable to come within striking distance of his former times. The other night, in the 4538-foot pool of the Oakland Athletic club in Pittsburgh, the "human pickarel" set out to disprove the statement, and he did it to the queen's state. Paced by his club-mate, L. De B. Handley, to whom he conceded a handicap, he performed through two lengths and one-quarter of the pool at such a terrific clip that the timekeepers could hardly believe their eyes when they consulted their watches. One stood at 29.45 and the other two at 30 seconds flat. Sixty yards in exactly half a minute! This performance was one and one-fifth seconds faster than the previous world's record, made by Daniels himself.

Drink Garfield Tea at night! It insures a normal action of liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels, and overcomes constipation.

No man is born without faults, but he lives best who has the fewest.

ODD NAMES OF BALL PLAYERS

MAJORITY OF MEN WITH QUEER COGNOMENS IN THE MINOR LEAGUES.

ALL POINTS OF THE COMPASS

You Can Pick Any Color or Season, or Any Occupation from Roster of the Various Leagues—Virginia Is Leader in This Line—Some Religiously Inclined.

There are a whole lot of things peculiar to baseball, but without a doubt one of the most peculiar is the great collection of names hitched to players who engage in the great national pastime. Every one from a Hogg to a Lord seems to be in the sport professionally. They even have Angels, a person by that name having been transferred from Denver to Little Rock recently.

According to the latest bulletin of Secretary Farrell, Ed L. Goes from Springfield to Oklahoma City, but that is not strange. Springfield being in Missouri, the management probably had to be shown.

To the religiously inclined there is some consolation in the sport. Sunday baseball notwithstanding. Pope is with Terre Haute. Pastor holds down short for Norwich, Ct.; Pastorious pitches for Brooklyn, and an eminent player Devine is center fielder for Lawrence. Kane also plays left for Brockton, when he is able, which is considered a bum joke. On the other hand, Daum catches for Lynn, and the fans never fail to mention his name in a loud voice when he lets runners steal second. Dang, a little more polite, is second baseman for Quincy.

West pitches for Toledo, and Walter East is drafted from Akron by a Little Rock. South is a member of a South Atlantic team, but North can't be found. One of the best combinations is a battery that works at Du-boise, Pa. Watosky pitches to Bus-insky, which is going some. Meek holds down first base for Birmingham, but as yet Moses has not butted into the game. Noah, however, flings for New Castle, Pa., and is said to be one of the greatest rainy day pitchers in the business.

The ladies are well represented. Misses is left fielder for Marshalltown, Ruby is right fielder for Springfield, Lizette plays first base for Rock Island, Ethelbaum is a pitcher for East Claire, Hazel works at second for Oshkosh, and Magie is Utica's first baseman. Bell pitches for Brooklyn, while Rose plays second for Birmingham. Marguerite and Sadie may come out next season.

Steele, of Wilkesbarre, is said to be one of the greatest base runners in the business. Noyes, of Hartford, doesn't live up to his name and never is seen on the coaching lines. Fred Snow, with Lansing, is a great cold weather player, and Winter, of Boston, usually makes good on a hot June day. Summers, Detroit, is not good in the fall. Thus it will be seen that there is something in a name. Chill is a Central league number, and Eels is a Burlington flinger. Burt Blue, formerly catcher for Columbus, is one of the most cheerful men in baseball, and continually works with his face wreathed in smiles.

George Upp, a pitcher from Sandusky, is a steady man and seldom if ever ascends. Detroit has no ups, but has its Downs. Blough recently joined the Marion, O. and P. league team, and when hit for two singles in the ninth inning struck out the next two men. By the way, it might be well to mention that in Lee Sage Oshkosh has one of the wisest jays in baseball.

For unusual names the Virginia league, taken collectively, has it on all the rest. Loose plays right field for Portsmouth, Lavender pitches for Danville, Flowers does the same for Roanoke, while Henn is an outfielder with Danville. Reggy works at short for the same club, but Algernon and Percival have not been discovered. To cap the climax, Salve pitches about once a week for Richmond. That is going some for one league. Grover Laudermilk as with Mattoon Yant pitches for Keokuk.

The Eastern league has quite a collection of pitchers in Vovinkle and Tozer, Buffalo; Chesterfer, Toronto; Pfannmiller, Jersey City; Pappalau and Bannister, Rochester.

Charlie Starr is conceded to be the leading shortstop of the O. and P. league, while Redman, catcher there, wears a complexion which often causes inquiry if he is a descendant of a "big chief." There are all sorts of colors in the game: White, Chicago; Black, who used to be in Oil City; Green, of Milwaukee; Brown, of Chicago, and a few others. And there sure is nothing in a name when Upp pitches steadily, Leann is a finished player and Yous is the oldest pitcher in organized baseball.

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ODD NAMES OF BALL PLAYERS

MAJORITY OF MEN WITH QUEER COGNOMENS IN THE MINOR LEAGUES.

ALL POINTS OF THE COMPASS

You Can Pick Any Color or Season, or Any Occupation from Roster of the Various Leagues—Virginia Is Leader in This Line—Some Religiously Inclined.

There are a whole lot of things peculiar to baseball, but without a doubt one of the most peculiar is the great collection of names hitched to players who engage in the great national pastime. Every one from a Hogg to a Lord seems to be in the sport professionally. They even have Angels, a person by that name having been transferred from Denver to Little Rock recently.</