

Samson and Delilah

By Harriet G. Canfield

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Aunt Dee put her pretty head out of the window, and listened—all unconscious that so doing, she turned an agent in her life-story. They had lived in this neighborhood only two days, but Dorothy had evidently found a playmate. Her cheerful little voice came floating up: "Oh, yeth," she was saying, "I'm glad you live in the next houth!"

Aunt Dee looked down at her small niece. She was standing close to the hedge that divided their lawn from the old-fashioned yard adjoining it, leaning just as close to the hedge. The other side, was a fair-haired child, whose long, golden curls were tied back on each side with a blue ribbon.

Only the head of each was visible to the other, but Aunt Dee gazed wonderingly at the little figure on the other side of the hedge. Was it a boy, or a girl? A long-sleeved gingham apron—blue and white—hung stiffly down to the tops of shoes, thick-soled and heavy, like those worn by men in embryo. There were pockets in the apron, and the small hands were thrust into them man fashion. There was a look of real martyrdom in the blue eyes.

"I wath afraid I'd have to live near a boy," Dorothy lisped, laughing contentedly.

The golden-haired child flushed painfully, and withered with embarrassment; then he leaned forward and said something too low for Aunt Dee to hear. Dorothy sprang back in amazement. "Oh! Oh!" she cried. "What a whopper! You ain't a boy at all—you've got curth, an' ribbon, an'—"

"I'll come round and show you my shoes," he said, determined to convince her of his masculinity. A minute later he was standing on the lawn, exhibiting his pedal extremities to the little girl.

"But I never thaw a boy wear apronh like that," she said argumentatively. "What for do you wear em?"

The question was not answered, for the new acquaintance said, "I've got to go in, now; Aunt Mercy's calling me."

He seemed glad of the chance to leave his little inquisitor, but that the escape was only temporary, Aunt Dee discovered at bedtime. Dorothy, as usual, made a confidant of her:

"Oh, dear!" she sighed, sitting down on the floor to take off her shoes "There it's a great deal of trouble in thith world."

Aunt Dee suppressed a smile. "What is troubling you now, dear?" she asked sympathetically.

"Nothing it's troubling me—It it's poor Thamthion!"

"Samson!" Is that the little boy next door?"

"Yeth. You thee he had a mamma only a teeny bit of a while, then she died, an' hith Aunt Merthy took him. She itn't only a great aunt, an' she don't prove of boyth; she want them all to be little girlth. She wanted him named Thamthion 'cauth he had long hair, like the Thamthion in the Bible. Hith papa ith away the much, an' he hith to wear apronh an' ribbonh. She gazed pensively at the little stocking in her hand.

"It is too bad!" Aunt Dee said indignantly. "Poor little fellow!"

"Yeth, but the curth are the hard-eth to bear! Hith papa wanted them cut off, but hith Aunt Merthy wanted him to wait 'til he came home again. He wath to come home to-day, but they got a letter that maybe he couldn't come 'til July, an' Thamthion't heart it's breaking! He hath to do patchwork, and hith Aunt Merthy readth the Bible to him."

"Doesn't he like that?" Aunt Dee said.

"Yeth, everything but the angelth; he itn't int'rethed in angelth!"

"Why isn't he interested in the angels, Dorothy?"

"Oh, they all have long hair! He it's thorry for them, but he don't never want to be one!"

"What is Samson's last name?" Aunt Dee asked.

"Whiting—only Whiting; it itn't out of the Bible, like Thamthion. What it's the matter, Aunt Dee? You jumped!"

"Nothing, dear; I knew some one of that name several years ago. Now you must say your prayers, and let me put out the light. Mamma is coming up to kiss you good night."

Alone in her room Aunt Dee recalled the past, and the past inseparably connected with David Whiting. "Some one of that name" had loved her eight long years ago. She had loved him, and foolishly (?) refused him for another woman's sake. Had Grace Thornby been happy with the man she loved? Happy as Deborah Wright might have been?

"He never called me Deborah," she said to herself, "it was always 'Dee'—Dorothy's name for me now. Poor Grace! I never dreamed that she was dead. They moved away before Samson came. I know the poor little man is David's boy; the likeness is perfect. My heart goes out to that pathetic little figure in blue gingham! I could pray with Dorothy, 'O Lord, pleath have Thamthion't hair cut!'"

The next day was Saturday. Samson came over early in the morning, and the children played happily for over an hour. Then there was such commotion in the yard, that Aunt Dee went to the door to see what was the matter.

Samson—with Dorothy behind him—was the center of a group of boys. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes shining. "I won't stand it!" he cried. "I ain't a girl!"

"He it's a boy!" Dorothy lisped valiantly. "Hith name it's Thamthion!"

Samson's tormentors hooted derisively. "Thamthion!" She says it's name is 'Thamthion,' and it has curls!"

Before Aunt Dee could interfere, Samson's fist had come in close contact with the leader of the group. The boy—twice as large as his antagonist—was too astonished to avoid the blow. When he saw Aunt Dee coming, he picked himself up from the grass, and ran swiftly down the street, his companions following like a flock of sheep.

Aunt Dee's eyes blazed with righteous indignation. "The cowards!" she cried. Samson's lips quivered, and he blinked hard, to keep the tears back—boys don't cry! "I—I—hate curls!" he said.

Aunt Dee made a sudden resolution—she felt reckless. "Dorothy," she cried, "bring me the scissors!" Dorothy looked surprised, but she had been taught to obey her elders. While she was gone, Aunt Dee said quietly, "Do you know how Samson—the Bible Samson—lost his long hair?"

"Oh, yes," the little Samson answered promptly. "Delliah cut it off. Aunt Mercy said Delliah was a bad woman, but I liked her first rate."

Dorothy came up with the scissors in her hand. "Here they are, Aunt Dee," she said.

A look of wonder and delight came into Samson's blue eyes. "She called you 'Aunt D.'!" he cried, "does D stand for Delliah?"

"It does this morning," the scissors lady said determinedly, and she snipped the long curls off as though she enjoyed her work. "There! After it is shingled," she said, "and we get rid of this apron, you will be a really, truly, boy, dear! Run into the house, Dorothy; I am going home with Samson."

She gathered the curls in one hand, and held out the other to the grateful little boy. Straight into the old house they walked, and Aunt Mercy held up her withered hands in horror, at the sight of her shorn lamb.

"How did this happen?" she gasped, and the scissors lady, like George Washington, "could not tell a lie," but made full confession.

Some one came into the room while she was introducing herself to Aunt Mercy—some one who stood behind her, and listened hungrily to the sweet voice, pleading for his motherless little boy.

"He has been so unhappy," she said, "and—forgive me—I've been wondering if you understand boys? They need—"

"They need a mother's love!" The voice came from behind her, full and deep, just as David Whiting's voice had sounded eight years before. She turned and looked at him, the warm color flooding her face.

"They need a mother's love," he said again. "Can my little lad have that, Dee?" He held out his arms entreatingly, and the scissors lady walked into them.

Imperfect Immunity.

An instance of diplomatic immunity nipped in the bud is cited in the Washington correspondence of the Chicago Tribune. A Washington policeman was swinging his club in Dupont Circle when he noticed a nine-year-old breaking branches from a small bush.

"Stop that," he said to the youngster, touching him on the shoulder. "I may have to arrest you for that."

The child looked at him unafraid. "You can't do that," he observed, gravely. "I am entitled to diplomatic immunity."

The officer's mouth opened in amazement; then he said: "Young man, I am an officer of the law. It is unlawful to break shrubbery. Anybody doing so must be arrested."

"But you don't know who I am," came back in childish treble. "I am the son of an envoy extraordinary and a minister plenipotentiary. Diplomats and their families cannot be punished for breaking the laws. If you don't believe it, you may go and ask my papa."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, young man," the officer said, grimly. "I will take you to your father and see if you have any immunity from his punishment."

The youngster wailed; and it was some satisfaction to the officer to know that he wailed still louder after the tale had been told at the legation.

Rigidity of Matter.

To the average mind the conception of the atom, or electron, as a sort of whiplike in the ether, renders it difficult to understand how matter can be rigid. Rigidity is explained as due to the enormous velocity of these ethereal vortices. It has been shown that water moving with sufficient velocity through a tube cannot be broken into by a violent blow from a saber. "A layer of water a few centimeters thick," says M. le Bon, "and rated by a sufficient velocity, which would be as impenetrable to shells as the steel plates of an ironclad."

LONDON'S TREE WONDER

OCCUPIES LAND WORTH \$4,500,000 AN ACRE.



TREE IN HEART OF LONDON

There is a tree in Cheapside, London, that may be described as the most expensive of its kind on earth. If five-dollar gold pieces filled the entire trunk and five-dollar bills fluttered in the place of every one of the leaves, it would not buy the land it occupies. For the land on which it stands, the northwest corner of Wood street and Cheapside, is worth \$4,500,000 an acre. The tree has stood on this spot for more than 200 years; meanwhile its site has augmented in value to almost fabulous proportions.

There have been several hard-fought lawsuits over this plot of ground, the fight having been carried even to the house of lords; but, so far, the lawyers have never been able to break through the phalanx of enactments which preserve the tree. In the first place, there is a law in England which prohibits builders from putting up a structure which shall keep out the light from windows which bear the mysterious words, "Ancient Lights." This tree in Cheapside is literally surrounded by a number of ancient lights proprietors, whose consent has never been obtained when it came to cutting down the tree and putting a modern structure on its site. For the same reason, the storekeeper who rents the tiny two-story structure on the corner just in front of the tree has never been able to put his building up beyond its present height. Some years ago, one builder, who thought himself more cute than the others, started to take the law into his own hands and put up a building, thinking to arrange with the owners of the ancient lights afterward. But he was met with a perfect shower of injunctions, proceedings, writs and indictments, more than would have covered the tree in its full spring bloom.

A few years ago, some gardeners were ordered to lop off certain limbs of the tree which hung over Cheapside. It was done really to save the life of the tree, and had the consent of the parish clerk and churchwardens of Saint Peter's, Cheapside, the ancient little Norman church in Foster Lane, near by, who guard this tree from the vandals' clutches. When the men began to work on the tree, however, it created a sensation in Cheapside. "They are chopping down our tree," went up from a thousand angry throats in the district. Police-men were called and there would have been another shower of writs, injunctions and proceedings had not the minister of the parish explained the real reason for the lopping operations.

Another almost impassable barrier which protects the tree in its position is the fact that it grows in sacred ground. There is a law in London that no building can be erected on sacred ground without special act of parliament, and woe betide the unhappy man who dares to put up even a shanty within the sacred precincts of a graveyard in England.

This particular corner of Cheapside has been immortalized by Wordsworth:

At the corner of Wood street, when day-light appears,
There's a thrush that sings loud; it has

sung for three years.

This bird was wont to perch in the now famous tree and it attracted the attention of Wordsworth, who used to record in England, and it may almost be described as an English institution.

This particular corner of Cheapside is back of the general post office and one of the finest pieces of real estate in the world. With the tremendous difficulties that stand in the way of its being built over—the sanctity of the land itself and the power of the Ancient Lights statute—it is probable that this piece of ground will remain unimproved for another century or two. In a recent interview the manager of the real-estate agents, who control nearly all the land in the district, declared that "the old tree in Cheapside occupies a position which is likely never to be built upon. There would be a perfect howl of execration from all sides if anyone were to attempt to put up a modern building there; for Wood street itself is so narrow that the people on both sides of the street have a right to claim ancient lights, and the builder who went in for improving this property would have to square so many people that he would never be able to get any profit out of his building."

BEFORE AND AFTER.

He promised he would wait on her and all his life would try to make her happy every day or know the reason why.

He swore that silks and satins for her every week he'd buy.

He begged her on his bended knee to be his happy bride.

He swore he'd be her willing slave and always by her side.

And that when they were man and wife in carriages she'd ride.

He told her that she'd never have to do the housework. No.

He'd hire a maid to do all that and she could come and go.

Exactly as she pleased and not a cross word should she know.

They married. Now she has no maid, no silks or satins fine.

He does not even help her put the washing on the line.

But still she doesn't nag him and she doesn't fume and whine.

She seems to be quite happy and she thinks her husband good.

She doesn't make a slave of him and wouldn't if she could.

He hasn't kept his promise, but she never thought he would.

—Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

Time Wasted.

Bill—I lost about 15 minutes on the train, coming into the city to-day.

Jill—Train late?

"No, the train was on time, all right; but I spent 15 minutes trying to open a window."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE ENGAGEMENT OFF.



Wiggles—Arabella, darling, may I kiss you?
Arabella—Yes, sweetest, but kiss me on the left cheek, please.
Wiggles (doing so)—And may I ask, dearest, why the left cheek?
Little Brother (poking his head through the door)—Because Jack Wiggles has been kissing the right cheek all the afternoon, and it's tired.

RISE OF SIGNALMAN

JAMES FAGAN SELECTED TO LECTURE AT HARVARD.

"Confessions" Attracted Attention of University Head and President Roosevelt—Still Works in Tower.

New York.—Out of a signal tower in one of the dirtiest and most sordid of the suburbs of Boston James Fagan has come to the Harvard university lecture platform. President Eliot has selected him, and President Roosevelt has called him to the White House to discuss railroad matters. The public is hearing of him and beginning to wonder what kind of a man he is.

Mr. Fagan is tall and thin, loosely built, but not awkward. On first seeing him one is attracted by the look of earnestness in his gray eyes, and one feels that this is a man who really believes in his work.

The little tower in which he has been working and thinking these 22 years is as dingy and unattractive as its surroundings and is not different from the hundreds of other railroad signal towers scattered throughout the country. The steel levers, the clicking telegraph instrument, the dreary view up and down the tracks—the average student of economics would not consider these the most advantageous surroundings for mental effort, but here Fagan has learned enough about railroad problems to qualify him as a lecturer in Harvard university. Eight hours a day of work in the tower and almost as much again of study in his little home in Waltham have made him one of the most remarkable men in this country to-day.

He is now 50 years old. The first 25 years of his life were years of wandering and adventure; the last 25 have been years of observation and study. No one can justly claim to have discovered him, for he discovered himself. Some time ago the Atlantic Monthly devoted a good deal of space to various articles on railroad problems. He read these articles with great interest, and he saw in them a perfect howl of execration from all sides if anyone were to attempt to put up a modern building there; for Wood street itself is so narrow that the people on both sides of the street have a right to claim ancient lights, and the builder who went in for improving this property would have to square so many people that he would never be able to get any profit out of his building."

He immediately started to write. The result of his efforts is the series which appeared under the title of "The Confessions of a Railroad Signalman." These articles are not of a nature which tends to increase our national pride in our railroad system, for they are in effect a rather severe arraignment of the management of all railroads in general, and of his own, the Boston & Maine, more particularly, but none of the railroads has sued the Atlantic Monthly for libel.

This series of articles brought him to the attention of the public, and it was not long before President Eliot called him to Cambridge to confer with him. President Eliot saw that he knew what he was talking about, and he appointed him to lecture before the new School of Business Administration. He will give a series of lectures next spring, but the subject and the exact time have not been decided on.

Soon after his interview with President Eliot he was called to Washington for a conference with President Roosevelt. What passed between them has not been revealed, but Fagan's reputation was made.

The answers of the railroads to the first series of articles have been chiefly of the "What else can we do?" sort, and it will be interesting to see whether Mr. Fagan has gone deeply enough into the subject to tell them what they can do to improve things.

Just to fill in his spare time he is lecturing in different parts of the United States, now in Chicago, now before the convention of railroad surgeons in New York, or before the City club of Boston, and he is beginning to make people believe that he is not "working for himself all the time," but at least part of the time for the ideals of what the American railroad ought to be.

And, finally, this altogether remarkable man works eight hours a day in the little dingy tower in North Cambridge when he is not speaking in some other part of the country, because "it keeps him in touch with his subject."

Fagan at Work.

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His Solitude.

The Domine—Why are you anxious for me to dine with you on Thanksgiving, my young friend?

Fredde—Cause dad said he would not go to the expense of a turkey unless some one should come to dinner.

One of His Trials.

Yeast—Do you believe in trial marriages?

Crimsonbeak—Well, mine's been a trial to me, all right!—Yonkers Statesman.

LOST TITLE TO KETCHEL



Billy Papke, the Spring Valley, Ill., scrapper, who lost the middle-weight championship to Stanley Ketchel of Michigan in their recent bout at Colma, Cal.

MAY DROP MARATHON RUN FROM THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Action of Hayes and Durando Has Hurt Event Among Lovers of Amateur Sport.

That the United States does not intend to be caught napping when the time for the next Olympic games rolls around was shown at the annual meeting of the Amateur Athletic union recently. In all the hubbub raised over America's righteous indignation at Great Britain's most important move on the part of this body almost escaped attention. A strong committee, composed of the most part of men who had to experience the injustice of England last summer, was appointed to bring about an international conference which would form an organization for the conduct of future Olympic meets, and especially to insure the appointment of impartial officials, to arrange a set of purely Olympic championship events—in short to see that everything shall be done on an international scale.

The American committee is composed of men who may be depended upon to see that this country gets fair treatment when the conference convenes. Primarily, the Americans intend to insist that there shall be a list of standard events for the Olympic championship. Heretofore there have been certain events, known as the track and field section, which were generally understood to be for the Olympic championship. At the London meet a lot of minor events in which England alone was entered, were put on the program and by counting these uncontested victories England was able to get together enough points to claim the Olympic championship.

In view of the dispute in which the Marathon victory has been brought by the action of Dorando and Hayes turning professional in order to make money out of their sensational performances at London and the previous act of Sherring, the winner at Athens two years ago, it is very likely that the International Olympic council will throw the Marathon run off the Olympic program. That this should be done is the sentiment of the leading members of the American committee.

It is pointed out that these games are held purely to foster clean amateur sport and that any event which tends to professionalize the sport is a detriment to it. Dorando and Hayes were the heroes of the Marathon run and both succumbed to the temptation to make money out of what they achieved through their own efforts and the efforts of other amateur sportsmen. Their action in going on the stage and then renouncing their race in New York for a purse does amateur sports no good.

That Owen Bush, the young short-staple secured by Detroit from Indianapolis, had much to do with bringing the American league pennant to Detroit is generally conceded. It was the brilliant work of the recruit which prevented the champions from being routed when the mishap to O'Leary robbed them of a shortstop. It was Bush's good work, both in the field and at the bat, which helped the Tigers to the victories which they needed to give them the flag.

It has leaked out that McGraw came very near to closing a deal for Bush after he had secured Marquard from the Indianapolis team. But after watching Bush in a game on a day the Giants were not playing, he concluded that he could not use the youngster, and all because he made a play which, though successful, did not suit the astute manager of the New York team.

It seems that Bush came to bat with the bases filled and two out. Instead of following instructions, and hitting the ball out, Bush sought to cross his adversaries by laying the ball down and beating it out. The play worked as he figured for he reached first in safety, and the man on third scored.

What was New York's loss was Detroit's gain, for once he joined the Tigers he bolstered up a badly crippled infield, and made it possible for the Tigers to win their second pennant.

Baum to Lead Illinois Eleven. Benny Baum, left end on the Illinois football team for two years, has been elected captain of the varsity for 1909 after a close race with John Richards, right end on the Illinois. Baum is a junior in the university and hails from Phoenix, Ariz.

RAY EWRY TELLS HOW TO TRAIN FOR STANDING JUMP

Champion Declares Nerve is One of Most Important Essentials, as Only One Effort is to Be Made.

Ray Ewry, champion high jumper, says: "The standing jumps require good nerve as there is only one effort to be made. All the strength must be expended in that one effort, necessitating a perfect control of the whole muscular system. Jumping naturally implies leg work, but I find that this is true only to a certain point. To prove this, jump until you are tired. The next day, at the same time following, should show you what muscles are sore, and you can then take work in strengthening those particular parts."

"Skipping the rope is one of the best exercises for the instep, the 'squats' for the thighs, the kicks for the abdominal muscles, full arm swings for the shoulders. The neck muscles running up the back of the head should receive attention, as they are used in controlling the arms. Do not work until tired, quit just short of this point. Let all your work be quick and snappy. The main thing about the standing jump is suppleness and control of the body while in the air. This requires lots of practice."

"In the high jump the arms are swung sharply down and then upward, the body at the same time straightening out like a released spring. At the instant of leaving the ground the whole figure is in a straight line. When the proper height is reached the leg next to the bar should be raised over the bar and the knee drawn up as far as possible. The leg is at the same time being shifted over the bar, and the other leg is then lifted, the two passing each other in the scissor action."

"Get your nerves in good shape. This is one great essential in the standing jumps. Avoid the use of intoxicants or stimulants which will effect the digestion. Your nerves must be under perfect control or you will lose the jump, even though you be the stronger man physically."

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SPORTING GOSSIP

Chicago will see all the top-notch billiardists in a tournament for the 18.2 world's championship late in February or early in March, according to present plans of the moving spirits in the cue world. Hoppe, who relinquished the title for 18-inch ball-line, two shots in, will be one of the participants and the other stars will include Sutton, Slosson, Calvin Demarest, the former amateur champion; Morningstar and one other, probably Cutler. It was hoped that Jake Schaefer would be able to enter the tourney, but he has written the promoters from Denver that his health would not allow him to return to the east before spring. Just at present Schaefer is not even practicing at billiards, so he would be in no form to contest with such a galaxy of talent.

All of