

RICHMOND WON THE FIRST OF SEASON

Rah-Rah Boys Were Mowed Down by Jessup's Colts Saturday.

WHITE WAS THE STAR.

HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR MISCUES OF TEAM MATES, COLLEGIANS MIGHT HAVE PUT THE KIBOSH ON PROFESSIONAL PLAYERS.

Despite the fact that Herby White, the star slub artist of the Earlham team, mowed down twelve of Jessup's band with his wicked drop ball and choked them off with three hits, two of them very stingy affairs, in seven innings, the local professionals roused their rah, rah opponents yesterday afternoon by a score of 4 to 2.

As can be gleaned from the foregoing, Mr. White was in nice form and there was absolutely nothing doing with his delivery. Had it not been for seven miscues and the two passed balls by his battery partner, Capt. Mike Harrell, he would have calculated the Richmond outfit. White had the bugle on his opponents, Messrs. Brown, Aresmith, Conner and Fleming, as he has been preparing himself for the base ball season since last Ground Hog day. The professional twirlers made no effort to use curves except in a few instances. Mr. Fleming also eliminated speed, however he and Brown, Aresmith and Conner were effective, holding the collegians to five hits and winning eight of them. They also failed to issue any transportation to first.

In the second stanza Hedjuk was hit in the gizzard by one of White's hot ones. Hanna hit Hancock who juggled and inaugurated a series of wild throws, which permitted Hedjuk to amble across the pan for the first run made by the Richmond team this season. In the third inning a base on balls, two orange hued errors, mixed in with a passed ball permitted Shinn, Parker and Burns to tally. When Mr. Conner entered the box in the fifth he began following his chosen profession by smiting Capt. Harrell in the back. Harrell went to second on White's out, pilfered third and counted on Lindley's single. In the sixth the collegians fell upon the Dublin expert for three singles which netted one run. This ended the scoring for the game. Summary:

RICHMOND	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Shinn, If.	2	1	0	0	0	0
Wetherow, rf.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Witterwood, cf.	1	0	0	0	1	0
Parker, 2b.	4	1	1	1	4	0
Burns, 1b.	4	1	1	7	0	0
Bambrugh, 3b.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Hedjuk, ss.	2	1	0	2	1	0
Hanna, cf.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Lindley, c.	2	0	0	0	0	1
Clark, p.	1	0	0	4	0	0
Brown, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Aresmith, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0
Conner, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Fleming, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0

EARLHAM	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
W. Elliott, lf.	3	1	2	1	0	1
Hancock, 3b.	3	0	1	1	0	1
Publow, ss.	3	0	0	2	1	0
Bambers, cf.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Harrell, c.	2	1	0	1	2	2
White, p.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Lindley, cf.	1	0	1	1	0	0
Hutchins, 2b.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Stanley, 1b.	2	0	0	0	0	2

Totals	25	2	5	21	7	2
Richmond	25	4	13	0	0	4
Earlham	25	0	0	0	1	0

First base on errors—Richmond 1. Left on bases—Richmond 7, Earlham 4. Double play—Harrell to Hancock, Struckout—By White 12; by Brown 3; by Aresmith 2; by Conner 2; by Fleming 1. Innings pitched—By White 7, by Brown 2, by Aresmith 2, by Conner 2, by Fleming 1. Bases on balls—Off White 3, Hit by pitcher Hedjuk, Harrell and Hitchkiss. Passed balls—Harrell 2. Earned run—Earlham 1. Umpire—Fisher. Attendance—399.

GOSSIP OF THE GAME.

No good line could be obtained on Jessup's box artists. None of them attempted any curves to speak of as their salary fins have not yet rounded into form. All four of the twirlers who worked yesterday, appear valuable additions to the payroll.

Lindley caught Brown and Aresmith, while Clark did the receiving for Conner and Fleming. These two lads showed up nicely, holding their pitchers well and throwing quite good. Of course, perfect base throwing could not be expected from them at this stage of the game as they have not yet gotten all the kinks out of their arms.

Field Captain Parker was there with a brand new box of ginger. He was in the game at all times and fielded his position nicely despite the fact that the infield was extremely rough.

Hedjuk showed nicely at shortstop. Like Parker, he has plenty of ginger. Johnny Bambrugh had no business to transact around a third base but local fans know that he is able to cover that bag to perfection. Johnny was robbed of a swell hit by Publow jumping into the ozone and spearing a hot one off his bat.

Hanna, Shinn, Wetherow and Witterwood worked out in the outfield and performed nicely. The only miscue made in the outfield department was a wild throw by Witterwood, pulled off by his anxiety to get a runner at second after he had fielded nicely a fast single.

If White can keep up the clip he started yesterday there will not be a college twirler in the state that has

Both Are Very Anxious to be Secretary of State.



FRED SIMS, Of Frankfurt, Renominated by Acclamation.



J. F. COX, Of Columbia.

Courtesy of the Indianapolis News.

PLAY BALL.

Their records now on printed page. Go to show. They are the rage. The baseball players are trotted out. Old players, who are much too stout, are shrinking fast. Auditing before. To the wood-brown park. The small boy finds. A knothole where. He puts his brand. From his home. While he is in. No time to think of. The perfect run. Who once did no. The flock of stork. Forgetting is the. Horse race, too. As likewise is. The entire crew. No mind for any. Thing at all. What we want is just "play ball."

anything on him. He had plenty of speed and a peckin' drop ball that sent them all guessing.

Mr. T. Fisher, ex-Quaker, and now one of the effects of the Sharon-Park baseball club, handled the indicator. Mr. Fisher was in splendid voice and there with the eagle glance. He was never in danger of mob violence.

Quite a parcel of bugs, coeds and rah, rah boys were on hand to witness the festivities. The college cheer was started once, but was, for some unknown reason, choked to death before it got round headway.

The local lads were weak with the willow, but there with the glazer. As soon as the batting lamps are properly trimmed, the stick work will improve. Publow, the Earlham shortstop, looks very promising. He pulled off some fast work.

The Twilight Of Life.

The muscles of the stomach in old age are not as strong or active as in youth and in consequence old people are very subject to constipation and indigestion. Many seldom have a bowel movement without artificial aid. Many also have unpleasant eructations or gas from the stomach after eating. All this can be avoided by the use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin which permanently regulates the bowels so that passages come naturally, and so strengthens the stomach that food is digested without discomfort. Druggists sell it at 50 cents or \$1 a large bottle.

Oldest House Now a Garage



A celebrated French author referring to a very aged person, remarked that death seemed to have forgotten him and passed him by. In like manner it may be said that the furies of fire, frost and blistering sun seem to have forgotten an old house that stands in St. Augustine, Fla. It is the oldest house in the United States—built 375 years ago, in 1533—yet, with a new roof and new siding it stands today like a sturdy bit of the sixteenth century carried over into the twentieth. The house was built by French Huguenot emigrants who came to a new world to seek the religious peace that they could not find at home. Spanish adventurers, interfered with their forms of worship, and at length

ONE CASE A DAY COURT RECORD

This Was Discovered by Clerk Penny.

After making a review of his civil docket of last term of court, County Clerk Penny discovered yesterday afternoon the court had averaged one case a day in its disposition. There was a total of seventy-six cases disposed of and there were just seventy-six days of court. This does not mean necessarily only one case was handled each day. In fact, several were disposed of in this time on a number of occasions, but there were no infrequent days when no case came up. Beside the civil, there were the probate and criminal cases that had to receive consideration, and it often took a number of days to bring a case to issue.

IMPOSSIBLE TO FOLLOW THE TRUST LAW

Supervision Not Prohibition, Necessary, Says Low.

Washington, April 4.—In a statement made public today regarding the Hepburn bill to revise the Sherman antitrust law, President Low of the National Civic Education says that under the decisions of the Supreme court, much of the business done is contrary to law. He believes common carriers should continue for traffic aeronomics. What is wanted he says is not prohibition, but effective public supervision.

A financial story. An actor had been engaged for Mr. Mansfield's company at a salary of \$15 a week. He "made good" in the part and promptly insisted that his stipend be increased to \$100. "Why?" inquired Mr. Mansfield. "Because I've achieved a big success in the role." "Ah," returned Peer Gert, "what do you suppose I gave you \$75 for—to fail?"

REMARKABLE IS POSTOFFICE RECORD

Tousands of Letters Returned To Senders.

Washington, April 4. Out of 1,000,000 pieces of mail matter received in the dead letter office during the month of March, more than 600,000 were returned to the senders breaching the record for this division. Fourth Assistant Postmaster General DeGraw today said that the great increase in mail handled is largely due to the efficiency and accuracy of the postal experts employed in the dead letter division.

IN ARMOR TIMES.

Strength of English War Horses in the Days of Henry VIII.

The size of the English war horse reached its maximum in the reign of Henry VIII, when the relations of body armor to "hand guns" were analogous to those of the early ship armor and cannon. There was good reason to believe, says the London Spectator, that by adding a little to the thickness of the coat of steel the soft, low velocity bullet of the day could be kept out. So it was for a time. But the additional weight required a still larger horse to carry it. The charger had to be armored as well as his rider, and the collection in the Tower of London shows the actual weight which it carried. The panoply of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the brother-in-law of Henry VIII, still exists. That of the horse covers the whole of the hind quarters, the back of the neck, forehead, muzzle, ears, shoulders and chest. It is exactly like a piece of boiler plating and fastened by rivets.

The rider sat in a saddle, the front of which was a steel shield ten inches high, covering the stomach and thighs as the "breastwork" on an ironclad's deck covers the base of the turret. The total weight of the armor was fifteen cwt. To this add the weight of the rider's armor, twenty-nine pounds nine ounces, and of the rider himself, say sixteen stone (224 pounds), and the total is twenty-eight stone twelve pounds eight ounces, or 494 pounds 8 ounces. This bears out Holinshed's statement that in the days of Henry VIII, "who erected a noble stud for breeding horses, especially the greatest sort," such as were kept for burden these animals would bear four hundredweight commonly.

MAKING OLD OAK.

One of the Tricks of the Cabinet-makers' Trade.

You will have to go a long way before you find a body of men more clever or more resourceful than the cabinet-makers who produce goods to satisfy the desire of the public for furniture made of old and fancy woods. They can transform whitewood into all kinds of exotic woods by means of chemicals, and a chemist would be surprised if he were to have the run of one of these factories for a day.

The manufacture of "old" oak is one of the easiest of their processes. The boards, moldings, panels or whatever pieces are required are made of oak which has just had time to dry sufficiently to prevent excessive warping.

They are then placed in a dark room, on the floor of which and quite close to the furniture to be "aged," are placed several bowls, plates and so forth, of liquid ammonia. The room is then hermetically closed up, and the wood is left for a month or so, according to the age which is required. The coloration will extend to a depth of nearly a quarter of an inch if the room is kept closed for a few months.

That is why there is so much old oak furniture about. Of course, a little reflection would show that it could not be genuine—the forests of the middle ages would not have furnished one-half of it—but people do not always reflect. —London Graphic.

The Operation.

First Doctor—Was the operation successful?

Second Doctor—Splendid! We located the trouble just where I said we would, but we had to cut nearly through the man to find it.

First Doctor—Will the patient get well?

Second Doctor—The patient? Bless you, no. He died directly after we began—Judge.

GRANDMA KEEPS THE LIGHTHOUSE

Tends the Beacon Although Son and His Wife Drift In Sound.

FEARS THEY ARE DEAD.

ALL NIGHT THE DEAR OLD WOMAN KEEPS THE SIGNAL GOING AND MEETS HER BELOVED WITH DAYBREAK.

Northport, L. I., April 4.—Puffing from the rock-ribbed lighthouse off Stamford in only a half gale, John J. Cook, the keeper, called a merry adieu to his old mother, and she waved cheerily back. They had reason to be glad, for the wife of the lighthouse-keeper had recovered sufficiently from a dangerous illness to be able to be with her husband again.

That was early on Friday evening, and the speedy little launch should have made the trip to the Connecticut mainland and back to the lighthouse in about one hour, bringing the convalescent wife along.

"Remember the light, mother," John called jokingly as the little launch settled in the stern and took a home in her bow, under the eight horse power engine. It was long before twilight, and hardly a chance that he wouldn't be back before dusk with the wife and mother who had been so sadly missed in the lone lighthouse, so close to the mainland, yet so far away, in its rigid, cold stone lines, only made out clearly from land with glasses.

The invalid was at the pier, with a slight flush in her pale cheeks at seeing her rugged husband again.

"How's grandma?" she asked, and John said fine, and the babies, too.

The trip back was like a home coming, the invalid taking in the free air with expanding lungs of returning health. And they could dimly make out a flutter of white from the lighthouse railing. Grandma was waving all well, and a welcome.

Then there came a creak of mechanism, a sharp explosion and the motor had hopelessly broken down. The boat ground on a rock, and in trying to sweep off, Cook broke his only oar. A sad commentary on his seagoing qualities, but it must be remembered he was in a hurry to bring the wife to his bleak home.

The tide then was setting in and the launch drifted into the wild waters of mid sound in a wind that had howled into a gale. Ripping off the tiller rope, the lighthouse keeper tied to it and flung out cushions, chairs, rubber coats and even boots for a sea anchor. That gave the boat her head, so she could live in the waves. Then Cook piled all the other clothing and tarpaulin that could be spared from the sea anchor over his wife, so she was warm and untroubled for her husband had said everything was all right.

But what about the light? They were drifting past Oyster Bay by that time and darkness was gathering and never was the Sound in so unruly a mood. Bad night on the Sound with-

out a harbor light. And so cold.

Then across the foam-crested waves shot a twinkling, saving bar of white from the far off Stamford lighthouse. "Thank God," muttered the shivering keeper.

"That's grandma," murmured the invalid wife, sleepily, from her comfortable coverings.

It wasn't long until they hit the rim, where the tides meet coming up from the bay and rushing in from Montauk Point. The sea anchor wasn't much good in that swirl, as it was white-capped as a tidal wave, but the launch rode well and Cook bailed and bailed and told his uncomplaining wife it was all right, which she knew it was when he said so. So the dangerous spin whirled and beat back the Mountauk tide and carried the helpless launch through the roller sea toward the east again. All night they rode this, the wife murmuring it was time they were home, and then nodding again, and Cook bailing out until he could drop, and saying a cheery word now and then at a stir beneath the tarpaulins.

Always and steadily, all night there shone a beam of light from the Stamford lighthouse, the warm beacon from the rock-ribbed Stamford lighthouse pointing the channel way to safety.

At daylight this morning the crew of the Eglar's Week life-saving station saw a bobbing cork far out in the Sound. Lumpy oarsmen were soon there and in two hours more had towed the broken down launch thirteen miles across the Sound to the lighthouse, where the beacon still gleamed.

A fine little, old woman, bent and shaken with that awful night, when she feared and felt her two beloved had gone down in the waters, crept down the railing steps of the story lighthouse.

"I'm glad you are better, dearie," she said, tottering a little under the warm embrace of the invalid, who looked on the gray locks of her lighthouse home as the garden spot of the earth.

"We watched the light, mother," was all John said, but grandma knew and smiled.

HOOSIER TEAM WINS FIRST GAME

Defeated X. Y. Z. Outfit on Saturday.

Yesterday afternoon the Hoosier team defeated the X Y Z outfit in an exciting ten-inning game by a score of 6 to 5. The features of the game was the batting and fielding of Helmick for the Hoosiers and the fielding of Guyer, the X Y Z outfielder. Hartman secured a home run on a lost ball. Summary:

X Y Z's	0	0	2	1	1	0	0	5
Hoosiers	0	0	0	1	2	1	0	6

Batteries—Hoosiers—Bertrand, Bulla and Helmick. X Y Z's—Torbeck, Hasecoster, Zeyen.

Some Words.

"Panic" is named after the ancient god Pan because of the sudden and unreasoning fear which the sight of this heathen deity was supposed to inspire. Other common words with a similar source in the old mythologies are "volcanite," from Vulcan, the blacksmith; "martial," for Mars, the warrior; "jovial," from Jove; "saturnine," from Saturn, and "mercurial," from Mercury, the nimble beelid.

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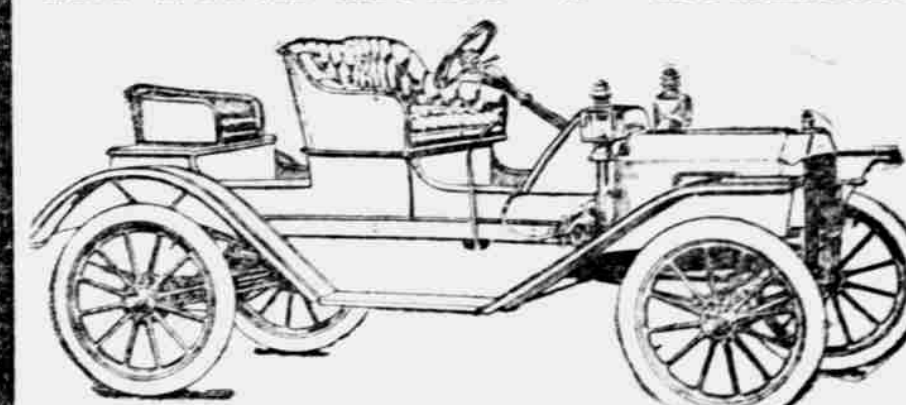
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