

A LEPER WAS IN TENEMENT HOUSE

Unfortunate Woman Flees From Baltimore and Is Found in New York.

DISEASE WELL ADVANCED

WOMAN FOR THREE DAYS HAS BEEN CARED FOR BY THE TENANTS IN THE OVER-CROWDED N. Y. TENEMENT.

(American News Service) New York, April 21.—In a three-room tenement flat, containing five children, a woman of 35, and two men and their wives, Mrs. Providence Mascari, a leper who fled from Baltimore when she learned her case was in an advanced stage, was found today. With her was her eight months old baby.

The woman was found by a policeman, who, knowing nothing about the nature of her disease, merely realized that she was ill. He called Dr. Trask of Bellevue hospital, who after an examination, declared he could not take her to the hospital. He reported the matter to the health board, leaving the case in their hands.

The first news of the presence of the leper in New York came yesterday when dispatches from Baltimore said that the woman who is the wife of a fruit dealer, had slipped out of the city and come here for treatment.

The Baltimore health board knew of the case three weeks ago, but took no action. The actual condition of Mrs. Mascari was not made known by them at first.

Today it was revealed that for three days Mrs. Mascari has been living in the overcrowded tenement flat cared for by the other occupants.

HIS EFFORT FAILED

Ingomar Cory Could Not Remove B. F. Mason as an Administrator.

FOX MAKES RULING TODAY

The effort of Ingomar Cory, a resident of Jackson township, to have B. F. Mason, an attorney of Hagerstown, removed as administrator of the estate of his mother, Mrs. Mary Cory, who died March 12, 1910 at Hot Springs, Arkansas, was a complete failure, as Judge Fox, before whom the arguments of both sides were made, this morning, refused to either invest the letters of administration in another and entirely disinterested party, or to grant the letters to the petitioner for the removal of Mr. Mason.

It was alleged in the arguments, that Ingomar Cory and his two sisters, Dora E. Hughes and Mananda C. McCabe, were not on friendly terms and that it was for this reason a change in the administration of their mother's estate was desired by the petitioner. Judge Fox felt that Mr. Mason would prove entirely satisfactory as official in the estate.

IN WESTERN STYLE

(American News Service) Belfast, N. Y., April 21.—Patrolman Norman Chalker was shot dead last night and Bruce Gleason, proprietor of the Grand Central hotel, fatally wounded in a fierce gun fight that was engaged in in front of Michael Deciro's saloon alongside the Pennsylvania railroad tracks. Gleason is at the Buffalo General hospital and his death is expected at any minute.

The trouble started in the bar room of the Deciro's hotel and this was carried to the street. Patrolman Chalker requested the quarrelling men to go home. His requests were met with a fusillade of bullets. At least ten shots were fired. There are several suspects being held by the police until a further investigation can be made into the case.

NO POLICE COURT

For the first time in many weeks there was no police court this morning. There was not even a common drunk to break the monotony, and Mayor Zimmerman was very much surprised when notified that his presence would not be needed. The quiet change comes as a pleasant relief to the officers who have spent a strenuous existence in the past two weeks.

SHE ASKS DAMAGES

Cora Tribie has instituted a damage suit for \$2,000 for personal injuries. In the circuit court against the Light, Heat and Power company, claiming that on January 24, she received permanent injuries by falling over an iron gas pipe which the defendant company had carelessly and negligently laid on the cement sidewalk, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth on North G street. She avers in the complaint that her injuries included a broken left arm, strained ligaments of the arm and shoulder and other bruises and injuries upon the body.

Big Jim Is A Lover Of Dogs



One of the latest pictures of Jeffries, taken at his training camp in the Santa Cruz mountains. The big fellow is shown lacing his shoe under difficulties. He is a great lover of dogs and has a number of his pets with him at the camp. The puppy shown is one of the favorites and is attempting to demonstrate his appreciation by a return of affection.

(American News Service)

Rowardennan, Cal., April 21.—(Jeffries Training Camp.)—Is Jeffries becoming tractable? That is the question which is being asked around Camp Rowardennan. Heretofore the big fellow has done just what he pleased, as he pleased and when he pleased. During the past three days he planned to do a lot of work, but was talked out of it as easily as though there was not a stubborn bone in his body.

"You have been working too hard and need a rest," said Berger. "You don't realize how much you have done and how badly you are in need of a lay-off. You better go back and tear off a few more yards of slumber this morning."

Berger's advice was given in response to a request that he don the gloves for a three round workout. Much to the surprise of everybody Jeffries agreed that his manager was right and made a quick getaway to his open-air cot on the club house veranda.

Berger's diplomacy has won a number of battles during the past few days and now camp followers are wondering whether he is more of an adept

at spreading the salve than managers who have preceded him, or whether Jeffries is really becoming more docile.

While Berger is anxious to have the former champion take things easy for the next ten days, there will probably be a different story to tell when Choyinski puts in an appearance and when Billy Papke starts to hit the high places. Papke has been taking only the mildest kind of exercise since he hit camp but he has announced his intention of starting real training next week. Those who know Jeffries do not expect him to sit idly by and see any one else in camp turning out hard work without taking a hand himself.

Jeffries, who seldom mentions his coming battle with Johnson surprised his trainers this morning by remarking:

"Well, it's ten weeks before the fight. Seems like a long time to train for a fight, don't it?"

"That's just what I've been trying to tell you," chimed in Berger. "That is the very reason I want you to take things easy for a while. You are already well advanced in your training and too much of it is liable to send you stale."

BASEBALL

NATIONAL LEAGUE.			
Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Philadelphia	3	1	.750
Pittsburgh	2	1	.667
Chicago	3	2	.600
Cincinnati	2	2	.500
Boston	2	2	.500
New York	2	2	.500
St. Louis	1	3	.250
Brooklyn	1	3	.250

AMERICAN LEAGUE.			
Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Cleveland	4	1	.800
Boston	3	2	.600
Detroit	2	2	.500
Philadelphia	2	2	.500
Washington	3	3	.500
New York	1	2	.333
St. Louis	1	2	.333
Chicago	1	3	.250

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.			
Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Toledo	5	1	.833
Minneapolis	5	2	.714
Columbus	4	2	.667
St. Paul	3	2	.600
Kansas City	3	3	.500
Indianapolis	2	4	.333
Milwaukee	1	5	.167
Louisville	1	5	.167

RESULTS YESTERDAY.

National League.—Too cold. New York 4; Boston 0. Philadelphia 6; Brooklyn 2. Chicago 4; St. Louis 2 (7 innings.)

American League.—St. Louis-Detroit—Wet grounds. Cleveland 1; Chicago 0. Philadelphia 12; New York 0. Washington 12; Boston 4.

American Association.—Kansas City 2; St. Paul 1. Minneapolis 10; Milwaukee 9. Other games postponed—Rain.

GAMES TODAY.

National League.—Cincinnati at Chicago. Boston at New York. Philadelphia at Brooklyn. St. Louis at Pittsburgh.

American League.—Detroit at Cleveland. Washington at Boston. Chicago at St. Louis. New York at Philadelphia.

American Association.—Toledo at Columbus. Minneapolis at St. Paul. Indianapolis at Louisville. Kansas City at Milwaukee.

The Twilights of Life. The muscles of the stomach in old age are so strong or active as in youth and in consequence old people are very subject to constipation and indigestion. Many ailments, however, have a less apparent connection with the stomach. All this can be avoided by the use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which permanently regulates the bowels so that the stomach that food is digested without discomfort. Druggists sell it at 25 cents or \$1 a large bottle.

STORIES OF THE DIAMOND.

Jack Doyle Says Old Orioles Were Greatest Ball Team.

PULLED OFF MANY STUNTS.

Tricks and Schemes of Baltimore Club Way Back in Nineties Would Almost Fill Book—How Single Was Forced Into Home Run.

No. III.
By JACK DOYLE.
(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

Every now and then one will read of or see a daring, sensational or brainy piece of headwork pulled off on the diamond. To the average fan this or that stunt may appear wonderful, but to the player himself it is only part of his work. I do not want to be egotistical, but it is a fact. When I was a member of the old Baltimore Orioles I managed to pull off many clever stunts and helped engineer several sensational plays which were very successful and thought nothing of it. It was part of my daily work. I've always said and still think that the old Baltimore team was the brainiest aggregation of ball tossers ever brought together. The tricks and schemes they worked successfully on the diamond would come pretty near filling a book.

For instance, here is one they pulled off and what I consider the greatest I ever saw. It was made by Willie Keeler and Johnny McGraw in a game with Washington away back in the nineties. Unlike most plays, this wasn't a fielding stunt, but a piece of base running. Willie was first and McGraw at the bat. The latter shot a neat single into left field, and Al Selbach loafed a bit on it, seeing that Keeler was sure to make third with ease, but expecting him to pull up there. Willie instead of pulling up went full steam ahead for home plate, and before Bill Joyce had received the ball was virtually over the plate. McGraw never stopped at first, but kept on to second to draw a throw that would enable Keeler to score. McGraw recognized Selbach's loaf, and like a flash he guessed that Keeler was going home. He never hesitated at second, but dashed for third, arriving just as Joyce was gathering in Selbach's throw out of the grass. Here McGraw did some very quick thinking. He remembered that Joyce had a bad arm and thought that the catcher would not be expecting a throw. Without pulling up at third at all he scooped for the plate. His quick thinking turned out to be right. The dust from Keeler's slide was just lifting as McGraw dived for the home plate and beat in the throw with a close decision. There two runs scored on what should have been only a single, though the scorer had to give McGraw credit for a home run. This is just a sample of what won three pennants for Baltimore.

Recently a manager of a prominent club in the American league was quoted as saying that he had a long list of code signals that could not be beat. This fellow's ideas are all wrong. No team should have a long list of signals. It is not always the ball club with the most signals that wins games. The old Baltimore club, of which I was a member for several seasons, had very few signals, and what they did have were very simple ones at that. Still, the team managed to win three banners in a row and came very near capturing the fourth. Here is another instance. When Jimmy Collins managed the Boston Americans and won three flags no signs were used at all excepting, of course, those necessary between the two ends of the batteries. The most complicated system of baseball, while theoretically astounding, has never been a practical success.

A short time ago I had quite a little chat with Amos Rusie, the famous old New York pitcher. Amos is now a hardworking lumberman in Muncie, Ind., and not a pearl diver at \$1.50 a day, as has been reported many times, and the big fellow is contented with his environments. In his day Rusie was the greatest twirler doing slab duty. He had everything that a twirler needed—control, speed and good curve—and well I know it, for I caught him in many games. I'll never forget my first trip with Rusie on the road. The members of the team told him that every trip they made on a Pullman a number of pairs of shoes were stolen. They said that suspicion pointed to the porter, and Amos was asked to sit up and watch for the midnight raid. Rusie selected a seat in the smoker prepared to do detective duty and a little bouncing duty on the side. He dozed off after awhile and wasn't awakened until about 3 in the morning, when the porter walked into the smoker with several pairs of shoes that he intended shoving in order to get a morning tip. Rusie at once decided that he had found his victim and jumped from his seat and grabbed the porter. In less than three minutes he had the colored man in worse condition than Volgaat had Nelson.

The porter spent a week or so in the hospital as a result of the mixup, and it cost the New York club several hundred dollars to square things.

Jack Doyle

MISS SOLLERS WENT

Miss M. B. Sollers, of the Reid Memorial hospital went to Terre Haute, Ind., last evening for the purpose of attending the semi-annual convention of the Indiana Nurses' Association, of which organization she is president. The convention was in session today and will hold until Friday evening. The association was formed in 1903 and Miss Sollers was made president last year.

Announces Candidacy For Senator



THOMAS TAGGART.

WILL IS PROBATED CITY VERY HEALTHY

The will of Lydia Emily Carroll, who died in Green county, Ohio, April 11, has been probated in the circuit court. Aaron Carroll, the husband is named as executor and has filed a bond of \$3,500. She left a personal estate of \$2,200 and real estate of the value of \$2,500. In her will she bequeathed all property to her children, share and share alike, after her husband's death.

SHEEDY AND THE SHARPS.

The King Gambler Taught the Small Fry a Lesson.

Some years ago, when St. Louis was wide open, Pat Sheedy, king of gamblers, was sitting in the corridor of the Planters' hotel with a friend. Two strangers took seats alongside of Sheedy and very shortly turned the conversation to poker hands. They had never seen Sheedy before and did not know him, but he looked the part of a prosperous "sport" and at the same time appeared like "easy money."

"It's too bad," one of the strangers said, "that we haven't another man here. We might get up a little game of draw poker."

"Wouldn't mind sitting in myself," said Sheedy, with a nudge to his friend. "I haven't played poker for some time."

"Suppose we play a little showdown—\$1 or \$5 limit?" one of the strangers said.

"I'm agreeable," Sheedy replied, "and I guess my friend is. Make it a five dollar limit for an hour or two."

Introductions under fictitious names on both sides followed, and the four men went to Sheedy's suit. On the cut for the first deal the speaking stranger received the honor. The way he handled the cards showed that he was used to that careless abandon method that can only come from years of practice by a professional gambler.

The suspicions of Sheedy and his friend were verified by the first hand shown. Sheedy received three kings, his friend a small full house, the dealer's friend a pair of tens and the dealer an ace full. The betting was very light on the part of Sheedy and his friend.

The next deal was Sheedy's. He took a long while arranging the cards. When they were dealt every one in the party had fours, Sheedy's hand, of course, being the highest. The betting was fast, and when the hands were shown the speaking gambler suddenly remembered a long distance telephone call for himself and friend was waiting them. They departed hurriedly, and Pat Sheedy, turning to his friend, said:

"My boy, it's been twenty years since I had to do that for a living."

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Jail's Effect on the Figure.

"Something always happens to a man's shape if he stays in jail long enough," said a warden in Brooklyn. "Sometimes that change in figure is due to putting off or taking on flesh, but I have noticed that even if a man leaves jail weighing to the very ounce what he weighed when he went in his clothes don't fit."

"No matter what the scales say, a man's figure seems to swell out here and shrink away there, to become elongated or bowed off during imprisonment. The clothes that he wore into jail may be first class as to quality and fit, but when the man gets ready for freedom they have a regular jail set, and he can never feel right till he gets a new suit."—New York Globe.

The Dickinson Trust company, trustee of the will of the late Mark E. Reeves, filed a petition in the probate court today to sell real estate situated in this city and in Des Moines, Iowa. The petition was approved.

MUST REPAIR PIPES

Board Will Ask Gas Co. to Remedy Defects in Line on Eighth Street.

BIDS FOR IMPROVEMENTS

City Clerk Bescher was instructed by the board of works this morning to notify the gas company to investigate the condition of the gas pipes on Eighth street between North A street and South A street, and make such repairs as may be necessary before the work of improvement of that street begins. It is alleged that several of the gas pipes have worn thin and it is feared that unless they are replaced before the street is improved with the brick paving they may spring several leaks, making it necessary to tear up that thoroughfare again.

Bids will be advertised for, for the construction of a cement sidewalk, curb and gutter, and roadway in front of the new No. 5 hose house on the West Side. The bids will be received at the office of the board of works on Monday, May 9.

A petition was filed with the board this morning for the construction of a cement alley between North G and H streets from North Eighth to North Tenth street and the matter was referred to the city engineer. Some time ago the property owners petitioned for the graveling and bowldering of that alley but they have changed their minds and now desire cement. Action was rescinded on the first petition by the board this morning.

The board confirmed two improvement resolutions today, for the construction of a cement alley between South Fourth and Fifth streets from South B to South C streets and for the improvement, by graveling and bowldering of the alley between South Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets from South D to South E streets.

THE FINAL TEST.

Where the Candidate For the Army Put His Feet In It.

Bill was one of those fellows who always try to do things right. He lost his position recently and, being unable to secure another, decided to join the regular army. He applied at Uncle Sam's recruiting station. Now, Bill was a good looking specimen of manhood, and the army officer began his examination with pleasure.

Heart, lungs, hearing, sight and nerves were found in the best of condition. But one test remained before he could become a regular.

"Take off your shoes," commanded the officer.

Bill did so.

"Now wet your feet in that bucket," he was further instructed. Bill did as he was told.

"Now walk across the room," said the army man.

Bill knew from the actions of the army officer that he had made a good mark and wanted to increase his average. He started across the floor, bringing every inch of his weight to bear at every step. He looked back. Yes, he was doing fine. He could plainly see the whole imprint of his feet each step he had taken. He was happy, and the task was finished.

"Don't want you. You're fatfooted," said the army man.

"What do you think of that?" reflected Bill as he made his way to the street.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

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