

THE SAFE LAXATIVE FOR ELDERLY PEOPLE

Most elderly people are more or less troubled with a chronic, persistent constipation, due largely to lack of sufficient exercise. They experience difficulty in digesting even light food, with a consequent bloating of stomach gases, drowsiness after eating, headache and a feeling of lassitude and general discomfort.

Doctors advise against cathartics and violent purgatives of every kind, recommending a mild, gentle laxative tonic, like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, to effect relief without disturbing the entire system.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the perfect laxative, easy in action, certain in effect and, without, pleasant to the taste. It possesses tonic properties that strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels and is a remedy that has been for years the great standby in thousands of families, and should be in every family medicine chest. It is equally as valuable for children as for older people.

Druggists everywhere sell Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in 50c and \$1.00 bottles. If you have never tried it send your name and address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Washington St., Monticello, Ill., and he will be very glad to send a sample bottle for trial.

Lamb's Tenure of Life Not Long. A party of privileged sightseers were admitted to a private view of a menagerie between performances, and among other things were shown what was called a "Happy Family," that is to say, in one and the same cage there was a toothless lion, a tiger, somewhat the worse for wear, and a half-famished wolf.

These wild animals, curled up in one corner, was a diminutive lamb which slivered as it slumbered.

"How long have the animals lived together?" asked one of the party.

"About twelve months," replied the showman.

"Why," exclaimed a lady, "I am sure that little lamb is not as old as that."

"Oh," said the showman, quite unmoved, "the lamb has to be renewed occasionally."

Tetterine Cures Itching Piles Quickly. "One application of Tetterine cured me of a case of Itching Piles I had for five years."

Consoling Thought. "Do you believe, doctor?" asked Mrs. Wumps, "that men become what they eat?"

A Confession. Started by convincing evidence that they were the victims of serious kidney and bladder trouble, numbers of prominent people confess they have found relief by using KURIN Kidney and Bladder Pills.

Lots of it. "They say a man's wife often makes him, but Bingle's wife will never be able to put any push in that man."

For COLDS and GRIP. Hicks' CAPSICUM is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the COLD and restores normal conditions. It is liquid—effects immediately. 10c., 25c., and 50c. At drug stores.

Patience is but lying to and riding out of the gale.—Becher.

Garfield Tea helps beautify the world over. Taken for liver and kidney troubles, biliousness and constipation.

Always meet people with a smile—if it is your treat.

Make the Liver Do its Duty. Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Mothers, Attention! Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial should be kept on hand as a first aid cure for summer bowel troubles, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramp colic, cholera, morbus and all agonizing pains resulting from eating green fruit. A few doses of Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial will prevent any danger and cure you at once.

MORPHINE. Contains the most powerful habit-forming drug in the world. It is a deadly poison and its use should be avoided.

KODAKS. Kodak's High Grade Flashing. Small size. Perfect results. Write for prices and conditions. Kodak Co., New York, N. Y.

Heart Hunter By Izola Forrester

Russell did not look up at the schoolhouse window when he drew rein. He knew that she could see him from her desk, and the outer door was wide open. It was well after four, and all the children had vanished down the four roads leading from the schoolhouse corner.

It was half a mile to the nearest farmhouse. All about lay June fields, rich in lush grass ready almost for mowing. The air was golden, warm, hazy, lazy, wooing one to forget duty and day's work.

That was exactly the wording of the charges in Mrs. Deacon Mabry's letter that reposed in his coat pocket. He didn't intend to show it to the girl.

So simple it seemed, so hard it was to do. He had fought against it for nearly a week, remembering her upturned, earnest face, so warm and tender in its brunette tinting.

Rose waited and looked up at him quickly. Her brown hair was very near, with its soft satiny braids. He looked really meant to, he had tucked the pink rose among them.

"It looks much better there," he added, and wondered why his own pulses were racing suddenly, like brooks in April.

"But what? Please—please tell me," she pleaded, drawing back, but not removing the rose. "What do they say?"

"They say you're a heart hunter," she leaned back her head and sighed, her hands clasped back of the rose, her eyes looking past him out of the first open window.

"They mean the boys, I suppose. Nate and the rest. Could I help it? Now, truly, could I, Mr. Russell? You know just what boys are. They'd come here every day, and bring all sorts of things to me that I didn't want.

"I am not blaming you—nor them," said Russell a bit unsteadily. "Only I agree with the deacon's wife that you are a very dangerous and disturbing influence to have around these peaceful parts."

The tears glistened in her eyes. "Oh, you don't really mean that?" she said pleadingly. "Are you trying to tell me I cannot teach here again?"

Russell stared awkwardly down at her head, as she leaned it on folded arms, and her shoulders shook with sobs.

"I've tried so hard, and the children all love me," she said brokenly. "I didn't want to go back home at all. I was going to board here all summer and rest."

Then suddenly it dawned on Nell Russell why he had driven ten miles that afternoon to make all fit and due explanations to the teacher instead of writing. He knew just why he had thought of nothing but her tender lips and dark eyes and low contralto voice for weeks past.

"Well?" Russell tried to speak mildly, remembering the various attractions of the aforesaid four boys, "maybe she didn't intend to have them take her seriously, Mrs. Mabry."

"And if she didn't, then she's light-minded, and a heart hunter, if I do say it myself, Mr. Russell. That's what we always used to call them, heart hunters, and their minds don't go any further than hunting them, and letting them go as soon as they're caught."

Russell remembered the whole conversation now as she stepped into the little shadowy schoolroom, low-ceiled, cool, with fern boxes at the windows and bunches of June roses on the desks.

"Well?" she asked. "I don't know," answered her companion. "Wait and see."

So she waited. As the second act progressed, the woman again began to murmur. "I'd like to know whether she killed him or not," she said. "Of course she did, though."

"Hush!" whispered her companion. "I want to hear the play."

"I've written plays myself," went on the woman, "and I know that one of the canons of play-writing is not to keep the audience in doubt about anything. The actors may be mystified, but it is incorrect to mystify the audience. We should have known positively in the first act whether she killed him or not."

"Oh, hush!" repeated her companion. "I should like the play if it were not for the incongruity I mentioned," the woman remarked a little later. "It rates upon me. I feel that I must account for it. Can it be possible that the author wishes the audience to understand that she did kill him? She may have used one of those soundless rifles, so the audience could not hear the report. There is smokescreen powder, so of course there must be soundless rifles," she babbed, more contentedly. Her companion vouchsafed her no reply, for a time she remained silent. But soon her voice again welled forth as she inquired earnestly:

"There are soundless rifles, Adolph, are there not?"

"Great heavens!" returned the long-suffering Adolph. "I don't know, I never heard one."—New York Press.

Concerned About the Past. She Wanted to Know, and Long-Suffering Listener Had at Last to Give Up.

"Is she going to shoot him?" inquired a woman in the balcony as the curtain went down upon the first act of "The Witness for the Defense" the other evening.

"I don't know," answered her companion. "Wait and see."

So she waited. As the second act progressed, the woman again began to murmur. "I'd like to know whether she killed him or not," she said. "Of course she did, though."

"Hush!" whispered her companion. "I want to hear the play."

"I've written plays myself," went on the woman, "and I know that one of the canons of play-writing is not to keep the audience in doubt about anything. The actors may be mystified, but it is incorrect to mystify the audience. We should have known positively in the first act whether she killed him or not."

"Oh, hush!" repeated her companion. "I should like the play if it were not for the incongruity I mentioned," the woman remarked a little later. "It rates upon me. I feel that I must account for it. Can it be possible that the author wishes the audience to understand that she did kill him? She may have used one of those soundless rifles, so the audience could not hear the report. There is smokescreen powder, so of course there must be soundless rifles," she babbed, more contentedly. Her companion vouchsafed her no reply, for a time she remained silent. But soon her voice again welled forth as she inquired earnestly:

In spite of what the school committee had reported, he knew that the little school had made actual progress under her care and tuition during the past term.

Since her coming the whole place had been changed. The children had given little entertainments and earned money for a new stove, for new globes and window boxes, and little fresh muslin curtains at the windows. At the school examinations they had led the other township schools, and before her days, Flaxy Bend district had been a problem in education.

"Yes," said Russell, with almost a sigh, "I came to say good-by."

"Where did you tell me your home was, Miss Phillips?" he asked, leaning over the top of the tall desk, and fingering a pink rose that was nearest to him.

"Vermont. It's only a little bit of a place where the trains stop if they are flagged. We call it Phillips' Crossing."

"I suppose you'll be glad to get home."

"Not so very." She spoke reluctantly, with a little uplift of her shoulders. "You see, I have a stepfather, and I am the only child from the first marriage, and there are seven little ones now besides. They don't miss me a bit, unless it's a good miss."

"Why did you come way down here in the country?"

"Because I was in a hurry to go to work. The city schools won't take you unless you've been through Normal, you know. I like it out here. The work was hard, but the victory was so much greater, and I do think the children love me."

Russell caught the little wistful touch in her voice.

"The old folks are peculiar, aren't they? Hard to get along with."

"I'm afraid they don't like me very well—do they?"

"They say you're a good teacher, but—"

Rose waited and looked up at him quickly. Her brown hair was very near, with its soft satiny braids. He looked really meant to, he had tucked the pink rose among them.

"It looks much better there," he added, and wondered why his own pulses were racing suddenly, like brooks in April.

"But what? Please—please tell me," she pleaded, drawing back, but not removing the rose. "What do they say?"

"They say you're a heart hunter," she leaned back her head and sighed, her hands clasped back of the rose, her eyes looking past him out of the first open window.

"They mean the boys, I suppose. Nate and the rest. Could I help it? Now, truly, could I, Mr. Russell? You know just what boys are. They'd come here every day, and bring all sorts of things to me that I didn't want.

"I am not blaming you—nor them," said Russell a bit unsteadily. "Only I agree with the deacon's wife that you are a very dangerous and disturbing influence to have around these peaceful parts."

The tears glistened in her eyes. "Oh, you don't really mean that?" she said pleadingly. "Are you trying to tell me I cannot teach here again?"

Russell stared awkwardly down at her head, as she leaned it on folded arms, and her shoulders shook with sobs.

"I've tried so hard, and the children all love me," she said brokenly. "I didn't want to go back home at all. I was going to board here all summer and rest."

Then suddenly it dawned on Nell Russell why he had driven ten miles that afternoon to make all fit and due explanations to the teacher instead of writing. He knew just why he had thought of nothing but her tender lips and dark eyes and low contralto voice for weeks past.

"Well?" Russell tried to speak mildly, remembering the various attractions of the aforesaid four boys, "maybe she didn't intend to have them take her seriously, Mrs. Mabry."

"And if she didn't, then she's light-minded, and a heart hunter, if I do say it myself, Mr. Russell. That's what we always used to call them, heart hunters, and their minds don't go any further than hunting them, and letting them go as soon as they're caught."

Russell remembered the whole conversation now as she stepped into the little shadowy schoolroom, low-ceiled, cool, with fern boxes at the windows and bunches of June roses on the desks.

"Well?" she asked. "I don't know," answered her companion. "Wait and see."

So she waited. As the second act progressed, the woman again began to murmur. "I'd like to know whether she killed him or not," she said. "Of course she did, though."

"Hush!" whispered her companion. "I want to hear the play."

"I've written plays myself," went on the woman, "and I know that one of the canons of play-writing is not to keep the audience in doubt about anything. The actors may be mystified, but it is incorrect to mystify the audience. We should have known positively in the first act whether she killed him or not."

"Oh, hush!" repeated her companion. "I should like the play if it were not for the incongruity I mentioned," the woman remarked a little later. "It rates upon me. I feel that I must account for it. Can it be possible that the author wishes the audience to understand that she did kill him? She may have used one of those soundless rifles, so the audience could not hear the report. There is smokescreen powder, so of course there must be soundless rifles," she babbed, more contentedly. Her companion vouchsafed her no reply, for a time she remained silent. But soon her voice again welled forth as she inquired earnestly:

"There are soundless rifles, Adolph, are there not?"

"Great heavens!" returned the long-suffering Adolph. "I don't know, I never heard one."—New York Press.

Concerned About the Past. She Wanted to Know, and Long-Suffering Listener Had at Last to Give Up.

"Is she going to shoot him?" inquired a woman in the balcony as the curtain went down upon the first act of "The Witness for the Defense" the other evening.

"I don't know," answered her companion. "Wait and see."

So she waited. As the second act progressed, the woman again began to murmur. "I'd like to know whether she killed him or not," she said. "Of course she did, though."

"Hush!" whispered her companion. "I want to hear the play."

"I've written plays myself," went on the woman, "and I know that one of the canons of play-writing is not to keep the audience in doubt about anything. The actors may be mystified, but it is incorrect to mystify the audience. We should have known positively in the first act whether she killed him or not."

Mr. Worst Blunder FAMOUS BONEHEAD PLAYS ON MAJOR LEAGUE DIAMONDS Explained by Leading Baseball Players to HUGH S. FULLERTON

By LARRY DOYLE. Captain and Second Baseman New York Giants. Who is McGraw's Ablest Lieutenant and One of the Greatest Players.

There is one thing that makes a ball player sorer than anything else, and that is when he pulls off a play that he thinks is about the wisest and smartest he ever made, and then have some fellow cross him and make him look as if he was the worst bonehead in the business. You know there is a saying among the players that you can't catch a bad base runner on the bases, and there is a lot of truth in it. In fact it is the smart ball player who makes the worst blunders, and I know several really clever men who have become known as boneheads simply because of the way things turned out.

There is one play that I always will remember. I don't mind telling it now, since we had rather sweet revenge on the team that pulled it off me, but for a couple of years I used to boll over every time I thought of it. I made the play in a game against the Chicago Cubs back in 1908, when



Adrian Joss.

was at stake on each play. Ed. Walsh ascended the mound for the visitors and the greatest pitching duel in the history of the league began. A hit, a double-barreled error and a passed ball gave Cleveland a run in the third inning. That was all, but it was enough. Addie Joss shut out his most dangerous opponents without a hit, without a base on balls, and, excepting the catcher, without any but the simplest aid from his fellow players.

Inning after inning was reeled off and the visitors were set down in order. When the immense crowd realized that the accidental run scored in the third round would bring victory if Joss could only last, the cheering became a steady roar. When the ninth opened and no single white-gloved athlete had yet reached first, the packed stands became a bedlam.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

PENNANT-WINNING PLAYS

By IRWIN M. HOWE, Official Statistician of the American League

GREATEST PITCHING TRIUMPH IN BASEBALL HISTORY

WHEN Adrian Joss, the tall school teacher who for years shared popular honors with Lajoie in Cleveland, shut out the Chicago White Sox, October 2, 1908, he sealed a height (all things considered) never reached by a pitcher in the history of major league ball. In the thirty-six years that have elapsed since the first big league game was played, three other men twirled games in which no opponent reached first base, but not under the same conditions.

Back in the days when skillful batsmen were few and far between—in 1880 to be exact—Lee Richmond of Worcester pitched the first no hit, no man to reach first base game in organized baseball. The Cleveland team, to be avenged by Joss twenty-eight years later, was the victim. Five days later John Montgomery Ward, then the star twirler of Providence, linked his name with Richmond's, to remain undisturbed for twenty-four years. May 5, 1904, "Cy" Young defeated the Athletics, no man reaching the initial sack; the first feat of the kind in modern baseball.

In the generation that had passed since a like miracle had occurred the pitching distance had been increased one-third, the number of "balls" decreased from eight to three, while "scientific" hitting had become an art.

It remained for Joss to surpass this record. Like his three great predecessors, he pitched a game in which all the batsmen did was to "walk right up and turn around and walk right back again." When Richmond, Ward and Young made their records there was nothing at stake except the game; Joss staged his all but impossible performance when the winning of a pennant hung on every pitched ball.

On the morning of October 2, 1908, the Chicago White Sox arrived in Cleveland for a two-game series. At that time the four western teams were in a fight that has had no parallel in the history of the American League. The proverbial blanket would have covered Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, and St. Louis, so closely were they bunched. Each team had only five games to play, and the league flag

was at stake on each play. Ed. Walsh ascended the mound for the visitors and the greatest pitching duel in the history of the league began. A hit, a double-barreled error and a passed ball gave Cleveland a run in the third inning. That was all, but it was enough. Addie Joss shut out his most dangerous opponents without a hit, without a base on balls, and, excepting the catcher, without any but the simplest aid from his fellow players.

Inning after inning was reeled off and the visitors were set down in order. When the immense crowd realized that the accidental run scored in the third round would bring victory if Joss could only last, the cheering became a steady roar. When the ninth opened and no single white-gloved athlete had yet reached first, the packed stands became a bedlam.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grounder, tossed it to first and ended the heart-breaking suspense.

White went to bat for the catcher and was thrown out at first. Donahue, another left-hand hitter, was sent up in place of Tannehill and struck out. John Anderson was the final hope of the White Sox. The big fellow tried desperately to break the spell. This was one of the two crises in the game in which the cool and smiling Addie needed a little help and Dame Fortune was his aid. Two fierce smashes went down the left field lines—both foul. Then Bradley picked up a gentle grou