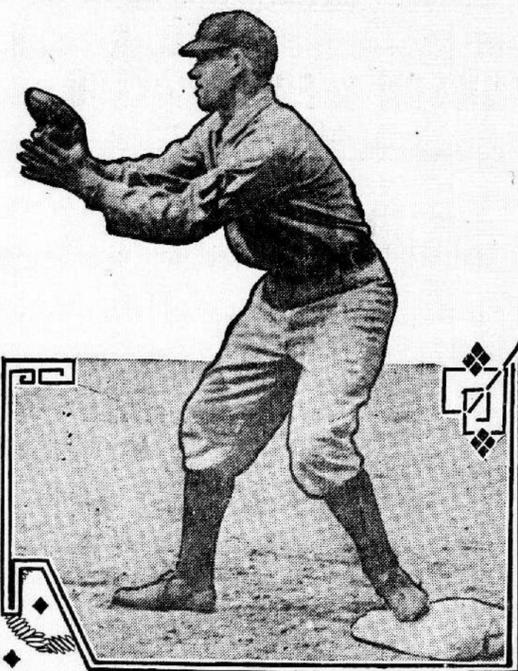


## HAL CHASE CALLED GREATEST FIRST BASEMAN



Friends of the guardian of the New York Highlanders' initial sack say he is the peer of any other man playing the position. Chase is one of a few left handers playing first, and there is no doubt that he is a star.

## NOBODY IN SIGHT TO WHIP JACK JOHNSON

Defeat of Jeffries Leaves No Fighter on Whom the White Race Can Depend to Wrest the Champion Away From the Black Man—Says He Will Not Fight Langford.

By KNOCKOUT.

Jack Johnson now finds himself in much the same position that Jim Jeffries was in when he defeated Jack Munroe back in 1904. There is nobody for him to fight. Johnson has proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that he is the peer of any man in the mitt game and if he takes care of himself it will be a long time before any man will be able to take the championship crown from his head.

Sam Langford talks of fighting Jack and has challenged the big black for a battle. Johnson says he will pay no attention to the deft, declaring such a fight would not draw. "I don't think Langford can whip Kaufman or Ketchell," said Jack, "and everybody knows neither of these men have a chance with me."

Tommy Ryan has been coaching a big Irishman known as Con O'Kelly. Under Ryan's instructions O'Kelly won his first battle, a fight with a man named Comiskey, whom no person ever heard of, but foxey Tommy isn't going to put his man against Johnson for some time to come, if at all.

Johnson is so much better than any other man now in the ring that the only hope for the white race lies in some unknown being developed in the next year or two who can get him into the ring out of condition as he has been in several battles since he defeated Tommy Burns.

Up to the time Johnson fought Jeffries there were many who said the negro didn't have the necessary punch to defeat a good man. This no doubt was due to the big black's peculiar style of milling. He always has been content to take his time and go easy with an opponent. Before the fight with Jeffries, Johnson said he intended to prove that he did have the punch, and he did.

Then there were the people who said that Johnson had a "yellow streak." If he has Jeffries was unable to find it, and if Jeffries couldn't make it show there's little chance for any other man to do so. Jim Corbett was one of those who openly declared that Johnson was lacking in bravery. "Jeffries will make him jump out of the ring," said Corbett. Again "Pompador Jim" was wrong. It is a notorious fact that Corbett never has been able to pick a winner. He thought Burns would whip Johnson. We all know the results of those battles.

Corbett complained before the fight that Jeffries did not box enough. He made the same excuse after Jeffries was knocked out. There probably is some truth to this, but it is doubtful whether the result would have been any different.

Now comes the question: Could Johnson have whipped the Jeffries that whipped Bob Fitzsimmons? It's a hard question to answer and the experts fall to agree. From present day indications it is doubtful whether there ever was a better man than Johnson. John L. Sullivan was the kind of man who is made to order for Johnson's style of fighting. Sullivan's wild swings and bull like rushes would have been easy for Jack. Johnson would have peppered John L. the way he did Jeffries. He would have met these rushes with the famous upper cut and would have had no difficulty in blocking the swings. A fight between Johnson and Jim Corbett would have been pretty to see, but Corbett never had the punch that would have whipped Johnson, and it is doubtful if Jim would have weathered more than one or two uppercuts.

For my part I believe Bob Fitzsimmons in his prime would be a harder man for Johnson to whip than any of them. But Bob would have been at the same disadvantage as he was with Jeffries. Thirty or 40 pounds difference in weight would have been too much even for the freckled one.

We have got to give it to Johnson, and it is to be hoped that he behaves himself. That big purse he won will pay many a fine for auto speeding and he will make much more in the next

## LUCK IS CHIEF ELEMENT IN WINNING, SAYS STAHL

BOSTON AMERICANS' FIRST SACKER PLACES TEAM WORK SECOND AND HITTING THIRD IN THE LIST.

By "JAKE" STAHL.

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There are so many elements that contribute to winning or losing baseball games that it is hard to decide which is the most important. I believe luck is first, team work second, hitting third, and fielding just ahead of base running. Few persons understand how much the game is affected by luck. It makes and breaks ball clubs every season, and sometimes it seems as if luck alone decides pennant races. But if you come to study the matter more deeply you will discover that the thing we call "luck" keeps pursuing certain teams, and ruining others, and if any one begins to seek why this is true he discovers that "luck" is only another name for gameness, determination, and hustling ability. The team or the player that persistently hustles, that runs out every ball at top speed, that tries for every ball that is hit as hard as it is possible to try, soon becomes "lucky"—for the player who does that is there ready to take advantage of "luck."

One sometimes wonders why, after the middle of the season, some clubs are so easy to defeat and some so hard. It is luck again in another form. The one club has been beaten until it is discouraged and listless in its work, half hearted in everything, while the other is full of confidence, inspired with hope, and after every thing and every man in on his toes every minute, and it beats better ball clubs through sheer hustle and confidence.

These things are facts. There are some clubs that are dangerous no matter how many games they have lost, and others that are done and out of a race as soon as the "luck" breaks against them for a short time. A young ball player who wants to know how to win can find the secret of it in these statements, and any veteran ball player will vouch for their truth.

The first thing a young player ought to do is to see that his condition is perfect, and he must keep it that way and train himself so he can last through an entire season. Then he ought to begin studying the game, watching every other player's records and learning all about them. He ought to watch his own men, and the opposing team, studying how they make plays and deciding for himself



"Jake" Stahl.

which is the better way. If he does those things and practises steadily he will become a better ball player and last longer in the business than scores of men who are his physical superiors at the game.

Another bit of advice for a young player: There is a complaint that the old players do not give the young ones a fair chance. This is not true. If the young player does not get his chance it is his own fault. A young player just starting with any club must watch his private behavior as closely as his playing. A "fresh" ball player, or a "swelled head," or one who does not attend to business soon finds that he is not popular and begins to complain that he does not get his chance. A player who joins a club, watches and listens, sticks up for his own rights and does not trample on the rights of others, always is welcome. A player in the modern game is judged almost as much by his conduct as by his playing. The greatest mistake a young player can make is to think that because he makes a successful start his success is assured and to "swell" and cease to pay close attention to business. They ought to learn that baseball is more than a sport and realize that it is the most sportsmanlike of all sports.

Portsmouth, Va., Forfeits Franchise.

The Virginia league has taken charge of the Portsmouth team, alleging that former owners by their actions forfeited their franchise. There was no break in the conditions of the body, leaving the league intact. The players were paid off by the league. William Hannan, Jr., of Norfolk and Jack Grim are both seeking the franchise, with Grim apparently in the lead.

Jordan Goes to Toronto.

Tim Jordan, the ex-Brooklyn first baseman, who has been out of the game all season, has at last joined Toronto. Big Tim ought to be a whale with the stick in that league if Manager Kelley can make a place for him.

Lets the Youngsters Cool Off.

Manager Stallings didn't worry long when it was found that both Roach and Foster were wobbling in their short stop play. He swung Jack Knight into the gap and told both the youngsters to sit down and let their heads cool.

## THREE BITES OF A DOG

By DONALD ALLEN

Major Singleton was an old bachelor with money invested. He had been a boarder at Mrs. Sherman's villa for three or four years and they looked up to and stood in awe of him.

The Widow Washburne was an intruder at the villa. That is, she was the last comer. She also had money invested. She had to wait for her husband to die before she could become a widow and have money invested and become a boarder at the Sherman villa.

Major Singleton didn't like it that a widow should be taken into the house. He didn't like it before seeing her, and he liked it less afterwards. She was not awed. She didn't defer to him. She sought the opinion of the floor-walker boarder as often as that of the major. The major was nettled, but he was a gentleman. He went around the corner to swear, but in the house he was gracious and courteous. He even played cards with the widow, and turned the music as she played the piano.

Mrs. Sherman was just congratulating herself that the earthquake had slanted off in some other direction, and the other boarders were drawing long breaths of relief, when the blow fell. The widow bought a poodle dog. She bought it because life was dreary to her. She bought it that her mind might not dwell on the late Mr. Washburne too much.

The major was out for a walk in the park when the dog arrived. He



ENTERED HE OR THE DOG MUST GO

had always understood that Sherman villa barred dogs and babies, and there was a surprise awaiting him. His rooms were opposite those of the widow. In the hall he received a sudden bite in the leg, and he canted about and swore. He swore almost as hard as he had at the battle of Cedar Mountain. The widow stood in the door of her room and looked at him, and after he had calmed down she asked:

"Will you tell me, sir, what sort of a performance this is?"

"Your dog there—your dog!" he replied, pointing to the poodle. "The infernal thing bit me in the leg. I'll have him shot by the police!"

"Major Singleton, I have a dog! It is a poodle dog. I have owned him only two hours, and yet I love him! I shall guard him with my life! You are no gentleman, sir, to complain of a dog-bite!"

The major called the landlady to his room and gave her an ultimatum. Either he or the dog must go. Mrs. Sherman temporized and flattered and shed tears. It is the landladies who can't do that that are sold out by the sheriff. The dog was to be chained up, and the major was to be allowed a full hour at dinner to tell war stories. It was this last concession that melted him. Indeed, after three or four days he brought himself to believe that he owed the widow an apology. He entered her room to make it, and that poodle dog bit him for the second time.

"This—is this too much!" he shouted as he hung to the door and held up the bitten leg. "I came in here to offer you an apology for my words the other day, and that infernal, contemptible—"

"Major Singleton," interrupted the widow, "no true gentleman will swear in a lady's presence."

"But that infernal poodle—"

"And, sir, I must request you to withdraw. A man who will complain when bitten by a dog should seek another strata of society!"

The major hopped across the hall into his room on one leg and Mrs. Sherman was sent for. By the time she arrived he had his trouser leg rolled up, and was ready to point to the two bites and exclaim:

"Behold that poodle dog! Either he goes or I do."

But neither went. Mrs. Sherman

wept, and Major Singleton melted after an hour. He never could bear to see a woman weep. Major Singleton rubbed the bites and reflected and regretted, and inside of a week he was again ready to apologize. The Widow Washburne had risen from the dinner table right in the midst of one of his best war stories, but he could even forgive her for that. He would apologize and look out for his legs at the same time.

The opportunity soon came. He was coming home from his walk when he met Mrs. Washburne starting out on hers. She had the dog along on his lead. The major was halting and raising his hat when the poodle made a half-circuit around a lamp-post to take him in rear and bit him on that same leg—bite No. 3!

"I hope you are not going to complain of a little thing like that!" called the widow after him as he limped away, but he had no grape-shot to fire in reply. Mrs. Sherman was called up for the third time. There were the bites—one—two—three—and there was the major. His trunk was open and ready to be packed. He was not excited, but stern. He was not vacillating, but determined. He pointed to the bites and grimly said:

"Which—the major or the dog?"

Then Mrs. Sherman sat down and sobbed and sobbed. If the major departed who would there be to tell war stories to make them shudder? No one. They must put up with the common, everyday murders found in the press. He always had a hard-boiled egg with his breakfast. Who would eat that egg now? Twice a week, he was out till midnight at his lodge. When he came home he would always stumble on the stairs. Who would stumble now? She made an impression. She melted him for the third time. He had taken the bite and never uttered a cuss word. Let him stay on and hope for the death of the dog. He was there telling his war stories at dinner, but a little later he was sauntering the streets and looking for a boy. He wanted to find a peculiar boy—one who was not a constant attendant at Sunday school. He looked long, but found him. Then there was a quiet confab and money passed, and the non-Sunday school boy went away saying:

"I'm on to de racket, old man, and don't you lose any sleep."

Next day the widow and her dog walked out. The major didn't. It was a fine day, but he had inside business. He walked to and fro. He expected things. He drew long breaths. After a while a cab whirled up to the door. A minute later there was a scream in the hall. Then there were shrieks on the stairs.

"Oh, Major Singleton, she's lost—she's lost! Tell the police—advertise—do everything!"

"My dear Mrs. Washburne, you have appealed to the right man. Everything shall be done. She bit me, but I love her still. Indeed, I was hoping she would bite me again today."

The police found no clue. The advertisements brought no poodle. The major's hours on the street resulted in nothing. He took the widow's hand and spoke consoling words. He referred to his three dog-bites as nothing compared to the three cannon balls flung at him at Cedar Creek. He apologized some more. Only a week had passed when one evening Mrs. Sherman whispered to the ladies in the parlor:

"Just think. Three bites of a dog did it!"

"What?"

And pointing to the ceiling with her finger she almost winked an eye and said:

"Cooing going on! I just passed the open door of her sitting room and though she was leaning her head on the major's shoulder she never jumped!"

BOILED WATERMELON.

Being from the south Douglas Manner had born a fondness for watermelon, and so when he read in his morning newspaper that a cargo had just been brought up from Georgia he drove his runabout down to the market, where he annexed the biggest melon he could find.

Mr. Manner sent the melon into the kitchen when he got out to his Long Island home. Bridget, the new cook, had only been passed through the gates at Ellis island a few weeks before, and a watermelon was Greek to her. She examined the prize carefully, inspected all of the Manner pots and pans, and then, arms akimbo, reported thus to the mistress of the house:

"Ma'am, there ain't a pot in the house big enough to hold that thing. Mither Manner do be bringin' home."—New York Times.

MANY ARE WINTRY.

"What are those women discussing with so much animation?"

"Current literature."

"Current literature?"

"Yes; the bargain ads."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## VAN VALKENBURG IS JUDGE



Judge Arba S. Van Valkenburg, recently appointed United States district judge, western division of Missouri, is one of the youngest jurists on the federal bench. He is only 48 years of age, but his friends say this will not prevent him from making an enviable record.

Mr. Van Valkenburg succeeded Senator Warner as United States district attorney for the western district of Missouri in 1905 and was reappointed by President Taft in December, 1909. He had previously served seven years as assistant to Major Warner in that office. He was born in Syracuse, N. Y., in 1862. When he was seven years old his parents removed to Illinois and later to Michigan. He was graduated from the University of Michigan in 1884, attaining high rank as a scholar.

Mr. Van Valkenburg went to Kansas City in 1885 and entered the law offices of Dobson, Douglas and Trimble, being admitted to the Jackson county bar in 1888. The same year he formed a law partnership with D. J. Hafl. He was married in 1889 to Miss Grace Ingold of Kansas City.

Mr. Van Valkenburg was appointed assistant district attorney by Major Warner in 1898, succeeding William Draffen. Upon Major Warner's election to the senate in 1905 President Roosevelt appointed him to the place he since has held.

Law came naturally to Mr. Van Valkenburg. His father, Lawrence Van Valkenburg, was a justice of the peace back in New York in the early 60's.

Friends of the newly appointed judge say that at the department of justice in Washington Mr. Van Valkenburg was considered as ranking among the ablest United States district attorneys in the country.

As United States district attorney, Mr. Van Valkenburg first attracted national attention in the prosecution of all the packing companies to compel them to comply with the interstate commerce laws regarding the shipment of meats for export. He brought the suit in this jurisdiction and won it before Judge McPherson, sitting for Judge Phillips.

The winning of this suit brought Mr. Van Valkenburg into the lime light before all the big attorneys of the country and he was highly complimented for the record he made. He earned recognition for hard work and unusually high legal ability. He had an honorably conspicuous part in that great movement for the "square deal" whose beginning distinguished the Roosevelt administration.

## POINDEXTER IN LIMELIGHT



Representative Miles PoinDEXTER of Washington, candidate for the United States senate, whose cause has been espoused by Theodore Roosevelt, was born in Memphis, Tenn., fifty-two years ago and has lived in Washington nineteen years. He has served only one term in congress and has been identified with the insurgents, which makes the action of Colonel Roosevelt all the more important to national politics.

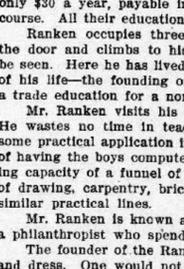
Mr. PoinDEXTER has been a political foe of Richard A. Ballinger, secretary of the interior in the Taft cabinet, with whom Gifford Pinchot, former chief forester and friend of Roosevelt, had a feud for some time.

The Washington congressman visited Colonel Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill a few days ago and came away in jubilant spirits. Roosevelt promised to aid him in his fight for the senate and he had a right to feel happy, for help from Roosevelt means help of the right kind and PoinDEXTER needed it.

Mr. PoinDEXTER was educated at Fancy Hill academy, Rockbridge county, Va., and at Washington and Lee university, Lexington, Va., in both the academic and law courses. He located at Walliawalla, Wash., in 1891 and began the practise of law. He was elected prosecuting attorney of Walliawalla county in 1892 and in 1897 moved to Spokane. He was assistant prosecuting attorney for Spokane six years and in 1904 was elected judge of the superior court and remained on the bench until nominated for congress in the newly created third district of Washington. He was elected by a majority of 15,000.

When Secretary Ballinger learned that Colonel Roosevelt had promised to lend his influence to the PoinDEXTER cause he expressed the belief that the former president had been misled as to the situation in Washington. The seat in the senate to which Representative PoinDEXTER aspires is now held by Samuel Henry Piles, who is not in the race for re-election. There are six candidates in the field, and Washington is expecting the hardest fight for a senatorship the state has ever witnessed. Former United States Senator John L. Wilson is one of the candidates and he is quoted as saying that Secretary Ballinger has not meddled in the political affairs of the state recently and he denies the statement that the Taft cabinet officer is the Republican leader of Washington.

## GIVES MILLIONS FOR BOYS



David J. Ranken, Jr., one of the wealthiest men of St. Louis, has acted literally upon that much-advertised saying of Andrew Carnegie, that "he who dies rich dies disgraced," and has turned over his entire fortune, estimated at a little more than \$2,000,000, to the David J. Ranken, Jr., School of Mechanical Trades, which he founded, reserving only \$3,000 a year for his own modest uses.

The school was established a year ago with an endowment of \$500,000, its purpose being to give boys over fifteen years old a trade education for a nominal sum. The school has prospered and to amplify its usefulness the additional endowment by Mr. Ranken has been made.

Mr. Ranken, who was born in Londonderry, Ireland, in 1835, and who has been a resident of St. Louis since 1862, made his money in real estate and stock transactions. The students at the Ranken school are charged only \$30 a year, payable in three installments, and are given a two years' course. All their education is of a practical kind.

Ranken occupies three small rooms over a grocery. When he enters the door and climbs to his rooms he shuts out the world and declines to be seen. Here he has lived for years and worked out the plans and ambition of his life—the founding of the trades school where poor boys can receive a trade education for a nominal fee.

Mr. Ranken visits his school every day and watches the boys at work. He wastes no time in teaching theory in the lecture rooms unless it has some practical application in the shop work. Geometry is taught, but instead of having the boys compute the columns of a cone, they are taught the holding capacity of a funnel of like dimensions. Classroom work in all branches of drawing, carpentry, bricklaying, painting and steam engineering is along similar practical lines.

Mr. Ranken is known as a hard man with whom to drive a bargain, but a philanthropist who spends great sums to carry out his plans.

The founder of the Ranken trades school is extremely plain in his habits and dress. One would not think he was entering the office of a millionaire on stepping into Ranken's office. He maintains no suite of carpeted rooms—only a single room and the smallest one on the floor.

## ASTOUNDS CHOATE'S FRIENDS



Not only the judges and lawyers of the country but all citizens who follow the affairs of the nation were astonished when charges of unprofessional conduct were made against Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador from the United States to Great Britain.

The American Bar association, of which Mr. Choate is a former president, will thoroughly probe the charges at its convention in Chattanooga, Tenn., next month and Mr. Choate's friends say there is no doubt that the verdict will completely exonerate him from all blame.

James R. Watts of Staten Island is Mr. Choate's accuser. He alleges that Mr. Choate caused him to lose hundreds of thousands of dollars through "omissions and wrongful acts" while acting as his attorney. Mr. Choate lost no time in demanding a thorough probe of the charges, the first ever made against him in his long and honored career.

Mr. Choate is 78 years old and internationally famous as a lawyer, diplomat, orator and after-dinner speaker. He was ambassador to the court of St. James from 1899 to 1905. His legal career began in 1855, when he was graduated as master of arts at Harvard and admitted to the bar of Massachusetts. He went to New York in 1856 and with the exception of the time he served as ambassador has been practicing his profession there. He has been connected with many famous cases and was elected a bencher of the Inner Temple, England, in 1905, an honor conferred only on persons of distinction.

Mr. Choate's many friends say the charges against him are due to some mistake and it is confident that the American Bar association will so determine.