

# GAME OF BATTLE BALL

### THE LATEST ADDITION TO POPULAR SPORTS.

As a Healthy Exercise and Like Tennis May Be Played by Women As Well As Men—How the Game Is Played.

**A** BRAND NEW game is "battle ball," and as it embraces at once some of the features of bowling, hand ball, tennis, cricket, baseball and football, there is no doubt but that it will speedily become one of the popular games of the day, particularly as it can be played in the gymnasium, or out of doors. We owe the invention to Dr. Sargent of Harvard University, whose life is devoted to devising and prescribing exercises for the physical education of young people. Dr. Sargent concluded there was need for a new athletic or gymnastic game, and forthwith he invented one which, as he said, in his little pamphlet, describing the game, should be so simple that any one can play it without long training or previous practice. The game is played on a court somewhat similar to tennis. A court with a length twice its width makes it an exact square for each side 25x50 feet having been found to give the amount of space most desirable for teams of five on a side. While the game may be played by three, four, six, or even more, five is the ideal number for each side. The lines should be marked on the floor or ground, as shown in the diagram. There is a center foul line and the end foul base or goal lines; the border beyond represents the stop nets, which may be set five feet behind the goal lines. Over the goal lines and seven feet above them cords should be stretched from posts set at the corners of the court. On each goal line placed three pairs of Indian clubs of three pounds weight each, one pair in the center and the others three feet from the posts, the clubs of each pair being eighteen inches apart. With teams of five, the three stationed in front of the clubs, serve as guards, or goal tenders, while the forwards act mainly as throwers. When the game is played out of doors, and a larger number than usually make a team wish to play, several courts can be laid out, side by side, the right side line of one side being the left side line of another. Wands, or sticks, projecting three feet above the ground, may take the place of the Indian clubs. A round rubber ball, filled with air and covered with leather, nine inches in diameter, and weighing about a pound, completes the outfit.

The best throwers must stand in front, and the best catchers guard the goals. The side having the ball, which may be decided by the toss of a coin, tries to throw it between the goal posts of the other side. If it succeeds in doing so, ten points are scored in its favor;

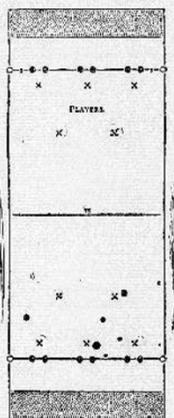


DIAGRAM OF THE COURT.

falling to make a goal, but hitting a club, or post, five points are counted. If the ball only passes the goal line under the cord, three points are made. Should the ball go over the goal cord, it is a foul, and counts one against the side throwing it. If a thrower slips over the center foul line, two points are counted against his side. Two ten minute innings, with a five minutes' rest between, makes a short, sharp and exciting game.

An interesting feature of the game is the frequency with which the score is changed, first one side and then the other being ahead, which, with well matched teams, leaves the final result uncertain until the last moment of play has expired.

The game of battle ball, Dr. Sargent argues, gives special exercise to the muscles of the back, chest, waist and left arm, as well as the right arm, and it is free from danger of any kind that would be hazardous to life or limb; and another argument in its favor, it is also a game suitable for girls as well as boys.

**In the Line of Progress.**  
The rule making it necessary for the umpire to call out when a ball is hit whether it is a bunt and a trapped ball is a good one. Bunt hits will be done away with altogether in another year. In line with the policy of the league to make every man play ball and not see how much he can gain by avoiding playing ball. In the same way the rule as to coaching will gradually work around so that every man will play for himself. The rule doing away with coaching altogether probably will not be adopted next year, but the tendency is that way.—Sporting Life.

**The Player and the Bat.**  
There is no implement of the game that is so taking to the eye of the average player as the bat. Gloves, masks, balls are merely the necessary paraphernalia of the pastime, but the bat is the thing. Every player has his favorite sticks and they are treasured as priceless gems after a few solid hits have been made with them. The breaking of a good stick is a calamity that chills the heart of the average player. There is a good deal in selecting a stick of the right length and weight.—Sporting Life.

# SWIMMING WONDER.

### Australia Comes to the Front With Speedy Man.

Australia has a new amateur swimming champion, who bids fair to become a wonder in his line. He is equally good at long or short distances as will be seen by a glance at the following records which he holds: One hundred yards 1:22.5; 300 yards, 3:59; one mile, 21:02. The Sydney Referee gives the following interesting account of him, his name being Walter Gormly. His physique, to a casual observer, has nothing about it that might indicate the possession of such exceptional powers as a swimmer, but closer scrutiny would disclose the fact that Walter's chest, leg and shoulder development, good to reveal the source from which his staying and propelling power is obtained. He is passionately fond of swimming, and while residing at Sydney spent the greater part of his spare hours at the natorium, where he could be seen for a long time, morning and afternoon, throwing lap after lap behind him in great style. The strict rules of training were unswerving followed, and as natation was an only hobby indulged in whenever the slightest opportunity presented itself, his small wonder that Gormly should have advanced to such a prominent position in the athletic world, and one which undoubtedly owes a great deal to perseverance and faith of purpose. His peculiar mode of propulsion has frequently been the subject of comment among experts and others. He swims on the right side and drawing his less back to make a stroke sends the top one clear of the water from the knee down, and



WALTER GORMLY.

brings it back again with a loud splash. How much faster or slower he might have been had the ordinary and generally accepted method of using the nether limbs been adopted can only be a matter of conjecture, but men qualified to judge are fairly unanimous in the belief that if nothing is lost by the champion's peculiar stroke, the benefit, as compared with that derived from the usual manner of forcing the body through the water, is and further, there can be very little doubt in the mind of a thinking person that valuable force is expended uselessly every time the leg breaks the surface.

# THE RING.

Charles Gehring, the ex-lightweight champion boxer of the American Athletic Union, boxed a six-round draw with Stanton Abbot at Baltimore recently.

Owen H. Zeigler of Philadelphia, has expressed an anxiety to contest with Young Griffo in a boxing contest, and offers to wager \$5,000 that he can defeat the Australian in a 20-round bout.

William Smith of Philadelphia, defeated Edward Vaughn of Trenton, in a four-round boxing contest at Baltimore on the 10th inst. Smith, a more recent local success, last week, and James O'Donnell of this city was bested by John Chaney of Baltimore at the same time and place in a similar number of rounds.

"Jimmy" Murphy of St. Paul and "Jimmy" Schrenborn, of Minneapolis fought thirty-four rounds recently near St. Paul, Minn. Time was called at 10 o'clock, and after two hours of hard fighting Murphy gave his man a knock-out blow.

Frank P. Slavin has again challenged Peter Jackson, the colored pugilist, to make a match with him for \$1,000 a side. Slavin objects, however, to the fight coming off under the auspices of the National Sporting Club, believing that that organization would favor Jackson.

# POOR OLD COULDOCK.

The Once Great Actor Is Now an Object of Charity.

C. W. Couldock, the once great actor, it is said, will soon become an inmate of the Forrest Home for Actors. C. W.



C. W. COULDOCK.

Couldock was born in London April 26, 1815. He first appeared at Sadler's Wells in 1836, where he played "Othello." After that he supported John Vandenhoff at Bath and in 1845 he became leading man at the Theatre Royal at Edinburgh. He came to America with Charlotte Cushman in 1849 and for several years was leading man at the Walnut Street theatre, Philadelphia. In 1858 he joined Laura Keane's Olympic Theatre company and afterward took the leading parts in "The Willow Copse," "The Chimney Corner," etc. In 1880 he began at the Madison Square theatre in the part of Dunstan Kirke in "Hazel Kirke" and has played the part over one thousand times. A benefit was given Mr. Couldock at the Star Theatre, New York, in 1897, which netted \$4,400.

# SCHOOL-GIRL PRANKS.

### CAUSE GREAT EXCITEMENT IN AUSTRALIA.

### LOVE MISSIVES THAT HAVE GONE ASTRAY.

Get the Principal of the Famous Female Seminary Mixed Up With the United States Authorities and Causes a Divorce Suit.



**M**ONTICELLO ILL., the staid little village eight miles west of Alton, for fifty-six years the seat of a famous female seminary, is the scene of a sensation that reaches over to Upper Alton and the town proper and has furnished food for gossip the county over for weeks past. The story is one of school-time love and flirtation, with all the exciting and romantic incidents which naturally grow out of the proximity of a female seminary to a military academy. But the tale is beyond the ordinary. Moonlight interviews and surreptitious correspondence, instead of being leading incidents, are merely accessories to the main action, which includes divorce proceedings, a \$100,000 damage suit and a threat of criminal proceedings for interference with Uncle Sam's handling of the mail. The leading character in this romantic detail of the day is Louis Roberts, erstwhile general grocer of Monticello, Ill., and purveyor of candy, chewing gum and clandestine correspondence to the inmates of the famous Monticello Female seminary, standing



MR. AND MRS. ROBERTS.

with a stone's throw of his humble village store, Roberts is the plaintiff in a suit for \$100,000 damages against Mrs. A. N. Haskell, principal of the seminary—moreover a Benedict and not a lover, albeit a prospective defendant in divorce proceedings. Another leading character is Arthur Turner, son of the postmaster at Upper Alton. The students of Monticello seminary and Wymann's Military institute come in like strophes and antistrophe in a Greek tragedy, supplying the motives for the main action.

The way all this came about is as follows: For a long time back the young men of Wymann's institute have varied the routine of school life for themselves and the young ladies of Monticello seminary by a correspondence that in all its methods of accomplishment was as unique as it was bold. Louis Roberts, the man of many troubles, was the go-between. The young men issue a college paper that in deference to the military character of the institution is dubbed the Bugler. There was great demand for the Bugler at Monticello seminary. Roberts never had any return copies, and for reasons now to be made plain; into every copy sent to Roberts for distribution among the seminary lasses there was neatly folded a tender missive that by school-girl freemasonry always reached the party addressed. The replies were more readily handled, Roberts taking care of them and incidentally increasing his sales thereby.

But the course of true love could not run smooth forever and one dark day the wrong paper fell into Mrs. Haskell's hands with dire results for Roberts and her romantic charges. An edict went forth prohibiting further commerce at Roberts'. It meant expulsion almost to be seen loitering about the tobacco store. All this was hard lines on Roberts, who had given the girls unlimited credit and feared to go near the seminary to collect. Mrs. Haskell was not to blame for this, however, as she inquired on the point and was solemnly assured by the pupils that everything was square. Roberts' trade melted under the boycott and he sold out, disappearing from the scene of action for a while. Meanwhile the adventurous youths at the military institute were not to be deterred from the pranks of cupid by a principal's edict. By dint of much persuasion they induced, it is said, Arthur Turner, son of the postmaster at Alton, and the mail distributor, to withhold all mail from the girls at the institute from Upper Alton until personally applied for. Just how Mrs. Haskell got wind of this new arrangement is a dark mystery, but certainly she did and young Mr. Turner is now confronted by a terrible threat from the irate principal which, if carried out, may put him behind the bars. At least Mrs. Haskell thinks so. Though both institutions were boiling over with suppressed emotion of various kinds, the matter was kept from the public until Mrs. Roberts filed her suit for divorce. Roberts began to think, then, that he was getting the worst of the deal, and followed suit by instituting suit for \$100,000 against Mrs. Haskell. He thinks he is entitled to this much money for the loss of his trade, his wife's affections and the pleasure he once enjoyed while catering to the romantic whims of his customers. He is now trying to raise money to deposit security for costs. If he cannot get the necessary funds he will ask leave to sue as a poor person. The legal proceedings will begin shortly at Edwardsville. Louis Roberts says that only one of the girls has settled her account. She sent \$8 by a servant at the seminary, and he alleges that when

# A GREWSOME STORY.

### THIS MAN RESCUED BY BODY-SNATCHER.

### WAS BURIED ALIVE AND COULD NOT PROTEST.

Saw the Preparations For the Burial and Suffered Awful Agony—Hope Vanished When the Sexton Left the Grave—On Dissecting Table.

# A DYING MAN'S JOKE.

### Requests to His Benefactors Turns Out to Be Flirtatious.

A shabbily dressed man in the last stages of consumption presented himself at one of the Paris hospitals recently, and was received and cared for. Two days later a strange story ran from one end of the institution to the other. The consumptive, it was said, was a rich land owner from the south of France, who, to expiate a life spent in debauchery and general wickedness, wishes to end his days among the very poor and wretched. It seems he had secretly procured pen and paper and had dictated his will to one of his fellow-patients. He bequeathed all his possessions to the good people who had sweetened his last moments; 100,000 francs to the director, 100,000 to the chief physician, 300,000 francs to the hospital which had so charitably sheltered him and so on. No one was forgotten, not even his companions in misery. Every patient is solicitously cared for in the hospital in question, but this one received a double portion of attention. Out of decency all forbore to speak to him of his bequest, but all watched over the generous giver with particular tenderness, and surrounded by every comfort, he breathed his last. The brilliant funeral which followed was paid for by the hospital which he had enriched. But what a

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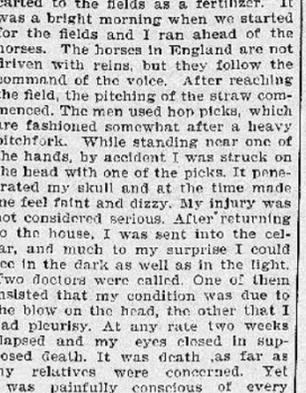
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Meanwhile there is a painful silence between the young people at Monticello and Upper Alton, but it will not be for long, as surely "Love will find a way."



GEORGE HAYWARD.

**F**ALL THE HAIR-raising stories recently recited that one by Geo. Hayward of Independence, Mo., easily takes first rank. Were it not for the fact that so reputable a paper as the Kansas City Journal was the first to give publicity to the man's story he would probably go down into history with Annanias. Mr. Hayward is a leading citizen of Independence, and a saint of the Mormon church. He operates a jewelry business and owns stock in three or four of the city banks. Now Mr. Hayward was buried alive and afterward rescued by body snatchers is perhaps best told in his own words:

"It was in Marshville, England, County Gloucestershire, where I was buried," said Mr. Hayward very grimly. "My father had a large family of boys, and he raised us all on the farm near the village. I was quite young and it was my chief delight to go into the fields with my older brothers. In those days the farm houses were surrounded by big yards filled with straw. This straw was allowed to rot, and in the fall of the year it was loaded into wagons and carted to the fields as a fertilizer. It was a bright morning when we started for the fields and I ran ahead of the horses. The horses in England are not driven with reins, but they follow the command of the voice. After reaching the field, the pitching of the straw commenced. The men used hop-picks, which are fashioned somewhat after a heavy pitchfork. While standing near one of the hands, by accident I was struck on the head with one of the picks. It penetrated my skull and at the time made me feel faint and dizzy. My injury was not considered serious. After returning to the house, I was sent into the cellar, and much to my surprise I could see in the dark as well as in the light. Two doctors were called. One of them insisted that my condition was due to the blow on the head, the other that I had pleurisy. At any rate two weeks elapsed and my eyes closed in supposed death. It was death as far as my relatives were concerned. Yet I was painfully conscious of every movement going on around me. My eyes were half closed, and as I was laid out, I heard my older brother, John, walk into the house. I saw him approach the cot with tears in his eyes, and sympathizing friends consoled him by asking him to dry his tears. 'He is gone,' they said, and other similar expressions were used around the bed. Well known faces would peer down at me as I lay with my eyes half closed. Tears rained on my face as the burial shroud was wrapped around my body. As soon as the undertaker arrived I knew that I was to be buried alive. Try as I would, nothing would break the spell which bound me. Every action and every word spoken are as distinct to my mind now as then.

"Well, the time for the funeral arrived, and the service was preached over my living but rigid body. The undertaker approached and the lid of my little prison house was fastened down. Life seemed all but gone when this took place, but, as I stated, no effort of mine could break the spell. The coffin was shoved into the wagon, and the trundling of the vehicle sounded in my ears. I was painfully conscious of the fact that I was soon to be lowered into my grave. Strange as it may seem, at times I did not feel fear at my impending fate. The coffin was taken out of the wagon and lowered into the grave. In those days boxes were not used as a receptacle for the coffin. The clogs of earth fell heavy on the lid of the casket. There I was being entombed alive, unable to speak or stay the hands of my friends. My effort to move proved futile, and the close air of the coffin seemed stifling to me. Suddenly the heaving ceased, and the silence of the tomb was complete. I did not seem to have the fear then that a person would naturally expect under the circumstances. All I remember is that the grave is a lonely place and that the silence of the tomb was horribly oppressive. A dreamy sensation came over me, and a sense of suffocation became apparent. My whole system was paralyzed; were it otherwise my struggles would have been desperate.

"How long I remained in this condition I do not know. The first sense of returning life came over me when I heard the scraping of a spade on my coffin lid. I felt myself raised and borne away. I was taken out of my coffin not to my home, but to a dissecting-room. I beheld the doctors who had waited on me at my home dressed in long white aprons. In their hands they had knives. Through my half-closed eyes I saw them engaged in a dispute. They were trying to decide how to cut me up. One doctor argued one way, while the other doctor took another view of the matter. All this I witnessed through my half-open eyes. My sense of hearing was remarkably acute. Both approached the table and opened up my mouth to take out my tongue,

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when, by superhuman effort, my eyelids were slightly raised. The next thing I heard was: "Look out, you fool, he is alive." "He is dead," rejoined the other doctor. "See, he opens his eyes," continued the first doctor. The other physician let his knife drop, and a short time after that I commenced to recover rapidly. Instead of cutting me up they took me home. There was great rejoicing among my relatives. I owed my life to the doctors' dispute as to what ailed me during my illness. I suppose I was kept alive by his gruesome tale, "For I am the father of ten children."

# THE MCGREGOR TRAGEDY.

### It Will Pass Into Criminal Annals as a Cold-Blooded Affair.

No more cold-blooded murder has ever taken place in Minnesota than the one at McGregor a week ago, when the Cristilli brothers, Archangelo and Nicholas, shot and instantly killed Benjamin Jeannetta and his wife Marie. As yet it has been impossible to learn whether the reports that the killing was inspired by a feud which originated in the old country are true, but the best informed Italians in the little settlement declare that there is a long story behind the killing and that it is nonsense to say that the murder was the result of a trifling dispute over the ownership of a few feet of timber. Soon after the Cristilli brothers surrendered to Sheriff Mausten of Aitkin, their photographs were taken as they stood handcuffed together in the jailyard. Since the tragedy they have been under the strongest kind of a guard, as threats of lynching were so frequent that the sheriff did not feel like taking any chances. These threats came mainly from the lumbermen in the vicinity of McGregor, who were especially fond of the Jeannettas. The excitement has now died out in part, and it is proba-

# ARCHIE AND NICHOLAS.

that the law will be allowed to take its course and the two men tried in due form.

# No Bloomers There.

The Victoria, B. C., police have decided that bloomers are not suitable for ladies' street wear, even when worn as a bicycle costume, and have taken steps to enforce this decision. Miss Ethel Delmont is an enthusiastic wheelwoman, pretty and graceful. Last week she made her appearance in the bloomer costume and if Lady Godiva had herself essayed a reputation of her famous ride the sensation could not have been greater. The town came forth to gaze and for a moment the police were petrified with amazement. Then they aroused to action, and Miss Ethel received an official visitor, who informed her that a reputation of her appearance in the objectionable costume would mean a police court summons on the charge of creating a disturbance on a public street. Miss Delmont's bloomers are discarded.

# Two Women Claim Him.

Adolph Romer, a young man employed by the department of parks and in charge of the boats on the Central park lakes in New York was committed in the Yorkville police court last week in default of bail on a charge of bigamy. Sept. 8 he deserted his wife and two young children and married Miss Bertha Popper of Chicago. He lived with her under the name of Adolph Romaine, at 2338 Union avenue, Chicago. Dec. 20 Romer deserted wife No. 2 and returned to wife No. 1. Soon afterward he wrote to wife No. 2 and induced her to go east. He installed her in a flat and lived with her until wife No. 1 with her two children walked in, and there was a scene. The two women made common cause and obtained Romer's arrest.

# A Matrimonial Entanglement.

A curious matrimonial tangle is now in process of unravelment at Jamestown, S. D. E. T. Hamby, a builder and contractor, publishes a statement in which he says he has deeply wronged Mrs. Coan by marrying her when he had another wife living. "The wrong," he declares, was unwittingly committed as, owing to a fall which injured his brain, he had completely forgotten his previous marriage. Afterward, becoming convinced that he was already married, he acknowledged the facts in writing to Mrs. Coan and has since been endeavoring to have the first marriage annulled in order to perfect that with Mrs. Coan. Hamby lives in California, but Mrs. Coan is with his relatives here.

# Jumped 75 Feet and Saved His Life.

Bert Lechenburger, a freight conductor on the Illinois Central, was thrown off his caboose by a block of tin which the wind had blown against him, just as the train was passing over the Illinois Central bridge at LaSalle, Ill., last week. To save himself from being killed he jumped from the top of the caboose to the bottom below, a distance of over seventy-five feet, and escaped with a broken leg, internal injuries and a severe shock. The doctors say he will recover.

# Child in the Flames.

News comes from Enterprise, I. T., of the burning of the house of a man named Kanfman near the place a few days ago and the cremation of his 7-month-old child by the flames. The mother and the child were at the house alone, when the mother discovered that the house was on fire. In her excitement she left the child in the house and ran for water to extinguish the flames. When she returned the roof was falling in and the child was burned to death.