

# BASEBALL AND CANNON BALL DIVIDE PUBLIC INTEREST HERE



Hero worship.

By JANE DIXON.

Two great wars are in progress. On two fields battles are being waged and won. The results of two colossal struggles hang in the balance.

The man who begins reading his evening paper at Brooklyn Bridge and finishes somewhere in the vicinity of 24th street is in a quandary. Where shall he turn first? In which field does the fight wage the fiercest? In which is interest the more intense? Which is the commanding the heavier? How about casualties?

To fan for the French and for the Giants and not to display a shade of partiality is a problem. To be a German enthusiast and at the same time a defender for the Athletes certainly scatters the attention. It is a draw between the war correspondents and the sporting writers, between the baseball and the cannon ball.

Which shall it be? No one is going to deny that Gen. Joseph Joffre, the man who is writing French history in letters of flame, is one of the heroes who appear once or twice or perhaps a half dozen times in a century. His mind is lightning swift and his knife keen. Let him discover a weak spot in the enemy's line and he hammers away at that spot until the weakness is an opening. The thing he always does is the unexpected. He is a master dealer of surprises. He is full of finesse.

In the war game Gen. Joffre is aggressive. He believes absolutely in the effectiveness of attack.

"Always keep the other fellow on the run" is his instructions to his soldiers. "Chase them before they get a chance to chase you. The man who strikes first has the advantage. Let the first shot be yours."

How like that other hero of the field, Gen. John J. McGraw, is this soldier of France?

Here is a strategist for you. No enemy of the pugacious John J. ever sneaked up and caught him unawares, though it is a widely known and acknowledged fact that John J. has so

maneuvered his forces as completely to obfuscate the enemy. No one, not even the members of his command, knows where he will strike next. If things are breaking badly, the bunch are busy trying to be somewhere else when the lightning strikes.

Then there is Gen. George Stallings from up Boston way, flushed with victory, prodigal of smiles. When it comes to pride, the Kaiser has nothing on him. Like Earl Kitchener, he is king of all he surveys. Like the Earl, he is the final court of appeal for all baseballdom. If Stallings says so it must be so. Wherever he goes a group of admiring fans and fellow citizens cluster around him begging for a button from his coat, the hand of his hat, anything for a souvenir from the great sovereign.

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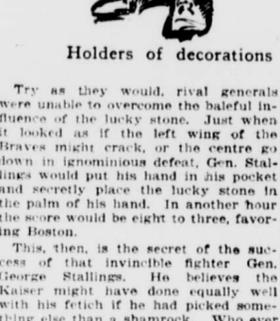
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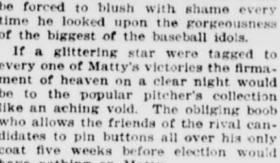
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Crumpled under the last despairing hurling of last reserves, the trench line shuddered along its length, then, as the crest of a wave breaks, the line lost cohesion, stood against and trembled for a moment, and fled precipitately to the rear.

The whistles of the attack blew again and again. Officers had fallen, until corporals and sergeants commanded platoons and companies, yet they, too, had their whistles and knew their duties; and out of the scramble of the attack, regardless of company, regiment or brigade, the stormers fell upon the routed enemy, while the supporting battalions dashed to the trenches, unlimbered and belched fire and iron into the fleeing mass.

The standards of the stormers, which had changed hands a dozen times during the course of the assault, were planted on the works, the stormers themselves, exhausted and spent by the night and fury of their efforts, threw themselves into tired heaps as other brigades came up to hold the position and the trenches were won.

# HOW OPPOSING ARMIES IN MODERN WARFARE MEET AND STRUGGLE FOR VICTORY

By AN AMERICAN ARMY OFFICER.

The Attack.

BEFORE the dawn the reconnoitering cavalry of the advancing clumps of infantry, scattered in loose formation, feeling their way along the length of the hidden outposts.

The points and small flanking parties of the advance guards in front of each column of advance crept in the gloom of the roadside foliage or made their way cautiously from tree to tree, with straining eyes sweeping the grayness ahead in search of the enemy's line of observation.

A few hundred yards to the rearward the supports advanced alertly, ready to scatter into a thin line of skirmishers at the first shot and rush ahead to where the points halted. In rear of them the infantry columns, with a rumble of artillery close to the front, moved and halted, as the thin line to the front prepared for a moment to scan ahead, then withdrew on again.

Out of the mist of a dew dripping wood the shot came. There was no reply for a moment, then two or three closer reports rang loud in reply; then there came another pause, and as the hurrying supports deployed and flung themselves behind the nearest cover, in momentary scanning before pushing ahead to investigate decisively, there came a short, ragged volley fired out ahead. The reports were flat and dull, as a rule, but a few cracked viciously as though fired close at hand. These last followed the vacuum of low flying bullets and had a spat and twang of their own.

"They are at it!" For a week the two armies had faced each other. For a week of days and nights assault had wrestled with counter-assault and the armies had striven time after time to snatch an advantage from a massing of columns or a column check. It had grown to be an old story, for both forces knew that the breaking of a dawn but presaged the breaking of an attack.

For miles to right and left, every road, every footpath, every few yards of broken ground, was trodden by the feet of short columns, prepared to charge into lines at the needed moment, when the fire of the enemy became a menace. The trenches of their night bivouac were abandoned in rear, yet it might be that the other short columns in rear, which by their heads formed a long, long line of supports, followed by others and yet others, would be hurled back in repulse after an unsuccessful day and the trenches would be reoccupied.

The leading columns deployed into thin lines, with short intervals between

the men, as the shrapnel broke. From out the blur of the mingling of landscape and sky there came, simultaneously, a whirr, a crash and the quick dash of shrapnel balls over the ground, and of the brief flash which marked the shrapnel's burst; there remained only a dimly seen lingering cloud of dirty smoke and some silent, writhing forms on the wet ground.

Then came crash after crash as the hostile artillery opened in strength. The silence of the morning fled into dog trot and pushed ahead.

There came the clank of trace chains and the pounding of hoofs mingling with loud commands as the artillery of the attack wheeled out of column to position in battery, the ring of hastily opened breech blocks, the hollow thump of the blocks closing and the shrill, tremulous note of a silvery whistle. Then the earth began to tremble.

Thunderbolt after thunderbolt seemed to be discharged close in rear, until the very trees shook and men swayed under the compression of air in the vicinity. Over the heads of the sullen infantry, still dull under the brief snatches of sleep which had been permitted them, the shrapnel shrieked in reply, one after another, one after another, as the batteries opened with salvos from flank to flank.

Through the gaps between the belching batteries poured the infantry in the widening light of the morning, the columns dashing forward until, beneath the trajectory of the guns, it was safe to spread out in the always thin line of the infantry advance. The leading lines pushed ahead until they disappeared in the yet dim light, and at short distances behind them came others, until it seemed as though the end would never come and a hurrying city was passing.

Ahead, the leading infantry line, absorbing the scattered men of the first light contact line, halted at command under the mounting rifle fire of the enemy, halted and hung itself prone, while ready hands reached backward for trenching tools, and the line scraped, clawed, scooped and burrowed into the fresh earth in shallow pits and went about its business of returning the fire.

Then a second thin line ran up and merged with the first. Again shovels and small mattocks came into play and the volume of fire redoubled. Above the racking of the rifle the only sounds to be heard were the sharp whistles of the officers. They shrielled in a variety of notes and combinations, yet with an understood speech of their own, for in parts of the line the firing slackened and two or three men left their shelters and crouching low dashed ahead until the whistle spoke again.

Intrenching tool again, then rifle, and

more men crept or rushed to the new position to dig themselves into the ground and open fire until the entire line had advanced a few yards and the hostile shots and a new line occupied the shelter trenches recently abandoned.

Here and there lay quiet forms along the path of the advance. In the shock of wounds or beneath the hand of sudden death there came a mingling of majesty and shrinking or a grotesqueness of posture which seemed unreal. The hardy bodies in the well fitting uniforms seemed pitifully small and the clothing hung in baggy folds, while a grayness which was not that of the morning grew upon the faces of the fallen until they became waxen—except where they were crimson.

And their comrades passed them by. The litter sections were far to the rear, for their time was not yet, and the day's duty called for assault, not succor.

The thunder of the contending batteries continued. Over the hastily made trenches the hostile shrapnel scorched their way, hissing along with a note of wild rage, searching the crevasses and folds of the ground and scoring the earth.

And the infantry still advanced. Quietly filling the gaps which had grown in the firing line since the attack commenced, the supporting lines came to the front. Each accession of reinforcements seemed to give an added impetus to the forward movement, for upon the arrival of each fresh contingent the line surged ahead like break-

ers on a coast, and, like the incoming tide, each surge left its mark higher upon the strand.

With a calmness which bespoke experience, despite the light of battle which blazed in the eyes, the new men brought and distributed fresh hand-loads of ammunition to those who had gone before, then took their places alongside to aid in its expenditure. The lines were not straight, for they zigzagged a trifle. There was no time for chalk mark adjustment and the moment a panting body struck the ground after a forward rush the earth began to fly on the spot beneath the chop of the trench digging tools and the hot rifles to speak.

Men swore. Under the fighting fog which beset each one in its own way,

less the proclamation does contain a promise of autonomy with regard to religion and language. Whether or not this concession is due to the unrest in Poland, of which the German press has written so much, and was employed as a means for pacifying the people and preventing an uprising, the appeal is now a fact and the Polish people have a document which will entitle them to consideration at the close of the war.

With less certainty the press reported also a manifesto to the Finns. The text of this document has not been published. The Russian Government has failed to implant in the hearts of the Finnish people any love for Russia. The Finnish Constitution, granted during the reign of Alexander I, has been shattered. The third Duma robbed Finland of the last vestiges of its autonomy. The Finnish officials, who declined to carry out the unlawful "laws" forced upon them by the reactionary Duma, were thrown into Russian dungeons. The Finnish Senate was packed with Russian Representatives. The Finnish Diet was dispersed as soon as it showed any signs of independence.

But the most interesting news spread throughout the world is to the effect that a manifesto to "My Dear Jews" was issued by the Czar. This sounds like a well seasoned anecdote. And the press of the world circulated the rumor that the manifesto was written in both Russian and Yiddish. This alone has placed the whole affair in the category of a legend. If the writer remembers aright, Von Wahl, the Governor of Vilna, issued an appeal in Yiddish at the same time as he ordered the fogging of the people who had par-

icipated in a demonstration. That was the only "knout document" in Yiddish that I can recall.

Belle's Trial Recalled.

"My Dear Jews!" Since when? Is it possible to depict the condition of the Jews of Russia in general terms? We need another Dante to write a second "Inferno." It is only necessary to call to mind such a detail as the Kishinev massacre or the Belle's trial in Kiev. And what is it that the new manifesto promises? Perhaps to make an end to the dance of the witches in the Pale of Settlement? The Jews are called upon to sacrifice their possessions, their families, their lives; and in return for these they are promised a mere extension of the Pale—the accursed Pale of Settlement!

It may be recalled that after the Kishinev massacre the Russian Government granted to the Jews a concession. One hundred and one towns were added to the Pale of Settlement—towns in which the Jews had already been permitted to live. And during the last Manchurian war, when 40,000 Jewish soldiers returned from the battlefields, Jewish women were not permitted to enter Moscow to visit their wounded husbands, and the soldiers themselves, before they had completely recovered, were compelled to leave the "holy" city because they had no rights of residence in Moscow. Then again, at the time when Jewish physicians were doing their duty on the battlefields of Far East their wives and children were expelled from the provinces in central Russia because in the absence of their husbands and fathers they had lost their rights of residence. Recalling all this, one is amazed at the "Jewish" manifesto. We are waiting—let us hope that we will not have to wait too long!

Autonomy for Poland.

Now it appears that the Government is determined to make peace with the people in order to be able to concentrate all its forces on the external enemy. First of all it was Poland to whom the Russian commander in chief issued a proclamation promising autonomy. It is true that the proclamation is vaguely phrased and it is difficult to lay one's finger on definite promises. Neverthe-

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From the rear of the trenches there came running forward troops to assist in the repulse of the stormers, and as the supporting lines of the attack threw themselves into the fray, the whirling, struggling, cursing, flailing lines on the trenches' top thickened and swayed.

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has a heap of fast ones with an eccentric twist left. If he does take to acting the fans will consider it punishment enough, even for a consistent loser.

None knows better than Corporal Fred Snodgrass what it is to stand on the very brink of victory and be plunged into the uttermost depths of defeat.

Once upon a time Corporal Fred had it in his power to win a world's series. It looked mighty easy from where Fred stood. He saw a fly ball coming his way. He put up his hands, and the ball nestled comfortably in his waiting palms.

What Fred did not know was that the ball was a trick one of its ilk. What the ball did was to slide out of his hands. It went \$30,000. Some say Fred suffered an attack of financial paralysis. The fans said he should be shot at sunrise. Fred himself said a lot of things but none of them is fit for the public prints. Whenever he meets the public he swears of the Czar, of the Gunner Charles Herzog of the Cincinnati Reds, who holds the enviable record of nineteen straight losses. Fred puts out his hand and says in a voice husky with emotion, "Hello, pal."

No data are forthcoming as to the warrior with the altitude salary. Whether he is with the allies or against them is not a matter of record. What we do know is that we will be willing to subtract his annual earnings from those of Capt. Ty Cobb and use the answer to purchase a country seat on Long Island, or to buy the Hope Diamond, or both.

Recent reports from the front give all the best of it to the Beantown Braves. Their defenses are popularly supposed to be of such strength as to defy the onslaught of any and all enemies. They are running neck and neck with the allies, and the betting shows a public belief that the two will come into camp laden with the spoils and trophies of victory.

Like unto the fortunes of war are the fortunes of baseball. You never can tell till the finish.

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