

INDIAN IS SLOWLY PASSING FROM GAME



Is the American Indian passing out of the big leagues? Is the red man becoming extinct in high-class baseball, even as on the prairies, where he once roved supreme?

Take a census of the Indians now in fast company; then think how numerous the redskins were a few short years ago, and what a craze there was for Indian ballplayers. Slowly but surely the Indian is going out, and unless new aborigines come into the big leagues, a few more seasons will know the Indian ballplayer as a memory and nothing more.

Bender, the famous Chippewa, is growing old and losing his magic skill. Chief Meyers, the chunky pride of the Cahulla tribe, seems to be on the downward trail at last—at least, so think the Manhattan fans, whom the chief has served so long, so faithfully and so well. Justin Clarke,

the Wyandotte catcher, has gone from the big leagues.

La Roy, Jude, Bruce, Pinnance and Mountpleasant went long ago. Balenti, the Cheyenne shortstop, has had probably his last whirl in the fast company.

Chief Johnson is pitching good ball—in the Federal league, where the Winnebago jumped from Cincinnati. Zack Wheat, the Cherokee, is holding his own with Brooklyn, and seems to be about the safest bet of all the remaining red men for a future full of baseball usefulness.

Jim Bluejacket, a Cherokee-Shawnee, hasn't as yet fully proven his value or lack of value in the Federal league. Out West many little leagues have sundry Indians playing, but receiving little attention from the scouts and ivory hunters. To all appearances the Indian, as a big-league sensation, is going out.

FEDS PLAN EXPANSION

Clubs May Be Launched in Detroit, Boston and Cleveland.

Transfer of Headquarters From Chicago to New York Dictated by Necessity Alone—Ward Reports \$1,000,000 War Fund.

New territory will be invaded by the Federal league next season, it is announced by James A. Gilmore, president of the organization, in commenting on the removal of the league's headquarters from Chicago to New York.

Plans are being made, Gilmore admitted, for a new circuit in 1916, and he stated that clubs may be launched in Detroit, Boston or Cleveland. It already has been decided upon, he said, to place a club in New York city. Whether it would be the Newark club that is to be transferred to New York the Federal league executive declined to say.

The decision to transfer the league's headquarters to New York came as a surprise, as no inkling had been given



Vice-President R. B. Ward.

of the change. As Chicago was the birthplace of the organization, it was assumed that its official base would remain there.

"The transfer is dictated by necessity alone," President Gilmore explained. "We are going to place a club in New York city next year, and, as this will entail a lot of additional work for this office, I thought best to move there."

"As it was organized baseball that questioned our right to be called a major league, we will try to correct any impression to the contrary next year when we get our new circuit into operation. It seems to be the impression that no league can be a major



President James A. Gilmore.

without New York, so we intend to satisfy organized ball in that regard."

President Gilmore asserted that the financial condition of the league never was in better shape.

"What is a loss, say \$25,000 a year for each club?" he said. "We are willing to stand that for three years or so, and then some."

Vice-President R. B. Ward of the Federal league has confirmed the report that a war fund of \$1,000,000 was collected at the recent meeting of the league in New York city. He said that Harry Sinclair, owner of the Newark club, has been selected to carry out the Federal league campaign, because of his aggressiveness and ability to deal with baseball problems. Mr. Ward stated the money was already in Sinclair's possession and that it would be used in forwarding the interest of the league.

Miami for White Sox.

It is reported about that the Hose may train at Miami, Fla., next spring. Comiskey is thinking favorably of the plan. He figures the Sox have had plenty of California for a while and wants to try out a new spot.

Sweet on Collegians.

Manager Rickey of the St. Louis Browns is after Connie Mack's record for the number of collegians on a major league ball club. Sisler, Cook and several other ex-collegians have joined the Rickey forces.

That Knife-Like Pain

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An Oklahoma Case

C. L. Catter, E. Main St., Watonga, Okla., says: "I had kidney and bladder disease for years and was laid up for weeks. My back was so lame and painful at times that I could hardly move and I had almost given up hope of being cured when I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills. They restored me to good health and during the past few years I haven't had a sign of the old trouble."

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Books and Bangs.

John Kendrick Banks, author of "A Houseboat on the Styx" and "Coffee and Repartee," who is spending the summer at his camp in Maine, said in an interview last week: "People should own and read books just as they should seek friendships, and try to understand their friends. A book that one has come to know, and to love, is one of the truest of friends. In my library in Maine are not many books, but none the less Lincoln walks there with me; Emerson is my friend; Balzac and Dumas are permanent dwellers at my side; I frolic with Mark Twain there; I travel with O. Henry, and I play boyish tricks with Aldrich and Penrod; I fence with Montaigne, and the great spirits of "The Spectator."

It has been discovered that our system of education makes children wiser than their parents. But the children are no wiser than their parents were at their age.

It was a Kansas woman, of course, who traded the family refrigerator for a pair of roller skates. A Kansas man would have dickered for a different kind of skate.

If there is anything more misleading than the average guaranty, we would gladly give up a nickel to see a moving picture of it.

GINGERBREAD OF OLD DAYS

Was a Luxury That Filled an "Aching Void" in the Down East Boy.

What memories this reference to the five-cent ginger cake of commerce will arouse in the minds of men approaching or past middle age who passed their boyhood in the country!

At all public gatherings where concessions were given for the serving of refreshments it was the chief feature in the order of the day down to a period of much later than half a century ago. And then it seems to have disappeared, suddenly and mysteriously, after the manner of the disappearance of the bootjack and the passenger pigeon, and like them probably never to return.

Who among us whose hair has grown thin atop or disappeared altogether cannot recall the bill of fare of the refreshment vendors in those earlier and simpler days at fairs, town meetings and Fourth of July celebrations? The assortment was not elaborate, but it was billing and satisfying, and one got a good deal for his money, says the Biddeford (Me.) Daily Journal.

Most conspicuously displayed were those ginger cakes, everywhere locally known as "baker's gingerbread," to distinguish it from homemade gingerbread, which lacked the delicate color, the spicy fragrance, the workmanlike finish and pleasing regularity of the imported article. Then there were coffee served in big mugs; crackers and cheese, baked beans and brown bread, not infrequently homemade doughnuts, and always raw oysters.

The gingerbread and the oysters were the things that took with the crowd; for only on such occasions were these viands readily attainable. What country boy has not watched some older person order a saucer of raw oysters, cover them with vinegar and cayenne pepper and then absorb them as to the manner born, without admiring the grace and nonchalance with which the trick was done and wishing for the time to come when he might venture to give such an exhibition?

His consolation lay in a "sheet" of that famous baker's gingerbread, and if he was particularly well fixed financially, a piece of cheese to go with it. Those were, indeed, happy days, when a piece of gingerbread and a hunk of cheese at a total expense of six cents, would fill an aching void which in these degenerate days is hardly satisfied with a six-course dinner.

It may be assumed that the men who made that famous gingerbread are not all dead. Here and there throughout the country there must be several survivors who retired for well-earned rest after long service in the best interests of hungry humanity. This being the case, it is barely possible that the recipe for those ginger cakes is not irretrievably lost.

Another Little Bedtime Story.

"Good gracious!" cried Peter Rabbit, "what is the cause of that uproar going on up in the air? There! That was the S. O. S. call! Somebody must be in trouble, and—"

"Oh, that is old Doc Stork," replied Sammy Jay. "He is carrying twins to the wildcat's house, and the dear little strangers do not wish to go."—Kansas City Star.

On the whole, it is better for the small boy to soil his fingers with mamma's jam than to have them blown off by the cannon cracker.

If a young man has money to burn it is easy to induce some girl to strike a match.

The best throw one can make with dice is to throw them away.

MOTHER OF SCHOOL GIRL

Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Daughter's Health.

Plover, Iowa.—"From a small child my 13 year old daughter had female weakness. I spoke to three doctors about it and they did not help her any. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had been of great benefit to me, so I decided to have her give it a trial. She has taken five bottles of the Vegetable Compound according to directions on the bottle and she is cured of this trouble. She was all run down when she started taking the Compound and her periods did not come right. She was so poorly and weak that I often had to help her dress herself, but now she is regular and is growing strong and healthy."—Mrs. MARTIN HELVIG, Plover, Iowa.

Hundreds of such letters expressing gratitude for the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished are constantly being received, proving the reliability of this grand old remedy.

If you are ill do not drag along and continue to suffer day in and day out but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

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The Bonnie Conductor Lassie.

Edinburgh, Scotland, has two dozen women street car conductors who are a thorough success in the new line of work. Other tramways are already recruiting girls and training them to be conductors. It is said that girls working in the English cartridge factories are so fired with patriotism that some of them work thirty hours in a stretch without any rest. Miss Elizabeth Lister has been appointed a stationmaster in South Wales, the first woman to act in that capacity. In the north of England and in Scotland and Wales the men workers are being supplanted in the fields by women, who can be seen following the barrow or digging and hoeing.

Small Comfort.

Asker—He calls me a donkey! Should I challenge him?

Tellit—You might—to prove it!

Sympathetic Turn.

"The first time Cholly took his auto out it turned turtle."

"No wonder; he's such a lobster."

The United States produces more talc and soapstone than all of the rest of the world combined.

The chap who suspects his neighbor is not above suspicion.

It doesn't look as if the fool killer will ever be able to take a vacation.

DIAMOND NOTES

Walter Johnson has everything just now, including a son.

The pitching staff of the Giants is bothering McGraw somewhat.

It is said Stuffy McInnis is lonesome with Collins, Barry and Baker gone.

Cobb and Crawford continue to lighten Hughey Jennings' managerial worries.

The National league clubs this year are making money because of the close race.

The only cut that Benny Kauff will stand for is on the sporting page of a newspaper.

Judging from the way Cravath bunts, his puts on a golf course ought to average 300 yards.

Buck Herzog, Cincinnati manager, suspended two pitchers without pay because they were wild.

President Joe Lannin of the Boston Red Sox is batting for a perfect average in the popularity league.

Connie Mack's sweet disposition ought to curdle when he sees big crowds attending Philly games.

Tris Speaker averaged a run a game on the recent tour of the Red Sox. He made 21 runs in 21 games.

The Tigers will have to have some help in the pitching line if they are going to stick in the American league race.

Mamaux is not some recently-discovered antediluvian animal, but the name of a pitcher who wins games for Pittsburgh.

Reber Oakes is on the lookout for three first-class hurlers. He believes that he will win the pennant if they are secured.

The Milwaukee club of the American association has announced that it will spend \$15,000 in strengthening the Brewers for next year.

Cy Williams, Cub outfielder, forgot to touch third on a homer, and the Cubs lost. And the alibi was: His legs are so long he just naturally stepped over the bag.

Orvie Overall, the famous former Cub pitcher, definitely decided to turn down the offer of Cliff Blankenship, manager of the Salt Lake Bees, for a berth with that team.

TROUBLES OF UMPIRE BYRON

Probably Most Indifferent Arbitrator in Major League Baseball—Drones Sing-Song Things.

The reason for Umpire Byron's troubles is hereby exposed.

He sings during the game!

Several Giants have noticed it and Roger Bresnahan, Cub catcher-manager, is the man who finally has exposed the ump, says the New York Evening Mail.

Byron is probably the most indifferent umpire in major league baseball. He is firm, but never does he take to heart the remarks of the players and spectators. Never does he brood over his troubles. In fact, the more the players and fans are after him the more he sings.

He drones queer little sing-song things that he makes up as he goes along. The tune, according to the players, always is the same. It's about the same tune you used to use when you were a kid and sang "Johnny's Kept in School; Teacher's Going to Spank Him." A sort of a la-dee-la-dee-da-da motif.

That's what drives the players wild. The other day, they say, when one of the Giants was arguing over a de-



Umpire Byron.

cision, Byron ignored him and calmly dusted off the plate, singing softly, "Dif-rence of opinyun. Dif-rence of opinyun."

The crowd began nagging him. Byron hummed nonchalantly, "The Rabble-ing is on Me, the Rabble-ing is on Me," as he adjusted his mask. Then he changed his words to, "The Multitude is So-or. The Multitude is So-or." Byron's calm indifference is what aggravates the players.

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