

GEORGE SISLER PULLS SOME SPARKLERS AT INITIAL SACK FOR ST. LOUIS BROWNS



One of the Best First Basemen in the Major Leagues.

George Sisler's play at first base furnishes some odd ones often because of the speed with which his mind and body co-ordinate, but a play he pulled in the recent St. Louis-Washington series probably climaxed any stunt he ever pulled. Foster was on first with one down in the eighth inning when Milan smashed a hard bouncer between first and second. Sisler knocked the ball down about 20 feet inside first base with his glove hand and deflected it toward second base. Bronkie was coming over from his position near second to back up a possible play. The ball, bounding from Sisler's glove bounced high into Bronkie's hands.

Sisler did not know that Bronkie had the ball, but his mind told him that if he did then there was a possible chance for a play at first base. Without turning to watch the ball and not knowing where it might be, Sisler dashed to his station, whirled about, and took a quick toss from Bronkie, who himself was no slouch in the performance.

JIM THORPE MUST PRODUCE

With Boston Braves, Famous Indian Athlete Will Have to Show Major League Ability.

Jim Thorpe, famous Indian athlete, sold recently to the Boston Braves by Manager McGraw of the Giants, must stand upon his own feet in the future. The celebrated Fox and Sac Indian's sale this time is a strictly bona fide proposition, and unless he can prove he has major league caliber he will be shunted to the minors.

Thorpe's passing from the Giants indicates that he has completed his post-graduate course in baseball. Signed as a ball player at a time when he was at the peak of his fame as an athlete, Jim Thorpe failed to win a regular berth, but was held because his contract was an ironclad one and also because McGraw believed he was capable of annexing as many laurels on the ball ground as he had annexed on the gridiron and the cinder path.

Jim Thorpe may possess major league class, but he does not possess the sort of class that McGraw demands. The Indian is aggressive and he has



Jim Thorpe.

speed to burn, but he is a natural victim of curve ball pitching, and even McGraw's famous tutelage has not corrected the defect.

McGraw has more than made good on his contract with the famous Indian. If he falls flat and it becomes necessary to ship him to the bushes, it will be because Manager Stallings is totally unable to see even a faint ray of promise in the former Carlisle star.

Tommy Leach Celebrates.

Tommy Leach, leading man and assistant manager of the Shreveport Gassers, celebrated his twenty-sixth anniversary as a professional ball player the other day by making four hits, pulling down several hard flies and throwing the ball around like a two-year-old.

NOTES of the DIAMOND

Jack Smith is playing great ball these days.

Alexander has added to the Cubs' chances by getting into shape.

Connie Mack claims not to be the least discouraged with the Athletics.

Bobby Veach of the Detroit Tigers continues to club all kinds of pitching.

Bill Arts, recently released as umpire in the Texas league, caught on in the Eastern.

The Brooklyn club left Rube Marquard in Cincinnati to take treatment for his cracked leg.

What became of all this talk about the Red Sox repeating in the world's series next October?

Harry Davis is still acting as first lieutenant for Connie Mack and making a good job of it.

Otto Knabe will probably start on a scouting tour soon. The Cubs have their eyes on several youngsters in the minors.

Pitcher Carl Williams, just out of the army, has rejoined the Waterbury club, thus giving Jack Flynn a staff of five twirlers.

Scoring from first on a pop fly and a technicality indicates that Ty Cobb is slowing up like one drummer playing in 11 jazz bands.

Old Johnny Bates still looks pretty good among the youngsters of the Southern league. He is playing the outfield for Chattanooga.

Harry Harper, star left-handed pitcher for the Washington Americans, has some of the best curves of any pitcher in any major league.

The wonderful fielding for Chicago is what is counting for the White Sox these days. Joe Jackson's work is nothing short of remarkable.

The collapse of the Brooklyn pitching staff is one of the upsets of the season, for the Dodgers were supposed to have pitching above all else.

All things considered the Mobile team has been making a fine showing and interest and attendance in the Gulf City is reported at a higher stage than for years.

Boston fans have been riding the Red Sox pretty hard, which is something new in Boston. Recently Jack Barry even had to take hoots from the crabbing Hub fans.

Having secured the services of Al Wickland for his outfield, Manager Miller Huggins of the Yankees released Outfielder Bill Lamar to the Red Sox, at the waiver price.

TRUE LOVE LAUGHS AT AGE

Shafts of Father Time Powerless to Affect Those Blessed With Mutual Affection.

Ordinarily, we would cuss to the limit a "peeper" or an eavesdropper. But we have a confession to make on the first count, and we would plead mitigating circumstances. Here is the story:

On a drizzling, foggy night, our way lay down a side street toward home. Several rods ahead there was a shaft of light and when we reached the spot we found a window with the shade half-way up. Wickedly, but not maliciously, we hesitated, stopped—and we peeped.

There sat an old man and his wife. They must have been well up to the allotted three-score of years. He was smoking and she was knitting. Still we peeped. Then she looked up at him and smiled and said something. He laid down a book, struggled up from out of his comfortable seat and kind of hobbled out of the room, shortly returning and carrying a glass of water, which he handed to her.

And as she drank she held the wrinkled and bony hand of her lover. Then, as she finished drinking, she released his hand and the look she gave him and the look he gave her were like shafts of sunshine breaking through the murky clouds after days of rain.

That picture has haunted us a long time. Somehow she seems beautiful in our eyes, and yet we did not get a "closeup" of her features. And he, why as we keep thinking of him, we hark back to the days when we once visited a fine old Southern gentleman who possessed the graces of a Chesterfield and the courtesy of a Don Juan. Then we recall the words of a poet which fits the case precisely: "Let Time reach out with his sickle as far as ever he can; although he can reach ruddy cheeks and ripe lips and flashing eyes, he cannot quite reach love."

When a man really loves a woman she will never grow old, and when a woman loves a man he is neither decrepit nor bowed nor tremulous. She is the same lass he wooed and he is always the same gallant young fellow who won her heart and her hand. They are absolutely equals, happy and free. These two lovers are traveling toward the City of Silence, but they are leaving behind a picture never to be forgotten.—Fremont Herald.

Patriotic Kansas.

I had looked forward to my first glimpse of France with an almost fanatical eagerness. France—the land of dreams—I had visioned it so often! But my first real sight of it, save for a few harbor lights, was not at all the thrilling experience that I had expected. As we steamed up the river to Bordeaux I stood, with a group of eager watchers, beside the rail, and looked at the fields stretching along the sides of the river. They were very green, even though it was winter time; and though I was almost breathless with the wonder of reaching a promised land, that vivid green was the only thing that I could quite comprehend.

"I never saw grass like that!" I exclaimed stupidly.

One of the men—a newspaper man from the middle West—answered me. "You ought to see the grass that we grow in Kansas!" he said.—Margaret E. Sangster in the Christian Herald.

Dog Watches for Auto.

Does evolution in the life of animals cause them to take added care in going across a street infested with autos? Some folks say it does. Early in the auto age numerous dogs were killed because they would run out to bark at an auto and, judging the speed by that of a horse-drawn vehicle, they often were run over.

This fact can still be noticed in some country districts, where autos are not plentiful. Close students and lovers of dogs in the city say they have often noticed dogs looking to the left and to the right before they start across a street. Of course, not all of them do, neither do all human beings, but the "thinking" dog does. Watch it for yourself.

Future of "Tired" Nations.

The recuperative powers of nations is great beyond belief, and hope is ever present as long as the spark of vitality is left. The same superhuman effort that was put forward to repel the invader will again be exerted to remedy the damage that has been done; only there must be a breathing space between effort, and in that space lies the greatest danger. This danger, however, is more imaginary than real, and whatever means are resorted to by the population to deaden the effect of this reactive period, it soon palls and the sober minds of the populace again attain the ascendancy.—Forbes Magazine.

Extravagance in Combs.

The notice, "Ladies are requested to remove their combs," appears now on theater programs in London, because of the vogue of the huge Spanish comb among smart women. Some of the combs are of enormous size. The tortoise shell vogue is an expensive one. A light tortoise shell dressing set costs \$1,000 or more.

Protected His Tonils.

John Lay denies the story that he had his tonsils unburned by gazing skyward the other afternoon at the airplane that was cutting didos in the sky. He says the machine shifted its position often enough to keep him turning about, so that part of the time his mouth was in the shade.—Sikeston Standard.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

THE FIELDS.

"It was in the summer time that the fields were waving and chatting and saying these things to each other. Of course they were at their best and the season had been just right for them. "There had been enough rain but not too much, enough sunshine but not too much. In fact, it had been quite a perfect season so far.

"The fields always spoke of things having been nice so far for they never knew what the weather was going to be any more than the farmers did, and they heard the farmers talking in that way to each other.

"So the fields used to wonder if it would be dry and without even any showers for the rest of the season, or whether it would rain every day and hurt them!

"But this special day they were feeling very well and very happy.

"I'm so good for food," said the barley field. "I am pretty and feathery, too."

"I'm such a lovely pale green color," said the oats.

"And I am good and substantial looking," said the winter wheat.

"I am very good for the feed of animals," said the oats, "and so are peas."

"I come in pretty usefully myself," said the winter wheat.

"How about me?" asked the sorrel, a plant with yellowish blossoms.

"All right," said the oats, "but I am such a lovely shade of green."

"You admire yourself, eh?" asked the sorrel.

"I do," said the oats.

"So do I," remarked the winter wheat.

"And I like myself, too," said the barley field. "We are liked by others," it added.

"We are, too," said the winter wheat.

"Ah, ah, ah, don't boast too much," said a voice.

"And who are you, pray tell?" the fields asked. "Why shouldn't we boast when we have something to boast for?"



They Were at Their Best.

"You may boast," said the voice, "but not too much for I want to do some of it myself."

"Then the fields noticed that the voice came from the direction of the clover hay field.

"Oh, ho," said winter wheat, "so clover hay wants to do some talking."

"Certainly," said clover hay.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" asked the others.

"Quite a lot," said clover hay.

"Pray tell us what it is then," the others asked.

"You are all very useful. You all make good food for the animals, both in the summer and in the winter."

"Winter wheat bowed gracefully. It was much flattered to be especially noticed.

"But I have a special distinction," said clover hay.

"What is clover hay talking about?" the others asked.

"Don't use such big words," said the barley. "Fields don't understand."

"I mean that I have something special to boast of," said clover hay, "so I don't want all of you to take up the whole summer-time in boasting."

"Ah, we see," said the oats, "clover hay doesn't want us to boast so it can get a good chance at it."

"Right," said clover hay. "You're perfectly right."

"What are you going to boast about?" asked the winter wheat.

"Myself, of course," said clover hay.

"Yes," it continued, waving about. "I can boast about myself and boast beautifully. I am the food the animals love so; they actually call me the animals' dessert. I am to the animals what ice cream is to the children and to the grown-ups, too."

"It's all very well, all very well, to be regular, ordinary feed, but I, the clover hay, have the honor showed to me of being considered the best part of the animals' meal."

"And what clover hay has boasted of was true, for clover hay is the dessert for the farm animals."

Recalcitrant.

The rich old uncle from whom much was hoped for was visiting his niece, who had been telling him how dearly his little great-nephew and namesake loved his school and how well he was getting on with his studies.

"Well, Teddy," said the uncle jovially, upon the return of the little boy, "what do you do in school all day?"

Teddy pondered. "Well," he said gravely, "mostly I wait until it's time to go home."

FARMERS MUST GUARD THROUGH SUMMER SEASON AGAINST ARMY WORM INVASION



The Army Worm and Some of Its Insect Enemies. Parent or Moth, Upper Right-Hand Corner; Full-Grown Larva, Lower Left-Hand Corner; Eggs on Plant Stems; Pupa in Soil, Lower Right-Hand Corner; Other Insects Are Beetles and Wasps, Parasites of Army Worm.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The army worm has cut a wide swath this year in the vicinities of Dallas and Fort Worth, Tex. Strenuous efforts to prevent its spread have been made, and absence of other reports gives ground for the hope that it may not appear elsewhere this summer, but United States department of agriculture entomologists urge all farmers in all states east of the Rocky mountains to remain on the watch for the pest until cool weather comes next autumn.

There are usually three generations of caterpillars—the form in which the pest greatly damages crops by feeding upon them—in a year, but seldom or never are there two successive outbreaks in any one locality. The insects usually appear in the fields very suddenly, and it seems certain that the moths—the parents of the caterpillars—at times fly in great numbers for many miles, in the direction of the prevailing winds, and alight in a body to deposit their eggs at some place favorable to the development of their offspring. This fact accounts for the appearance of the army worm in regions far removed from any known source of infestation.

How to Identify Worm.

The full-grown army worm is a nearly naked, smooth, striped caterpillar, about one and one-half inch long. Its general color is usually greenish, and the stripes, one along each side and a broad one down the center of the back, are dark and often nearly black. The stripe along the back usually has a fine, light-colored broken stripe running down its center. The color of the body between the dark stripes varies from greenish to reddish brown. The head is greenish brown, speckled with black.

"When an army of these worms is at work in a field," says one of the publications of the department of agriculture, which are not given to exaggeration or to seeking after melodramatic effects, "the clamping of their jaws is plainly to be heard as they greedily devour every blade in sight. In this stage the army worm frequently consumes all of the food supply near the place where it has developed from the eggs. When such is the case the caterpillars mass together and crawl away in a body in search of other food. It is this habit which has gained for the insect the popular name of 'army worm.'"

Killing Worms in Furrows.

It is the massing together of the caterpillars which gives to the farmer the chance of destroying them in great numbers. Furrows or ditches are plowed or dug completely around the infested area, or directly across the path of the advancing horde. In attempting to cross such ditches the worms fall into them, and can easily be destroyed by crushing them with a log dragged back and forth through the ditch or furrow. If shallow post holes are sunk in the bottom of the ditch at intervals of about 20 feet, the worms will crawl along the ditch bottoms and fall into the holes, where they may be destroyed by crushing or other means. If the subsoil is of such a nature that water penetrates it but slowly, the post holes may be partially filled with water, with a layer of coal oil or petroleum on the top of it. The oil kills the worms immediately.

Other Control Measures. Watchfulness and quick action on the part of farmers are essential in all the control measures, which include, in addition to the ditching method, the following:

In case of a general invasion, give the ground a light cultivation, if possible, after the caterpillars have gone

LOSS FROM ARMY WORMS

In the eastern states alone, United States department of agriculture entomologists believe, many millions of dollars' worth of grain and forage crops has disappeared down the throats of army worms in the past 30 years.

The army worm feeds by preference upon grasses, both wild and cultivated; next, upon the grasslike grains, such as millet, which suffer severely in outbreaks. Wheat in its unripe stages, corn, oats, and rye seem to be preferred in the order named. Alfalfa has suffered injury in the southwestern states. Clover is occasionally attacked.

into the ground to change to the next stage, the pupa. This will kill many of the pupae.

Spray infested grass or other vegetation not intended for forage purposes with a mixture of 1 pound of paris green to 50 gallons of water. Do not use the sprayed grass or vegetation for forage.

Spray growing grasses and other forage crops intended for use at a considerably later date with a solution of 1 pound of arsenate of lead (powder form) in 50 gallons of water, or 2 pounds of arsenate of lead (paste form) in 50 gallons of water.

When corn is infested, spray with one of the following mixtures: Arsenate of lead (powder form) 2 pounds, or 4 pounds of the paste form, in 50 gallons of water; or 1 pound of paris green and 2 pounds of freshly flaked lime in 50 gallons of water.

Scatter poisoned bait broadcast over infested fields. Take 50 pounds of bran and mix thoroughly with it either 1 pound of paris green or crude arsenic, then add 2 gallons of low-grade molasses diluted with from 3 to 4 gallons of water, and 6 finely chopped lemons. This is especially recommended for fields containing mixtures of grass and cowpeas, cowpeas and sorghum, or fields in which grass has been consumed by the caterpillars.

Do not pasture stock in fields where the grass or other crops have been sprayed with a poison mixture until after heavy rains have fallen, and not before three weeks after the application of the insecticides.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

The weeds are still with us.

The straw spreader has come to stay.

A harrowing after a rain keeps the moisture in the soil.

Cabbage requires frequent cultivation for best results.

Sweet clover is taking the country—a fine thing for the country.

Tomatoes and other vine crops should be tied to their supports early.

A good windbreak is a great factor in the success of the orchard or garden. The repeated failure of many orchards may be laid to the lack of protection from the winds of summer as well as winter.