

# O. P. LEAGUE IS TOTTERING

## May Not Last Half of the Coming Season.

### ARE STILL LAUGHING

#### Ohio State Suits the Four Ohio Old O.-P. Cities.

#### Akron and Canton Want in the New League But are not Free to Come Across

Affairs of the Ohio-Pennsylvania league are in a very complicated state at the present time, despite the ardent efforts of the league magnates to straighten matters out. President C. H. Morton is still among the missing, but as his family and closest friends do not seem to be worrying to any great extent it is not believed that he is the victim of foul play as was first claimed. Morton is missing and there is some kind of deal on whereby he will be kept away to further embarrass the league.

A director of the local team, fully informed of the affairs of the old organization, is authority for the statement that Akron will not be in the Ohio-Pennsylvania league this season. The old backers of the team there have quit and as they have been for years the backbone of the league, it seems that its fate has been sealed even though another company should be secured in Akron. This director states that even should the O-P get together and commence play, it will not last through half of the season.

Akron—that is the old management at the rubbertown—wants to join with the Ohio State league. This bustling, prosperous young organization, free from the quarrels and dissensions of years, looks good to the baseball men in that vicinity, but they are powerless to join the Ohio State as long as the O-P is in existence and controls the Akron territory. Canton, too, would like to come into the fold, it is stated on the best authority, and the Ohio State league magnates would welcome the two cities. Baseball, fast enough for both, is played in Bob Quinn's organization.

The Marion team last year would have had easy picking for a pennant in the Ohio-Pennsylvania league, say local men. While in the Ohio State the best Marion could do was to finish third. This statement is made by local authorities to illustrate the comparative strength and speed of the two leagues although this organization is Class "D" and the other one is Class "C."

It has been one good long laugh that the magnates of the four western clubs of the old Ohio-Pennsylvania league, have had at the expense of their quoniam friends over east. Marion, Mansfield, Newark and Lancaster were kicked out bodily to allow some new ones to enter and thereby to form a new organization—one that would make money—was the way the eastern crowd put it. Playing their hands for all they were worth and a little more, these four westerners made the eastern crowd pay them \$2,500 for doing exactly what they (the Westerners) wanted to do. Then they formed the Ohio State league, while the others took in new cities and filled the old organization. Everyone knows the result and no one around this way seems to be very sorry that it all happened as it did. And the laughing has not stopped yet.

But to get down to sterner thoughts, the Ohio State league is not likely to expand this year. The Staters cannot get those they want, therefore they will take no chances in admitting doubtful ones. The increasing of the circuit to eight clubs means that each city in the league would have two Sunday games less at home, as it is those games which help along the financial end of the club. By taking in cities which might not play to much more than the guarantee on Sundays after the opening of the season, every club would be a loser. The rivalry between the Ohio State league cities is now very strong and the admission of two more, especially of the doubtful class would injure the league more than it would do good.

### Dope For Fans

"Bucknell Bill" Parson sent his signed contract yesterday to Columbus club headquarters with the statement that he is satisfied with his

**Piles** We are so certain that itching, bleeding and protruding Piles can always be relieved and abnormally cured by this ointment that we positively guarantee satisfaction or money refunded.

**Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment**

For sale at Stockton's drug store.

offer and ready to report. "believe" he went on, "that I can show Manager Clymer enough to cause him to brand me a regular pitcher.

Parsons is perhaps the only rather inexperienced pitcher in sight who has an excellent chance of making the team. He's sure to be given ample opportunity.

It was admitted tacitly by the club officials that they are in the midst of unloading the surplus talent that collects on any class AA ball club.

President Schoenborn and Secretary Quinn set machinery in motion in Chicago that will deliver in time players whom they think are fit for the A. A. race. Consequently they are letting go of material that will fare better in smaller leagues.

Joe Raddy has been dealt to Grand Rapids, where he will have the field management of the club there. He will get more salary for the work than he drew here last season. It isn't certain that Raddy will accept the job. He'd rather play in the East. Still he's too wise to let a good berth slide by and next season he's likely to be found putting some of his ideas into practice with Central league clubs.

Nick Kahl, for whom the Wilkes-Barre club was dickering, is going on the job that Mike Elin has for him at Little Rock. Second base will probably be Nick's position.

Sam Menke, the outfielder with whom Vice President Peirano is acquainted goes to Grand Rapids. There are a few more to be disposed before the list of March.

If Charles Murphy of the Chicago National club is consistent, Columbus will get Pitcher "Red" White in case the Lanesville star can be used here and not by the Cubs.

Toledo has secured Pitcher Loebe, southpaw star of the Wisconsin-Illinois league from Chicago. Armour had Loebe purchased last fall just as Columbus had White, but the Club draft caught him.

There is no known reason why White is not as desirable now as he was six months ago. As far back as last May Columbus was ready to take him on, if he may come yet.

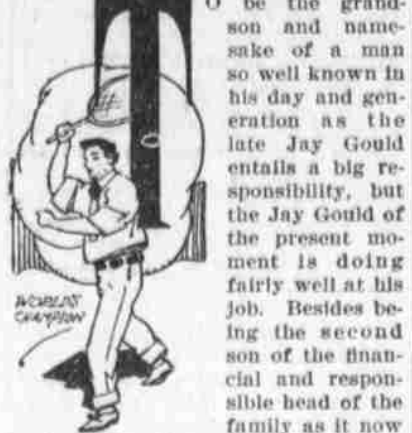
### Real Estate Transfers

- John H. Bain and others to Frank Hersey, by guardian, a lot in Marion, \$250.
- Frank Berry to C. D. Schaffner, a lot in Marion, \$1450.
- Adam Boyer to Ada Berridge, four acres in Pleasant township, \$1200.
- George S. Balu to E. C. Guintner, sixteen acres in Tully township, \$750.
- The Avondale Real Estate Co. to Bertha Schaffner, a lot in Marion, \$250.
- John W. Clark to Dora M. Fling, a lot in Marion, \$1.
- Mary A. Dwyer and others to Patrick Dwyer, a lot in Marion, \$1.
- Mary A. Dwyer and others to James Dwyer, a lot in Marion, \$1.
- Mary A. Dwyer and other to Cornelius Dwyer, a lot in Marion, \$1.
- James Dwyer and others to Mary A. Dwyer, a lot in Marion, \$1.
- Mary A. Dwyer to George E. Dwyer, a lot in Marion, \$1.
- C. S. Lippincott to Charles Hoffstetter, a lot in Marion, \$3,000.
- Clarence H. Long to Jacob C. Myers, a lot in Marion, \$900.
- C. S. Lippincott to A. F. Benedict, a lot in Marion, \$2,200.
- E. S. Moon to Dora M. Fling, a lot in Marion, \$1,200.
- Olin C. McClinton to Elias F. McClinton, a lot in Marion, \$1.
- Mary P. McGrath to John T. Gruber, a lot in Marion, \$2,000.
- J. A. McMurray to William P. McInerney, a lot in Marion, \$4,500.
- W. N. Neff to the Trustees of the German M. E. church, one twentieth of "a" acre in Tully township, \$5.
- Fred W. Peters to Thomas Krouse, a lot in Marion, \$140.
- Samuel R. Riley, by adm. to Sarah E. Riley, a lot in LaRue, \$700.
- Samuel R. Riley, by adm. to A. F. Ledley, eighty-nine and one-half acres in Montgomery township, \$4,000.
- Addie Stauffer to Samuel Stauffer, twenty acres in Tully township, \$1.
- William Speer to C. B. Weir, part of three lots in Marion, \$2800.
- Caroline Thatcher to Albert Brown, sixteen acres in Montgomery township, \$1800.
- John L. Thompson to Ada Brown, one and one-half acres in Bowling Green township, \$350.
- Ethel L. Walsh to George W. Smith, a lot in Marion, \$500.
- Margaret Watt to Ralph B. Rihline, 80 acres in Grand township, \$1.
- Mary Weiss, by administratrix, to Ireland Weiss, and others, 80 acres in Big Island township, \$7200.

# Anent Some Doings In Gotham Town.

## A Young Man's Sacrifice For His Family. Light Let Into the Subway—Youngest Fellow of Metropolitan Art Museum—Salome Again.

[From Our New York Correspondent.]



O be the grand-sire of a man so well known in his day and generation as the late Jay Gould entails a big responsibility, but the Jay Gould of the present moment is doing fairly well at his job. Besides being the second son of the financial and responsible head of the family as it now stands, this active young person has wrested the amateur court tennis championship of the world from all contestants, a distinction which goes far toward balancing the fact that he stands at the foot of the sophomore class at Columbia. That young Jay Gould is not without a keen sense of humor and a working modicum of what the late Mrs. Giffory used to term "salve warfare" is apparent from the following account of a recent "run in" between the delinquent student and Dean Van Amringe of the university:

"My dear young man," the venerable dean remonstrated, "you are really doing the university no especial credit. Has it ever occurred to you that a fraction of the interest you show in many unimportant matters employed advantageously would yield results which would make us proud of you? As it is, all your energy is frittered away on matters of little actual moment. I seldom look into a newspaper that doesn't mention you and always in a way that does not contribute to your good reputation as a student. Am I right or not, Mr. Gould?"

"Oh, yes," the culprit admitted, with a sigh so deep that it might have indicated regret. "What you say about the newspapers is perfectly true. I do get into print pretty often. You see, it's this way: The folks at home have a perfect horror of getting into the papers. I can't bear to have them make so unhappy by it, and so I try to keep the Gould editors busy over my doings—sort of sacrifice myself for my family, you know."

Although it was the dean's business to look severe, it is quite probable that he did not feel that way.

It is sad to relate that Jay Gould's efforts to shield his family from publicity are not always appreciated. It was announced recently by the daily journals that the son of the multimillionaire railroad magnate was about to become a probation officer in a local police court. It appears that he had made public through a friend his desire to serve in that capacity, and a magistrate was found who was willing to accept his offer. The office is purely honorary, no salary being attached to it and no perquisites being in sight. The duties of a probation officer consist in the main in attending to cases of abandonment and acting as a pacifier of domestic infelicity.

When the folks at home heard of the arrangement there was a prompt and emphatic protest. A family council was summoned, and the would be "probationer" was invited to explain.

"Why can't you be a little like other people, Jay?" bemoaned his mother, who is still as attractive as of yore and the "one woman above all others" to her sons.

"Really, my son, this court officer business is a little too much," remonstrated his practical father.

"Protector of the public's morals!" laughed Kingdon.

"Just a make believe policeman," pointed Marjorie.

"Well," declared Jay, with the air of a martyr, "I've kept the Gould editors busy for a day or two."

The recent report on the subway prepared by the expert of the public service commission is a triumph for the "I told you so" folks. Blon J. Arnold,



RELIEF WANTED. who has been employed by the commission to let more light into the subway than is agreeable to the purblind optics of the managers of that popular hole in the ground, says that the facilities of the present underground road are overtaxed to the danger point and that any one who elects to be

carried about the city in that way does it at his own peril. The original scheme was to carry half a million passengers a day, and the accommodations for that number were not regarded as being especially generous. It is a fact that the road is now carrying 800,000 persons every day, and the manner of the doing of it is a disgrace to civilization. I know of nothing more scandalous to public morals than the condition of this traffic.

There is no doubt that the question of subway relief for New York city has become more urgent than all other civic problems combined.

J. Pierpont Morgan has had a good deal to do with the development of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in its present admirable condition. Much of its success as a storehouse of art, ancient and modern, is due to his keen realization of artistic values and even more especially to the persuasive ability of his pocketbook. He has been generous with his gifts and has been a frequent "lender" of collections which the public have been glad to see. It is fitting that he should be president of the institution for which he has done so much, and nobody objects to it. Recently Mr. Morgan and his associates in the management of the mu-



A FELLOW OF THE MUSEUM.

seum did a rather pretty piece of business. At the opening of the German art exhibition held in the museum there chanced to be among the visitors a woman with a six-months-old little girl, the infant daughter of one of the museum employees. The lady did not seem to take an especial interest in the excellent specimens of German art which beautified the walls of the exhibition room, but manipulated her milk bottle diligently while her mother was making the round of the pictures.

"The most decidedly artistic young lady in the country," declared the great promoter when he had made her acquaintance. "Let's make her a fellow of the museum. She has all the qualifications."

So the president paid \$1,000 to the museum, and in due time little Virginia Marie Burbidge received a certificate making her a life member.

Vividly illustrative of the complete change of sentiment which may be undergone by the public in a brief period is the present attitude toward "Salome." Two years ago, when Strauss' opera of that name was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House, almost the entire population of Greater New York cried out in indignant protest. The storm of disapproval was so fierce that the opera was withdrawn, and, speaking figuratively, the premises were disinfected.

The pulpit thundered its anathemas, the press—especially the yellow press—bemoaned the decline of public morals, and the estimable woman who took the role of the demented Salome was made so ill by the sudden access of virtue which overwhelmed the city that she threatened to retire from the operatic stage, which would have been an irreparable loss, since she is the most promising young soprano in America.



A few months later practically every vaudeville house and moving picture show in Gotham was doing aggravated Salome turns to their fullest capacity. Things had indeed taken a turn. No one protested, and no one was scandalized. The educative motion pictures were permitted to show Salome at her crankest, and they did. And now Mr. Strauss' opera is being produced at the Manhattan Opera House without a violent recurrence of the original attack of public horror. Those who had been looking forward to it with motives less artistic than something not so praiseworthy were probably disappointed and feel that they could have parted with their money to better advantage. Those who were actuated by a desire to make a closer acquaintance with modern composition were gratified without being either shocked or humiliated. As sung by Miss Garden the role of Salome is markedly innocuous, not less so than the Dalia of Saint-Saens' noble Scriptural opera. Those who object to the public exhibition of John the Baptist's head done in paper-mache, and not an especially realistic job at that, would not like to see the crazed Othello of Verdi's master work, although they know that she is anxious to have it done and over so that she can get home to her real bed.

As for Herr Strauss' music, that is quite another matter. If one is inclined to think unutterable things about it there is no restriction of the privilege. But it has come to pass that "Salome" is no longer a reproach and a byword. There is even a fair prospect that it may settle down into a good old Scriptural entertainment, a sort of "miracle" play, don't you know.

STUYVESANT BROWN.

# THE WRECK OF THE MAINE.

## Hulk of Ill Fated Battleship Still Lies In Havana Harbor.

It happened, curiously enough, that it was eleven years even to the day and hour after the old battleship Maine entered Havana harbor never again to leave it that the new battleship bear-



THE WRECK OF THE MAINE.

ing the same name steamed past Morocco and anchored but a short distance away from the wreck of the old vessel. The new Maine went to Cuban waters to be of service in connection with the formal transfer of governmental authority from the hands of Governor Magoon back to the Cubans themselves and their duly elected president, Jose Miguel Gomez. The visit of the new Maine called attention to the fact that the wreck of her now historic predecessor still lies in the harbor of Havana, an obstruction and a menace to navigation. President Roosevelt has recommended to congress that an appropriation be made to remove the destroyed hulk.

It was on Feb. 15, 1898, that the old Maine was blown up in Havana harbor. There is a movement in progress now to bring about a general patriotic observance of this date yearly as "Maine day." The incident of the blowing up of the vessel is one of the most tragic in our national history, and as it was the event which directly brought on the war with Spain it has had most far-reaching results, affecting other nations besides ourselves. Strangely enough, the question of how and why the Maine was destroyed remains still unanswered.

# HENRY WHITE.

## Career of Diplomat Who May Be Next Ambassador to England.



HENRY WHITE.

Henry White, the ambassador of the United States to France, is a warm friend of President Elect Taft and of King Edward of England and is much talked of as the next American ambassador at the court of St. James. He resided in London for many years as first secretary of the American legation and made a great many friends among the subjects of King Edward. His familiarity with Great Britain, her people and politics and his long experience as a diplomat are held to qualify him in an especial degree for the post now held by Whitehall Reid, which it is understood the latter would prefer to relinquish at no distant day. It was in 1887 that Mr. White was nominated by President McKinley as first secretary to the American embassy to London and was described in the news as of Rhode Island.

By birth Mr. White is a Marylander, however, his family having been John Campbell White, a well known and well to do citizen of Baltimore, and his mother a member of the Ridgely family which furnished the state with one of its earliest governors. Henry White was born in Baltimore in 1850 and was educated by private tutors both in this country and abroad. His first federal honor was the appointment to the legation at Vienna by President Arthur.

Among the favors distributed by President Cleveland when he began to serve his first term was one to Mr. White, who became second secretary to the legation, as it then was, at London. Two years later the first secretaryship was conferred upon him. He occupied the same position during the Harrison administration. When Mr. Cleveland began his second term he recalled Mr. White. It was primarily due to this that he became a resident of Rhode Island. On his return to London in 1887 he served continuously there until 1905, when he was appointed ambassador to Italy. In 1907 he was promoted from the Italian to the French ambassadorship.

# S.S.S. RIDES THE SYSTEM OF CATARRH

Catarrh is a blood disease which causes a general inflammation of the inner linings or mucous membrane of the body. The discharging of these delicate surfaces and tissues produces all the well known symptoms of the disease, such as ringing noises in the head and ears, tight, stuffy feeling in the nose, pains about the eyes, irritation of the throat, sometimes slight fever, and a general feeling of weakness and ill health. Even the lungs become affected by the continual passage of impure blood through them, and there is danger of consumption if the disease is allowed to remain in the system. S. S. S. cures Catarrh because it purifies the blood. It goes into the circulation and removes every particle of the catarrhal matter, making this vital fluid pure, rich and healthy. Then the inflamed membranes begin to heal, every symptom disappears, the constitution is built up and health restored. S. S. S. rides the system of catarrh by attacking the trouble at its head and entirely removing the cause from the blood, thus making a permanent and lasting cure. S. S. S. is made entirely from health-giving roots, herbs and barks, and for this reason is especially safe and desirable medicine. Book on Catarrh and any medical advice free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

# A Gentleman Burglar

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The burglar was standing at the sideboard, pouring himself a glass of wine from a decanter. He wore a mask and overall. A click at the knob of the door behind him arrested his attention. He turned glass in hand, and faced a young lady in evening dress.

There was something very unlike the class to which the burglar belonged in his courtly bow.

"You surprise me," he said. "I did not expect to find any of the family up at this time of night. I am about to take a glass of wine. Will you permit me to pour one for you?"

"You will find the silver kept for daily use in that drawer," pointing to the sideboard. "Take it all and welcome. Don't go upstairs. You will frighten every one dreadfully."

"I don't need more than one piece," said the burglar, "but it must bear the initials of its present owner."

"Only one piece? May I ask the cause of such a modest demand? I was not aware that burglars took such frightful risks to intentionally leave the plunder behind."

Whether it was the burglar's courtly manner, his well modulated voice or an air about him indicating that he had been to the manner born, the girl ceased to be afraid of him.

"Perhaps," she added, "you are some respectable man who has been led into this life by force of circumstances and, smitten by conscience, you confine yourself to a very small robbery, just enough to gain the means for a meal. I can give you money instead, in which there is nothing to betray you. That would be much better than to take a piece of silver with our mark on it."

"Your kind thoughtfulness delights me. But money is no object to me—at least your money. I can make more by taking these sugar tongs. Probably they didn't cost \$10. They are worth \$500 to me."

"Five hundred?"

"Yes, and if I don't get away with them or some other article in this drawer it will cost me \$500—in other words, there is a difference to me of \$1,000."

"You are joking."

"Ethel" called a man's voice from the hall above.

"Yes, father?"

"What are you doing down there. Go to bed."

"Tell him," whispered the burglar, "that you are getting some refreshment."

"I'm getting some refreshment," she repeated.

"Who is with you? I heard some one talking."

"Say a gentleman you met during the evening who came home with you and whom you asked in."

"That would be a fib."

"Well, then, say a gentleman friend of yours."

"That would be a worse fib. I don't make friends with burglars."

There was a sound of slippers flapping on the stairs. The burglar pulled off his mask and threw it under the dining table, then, unbuttoning his overalls at the back of his neck, they fell to the floor, and he kicked them under the sideboard. He was in evening dress, his bosom covered with cotton favors. Scarcely had the change of costume been made than an old gentleman in dressing gown and slippers entered the room.

"Father," stammered the girl, "this is Mr. Merryman. He was at Mrs. Appleton's this evening, and he kindly saw me home."

Mr. Merryman bowed. The old gentleman bowed stiffly and said to his daughter:

"I didn't hear any one with you when you came in."

"Didn't you, father?"

"I have on my rubbers," said Mr. Merryman. "They exclude water and have the advantage of making no noise."

"Convenient for thieves," remarked Miss Ethel, in whose eyes there was now dancing merriment.

"Your daughter kindly asked me in for a glass of wine," said the intruder. "Can I induce you to join me, sir?"

At this master stroke of impudence Miss Ethel repressed a smile, and her father repressed an exclamation of dissatisfaction. With a "No, I thank you," he turned on his heel and went upstairs.

"Bob Merryman," exclaimed the girl, "what does this mean?"

"It means this: After the last time you favored me in the cotton—this badge here—I left Mrs. Appleton's for the club. There I met a party of fellows—and after a lot of talk I bet per-

sists that I would burglarize your father's house, bringing away some article of silver properly marked as evidence of the burglary. You interrupted me in my honest work of making money enough to buy wine and cigars for a month, and unless you let me get away with the proof instead of winning I'll lose an equal amount."

"Upon my word! What pranks you men will be up to! Take the sugar tongs."

"Thank you very much. Let me see. Are these your father's initials?"

"My mother's."

"I'll return it tomorrow or, rather, today. Good evening. Much obliged for your kindness."

The next afternoon the tongs were returned with a toy trunk full of candy and a note regretting that conventional social rules prevented the donor from dividing his winnings with the young lady who helped him to win.

MARY A. BOWES.

**A Wireless Message.**

A man whose soldier son had recently been sent abroad was met one day by an inquisitive acquaintance, who inquired how the lad was getting on.

"Oh, fine," replied the father. "I got a wireless message from him this morning."

"But I didn't know that Marconi's system would carry so far," said the acquaintance.

"Marconi didn't have anything to do with it," was the reply. "It came by post."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Titled Lady Novelists.**

Lady Trowbridge is one of the titled authors of England whose novels have attained great popularity. Another society woman who has written novels of note is Lady Helen Forbes, a sister of the Duchess of Sutherland, who has also produced some very creditable volumes. The Duchess of Leeds, Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Cromartie and Lady Napier of Magdala have all helped to swell the total number of titled lady novelists.—Argonaut.

**Certain Things Happen Suddenly.**

"Dubley has an automobile, hasn't he?"

"I don't know."

"Why, I thought you told me you saw him with one yesterday?"

"Yes, but that was yesterday."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Real Circus.**

"Mister, did you ever see a circus train?" drawled the station master at Bald Eagle Junction.

"I should say so," laughed the soap salesman. "I came down here on a train with fourteen honeymoon couples. Talk about a circus train! Well, you should have seen those couples when we entered a tunnel."—Chicago News.

# Strengthen the Nerves

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Mr. H. Martin, R.F.D. No. 1, Oak Grove, Mich., writes: "For twelve years I suffered from neuralgia and nervous debility and was treated by nine different doctors. I can state positively that I received more benefit from five boxes of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills than from all the doctors put together. I want to thank you for the great good these pills did me."

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A Pure, Certain Relief for Irrigated Menstruation. BRINGS ABOUT THE FLOW, Relieves Painful Headaches, Neuralgia, Migraine, Indigestion, Constipation, and all ailments of the system. It will cure you in 10 to 15 days. It is the only medicine that will cure you. It is the only medicine that will cure you. It is the only medicine that will cure you.

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