

# A GOOD THING THE LADIES DIDN'T

## SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK BY IRVIN S. COBB.

# FIGHT THE WAR

"I SEE" said the House Detective, "that there's a lot of talk lately about the old soldiers on both sides holdin' their next meetin' together somewhere. D'ya s'pose they could get along with one another for a whole week without fallin' out and bustin' up in a row?"

"For a whole week?" echoed the Hotel Clerk. "Why, Larry, those old boys could get along with one another for a whole season. They kept fairly steady company for four years once on a stretch, and parted with mutual reluctance even then. In from one to seven minutes after that reunion started Majah Culpenter Hightower, of the Georgia Hangers, 'woud make the pleasing discovery that Colonel Peabody Quincy, of the Fourth Massachusetts, knew considerable regarding the proper usage of the fragrant weed called mint, and had just, as much reluctance about saying 'when,' while another gentleman was doing the mixing, as if he had been born and raised in Bourbon County, Ky. And Colonel Quincy would learn that a stranger wearing the button of the Loyal Legion in plain view could actually walk through the residential section of Charleston, S. C., without being ambushed with a double-barreled shotgun or a copy of Hardee's Tactics from the upper bedroom windows of one of the old families. And they'd reach an agreement that what happened at the second Bull Run just about balanced off what happened at the first Bull Run, so what was the use of saying anything more about it, anyway?"

The Boston Ancients and Honorables would be swapping recipes for making punch with the Richmond Howitzers, and testing same as they went along. The surviving officers of Morgan's Cavalry would come pouring in—I use that word 'pour' advisedly, Larry—come pouring in from the Blue Grass country with a few spare demijohns disposed about the baggage-car, and then they'd open proceedings—open in another good word in this connection—and in half an hour there wouldn't be a dry eye or a corkerew in the hall. Anybody who went snooping around looking for the dividing line between North and South would find it in the neighborhood of the tonsils. Get along together? Why, a setting of eggs would be a riotous and disorderly assemblage alongside that bunch of old vets."

"Well, wasn't the breach healed more'n 40 years ago, anyway?" said the House Detective.

"Larry, I've been hearing about the healing of that breach ever since I was a small boy," said the Hotel Clerk. "They healed it every time the Governor of a Northern State went down South to dedicate a battlefield monument, and it would stay nice and healed until he got back home and tell his own people that while the Southerners appeared to be well-meaning, and had many of the customs of civilized nations, still their vaunted hospitality would come with much better grace if so blamed many of them wasn't pizen Democrats or words to that effect, and we could never hope to have a truly united country until the strong arm of the Government at Washington had been invoked around election time to the end that we might once more enjoy the glorious blessings of a few of these dear old time Rutherford B. Hayes majorities in the Black Belt; only he wouldn't say Black—had say Afro-American-Colored Republican Ball. And it would be healed more by the prize speaker from the yellow-pine section at the annual

convention of the Wholesale Lumber Dealers of North America, who'd do so with tears in his accents, except that along toward the last he'd feel constrained to add, in justice to his beloved Southland, that if there was within the sound of his voice any black radical sawmill operator from Minnesota or somewhere up there, who felt inclined to defend Ben Butler's outrageous conduct at New Orleans in the Spring of 1864, he could get an argument through Congress or a dispassionate lady historian from Northern New Hampshire felt like writing a magazine article on Andersonville. All true patriots from all sections felt it their duty to heal the breach, but every properly-taught Southern household subscribed to a non-partisan publication printed at Nashville, Tenn., that ran the proceedings of the Confederate Congress as a serial and had a cover design showing a Confederate cavalryman nine feet high, with Charles E. Hughes whiskers and gauntlet gloves and hip boots and a drawn sword and a plume in his hat, leaning gracefully up against an art nouveau design of dead Yankees arranged in tiers, white in the background. U. S. Grant might be observed climbing a tree in a state of great disorder.

"At the same time in the parlor of every well organized country residence from Cairo, Ill., to all points north, you could find over the mantelpiece, flanked by the photograph of Uncle Lisa in his annual collar and the plaster of Paris fruit piece, a large rich chromo entitled "Chickamauga," which depicted three heroic Union privates, two white and one colored with bloody bandages around their heads and arms, in the act of chasing several regiments of unpleasant ruffians in gray coats down a steep mountain.

"I guess you could still find quite a few of those works of art if you traveled down the rural free delivery routes hunting for 'em, Larry. But it wasn't the old boys themselves that went around all these long years picking the stitches out of the breach every time some silver-tongued orator who was thinking about running for office had deftly sewed it up. That was a lady's job, and they mostly left it to the ladies. I shudder to think where we'd all be now if the Civil War had been fought by the ladies on both sides, especially those of them that were born subsequent to the close of hostilities. It'd still be going on I guess. And some of the young fellows that came into the world after Lee's surrender have also been near-fertile brands. You could go to a state convention of the Veterans and find some old fellow with a gimpy leg telling the other comrades how he swapped coffee for chewing tobacco with a mighty nice fellow that crawled over from the trenches in front of Petersburg, but if you stepped around to where the Bonus Veterans were in session you stood a chance of having the eyebrows scared off your defenseless face by the burning denunciations aimed at the late Jeff Davis by some bright young warrior who hoped to be elected County Attorney as soon as he was old enough.

"You see, Larry, the boys who went to the front back yonder in 1861 or thereabouts were the first to discover that the impetuous commander who started out to march from Washington City to Pensacola, Fla., without stopping, was liable to be unavoidably detained on the way; also that it was frequently quite hard for one Southerner to lick five Northerners unless some few of them happened to be



PROPER USAGE OF THE FRAGRANT WEED CALLED MINT.



THE DISPASSIONATE LADY HISTORIAN



YOUNG ORATOR WITH FEATURES AJAR.

very young or else crippled up. The Vets had opportunity for observing these things that were unfortunately denied the chosen orator of the younger and I might say the fiercer generation, that we now see going around with his features ajar until he looks like a half portion of cantaloupe in the face, talking about the mistakes of Meade's campaign.

"So it wouldn't be as much trouble for the old boys to get comfortable in one another's society as it might be for the members of the A. J. Beveridge and Governor Yardman rival schools of eloquence to mingle sociably. And anyway—the old soldier shines out brightest at a re-union these times. It's about the only chance he's got left to occupy the center of the stage now that so many of the young chaps who know how to organize a district have succeeded in taking the primaries away from the old gentlemen, who'd always been accustomed to running their political races on the legs they left at Gettysburg.

"And these times when the country is fast going to destruction right up until

election day but recovering the day after, and when Socialism is rampant, especially among those newly-landed rampanters from Rampanctia who haven't any votes yet and everything else unpleasant like

that, I kind of think, Larry, it would not be such an awful bad thing for all concerned if we could see the old boys from both sides of that breach of ours stumping along side by side. But it wouldn't do

Andy Carnegie's Society for the Promotion of Universal Peace any real good at that, when you come to think about it."

"Why not?" asked the House Detective.

"Because," said the Hotel Clerk, "every

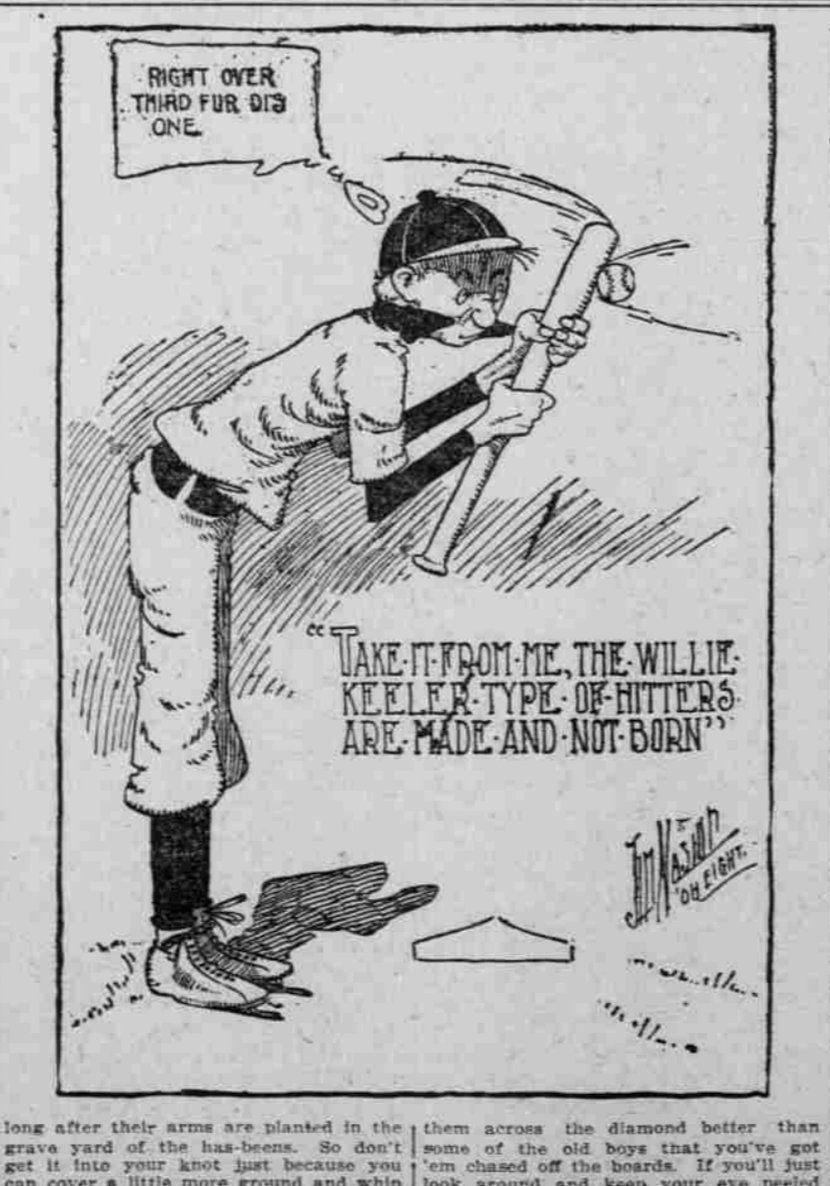
boy in America would be wanting to join the army in the hope of getting into a war that could turn out such a bunch of survivors as our old Blue and Gray fellows."

# Conversations with an Old Sport.

IN WHICH HE SHOWS THAT SUCCESS IN THIS WORLD IS SIMPLY FAILURE KICKED TO PIECES BY HARD WORK.

BY JIM NASIUM.

"Well, dad," said the Kid as he slumped down heavily in the seat beside the "Old Sport." "I see the Evening Express says that I'm to be shipped back to the minors for another year's seasoning. I guess the guy who ground out that dope can't see that I've been playing rings around a lot of these old stiffs in the big leagues and it would stay nice and healed until he got back home and tell his own people that while the Southerners appeared to be well-meaning, and had many of the customs of civilized nations, still their vaunted hospitality would come with much better grace if so blamed many of them wasn't pizen Democrats or words to that effect, and we could never hope to have a truly united country until the strong arm of the Government at Washington had been invoked around election time to the end that we might once more enjoy the glorious blessings of a few of these dear old time Rutherford B. Hayes majorities in the Black Belt; only he wouldn't say Black—had say Afro-American-Colored Republican Ball. And it would be healed more by the prize speaker from the yellow-pine section at the annual



you'll notice that it isn't these 'old stiffs,' as you call 'em, who are blowing up in the pinches. They've been in too many of 'em, and you know 'familiarity breeds contempt.' A kid may blow into the big leagues and play his head off on every chance that comes his way, and he'll make the rest of the team look as if they were tied to a post, and the gang in the stands will get to hugging the dope that he's the whole show. But take it from me, that the only thing that is required in baseball is to get your man, and the kid who lets out all his speed and shines like a new tin pan on every chance may get the fans to thinking that he's a whole three-ringed circus and double hippodrome under one tent, but he's mighty apt to fizzle in the pinches and he isn't half as valuable an ornament to a team as the veteran with the candy arm who saves what little he has left for the pinches and times his speed so he just manages to nose out his man.

"So, Kid, take my tip and beat it back to the minors, and don't get it into your knot that you're shooting the chutney to the down-and-out club. If you rip that blue papering out of your garret you'll come back to fast company a wiser guy. There's one thing I want to starve you in your belly, and that is that in this old dump of a world you've got to pull off a thundering lot of good deeds before they begin to be noticed, but one punk stunt will stick out on your record like a mole on the sweet girl graduate's nose. It takes a thousand good deeds to balance one bad one. It's a cinch job to make the world believe that a good man is a thief, but you'll have a thundering hard job when you start to advertise a thief as a good man. It's human nature the world over, and it's the same in baseball. One costly error in a pinch will get more notice from the papers and the fans than a dozen good plays that preceded it.

"So it doesn't matter how much a kid shines, he's got to be staidied in the school of experience before he's the real velvet goods. And while the manager isn't giving his hand away, I'll put you next to the fact that he can see under the skin far enough to know that you've got the goods, and all you need is to get down in the cellar for a season and dust them off so you can put them in your show windows.

"Now, Kid, while we are on the subject, I want to hand you another tip. You're a good natural hitter, as good as has been in the game for many a season, but you're not showing it because you're hitting with your hitting ability instead of your brains. I know that a lot of guys grand out the slush that good hit-

ters are like poets and are "born and not made," and that the big stickers in the big leagues are guys who slammed the leather around the cinder dumps when they were kids, smashed the boards off the outfield fence in the minors, and kept right on lambasting the pitchers when they hit the big show. This is largely true, but take it from me there's a lot of guys who lost the ball on the cinder dumps and kept the groundkeepers in the minors working overtime on the outfield fences who quit hitting when stacked up against the real performance.

"The main trouble with these guys who hand out the slush that a hitter is born and not made is that they select their examples from the guys who prove their trick, and pass up the ones who put a crimp in it. Take it from me, Kid, some hitters are born and some are made, and others are both born and made. You are of the latter type, you're a born hitter, but you'll also have to be made. Willie Keeler, Harry Davis, Hal Chase and a bunch of 'em are of the same type, so you see you are in good company.

"Now, you've got a natural batting eye, which is the only legacy necessary for a good hitter to bring into the world with him, but take it from me that there are a thundering lot of weak stickers who have good batting eyes. To hit good in fast company you've got to use the brains that he behind that batting eye, and right there is where you and a great big bunch of other guys who are playing ball are shy.

"Free hitters of the Hans Wagner type are the born hitters, and they are as scarce as snow balls at a Fourth of July celebration. Hans hits wild pitches over the palms just as easy as he does the balls that come in the groove. The Willie Keeler type, who chops them "where they ain't," are the made hitters, and any guy with a good eye can do the same if he uses his noodle and works at it.

"Now, you're getting in the same rut that is already overcrowded, by grabbing your stick at the end and laying back for a hard swing. You're hitting them hard, too, and you imagine that it is hard luck because they don't go safe. But let me tell you it is punk pelting.

"You'll notice that hard hitters usually hit certain pitches to the same field, and the fielders get onto him and lay for his swats and eat 'em up as fast as he reels 'em off. And that's what they're doing to your batting average right now in spite of this hard luck dope you're hugging. If a lot of you guys who have been blessed by the Almighty, sticking a good eye in your noodle would only choke your stick and drive the ball into the open spots you'd hit about 100 better.

"This free hitting is all right on the dumps where the fielders don't play for the batter, but you've got to outguess the fielder when you hit fast company. And you can take it from me that if there was more place hitting in batting practice instead of the common practice of stepping up and slammung 'em out, there would be bigger batting averages and less howling about the foul strike rule.

"So, Kid, if you're to go back to the primer class, just take my tip and practice playing ball with your head instead of overworking your hands and feet, and take it from me when you hit the big show next season you'll stick. The guy who plays with his head will be winning games for his team long after his physical powers have gone to the dooryard, while the kid who has nothing but mechanical ability may be a star for a season or two, then his arm or his batting eye goes on the bum and he has to hunt up a job tending bar. Look over the list and you'll see that the veterans who are sticking in the game today while their companions of the past are down and out are the guys who use their noodle. Go back to the grass, Kid, and get wise."

A Constant Reminder.

He had just presented her with a pug.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Algy!" she gushed. "It is so like you!"

Wizard.

New York Sun.

The world had many wizard crew. Hidden in beauty wreathed in flowers. But I'm sure of all you ever knew. There was never another like this of ours. Borrow, and shame, and wait, and sin— They will spread them all before your eyes. You will see where the magic streamers begin. You will watch the rivers swirl and rise. And they open the doors of the homes of the dead.

Though you do not enter, your eyes shall see. Words spoken, deeds that are done by stealth. Shall sweep through the cities, unlooked and free.

The marching-crews and the stately ships. That guard the outposts and keep the land. The words that fall from the Statesman's lips. They spread before you, at your command.

They will bring the west fields to your door— The stars and stripes, with its golden spear; For you they will learn the country's lore. And count the cornfields' myriad ears.

From far they repeat the forest's call. And the dying sigh of the slaughtered pine; They bring the spell of the whirring line.

And now you will leave their spell with you— Beware; you shall feel it ere you think; For this is one of the wizard crew. That dwells and hides in a drop of ink.

—NINETTE M. LEWATZ.

long after their arms are planted in the grave yard of the has-beens. So don't get it into your knot just because you can cover a little more ground and whip

them across the diamond better than some of the old boys that you've got 'em chased off the boards. If you'll just look around and keep your eye peeled