BASEBALL AS AN AMERICANIZED INFLUENCE—How the Fans Fan and Players Play in Uncle Sam's Watering Station of the Pacific—Real Live Sport in the Hawaiian Islands Where the National Game Is Appreciated Immensely

By Edward P. Irwin.

BERNARD KELIKOLIO, president of the Riverside Baseball League and captain of the Kaalas, stood on the coaching line of the Aala park diamond directing one of his team who had reached first on a neat single to right and had then stolen second while Tani Matsumoto, pitcher for the Japanese Athletics, was winding up. Part of the time Kelikolio stood on one foot and part of the time on the other, varying this performance by standing on his head and waving a pair of stubby legs in the air.

"Yah-h-h!" he yelled derisively. "Jap pitcher no good. We show 'em. Pretty soon we knock him all outside the box. Japanee can't play ball nohow. Hi-i-i-i!" He turned a handspring and tried to stand on his left ear, feet wriggling convulsively in the air. The runner had started for third. "Come on! come on! Slide! Sli-i-i-ide! What's that? Out?" He advanced threateningly toward the umpire, a half-white standing impassively in the center of the diamond. "Of course he wasn't out. He was safe plenty. You're rotten."

"Rotten! Rotten!" screamed the Hawaiian contingent of the huge crowd grouped many deep on the four sides of the park. "Koki was plenty safe."

"Koki too much out," yelled little Tatsu Tuchida, clapping her tiny brown hands estatically as she saw Tani land the ball successfully in the baseman's hands. "Umpire plenty all right. Japanee too much play ball. Kanaka no can!"

"Play ball," called the umpire, phlegmatically brushing the Hawaiian captain and his protests aside, and the game went on. When it was ended and the Japanese team had defeated its Kanaka opponents by a large healthy score, the places of the two teams on the diamond was taken by two more—one a Chinese team, the other composed of young Portuguese, while back behind the crowd the pitchers of an American team and of a second Chinese nine warmed up, awaiting their chance.

This is no wild prophesy of what may come to pass in after years when the influence of the American national game spreads beyond the boundaries of the states. It is what happens every Sunday in the year on the baseball grounds of Aala park at Honolulu. Chinese play baseball? Or Japanese, or Hawaiians? They certainly can—and play the game well, too, as the crack teams of the various vessels of the fleet found out to their cost and astonishment when they visited the islands. There is more than one embryo Chesbro or Garrett or Groom in Honolulu whose pig tail is less than one generation behind him. The Portland baseball team could learn several things from some of the Japanese players that would give them the blind staggers to try to pronounce. There is at least one thin-shanked Portuguese shortstop whose father came from the Azores not so long ago who can handle a hot grounder in a manner that even Cooney would not be ashamed of, while there isn't a man on the Portland team, nor for that matter in the entire league, who is a more successful base stealer than En Sue, of the St. Louis college team of Honolulu.

As for the fans—a Portland audience on a Sunday afternoon when a Beaver knocks a home run with the bases full can't make half the noise or show half the genuine enthusiasm of the cosmopolitan crowd that gathers in a great human square about the Aala park diamond.

Nowhere else in the world can a crowd like it be found. One who has seen it and listened to it on a Sunday afternoon can well believe that there must be some foundation for the biblical story of the Tower of Babel.

All the nations of the world seem to be gathered about the diamond, encouraging the rival teams in more tongues than were ever heard at a congress of the nations. Here one sees a group of pig-tailed, long-fingered Chinese, their usually passive faces working with excitement, their long sleeves fluttering in the breeze as they wave skinny arms and urge their representative to "Lun, lun, Ah Sing! Slide—slide! Ah Sing not out! Umpi'e lotten—lotten! Kilee umpi'e!"

Yonder is a crowd of Japanese, the men stiffly attired in American dress, always including the "hard hat" and ready-made tie; the women in the graceful, flowing kimonos that look so ridiculous on any other women. Most of the women have funny little shavenpated children on their backs, swung in the obi, their little fat legs astraddle of their mothers' backs.

Voluble Portuguese chatter excitedly and yell encouragement to their champions, but refuse disdainfully to have anything to do with the Spaniards, whom they look down upon as being a poore race.

And, of course, there are Hawaiians and part Hawaiians (hapahaoles) everywhere. A Hawaiian takes to baseball as if his race had played it for centuries instead of the same being but a comparatively few years old in the islands. Mingled with the rest of the crowd are sailors from the American and foreign sailing vessels in the harbor; bluejackets from the American war vessels; khaki-clad soldiers from Fort Shafter; English, German, French and American business men, with their wives and daughters. Automobiles line up alongside the square so that their occupants may watch the game for a few minutes. The drivers of spanking teams draw up and allow well-dressed men and women to get out and try to crowd their way through the press to where they can get a good view of the field. Half-naked children scamper everywhere or crawl between the legs of the bystanders. And up in the bandstand the Royal Hawaiian band plays ragtime, German opera music or selections from the latest comic opera, interspersed with the weird, haunting strains of the peculiar Hawaiian airs.

And over all is the clear blue of the Hawaiian sky—a sky which would make rain checks unnecessary even were there any admission charged to the games, which there is not. A city ordinance of Honolulu forbids the charging of admission to any games or performances on Sunday. In fact, it is only comparatively recently that Sunday baseball was permitted at all, for the white population of Hawaii—that part of it, at least, which controls the making of the laws—is of missionary descent and believes in goodness by compulsion.

But the Aala Park games are not the only baseball games that Honolulu enjoys. Every vacant lot in the city is an amateur ball ground, where the young Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese and Americans and all the boys of mixed blood learn the rudiments of the game. And then there is the Honolulu Baseball league, a kind of major league which drafts its players from the Aala Park league, the same as the National or American leagues draft their men from the minor leagues in this country.

And those teams of the major league can play ball, as they demonstrated conclusively a year ago when Mike Fisher took his aggregation of stars to the islands. Of course, Fisher's men took most of the games, but they did not have such an easy time as they expected, and lost one game out of the six. They were playing against a team of Hawaiians, white boys, Portuguese and Chinese—boys who had never seen the national game played by professionals; boys who work six days in the week to make their living, and play ball on Sunday just for the fun of it. Reuter, the best pitcher for the Hawaiians, is a half-white, who is motorman on a streetcar six days in the week. Yet Reuter pitched several games against the all-star American professionals that they all declared good enough to entitle him to membership in any team on the coast.

Of course, there is Barney Joy, who a year ago was the most talked of pitcher on the coast. But in Hawaii Barney is not considered much of a pitcher, for there are several better men in Honolulu than he ever was, and men who can pitch a consistently good game, which Barney Joy never could.

On the St. Louis College team are two Chinese players, En Sue and Loo Jo. En Sue, a short, sturdy bundle of muscles, is reckoned the best base runner in the islands, and he is no slouch with the stick, either. The catcher who can wing a ball from the plate to second base in time to catch the little Chinese when he starts to steal has to have a better throwing arm than many Pacific coast catchers can boast of. En Sue always plays in his stocking feet—usually blue stockings at that, and when he gets to going his feet make a kind of a blue blur in the air. Unlike most bush leaguers, he isn't afraid to slide, and on occasion can plow up the dust half the distance between bases.

One of the most popular of the Honolulu ball players is big Billy Vannetta, a Hawaiian with a Portuguese name. He is a big fellow, very dark, with the typical heavy Kanaka face, and ordinarily, except on the diamond, he appears about as slow as a hippopotamus. But from his usual station on second base he can bring down drives heading for center field that it would appear impossible for any man to reach.

The introduction of baseball into Hawaii has made the game not only national, but international, not alone on account of the cosmopolitanism of the islands, but because the game has spread from there farther west until it has reached the far east. Last winter the St. Louis College team of Honolulu made a trip to Japan to play a series of games with the teams of the principal Japanese universities.

They expected to have an easy time, and only hoped that it would not be so easy for them to win all the games that there would be no fun in it. It wasn't. Before they got through they found they had all they could do to hold their own against their diminutive opponents. And never were such fans, they reported when they came back. At every game there were from 15,000 to 25,000 people present. The enthusiastic crowds would begin to start for the ball grounds as early as 7 o'clock in the morning, although the games were not played until afternoon. They would go out by families, taking their midday meal with them, which they would eat sprawled around on the grass. In fact the visit of the Hawaiian team to that country was a kind of national picnic.

This was not the first time an American team had played a Japanese nine, however. (The Hawaiians, of course, are now Americans by adoption). Several years ago the ball team of Kelo university, Japan, came to the states and played the university teams of Berkeley and Stanford. They were easy victims for the American college boys then. But since that time they have acquired much knowledge of the game, and on their next visit they will be able to make a much better showing, as they demonstrated last winter when they played the Hawaiians. They are to send a team to Hawaii this year to try to regain their lost laurels, and the Honolulu boys are none too confident of the result.

It is probable that the enthusiasm over the American game of baseball in Japan has been largely aroused by Japanese who have returned from Hawaii and told their fellow-countrymen of the greatest game in the world. For there is a large amount of passenger travel between our outlying islands and the kingdom of Nippon. In Hawaii there are now about 70,000 Japanese, twice as many as there are representatives of any other nationality, and a great many have made their fortunes, or at least, a competence, in the islands and have returned to their native homes, wearing derby hats, store clothes and American customs and talking largely of what they learned in America.

One of the hardest problems that confronts the United States in the governing of the territory of Hawaii is how to make it an American territory. In point of population it is now anything but American, for there are probably not over 8,000 white people of all nationalities in the islands at the present time. The Japanese are in the majority, and there are in the neighborhood of 30,000 Chinese in Hawaii. The native Hawaiians and the half-whites aggregate about 45,000, while the rest of the population is made up of Portuguese, Spaniards, South Sea Islanders, Porto Ricans, Koreans, etc. This is a hard mixture to weld into a homogeneous whole. The task of Americanizing them appears on the face of it impossible. But we have at least got as far as interesting them in our national game, and that looks encouraging, anyway. They have accepted American standards in their play; why not in their politics and their ways of thinking?

It is said that we are going to have to fight Japan sooner or later. What's the use? If we begin soon enough and each year send over one or two of our crack ball teams, the Japanese will get so interested in the game that they will forget all about their anxiety to fight and will—well, if not beat the sword into ball bat, which might be difficult—at least discard the bayonet and the musket ball for the bat and the horsehide sphere. And then they'll wind up by all becoming Americans through their enthusiasm over our national game.

Baseball has not yet got into the interior of China, but it will, because all the young Chinese in Hawaii play ball, and sooner or later they will go home and teach their pig-tailed children and grandchildren how to twirl the spit ball. Even Ann may get interested and so far forget herself as to tell us how old she is and settle the vexed question. And explorers wandering through the unknown interior of China or the jungles of India will be liable to come upon an exciting ball game almost any time between the teams of rival villages. But it will make things harder for the missionaries, for what youthful heathen is going to attend Sunday school willingly when he can play ball out in the temple yard?

ARE WE COMING TO THIS?

WANTED—THE IDEAL MAN

By Winnifred Harper Cooley

BEVERLY had answered the advertisement partly in jest. It was "a fool thing to do" he speedily admitted to himself—yet what can one expect of youth and curiosity? It was a most subtle temptation, for Beverly always enjoyed a mystery.

The notice ran thus:

WANTED—THE IDEAL MAN

A young girl, beautiful, educated, wealthy, is searching for the ideal man (lawyer preferred—no limits as to age). He will be required to stand rigid tests, but if proved ideal, may share the wealth of centuries. Inquire at 32 Exchange bldg., San Francisco.

Beverly's imagination was powerfully stirred. He was a young lawyer of good family and prospects, but an unwholesome amount of leisure. When he arrived at the address designated he was shown by a boy into a small office and was horrified to find the walls lined with men, of every variety, ranging from the polished fortune-hunter to the illiterate and vulgar adventurer. To think that he had joined this motley throng caused Beverly to loathe his romantic impulse. It had not occurred to him that he would have companions in the foolish adventure. He was about to beat a hasty retreat when the office boy requested him to follow him into the inner office. He could scarcely refuse, upon being selected thus, out of his turn, and was only too glad to leave the second-hand swells and pinched-looking clerks seeking fortune's smile, and find himself in a light, airy room, gazing at a remarkably lovely stenographer who sat by a desk.

"May I ask why you have answered the advertisement?" were the abrupt first words of the dainty lady typewriter.

"Because I am a romantic young idiot," replied Beverly, smiling in a frank, boyish manner. "May I ask why your employer advertises so mysteriously?"

"I am beginning to think, because she is one also!" The girl smiled, and Beverly was amazed at the beauty which illuminated her somewhat sad countenance. She was very plainly dressed, and had the air of worry and perhaps poverty. Yet, this flash of humor seemed to indicate a vivacity and ease that belied her sadness.

"And now, sir," she remarked severely, taking up a lot of type-written questions, "what qualifications have you for the ideal man, does not your very candidacy for the position make you unworthy, because it shows you to be atrociously conceited?"

"Ah, that is a woman's question—a double-barreled one. I suppose I put myself on the defensive by coming here—what a bundle of conceit I must appear to you, but to speak truly, I tried to get out, the moment I arrived, but was collared by your scout."

"That is why I sent for you!"

"Goddess of wisdom, I salute you, and on the side, wish to observe that you must have been looking through the keyhole!"

"I had a means of observing without being observed, and when I saw the character of the applicants, I was about to cry, or at least, to shut up the shop."

"Your employer could scarcely expect any one less than a fool to go upon such a wild goose chase. I am heartily ashamed of myself. As for my justification, I really am a decent sort of a chap, equipped with an education and a New England conscience, not to speak of a fatal tendency to run to poetry and adventure. The desolate heiress who had to advertise for friends appealed to my imagination and I came, knowing full well that I am not the ideal man, but that there is a possibility of my being somebody's ideal; why not here? People have strange tastes, you know!"

"You draw a distinction between being perfect and being ideal? You are very imperfect, but may possess some qualities which fit some woman's ideals?"

"I believe in all modesty, I can answer 'yes'—some women's ideals seem to be horse thieves, bank robbers, and gamblers, to judge from the men they marry."

The stenographer blushed. "My employer did not speak of marriage," she replied.

"Then wherefore her ideal? Does she wish to frame him and gaze in ecstacy, when she is waxing melancholy. Why two souls with but a single thought if when one finds the other, she cruelly turns him adrift leaving each soul with but half a thought?"

"Do you wish to marry her for her money?" the agent returned, haughtily.

"If indeed so! nothing would induce me to marry her, she must be terrible and probably is the ardent adventuress." The girl's eyes filled with tears. "How dare you?" she cried. "She is in serious trouble, although, I admit, now that I have seen the outlandish class of men who applied, that she was most foolish to advertise. But what could she do? There seemed no one she could trust—" She stopped suddenly. "I am very unbusinesslike; I fear she will discharge me."

"Let me help you. I know a number of fine fellows, better lawyers and cleverer men than I—perhaps we can find one that will answer her peculiar requirements. I cannot imagine what her trouble is, but I would like to be of assistance." After this impulsive speech, the agent studied him a few moments, and then went to the door, and asked the boy to dismiss the remaining candidates. "I believe I can trust you," she told Beverly.

"You don't take me for the ideal?" with some trepidation.

"O, no! but I feel reasonably sure that you are honest," she remarked coolly, "and, anyway, you are the only candidate worth considering."

"I am scarcely worth it," he murmured, somewhat piqued.

"May I ask you to come and tell me full particulars about yourself, Saturday?" she continued. "Wants to look up my record in the meantime," he thought, "but I am in for an adventure now, and I cannot suspect a lady who employs so refined and sensible girl as her agent."

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Three months passed, during which time, "candidate No. 27," as Beverly had the humiliation of hearing himself called, made frequent calls upon the agent, Miss Gordon, but never had his curiosity satisfied by being allowed to bask in "the presence." Occasionally, a veiled lady was in the room for a short period, but whether she did not understand English or was naturally sympathetic, he could not fathom, from her perfect immobility and apparent indifference. When alone with Miss Gordon, he used to tease for a glimpse of "the peerless one" or "the heiress," as he jestingly called her, but soon he lost interest in her, and if truth be told in the original subject of investigation his mind being absorbed with the world's greatest mystery, love. Although mightily puzzled by the status and troubles of the mysterious lady, he became more mystified by the emotions of his own heart in the throes of first love, the purest and sweetest emotion in the universe, and by the changing and ununderstandable moods of the beautiful object of his affection, the stenographer. Each meeting brought some practical questions (indeed he found that she afterwards verified his statements, as if harboring some lingering suspicion) and then they would drift into the most fascinating discussions of literature, the drama, and those intricate moral problems suggested by modern novels, so dear to the youthful moralist. The strange delight of these discussions would absorb them, until suddenly, the interview would be terminated by the girl, who seemed to realize that she was employed for a certain definite business. At such times a shadow would cross her face, and she would seem to regard the man with reluctant suspicion. He too, had his moments of doubt, and lay awake many nights, conjecturing the possible solution of the mystery. Was the innocent creature really wily; was she employed by some detective agency, or as a decoy to draw him into some speculation? Sometimes he would be in an agony of suspicion; again, he would laugh, in the serenity of youth, and a pure life, and think, "I am not important enough to be selected as the victim of a gold-brick industry, and my life has been too uneventful for detectives to waste time upon me." Although he was baffled by the persistent mystery, he could not wish he were out of the whole abnormal proceeding, because of the acquaintance of the fascinating Miss Gordon, which he would not renounce for several fortunes.

One day he entered the office unannounced, and ahead of time, and found her in an agony of grief. The tears in her soft black eyes, and her unusual pallor tempted him to throw his love about her as a protection, but his delicacy forbade his placing her in such a position, and he merely besought her tenderly to allow him to assist her. However, she begged him to leave her, promising that if "worst came to worst" she would confide in him wholly. That afternoon, as he was walking along Sutter street, he caught a glimpse of Miss Gordon followed closely by a veiled lady. He pursued them impulsively, boarded the same car, sitting outside, unobserved, and at last saw them take a train, which he learned subsequently was bound for Monterey. The next one was to leave in five hours, and too much in love to be prudent, he hastily arranged to leave for the same destination, and late that evening, he found himself at the famous Hotel del Monte.

Scanning the hotel register, he learned that the only women traveling alone were "Miss Montieth and maid." His heart sank, and his incredulity rose. Could this beautiful Vivian Gordon be acting in the capacity of lady's maid to the heiress, when her hours were not occupied by the duties of a secretary? Or had she secured money in some manner, taken an assumed name and a maid and come to this beautiful resort in pursuit of pleasure? Either alternative cast a weight of misery upon his heart and seemed to accuse his beloved of fraud and duplicity. In spite of circumstances he trusted her and would have staked his life upon her good breeding and honor.

Beverly searched the beautiful salon, the verandas and halls that evening for his charming young friend, but was about to go to his room, discouraged, when a sight of Miss Gordon was vouchsafed him by fate, which quite overwhelmed him. She was sitting in a recess in the ballroom, elegantly gowned and in deep conversation with a man of 45, a dark, shrewd man, with an unkind smile. The next moment the two swept by him towards the elevator and he heard the man say: "As long as you committed the folly of following me this place, I will grant you one more interview, but I do not see what you expect to gain by it."

"If there are no laws in this country to avenge me, I shall hope that retribution will come from God," she answered.

"I am not religious," he drawled, insolently. "Well, my dear Vivian, I'll see you at 6 tomorrow, in the little arbor back of the tropical tennis court, my train goes at 7."

She had disappeared in the elevator, and Beverly had been unobserved. The doubts, perplexities and agonies of that night can only be appreciated by one who has loved where he was not sufficiently acquainted to dare to wholly trust and respect. Promptly at 6 the next morning he arrived at the arbor, which he had some difficulty in finding among the many romantic dells fashioned of tropical shrubbery in that Eden of the Pacific coast. He determined not to hear the conversation, but to be near to protect Miss Gordon (or Miss Montieth?) in case he was needed. He soon heard voices, and suffered agonies of suspense and jealousy as her tones of supplication reached him, intermixed with the harsh or insolent ones of the man. "There's no use raising a row, my dear; the money's gone, and then, you have a few thousand of your own," came out clear and suddenly to the wretched lover, pacing up and down. "You'll not get another cent out of me!"

"You are a complete scoundrel. My trip here is wasted. I might have known appeal would be useless. I know not what way to turn—"

"You cannot prove anything, unless the young man who has been flirting with you for three months is a better lawyer than most college cubs."

"And so you have spied upon me, and know of Mr. Beverly. He treated me with the deepest respect in our business dealings. I wish I had trusted him at once, instead of waiting so perilously long to prove his honesty. You and your agents, my lawyers, have made me distrust all men."

"Business dealings!"

As the man uttered this scornful inuendo, he was suddenly knocked down, and with a cry of joy the girl turned to one who seemed to have dropped from the skies, a welcome deliverer.

"Take me away from here. He is a coward, he will not resent the blow. All he wants is to escape from the country, and I cannot prevent that," she said. "Come over to the beach, Mr. Beverly, I am stifling here. I want to explain a great many things." They hurried away as the man began to scramble up, in a dazed way—and sought the majesty of the great Pacific. As they seated themselves beneath a live oak tree and heard the surf pounding upon the everlasting rocks Vivian said calmly: "The veiled lady who is accompanying me has puzzled you?"

"She is the heiress?" he queried eagerly. She smiled. Beverly's mind was in a chaos, subtle suspicions assailed it, but with one leap of confidence, his heart put them all down forever. "One last question," she was saying. "You sought the heiress; will you marry her, now that she has found you to be her ideal?

"A thousand times no! If she considers me ideal she has poor taste and worse judgment, as she only knows me through another. I long ago quit the ideal business" (a glad light shone in her eyes) "and I shall never marry any one but you, who are my ideal!"

"Me? Alas, I am poor. Have you no obligations to her? She loves you!"

"The deuce she does. Oh, no. She is eccentric, I admit, (witness the advertisement) but she cannot be erratic enough to love me. I owe her nothing. She has studied and dissected me, for heaven knows what occult purpose, never giving me a chance to see her, and she has thrown me constantly with the most bewitching girl in the world. Let her keep her millions, and her visionary ideals. I only want you, who represent all the divine possibilities of life!"

"Wait; you must not condemn, but pity her. Her father took her to China when she was a little orphan child. She was educated by an English governess in that heathen land, and was very lonely. Her father being already well-off, through peculiar circumstances, came into possession of a Chinese fortune for services rendered the prime minister. It was "the wealth of centuries" in small bulk, mostly priceless jewels. At his death, which occurred during the late Chinese-Japanese war, his child was sent to San Francisco, in care of an American sea captain, to her uncle, to whom she entrusted her fortune, not daring to have the heavy responsibility at the age of 16. She is only 20 now. She was visionary, romantic and had a high idea of American manhood. She lived in luxury, but some seclusion, with her uncle, whom she, of course, trusted. She had many hard blows. Men made poetic love to her, and were proved fortune hunters. At last, the frightful suspicion came to her that her uncle was dishonest. She saw her fortune melting. She knew no lawyers who were not his friends. She became cynical, fearing to trust any one whom she then knew. In desperation, she advertised in that impractical manner, trusting my keen sense of character, to select from strangers an honest man, who should embody her ideal of an upright American man, and assist her in defeating her uncle. I admired and recommended you, but had lingering suspicion, because you came, again and again, and I feared you were mercenary, in pursuing an heiress—"

"I was only pursuing you, dear girl. I came first through idle curiosity, but I remained because I had fallen in love at first sight."

"So did I."

At this sudden and heavenly admission Beverly was enraptured and there were some moments of blissful reminiscence. At last, he was recalled to the first cause of all his happiness—the advertisement. "And the poor, cynical heiress—has she lost her fortune?"

"Entirely, I fear. I believe the uncle has put himself absolutely beyond the pale of the law."

"Poor girl. Perhaps I can aid her to pin him. Every young lawyer expects a first great case, you know, that shall make him famous. This may be fate's gift to me. Where is the heiress?"

"Here in your arms!"

"You? Well, I am an idiot, indeed —I—am—"

"My ideal man." What was so simple had not occurred to the young man, infatuated with the exquisite and impossible stenographer, who wished to study without being studied, and perhaps (who can fathom a woman) to be loved for herself alone. "When you first knew me," she said to the dazed Beverly, "I was indeed a great heiress—now, the wealth of centuries—"

"Is in your eyes, bequeathed from some ancestor of sunny Spain; in your voice, passed down by some old French troubador; in your wit, and philosophy descended from Aspasia of glorious Greece—"

"Enough, enough," cried the object of his adoration.

"Tell me," said Beverly, "before we plan to circumvent 'our' most dastardly uncle, who is the lady whom I have called the heiress?"

"Oh, the veiled creature? Call her a wraith—the materialization of our idea of propriety; name her an oriental sovereign, or my Irish maid; a dummy, an astral body, an automaton, what you will—so long as she has helped me to find my ideal man."

BROKEN HEARTS

From Tit-Bits.

England is the best place, from the plaintiff's point of view, for a breach of promise action. All other countries seem to regard with grave suspicion any attempt to recover monetary compensation for the loss of a prospective husband, and unless the plaintiff has a very strong case indeed it is never worth her while to carry her grief into the law courts.

In France breach of promise cases are rare, for the simple reason that the law requires the plaintiff to prove that she has suffered pecuniary loss. Now, this is not an easy thing to do on the part of the lady, especially in a country where a girl without a dot—that is, a marriage portion—has a poor chance of finding a husband. Holland and Austria have adopted the French system, and the result has been about the same. Breach actions are rare, the injured damsels or their relatives usually taking the law into their own hands.

Practical Germany, as might be expected, has perhaps the best method for solving this problem. When a young couple become estranged they have to go through a public betrothal ceremony that ought to knock all the shyness out of them. In the local town hall the pair declare their affection, willingness to marry, etc., ending by signing a collection of documents that apparently leave no loophole for escape.

But if either party to the contract wishes to withdraw, another journey is undertaken to the town hall and another collection of documents signed, witnessed and sealed. Then the authorities determine the question of compensation—should it be claimed. In this connection it may be said that the man can and often does claim a solatium for his wounded feelings. The usual award is one fifth of the marriage dowry. It is easy to understand, when all this is remembered, how loath the young people of Germany are to break their betrothal of oaths.

As the law of Italy offers little or no protection whatever to jilted damsels and swains, it is not surprising that the stiletto should be the favorite mode of deciding breach of promise cases. The Italian law demands that the person suing for "breach" shall produce a written promise to marry from the defendant, otherwise the action cannot proceed. This difficulty is almost insurmountable, and the Italian judges are seldom troubled to adjudicate between one-time lovers.

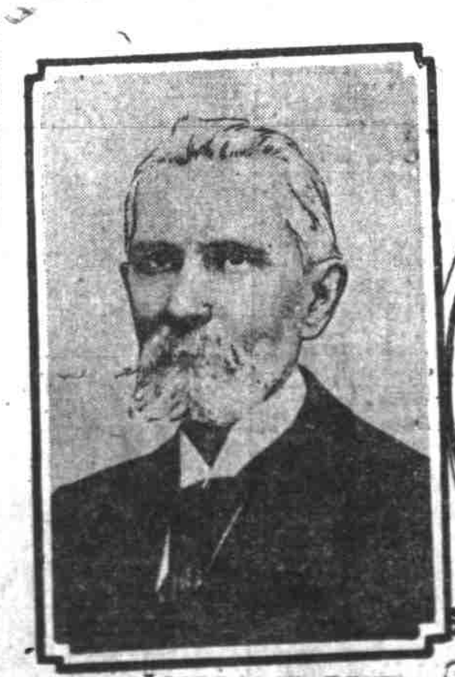
To bring an action for breach of promise of marriages against a reigning monarch is an achievement, but it has been done, and by an English lady. It is now 15 years since Miss Jenny Mighell sued the sultan of Johore, and as there was a doubt whether the dusky one was actually a reigning monarch, the case was allowed to come into court. But the judge quickly disposed of the action by ruling it inadmissible for the reason referred to, and Miss Mighell was non-suited.

It is remarkable that one of the two actions which have brought verdicts of £10,000 each to the plaintiffs should have had for its defendant the editor of a matrimonial paper. The second case was between a well-known actress and the eldest son of an earl.

GREAT FINANCIAL BATTLE PENDING—England, Japan, Germany, Russia and United States Possible Purchasers of Three Improved "Dreadnoughts"

LONDON, Aug. 1.—Speculation is still at fever heat over the ultimate fate of the three great Brazilian battleships nearing completion in England. The Sao Paulo, building at the shipyard of Vickers' Sons & Maxim, will be ready for commission in March and the Rio Janeiro and the Minas Geraes will be launched not long after. Why Brazil should want such boats, the largest and most powerful fighting ships in the world, has been a mystery for a long time, and is every moment becoming a matter for grave international discussion. Representatives of the United States, Germany, Japan, Great Britain and Russia are all anxiously watching the trend of events in London.

It was recently officially admitted on behalf of the British government that the ships "will never be permitted to leave England." This means that at the last moment England will step in and buy these great warships herself and thus restore her naval equilibrium, which is considered even today in jeopardy through the naval activity of the kaiser. Whether England will be permitted to do this remains to be seen. England, as the chancellor of the exchequer has admitted, is not in the best of positions financially. Though a scheme for old age pensions costing $35,000,000 comes into effect next January, Lloyd George, the chancellor, has stated that he does not know where he is to find the money. If the government is at a loss for $35,000,000 for so popular a measure as old age pensions, it is difficult to see where an additional $50,000,000 for new battleships is to come from. One thing is quite certain, these great fighting leviathans are in the open market, to be knocked down to the highest bidder, and the circumstances of their building are so peculiar that there is no telling. Just at present, who will win the financial battle that is bound to be waged around them.



AMBROISE RENDU

DR JACQUES BERTILLON

Of course among Brazilian representatives in England the word is strictly "mum." The writer inquired recently at the offices of the Brazilian consulate and was informed that so far as he knew Brazil was keeping the battleships for herself. He pointed out that despite the fact that Brazil is one of the "small countries" she is quite wealthy—with ample funds at least to build such ships. "Naturally enough," he remarked—perhaps with the usual consular irrelevancy — "the English shipbuilders, Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., at Elswick, and Vickers' Sons & Maxim, at Barrow, would not build ships for Brazil unless they knew where the money was coming from. They know that they will be paid and, of course, that is all they will trouble about. Brazil is quite able to pay for the ships she has ordered."

Inquiry at the London office of Messrs. Walter Bros.—the financial agents through whom the Brazilian government ordered the ships, elicited similar information. "Why should not Brazil own these ships herself?" they asked your correspondent.

There is, of course, one very good reason why Brazil should not own boats of the enormous tonnage—19,500 tons—which these ships will possess. There are only two harbors in Brazil which could accommodate such big ships. These ports are Rio de Janeiro and Bahia. In the latter there is only one anchorage for a 19,000-ton ship, this place being a particular portion of the harbor just opposite the city proper. Certainly no such ships could maneuver in Bahia harbor. Then again, Brazil has no drydock to accommodate any such ships. They would be exposed most of the time on a dangerous lee shore with no possibility of repair in case of accident. These reasons are considered by several naval experts as amply sufficient to discredit all the assertions which have been made as to Brazil herself retaining these ships.

Setting aside the idea that these ships are for Brazilian use, it is interesting to note that one of the chief naval authorities in England recently announced, when questioned in parliament concerning these ships, "that England had full cognizance of them, and was keeping her eye on them." This is considered to mean that the ships will ultimately fly the flag of England, even if the national sinking fund has to be used in order to supply the necessary cash. It will be recalled that in 1903, when Chili built two great battleships in England the British government stepped in and bought them up at the last moment. These two ships are now the Swiftsure and the Triumph, two of England's best potential fighters.

The three new Brazilian warships will surpass anything at present in the British navy. While the famous Dreadnought is only 17,900 tons, the Minas Geraes—one of the Brazilians—is more than 19,500 ranking with the British St. Vincent. All of the new warships will develop a speed of 21 knots and each will carry a tremendously strong armament. Each vessel will have 12 12-inch guns of the latest British type. This will make the largest main armament of any vessel at present on the seas. For secondary armament each ship will carry 22 4.7-inch guns and eight three-pounders. The main armament will be in four turrets on the center line and two turrets on the broadside. Each vessel will have the astonishing broadside delivery of 18 12-inch guns throwing 8,500 tons of metal per minute—equal to the total tonnage of many a good sized vessel in itself.