

The Men Who Will Fight For the World's Championship

BY SLOANE GORDON
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JOHN MURRAY, THE SILENT RIGHT FIELDER OF THE GIANTS

New York, Oct. 1.—When John Murray (and his initials, by the way, are J. J.), came into the Big League, it was via St. Louis, J. J. probably figuring like a lot of social aspirants, any way to get in. It was in 1909 that J. J. McGraw took pity on Murray's plight and extradited him from St. Louis. Many fans, who make it a daily habit in the summer to go to the Polo Ground, have been trying to figure out ever since whether Murray is an outfielder or a contortionist.

As a baseball player, Mr. Murray is distinctly an individual and in no sense one of the fish. He fields differently, he slides differently, and he hits differently, and, on occasions, indifferently. But let us get him up as high as the Big League first.

John J. was born in Amott, Pa., in 1884, but do not attempt to find this place on the map because there is a report from a reliable source that they wiped the town off after Murray left there. You see they had to pay for lighting it then, while John's red head furnished plenty of illumination as long as he remained. John was doubtless born in a bad storm, because his birthday is March 4, which is the same date on which we inaugurate Presidents of the United States.

Murray's folks sent him away to normal school, but did not count on him learning what he did, which was how to play baseball. So good a student was he when at normal school, and such rapid progress did he make that he found time to play professionally with the Lock Haven team while continuing his studies. He was also a long strider, and finally got a job with the Corning club and then the Elmira club of the New York state league while still in Notre Dame University. John thought he was a catcher at this time because his red head made a good target for the pitchers, and he could squat handsily, being short of build.

Murray got an offer from St. Louis when he was with Elmira, the fortunes of the club being piloted by McGraw in those days. The Cardinals manager soon cured Murray of thinking he was a catcher and placed him regularly in the outfield because of his hitting ability. John stayed around St. Louis until McGraw sent Bresnahan there to manage that club in 1909 and brought Murray and "Bugs" Raymond away. John has been noticed patrolling right field at the Polo Ground with great regularity and success ever since.

Most of the sensational catches ever perpetrated in the Big League. Sometimes he seems to make it hard on purpose, but he can fold himself up and then unfold and come up with the ball with great consistency. He also has made a careful study of angles, and is able to tell just where a hit off the right field wall at the Polo Ground will bound. He can hold what should be two baggers to one right along and sometimes throws a slow runner out at first base on a fly that should be a clean single if he is feeling right.

Murray has one of the best arms of any outfielder in the Big League, and he is credited with saving games and pennants for the Giants with his throwing by no less an authority than John McGraw. He "whips" the ball from any position, and it generally gets where he is aiming it. John has also developed what is known as the "dip" or "tango" slide. He coasts into a base on that part of him where the beam is broadest, but bounces up on his feet again immediately in case of a chance to advance.

John is one of the quietest fellows on the New York club if not in the world. The boys got him to send all their telegrams for them because he can do it in so few words. His conversation reminds you of "Dummy" Taylor's, except on rare occasions which are constantly becoming rarer.

IN THE OLD DAYS AND NOW

FROM T. S. ANDREWS

Milwaukee, Oct. 2.—How different it was twenty years ago. When a fighter who held a title was challenged, the coin was up there was something doing. Now it is all changed. When a fighter gets a title he thinks he has cinched it for life and old weight and old time and against whom he desires. Some day it may change and we may have the good old days back again. Freddy Welsh and Willie Ritchie, both champions, were to have fought for the international championship, but money matters spoiled the whole affair—not the side bet, but concessions etc. It is all commercialism now. Jimmy Duffy, a New York state light weight, came out with a bona fide challenge to Ritchie and backed it up with \$5,000 (real money) side bet, but there was nothing doing. Duffy has the backing in Buffalo for even more money, but there was no chance of a match until such time as Ritchie gets ready. No one can blame Ritchie for taking this stand, for he has simply followed the footsteps of others and wants all in sight. It is not a question of giving the man with the money for a fight a chance, but the one who can get the biggest gate. It may change, but until there is some sort of organization that can regulate such matters as baseball is regulated.

Carl Morris' knockout of Al Reich at New York the other night proved that the pluck for Al unless he has more grit he will be a first class amateur heavy weight. He turned professional, as his friends told him he could whip all the hopes existing. They no doubt could not wait for him to show his worth against lesser lights, but picked out about the biggest heavy they could find. If they wanted to test him well, they succeeded. It will be back to the pluck for Al unless he has more grit than some of the beginners and is willing to begin all over and learn something about the game.

Wasn't someone please arrange a meeting between Kid Williams, the Baltimore eagle, and Johnny Coulton, the champion bantam weight, at New York? My Harris, manager of Williams, from the expense of going to the Pacific coast in search of matches? Sammy says he has tried every means under the sun to get Coulton into a match with his boy, but all to no purpose. Probably Sammy has forgotten that Johnny went into the wilds of Canada to fish and hunt and announced that he would not be back until October, when he would surely give the Eagle a match. Williams has made threats of claiming the title and a "voodeville" act with Young Britt, a good little feather weight. If Harris had any sense, he would get a move on and come out of the woods and give Harris' man a chance, and at that Williams deserves to try at it, for he is surely a most determined little fellow and carries the goods right with him. Johnny will have to match up soon or pass the buck.

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HARRY DAVIS, OF THE ATHLETICS—THE "SECOND CONNIE MACK"

New York, Oct. 1.—Among many marks of distinction, Harry Davis has one which stands out like a wine agent at a chorus girl's party. Harry was born and bred in Philadelphia, which city he has long represented honorably on the diamond, with one brief lapse when he went to Cleveland as a manager, but he soon abandoned this town because he did not like its climate nor baseball ways. He had appeared with other teams before he finally settled down with the Athletics. It is an unusual thing for a ball player to represent the town he is born in.

Harry has been first basing around these good many years here and there, but he has practically given it up now, so he will have time to coach and steal signs and tip the odds of the game. He just missed the Civil War being born in 1873, so you can see Harry is getting to be quite an old bird, of almost a vintage to be first basing regularly now.

Davis decided, when he was a boy, that he would get a whole lot further in life if he had an education, so he went to Girard College, where he first contracted the notion of standing in the coach's box and observing the catcher's sign and timing of the pitchers. This just goes to show what a little education

will do for a boy. Like many another Big League player, he made such rapid progress in college that he was offered a contract by the Providence club in 1894, and went to work regularly as a baseball player.

Davis progressed to New York by way of Pawtucket, but he was troubled with rheumatism in his legs and could not get around very lively, so the Giants traded him to Pittsburgh. This was in 1896, and Harry stayed for two years, but concluded that he would rather be in the minor leagues than to try to stand the Pittsburgh climate longer, he moved back to Providence in 1898.

In 1901, Harry decided to quit baseball and went into business in Philadelphia, where "Connie" Mack found him when he was searching around for a good first baseman. Harry refused to be enticed away from trade for some time, but Mack kept dangling offers in front of him until he finally put on the Athletics' uniform. It has fitted him nicely ever since.

Harry Davis turned out to be a star with the Athletics, and "Connie" Mack says he is one of the shrewdest ball players he ever knew. He is regarded as "Connie" Mack's second in all cities on the American League circuit with the exception of Cleveland, where they practically disregarded him last year when he was out there trying to make a go of it.

Davis was one of the first of the type of ball players which is so generally found in the Big League now. I mean clean, educated, and smart. I have made baseball his business and quite a fortune as the result of his efforts. He is one of the best liked men in the Philadelphia club and has acquaintance all over the circuit. Harry is a better "mixer" than "Connie" Mack himself, and might be called the Athletics' secretary of state because he takes care of all social functions for "Connie".

Davis has an automobile into which he remembers to put gasoline, oil, and water once in a while, and then it runs. As a rule, you can find him on the roads in the vicinity of Philadelphia carrying a can of gasoline to feed his hungry motor.

Harry is married and has one whom he is trying to persuade to play baseball. This son thing is a distinction, as Davis and "Connie" Collins are the only two players on Athletics who have boys. Several of the others are fathers of girls. Harry will probably be retained by Mack a long time because of his knowledge of the game and his value as a coach. The nickname the players have given him is "Jasper".



"EDDIE" MURPHY, THE IRISH RIGHT FIELDER OF THE ATHLETICS

New York, Oct. 1.—When a Big League manager starts to figure out his batting order previous to the opening of the season, it is like a general arranging his guns before a battle. A great deal of importance is attached to the "lead-off" man or the first batter to face a pitcher in the game. Therefore the purpose of this article is to introduce the modest "Eddie" Murphy, who, "Connie" Mack says, is the best "lead-off" man since the palmy days of "Topsy" Hartzell.

Hartzell compiled quite a record for himself as a "lead-off" man while he was in the Big League which was merely a matter of a generation or so. His habits and general manner at the plate were as nothing to the opposing pitcher as the song of a mosquito inside the netting on a summer night is to an insomniac.

"Topsy" was up there to get on base, and he was in no way particular how he did it. If he could upset the pitcher by his tactics so that the latter had entirely lost his mental equilibrium by the time the heavier guns of the batting order had arrived, so much the better pleased was "Topsy." He would stoop down across the plate and grab up a handful of dust just as the pitcher was about to let go of the ball. Again, he would drop his bat suddenly and start to tie his shoe. In this way, he came by the name of "Topsy," because it was generally recognized that his construction above his collar band was not of a solid nature.

But "Topsy" Hartzell is not the hero of this article. The focus is drawn on one of the Murphys, a name which has always sounded sweet in "Connie" Mack's ears and which has made Big League history more than once. "Eddie" Murphy is the new "lead-off" man for the Athletics, and he is rapidly becoming a "Topsy" Hartzell at the art. He figures he is up there "to get on," and they say he worries some pitchers worse than the prickly heat or flying hives, or poison ivy. And you would be surprised how generally he succeeds at his job which is "getting on."

"Eddie" is only a young fellow, having just turned twenty-four years. Like most defenders of Big Town honors in the baseball world, he was born in one of those settlements of citizens which is seldom heard of until a Big League star shows up from there. Willie McGraw, Pa., consists of a post office and general store combined, in front of which there used to be a hitching rail before all the farmers began riding in automobiles.

Murphy went to Villa Nova college where he got along very well at baseball and paid for his own tuition. Whether he did this through playing baseball or by some other means has never developed as college boys are forced to be reticent about such things. Anyway he earned his own way along by an education and became popular with the all sock boys of the college because he won many a bet they had placed on the Villa Nova team with doubles and triples and things like that when it looked as if their allowances were all going to seed and maybe back to the University of Pennsylvania campus.

After college, Murphy began to work around with the Athletics in morning practice, being a friend of "Connie" Mack. "Connie" got him a job with his friend, "Jack" Dunn in Baltimore, and he asked "Jack" to keep track of "Eddie" for him. Such excellent progress did he make that Mack traded Lord and Derrick to Baltimore for Walsh and Murphy last season.

"I like the sound of Murphy and Walsh better than Lord and Derrick," remarked "Connie" after the trade was completed. "They listen more like ball players."

This will be Murphy's first appearance in a world's series.

The Magnetic Girl

HOW SHE COMPELS OTHERS TO OBEY HER WILL

100,000 Copies of Remarkable Book Describing Peculiar Psychic Powers to Be Distributed Free to Readers of the St. John Times and Star

"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Fascination, Mind Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Elmer Ellsworth Knowles, author of the new book entitled "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces."

The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yogis, and describes a simple though effective system of controlling the thoughts and acts of others. It shows how one may gain the love and friendship of those who might otherwise remain indifferent; how to quickly and accurately judge the character and disposition of an individual; how to cure the most obstinate disease and habits without drugs or medicines; even the complex subject of projecting thoughts (telepathy) is explained. Miss Josephine Davis, the popular stage favorite, whose portrait appears above, declares that Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to success, health, and happiness to every mortal, no matter what his or her position in life. She believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, would revolutionize the mental status of the human race.

The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of the 100,000 copies is being conducted by a large London institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested. No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 6 cents (stamps of your own country) to cover postage. All requests for the free book should be addressed to: National Institute of Sciences, Free Distribution Dept. 808, E. No. 266, Westminster Road, London, S. E. England. Simply say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," and mention St. John Times and Star.

The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

USE THE WANT AD WAY



HARRY MCCORMICK, OF THE GIANTS, PINCH HITTER AND SWELL DRESSER

New York, Oct. 1.—It has become fashionable within recent years for a Big League ball club to carry extra men who might be termed specialists. Washington has two comedy coaches, Schaefer and Altrock, the Athletics have their special coach, Harry Davis, and the Giants have their pinch hitter, Harry McCormick.

Of course, Harry does other things besides pinch hit, but not much else on the ball field. For instance, he is the best cotillion leader on the club, having stepped into the patent leather shoes formerly worn by Arthur Devlin who used to organize the cotillion each year at Marlin Springs, Texas, where the Giants hold their rehearsals. The debutantes of Marlin Springs thought Harry was better than Devlin at the art after this year's event, but that is really no reflection upon poor, old Arthur because the last one is always freshest in their young minds. McCormick devoted a good deal of time to making this cotillion a success, however, and should receive nothing but credit. McGraw said afterwards, in commending McCormick's efforts, that if Harry had paid as much attention to spring practice as he had to the cotillion, he might make quite a ball player.

Don't think McCormick has always been nothing but a pinch hitter. On the contrary and notwithstanding no. Even in late years he has appeared in the outfield from time to time, but after a few experiments, McGraw decided it was dangerous as McCormick narrowly escaped being hit on the head with the ball on several occasions. Lately McGraw has just had Harry get his pinch hits and let it go at that.

McCormick is an able dresser and takes no dust from either John Drew or George M. Cohan or any of the Cohan school in this line. In observing his scenery, you could not tell Harry from an actor when you meet him out of his uniform. You would never "peg" him for a ball player off the field, and there are lots of folks who say they have never regarded him as one on, but they must have their little knock. McCormick knows how to inhabit his clothes as the saying goes, and he is death at a finishing school dance.

McCormick, who is sometimes called "Mush, the Moose" by the baseball writers, but nothing was ever found to be in the name, is one of the most profuse telephoners in the Big Leagues. He is always in there telephoning some place and they say he has an address book which is indexed like a city directory. You can't keep Harry and his telephone apart and some maintain this is why he took up pinch hitting as a regular job. It does not eat into his time so much as being a regular player. Often he gets to go to bat in the fifth or sixth or seventh inning, and then, afterwards, he can go to his telephoning because he is through for the day.

McCormick is twenty-eight years old, but does not look it or act it. He came to the Giants from Jersey City away back before the days of "Mike" Donlin, being a product of Swarthmore college. It is thought he got his sartorial habits and junior prom manners there. McGraw traded him to Cincinnati for "Mike" Donlin in 1907 and then got him back again a couple of years later. McCormick played left field here and there for a time, but decided to give up baseball for selling iron or steel for a Pittsburgh firm. He did this for a while, but finally made up his mind to return as a pinch hitter at which he has been working ever since the opening of the 1912 season. He held out for a raise last spring to be fashionable but did not get it.

However he was listed among the holdouts which puts a man in the ball ball social register. Several of the other players who say they have never regarded him as one on, but they must have their little knock. McCormick knows how to inhabit his clothes as the saying goes, and he is death at a finishing school dance.

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Girlish, Skin-Free Skin Wrinkle-Free

(From Flaming Magazine.)

Since its remarkable astrigent tonic properties are well known, women all over the world have been using the sassaile face bath to "tighten" their faces, remove wrinkles, draw flabby cheeks and neck back into normal. After using the solution, the face immediately feels much firmer. The skin tightens evenly all over the face thus reducing lines and sagging. The formula is: Powdered sassaile, 1 oz.; dissolved in witch hazel, 1/2 pint.

Another wonderful facial beautifier and rejuvenator that has become quite rare in the United States, as in Europe is mercolized wax. Druggists report great demand. The wax literally absorbs a sullow, blotchy or weathered complexion, giving the fresh, vigorous, healthy young skin underneath a chance "breathe" and to show itself. Apply the wax at night, like cold cream, washing it off mornings, will completely renovate a poor complexion in a week ten days. One ounce usually is sufficient.