

CHRISTY MATHEWSON'S REVEALS SECRETS OF CROP OF 1913

BASEBALL GRIT

By CHRISTY MATHEWSON, of the New York Giants
(Copyright, 1913, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"He's weller!"

The recruit is labeled, the tobbogan has been graced, the player put on it, and he lands with a thump back in the minor. The accusation is the most damning in baseball. It means, in the vernacular of the game, the lack of heart or courage.

There was a recruit catcher training with the Giants in Marin, Texas, three or four seasons ago, and he looked like a world beater. His throwing was accurate, his catching very nearly faultless, and his hitting fair. The newspaper correspondents with the club fairly burned up the wires with the thrilling accounts of the ability of this youngster. Then one day the club team was playing an exhibition game in Dallas, and the youngster was catching. The battle was close when a Dallas batter drove a fly to left field with a man on third base.

The throw came home straight, and the runner with the ball, trying to score the winning tally on the field, was watching the runner arrive simultaneously, and the runner shot out a pair of sharp spikes. The catcher sidestepped both the spikes and the ball, and the ball went to the back stop, and the game went with it. McGraw hates to be beaten by any baseball team in the spring.

"No, no," said "Mac" that night, "he won't do."

"What's the matter with him?" chorused some of the newspaper correspondents who overboard the remark and had been pegging this youngster as a second "Johnnie" King when "Johnnie" was in his prime.

"I don't care to have any boy catching for me who is going to dodge spikes at the expense of the game," replied McGraw. "There is no use in a man getting hurt unnecessarily, but I don't want to see him refusing to block, especially when he has him guards on."

The young man glided down to the minor as if he were on casters.

Not a man ever lasted in the Big League who lacked heart. Although it may look like a very soft thing to the spectator for the players to get out on the field for a couple of hours each afternoon in the summer and play a game of ball, it is not the simplicity of its appearance. I have played both football and baseball, and I believe that the latter requires more courage. Once a man shows he lacks this quality, he is done for in the big league, because the word rapidly spreads around the circuit and the players lay for him.



"Chief" Meyers, The Indian Catcher of The Giants.

"No man ever lasted in the Big League who lacked heart. Although it may look like a very soft thing to the spectator for the players to get out on the field for a couple of hours each afternoon in the summer and play a game of ball, it is not the simplicity of its appearance. I have played both football and baseball, and I believe that the latter requires more courage. Once a man shows he lacks this quality, he is done for in the big league, because the word rapidly spreads around the circuit and the players lay for him."

Trying Test For Newcomer

I suppose he is a young second baseman. It has been reported by the uncredited wireless service of the league that the "man is yellow." A runner started to steal and the second baseman goes to the bag to get the throw from the catcher. It looks as if the base runner were going to be caught.

"Look out of the way," he shouts, "or I'll cut you in two."

The baseman has a vision of a pair of spikes being driven at him, and if he flinches and loses the ball because of his intimidating spectacle he has confirmed the report he is "yellow," and each man runner repeats the act until he is finally driven out of the league. Now the good baseman does not absorb the attack, but spikes in some part of his anatomy. That would be foolish. But he plays the ball so he can tag the runner and still keep the spikes. And, if he thinks the trick was tried with the intent of cutting him down, he says—

"Come on to the clubhouse after the game, and I'll knock your block off." Or, "I'll make you look as if you had been run over by a lawn mower."

And you must make good on your threats, too, if they call you, because that is the only way in which you can command respect. For some reason, the veterans in the big leagues appear to hate to be called "yellow."

"What's the matter with him?" chorused some of the newspaper correspondents who overboard the remark and had been pegging this youngster as a second "Johnnie" King when "Johnnie" was in his prime.

"I don't care to have any boy catching for me who is going to dodge spikes at the expense of the game," replied McGraw. "There is no use in a man getting hurt unnecessarily, but I don't want to see him refusing to block, especially when he has him guards on."

The young man glided down to the minor as if he were on casters.

Not a man ever lasted in the Big League who lacked heart. Although it may look like a very soft thing to the spectator for the players to get out on the field for a couple of hours each afternoon in the summer and play a game of ball, it is not the simplicity of its appearance. I have played both football and baseball, and I believe that the latter requires more courage. Once a man shows he lacks this quality, he is done for in the big league, because the word rapidly spreads around the circuit and the players lay for him."

young pitcher by conversation or in any other way. He probably could if he wanted to, but his batting is enough.

Clayton Griffith, who was in the National League, was a great man to "hedge" a pitcher. He would stand before the game, his habit was to take up a position near where the opposing pitcher was warming up while he batted "fingers" in the outfield during the practice period. Then he would start a conversation something like this:

"Not anything today, old boy? They all look good in practice. Guess there isn't many games left in you. You're getting pretty good."

Griffith was an annoying manner when on the coaching lines and he worried men like Alexander and Twilley of his sort just as much as Griffith when he pitched. But some young fellows are very timid about their chances to make good anyway, and this talk opens them up to one of the oldest shrews in the world off the field, too, but he plays the game for fun, and he believes that this conversation may help him.

The Snare Drum Business

I told in a story I wrote last year how we drove Coveleskie, the twirler who, with a disinterested club, practically pitched the Giants out of the league in 1908 by working against us out of his turn, out of the league by imitating a snare drum.

Jackie Adelson, a well-known baseball snare drum, told McGraw that if he imitated a snare drum it would drive Coveleskie out of the league. The whole club sounded like a snare drum the first time he went to work for Philadelphia again in the season of 1909, and he never won another game from the Giants. He has long since left the atmosphere of the big league for good.

It seems that Coveleskie had possessed a snare drum for some time before his youth, and had attempted to express these on the snare drum. As a musician, he was a horrible fiver, and the more drumming he did, the more he was hated. He thought we were all on, and it just ruined him as a pitcher.

Some pitchers are what managers call "horn blasters." That is they apparently have all the "stuff" a twirler needs to make good in the big league, but they are so very big and so very big that they scare their half to death every time they get on the mound.

Once a young pitcher joined the Giants with promising prospects. He came to the club in the summer of 1908, and he had turned him up for McGraw loudly proclaimed that here was a real eighteen year old pitcher. The young fellow was strictly on the bench for a week or so to let him get used to the rarer atmosphere of the big league.

He pitched to the batters in the practice before the game. The young pitcher was so big and so very big that he put all he had on the ball, with the result that the hitting practice was extremely slow. The Sunshiners had a bad pitcher drill that first afternoon, not ten balls were served by the regulars, while this young fellow was working. He had speed, a curve, and a change of pace that was a wonder to the practiced eye. McGraw was amazed and pleased. Yet his praise was not unqualified, because he knows the difference between practice and a game.

"If he can show that stuff in a game," temporized "Mac," "in mentioning the rest of them, they'll never beat him."

Matty's Own Experience

I remember well, when I was leading one of the first games I pitched against the club. The Sunshiners had a bad pitcher in those days, and they delighted in scaring a young pitcher. There were many of them, and they kept after me for the first two or three games. I was most conscientious, for a lot of things I learned early in my career was to ignore conversation, so they might as well have been talking to me about my own business. I was very nervous, and those birds over there did not overlook any opportunities. They went into great detail, talking to me about my own business, my habits and several other matters of a personal nature.

But this critic did not bother me at all, and finally they quit. I have been told since that Hanlon, then the Brooklyn manager, abandoned the conversation. This information was conveyed to me by some of the very men who used to be after me, most conscientiously, for a lot of those old Brooklyn players are very good friends of mine now.

"I lay off that Mathewson kid. Leave him alone," Hanlon told his players after the conversational message had been tried for a few days. "I have never been bothered since."

The coaching rules are very strict now, and an umpire can put a player out of the game for addressing unkind remarks to the pitcher. Conversation from the bench is absolutely barred. It was not like that in the olden days. Most anything went, except stepping out to the box and mauling the pitcher. The umpires are very strict about enforcing this conversational rule nowadays. But many coaches resort to the trick of making personal remarks about the pitcher to the base runner.

"It's just about in," the coach confided to his charge on first base in a tone of voice that can hardly be heard by a deaf person, raising outside the park.

"Well, it's little wonder he can't pitch. You wouldn't have been surprised either if you had been with me and seen him last night. He certainly was inhaling the booze."

Now an umpire will stop that promptly because it has been held the sort of personal gossip, talked with a base runner, does not help the coach any in directing the play. Pitchers are having a much easier time breaking into the league at present, but the young fellow still encounters some opposition. Batters frequently will talk to a recruit to worry him. Of course, there is the famous story of "Rube" Marquard in his opening game at the Polo Grounds, when "Dutch" Lobert almost talked him out of the big league. But that is so old the editor would probably cut it out of the story if I tried to edge it in. There is one thing about Hans Wegman and held in strict confidence.

deal while he was catching and if he could draw a young fellow into conversation he would offer work him up so that he did not know whether he was playing baseball or croquet. They tell a story about King attempting to worry "Eddie" Collins, second baseman of the Athletics, when the Cubs played the Philadelphia team in the world's series in 1911.

Collins went to Columbia university, and I knew him when I worked out with that team in the case on spring before he broke into the game. He is slightly built, but very wiry and fast. He is also boyish looking. King thought he could make him useless in that world's series. The Cubs had the impression they were playing a lot of boys that fall anyway.

"So you are 'Eddie' Collins, the leading base stealer of the American League, are you?" King remarked to the Athletics' second baseman the first time he came to the plate in that series, according to the stories of the verbal onslaught.

Never a murmur from Collins.

"Well, let's see you steal a base on me," continued King.

Collins reached first base and if ever leading off, indeed King to believe twice intended to do so, but he was asked for piteously, thus getting his twirler into the hole. Then, when the Chicago pitcher laid to lay the ball over or walk the batter, Collins got his start and was down like a flash of light. He stole the base cleanly and smiled at King as he brushed off the dirt. King did not engage him in conversation after that.

We found the Athletics to be a courageous, aggressive bunch of ball players without indulging in any unfair tactics in the 1911 world's series. You could not scare them, but they were just in their playing ball and that's all. Once or twice, during the series, we tried to get "fingers" out of some of them, but they refused to come back.

In the games with the Red Sox last fall, there was much more conversation exchanged between the players of the two teams, but I do not think that either side gained in the end by the repartee. That was also a clean series with the Red Sox. In all the games, I do not remember hearing any player on either side using any bad language. There was a lot of talk such as "Well, get you out of the hole," but it was all in good fun. I never tried any unfair tactics. All around it was a great series for baseball.

Host by His Own Petard

Frequently conventional catchers are able to hit the big Washington pitcher and to hit the big Washington pitcher much since, because it has not been my luck to find a catcher who exposed his signs as Rahoe did."

It is the great thing in baseball. Certain players are best when the strain is on the pitcher. "Joak" Devore is of this type. He will stop along all year and then be one of the stars of the world's series because of his grit. I must just "go" in one little story to give the reader a line of "Joak's" nerve.

The club was playing St. Louis one day when Devore was a kid with the Giants and Breeman was catching. There is nothing McGraw would rather do than slip one over on his old friend Roger in a game although they are pals off the field. Devore lunged up to the plate, and his first two deliveries were balls.

"I don't think he will hit at this one," remarked Roger to his pitcher purposely so that "Joak" could hear him. Devore pretended to be half asleep, and he guessed Breeman had noticed this and had asked for a straight one, hoping to "p" a strike over on him. As the pitcher wound up, "Joak" was all life. He hit the ball for two bases and brought in a run.

"He can stick along with me for a while," said McGraw when he heard about it.

So when managers are stung up a recruit, they ask lots of questions about his average and his speed and his habits and his inclinations. Then comes the all important one:

"Is he yellow?"

If he is the slightest bit, if he has the faintest tinge, there is no use in him trying to be a big leaguer.

EMPIRE NAVY PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

What the Look-Out Says:

"It's a great strain to have to watch so carefully. To steady my nerves, I always use Empire Navy Plug Chewing Tobacco, when up in the 'Crow's Nest.'"

Chief" Meyers, The Indian Catcher of The Giants.

see a young fellow get along in the game. This used to be more noticeable ten years ago than it is today, because the game has improved along these very lines. But still the young fellow just breaking into the game receives his baptism of fire before he is accepted, and there is no room in it for the weak hearted.

"Chief" Meyers, the Indian catcher of the Giants, had a tough time establishing himself in the big league, and survived the test only because of his unflinching nerve. Some players on opposing teams seem to be very desirous of driving Meyers out of the game because he was an Indian, and they did everything they could think of to scare him. In every league, there are certain players, professionally known as "crabs" and while it would be foolish to mention names, the men of this type were the ones who preferred Meyers continually. Meyers soon adopted him guards in his work, for he found that many of these "crabs" were sliding at him with the war song of the big leagues slipping from their tongues.

"Get out of the way, or I'll cut you in two, they bawled.

But Meyers is not the kind of player who gets the war of anything. There was one man who was particularly annoying and who seemed to have made it his life's work to keep Meyers out of the game. He was small, but irritable, like certain breeds of cats. Every time he slid or he showed spikes that were menacing. When Meyers attempted to beat out a hit, he would kick the Indian about as if he were a single to left field next time, boys."

The Worm Turns

Meyers stood this sort of thing without a complaint.

"Why don't you get back at him?" McGraw urged the Indian one day after a particularly turbulent afternoon.

"I don't want the people to think I'm a trouble maker," replied Meyers.

"Go to it," said McGraw, "and never mind what they think."

That day the "crab" had made several of his customary remarks to the Indian when Meyers turned and said:

"Cut that out, or they'll carry you away feet first."

The player gave the Indian the laugh Meyers wanted. He did not get the chance that day, but it came the next, and Meyers recognized old opportunity's knock. It was about the fourth inning that this play happened to be on second base when the batter hit a single to right field. Meyers was covering the plate when the "crab" tried to score. The ball came in from right like a rifle shot propelled by the accurate arm of John Murray. Meyers was waiting for his man with the ball in his hand.

"Get out of the way, or you are cut to pieces," bawled the charging runner, and he slid, showing a fine assortment of spikes. But Meyers did not get out of the way. Instead he went to meet the spikes, and he encountered them with his tough skin guards. Then Meyers dropped on one knee the knee being carefully placed in the pit of the runner's stomach, with all of Meyers' two hundred and twenty-five pounds rested on the knee for a minute. The player did not get up. Getting up was the last thing he had in mind. He could not have been knocked out any clearer if a pile driver had been dropped on his stomach.

Several of his team mates crowded around the "crab" in the knot which always surrounds a man on the field when he goes down. Later they carried him to the bench, and he came to eventually, but he was borne from the park because one of his ankles had been badly twisted from the collision with the sturdy Meyers' shin.

Host by His Own Petard

Frequently conventional catchers are able to hit the big Washington pitcher and to hit the big Washington pitcher much since, because it has not been my luck to find a catcher who exposed his signs as Rahoe did."

It is the great thing in baseball. Certain players are best when the strain is on the pitcher. "Joak" Devore is of this type. He will stop along all year and then be one of the stars of the world's series because of his grit. I must just "go" in one little story to give the reader a line of "Joak's" nerve.

The club was playing St. Louis one day when Devore was a kid with the Giants and Breeman was catching. There is nothing McGraw would rather do than slip one over on his old friend Roger in a game although they are pals off the field. Devore lunged up to the plate, and his first two deliveries were balls.

"I don't think he will hit at this one," remarked Roger to his pitcher purposely so that "Joak" could hear him. Devore pretended to be half asleep, and he guessed Breeman had noticed this and had asked for a straight one, hoping to "p" a strike over on him. As the pitcher wound up, "Joak" was all life. He hit the ball for two bases and brought in a run.

"He can stick along with me for a while," said McGraw when he heard about it.

So when managers are stung up a recruit, they ask lots of questions about his average and his speed and his habits and his inclinations. Then comes the all important one:

"Is he yellow?"

If he is the slightest bit, if he has the faintest tinge, there is no use in him trying to be a big leaguer.

Host by His Own Petard

Frequently conventional catchers are able to hit the big Washington pitcher and to hit the big Washington pitcher much since, because it has not been my luck to find a catcher who exposed his signs as Rahoe did."

It is the great thing in baseball. Certain players are best when the strain is on the pitcher. "Joak" Devore is of this type. He will stop along all year and then be one of the stars of the world's series because of his grit. I must just "go" in one little story to give the reader a line of "Joak's" nerve.

The club was playing St. Louis one day when Devore was a kid with the Giants and Breeman was catching. There is nothing McGraw would rather do than slip one over on his old friend Roger in a game although they are pals off the field. Devore lunged up to the plate, and his first two deliveries were balls.

"I don't think he will hit at this one," remarked Roger to his pitcher purposely so that "Joak" could hear him. Devore pretended to be half asleep, and he guessed Breeman had noticed this and had asked for a straight one, hoping to "p" a strike over on him. As the pitcher wound up, "Joak" was all life. He hit the ball for two bases and brought in a run.

"He can stick along with me for a while," said McGraw when he heard about it.

So when managers are stung up a recruit, they ask lots of questions about his average and his speed and his habits and his inclinations. Then comes the all important one:

"Is he yellow?"

If he is the slightest bit, if he has the faintest tinge, there is no use in him trying to be a big leaguer.

Host by His Own Petard

Frequently conventional catchers are able to hit the big Washington pitcher and to hit the big Washington pitcher much since, because it has not been my luck to find a catcher who exposed his signs as Rahoe did."

It is the great thing in baseball. Certain players are best when the strain is on the pitcher. "Joak" Devore is of this type. He will stop along all year and then be one of the stars of the world's series because of his grit. I must just "go" in one little story to give the reader a line of "Joak's" nerve.

The club was playing St. Louis one day when Devore was a kid with the Giants and Breeman was catching. There is nothing McGraw would rather do than slip one over on his old friend Roger in a game although they are pals off the field. Devore lunged up to the plate, and his first two deliveries were balls.

"I don't think he will hit at this one," remarked Roger to his pitcher purposely so that "Joak" could hear him. Devore pretended to be half asleep, and he guessed Breeman had noticed this and had asked for a straight one, hoping to "p" a strike over on him. As the pitcher wound up, "Joak" was all life. He hit the ball for two bases and brought in a run.

"He can stick along with me for a while," said McGraw when he heard about it.

So when managers are stung up a recruit, they ask lots of questions about his average and his speed and his habits and his inclinations. Then comes the all important one:

"Is he yellow?"

If he is the slightest bit, if he has the faintest tinge, there is no use in him trying to be a big leaguer.

Host by His Own Petard

Frequently conventional catchers are able to hit the big Washington pitcher and to hit the big Washington pitcher much since, because it has not been my luck to find a catcher who exposed his signs as Rahoe did."

It is the great thing in baseball. Certain players are best when the strain is on the pitcher. "Joak" Devore is of this type. He will stop along all year and then be one of the stars of the world's series because of his grit. I must just "go" in one little story to give the reader a line of "Joak's" nerve.

The club was playing St. Louis one day when Devore was a kid with the Giants and Breeman was catching. There is nothing McGraw would rather do than slip one over on his old friend Roger in a game although they are pals off the field. Devore lunged up to the plate, and his first two deliveries were balls.

"I don't think he will hit at this one," remarked Roger to his pitcher purposely so that "Joak" could hear him. Devore pretended to be half asleep, and he guessed Breeman had noticed this and had asked for a straight one, hoping to "p" a strike over on him. As the pitcher wound up, "Joak" was all life. He hit the ball for two bases and brought in a run.

"He can stick along with me for a while," said McGraw when he heard about it.

So when managers are stung up a recruit, they ask lots of questions about his average and his speed and his habits and his inclinations. Then comes the all important one:

"Is he yellow?"

If he is the slightest bit, if he has the faintest tinge, there is no use in him trying to be a big leaguer.

ONTARIO WOMAN'S FORTUNE

Freed From That Weak, Languid, Always Tired Feeling, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Thessalon, Ont.—"I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired feeling, I get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it gives me up, gives me strength, and restores me to perfect health again. It is truly a blessing to women, and I cannot speak highly enough of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."

Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, Thessalon, Ont.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

There are probably hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of women in the United States who have been benefited by this famous old remedy, which was produced from roots and herbs over 30 years ago by a woman to relieve woman's suffering. If you are sick and need such a medicine, why don't you try it?

If you want special advice, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

A Host of Different Centers

You like the spice of variety, therefore you'll enjoy Moir's Chocolates, with their hundred or more different centers.

Toothsome nuts, dairy jellies, luscious fruits, form some of the centers, while others are of unique creamy confections. All are hidden in that wonderfully thick coating of smooth, rich chocolate that's being talked about so much today.

Enjoy a new treat. Try Moir's Chocolates.

Moirs, Limited, Halifax, Canada.

A Host of Different Centers

You like the spice of variety, therefore you'll enjoy Moir's Chocolates, with their hundred or more different centers.

Toothsome nuts, dairy jellies, luscious fruits, form some of the centers, while others are of unique creamy confections. All are hidden in that wonderfully thick coating of smooth, rich chocolate that's being talked about so much today.

Enjoy a new treat. Try Moir's Chocolates.

Moirs, Limited, Halifax, Canada.

WORK THIS PUZZLE! SEND NO MONEY!

FREE \$50. CASH PRIZE

REDA DA

ALSO A PRIZE OF \$75 FOR NEAREST SOLUTION.

Somebody who sends the particulars of this puzzle contest telling us what three states in the United States are represented by the above three sketches, will receive a \$50 GOLD WATCH or \$50 IN GOLD MONEY! Try it at once. It may be yours. Write the names of the States in a letter or postcard, giving your name and address. BRITISH PREMIUM CO. Dept. 15 Montreal, Canada.