

MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL

By JOHN J. MCGRAW.

Gambling Nearly Kills the National Sport — McGraw Makes Base-Stealing Record — An Umpire's Compliment — Players' Share of Gate Receipts.

(Released exclusively through the North American Newspaper Alliance.)

ARTICLE 21. Toward the end of the 1895 season it became evident that the Orioles had won the pennant; that the Beaneaters, as the Boston club was then known, would be our opponents in the Temple Cup series. Almost immediately ugly rumors began to circulate around Boston.

One of the newspapers hinted that all was not right. That was enough. Scandalmongers all over the city were whispering that the big series had been fixed. There was considerable gambling among the fans at that time and to repeat a rumor was almost the same as stating a fact.

These damaging rumors, which were absolutely untrue, started over some dissatisfaction about the distribution of tickets. If I remember right, it had something to do with the number of free tickets. Anyway, trouble started. There was just as much excitement then over the Temple Cup series tickets as there is now over the world's series—proportionately so, I mean.

Though we have had no rumors about post-season games begin fixed since the world's series idea began—excepting the Black Sox scandal of 1919—you will remember that for several years a sensation was started every fall about ticket speculation. It all comes from the demand for seats being greater than the supply. Any time 100,000 people want to get into a park that holds but 25,000 a percentage of the public is going to be discontented and disgruntled. There is no way out of it. Feels like it is but natural.

Incidentally, gambling is the one thing that will always ruin baseball if given half a chance. Baseball is different from other forms of professional sport. It does not need betting to add spice to it, like horse racing. For instance, in fact those who really enjoy the game most—get worked up over it—seldom bet.

At any rate, the situation became so bad in Boston that several of the remaining championship games were transferred to Hampden Park, at Springfield, Mass. The attendance in Boston had fallen off to almost nothing. This park at Springfield, by the way, had been used for baseball since the days of the old "Massachusetts game." That game—something like rounders—was a forerunner of the present baseball. The fielders could throw the ball at a base runner and put him out that way. That wouldn't be such a bad idea today, especially if a manager was permitted to throw at a player who had just pulled a bone play.

The games at Springfield did fairly well—drew better than at Boston during those dreary days at the finish. We walked in with the pennant.

That season I batted well and stole twenty-seven bases. I am told by the statisticians that, based on the number of chances, that base-stealing record would have beaten every player before or since. That season was featured by the really wonderful playing of Jennings, Keeler and Kelley. They were all hard hitters, and when it came to baseball brains no player ever had anything on them.

Another great factor in our victory was Wilbert Robinson. He was smart as a whip behind the bat and, my! how he could "bust that old apple," as the players say today.

Robbie was of immense service in saving the umpires behind the plate. He had a way of making them like him. But for his diplomacy and soft soap we would have got the worst of many a close decision. I was continually peeking at them from third and I took the combined efforts of Robbie and Manager Hanlon to keep me from getting put out of the games. I was in hot water continually, it seemed. Maybe I deserved it. Anyway, Robbie was the sugar and I the vinegar of the club.

To help me in preparing these memoirs, a friend has just sent me a lot of newspaper clippings of those days. One will give you an idea. It is an interview given to a paper by Artie Latham, who was then umpiring. We had just protested his working in our games:

"Robbie and McGraw are working both ends against the middle. Robbie steeps in a salve factory and McGraw eats gunpowder every morning for breakfast and washes it down with warm blood. When a poor, innocent, well-meaning umpire appears in Baltimore Robinson meets him at the plate, shakes hands with him and remarks: 'I'm glad you came over. They tell me you've been doing great work out west. The boys say you are the best in the business, and between us I'm glad you are here. There are pretty tough games, old man, and that other fellow we had here was a little to the bad. Of course, he's a good fellow, but I'm glad you are here. You want to watch this pitcher we are trying today. Great lad—keep your eye on that outside corner. He gets lots of 'em just on the edge. The other fellow missed 'em.'"

"And all this time," concluded Latham, "McGraw is barking and jumping around the umpire's heels

and threatening to bite him. If one system doesn't work, the other one usually does. The Orioles are not getting much the worst of anything."

Not a man on our club ever believed that we were beaten, regardless of the score. In one game in Boston the Beaneaters had us 13 to 6 up to the ninth inning. Jack Stivetts was in the box. We went in for our half and knocked in fourteen runs. That was the greatest rally I ever hope to see.

We met the Beaneaters in the Temple Cup series and won out with



JOHN MCGRAW, in days when he made base-stealing record.

comparative ease. We were in the pink of condition this time. The former experience had warned us against taking part in too many dinners and other forms of celebration in Baltimore.

The Orioles played in two more Temple Cup series after that, but we never lost again.

A comparison of the gate receipts, the winning shares and so on of those days with the more recent world's series gives a pretty fair idea of the steady growth of baseball.

That you may get this clear in your minds—I address the remark to the younger fans—you must bear in mind

PERSONAL STATIONERY

By JULIA HOYT

Stationery may not always be an infallible guide to a person's breeding, but it certainly goes a long way to prove good taste. When I receive a letter from a person whom I have never seen I usually get a pretty fair idea of what to expect of them in this matter. My judgment may not always prove accurate, but in the majority of cases it has.

For instance, take the men or women whose stationery is highly colored or heavily engraved or created—usually by the hand of a designer or artist—at least slightly overdone.

In fact, I know of any number of such examples. One person I have in mind doesn't stop at lavender note paper with purple edging, but has a gorgeous crest stamped in heavy purple ink in the center of the paper. Although a coat of arms is foreign if it has been inherited and in the family for generations, then one has a right to use it even in America, but where people use the custom merely to seek an effect it is unpardonable.

As for this particular purple crest, it might interest my readers to know that it meant nothing more than ingenuity on the part of the artist who designed it. The creation was achieved by borrowing the English lions and certain portion of a well-known civic crest of a German city. The whole can well be imagined. No duke ever had a more impressive armorial bearing.

A lady's personal stationery should be conservative in color and stamping. In my opinion, plain white, cream or gray is in the best style. It is to be used by one person exclusively; it may be monogrammed, but it is to be used by other members of the family it is best to have the address stamped in black or a dark color on the first page. It is also proper now to have the telephone number stamped directly under the address in smaller type—like this:

000 FIFTH AVENUE
Telephone Lenox 1224

A man's stationery should also be conservative, and preferably white, although gray or granite is permissible. Both the note paper and envelope should be large and stamped in the simplest possible manner.

Only young girls are permitted gay envelope linings which are so much in use now, but older women should use only the conservative colors I have already mentioned. The engraving on a young bride's stationery should be in keeping with the lining of the envelope.

The true requirements of all personal stationery are that the quality of the paper and envelope be good, the color conservative, and the shape of the envelope in good taste. Oddly folded or cut envelopes are always in bad taste and should be avoided.

Of course there is quite a distinction between personal stationery and plain stationery that one sends out with bills or uses for short business or semi-business correspondence. This paper may be quite cheap, a single sheet about six inches wide by seven inches long, and the name, address and telephone number may be printed small.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears
Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*

that we had no National Commission in those days and we did not play under the rules and regulations provided in the national agreement of 1905.

The players got a larger share of the money than now. No part of the money went to a commission and for other purposes, as is the case under the present arrangement. The players got practically all the receipts and they were divided, 60 per cent. going to the winners.

In the last Temple Cup series in which I participated—the one of 1897—my winning share was around \$900. I forget just how many players came in for a share, but there were not nearly so many as today. The attendance at the games averaged around six or seven thousand.

In the first series—that of 1905—played under the rules provided in the national agreement, the New York team met the Philadelphia Athletics and won. The winning players each got \$3,100. The attendance at each game, however, was more than twenty thousand.

In 1921 when we met the Yankees at the Polo Grounds all records were broken. That, though, was a nine-game series. The winning players each got \$5,400. The attendance was pretty close to 40,000 the biggest day.

In 1922, the last series, the winning players got \$4,400 each. But that was a seven-game series and they got a share of the receipts for four games only. In this last series, by the way, the club owners made hardly enough to pay expenses. The fact that we won in four straight games robbed the club owners of a chance.

That, by the way, is quite a tribute to the honesty of baseball. By dragging the series along a lot of money could have been made. Later on I will explain why we didn't play a series in 1904.

Not realizing that my main troubles in baseball were about to begin, I had a great time that winter of 1897-1898.

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ALD. DRAKE DISAPPROVES OF CITY INVESTIGATION

Ald. Gordon Drake, Ward Three, voiced brief disapproval Saturday as to the manner in which the investigation of the city engineer's department.

He questions the fairness of a sub-committee being assigned to this task and extends the belief that initial considerations should have been given by the council as a "committee of the whole."

BUFFALO BOY WINS.

Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 28.—Rocky Kansas, of Buffalo, outboxed and outpointed Chubby Brown of Rochester, in a fast 12-round bout here last night. Both men weighed 135 pounds.



OLD JED THUMPER DECIDES TO HELP.

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The one who seeks to aid another Doth prove himself in truth a brother — Peter Rabbit.

"What's all this? What's all this? Why don't you know what to do?" demanded a voice so unexpected that it made little Mrs. Rabbit jump. It came from a bramble tangle in the Old Pasture in front of which she was sitting, and into which she had not looked so closely as she should have. It was the voice of Old Jed Thumper. She knew it at once. Of course, Old Jed Thumper was her father.

"What are you doing up here in the Old Pasture, anyway?" continued Old Jed Thumper. "Don't you know that you are better off down in the dear Old Briar Patch? What have you left Peter for to come up here? This is no place for you."

Little Mrs. Peter found her tongue. She poured out her troubles to Old Jed Thumper. She told how Shadow the Weasel had come to the dear Old Briar Patch, and how she and Peter had fled to the Old Pasture. She told how Peter had insisted that they separate when they reached the Old Pasture, and how she was sure that right that very minute somewhere in the Old Pasture Peter was running

for his life, with Shadow the Weasel following his trail. She told how she wanted to do something to help Peter, but didn't know what to do. Old Jed Thumper looked very grave. "This is bad news," said he. "This is very bad news."

"I hope," said Mrs. Peter rather timidly, "that you don't think we did wrong in leading Shadow up here to the Old Pasture. There was nowhere else to go."

"It is all right. It was just the thing to do," replied Old Jed Thumper gruffly. "I don't like to think that Shadow the Weasel is up here in the Old Pasture, but he has been here before and I'm still alive. If it wasn't such cold weather it would be easier for Peter to fool him. He could run a while down in the swampy part, where in the water he would leave no scent. But that swampy part is all frozen hard now and there is no water anywhere for Peter to make use of. I guess I will have to go help him. Yes, sir, I will have to go help him. I know the Old Pasture better than he does, and two of us together ought to be able to fool that white-coated little robber. Where did you say Peter went?"

"I don't know where he went," replied Mrs. Peter, "excepting that he didn't come in this direction. He knows I came over here, so I don't think he'll come this way. I suppose he is running his legs off somewhere on the other side of the Old Pasture. Oh, dear, do you think you can really help him?"

"Old Jed Thumper nodded. "I haven't a doubt of it," said he. "I am feeling as strong as ever, thanks to good food Peter led me to, down in the Old Briar Patch. Now you

stay right here in the bramble tangle and watch out. Don't put a foot outside of it unless you see Shadow the Weasel coming this way. That isn't at all likely, for he will stick to Peter's trail."

"Hain't I better come along, too?"



Old Jed Thumper looked very grave.

"This is bad news," said he.

ventured little Mrs. Peter. "Perhaps I can help."

Old Jed Thumper shook his head most decidedly. "You stay right here," he commanded.

So Mrs. Peter crept into the bramble tangle and Old Jed Thumper started off, lip-perty-lip-pity-up, to the other side of the Old Pasture.

According to the Lauretude Air Service representative, airplanes are particularly adapted to inland waterways patrol work, and when the preliminary

CONSTRUCT SEAPLANES FOR FOREST PATROLS

Manufacture of Aeroplanes of New Type to Commence Shortly.

Special to The Advertiser.

Montreal, Jan. 28.—Marking an innovation of seaplane construction in Canada, Major D. C. M. Hume, formerly of the R. N. A. S., and for several years engaged in air craft development, has arrived in Montreal to open a factory for the Lauretude Air Service for the building of this type of machine, which, it is expected, will eventually be used in forest patrol work.

Although airplanes have been built and assembled in Canada for some years since 1914, this is the first occasion on which the construction of seaplanes has been undertaken here. Major Hume informed The Advertiser today that his immediate task is the construction of a new type of seaplane, suitable for forest patrol service, adding that the prospects for aviation in Canada are the brightest.

China also, he said, is on a par with Canada in so far as aircraft development is concerned.

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PROVINCE MAY EXPORT FRUIT TO GT. BRITAIN

Doherty Says Government Is Likely to Offer Plan to Niagara Growers.

Special to The Advertiser.

Toronto, Jan. 28.—The Ontario government is likely to embark into the business of exporting fruit from Ontario to Great Britain. Hon. Manning Doherty is strongly of the opinion that "the government should make an offer to the Niagara Peninsula Fruit Growers to export their fruit for them to Great Britain, particularly pears."

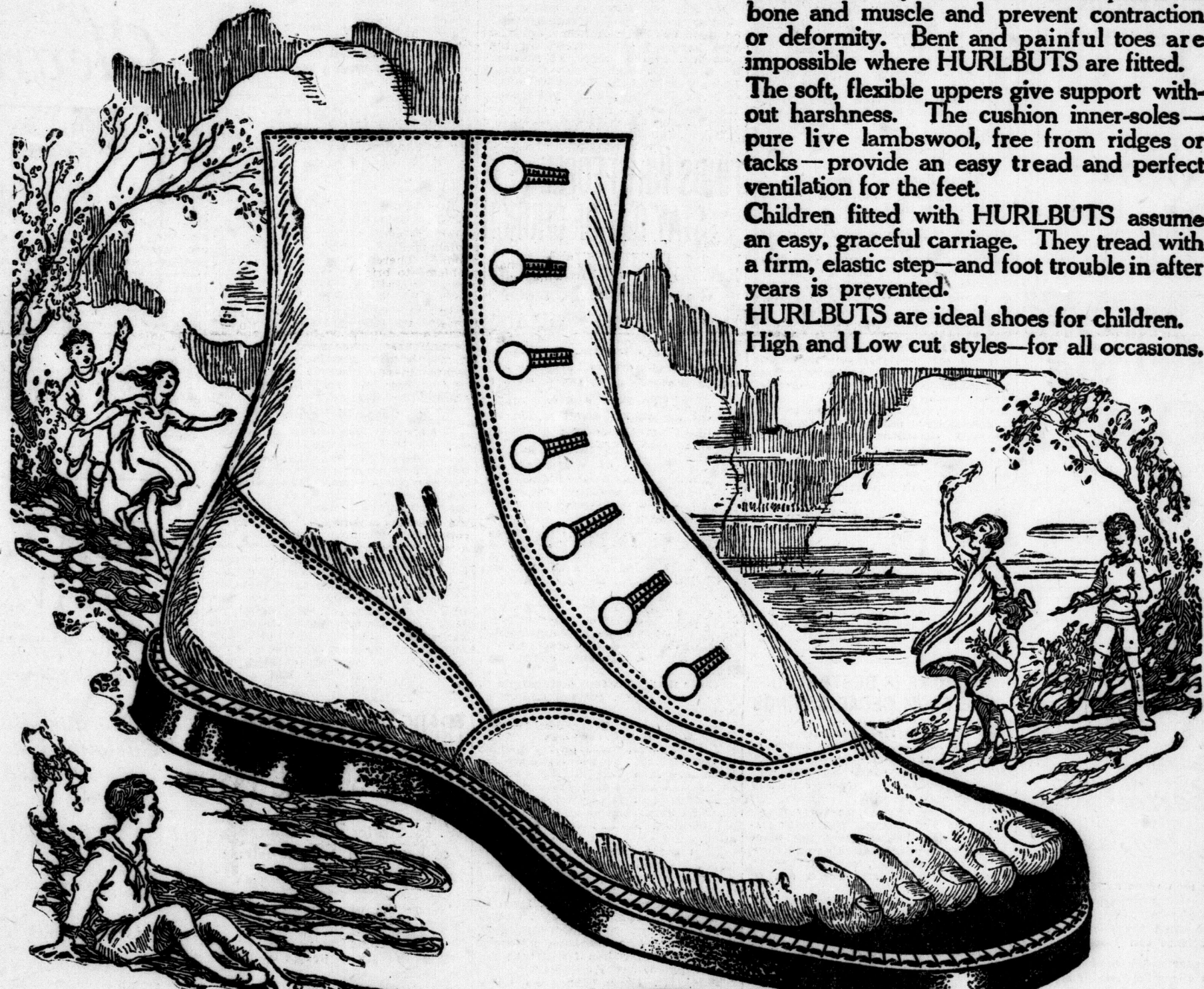
This announcement by the minister, is particularly significant, in view of the forthcoming annual meeting of the fruit growers in February.

U. S. PLACES DRY NAVY ON THE PACIFIC COAST

Associated Press Despatch.

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 27.—Another navy is to be added to the Pacific coast, it was announced here today. It will be officially known as the "United States Pacific Dry Navy" patterned after New York's famous fleet, and will chase every liquor-carrying craft found inside the Pacific coast three-mile limit.

Why Children's feet grow normally in HURLBUTS



Because they conform to the natural shape of the foot, they allow free development of bone and muscle and prevent contraction or deformity. Bent and painful toes are impossible where HURLBUTS are fitted.

The soft, flexible uppers give support without harshness. The cushion inner-soles—pure live lambswool, free from ridges or tacks—provide an easy tread and perfect ventilation for the feet.

Children fitted with HURLBUTS assume an easy, graceful carriage. They tread with a firm, elastic step—and foot trouble in after years is prevented.

HURLBUTS are ideal shoes for children. High and Low cut styles—for all occasions.

Nothing but highest grade materials are used in making HURLBUT Cushion Sole SHOES. This means long and satisfactory service. And when they wear, they can be rebuilt and enlarged at moderate cost. Write for price list of "Re-built Service" and we will enclose Pussy-Foot Jingle Book in colors.

This Trade Mark appears on the insole of every genuine HURLBUT Shoe.

HURLBUT

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
CUSHION SOLE
Shoes for Children

Manufactured only by The HURLBUT CO. Limited, Preston, Ont.

Watch For the Opening of Our "Children's Own Shoe Shop"

Our second floor when completed will fill a decided want—a whole floor, modernly equipped, entirely devoted to the children's footwear needs, with a service second to none.

Hurlbuts — As Now

will be the leading line for the growing feet in the new department.

ROWLAND HILL

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429 HAMILTON

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