

## MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL

By JOHN J. MCGRAW.

**Humorous Incidents—'Steve' Brodie Forgets to Score—The Umpire Who 'Talked Back' to Dummy Taylor—McGraw's Fifty-Dollar Umbrella Joke—Wilbert Robinson and the Balloon Ascension.**

(Released exclusively through the North American Newspaper Alliance.)

**ARTICLE 22.**  
Before I got entirely away from the old days when I was a player and got into the days when my real troubles began—my experience as a manager—I must answer a suggestion sent to me by Chick Evans, the great golfer. In answer to our questionnaire Mr. Evans says: "I would be interested most in knowing what McGraw considers the funniest thing he ever saw on the diamond."

The things that give me the biggest laughs now, when in a reminiscent mood, were not funny at all at the time they occurred. The fact that we took them so seriously, though, is probably what makes them funny now.

For my best laughs my mind naturally drops back to the days of my association with Walter Brodie—'Steve.' Don't get the impression that Brodie was a humorist. No, indeed. He was so deadly serious that he never knew he was funny.

One afternoon in a game at Baltimore Steve was on second and Roger Bresnahan at the bat. We needed two runs to win.

Bresnahan got hold of a fast one and slapped it far past the outfield. Upon reaching third Brodie turned to see where the ball had gone. He could see that it would be a three-base hit and probably a home run. After passing third, he stopped and began rooting and waving for Bresnahan to come on. In his excitement he forgot all about running himself.

"Come on, Roger!" he yelled. "Come on—atta boy, Roger!"

Roger came steaming around the bases in answer to Brodie's urgent cries. He passed third and ran right on past Brodie and slid into the plate for a home run.

"Atta boy, Roger!" chuckled Brodie.

Then, to the amazement of the stands, to Brodie and to all of us, the catcher walked up and touched Brodie with the ball, putting the side

out without a run. Brodie had stood there and let Bresnahan go past him!

You can imagine what we said to him. Just what he had done did not dawn on Steve until he reached the bench.

I can see that picture now and it is the funniest that I can remember, but, believe me, it was not funny then.

Another humorous picture that sticks in my mind was a rainy day at the Polo Grounds when Dummy Taylor, the pitcher, tried to show up the umpires. We were well in the lead that day when, after a slight drizzle, rain began to fall in torrents. The game was called or suspended, and the crowd waited for fully a half-hour. Water stood in pools all over the field.

From the bench we kept yelling to Umpire O'Day to call the game and let us go home. Naturally, we wanted it called as the Giants were in the lead. But O'Day was stubborn.

A few minutes later, to our surprise, Hank ordered play resumed.

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thing that Taylor had said about him. It developed that O'Day had a relative who was a deaf-mute and he had learned the finger language perfectly.

With head bowed, Taylor had to stroll all the way across the field in his gum boots, his mind on that \$25 fine.

Some ways back I mentioned the benefits of having a good memory. There was one incident, though, where my memory worked with reverse English.

Many of you will probably recall Umpire Bausewein. He is now a policeman in Philadelphia and I see him often. When he came to the National League for the first time we proceeded to ride him, of course.

After hearing his name, I suddenly remembered a game that he umpired in a minor league some ten or twelve years before. He had made a bad decision, so bad, in fact, that the owner of the home club left the stand and ran out on the field, hitting Bausewein over the head with an umbrella.

That incident stuck in my mind so clearly that I wanted to make sure that Bausewein remembered it. He made three or four bad decisions. In answer to our protests he waved us to the bench.

"Say, Bausewein," I turned and yelled at him, "you better keep your head up. There's an old guy with an umbrella up there in the stand."

"Get out of here!" he screamed at me. "Get out of the field! You are out of the game! Get out of the field!"

Evidently I had set off a bomb. Very well, did he remember the old fellow with an umbrella. The laugh, though, was on me. It cost me a \$50 fine.

The players had a good laugh on Wilbert Robinson one day—a laugh that gave them a catch phrase for several years.

Robbie, if you will recall, came back to join the Giants as coach. In the meantime he had grown much stouter. Robbie always was chubby, but a few years away from the diamond and in business had added much to his weight. Still, he got a uniform and showed up on the coaching lines the first day in Chicago.

He stooped over to pull a sprig of grass. Just as he did so the fans got their first sight of him.

"Holy Moses!" yelled a fan in the front row, his eyes glued on the round coach. "Say, McGraw, what time does the balloon go up?"

There was a roar of laughter by spectators and players at this. Robbie burned up, despite his wonderful sense of humor.

He often tells that on himself and laughs much more than he did then. For months after that if the players wanted to get Robbie's goat they would come to the bench, ask something about the balloon ascension and beat it as fast as they could.

Even to this day the players make that crack at any player who is obviously over weight.

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**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**

**REDDY FOX AND OLD MAN COYOTE QUARREL.**  
By Thornton W. Burgess.

Pray, never make a foolish claim. And then on others put the blame. —Old Mother Nature.

Peter Rabbit had been quite right in thinking that Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote would start out hunting as soon as the storm was over. They did. Old Man Coyote left his home in the Old Pasture and started out just as soon as he was sure that the storm really was over. He started very shortly after Peter.

Peter had started for home in the dear Old Briar Patch. It was their good fortune that at first he looked about in another part of the Old Pasture. Finally he turned toward that part where Peter and Mrs. Peter had been. And so it was that he came upon their tracks in the newly-fallen snow.

Old Man Coyote eyes brightened at the sight of those tracks. He guessed right away whose tracks they were. He knew that the only Rabbit living in the Old Pasture was Old Jed Thumper. Here were the tracks of Reddy Fox!

"Peter and Mrs. Peter must have been up here for a visit," muttered Old Man Coyote. "I wonder if they are still here? They can't be very far ahead of me, because these tracks were made since the storm."

He began to run swiftly. He didn't have to depend upon his nose, for those tracks were plain for all to see. Occasionally he did put his nose down to the ground to get the fresh Rabbit scent. Each time he ran a little faster. Down along the cow paths he traced led him to the edge of the Old Pasture. He suspected, then that Peter and Mrs. Peter had started for the dear Old Briar Patch. He knew that he would have to run his fastest to catch them before they could get there.

Just before reaching the edge of the Old Pasture new tracks joined those of Peter and Mrs. Peter. A sight of them Old Man Coyote growled. He knew those tracks. They were the tracks of Reddy Fox!

It was clear that Reddy had only just discovered those Rabbit tracks, for the scent of Fox in Reddy's foot prints was very strong. Indeed, the hair on Old Man Coyote's shoulders and neck began to rise a little. A way it was of doing when he was angry. He ran around a clump of bushes and there, just ahead of him,

sure enough, was Reddy Fox. Reddy was running, but not fast. It was clear that Reddy thought that Peter and Mrs. Peter might be just ahead of him. And as he approached each clump of bushes he slowed down, so as to make sure that Peter and Mrs. Peter were not hiding in them. In the soft snow Old Man Coyote made no sound. Reddy was so intent on looking ahead that he didn't once think of looking behind. So it was that he knew nothing of Old Man Coyote until an ugly snarl right at his heels made him jump.

"Those Rabbits are mine!" snarled Old Man Coyote.

"It is no such thing! They are mine! I found their tracks first!" snarled Reddy.

Old Man Coyote showed all his teeth and sprang at Reddy. Reddy dodged, and in his turn showed all his teeth. Then they faced each other, snarling and growling, each looking as ugly as he knew how. They called each other names. They called each other thief and robber and a lot of other bad names. Again Old Man Coyote sprang at Reddy, and this time Reddy ran, for he knew that he was no match for Old Man Coyote. Old Man Coyote chased him a short distance, then turned back and once more took up the trail of Peter and Mrs. Peter.

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The next story: "The Bad Temper of Old Man Coyote."

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## EMILE COUE IN AMERICA Coue Discerns Dangers In U. S. Efficiency Methods

Famous Frenchman Outlines Impressions After a Careful Study of the American System of Standardization of All Activities in Business Life.

By EMILE COUE.

From the moment he lands in America a European feels the impression grow upon him that he is a part of a machine; he feels compelled to fit himself into its complicated works and become one of its little wheels—or resist the movement and be shot off into sterile isolation. Efficiency, system, standardization—these are, perhaps, the main reason for such an impression. There seems to be no room for anything or anybody inefficient. They would throw the machine out of gear.

Efficiency begins directly you step off the gangway from the ship. System directs you to the exact spot where your baggage will be found and guides you to the customs officer who is to examine it. The porter who handles your belongings handles both them and yourself like a machine, and before you realize what is happening you find yourself in a taxi cab which has drawn up to a curb at the precise moment of your own arrival. As for the luggage, it has slid down a chute into the arms of a squad of stalwart men who have only just time to rescue it from an avalanche of other people's trunks and bags trying to overtake it. If you were not there at the right second to claim your property I suppose it would be hopelessly lost, for there can be no time to put all aside and sort it out afterwards. That is the danger of extreme machine-like systemization. If a hitch occurs everything goes smash.

The core of America is efficiency. It goes right through everything. You encounter it at every turn. In my hotel room I take up the telephone receiver, and almost before I put it to my ear the operator's voice is asking what number I require. That is the little things that strike a stranger—little things that are unnoticed by the native inhabitants. And those apparently insignificant details that spell efficiency are innumerable in every city of America that I have visited.

**Lauds Prompt Service.**  
In the hotels and restaurants there is promptness of service, an absence of blunders or misunderstandings, smooth-running organization which is very impressive. The theatres, the moving picture shows, the subway, the surface cars, the taxicabs, are a few among a host of examples of the efficiency and system found in every phase of human activity.

There is a general desire to please which is most soothing amid the bustle and turmoil of American life. "Smile" commands a big cardboard

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notice inside the doorway of the cafe and other public rooms of the hotel, which I know the best in New York. And the suggestion has its effect. On the menu cards at the same hotel, as well as on other leaflets issued by the same establishment, is a notice to the effect that the management welcomes any report from visitors of special attention or service rendered by any member of its staff, because it wishes to recognize efficiency. Now, that is a new conception. It is good psychology. It also denotes a comprehension of the principles of auto-suggestion. Hitherto it has been the custom to invite clients or visitors, or customers to report inattention or negligence, with a view to the punishment or reprimand of the offender. Mark how much more effective the new way must be. First, on the employee, who is encouraged by positive suggestions of good service and its reward; secondly, on the client, in whose mind is thrown the suggestion of contentment, and the desire to look for efficiency, instead of a negative suggestion of fault-finding. In every way the idea is sound, and the use of it clever.

A particularly interesting feature of the all-pervading efficiency here is the part played in it by the foreign element. It is a well-known fact that the United States absorbs and assimilates foreigners more thoroughly and more quickly than any other country. But I confess that I am amazed to find how completely Italians, French and people of other nationalities who have made their homes here have absorbed the peculiarly American temperament, copied American methods and adopted American ideals. In the matter of efficiency, for instance, the foreign employee in New York is as keen and convinced as the true-born American. Efficiency seems to be equally as natural to him as to the latter.

**Discerns Dangers.**  
This is all very admirable. But I am wondering if there is not a tendency to overdo things. System, standardization and clock-work efficiency are certainly desirable, and they do much to make life run smoothly. Yet, intuitively, perhaps, I seem to discern danger in overstraining to reduce abstract qualities to mathematical-perfect equations in actual practice. It may become an obsession, like any other notion, however good in itself. I often have to remind patients of this when I see them making of auto-suggestion into a kind of monomania. Extreme measures, if pushed to excess in complicated elaborations, to break down completely, simply because it seeks to provide for every contingency except human intervention. No room is left for play in the joints. The other day I heard of a man who was lost to all his friends for a whole day in a large New York hotel, famous for its terrible efficiency. What was the reason? Merely that, as a result of personal influence on the part of a member of the staff, he had been allotted a room without going through the regular machinery of the establishment.

I believe this danger of subjecting everything and everyone to machine-like rule is real in America. But I also believe that Americans are far too idealistic at heart not to curb the tendency in time. Efficiency will stay, but not the excesses of a materialism and a rigid "mechanicalism" due to the exuberant vigor of a young, pushful and perfection-loving people.

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leave you over night even if the constipation has been chronic for years. Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin is a compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant-tasting aromatics, and does not cramp or gripe. Every druggist handles it, and bottles are so numerous that the cost amounts to only a cent a dose. You buy it with the understanding that if it does not do as claimed your money will be refunded. The names of all the ingredients are on the package.

Mrs. Geo. Reeve, of Galt, Ont., writes Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin with good results and is greatly pleased with it; and Mrs. K. Jennings, of Toronto, Ont., finds it very satisfactory. Bring a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin into your own home and let the family use it for constipation, biliousness, wind, gas, headache, flatulency, and to break up fevers and colds.

You can take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin yourself or give it to a babe in arms, as thousands of mothers do every day, with the confidence that it is the safest and best medicine you can use for constipation and such complaints. A teaspoonful will relieve.

**ANY FAMILY MAY TRY IT FREE**  
Thousands of parents are asking themselves, "Where can I find a trustworthy laxative that anyone in the family can use when needed?" We are now offering you a free trial of our Laxative Syrup Pepsin. It will give you a safe, effective, and pleasant remedy for constipation. Write me where to send it. Address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 22 Caldwell Building, Toronto, Ont. Do it now!

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