

MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL

By JOHN J. MCGRAW.

Temperaments of Rookie Twirlers—The Trouble With Rube Marquard—When Is a Curve Not a Curve?—Exit the "Spitball."

(Released exclusively through the North American Newspaper Alliance.)

ARTICLE 19.

The most difficult problem a manager confronts in building up a pitching staff is the rookie twirler, with great natural ability and dozens of faults, who has made a reputation in the minor leagues. They must have done something to get promoted. As a result of this many of them imagine that they know it all. And you mustn't lose sight of the fact that youth is youth. These players are mere boys with very little development of their reasoning powers—simply harum-scarum kids.

You can readily understand how easy it is to turn the head of a boy of nineteen by newspaper publicity and public admiration. To escape that a young man must be unusually level-headed. And if he is too serious and reflective he is lacking in pep and spirit.

This problem, I imagine, confronts executives in many lines of business as well as in sport.

It is not at all uncommon for these self-satisfied young men to openly resent any coaching intended to remedy their faults. They don't think they have any.

This type of young pitcher is quickly spotted by his new manager and the coaches. Then our problem begins. We don't want to kill his over-confident spirit, and at the same time he must be reformed to be of any value to himself or to the club. Wilbert Robinson had a great knack of handling these young men. Jennings also seems to understand them. They must be made to like their instructors and to have confidence in them. If we get that far there is a chance.

Many of them, though, prove utterly impossible. The only thing is to cast a boy like that aside, much to his surprise and indignation. On his return to his home or his old club he makes it clear to his friends and to the newspaper men that he was not given a fair trial. And he goes right along with his faults, remaining in the minor leagues until the end of his playing days. He never understands.

Most of the rookies are willing and anxious to be taught. They can be developed, and it is from pitchers of this type that we get our great stars.

A famous pitcher with whom we had great difficulty at first was Rube Marquard. Apparently he had everything. In the American Association he was almost unbeatable. It was on record that we paid \$11,000 for him. I still think that the immense amount of publicity following that deal in which Rube got the sobriquet of the "Eleven-Thousand-Dollar Beauty" interfered a lot with his progress. I don't mean to say that Marquard was swell-headed. He was anything but that. It was nervousness over living up to a great reputation that seemed to upset him.

Rube Marquard was our coach then and I turned Rube over to him. Marquard got very fond of Robbie and by degrees the old coach was able to work him out of his faults.

His main fault was of putting the ball over the plate with nothing on it, as we say. Rube had trouble with his control. After whipping a few curves—and he had a beauty—and some fast ones around the batter, he would find himself in the hole. So fearful was he of not being able to get the ball over when it came down to two-and-three that he would simply toss it over as straight as a string. In other words, he had so much stuff that he was afraid to use it.

Obviously the only thing to do was to perfect his control so that he would not get in that hole. He worked very hard and under constant coaching finally settled down. Instead of being afraid to turn one loose he got to where he could even play the corners with either his curve or his fast one. When right, Marquard's fast ball had a peculiar jump to it that was a complete baffler to opponents. It was in the use of this

ball at the right moments that he won his nineteen straight games.

The point I try to make is that if Marquard had been of the swell-headed type, who refuse to recognize faults, he would never have been a successful big league pitcher. I have seen many pitchers with as much natural stuff as Marquard had who never got past the training period.

Very few of our present day fans remember Amos Rusie. He was a wonderful pitcher and his greatness lay exactly in the spot where Marquard's early fault developed.

Rusie had tremendous speed and a wonderful curve. He could throw a curve ball almost as fast as his regular fast one. Not only that, but he had the nerve and confidence to whip his curve over the plate when in a hole. As a rule, pitchers do not dare try a curve when the count is two strikes and three balls. They've got to get the ball over, and to be sure they usually use their fast one. Rusie had no such misgivings. If in such a hole he would deliberately pitch his curve ball with every ounce of steam he could put on it. Usually he stood bating on their ears by that kind of pitching.

Rusie, by the way, is now assistant watchman at the Polo Grounds. Dan Brouthers is the other watchman. Often we get together and talk over old times. Always I have had a deep sentiment for veteran ball players, and I try to get them a good place any time there is a chance.

For the enlightenment of those who, perhaps, are not so familiar with baseball terms I had better explain that in the lingo of ordinary pitching we never recognize but two terms—a fast ball and a curve.

All balls that are twisted out of their natural course are called curves. The outcurve, the drop, down shoot, and so on, are simply a curve ball to the professional player. To us there is no such thing as an incurve. That is what we call a fast ball. Of course, I am assuming that the pitcher is nothing more than a ball thrown in right-handed. A so-called incurve is a natural way with great force. A ball thus thrown will naturally curve inward to a certain extent. If it takes a sharp jump, due to the speed, we call that the "break on his fast one." In other words, the inshoot is the natural course of a ball. A curve is unnatural, due to a reverse twist being put on it.

So, when you hear ball players speak of a curve or a fast one you will understand that "curve" means anything that takes an unnatural bend. One thrown naturally and with great speed is a fast one.

Of course there is the slow ball, which comes under a distinct classification, as does the spitball. The latter is not allowed except by pitchers who were already using it at the time the rule was passed to abolish it. Every team has to register its spitball pitchers and notify the league heads in advance of the season. Unless a man is so registered as a "spitter" he is not permitted to pitch that ball. In time all of them will disappear. Youngsters are not

allowed to use that freak of the pitching art and the spitball itself will soon become obsolete.

Personally, I never like the spitball because I think it affects the arm of the man who uses it. Just the same, I have had some spitball pitchers. Bugs Raymond was one of the best in the world. Mathewson could pitch the spitter, but rarely ever used it in a game. He never considered it part of his equipment.

Thirty years ago we had some masterful pitchers. In the next chapter I want to discuss some of them in connection with the Temple Cup series.

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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES.

PETER MAKES A FRIGHTFUL DISCOVERY.

By Thornton W. Burgess.

When most secure you may be. Think not from danger you are free. Peter Rabbit.

Peter Rabbit felt so secure in the dear Old Briar Patch that when he was there the thought of danger hardly ever entered his head. The bull briars and brambles made such a tangled mass there that it was possible to move about only along the private little paths that Peter and Mrs. Peter had cut through them. These little paths were just big enough for Peter and Mrs. Peter to get through them. There had cut these little paths in all directions through the dear Old Briar Patch, and there they could laugh at Reddy Fox and Granny Fox, and Old Man Coyote and Hooty the Owl and Terror the Goshawk.

There were just two enemies who were to be feared there. They were cousins. One was Billy Mink and the other was Shadow the Weasel. Billy Mink was not much to be feared, because Billy was hardly likely to come away over there. While he roams about a great deal, he prefers to be there, or where there is plenty of cover under which to hide. He doesn't often make long trips in the open, as he would have to do to cross the Green Meadows in winter.

But Shadow the Weasel is likely to appear at any time where he is least expected. And Peter never forgets that sooner or later Shadow was likely to pay the dear Old Briar Patch a visit. So he and little Mrs. Peter had carefully planned what they would do if ever Shadow should appear there.

It happened that one day shortly after Old Jed Thumper had gone back to the Old Pasture, Peter chanced to be sitting on the very edge of the Old Briar Patch looking over toward the Green Forest. He wasn't looking for anybody or anything in particular. He was just looking. Suddenly he saw, or thought he saw, something moving. It was hard to be sure, for it looked like nothing more than a handful of snow being blown along over the white surface. But there was no wind. Besides, the snow was packed down. Peter stared very hard. He saw, or thought he saw, a little spot of black moving with what looked so like moving snow.

A white coat, and the tip of Shadow's tail was black.

Peter waited to see no more. He turned and as fast as his legs could take him he hurried into the dear Old Briar Patch to find little Mrs. Peter.

"He's coming, fuzzy, he's coming!" cried Peter as soon as he found her. And on his face was such a look of fright that Mrs. Peter knew at once he had dreadful news.

"Who is coming?" she whispered, as if afraid to speak aloud.

"Shadow the Weasel!" cried Peter. "He's coming straight for the Old Briar Patch. There isn't a minute to lose."

Peter began to run about in the Old Briar Patch as if he didn't know what he was doing. This way and that way he ran, back and forth along those little paths with Mrs. Peter at his heels. Those Rabbits acted as if they were crazy with fright. But Peter did know what he was doing. He was mixing up his trail. At last when he dared wait no longer, he led the way out of the dear Old Briar Patch straight for the Old Pasture. And my, how he and little Mrs. Peter did run!

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The next story: "Peter and Mrs. Peter Run for Their Lives."

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EMILE COUE IN AMERICA

Coue Declares American Audiences Most Attentive

Finds Women Take More Readily To His Teachings Than Men—Understand Ideas With Little Difficulty.

By EMILE COUE.

"What do you think of American women?" is a question frequently put to me among a host of others by my new friends over here whose interest in me and my work deviates with often startling celerity to my opinions on seemingly irrelevant subjects.

Now, I am not going to answer that question just yet. The unchallenged queen of every realm of American activity demands longer study than I have yet been able to give her. I merely pause here, in my breathless rush through the States, to do her homage, reminded as I am by her omnipresence by the predominance of the feminine element at most of my lectures. This preponderance is especially noticeable at Washington, where I am writing these notes, and I am wondering why it should be so. It is true that two out of three lectures have been given in the afternoon, at hours when most men are at work, but I have observed the same disproportion at evening sittings. I think the reason may well be that women are more studious than men in America, more attractive than men intellectually, without taking into account their greater inquisitiveness, which is a natural attribute of Eve the world over.

However, in one respect at least, American men and women are alike, that is in their invariable attentiveness. American audiences are ideal from this point of view. Not once, so far, have I had the slightest difficulty in capturing the attention of everyone at the beginning of a lecture, either at New York, Philadelphia or Washington, or in holding it right to the end. I hope I am intelligent enough to know that this is not because of any superior qualities of my own. On the contrary, it is an undoubted fact that my hesitating English, pronounced with a foreign accent, although it may be understood quite sufficiently, ought to have a soporific effect on an audience, and put an abnormal stain on its powers of concentration. I understand now why so many European lecturers prefer to address the American public. They are sure of getting an attentive, comprehending and appreciative audience. And none of the public speakers can really understand the thrill of pleasure experienced when one feels the fluid of every soul in the hall vibrating in unison with one's own thought, or realize the torture of knowing that there's something "out of tune" and that the audience's attention is wandering. Personally I shall never forget the delight of watching my American listeners' eyes riveted on me in a manifest desire to lose nothing of my lecture.

Smiles Puzzled Him.

American audiences have two other characteristics which I have rarely encountered in Europe: they smile while they listen to you, and at the end of the lecture they are fresher than at the beginning. The first one, I will confess, almost dismayed me at the start of my opening lecture. When people began to wear a pleasant, smiling expression I was afraid that I or my ideas were the object of their amusement, or that, for some reason, they were unable to follow me. I now think with a little confusion how surprised they must have been at my too-frequent, uneasy queries, "Do you understand?" No, that is the American way. They sit through even a lengthy, possibly rather dry conference with ease as well as understanding. In Europe people are apt to have a tense expression on their faces if they are following a speaker on any serious subject; or else they look just a little bored, despite a polite effort to simulate attention.

The second characteristic is shown by the vigorous volleys of questions which are fired at me directly I finish my lecture. That is somewhat rare in France. And the questions put are almost always intelligent, and prove that not only have the questioners fully grasped what I have said, but are eager for me to develop certain aspects of the subject or to explore side issues the possibilities and importance of which they have been quick to seize upon. In this respect—and this is, perhaps, a third characteristic—Americans do not seem to suffer from that kind of nervousness which is better described as self-consciousness or bashfulness: I have only encountered one bashful person at my lectures over here—and he was a mere man! As a rule, I find Americans put their

questions with directness and concision, in a voice audible all over the hall, with no discernible trace of timidity. I have been struck also with the order and discipline they so readily show. Whenever a number of questions happen to be put simultaneously jumble and confusion are avoided by a quasi-automatic perception of the most interesting one, and to the author of it the floor is immediately abandoned by the others' tacit consent. Little details, perhaps, but they denote character.

Temperament Is Responsive.

In general, I find that I was not mistaken in believing, even before I sailed from France, that the American temperament is peculiarly responsive to the creed of autosuggestion. Take my hand-clapping test, for instance. 'Simple as it appears, and really is—quite a number of people in France and England fail to grasp the elementary principle underlying it, and the conflict in their own minds mars the success of the demonstration. In America, however, I have had comparatively few failures, because the American mind is sensitive to ideas of psychological analysis.

Perhaps this same sensitiveness is responsible for the serenity of American audiences. I can think of no better word to convey my meaning. It is not merely idle tranquillity. There is a sort of self-watchfulness, self-control and conscious consideration for others, which surprises me and compels my admiration at each of my lectures. There is an amazing absence of that buzz of conversation, of laughter or (worse) giggling, of rattling of chairs, which are the annoying features of most public meetings in Europe. Above all, there is none, or very little, of the exasperating chorus of coughing, which hitherto I believed to be an inevitable accompaniment to all lectures, concerts or theatre plays. Only once in America have I noticed the plague, and then it was in a very mild form.

I conclude that not only do Americans possess an innate respect for the rights of others to hear and enjoy, and of the lecturer or concert-giver or artist to do their part without annoyance; but that they have also come to penetrate the principles

of "autosuggestion, and to know that when a person coughs in a public hall it is not because he or she needs to cough, but simply because someone else has conveyed the suggestion by coughing, awaking an unconscious response in others. Contagion, it is usually called. It is really a wonderful confirmation of the theory of autosuggestion.

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INTRODUCTIONS

By JULIA HOYT

Introducing persons to each other is something everyone has to do occasionally, and one might just as well do it properly. Moreover, this is a very good illustration of the way in which social usage is based on courtesy.

In making casual introductions it is no longer good form to use the word "present." It is too formal for ordinary social relations, which are far more easy and natural than they used to be. Of course, if you are introducing people to a truly distinguished man or woman you "present" them.

As a general rule you merely say: "Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Wallace," or "Miss Reed, do you know Mrs. Wallace?" or yet, "Mrs. Reed, you know Mrs. Wallace, don't you?" Still another form of introduction is "Mrs. Reed, have you met Mrs. Wallace?"

It is usually taken for granted that the person's name you speak first is the one to whom you are presenting the other. However, if you wish to make this more emphatic, pronounce the first name with a slight rising inflection as if you are asking a question, then say the second as if making a flat statement.

If you are introducing a man and a woman—unless the man is a distinguished person—you merely say, "Mrs. Reed, Mr. Wallace." If the man is a personage you may add the "may I present." Unless it be the president, a king or a cardinal, the man is always presented to the woman—never present a woman to a man.

A young woman is always presented to an older one, and an unmarried lady to a married one unless the former is much older. A young man, too, is always presented to an older one. All this, of course, is based on chivalry of men to women and on the courtesy of youth to age.

This same idea of courtesy dictates that men shall rise when a woman enters the room, or is introduced, and remain standing until she is seated. This does not mean that social usage demands absurdity. If a woman comes into a large room

where there are many persons in scattered groups, only the men near her rise and wait for her to sit down. It is good form for a woman to rise and shake hands when another woman is introduced to her, particularly so when she is older. Men always rise and shake hands when they are introduced to one another, but a woman never rises when she is not shake hands with him unless she wishes, unless indeed he should extend his hand, when it would be very rude not to accept it. "How do you do," she is really expected to shake hands with a man when it so happens that they both have long heard about each other through mutual friends and they are glad to have met. Otherwise when a man is presented to a woman she merely bows her head slightly and says, "How do you do," whereas the man bows and says nothing.

There is really no set rule as to when a person should shake hands or how one person should greet another, for one never knows how different persons will affect each other, when you do shake hands always look into the person's eyes.

When a little girl is introduced to older persons she should curtsy, but this custom is not observed after the age of 8 or 9. After that an act which is a charming gesture in a child becomes an affected mannerism.

When you are presenting your daughter to an older or a distinguished man the form is: "Mr. Burke, my daughter Julia," or "This is my daughter Julia." In case she is married: "My daughter, Mrs. Reed."

To another woman you say: "This is my daughter Julia, Mrs. Wallace." But to a young man a mother always introduces her daughter only as "My daughter, Mr. Burke."

Only one phrase in used in acknowledging an introduction, and that is: "How do you do?" To be "pleased" or "delighted" to meet a person happens only in rare cases, where one has been looking forward to the meeting and is glad that it has at last been achieved.

At a formal dinner or luncheon the

Some Don'ts

Don't say "I'm charmed—or delighted—to meet you."

Don't say "Let me make you acquainted with."

Don't say "Meet my friend."

When shaking hands don't grip the hand so tightly that it will take several minutes for the person to regain the use of it.

But don't take a hand as if it were a wet rag, either.

Don't ask personal questions a moment after you have been introduced.

Never introduce a woman to a man.

(The next article in this series will cover the subject of "Personal Stationary and Visiting Cards.")

dinner partners should always be introduced, and the host must always see that every gentleman either knows or is presented to the lady who is to sit at his right, and if possible to the one who will sit at his left at the table. The same applies to the two gentlemen who are to be seated at the left and right of the hostess. Everyone should always meet the guest of honor.

A small group of people who are to sit together at meals, cards, games, theatre, or in fact, on any occasion should be introduced to each other.

In introducing people to one another, names should never be mumbled, but neither should one make an effort of the pronunciation. If you speak slowly and distinctly that is all that is necessary, for, after all, the person being introduced should pay strict attention, so that they may hear and remember the names.

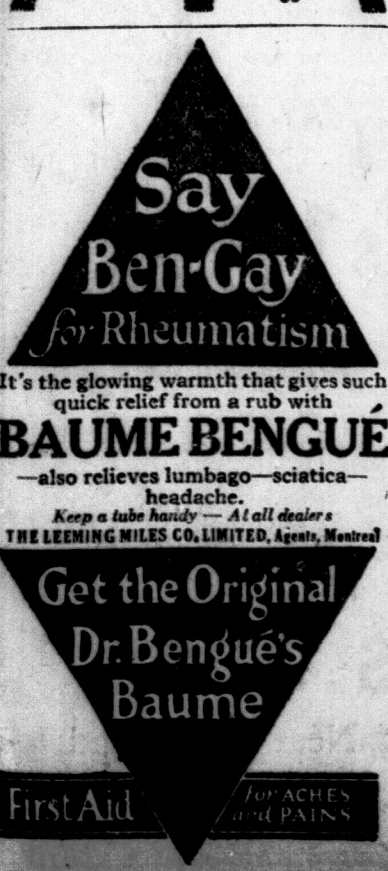
"Pardon me, but I didn't quite hear your name" is bad form a moment after you have been introduced. Although it is not considered good form to repeat a name when it is given, all these rules are elastic, and in cases where you especially wish to remember that name, it is permissible, but always prefix the remark with "How do you do." Never repeat the name alone as acknowledgment of an introduction.

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