

The Men Who Will Fight For the World's Championship

BY SLOANE GORDON
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ALBERTUS PERFECTO DEMAREE

THEY CALL HIM STEAMER AL BECAUSE OF HIS SMOKING HABITS

"STEAMER AL" DEMAREE, THE PITCHING CARTOONIST OF THE GIANTS

It is advisable for the younger readers to skip over this article because it teaches no lesson. Albertus Perfecto Demaree threatens to lead all the National League pitchers this season, yet he is the most persistent cigar smoker on the Giants. The young idea is taught to believe that no successful athlete uses tobacco which fact is largely true. Probably "Al" would have been a buskier pitcher if he had not hit the weed so consistently for he is frail of build.

They call him "Steamer Al" because of his smoking habits. He is seldom without his cigar except during a game. The laws of organized baseball do not permit performers to smoke in business hours. The only other time "Al" does not resemble one of those Erie locomotives, which burns soft coal, is when he is asleep. He even lights up one of his cigars before breakfast, and they are the longest, blackest cigars in the world. I know because I have tried to smoke one and failed, even after a meal. It is a secret where he gets them, but it is one of those secrets that few persons have any curiosity about unravelling.

"Al" broke in from the bushes with the Giants late last fall. He hadn't been along more than a few weeks this spring, however, when all the sand burrs were gone from him, and he could never tell

him from a regular Big Leaguer. He has been taking his turn in the box with the regulars all season and taking it much better than some of the veterans.

"Al" is talented. He is not only a good pitcher, but he is also an artist of no mean ability as biographers say. When he isn't pitching baseball, he is in there cartooning somebody, and he gets his drawings into the papers right along. If anything, he prefers being an artist to pitching baseball because this form of exercise does not interfere with his pleasure which is smoking the black cigars already referred to. Perhaps that is where he got the smoking habit—while learning his crayon art. Anyway he certainly has got it. He also dresses after the manner of an artist in some ways. For instance, he purchased a green hat after the straw went out of the ring recently, which could have been used for a starboard light on any ocean liner. It was one of those hats that can only be described as just green like the college freshman and the debutante with her first train dress. He is not so much of an artist, however, that he wears Windsor ties.

"Al" came to the Giants late last fall from Mobile where he had been working for "Mike" Finn, a close friend of McGraw's in the minors. "Mike" had recommended to the Giants' manager that

he would find Demaree to be mostly pitcher, and after scratching the surface, that is what John has discovered. And he was welcome with the Giants this year, too, with Charley M. Tesreau returning to his wild habits. "Al" joined the Giants too late to have anything to do with the world's series last year on account of the rules of organized baseball, and it is doubtful whether McGraw would have ventured using him even to finish a game if he could. But Demaree at once showed he had the right stuff in him by volunteering to stick with the club throughout the series and pitch for batting practice. The other players voted him a purse for his service from their share of the gate.

"Al" depends largely on two things for his pitching success, his head and his control. He does not carry much speed, and his curve is not a wide one, but he puts the ball where he wants it. He is one of those pitchers who keeps the batters wondering, after fanning out, why they can't hit him because he "hasn't got nothing." He is no squab when it comes to age, being about twenty-seven or eight.

His two prize possessions now are his green hat and Honus Wagner's "goat" the Dutchman, never having been able to hit him consistently. "Al" is married and does not go in much for diamonds.



ROBERT SHAWKEY

ONLY JOINED THE ATHLETICS THIS YEAR BUT HE HAS BEEN PITCHING ALL OVER THE LEAGUE EVER SINCE

ROBERT SHAWKEY, THE SENSATIONAL YOUNG PITCHER OF THE ATHLETICS

There are a lot of boys with funny names "horing" into fast company nowadays. A whole lot of them, with and without funny names, "horn" right out again too. These few remarks are introductory in their nature by way of mentioning Robert Shawkey, the pitcher of the Athletics. Don't try that name over on your youth organ. It is liable to break itself up endeavoring to make good.

Shawkey only joined the Athletics this year, but he has been pitching all over the league ever since and with a great deal of success. There is little doubt that he will get his chance in the world's series, and you might as well have the facts in his case on your tongue tip so you won't lose an argument to your neighbor if he turns out to be the hero.

Robert first saw himself in a Big League uniform when he went south with the Athletics for spring practice in 1912 and took a flash at himself in the club house mirror. He liked his looks. He wore it during the rehearsals, but "Tallor" Connie decided that Shawkey had not grown up quite enough to fit it yet, and turned him back to Baltimore for "Jock" Dunn to put in a little seasoning. Mr. Dunn is one of Mr. McGillicuddy's favorite seasons, as has been evidenced by this series of biographies. Shawkey did so well for Baltimore that Mr. Dunn was short of pitchers of the Shawkey style, acquired the notion of working him something every day unless it rained or something and there was no ball game.

"Tallor" season that guy right for Mack, said Mr. Dunn with great frequency as he sent Shawkey to the box again.

Such a favorite noise did Shawkey make with his pitching in Baltimore

that Mack sent for him in the middle of last July and decided to give him a trial along the Big League lines. He put the old uniform on him, and it seemed to fit Shawkey perfectly now. But he kept him on the bench for a week.

"When is my vacation up?" Shawkey inquired from Mack at the end of the week.

"You're not on a vacation," answered "Connie."

"Well, it seems like one to me," replied Shawkey. "If I had been with Baltimore, I would have worked three or four games in this time."

"Well give you a chance tomorrow," suggested Mack. "Shawkey got his chance and made good. In fact, he did a good deal this summer toward holding the Athletics up in the race when they were slugging on very thin ice with Bender and Plank all in. He pitched some phenomenal games during that shabby period and proved to be a great rescuer of pennant hopes. He did this after having been overworked in Baltimore. Shawkey is one of those men of the game, having delivered forty games for Baltimore in the season of 1912.

They tell a story about Shawkey as a hunter. This yarn would indicate that he knows more about pitching than woodcraft. With Jack Dunn and several of the Athletics, he was out on the woods last fall, when some one shot an owl on the way home after dusk. The owl was only wounded and was clinging to a branch of a tree.

"Walk around the tree, Shawkey," suggested one in the party, "and the owl will keep following you with his eyes until he twists his head off. That's the way to get him down."

Shawkey did this, according to the sure it is, R. R.

historian who tells the story, until some body laughed out loud. Shawkey is only a boy in years. He comes from the Pennsylvania mountain region and is not married yet. Wait until after the world's series and see.

MARRIED IN THE MAKING

Have you ever noticed that half the troubles of the young housewife are of her own making? She will take the nice little bit of cold roast beef or mutton, hash it, muck it, stew it, spend as much as little in turning it into a tough, colorless, over-salted or overpeppered dish. She is anxious all the time she is cooking it, most anxious of all, as the husband, upon whom she has wasted all her endowments, tries to make light of the failure, and bites his tongue in an attempt to suppress the wish that she had left the meat cold, and merely set it on a clean dish, with a sprig or two of parsley as a garnish, and a bottle of H. P. Sauce as a relish.

But young housewives are learning wisdom, hundreds and thousands of them. H. P. Sauce sells in bigger and bigger quantities every week. Cold meat is coming back to its honored place in the home, little family—and not only so, but the housewives have discovered that when the joint can no longer be served cold, H. P. Sauce takes all the responsibility of flavoring off the shoulders of the inexperienced cook.

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WARM WELCOME TO STOCK COMPANY

Opening Performance Makes Good Impression

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE

Noted Play is Well Put on by Excellent Cast and the Inaugural of the St. John Stock is a Success

The wisdom of the executive of the Thompson-Wood Stock Company in choosing the play Alias Jimmy Valentine for their St. John premiere was evidenced last night when a packed audience freely applauded the work of fourteen actors who had apparently each been chosen for parts well suited to their abilities. Alias Jimmy Valentine is a play of tense situations, startling climaxes and anti-climaxes, love, hate, crookedness, honesty and humor.

St. John has a name for harboring a discriminating play-going public. More than one theatrical company playing low-class offerings has changed its route as to avoid the city. They know that St. John asks nothing but the best and will not encourage cheapness in its drama. The large audience yesterday at the Opera was there to discover the merits of St. John's first real stock company—in a word, it was there to see if it deserved their continued patronage or not.

And the verdict was a pleasant one for stock companies in Canada, especially in towns less in size than metropolises, have not so far been accorded entire enthusiastic support from their audiences. While it is too early to prophesy what the Thompson-Wood Stock Company aggregation will have it is safe to say that it will stay here their advertised number of weeks, and that the work they will do will be of a high order.

The story of the play has been told before and there is no need for it to be repeated here. Suffice to say that it is a serio-comic drama of three crooks who reformed and of a detective who hunted them down, and of a woman who fell in love with the chief of them.

Lee Randall, alias Jimmy Valentine, is an expert safe-opener. He is the only man in the world who can open safes as fast as he can think. When in the first act he leaves Sing Sing prison, he is first met by Lieutenant-Governor Fay of New York at the instance of Fay's niece, who is the wife of a man who has been convicted of a crime and is now in Sing Sing.

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CARROLL "BOARDWALK" BROWN

IS RATED AS ONE OF THE BEST PITCHERS ON THE ATLANTIC CITY BOARDWALK, WHICH IS NO MEAN LEAGUE TO PLAY IN FROM THE SCENERY POINT OF VIEW

CARROLL BROWN, THE BEAU BRUMMEL OF THE ATHLETICS

If you should see a man coming out of the players' exit at Shibe Park, which is the field that the Athletics call home, whose scenery reminds you, without any thought of hesitation, of John Drew or Harry Woodruff or Donald Brian or any of those other matinee boys that keep the finishing school girls out of stationery, make up your mind you are wrong. He is not an actor. In all probability, this handsome young fellow will be Carroll W. Brown, whose aliases are "Beau Brummel," "Broadwalk" Brown, and "Atlantic City" Brown. The names carry a world of meaning and are a tip-off on his habits and propensities. If it is not a school girl's out of stationery, make up your mind you are wrong. He is not an actor. In all probability, this handsome young fellow will be Carroll W. Brown, whose aliases are "Beau Brummel," "Broadwalk" Brown, and "Atlantic City" Brown. The names carry a world of meaning and are a tip-off on his habits and propensities.

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finish. No sir! Mr. Brown is generally the last one to leave the club house after the game unless some injured athlete is delayed because he is being patched up by the club trainer. An unconfirmed report has it that "Boardwalk" is pricing valets since he now is sure that he will take down some of the world's series money this fall.

Further, Mr. Brown is willing to meet either Harry McCormick or Richard W. Marquard, of the Giants, in a sartorial competition at catch weights. He will even go so far as to take them both on and challenge their best suit as one champion golfer will play a best ball of two opponents. His admirers will back him to the limit, and all that is lacking to have the match go through is the offer of a sufficiently tempting purse.

Many a splinter Mr. Brown has torn out of the boardwalk at Atlantic City with his tireless tread. You can see him there every Sunday during the season, when the Athletics are in Philadelphia, looking like ready money. They say his wear and tear on the boardwalk is terrific. He is just in there wearing and tearing right along. He is also rated as one of the best dressers, even on the Atlantic City boardwalk, which is no mean league to play in from the scenery point of view. He is likewise dazzling



JOHN WALKER LAPP

IF PERSPIRATION INDICATES HARD WORK HE WOULD LIKE TO GET SOMEBODY TO BLOW COOL THE MAP ENTIRELY

JACK LAPP, THE ATHLETICS' PITCHER

Jack Lapp, of the Athletics, is never known to have been pleased with his batting average. He would like to have an arrangement with the McNamara brothers or any other set, handy with explosives, to go down and blow Cuba off the map entirely. He doesn't care how far off they blow it either.

You see Lapp (the Athletics call him "Lapper"), visited Havana with the Philadelphia team one winter on a post season junket, intending to pick up a little money. In the first place he did not enjoy the voyage down very much because he could not get along with the notion of the steamer.

"Were you seasick?" some friend asked him afterwards.

"It was a good thing my shoes were laced tight, or I would have lost them, too," he replied.

Lapp had not been in Havana long before somebody short changed him, and that act is never very soothing to a member of a world's championship crew. Following this, an excited Neapolitan rooster, shied a bottle at his head during one of the games, and the effort was attended with fair success.

"You can have all my share of the island," he said on his return.

As I said, he is entirely satisfied with everything in the world except a defeat of the Athletics, his batting average and Cuba.

Lapp was born in Fraser, Pa., in 1884, which makes him quite an old bird as ball players go. He did not get an early start at professional baseball, waiting until 1906 before "measuring" in with Berwyn in the Main Line League. He

moving along to Portsmouth, Va., in 1907 but later in the same season instructed the clerk at his hotel to forward his letters to the Chester club in the Atlantic League. This was a summer of jump for him because he joined the Syracuse club in the New York state league to ward the end of the season of 1907 and got nothing up there but typhoid fever which interfered with his baseball considerably. It was thought that in his peregrinations he had picked up the disease.

Jack Lapp, who had acquired all the habits of a grass hopper by this time, escaped back to Allentown in the Atlantic League in 1908 and was suspended by the National commission for his frequent changes of address. He next appeared with Hazelton in the Atlantic League and was reinstated to good standing in the baseball set late in 1908. He went with the Athletics in 1909 and has stayed there ever since except for a few games with Newark during his first season.

John Lapp is not physically robust and cannot work every day as some catchers do. But he is a good receiver, having improved during his term of service. He is practically the first string catcher on Mack's team at present, with Ira Thomas, getting old and husky all the time. John Walker will doubtless do the bulk of the work behind the bat in the impending world's series.

The residents of East St. John and Little River have signed a petition which will be presented to the County Council meeting today, to have the Street Railway Company extend their line from Kane's Corner to Little River. They urge that this district is quite thickly populated and is being built up more every year and the car line in the vicinity would be a great benefit to the place.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cure Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.

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Genuine number: Signature

Wm. Wood