

MAKES GREAT RECORD

That of George McBride Unequaled by Any Player.

For Three Full Seasons Clever Washington Shortstop Never Missed a Game and Has Never Been Banished by an Umpire.

George McBride, shortstop of the Washington American league team, has made one of the most wonderful records in major league baseball. In the five years that he has been with the Senators he has taken part in more games than any player in either of the big leagues. During that time the team has had the name of only one shortstop, McBride, in the official averages.

Joining Washington in the fall of 1907, he started active work in 1908, and took part in every game played by the team that season. He duplicated his record in 1909 and 1910. During the seasons of 1911 and 1912 he failed to take part in only five games. Only once in his professional career has he been banished by an umpire.

McBride's fielding average since joining the team has been in a class by itself so far as the shortstops of the American league are concerned. His average since 1908 runs between .939 and .948, and his errors range from 52 to 58. The only players approaching this record are Honus Wagner of Pittsburgh, and Doolan of Philadelphia, but neither of these National league stars has taken part in as many games in any one season as McBride.

Only McBride's batting keeps him from being classed as the equal if not the superior of the great Honus Wagner. Even in this, however, he shows consistency, as his averages for the last five years range between .226 and .235. In spite of his low batting average, however, he is considered one of the most timely hitters on the team.

McBride "broke" into the National league in 1905, when he was purchased from the St. Joseph team by the Pittsburgh club. Later in the season he was traded by the Pirates to the St. Louis Cardinals for Dave Brain, the third baseman. In 1906 he was tied with Tinker of the Cubs for first place in fielding, but because of

MANY NATIONS REPRESENTED BY PLAYERS



Pitcher Charley Hall of Champion Red Sox.

Baseball, long styled the national pastime of these United States, has become an international event. The score of battles that are waged by teams on diamonds are now common in France. The game has taken a firm hold on the natives of Manila, College teams in the middle west are now engaged in playing an all-Chinese organization which shipped from Honolulu, and only a few seasons ago invading athletes from Japan treated the palefaced Americans to some first-class surprises while appearing in these parts.

Big league baseball does not boast a Chinese topline, the Japanese nation is yet to enter a representative in the American or National circuit and the Filipinos have not produced a recognized marvel for organized ball. However, by perusing the daily lineup, it can be noted that major circuits are well fortified with full-fledged stars from all nations. Mexico is represented by Charley Hall, slab artist of the world champion Boston Red Sox. His right name is Carlos Clolo, and he was born of Mexican parents at Kerrville, Tex. His backstopper in this case would be John (Tortee) Meyers, a Mis-



Ed Konetchy, St. Louis First Baseman.

sion Indian from California, now starting for the New York Giants.

Edward Konetchy, a Bohemian, wearing the cardinal of St. Louis, has been assigned to first base, with Napoleon Lajoie, a Frenchman, with Cleveland, and considerable swatter, on second; Honus Wagner, Pittsburg's great warrior, representing Germany, on short, and a Scot, Bobby Byrne, also of the Pirates, on third.

Put Ping Bodie (Frank Pizzola), Italian, of the White Sox, in center field; Armando Marsans, Cuban, of the Cincinnati Reds, in left field, and Olaf Henriksen, a Boston Red Sox, calling Denmark his native land, in right field, and you have the outfield. With John J. Walsh, a Celt, for boss and manager, this troupe should show some speed.

Rogge Doing Well. Pitcher Rogge, the youngster who was given a trial by the White Sox a year or two ago, is pitching great ball for Des Moines of the Western league.

SAUCE FOR GANDER

Indulgent Husband Who Could Not Resist a Practical Joke Taught a Lesson.

By MRS. D. E. COOPER. Bobson was a good citizen, an indulgent husband, a boon companion; but he positively could not resist a practical joke.

His wife was indignant when he, on their wedding day, notified her by phone that he had broken a leg and could not come to be married; and when, as she was about to tearfully dismiss the guests, he appeared, jaunty, unconcerned and whole, he never knew—she was a woman of spirit—how near she came to dismissing him.

Then there was the time that he pretended that his hister Dora and her husband had been killed in a railroad accident and that he and his wife would have to rear the six children.

"Brutally coarse," she called it. Mrs. Bobson never laughed at her husband's jokes—not considering them funny—and on one particularly gloomy day in early spring, after a shock that aggravated her almost past endurance, she decided that he had reached the limit.

"To Whom It May Concern: Parties are hereby notified that I am not responsible for debts contracted by my wife.

"ROFT. BOBSON." With eyes flashing danger she dashed the little local paper on the dining table where Robert had, with unusual good humor, left it.

"So this is his idea of a joke!" she exclaimed with compressed lips that deepened her dimples. "This! Well, it is his last.

"I'll teach him a lesson he won't soon forget," she confided to the hall mirror as she viciously thrust a hat pin through hat and auburn tresses.

Shortly after noon Bobson appeared at his sister Dora's home. Dora was serving dinner for the hungry children.

"Tessie always hangs the foliage plant in the window as a signal for me to come home to dinner," he ex-



"So This is His Idea of a Joke!"

plained, "and I tell you what, Dode, I'm afraid to go home, for she has not signaled me today. Guess she's a bit upset," he laughed a little lamely, "about the ad—just did it to get a little joke on her, you know."

"I don't know what you mean," replied busy Dora, "but I did hope Rob. that you would settle down when you were married. You are twenty-five now, and I declare, act with no more judgment than my own Rob. who is less than half your age."

"There she is now!" called Bobson, pulling Dora to the window. "Mad as a March hare. Gee! but she looks fine in that new suit!"

"The box is a beauty," replied Dora. "It shows off well when she walks."

"Yes, she is making the fur fly, so to speak," chuckled Bobson. "I say, Dode, just give me some dinner with the kids. I'll get none at home today."

Along in the afternoon, Will Rathbone of Rathbone, Sutton & Streets, came into Bobson's office.

"Good boy, Billie," called the effervescent Bobson. "You look like Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs.' Anything happened to the horse?"

"It's about the advertisement," said Will hesitatingly.

Bobson leaned back and laughed uproariously. "The best ever," he exclaimed. "But I guess Tess is mad," said he, sobering somewhat.

"I wanted to say," continued Rathbone, unsmilingly, "that you can hardly expect to be unaccountable for the debts contracted before the notice was published."

Rathbone, noting the look of dumb astonishment on Bobson's face, added: "I hate to speak of it, Bob, but we are in for about \$600, and can ill afford to lose it. You know I am somewhat in debt—my wife's father, you understand. The new department was my idea, you know. So Sutton & Streets blame me, for I was the one to let the account run; knowing you and Tessie so well."

"Bobson rose, in a towering passion. "Rathbone, if you say another word I'll throw you out!"

Rathbone straightened perceptibly. "I hardly think so, Bobson. Better consider a moment, first. Remember, you tried that on me at school some 15 years ago, and it didn't work just as you anticipated."

Bobson's hair stood on end. Was this the end of their David and Jonathan affection? And through what ghastly freak of torture had Tessie not told him! Six hundred dollars! Somewhat blindly he put out his hand. "Don't let us quarrel, Billie," he said a little thickly. "I will fix it some way. I only put it in as a little joke on Tess. I thought every one would know."

Rathbone took his hand and tried to hide the scorn in his voice: "All right, Bob; but if that is your notion of fun I am sorry for you."

"I'm sorry for the little girl," he returned simply, as Rathbone left him.

Alone, he sat, unable to fix his attention on business, ashamed even to glance through the window.

Along in the afternoon his sister Dora's husband, a man several years Bobson's senior, walked thoughtfully into the inner office. Though on the best of terms, Bobson had a profound respect for Stewart.

"This is bad, Robert," said Stewart, "but it seems that for decency's sake you might have taken some other way."

Bobson, the chins playing sportively down his spine, felt what was coming. "But you can't expect me to waive my rights," continued Stewart.

Bobson raised his head to speak but at his visitor's hand, lifted to enjoin silence, he waited.



George McBride.

his weak hitting was traded, with Egan, a pitcher, for Bill Fyffe to the Kansas City club of the American association. In the fall of 1907 he was purchased by Washington.

Since the passing of Ganley, in the summer of 1909, McBride has been field captain of the Senators, under three managers—Cantillon, McAleer and Griffith. When McAleer bought an interest in the Boston Red Sox he offered the Washington club \$10,000 for McBride, but the offer was turned down.

OLD PLAYER MORE VERSATILE

Pitchers Worked in the Outfield and Catchers Filled In Infield—Many Men Now Needed.

One marvels how major league teams a few years back managed to go through a season with 12 or 13 players when today the average team finds itself pushed for material even though it carry 25 players on its list. In the old days few players were ever idle. Pitchers played the outfield when they were not pitching, while catchers were constantly being used in the infield when they could be spared behind the bat. It would seem that the players were more versatile in those days or the standard of play was not as high as it is today.

The average pitcher nowadays can pitch, and that lets him out. He could not fill any other position satisfactorily, and is idle about five days out of every week. When the pitchers were forced to play other positions they naturally acquired ability aside from pitching, and this made them of more value to their teams.

Cause for High Sky.

Josh Devore of the Giants complained about the high sky that made fly balls difficult to judge in Knoxville in a spring training game. Knox had an explanation that satisfied McGraw. "They have the high sky here all the time," said Devore. "It has to be high or else they couldn't get those mountains under it." Can you imagine anything quite as bad as this?

Swears Off Arguing.

Believing that all the umpires in the American league have been instructed to be strict with him, Clark Griffith has sworn off arguing with them, and he even has gone so far as to bet a suit of clothes that he will not get put off the field all season.

Some "Come-Backs."

Just a reminder. "Come backs" of 1913—Orvis Overall, Otto Hess, Hans Wagner, Larry Lajoie and—not forgetting Christy Mathewson.

Chance Wants Hosp.

Manager Chance offered \$5,000 for the release of Shortstop Hogs of the Venice team of the Pacific Coast league.

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Demand the Genuine—Refuse Substitutes.

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Send 8 tops from ten cent packages of Faultless Starch and ten cents in stamps to cover postage and packing and get Miss Elizabeth Ann, 25 inches high. Send three tops from your own packages and get Miss Phyllis Frim or Miss Lily White, twelve inches high. Send tops from five cent packages if you wish, but stamps as many are required. Cut this ad. out. It will be accepted in place of one cent or two five cent tops. Write your name and address plainly. One ad. will be accepted with each application.

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W. V. BENNETT, See Buildings, Omaha, Neb., or address Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

WOULDN'T CAUSE A SCANDAL

Old Negro Woman Had Lost Her Hogs, but Refrained From Pointing the Finger of Suspicion.

A gentleman stopped at a cabin where an old negro woman lived, and entered into conversation with her concerning the crop prospects. "I did hab fo' or five hogs," said the old woman; "but dat's dwindled down till I ain't got but one now." "Somebody steal them?" I neber talks 'bout by neighbors, an' doan' neber makes mischief. I doan't." "Did the hogs die?" "Da muster died; but yer ain't gwine to say nuthin' agin' my neighbors. De hogs disappeared away from heah while dat man was libin', but I ain't gwine to say nuthin' agin' him." "Do you think that he took them?" "Mister, dat man's dead, an' I doan' want ter say nuthin' agin' him, but lemme tell yer, while dat man was libin', he was a powerful stumbling block ter hogs."

ECZEMA BURNED AND ITCHED

203 Walnut St., Hillsboro, Ill.—"My child had a breaking out on the lower limbs which developed into eczema. The eczema began with pimples which contained yellow corruption and from the child's clothing they were greatly irritated. They seemed to burn, which made the child scratch them, resulting in a mass of open places. They made her so cross and fretful that it was impossible to keep her quiet. They caused her to lose much sleep and she was constantly tormented by severe itching and burning.

"I tried several well-known remedies, but got no relief until I got a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which did so much good that I got a large quantity that cured her in ten days after she had been affected for two months." (Signed) Mrs. Edith Schwartz, Feb. 28, 1913.

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"How so?"

"When the cars are telescoped."

Problem. "It ain't right to railroad a case in court, is it?"

"Of course not."

"But suppose it is a train robbery?"

Red Cross Ball Blue will wash double as many clothes as any other blue. Don't put your money into any other. Adv.

Sealskin coats are fashionable with women nowadays, but in Eve's time it was different.

LEWIS' Single Binder 5c cigar; so rich in quality that most smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Adv.

Some people will allow you to take their part, and then expect you to return it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Alas, when the microbes of love succumb to the germ of suspicion!

It takes a good many crumbs of comfort to make a square meal.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

Dr. J. C. Wood

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Nebraska Directory

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W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 28-1913.

Libby's Pork and Beans

Delicious - Nutritious

Plump and nut-like in flavor, thoroughly cooked with choice pork. Prepared the Libby way, nothing can be more appetizing and satisfying, nor of greater food value. Put up with or without tomato sauce. An excellent dish served either hot or cold.

Insist on Libby's Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

During the Family Grouch. Mr. Snapperly (reading) — "Man commits suicide by jumping off ferry boat." Mrs. Snapperly—"Just like a man! Why didn't he jump off a dock and save two cents?"—Puck.

Too Late. "There was one sport the Roman mobs at the Coliseum missed." "What was that?" "Killing baseball umpires."

The Plain Truth. "Was your friend suffering when I saw him, from convulsive contortions?" "No; just fits."