

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS.

Kidney troubles are too serious to neglect. Slight ailments are often fore-runners of dangerous kidney illness and should be treated without delay. J. L. Richardson, Red Key, Ind., says: "My back ached as though it would break. I could not move without intense pain. My kidneys were in such bad shape that it was necessary to draw the secretions. The doctors said I was beyond help. I began the use of Doan's Kidney Pills and gradually improved until completely cured. I have not had the slightest trouble since."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SOMETHING ELSE.



The Professor—An ordinary brick will absorb a quart of water.
The Pugilist—Then my brother's no brick!
The Professor—What do you mean?
The Pugilist—He never absorbed that much water in his life.

THREE CURED OF ECZEMA

"When a child, I suffered eight years with eczema. I could not sleep at night, and had sores all over my chest. We had doctors and none could do any good, until my mother saw the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies in the paper. We used the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, and they cured me of eczema. I also used them on my five children. Two of them had eczema very badly. When my children had eczema, I was not worried at all, as I knew the Cuticura Remedies would do their work. They had sores all over their heads, their hair would fall out, and they would scratch all night and day. They had it on their heads, face, and in back of the ears so that I thought their ears would drop off. I washed their heads and bodies with Cuticura Soap and they are as clean as the driven snow. Cuticura Soap and Ointment also cured my children of ringworm. I would not be without the Cuticura Remedies. They are wonderful." (Signed) Mrs. Violet Cole, 26 S. Redfield St., Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 29, 1910.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., Boston, for free book on skin and scalp diseases and their treatment.

Australia Rich in Libraries. Victoria's (Australia) five hundredth free library was opened lately. One and all of the older libraries are well patronized. The gross revenue received by them in the aggregate from halls, members' subscriptions, and grants is about \$340,000. There are about a million books in these libraries, and it was claimed that something like 3,500,000 visits are paid to them in the year. While works of fiction are read to the greatest extent, general literature and history receive a good deal of attention.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

He Was Innocent. Johnny Williams had been "bad" again. "Ah, me, Johnny!" sighed his Sunday school teacher, "I am afraid we shall never meet in heaven." "What have you been doing?" asked Johnny, with a grin.—Harper's Monthly.

DISTEMPER In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 600,000 bottles sold last year. \$3.00 and \$1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

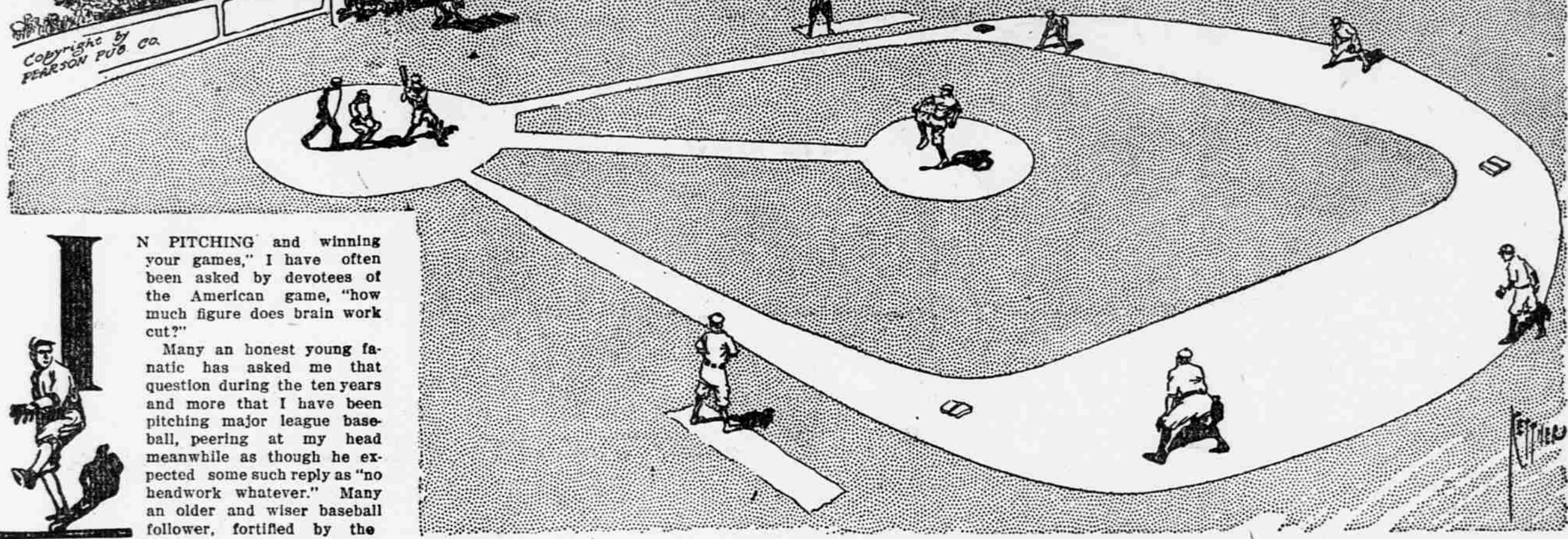
Real happiness is cheap enough, yet how dearly we pay for it with counterfeit.—Ballou.

Tell the dealer you want a Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar.

A halting speech may be the result of a lame excuse.

"Outguessing" The BATTER

By CHRISTY MATHEWSON



IN PITCHING and winning your games," I have often been asked by devotees of the American game, "how much figure does brain work cut?"

Many an honest young fanatic has asked me that question during the ten years and more that I have been pitching major league baseball, peering at my head meanwhile as though he expected some such reply as "no headwork whatever." Many an older and wiser baseball follower, fortified by the wondrous knowledge that comes to men after years of squatting in the grand-stand, has asked me the same thing in a modified form.

How much figure does brainwork cut? I don't quite know myself. I do know that no pitcher, however powerful or agile, can hope to become a great performer without being thoroughly equipped "from the shoulders up." The steel arm is desirable, the good eye is even more desirable, but, without the little filling of gray matter that is popularly supposed to inhabit the skull, a pitcher might just as well pack his suit-case and go back to the quaint little village where he was first discovered. It isn't the iron in the arm, because lots of longshoremen could snap a pitcher's arm in two with a single twist; it's the combination of brain and body, the perfect co-operation of mind and muscle, that makes a man a successful major league twirler.

Most pitchers who break into fast company and stay there by consistently demonstrating their ability, are men that went through a long course of sprouts before they got anywhere. They, like hundreds of successful men in other walks of life, were forced to look, listen, and learn before they had anything like an even chance to win their spurs.

Many things have been said and written about pitchers outguessing batters, and batters outguessing pitchers, and to tell the truth there has always been a question in my mind about the outguessing proposition. I have seen so many instances where guesses went wrong—so many hundreds of instances—that I am about the last human being in the world to pose as an oracle on the subject of pitching psychology. Nevertheless, there certainly is a lot of psychology about pitching a baseball. Granting that a pitcher needs something more than a clear head, it must be admitted that the successful pitcher is always a student. There are a hundred and one little things that every good twirler has in his repertoire, a hundred and one little things that the average baseball lover doesn't know anything about. I have always made it a practice, before going into a crucial series, to get some kind of authentic information about the strength or weakness of every batter slated to face me, and once I know positively that a batter doesn't like speed, I feed him oceans of it. If I find that his weakness is a low curve, he gets that for a steady diet.

When we met the Athletics in the season of 1905, after having won the National league championship, I realized that a good part of the pitching burden would be on my shoulders, and I began making inquiries about the weak and strong points of the American league champions.

Monte Cross, who played on Connie Mack's infield in 1905, was known by me to be a dangerous hitter, though his average was not high. He was the kind of a hitter who was always bobbing up with a hit at a time when a hit meant trouble, and just before the series started, I did a little quiet detective work through friends of mine who knew the game and knew Monte. I had been told that Monte's weakness was a high, fast ball, but when I talked to "Kid" Gleason of the Philadelphia Nationals, Gleason told me that Cross had fought against and overcome his weakness, and had developed into a murderer of the high, fast delivery. Keeping Gleason's advice in mind, I gave Cross nothing but low curves during the series, and had him helpless from the start. Had it not been for Gleason's tip, Monte's always dangerous bat might have caused trouble in that series, for there were some very close games before it was all over.

The greatest strength of a pitcher, aside from his control, is what the players call his "mixture." That means no more or less than what the word implies—his variety of fast and slow balls, his serving of this or that curve. What we call the "change of pace," the delivering of a fast and then a slow ball with the same preliminary motions, and the mixing of a high fast ball and a slow curve are the successful pitcher's best assets.

Lovers of baseball have often asked me how I deal with a batsman whom I have never faced and about whose batting ability I know nothing. Every seasoned pitcher has been called on often enough to meet batters he never saw before, and in such pinches he must rely largely on luck. When I am facing a new batsman for the first time, I pay particular attention to two things—the position he assumes at the plate and the way he holds his bat. If, for instance, he holds his bat well up toward the middle there isn't much use of sending him speed. Batters of this type are always ready for speed and they can meet the fastest ball a man ever throw. A low curve on the inside will do for a starter, and if such a batter goes after it and falls to connect, you have his "number." The batter who stands back from the plate with a long bat and a grip near the end is the one who can send a low curve into the southeastern quarter of the adjoining section.

While a batter may work hard and overcome a certain weakness, that does not necessarily mean that he becomes a great hitter. In centering his energies on overcoming his weakness

for a high ball he may lose his strength on low balls because he has been continually fed high ones by opposing pitchers. In that case I would try him on a low ball and if it was found that he could still hit that the only thing left would be a curve ball or change of pace. It is often the case that a pitcher cannot deceive a batter's eyesight but he can deceive him mentally. For instance, most any batter can hit a slow ball if he knows it is coming. The same is true in regard to a fast ball, but if he is expecting a fast ball and gets a slow one, a strike out or a weak grounder to the infield will be his best effort.

Some batters, a few of the chosen, have no weakness that the most studious pitcher can detect. Men like Hans Wagner and Lajote don't care much what the opposing pitcher has to offer.

I have often been told by my friends that a pitcher is about 90 per cent. of the game, and have never failed to assure them that nothing could be further from the truth. A winning pitcher helps a baseball team a whole lot, of course, but there are eight other boys on that team, and nobody knows it better than the winning pitcher. The recent series between the Giants and Yankees will prove my point.

In that series I got away with every game in which I participated, but I won because I received magnificent support, both in the field and at the bat. Had George Wiltse been right, or had McGraw sent in Ames or Crandall, the story would have been the same if the support had been of the same splendid caliber. The wonderful work of Devlin, Devoe and Doyle—the wonderful work of the whole team, for the matter of that—made defeat practically impossible. With that great machine working behind me and with the greatest manager of them all backing me up, I simply couldn't lose. That's how much a pitcher is 90 per cent. of the game.

As a matter of fact, it would be impossible to establish the mathematical relation of the pitcher to a ball club. Figures in baseball are often misleading. One pitcher may work brilliantly for 13 innings and have a 1 to 0 defeat marked up against his record, while on the following day another pitcher may luckily win a 10 to 8 game. It is a matter of record that in the season of 1909, Leon Ames of the Giants, in finishing a 17 inning game and participating in two extra inning ties, pitched 30 consecutive innings without allowing a run and yet did not win one of the games.

From this it can be seen that the winning power of a team must depend largely upon its run-getting ability. To reach an estimate of value we will say that offensive play is half the game. I think that conservative. That would leave but 50 per cent., and the pitcher could not be all of that. I would say that about 30 per cent. of the strength of a ball club lies in the pitcher's box. No matter how effective a pitcher may be in the box he cannot win unless the team bats in runs behind him. It is true, however, that the work of a pitcher can have a very strong influence upon the work of the rest of the team. Disgruntled fans frequently make the assertion that infielders and outfielders will not support certain pitchers. That idea is erroneous. Ball players always want to win, no matter who is in the box. It is usually lack of control on the part of the pitcher that disconcerts or demoralizes the infield. Players lose confidence because they are uncertain as to what will happen next. The catcher may call for a "pitch-out"—that is, a ball thrown wide of the batter, so that the catcher can have a clear throw to second to catch a runner who is about to steal. The infielders all see this signal and both the shortstop and second baseman leave their positions to assist in making the play. If the pitcher does not pitch-out, as expected, the batter may hit the ball through the spot left vacant and upset the whole team. Once they lose confidence in a pitcher in a game, it is very difficult to regain it. It is not that they will not support the pitcher. On the contrary, it is the fault of the pitcher who will not give them a chance. If the pitcher has control everything works smoothly.

If it were true that pitching is 90 per cent. of the strength of a ball club, it would be logical to assume that the team having the best staff of pitchers would always win the pennant. That is not true. The baseball reader who pays attention to records will notice that the teams which win the pennants always have several players who lead in their respective departments. And this does not necessarily include the pitchers. For instance, the Baltimore club, back in the early nineties, won three successive pennants with pitchers whose names can scarcely be remembered.

The hackneyed cry of "What we need is pitchers" could well be changed to "What we need is hitters, base runners and fielders." Without them there can be no pennants.

Some of the best pitchers ever connected with professional baseball have received bumps from sources so humble that any false esteem they may have held for themselves has vanished like the snows of last season. Cy Young, the noblest old Roman of them all, has been beaten by village teams. The best pitchers of the world's champions, not long after they had trimmed the Cubs, were beaten by the unknown Cuban teams they faced during their late barn-storming trip. They pitched good ball, the kind of ball that would defeat any team if it came to a matter of whole season's record, but luck, the one thing above all others that makes baseball the thrilling and perfect game it is, decreed otherwise. There are times, you see, when all the science and all the outguessing in the world will not avail.

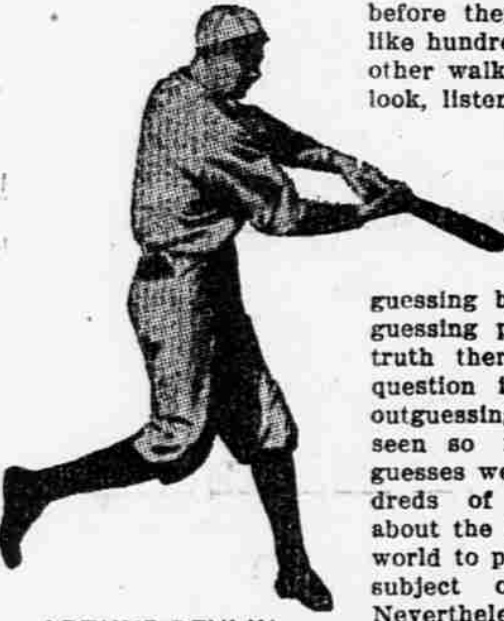
I shall never forget a trimming I got from a village team in Michigan. Just after we had defeated the Athletics for the world's championship in 1905, Frank Bowerman and I went on a hunting trip. As soon as the natives of Frank's home town, Romeo, Mich., knew that I was his guest, they came and begged us to do the battery work for the Romeo club in a game they were to play with the club representing the adjoining town. We agreed, and I am afraid that our willingness cost a lot of honest Romeo villagers everything except their family plate. The thought of defeat never entered their minds, any more than it entered ours, but the little rival towns club came over to Romeo and gave Messrs Bowerman and Mathewson, fresh from their big league triumphs, a touch of high life that they never forgot. They beat us 5 to 0, and I guess they are celebrating it to this day. I don't know just how they managed it, because I was in perfect trim at that time. I had everything, as we say in professional circles, and they hit everything I had. I didn't mind it much myself, but I felt sorry for poor Bowerman. He had to keep on living there, and I didn't.

The real test of a pitcher's ability arrives when the opposing team gets men on bases. His responsibility is increased while his freedom of pitching motion is restricted. He must watch the base runner constantly and at the same time must deliver the ball to the batter with the least possible swing of the arm. In other words, he can't "wind up." Some pitchers find it difficult to get as much speed, curve or accuracy with the short arm motion as they do with their usual swing. This affects some pitchers mentally, as the curtailment of physical effort prevents them from concentrating their mind on the man at the bat. At the same time the base runners, and frequently the coaches, are constantly trying to annoy them. To protect himself the pitcher must try and detect some action on the part of the base runner which will indicate when he is going to attempt to steal the next base. In this he is materially assisted by the catcher. Once the pitcher or the catcher discovers when the runner is going to start the remedy is simple. Frequent throws to the base will prevent the runner from getting too much of a lead, and when he does start, the ball is pitched out of reach of the batter so that the catcher can have a clear throw to second.

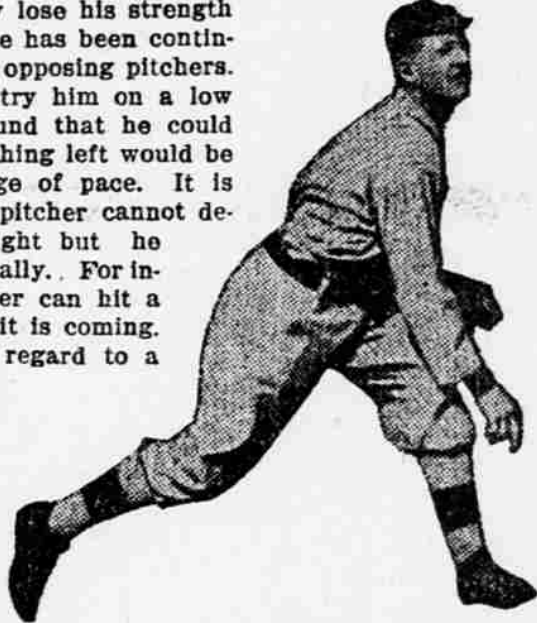
While the pitcher is watching the base runner he knows that the base runner is also watching him, in an effort to ascertain whether the ball is to be delivered to the plate or to the base. Therefore, no preliminary movement on the part of the pitcher must betray his intentions.

George Van Haltren, the famous base runner of his day, once told me that he could tell to a certainty when certain pitchers were going to deliver the ball to the batter. This enabled him to get a running start and many times the poor catcher was blamed for allowing a stolen base, when in fact the pitcher was unconsciously at fault. John McGraw, manager of the Giants, spends several weeks each season in teaching his young pitchers to overcome that kind of a weakness.

The tremendous popularity of the national game—its popularity is growing every year—means that in the years to come there will be hundreds of baseball stars where there are dozens now. Every healthy boy has it in him to become a good ball player, though he may never care to follow the pastime professionally. Being a professional player myself, I may be over-fond of the game to which I owe so much, but I can think of many other callings and many other pastimes that a boy might better shun. Baseball is always played out in the sunshine, where the air is pure and the grass is green, and there is something about the game, or at least I have always found it so, which teaches one how to win or lose as a gentleman should, and that is a very fine thing to learn.



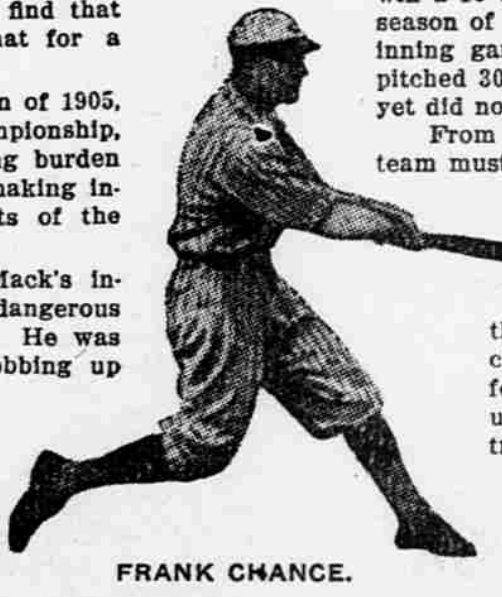
ARTHUR DEVLIN.



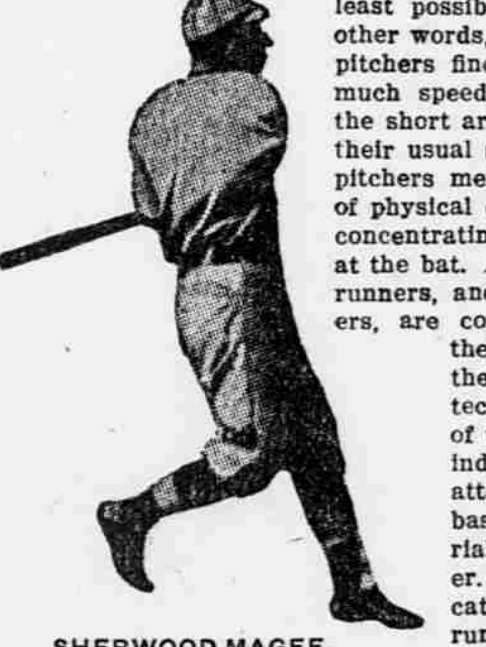
MATHEWSON.



"HONUS" WAGNER



FRANK CHANCE.



SHERWOOD MAGEE, of Philadelphia.



FRED CLARK, of Pittsburg.



JOE TINKER.



SAM CRAWFORD, of Detroit.