

RUDOLPH GROWING HAIR?

Pitcher is Certain He Has Remedy Which Will Again Cover His Bald Dome.

ALL HIS FRIENDS SEEM BLIND

By FRANK G. MENKES.

Dick Rudolph, who is one of those Boston pitching persons who is absolutely certain that he can do what John D. Rockefeller and millions of other fellows have failed to do in fact (he says) he's already doing it.

Dick, to be more explicit, says he is growing hair on a bald dome on his own bald dome. And if you don't believe it Dick will let you look at his head. He permitted us a look.

"Don't look any different than I did when we saw it last summer," we told Dick, whereupon Dick got rather peevish. "Don't, hey?" he snapped. "Well, lemme tell you that there's eighty more hairs on my head than there was before I began using that treatment."

Dick, as very few people know, is bald-headed—very, very bald-headed. That's the main reason that you rarely see pictures of Dick that are minus a head covering. He's sensitive about that lack of hair, too.

"What's the treatment consist of?" we inquired.

"Well, it's a secret preparation," answered Dick. "But it's a 10-1. Friend of mine—a barber up in the Bronx—mixes it up. He told me to try it, but I was sore on trying hair restorers. I told him to go to blazes with his dope, but he kept insisting that I use it and give it a two months' trial."

"Yes, yes; go on, Richard."

"Well, I finally took a whirl at it. I've been using that stuff for two months and darned if I ain't got a lot of new hair. See 'em?"

Once again Dick lifted his lid, poked his dome at us and requested that we begin a hunt for the new hair. We did—and then!

"Sorry, Dick, but—"

"You're blind—that's what's wrong with you. You're well qualified for an umpire's job."

And then Dick wheeled on his heel and started in pursuit of some sympathetic person who would assist him in kidding himself that he is contracting a new growth of wool.

"Ready Bill!" Quinn, veteran umpire is a fellow who talks with a punch. And even though Quinn is well along in the 40's he still retains a punch that a lightweight champion might envy.

Quinn browsed around in the Waldorf lobby during the recent National League meeting seeking whom he could punch. He was quite successful the first day, but when the news got around concerning his punching powers Quinn was dodged every time he bore into sight.

One newspaper man, who attempted to interview Quinn, was punched thirty-one times during the four minutes that Quinn kept him backed into a corner. A base ball magazine who stopped to pass the time of day with Quinn was lashed seven times before he could escape, while an old pal of Quinn's during the early days of base ball who stopped to say "how do do" was handed a volley of up-throws, jabs, swings and one-two's along with words of greeting.

It seems that Quinn, warm hearted, lively old fellow that he is, simply can't refrain from lashing all those whom he meets, be it friend or ball player. It's his way of showing pleasure, interest, earnestness and a dozen other emotions.

Miller Huggins, manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, is an example of what sometimes befalls a fellow who is too shrewd.

Last winter Huggins made a trade with the Pirates whereby he got five ball players for three. Everybody said Miller had been created—and he was such a nice little fellow, too. Some folks were for repeating Fred Clarke to the police for his action in "cheating" Miller.

Oh, yes; you remember how it turned out, don't you? The men that Huggins gave away "flivvered"—and the five he got rounded into stars and enabled the Cardinals to make a great fight for the pennant in 1914.

Since then Huggins has been known as the "David Harum" of base ball. A dozen times since then Huggins has tried to make trades—and just about as often he has been walked.

"Gosh, it's awful!" laments Huggins. "I believe if I wanted to trade 'Elin' Salts and Catcher-Sunder for a pair of hot boys I couldn't make a deal. Every one of the other managers would think I had a few cards up my sleeve."

New Topeka Boss Was a Bank Clerk in Kansas City

Topeka Capital: Base ball and business have worked well together with John Savage, now owner of the Topeka base ball club. Here is the story of the combination:

Back in 1909 a lad of 16 years began work in a Kansas City bank. With the exception of two years spent in construction work, Savage remained an employee of the bank until 1907. Outside of office hours, "Jack" Savage developed into a classy semi-pro catcher.

When one of the patrons of the bank, George Tobean, offered Savage a place as secretary of the Kansas City American association club, there was no delay in the offer being accepted. That was in 1907. Since that time until Saturday, Savage has been tending to the many duties that fall to the business manager of a base ball organization.

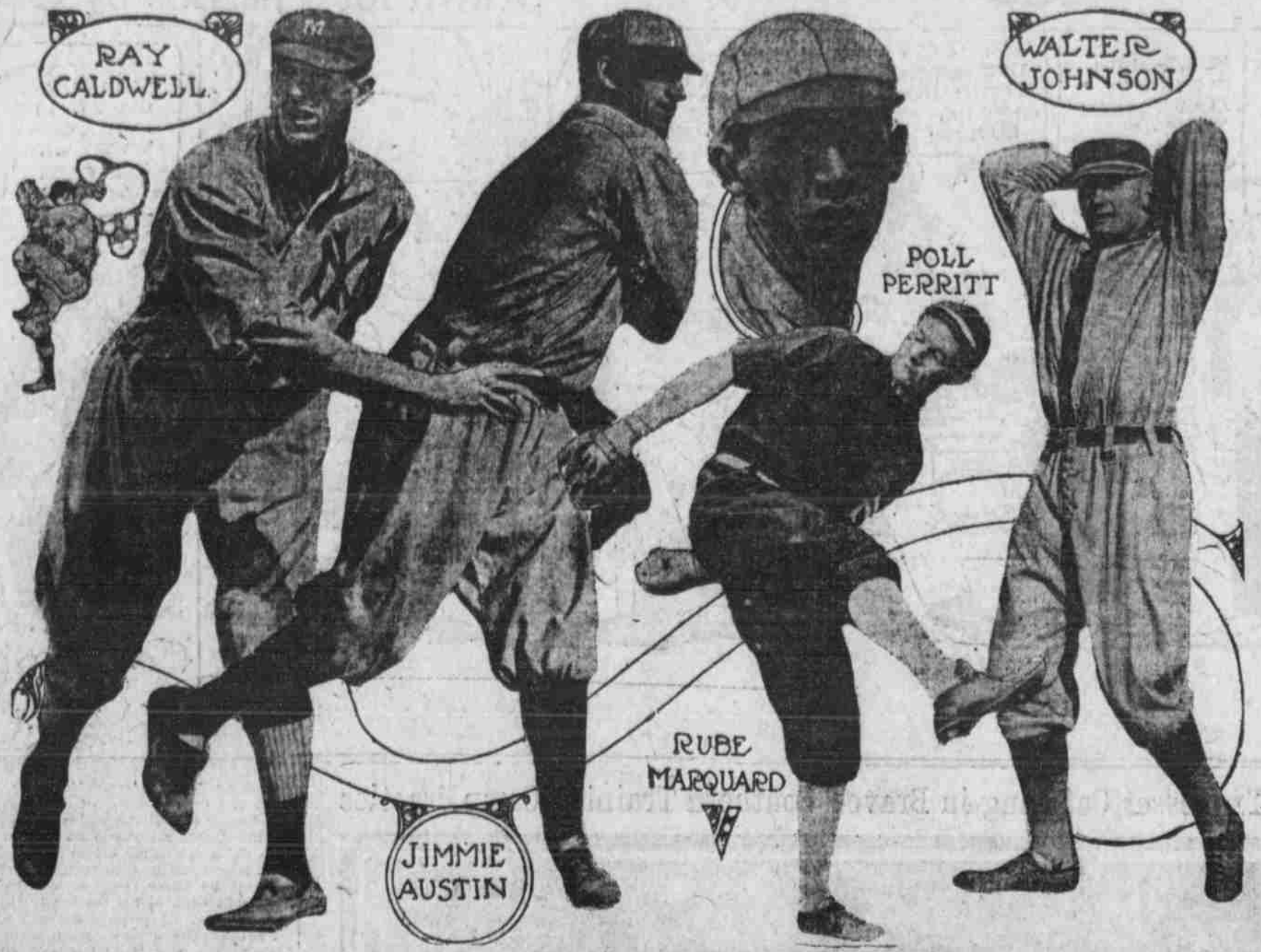
The two years the new Western league magnate spent in construction work was with the senior Savage, who had contracted erecting buildings along the Rock Island line in Oklahoma and Kansas. It was this training that enabled Savage to make the plans and have complete supervision of the erection of the old grand stand in the Kansas City park.

Mr. Savage, who is 23 years old and better looking than his picture, will be tied to meet Topeka fans who call at his office at the German-American bank.

AND NOW THE FAIR SEX IS TAKING UP THE MANLY ART

"The womanly art"—they may soon be calling boxing. Anyway, Miss Gertrude Bauman of New York lashed and lashed the "stuffed" out of poor Eddie Tovey, his boxing professor and former ring artist, in an exhibition in Gotham last week. Eddie fought better for the good name of his sex, but at the end of the fourth round Referee Jack Adler announced his defeat. Miss Bauman declared after the bout that her costume consisted of just four garments—shorts, stockings, bloomers and a middie skirt—she didn't wear a corset.

Desertions of O. B. Stars Cause Feds to Threaten to Fight for Services



CHICAGO, March 13.—Charles Weighman, president of the Chicago Federal league club, asserts his organization is ready to break open its war chest and delve deep into the \$100,000 war fund, in a fight to the finish to retain the services of half a dozen of Organized Base Ball's stars, who jumped to the Federal league last season and have hopped back nimbly to the American or National leagues this year. Poll Perritt, Rube Marquard, Jimmie Austin, Walter Johnson and Caldwell are some of the men who have done the double flip to the

Feds and then back to O. B. again. It is said that the Federal league is determined that these men either shall play with them, or not play at all, and they will seek injunctions restraining the players from appearing on any ball park until the highest court has passed on their claims.

NELSON TO MEET WELSH

Former Lightweight Champion Assigned Task of Resurrecting Himself.

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN HAVANA

BY RINGSIDE.

NEW YORK, March 13.—Wouldn't it be a case of "too good to be true" if we were to see placarded about the town posters bearing the following inscription:

Engagement Extraordinary!
BATTING NELSON.
Two-Time Lightweight Champion of the World.

Well, patient reader, it is not out of the bounds of possibility that such may be the case. Stranger things have transpired; and this is the era of unexpected occurrences.

Some time ago our readers probably read the pugilistic obituary of one Oscar Matthew Battling Nelson. But that announcement seems to have been premature, for now we have it that the once durable Dane is to be resurrected from the pugilistic graveyard and to compete the metamorphosis he is to become the lightweight champion of the universe for the second time in his turbulent career.

This preamble is merely to lead you to the interesting announcement that Battling Nelson, ex-champion, and Freddie Welsh, incumbent champion, are to meet in a forty-five round battle in a Havana ring the last week in April or the first week in May.

There you have it in concise form. The rest is left to the imagination.

We are able to impart this information for the simple reason that it was delivered to us in person by the man who is to play a prominent part in the match. We refer to Captain Custum A. Rice, Cuban rancher, and millionaire sportsman and clubman.

Prospect in Havana.

Captain Rice will shortly assume the presidency of the National Sporting club of Havana, and is to become the real power in the boxing game in Cuba. He has been tendered the commission to supersede the sport on the island, and will accept President Manonca's proffer if he is permitted to name his sides. Captain Rice is perfectly willing to serve as ex-officio of the commission.

Captain Rice has unlimited influence with the chief executive of the island, and his word would be law if a supervising body is formed.

Captain Rice is authority for the statement that the Welsh-Nelson battle, as outlined, is officially on, for he declares he has seen a copy of Welsh's agreement to take on Nelson in a championship match over the forty-five round trail.

Further credence is given the match by the fact that Nelson is already in Havana, becoming acclimated. The Dane realizes that this is his second chance of a lifetime, and he does not propose to see it flitter by without making a thrust at it. Nelson's first chance was when he relieved Joe Gans of the lightweight championship.

So it would appear that Nelson is to be given a whack at his old title, and that Welsh has finally consented to stake his title in a championship bout with a referee's decision attached.

It is not for us to say whether Nelson still possesses his old vitality and irresistible fighting force, but if the Dane is to be taken at his word, he has lost none of his stamina, or aggressiveness, and is still capable of dealing out a stunning blow.

Nelson has been a devout follower of Welsh's battles since the Briton returned to this neutral country with the world's championship dangling from his belt. And Freddie's performances have not impressed the Battler, nor driven the fear of a trouncing into his calloused heart.

Not afraid of Welsh's Punch.

Before leaving for Havana, Nelson said something about not being afraid of Welsh and his "feather, duster" punch. It is because Welsh does not tote a fifty-mile-power wallop that fails to cause Nelson any uneasiness about the forthcoming affair. Nelson has it all calcu-

lated that he can wear Welsh down in a certain number of rounds, and then devote another certain number of rounds to land the "crusher," as he himself expressed it. A "crusher," in Nelson's parlance, means a finishing blow—a knockout.

Welsh is strangely silent about the matter, not uttering one word of rebuttal. Freddie evidently is doing a little calculating on his own hook. He is probably figuring how many rounds of left jabbing it is going to take to close Mr. Bat Nelson's eyes, and how many more rounds will be required to put a "crusher" of his own on this battling person.

Both agree on two points, however. They unanimously declare it is going to be a great fight while it lasts, and that the receipts are going to be rather abnormal, or enough to compensate them for their afternoon's labor, for it is to be a matinee fight.

Now we will dwell on another member of the lightweight brigade. Poor little Adolph Wolgast is the recipient of the appended condolences. We will not see the erstwhile lightweight champion in a ring bout for at least another six months. On the advice of his physician, Wolgast has broken training, and given up hope of participating in another bout for a half year.

Wolgast's fragile arms are again encased in heavy bandages, the "Wildcat" having snapped a couple of bones in his mitts while training for his smash with Leachle Croft at Madison Square Garden. Adolph was so depressed by his latest misfortune that he must have wished Croft some of his hard luck, for the day after Leachle had to quit training on account of a boil in his nostril.

The bout had a big advance sale, and Jimmy Johnson, homecoming his ill luck of the fight was informed that Mike Gibbons and Gunboat Smith may meet before his Garden club the latter part of the month.

Kilbane vs. Williams.

If all arrangements go through as formulated, Philadelphia will see a champion against a champion in action Wednesday evening, March 17, when Johnny Kilbane, plucky of the featherweights, and Johnny "Kite" Williams, boss of the bantams, contest matters for six rounds at the Olympic Athletic association. Promoter Harry Edwards was forced to bid up to \$11,000 in order to land the match.

Kilbane has agreed to weigh at 113 pounds, ringside. There will be much disparity in weight, as Williams will probably make the scales tilt at 119 pounds. They have arranged to divide the purse evenly, each to receive \$3,000 for eighteen minutes of "labor." If the bout goes the prescribed limit.

While this match was commencing ten days ago, and the principals have been in training for a week, a hitch is likely to arise at any moment, and make the efforts of Promoter Edwards completely nil. Kilbane, not very keen to take Williams on at present, and may ask an extension of time to condition himself.

Smith Would Have None of This Loop

Catcher Wilbur Smith is somewhat of a humorist. Recently Jack Holland received a letter from Wilbur which bore his contract torn into five bits. In a note to Holland the backstop said he would not consider playing with St. Joseph or any other team in the Western league. "Dish me, son!" Even though released by Minneapolis Wilbur couldn't think of dropping back to the league in which he was educated several years ago. Eight years ago he wore a mask with the Pueblo club in the old O'Neill circuit and was grabbed off by a major league outfit, but he failed to show the necessary class and was shipped to the American association. Smith wasn't hurting when he heard that the Centennials had released him to St. Joseph that he didn't care a whit whether he signed up or not.

Home for New Loop.

After leaving for Havana, Nelson said something about not being afraid of Welsh and his "feather, duster" punch. It is because Welsh does not tote a fifty-mile-power wallop that fails to cause Nelson any uneasiness about the forthcoming affair. Nelson has it all calcu-

The Business Man's Best Insurance Against Loss SIXTY HORSE POWER ADVERTISING THE KIND THAT KEEPS ALL CYLINDERS WORKING IN ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS WEATHER WINS THE RACE

Wm. H. Rankin, Vice Pres. of the Mahin Advertising Company of Chicago, sets forth some interesting facts and figures in an interview in a recent issue of "Printers' Ink" and, as that publication remarks, "we yield the floor" and let Rankin do the talking

WE find that merchants, bankers, manufacturers and others who are engaged in the various branches of the commercial world are surprised at the big way in which automobiles have been sold right along during the past six months.

The sale of automobiles has been as brisk as ever—in many cases manufacturers have actually increased their sales to UNPRECEDENTED FIGURES.

All this is beyond the comprehension of men who have never acquired an understanding of the tremendous force that goes with advertising.

It is evident that the splendid business in automobiles and automobile accessories during the recent period of depression has been due in a very large measure to advertising.

For nearly fifteen years, and especially during the past five years, the manufacturers of automobiles and automobile accessories have been advertising persistently and consistently.

And, most important of all, advertising has helped as much as anything else to lower the cost of automobiles.

By advertising, demand has been created for certain types of cars—thereby increasing the output and making it possible for manufacturers to make from 2,500 to 40,000 in a year of one model at about one-half or less than the same model could be made for in lots of 100 or 1,000. Today you can buy a better car for \$1,500 than you could ten years ago for \$3,000.

Automobile advertising has during the past decade been little short of marvelous. Each year the amount of this advertising has increased over that of the preceding year.

Men like John N. Willys, Hugh Chalmers, Walter E. Planders, A. R. Erskine, R. D. Chapin, Charles T. Jeffery, J. Walter Drake, H. B. Joy, J. J. Cole, H. W. Ford, O. C. Friend, the Studebakers and The White Company have INCREASED their advertising appropriations year after year.

But it is not only in the automobile business that the effect of advertising has been noticeable. Take the leading advertisers in different lines, such as Hart, Schaffner & Marx in ready-to-wear clothes, Fairbanks in soap and washing powder, the Simmons Hardware, Elgin Watches, the National Biscuit Company, Carnation Milk, Kellogg Corn Flakes, Paris Garters, the American Radiator Company, Norel Such Minicement, Red Crown Gasoline, Certain-teed Roofing, Quaker Oats, Berkeley & Day Furniture, Colgate toilet articles, Goodrich tires, and Snider's Caps, and you will find that their business has suffered little the past year in comparison with that of manufacturers who try to sell their goods without advertising.

I do not mean to say that advertising is a sure cure for hard times, or a guarantee against failure, but I do contend that advertising is the business man's best insurance against loss.

The Right Sort of Insurance

THE contractors in the sales of products which are largely advertised in the newspapers are hardly perceptibly in dull times, whereas the sales of unadvertised products fall off from one-third to one-half or more.

Let me cite the case of Hart, Schaffner & Marx. An interview with a member of this firm was published in the Chicago Morning Examiner about the first of the year. Having re-

ferred to the prestige which was maintained by Chicago in 1914 as the leading market for high-grade, ready-made clothing, he spoke of the curtailment of consumption due to the outbreak of the war in Europe, and then made this important statement:

"Instead of indulging in marked retrenchments and reductions all along the line, the market was supported by the most extensive advertising that has ever been done in the history of the industry." Many automobile and accessory manufacturers followed the same plan with profitable results to themselves and their dealers.

One of the greatest things about advertising is its moral effect. Good advertising creates a desire in the mind of the reader for the product advertised—automobile advertising has been unusually good with the support automobile editors have given the industry, automobile dealers-creating copy and news-stories have had a most wonderful selling effect on every reader of a newspaper. Today nearly every man is a possible buyer. This is a feature that is overlooked by the producer who does not advertise.

The big sales of automobiles today are not due solely to the advertising that was done yesterday or last week. In a large measure they may be attributed to the advertising of last year and the year before last. The advertising which is published today is doing something in addition to adding to the volume of today's sales. It is helping to make the sales of next year and the year after. It is building prestige, establishing confidence and gathering momentum for the future. It is a good thing that this leadership cannot be secured by simply advertising for a year or so—because it would not be worth while. Your competitors could then do the same thing and take away your business.

As G. Ed. Smith, President of the Royal Typewriter Company, said to me the other day: "We must advertise to the girl in the high school or the business college, because in two or three years she will be choosing the typewriter she prefers to use."

Many of the people who are buying automobiles now are merely fulfilling desires that were created by the advertisements and newspaper stories they read two, three or five years ago. Likewise the boys and girls of 18 to 20 will be automobile buyers 5 and 10 years hence. Advertising is universally successful if entered into on a 3 to 5 year plan.

John Wanamaker has aptly said: "To make a success of advertising one must be prepared to stick like a barnacle on a boat's bottom. He should know before he begins it that he must spend money—lots of it. Somebody must tell him also that he cannot hope to reap results commensurate with his expenditures early in the game. Advertising doesn't jerk; it pulls. It begins gently at first, but the pull is steady. It increases day by day and year by year until it exerts an irresistible power."

Right Advertising Means Independence

MEN who are broad enough to recognize this cumulative effect of persistent, intelligent advertising do not become panicky whenever there happens to be a slump in the stock market or a new revolution in Mexico. Instead of hastening to reduce their advertising every time there is a flurry of any kind, they go right

The Hypodermic Needle

By F. S. HUNTER

They're out on every corner lot, With bally and mitt and bat, You hear the smash of every swat, The call the "Slam" and "Fat."

They battle with a husky vim, And though it's "One O' Cat," They play until the evening's dim, And play real bally at that.

And though they're only amateur lads, Among that merry mob, Who knows but what someone will be A Mathewson or Cobb?

We see that the Western association wears once more allegiance to Organized ball and war on the Feds. Probably next Blair or Wahoo will declare war on the Kaiser.

Jess Willard declares he spent \$10,000 in Juarez and declares he must be reimbursed before he leaves Juarez for Havana. If Jess waits for that \$10,000, he'll spend the rest of his life in Juarez.

Among other days which will be celebrated in a fitting and proper manner in Juarez is March 6, the date the cinder citron battle did not come off.

Ed White offers to purify the wrestling game. But at that you gotta hand it to Ed, he's a game guy and has lots of nerve.

The base ball year is lagging, Things are awfully slow, But 'till pick up in a hurry, When the lawyers start to go.

Tip to para-graphers. Why not mention Pitcher Meadows of the Cards, who wears spectacles when he pitches?

Will wonders never cease? Carl Morris knocked out Fred McKay in two minutes.

Evidently McKay has consumption or the new federal dog law ruined him.

The press agent of the Indianapolis speedway suggests that if Resta should win the Decoration day race there following his two victories at the exposition he would be "well fixed for life." There is

some thing sinister about that "well fixed for life."

All the middleweights in the land want to fight Gunboat Smith, showing that middleweights occasionally exercise good judgment.

From reports from the south we gather that those who benefit by southern training trips are railroads, the Pullman company and owners of southern hotels.

And the rookies who show marked ability to consume large quantities at frequent intervals.

Bill James is quite some pitcher, His crop of curves is bumper, His fast ball is a wonder, but— He is rotten as a jumper.

Both the Cards and the Browns have run into snow at their respective training camps, but reports show the flock of rookies are doing St. Louis proud in view of the fact that the snow in no way hinders operations in the dining room.

Jack Johnson and Jess Willard will fight on Easter Sunday in Havana, showing Cubans have little regard for Easter Sunday.

Jimmy Jackson is an athlete who will manage old Kawtown. And will try to bring them upward from their station so far down. And though his name is Jackson—oh, what an awful blow— His name is only Jimmy, thank heaven, it's not Joe.

The United States is sure to cop all the jumps in the next Olympic games. Among others entered are Walter Johnson, Bill Killifer, Ivy Wingo, Ray Caldwell and Rube Marquard.

Bat Nelson says he is not as good as he once was, but he can still lick Freddie Welsh. Probably Freddie will rush right out to buy a ticket back to England.

Though the court rooms still are working, we are happy once again. For the merry little athlete is now struggling for his yen. And is in the sunny southland playing, so the scribbles proclaim. And we hope that we will see again a real old base ball game.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE: What Mr. Rankin has said of National Business Rings true for every manufacturer and dealer in the town. Analyze the success of the growing number of our community and without exception it is the "Business" business. The modest retail policy does not turn the tide of trade to your store.

And Mr. Rankin could have gone even more into detail in discussing how the big automobile people, tire people, cereal manufacturers, all times, are using this paper and papers of this type for their national work. The man outside KNOWS that he can best reach the buying groups of his locality by using the medium which this community has needed and maintained. The man outside sells his product to your neighbors by your paper.

And today on the verge of new triumphs in business, new commercial conquests, new national business vigor, we urge that you, Mr. Business-Man-at-Home, make use of this tremendous power of your own local paper.