

QUESTION ARISES AS TO MOST POPULAR FORM OF THROWING WITH INFIELDBERS



Infelders Who Have Their Own Peculiar Way of Throwing.

What is the better form in baseball, to throw underhand, side arm or over-handed? We will not venture an opinion. We leave that to the pundits of the pastime—and to the golf players, writes Tom Rice in Brooklyn Eagle.

In their recent series with the Boston Braves, the Brooklyn Superbas had to face the shortstop work of Maranville. We will venture the opinion that Maranville is the best thrower we have ever seen. In that we are supported by the Brooklyn papers, Larry Cheney remarked that Maranville could shoot a ball faster and with more accuracy than any other athlete he knew. Larry was right.

Maranville is a Puzzle. Maranville seems to get the ball away without making half of the usual motions. He can shoot under or over handed, but his best trick is in-shooting from a sort of side-arm overhead. That is not a clear description, but it is not our fault. Maranville's throw has always been a puzzle, even to players on the field with him. He seems to push, rather than throw, the ball.

Another peculiarity is that the players on the same team say he has a "light" throw. That is, it hits the receiver's hands without jarring them.

Why that should be so is one of the mysteries of baseball. It is notorious in the profession that a throw from some players will nearly knock the receiver down, even when the thrower is by no means famed for his speed.

On the other angle is the player whose throw falls into the glove lightly and gives the other fellow plenty of time for making the play. The reason for that has never been explained. It may be that the thrower unconsciously twists the ball as he lets it go, but in that case it should curve.

Sweeping Side-Arm Throw. Take, then, Mickey Doolan, who played short for Brooklyn on various occasions. Mickey has the most beautiful sweeping side-arm throw we ever saw, and the motion was totally different from that of Maranville.

Which has the better form? There ain't no such animal as "form" in baseball, as it is applied to golf and other sports. Doolan made his reputation on the side-arm stuff. Of course he could throw from other positions, but that was the efficient element which made him a star for ten years, although he seldom batted over .250.

Smith Throws Overhand. Another case is that of J. Carlisle (Red) Smith of the Boston Braves. Smith for nearly ten years has been a third baseman. The best asset of a third baseman is supposed to be an underhand throw; yet Smith has always been an overhand thrower. He never learned the other style, and does not use any other to this day. If "form," as ordinarily understood, had counted, Smith never would have gotten a job on an amateur team.

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Roger Peckinpaugh.

Roger Peckinpaugh is the real American league sensation of the year. This is Peck's eighth American league season, and his best mark in hitting was in 1913, when he hit .298. Most of the time he has been below .250, and now he leads the league with approximate-

ly a .400 average. His run scoring is as remarkable as his batting. He has crossed the plate 43 times in 54 games. If this rate is maintained until the end of the season he will practically tie Cobb's mark of 147 runs, made in 1911.

Walter Golvin has succeeded Solder Brown as first baseman for the Mobile team. Golvin seems to have suffered no ill effects from his long service in the north of Russia.

Kid Gleason is quoted as praising Dick Kerr with qualifications. The Kid says Kerr has everything but height, but he is three inches shy of what a real, honest-to-goodness pitcher should be.

Young Unglaub, nephew of the veteran Bob Unglaub, now dead, seems to be a find from Petersburg. He fanned 14 batters in the first game he pitched, and the next time out pitched a two hit game.

FAMOUS NAMES

There are quite a few famous names in the National league pitching ranks this year. Grover Cleveland Alexander and John Calhoun Benton have been famous around the league for some time. But now the Cubs have a splendid running mate to Alexander in Abraham Lincoln Bailey. Fred Mitchell, the Cub manager, started to call Bailey "Abe" on the training trip, when the rookie interrupted him and said: "The folks back home all call me 'Linc' for short." And Mitchell wouldn't quarrel about a little thing like names.

VETERAN CRAVATH IS BRAINY BALL PLAYER

Newly Appointed Manager Is Oldest Man on Team.

Doing Better Work for Phillies This Season Than for Several Years—Batting Pacemaker of National League.

The one real, outstanding platoon-plated star of the Philis is the oldest player on the team's pay roll, namely, the well-known and dangerous Clifford Carlton Cravath, who has just been appointed manager of the club, succeeding Jack Coombs. Mr. Cravath hit the thirty-seven-year mark on March 23 last. Hitting the thirty-seven mark is the worst thing Gabby has done in his life. He hits the ball much harder.

The only active player now in baseball who is older than Cravath is Dode Paskert of the Cubs. Paskert will be thirty-eight years old next August.

Cravath, on the road to thirty-eight years of age, is the wonder of baseball.



Clifford Carlton Cravath.

Today finds him the batting pacemaker of one of the major leagues. He is playing better ball this year than he has done in the last three or four seasons.

A common estimate of Cravath is that he is a slow-thinking, slow-moving, slow-acting, good-natured chap who pounds out base hits by sheer might. If it is the common analysis it is the wrong one. Cravath is probably the headiest ball player on his team. He is lasting years after most players pass into retirement, because of brains.

Cravath can divine the intention of an opposing pitcher far better than his younger and more agile pals. He has a pair of sharpshooter eyes and uses them for seeing purposes. When Cravath drives out a smacking hit you can rest assured that he knew what was being served to him and was set for it. There is no hit-or-miss style with him.

He knows how to play for batsmen in right field and plays hits against the wall at the Philadelphia park better than any other right-fielder with the Philis or in an opposing team. Cravath makes his defensive skill all the more valuable by his uncanny throwing. Cravath actually is one of the best throwing outfielders in America. Speaker can leave a ball faster, but even Speaker can't throw with the judgment of Cravath.

HOT AFTER PETTY GAMBLERS

New York American League Club Making Usual Drive Against Betting at Polo Grounds.

Officials of the New York American league club are making their usual drive against the petty gamblers who infest the main grandstand back of third base and the list of gamblers who find it impossible to get into the Polo grounds when the Yankees are playing is growing as a result, says a New York Evening Sun critic. Since the activity against these bettors was started by Yankee officials many gamblers have been led to the gate, given a refund on their admission and told to keep out. Some have attempted to return, but find themselves barred and must do their small fry wagering over the ticker tape, if at all, when the Yanks are home.

Baseball's hold on the American public is due in the most part to the integrity of the players and the fact that the finger of suspicion cannot be pointed at the result of the games. For this reason it always has been the aim of those identified with the sport to drive out the gambling element. The game is better off without persons of this ilk, and the owners of the Yankees are to be commended on their stand. These gamblers make themselves obnoxious and objectionable not only to the club management but to the other fans who put some loyalty above a paltry dollar or two.

Clams

By DORA MOLLAN

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"By golly!" suddenly exclaimed Doris from where she stood by the window. "If that job doesn't end soon there won't be a clam left in the cove!"

"Doris!" came the reproachful voice of her mother, "please don't use such unladylike words."

"Find me one as expressive and I won't," responded the irrepressible Doris. "I'm dying for some clams, and those laborers laying the new gas pipes are just digging them all up before I get a look-in."

"But they are busy putting in the pipes, aren't they, dear?" mildly queried Doris's mother. "How can they dig clams at the same time?"

"Oh, they're just stalling on the job, mother, waiting for some more pipe. The little foreman told me so yesterday. Meanwhile they're just digging up all the clams."

"Doris," the mother again started to remonstrate with her lively young daughter, but as often happened, that same daughter took the words from her mouth. "I know, mother, what you're going to say—'Please don't go around talking to that strange young man.' You needn't worry. I've only seen one worth speaking to since we came—and he was clamming, too. Came from over across the cove somewhere. Got a lot, too. If he'd had any decency he'd have offered me some. Goodness knows I hinted broadly enough."

The little mother remarked in a resigned tone: "He thought you were a child, probably, with your bobbed hair and that short, red skirt."

"I should worry what he thought; he's some country clam himself," Doris replied, laughing. "All the same, I wish my boots would arrive. It was so stupid of us to forget them. Then speculatively: 'That water's too cold to go into barelegged.'"

"I should say so," the mother made haste to reply. "Doris, don't you think of such a thing."

"No, mother, I won't," dutifully spoke the daughter, busily scheming in her impatient young head some way of getting over those clam flats, where at the moment several Italians were industriously digging.

Now, Mrs. Dart, Doris's mother, had purposely omitted packing those boots. She had a rather guilty feeling all day, as Doris watched for the parcels post. This clever, up-to-date young daughter was rather beyond the old-fashioned mother.

She was proud of her, of course, for didn't that same cleverness enable Doris to "hold up the government at the rate of thirty-five per, with a month's vacation," as Doris herself expressed it?

And didn't that weekly thirty-five make possible the yearly vacations at the shore, even if sometimes they had to come at an unheard-of early date? But oh dear! if the child would only care about clothes like other girls and not insist on bobbing her hair with the ridiculous excuse that it saved time.

And then those awful knickers—and boots—that she insisted on wearing out fishing and clamming! But Mrs. Dart preferred not to think about them.

Doris was a wizard at finding a way out of a dilemma. Probably that was why she succeeded so well in business. The only way out of her present one, she decided, was over a bridge farther up the cove.

This bridge had been started with a flourish by some bunco amusement company and finished in a fizzle. It lacked five feet of reaching the flat island in the center of the cove. But on that island were clams—that could be gotten at without the aid of boots.

So on the following day, no boots having arrived and low tide coinciding with her mother's rest hour, Doris got into the obnoxious knickers and, armed with short-handled hoe and a bag, walked over the unfinished bridge, took a flying downward leap—and there she was!

The clams were plentiful. This was a place the laborers had not hit upon. Doris dug and dug, and the tide crept up and up. Clam digging is a time-consuming work; so when the bag was nearly filled the strenuous young lady was relieved to find by a glance at her watch that it was not quite time for her mother's nap to be over. But at the bridge she found, somewhat to her dismay, ten feet of water, shallow to be sure, but growing deeper every moment between the low shore and the much higher end of the bridge.

"Time and tide," quoted Doris, ruefully, as she started bravely through it. The water was knee deep when she managed to throw the bag up onto the bridge; but getting herself up was quite another proposition. The sand was soft and her feet sank into it.

Doris didn't give up easily once she started to do a thing, but when her feet grew numb she accepted the futility of further effort and waded back to the island.

No one was in sight. Even the laborers had gone home. A loud "Hello!" brought the little mother running from the cottage and out onto the bridge, but she was powerless to help.

In the tower windows of a large house situated some distance across the cove a young man, with the aid of binoculars, watched the maneuvers of a soap-line out on the bay. It disappeared by the river and the watcher,

taking the glasses from his eyes, glanced indifferently over the immediate landscape.

"Hello! There's that kid digging clams down on the island." He brought the glasses into play just as Doris started for the bridge, and laughed as she made the first unsuccessful attempt to gain the structure. But when the second and third ended in failure his face sobered. "She's mighty plucky, anyway; looks like it's up to me to get a boat out and give her a lift."

Mrs. Dart spied the young man running down toward the cove and pointed at him. Doris ran over to that side of the island. As the boat approached she recognized the occupant as the "clam man."

"Hello, there!" he called up cheerily; "you seem to be in a pickle. Be-long on the other side of the cove, don't you? Hop in and I'll take you around. How did you get here, anyway?"

"Jumped off the bridge," returned Doris shortly, for on close view her keen eyes noticed that his corduroy suit and gray flannel shirt were of the finest quality. Her rescuer's thoughts ran something like this: "Pretty as well as plucky—and older than I thought."

Mrs. Dart's anxiety over her daughter's plight had obliterated from her consciousness the abhorrence of knickers. Now, as she stood on the shore where the skiff was making its landing, she became acutely aware of them. Her voice held more than motherly anxiety when she said:

"Hurry right into the house, child, and put on some dry clothes. I will thank the young man." Her thanks included an invitation to come in and have some tea; and, nothing loth, the young man went.

When Doris appeared Mrs. Dart was already on friendly terms with her guest, whom she addressed as Mr. Martin. She invited him to dinner the next day. After he left she showed his card to her daughter, and the latter, glancing at it, exclaimed excitedly, if inelegantly: "Holly gee, mother! He's one of the 'Four Hundred'—a blooming millionaire; and you've invited him to corned beef and cabbage!"

The next winter the following marriage notice appeared in a society magazine: "Married—December 12, 1913, at the home of the bride's mother, Towson Martin and Doris Randall Dart."

And Sally Dewire, a young debutante, remarked to her chum: "Wonder where he ever picked up that little nobody! But, then, he always was queer. We'll never see her in society, if that's what she's aiming for. He hates it. He's a regular clam."

NOT MEANT FOR CIRCULATION

Volumes in Ancient Library of Alexandria, Egypt, Were Not Infrequently 150 Feet Long.

How would you like to have to read a story written on a sheet of paper 150 feet long?

This task faced those who made use of the famous library at Alexandria, for the universal writing material in that day was papyrus, parchment not coming into use until three centuries later. This collection contained 400,000 books, and when it was burned treasures of the literature and history of ancient days beyond all price were lost. The library was destroyed by accident when flames spread to the shore from the fleet which Caesar had set on fire.

The reed, from the inner covering of which papyrus was made, still grows in Egyptian marshes. Thin strips of it were cut off and laid close together. A sheet was formed by laying strips across these at right angles, after which the material was moistened, pressed and dried. The paper thus made had a fair writing surface, but was not very durable. Unless handled with extreme care papyrus scrolls found nowadays will crumble into dust.

The sheets, sometimes made 150 feet long, were called "biblioi," from which the modern Bible and book are derived. The ink used was made of gum and lampblack. Papyrus was not only used in Egypt, but a large amount of it was exported. Excavations in the ruins of Herculaneum have brought to light many thousands of these scrolls.

John Boyle O'Reilly. An Irish-American poet and journalist, born at Dowth castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844, John Boyle O'Reilly arose rapidly in his chosen career and came to be beloved for his earnestness of purpose and the human interest which he interjected into his writings. At the age of eighteen he went to London as an agent of the Fenian society, and later was sentenced to be shot by the British government, but this sentence was commuted to penal servitude for 20 years. O'Reilly escaped from western Australia, was rescued by an American whaler and carried to the United States. He settled in Boston and devoted his talents to literary work and public activity, and died August 10, 1906.

The Yosemite Valley. Geologists have determined, by unerring fact, that the river did by far the most of the work of forming the Yosemite gorge and that the great glacier which followed the water ages afterwards did little more than square its corners and steepen its cliffs. It may have increased the depth from 700 to 1,000 feet, and more. During the uncountable years since the glaciers vanished erosion has again marvelously used its wonder chisel. With the lessening of the Merced's volume the effect was no longer to deepen the channel but to amazingly carve and decorate the walls.

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monyhan's Letter Published by Her Permission.

Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, some days I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when six months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."—Mrs. PEARL MONYHAN, Mitchell, Ind.



Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

You Do More Work, You are more ambitious and you get more enjoyment out of everything when your blood is in good condition. Impurities in the blood have a very depressing effect on the system, causing weakness, laziness, nervousness and sickness.

GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC restores Energy and Vitality by Purifying and Enriching the Blood. When you feel its strengthening, invigorating effect, see how it brings color to the cheeks and how it improves the appetite, you will then appreciate its true tonic value.

GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC is not a patent medicine, it is simply IRON and QUININE suspended in Syrup. So pleasant even children like it. The blood needs Quinine to Purify it and IRON to Enrich it. These reliable tonic properties never fail to drive out impurities in the blood.

The Strength-Creating Power of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC has made it the favorite tonic in thousands of homes. More than thirty-five years ago, folks would ride a long distance to get GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC when a member of their family had Malaria or needed a body-building, strength-giving tonic. The formula is just the same today, and you can get it from any drug store. 60c per bottle.

Why Lose Your Hair. The Cause is Dandruff and Itching; The Remedy is Cuticura. All druggists; Soap 25c, Ointment 25c, 60c, Talcum 25c. Sample each free of Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston.

Back Giving Out? That "bad back" is probably due to weak kidneys. It shows in a dull, throbbing headache, or sharp twinges when stooping. You have headaches, too, dizzy spells, a tired, nervous feeling and irregular kidney action. Don't neglect it—there is danger of dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease! Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands have saved themselves more serious ailments by the timely use of Doan's.

A Virginia Case. A. L. Moore, Towns, Va., writes: "I suffered considerably with kidney trouble and a lame, aching back. Doan's Kidney Pills strengthened my back and kidneys." (Statement given December 10, 1917.)

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 32-1919.

Paradoxical. "I'm afraid young Dibbs is a bad egg."

"Yes, and he's a fresh one, too."—San Francisco Chronicle.

His Views. "What is this domestic science, anyhow?" "A college course in housework—that's all."

MURINE'S BEST, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy, if they Tired, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At All Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. MacLae Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.