

MATHEWSON, IDOL OF DIAMOND, FANS DEATH IN GREATEST PITCHING DUEL OF LONG CAREER

"Old Master" Gets a No-Hit Game Against Dread Tuberculosis and Loyal Fandom Cheers Word of Victory After Two Years' Game Fight for Life

THOUGHTS TURNING AGAIN TO BASEBALL AS STRENGTH RETURNS SLOW BUT SURELY

Balsam Breezes Sweep Lake Saranac Bungalow Where "Big Six" Fingers Checkers and Muses on the Days of Triumphs With Giants

CHRISTY MATHEWSON, superman of baseball, is winning the greatest game of his wonderful career. Two years ago he was broken in health. Tuberculosis had almost wrecked his lithe, superbly muscled body. Millions of fans mourned when "The Old Master" hung up his uniform, apparently forever.

Today, in "the game of taking the cure," as "Matty" himself phrases it, he is scoring heavily against the malady. In a year, at the most, he expects to win.

Christopher Mathewson, to give him the full name which few fans ever accord him, is at Saranac Lake, New York, a beautiful spot in the Adirondacks, where balsam-laden air sweeps over crags and through valleys.

It has been a memorable two years for "Matty." He stretched at ease in a rest chair as he told of his experiences. He was on the porch of his new home, a cozy house he leased recently.

On a table beside him was a checker board, a set of "men" and a little pile of newspaper clippings. The clippings described various games of checkers with which "Matty" whiles away some of his hours.

The great pitcher, perhaps the greatest diamond ever produced, appeared fit at that moment to walk to the mound and shoot fadeaways over the plate to the thundering acclaim of a Polo Grounds crowd. His long, supple fingers toyed with the checker pieces as he talked.

"It started with bronchitis," he explained. "I went to doctors in Boston, Boston and New York and was assured it was not serious. When I first came here I thought I would stay about two weeks. Those two weeks have lengthened to two years."

"I wish I had kept all the letters of advice that poured in. They would make an interesting book. One man advised me to sleep in a stable with the horses. He said his grandfather had tried it and was cured."

Blowing His Horn Was One "Guaranteed" Cure

"Another wrote that I ought to get one of those long horns used in the South to call the hunting dogs. The horns are used for coon hunting at night or fox hunting by day. The idea was to blow the horn frequently. It was guaranteed as an almost infallible remedy."

"Matty" smiled. Then his left hand reached out and stroked a clump of flowers near by.

"They are musk mallow," he explained. "I gathered them on the mountainside. Identifying flowers is one of my hobbies now. That's bladder campion over there," he continued, indicating thin stalks near a glowing mass of petunias. "I have an old Gray's Botany in the house and I get a lot of fun out of gathering and identifying flowers."

"Here 'Matty' digressed for a moment to speak of the value of a Latin nomenclature for flowers and shrubs and trees. He told how the common names of flowers differed in various parts of the country and how the scientific names prevented confusion.

"How do I feel now? I feel fine. I haven't had any symptoms for two months. I have had 'no temp' and no coughing and I have almost forgotten my trouble stick."

By "trouble stick" he meant the clinical thermometer with which patients take their temperature several times a day.

"I get dozens of letters from men and women asking what medicines I take," Mathewson went on. "I don't take any. Good food, rest and sunshine are my 'medicines.'"

Plenty of Air, No Worry, Is His Only "Medicine"

"I get up about 8 o'clock and eat a light breakfast. Just plain, substantial food. Then I sit out here for a few hours. After that I walk for about twenty minutes. Then I take a ride for an hour or so with Mrs. Mathewson. My son drives. I bought the car a little more than two years ago in Philadelphia.

"After the ride comes another meal, and then the 'rest hour' from 2 until 4. Those two hours are almost sacred in Saranac. Visitors might call and keep on ringing the bell, but it is not likely they would get in."

"Matty" forgot about his illness for the moment. He began chuckling. It developed that he was thinking of the bundles of letters he receives from



Christy Mathewson at his Saranac Lake home

"Box Score Baseball" Diversion for "Big Six"

"MATTY'S" mail is heavy with letters from all parts of the United States. Many of his correspondents want to learn how to fight tuberculosis. "Rest, nourishing food and sunshine," is "Matty's" recipe. He averages nine hours' sleep every night and sleeps from 2 until 4 o'clock every afternoon. Walks twice daily, none longer than twenty minutes, are part of his daily routine. He has a ride in his motorcar every day with sixteen-year-old "Matty, Jr." at the wheel. The great pitcher follows the box scores closely, but he has no predictions to offer on the big league contests. He is studying birds and wild flowers and delights in identifying them. He expects to leave Saranac Lake, N. Y., in the fall of 1923. He would like to return to baseball, but has made no plans.

mind back to the early days of his fight for health. He lived in a non-house-keeping apartment house, the only one of its kind at Saranac Lake. Many health-seekers there live in "cure cottages," each with six or ten boarders.

Was Flat on His Back for More Than a Year

"I was flat on my back for about a year," he said. "It certainly was great when the doctors told me I could get up and take short walks. I have one big help that many others do not have; I have my family here. That is a wonderful tonic. "One of the comparatively new treatments is called the lamp treatment. It might be called the concentration of artificial sunshine. I tried it several times, but I caught cold in taking my clothes off for it. "I am taking the pneumo-thorax treatment. It is generally called the 'gas cure,' although air is used now instead of the specially prepared gas employed when the treatment was invented. "The idea is to collapse the affected lung so that nature will have a better chance of healing it. The right lung was collapsed in my case. Ordinarily fresh injections are required every week or two. A liquid formed in my case, a condition which most doctors regard as favorable. This liquid presses on the lungs and helps to keep it in a state of collapse. "The conversation swung to baseball as "Matty" glanced over to a thermometer and noticed it registered 70 degrees. "I would like to be back in the game; I like baseball," he said. He rose up suddenly, as though gripped by the memory of some great day on the playing field when frenzied rooters were yelling themselves hoarse at a critical moment of a world series game. But it seems that instead of some epochal day on the diamond "Matty" was thinking about a nest of chirping sparrows in a pine tree on his lawn.

Even Sparrows Answer Call of Diamond Idol

"See that little fellow!" he exclaimed, pointing to a downy feathered fledgling. The sparrow was hopping on the grass near a wild lilac bush. "It flew on my hand the other day," he continued. "I carried it out to the grass. It can just about fly, but it won't look for food. It just hurries

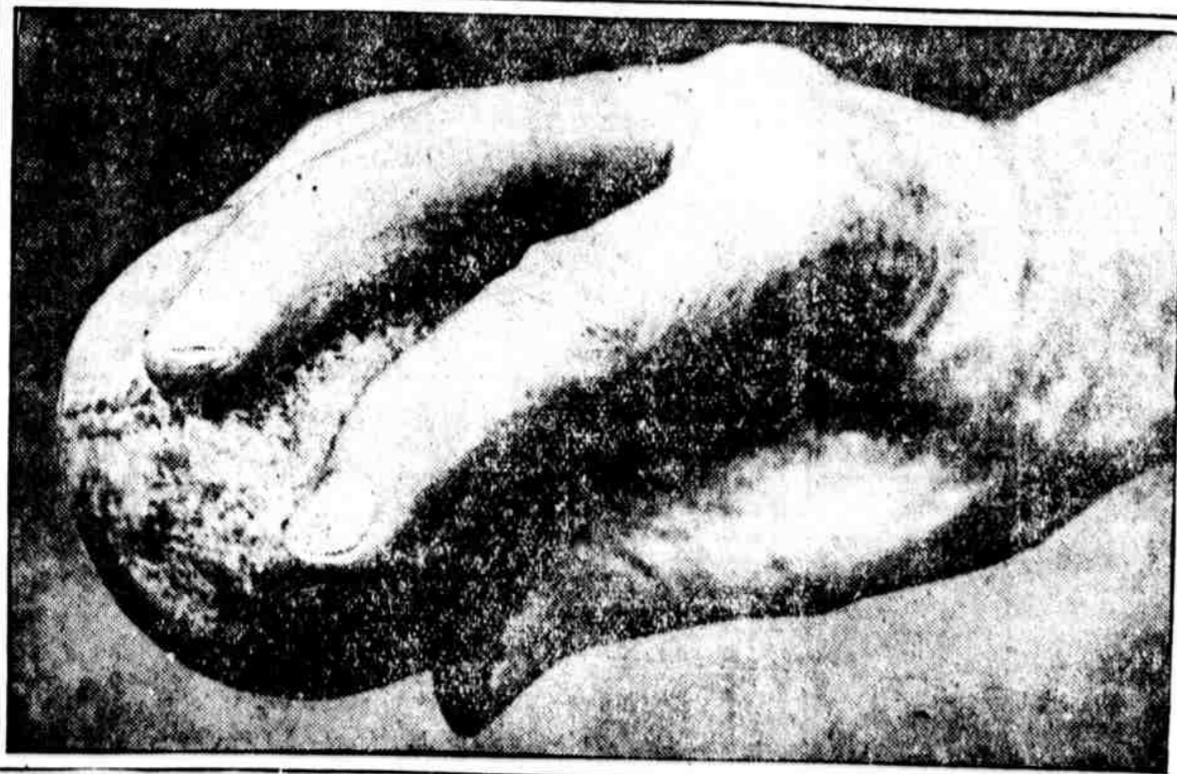
on the verandas of Saranac Lake. He began fingering his checker pieces once more. "Friends cut descriptions of games from papers all over the country," he said. "I get a lot of fun from figuring out the games. You know there are thousands of varieties of play; they are almost endless. "Do I work out any new plays myself? Well, occasionally I see a game in print where I know it could have been won at a certain point. Sometimes I write to the author and tell him just where the game could have been won. "Matty," checker opponent at Saranac Lake is Daniel McRae, who is "taking the cure" at a cottage on Main street. They are a well-matched pair, according to the favored few who see their games. Stories are told of occasions when "Matty" blandly tells his opponent he will beat him in forty moves.

Baseball and Checkers Still His Real Favorites

"There are certain conditions," the great pitcher explained, "when you can



Captain Mathewson, U. S. A.



The famous "fadeaway" grip

down and then waits for the older sparrows to bring it something to eat." "Matty" stretched out again on his rest chair, a duplicate of hundreds seen look ahead and figure out the point when you will win the game." It was evident that "Matty" brought to checkers the same analytical powers and foresight that for sixteen years kept him the foremost twirler in the national game. Fishing is another of his relaxations.

low who, when his father returned from the Po's Grounds to their New York apartment, would greet him with: "Who won the game, pop?" Mr. Mathewson started briskly across the lawn for the car. He is now forty-two years old, but there is not a touch of gray in his hair, which becomes unruly at times and drops down on his forehead. While playing checkers or reading he wears spectacles with thin tortoise shell rims. The arms have pressed tiny creases to his ears.

Son Is Chauffeur for Family 'Health' Rides

"Matty" and his wife entered the big green car which was bucked skillfully into Park avenue by Christy, Jr. The motor purred as "Matty" waved farewell. The machine started smoothly along the avenue toward a road skirting a mountain knoll.

At the rear of "Matty's" home looms Mount Baker, clothed with pine trees, a majestic sentinel keeping watch over Saranac Lake. Other knolls and ridges surround the village, the more distant mountains taking on a deep blue tint in the vivid sunlight.

Girls in knickers, golf stockings and bright sweaters swing jauntily along the mountain roads. The stream of motorcars seems endless. Casual glances at the license tags show the great distances some of the cars have traveled. One of "Matty's" favorite rides is along a road skirting Lake Flower, which was created by damming a part of the Saranac River. Motorboats chug along on its smooth surface. On the lake shore the balsam tang in the air seems intensified.

Busher Games Have Hold Upon "The Old Master"

The "Old Master" of baseball, as the weeks advance, is likely to slip out occasionally to the ball field, where

Checker Board New Field For Skill of "Old Master"

"MATTY the Great," one of the greatest pitchers that ever lived, has become a village checker champ.

He spends hours every day with his checker board, sometimes playing an opponent, but more often figuring out the almost endless moves that can be made with the twelve "men."

Stretched at ease on a screened veranda with mountains looming on all sides of his house at Saranac Lake, N. Y., "Matty" finds the checker board a pleasant substitute for the baseball diamond.

quickly was shifted to the pitcher's box when he demonstrated an almost uncanny control over the ball. He had terrific speed and a puzzling curve. He developed the famous "fadeaway," the predecessor of the emery ball, the shine ball and others of that type. It was said he never used a foreign substance on the ball.

Early in the season of 1916 the Reds opened negotiations to obtain "Matty" as manager. The deal went through on July 20 and was regarded as one of the most important of the year.

His Big League Record Still to Be Duplicated

As manager of the Cincinnati Reds "Matty" continued to pitch, although



Still a "wind-up" left



As a traphooter

He has been in such fine condition in the last few weeks that he can fish at night occasionally. But he doesn't let the lure of the rod keep him out after 10 o'clock. His latest catch was some "big-heads" or catfish which abound in the mountain streams. "I will stay at Saranac Lake for the winter," he resumed. "And it is probable that I will stay here next summer, too. I expect to leave in the fall of next year. I have made no plans. I don't know whether I will return to the game. I would like to, of course, but it is too early to speculate on that yet."

Mrs. Mathewson, dressed for an automobile ride, came smilingly to the veranda. Christy, Jr., had returned and was in the rear of the house turning up the touring car. "Christy, Jr., is a steady, manly looking chap, remembered by tens of thousands of New Yorkers as the little fel-

low who, when his father returned from the Po's Grounds to their New York apartment, would greet him with: "Who won the game, pop?"

He was a veteran of a number of World Series and helped to win the league pennant for the Giants in 1904, 1905, 1911, 1912 and 1913. Perhaps the most outstanding of those titles contests was in 1905, when the Giants defeated the Athletics four out of five games, every one of which was a shut-out. Matty pitched three of the five games and did not allow an Athletic to cross the plate for twenty-seven innings, a World Series feat never duplicated.

During the 1918 season "Matty" was given leave as manager of the Reds. He was commissioned a captain in the chemical corps and went overseas. Meanwhile Pat Moran had been made manager of the Reds. When "Matty" returned he joined the Giants as coach of the pitching staff. "Matty" was coaching the Giant hurlers when illness called a halt on his activities. Baseball fans literally were stunned when they learned of his retirement from Wall "Matty" it has not been a case of "out of sight, out of mind." The great pitcher is remembered with affection not only in New York but almost wherever the stars of the game are known. "Matty" now has gained control in the greatest game of his life, a fact that delights millions of rooters for clean sport.