

The Winning Score

BY TRAY ALLISON

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The station guard slammed the gate shut as Benton reached it, suitcase in hand. He set his baggage down and mopped his face disgustedly.

"Hang it! If I express my real feelings this would be no plane for a life!"

Someone slapped him on the shoulder with a laugh. "First time I ever knew you to get left at anything, old fellow."

Benton wheeled around, his face lighting with pleasure. "By the eternal, it's Tom Hartley. You look good to me after a year's absence. If anything could make up to me for losing my train, and having to stay over, it would be your having turned up. Didn't know a soul in the place, and was picturing to myself the hilarity of going to my hotel and reading all the evening."

Hartley drew him over to a bench and handed him a cigar. "Sorry Benton, but I am leaving in fifteen minutes, myself, for a three months' trip. Wish we could make an evening of it and talk over old times. Haven't only seen you twice since we left college. You certainly used to play a devilish lot of jokes on me. Wish we could be thrown together occasionally, perhaps the last four years have developed my mentality enough for me to come back at you."

Benton chuckled reminiscently. "I would willingly let you try your hand at it, Tommie, if only you could relieve this deadly dull evening that yawns before me. Don't know a soul in the blooming city."

"I could give you a note of introduction to the dearest girl living," Hartley answered enthusiastically. "She has the reputation of being the wittiest girl in town and would make you think missing your train was the pleasantest thing that ever happened."

Benton looked at his business suit dubiously. "I couldn't call in this get up."

"Nonsense! She isn't that kind of a girl at all, not the least bit snobbish. Let me write the note Benton, you can use it or not, but you might decide that you would like to kill an



"Hang it!"

evening's monotony, and I'll vouch for it that you don't often meet a girl that compares with this one."

He took a card from his pocket and scribbled several lines with his fountain pen. "Here's luck to you, old fellow, and I think that my train they are calling. Ticked to death to run into you."

Benton checked his baggage and walked several blocks before he decided that it was not every mortal that was so favored by the gods as to have the opportunity of meeting the wittiest girl in town, then finally took a cab and gave the address Hartley had written on the card. Hartley had written "Introducing my old college chum, Richard Benton, who is in town for the night only, and who doesn't know a soul. If you haven't an engagement, be nice to him. He's O. K., excepting a tendency to play practical jokes, but probably his mania in that direction will not crop out in a single evening."

The note was characteristic of Hartley's old style, and while it's lack of dignity was apparent, it would probably cause no surprise to any friend of his.

When the cab stopped and Benton went up the steps, his courage weakened slightly, as he had not expected anything quite so magnificent as the house he was entering. The butler took his card and left him sitting in the library wondering if he had not been foolish to act upon Hartley's impulsive suggestion.

When his courage had reached low ebb Miss Dillon came in. She hesitated a second, and her grey eyes seemed to analyze Benton. She stretched out her hand cordially, for Benton's was a face that women trusted. "Mr. Hartley couldn't have sent you at a more opportune time. I had stayed in tonight expecting my mother and father to come in on the train from New York, but have just had a telegram that they will not be here until midnight, so there was the prospect of a lonely evening."

Benton gazed, and thanked the gods—and Hartley. The soft, slim loveliness of her was wonderful!

She sat on the divan near him, a mirthful twinkle in her eyes. "Mr. Hartley's card says that you are practically perfect—with the exception of a predilection for practical jokes."

"Poor old chap! It's a shame the way I've imposed upon his good nature, for no matter how much the laugh was on him, he always saw the point of the joke and enjoyed it. He has vowed he will get even with me sometime, but I am not losing any sleep over his intention."

Miss Dillon's smile of appreciation came near developing into a giggle. "I think we may credit him with having made a successful effort," her eyes full of mirth.

Benton looked at her in surprise. "Did he write anything else on the back of the card?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing at all. See!" she held it up before him. "But I am safe in prophesying that you will acknowledge that he has paid off all old scores."

"Has he phoned to you since he left me?" His tone was puzzled.

"No, he hasn't telephoned. Shall I tell you the point of the joke?" she leaned forward, smiling.

He gazed fascinatedly at the whiteness of her throat where the Dutch neck of her white gown left it exposed. "I'm consumed with curiosity."

"Well—suppose I told you that Mr. Hartley didn't telephone me tonight, that he never has phoned to me, and that, furthermore I never met him in my life, nor had I ever heard his name until you sent up his card tonight."

He rose to his feet in astonishment. "What!" he shouted.

"Never," she responded laughing. "I hope you are as good-natured as you represented him to be—for the joke is certainly on you."

His face flushed with shame. "What must you think? If you will allow me a moment to make humble apologies I will make as graceful a retreat as the circumstances permit."

Miss Dillon smiled and pressed the electric button beside her. "I have always had a weakness for playing practical jokes myself, and this seems an unusually good one. Suppose, since we have already met and conversed at length without proper introduction, you remain until John brings some sandwiches and tea, and you can tell me some of the college tricks that led to the just retribution that has befallen you tonight."

His relief was visible on his face. "The gods have not only been merciful," he said softly, "they have been most amazing kind."

Three months later Benton entered the lobby of his hotel and ran into Hartley. Hartley's face expanded in his old-time grin. "Glad to run into you again, Benton, have you been stalled here ever since I left you at the station last fall?" he asked.

"Not exactly all the time. I have been stationed in New York as usual, but have run down to Philadelphia some few dozen times," Benton answered.

"Thought you didn't know anyone in town?"

Benton smiled and led the way into the grill room. "Didn't, until you gave me that card of introduction."

Hartley slapped him on the shoulder energetically. "So you really went to call on her?" he howled gleefully.

"Yes, indeed! And I have called dozens of times since."

Hartley's eyes opened wide. "By jove! I have been wanting to meet that girl for the last two years, and I didn't know a soul among her acquaintances. You don't know the good thing you have stumbled into, Bent, old boy, she is the sweetest of the swell, and practically the belle of the city. Let's call bygone bygones," he said pleadingly, "and fix up some plan to have me meet her."

"With the greatest pleasure—but you will have to postpone it a few weeks—the lady in question is very busy at present—she is to be married tomorrow."

"Just my luck," Hartley growled disgustedly, "who is the lucky man?"

"I am," he answered, briefly.

CIG SOUTHPAW IS PRIZE SLUMBERER.



Bill Burns.

Bill Burns, the former Washington twirler, who was recently purchased from Cincinnati by the Philadelphia Nationals, after Detroit failed to land him, is probably the sleepest athlete who ever held down a berth in the big leagues. Bill has all others backed off the boards when it comes to taking naps, and he is not in the least particular about the time he picks out for a snooze.

It was because of this that Burns was put under suspension by Clarke Griffith and later sold to the Phillies. During a recent game at Boston the Cincinnati twirler in the box was not going good and Burns was sent for to warm up. He pitched three or four balls to a catcher and then went to the clubhouse and fell asleep. At Brooklyn he was sent out to warm up for Gaspar, and repeated the performance, falling asleep of the clubhouse steps.

Even during a game in which he is working, and where every other player is on edge because of the closeness of the combat, Burns does not change his tactics.

During his career with Washington he pitched a game in Chicago in which the score stood 1 to 9 for the Nationals in the eighth inning. The players were on a tension watching every move, but while the Washington players were on the bench in the ninth Burns fell asleep and actually had to be aroused to pitch the final inning. Then he was so sleepy that the White Sox pounded him for two runs and won the game.

Many Players "Beamed."

To be on or not to be, that is the question among most of the American league pitchers at present. Hardly a box score is passed that at least one batter is not hit.

BENDER'S PLAN WAS UPSET

Crack Athletic Pitcher Tells How Worst Ball He Pitched Won for New York Highlanders.

"That only goes to show how a little thing will knock the starch out of baseball pitchers," sagely commented Chief Bender, talking about a game which he lost against Russell Ford in New York.

"You know, Johnson had a three-bagger, and it looked as if we would be able to get him there. I figured on nailing Sweeney and Ford on strikes, then passing Wolter and getting Daniels. That would have left the Swede striking on third.

"I got the two strikes, all right, on Eddie. Then I gave him a ball that dropped down and out. It was as rotten a ball as you could find, almost hitting the ground as it broke. I thought he might swing at it and miss it, or else pass it along, and then I would stick a fast one across and get him.

"Instead of that, Sweeney uppercut the ball and smashed it on the fly to Danny Murphy. It was a sacrifice, all right, and Johnson came over. It was a cinch to get the next men. That is what I mean. I don't say that we would have won the game, as we



Chief Bender.

couldn't hit Russ Ford. But the game might have been different if Eddie Sweeney hadn't poked at the worst ball I fired all day. That's baseball for you. It is always a case of you never can tell."

Likely Youngsters in Buses. Hill Murray, the free lance scout for Pittsburg, says there is not much of a yield in the bushes this year.

"There are plenty of good young fellows to look over," says the veteran discoverer of baseball stars, "but what's the use? They have to be wonders to find room on a one, two, three team like Pittsburg," but the discoverer of Harry Davis, Fred Parent, Mike Doolan, George Gibson, Eddie Grant, Earl Moore and a dozen other lights does not deny that he already has covered up a clever pair for early inspection.

BASEBALL CURE FOR INSANE

Treatment Is Not Altogether New—Expert Says It Quickens Sluggish Brains and Wits.

Baseball dope, the batting averages, league standings, vital statistics and the rest of the assorted, first-aid-to-the-curious information, is now being put to practical use in curing backward minds and incorrigible students in the Newton Technical high school, Boston.

However, the use of baseball for the treatment of ailing minds is not altogether new, for Dr. W. O. Krohn, former professor of psychology at the University of Illinois, and head physician at the Kankakee asylum, asserts that baseball was used most beneficially while he was at the state institution and he had as an assistant Frank Pfeiffer, who pitched for the Cubs last year and this year is with the Boston Nationals.

Dr. Krohn is a firm believer in the use of baseball as a treatment for the insane, but says that it is especially valuable in quickening dull wits and speeding the sluggish brain into activity.

"You might say without departing from the literal truth that baseball makes the insane sane and the sane insane," said the doctor. "At least the sane often give manifestations of violent insanity while the insane seem rational while under the influence of baseball."

The new curative baseball scheme became effective when it was found that baseball was something which, if properly applied, instilled a new interest into the fading intellects of the unfortunates. It made smiles of intelligence come on their faces. Their listless eyes brightened for a moment, apathy was dispelled, the half-open mouths closed—all at the mention of Hans Wagner's batting average and its comparison to Lajoie's cunning.

Dr. Krohn is an all-around heavy-weight expert in the psychological lore, and talks interestingly of his experience with the inmates of the state institution.

"In Kankakee there are men lunatics who sit from day to day and don't move a muscle or think a thought," said the doctor. "They don't live; they merely endure like a piece of furniture. Come up behind a group of them and whisper to them, 'How about a little game of ball,' and you'll see a change that is surprising."

Dr. Krohn told of the successful teams that had been organized from the material found in the asylum. "They'll take their positions in the field when the game is called. A man who is in for believing himself to be the missing link is pitcher. Another whose ailment results from imagining himself a complete Egyptian dynasty is catcher. The first baseman is the same and fool you will see at other times, walking around with his head thrown back. He is balancing his nose for fear it might fall off his face if he didn't. And so with the rest of them. Crazier than a quill.

"And the fans. They're still crazy, only in a conventional way for the time being.

"The first ball is thrown. It's hit. The batter runs to first base. His mind is as clear as a looking glass.

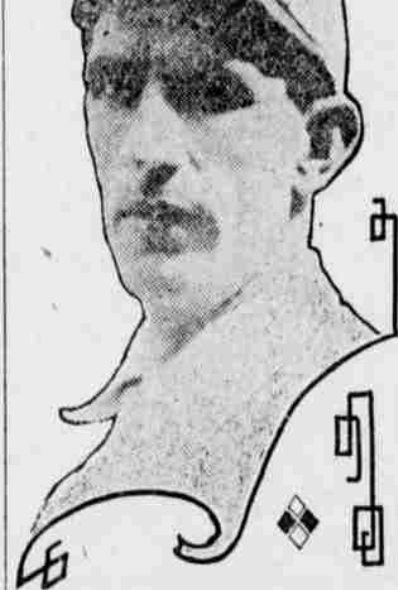
"The whole thing is only a case of making the person occupy himself with something that is interesting to him and baseball is one of the very few things that can interest the insane.

"With the same idea in mind, faculties of schools for backward and incorrigible students have stimulated the feeble minded by making them employ their time working at something they liked, and the faculties learned that there was nothing as generally popular as baseball dope."

JIMMY COLLINS IS RELEASED

Jakey Atz, Second Baseman, Appointed Manager of Providence Eastern League Team.

Jimmy Collins, manager of the Providence Eastern league team and formerly with the Boston Americans, has received his unconditional release from President Crowley. Jake Atz, the



Jakey Atz.

veteran second baseman of the Grays was appointed to succeed Collins.

Dissatisfaction with the way the team has been directed is understood to have caused the owners to make the change. President Crowley said that every effort would be made to strengthen the team.

Cubs Get Big Money. The highest salaried big league team is Frank Chance's Chicago National league club. There isn't a doubt of this in spite of the fancy price paid to Mathewson at New York and Cobb, Crawford and Mullin of the Tigers.

The three Cub outfielders, Schulte, Sheekard and Hofman, draw down a total of \$12,000 a year. Hofman gets more than either of the other two. Evers and Kling are close to the \$5,000 mark. Mordecai Brown is over it and Tinker gets in the neighborhood of \$4,000. Chance himself pulls out \$10,000 straight salary and also shares in the dividends of the club.



WHY ONE MAN GAVE UP WINC

Mark Rutherford in His Autobiography Gives His Reasons for Complete Stop in Liquor Habit.

In the autobiography of Mark Rutherford he tells us why he gave up the use of wine. He had been led to use it because of physical weakness and depression of spirits. He was very miserable sometimes, and not knowing what else to use resorted to wine. He found after a time that the drink habit was taking strong hold of him. So he resolved that he would touch no wine in the day time, but would do his work and then take something at night. There was a new development then, for he found himself eager for night to come so he could indulge in drink, not in an temperate way, but far enough to overcome his physical sufferings.

Presently, as he felt the strong craving all the day long for drink and found that he was no entering with proper spirit, but listlessly, into the day's employment, he startled himself by demanding whether he was going to be the slave of the bottle or be a free man.

Such slavery he saw meant degradation, moral and intellectual. If he kept up the drink habit he must relinquish all hope of making anything of himself. He must give up his chosen pursuits in which he had taken so much delight. He must drop down to mere bodiness. Indulgence, and be nothing more than hundreds and thousands of other young men who had gone the same road into obscurity and uselessness.

He balanced the two. In one scale was what were offered by wine—temporary relief from physical pain, and temporary elation of spirits. In the other scale the opportunity of growing along the lines of study which he loved, and the prospect of making his mark somewhere in the world.

He decided that he was not going to be such a fool as to lose what was best for what was so inferior.

Whatever drink offered was only for a little while anyhow, and if his experience would be like that of others before him, the temporary relief and exhilaration would be followed by greater pain and depression. The young man had too much good sense to turn away what was noble for what was base, so he stopped using wine, stopped completely, and never regretted having done so. No one ever does regret sue a step.

EVIL EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL

Exercises Immediate Paralyzing Action on Nervous System and Produces Premature Decay.

It must never be forgotten that even if all gross intemperance were done away with there is a vast deal of material and moral injury done by alcohol taken in quantities which most men consider moderate. Here lies the impossibility of getting rid of the effects of drink by any other rule of life except total abstinence. For, of course, the liquor has to be swallowed before any effects can be produced; then it is some time before any marked effects are obvious and meanwhile there has been ample time to take more. When it has once been swallowed it is not likely to be returned and the consequential action on the system must follow, whatever it may be. It has further been shown that harm is done by doses much smaller than any which the consumer can himself perceive to have done any harm. We have no doubt that any moderate drinker who may read this will repudiate the idea that he is doing himself any injury. This self-delusion is one of the reasons for the slow progress of our cause. But it remains the fact that alcohol exercises an immediate paralyzing action on the nervous system and its continued use produces degeneration and premature decay. All reforms and reduction of license—good as far as they diminish drinking—must never be permitted to cause us to relax our efforts to attain to absolute sobriety, which can only consist with total abstinence.—Medical Temperance Review.

Great Misery in Alcohol. Caesar Lombroso, the well-known Italian anthropologist, published a book, in which he deals at length with the subject of criminality. He attaches special importance to the influence of alcoholism on criminality and the great misery it causes. He goes back sometimes for several generations to find why a man is a criminal. He says that of 97 children born of alcoholics only 14 are normal. The abnormality may not always show itself as criminality, but when it does in one generation some abnormality can be shown in every generation. Or 100 crimes alcoholism is the cause of 50 in France and of 41 in Germany.

Cheap Beer is Handicap. A Munich employer of many skilled workmen speaking of the difficulties of competing with foreign and even North German concerns, laid stress upon the cheapness of Munich beer as one of his great handicaps. "If we were on equal terms in every respect," he said, "the fact that my men's brains and bodies are sodden with beer day and night would put me behind in the race."

Liquor Traffic in Africa. Major Lugard, the African explorer, declares that the liquor traffic in Africa is an unmitigated curse, and calls upon the governments of England, Germany and France to come to some agreement which will in time effectually prohibit the importation of liquors.

Money in Maine. Maine has more money in the savings bank per capita than any state in the Union, because the money that would have gone for drink has gone into the savings banks.

To Get

Its Beneficial Effects Always Buy the Genuine

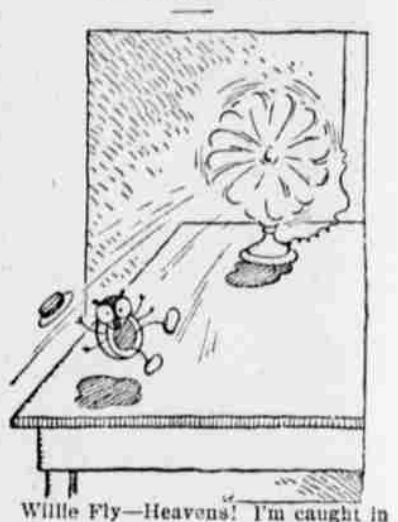
SYRUP of FIGS

and ELIXIR of SENNA

manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Sold by all leading Druggists

One Size Only, 50¢ a Bottle



Willie Fly—Heavens! I'm caught in a cyclone!

BABY'S HAIR ALL CAME OUT

"When my first baby was six months old he broke out on his head with little bumps. They would dry up and leave a scale. Then it would break out again and it spread all over his head. All the hair came out and his head was scaly all over. Then his face broke out all over in red bumps and it kept spreading until it was on his hands and arms. I bought several boxes of ointment, gave him blood medicine, and had two doctors to treat him, but he got worse all the time. He had it about six months when a friend told me about Cuticura. I sent and got a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. In three days after using them he began to improve. He began to take long naps and to stop scratching his head. After taking two bottles of Resolvent, two boxes of Ointment and three cakes of Soap he was sound and well, and never had any breaking out of any kind. His hair came out in little curls all over his head. I don't think anything else would have cured him except Cuticura."

"I have bought Cuticura Ointment and Soap several times since to use for cuts and sores and have never known them to fail to cure what I put them on. I think Cuticura is a great remedy and would advise any one to use it. Cuticura Soap is the best that I have ever used for toilet purposes." (Signed) Mrs. F. E. Harmon, R. F. D. 2, Atoka, Tenn., Sept. 10, 1910.

The really great never seek notoriety, neither do they like to have it thrust upon them. They are too busy to want to be taken notice of.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative three for cathartic.

Any man can get into a fight, but sometimes it takes a certain amount of courage to keep out of one.

When you want the best there is, ask your grocer for Libby's Pickles and Olives.

Libby, McNeill & Libby