

WILY BALL PLAYERS

"QUEER" SCHEMES THAT HAVE BEEN WORKED ON THE DIAMOND.

The Clever Trick by Which Dairymple Once Won a Game For the Chicago—The Brazen Manner in Which "King Kel" Cut the Base.

Tricks worked with such exceeding speed as to deceive the umpire, the opposing team and often practically every one on the ground have been pulled off again and again by clever ball players, and many of them have won games.

It is strange that the stories of such tricks are confined to so few men. Whether that is because only a few turned such tricks or whether all the clever tricks were attributed to them, just as all the funny stories are attributed to notorious story tellers, no one knows, but the greatest of the tricks are attributed to Mike Kelly, Jimmy McAleer, Pat Tebeau, Billy Hamilton, Comiskey, Tip O'Neil and Tommy McCarthy.

Tricks are pulled off almost every day—little ones, often unsportsmanlike—but they win ball games, and that, especially in professional games, is all that counts. It is boldness and quick thinking and acting that make them possible, and however one can feel about the sportsmanship of the player who turns the trick he cannot but admire the cerebral celerity of the player.

Dairymple, the old Chicago star, once won a game by one of the cleverest tricks ever pulled off. It was in a game against Philadelphia, when the pennant fortunes of the team seemed wavering. The game was close and went into extra innings with the score 5 to 5 and both teams fighting for every inch of ground. The eleventh inning began with darkness descending over the field, with the score still a tie. Chicago scored one run, and the Philadelphia crowd, which had the last bats, was howling at the umpire to call the game on account of darkness, but he refused, and the Quakers were sent to the bat. Two men were retired, and then a single and a double suddenly changed the aspect of things.

With men on second and third and a big hitter up, Chicago's chances grew dim, and it began delaying and fighting for darkness. Still the umpire was obstinate and the ball was pitched. The batter swung. There was a crack, the sphere went flying out to left field. It was lost from sight in an instant. The crowd did not know whether it was a home run or a line fly.

Two players went tearing toward the plate. In that instant Dairymple stood still, above both hands above his head, waited an instant, jerked them down, stuck something into his pocket and, turning, ran to the clubhouse, while the crowd roared over Chicago's victory.

But in the clubhouse Dal confessed that he hadn't seen the ball at all, hadn't the slightest idea where it had fallen, and that his entire play of catching it was pantomime, which fooled everybody except a few in the left field bleachers, who saw the ball cross the left field fence of the grounds and fall into the street.

Johnny Evers once worked a clever trick that resulted in a put-out. He was playing second, and there was a runner on first when the batter cracked a hot grounder straight at him. In some way the ball shot straight between his legs and rolled out to center field. Without blinking an eyelash Evers went through the pantomime of throwing the ball to second to force out a runner. Thinker, covering the base, pretended to catch the ball, and the base runner, completely fooled, stopped and started to walk to the bench. Before the yell of his team mates aroused the base runner Single had recovered the ball and thrown the runner out at second.

Fred Clarke won a game for Pittsburgh once, when Pittsburgh needed games to hold the championship, by a trick which beat Chicago out of a deserved victory. He was on second base—with two out in the ninth inning and Chicago leading—when Wagner rapped a terrific line drive almost straight at Dahlen, who was playing short. Clarke already had started for third; but, seeing that Dahlen was camped on the line of the ball, he ran up, stopped, made a bluff as if dodging, and just before the ball reached him he dropped flat. The ball shot past, struck Dahlen on the side of the neck and felled him to the ground. Clarke reached third before the sphere was recovered. Chicago made a strong kick on interference, but Clarke's acting had been so well done that it deceived even the umpire, and an instant later a long drive beat Chicago.

The "Only Kel" was the man who copyrighted the idea of cutting bases. Kel never tried to cut a base ten feet—he wanted to score from first by running around the pitcher, and that is exactly what he did in one game against New York.

He was on first when the batter rapped a grounder toward third. Without an instant's hesitation Kel started straight toward the pitcher's box, yelling: "Watch Kelly! Watch Kelly!" at the top of his voice.

The umpire and the opposing players had too much experience with Kelly and his tricks to pay any attention to him, so the third baseman scooped the ball and shot it to first, the umpire running there to watch the play. Kel almost ran over the pitcher, and then, with one fleeting glance at the umpire, he turned and struck through the diamond for the plate.

"Out!" yelled the umpire on the runner at first base, and then, turning quickly, he sought Kel—and discovered him just sliding across the plate with a yell of victory. He had scored from first on an infield out, and, although the opposing team yelled long and

loud, the umpire was forced to admit he had not seen Kel cut a base, so the score counted.

There was a trick attempted once which failed to materialize because Comiskey was there with his rawhide sarcasm. Will White was the victim of his own trick, and at the same time he was cured of attempting to turn anything on Comiskey.

In those days captains were not permitted to take players out of the game, except in cases of illness or injury. One day Will White was getting his bumps hard, and the runs were piling up against him. Commy caught sight of a substitute pitcher hurrying to the clubhouse and scented a trick. White lasted out the inning and was first to bat. He reached first, and on the first ball pitched started to steal second. An attempt to steal second by White was a farce at any time, and Commy saw what was coming. Sure enough, White slid, and, instead of getting up, began writhing and groaning on the ground, holding his leg. The players rushed around and still White writhed and groaned.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! My leg's broke."

"No, no, no, but your heart's broke," mimicked Commy.

And White, forgetting all about his broken leg, got up and wanted to fight. Bill Lange used to pull off a trick that set catchers wild, and it was this trick that made him the champion base runner of the league for two years.

He had a habit of starting from first base at a terrific clip just as the pitcher pitched the ball, and then, instead of continuing, he would stop short and grin at the catcher, who was in a position to throw. The moment the catcher started to throw the ball back to the pitcher or to shoot it to first Lange would make a dash for second and eight out of ten times would land in safety. He always claimed that he could beat the delayed throw much easier than a straight throw from the catcher to second.

I remember when I first watched Lange run bases I marveled that so many second basemen failed to touch him. He had a queer slide, but in dozens of cases the basemen simply failed to put the ball on him when it looked easy.

One afternoon in Kansas City I found out the secret of Lange's success. We were playing a scrub game, and I was at second when Lange rapped out a hit. He laughingly yelled for me to watch out, as he was going to steal on the first ball pitched. He did, and Kittridge threw him out ten feet. I grabbed the ball and started to apply it to Lange, when suddenly something happened. I remember going about six feet into the air and thinking an auto had struck me, and an instant later lighted on my back and sat up to see Lange grinning, with his hand on the base.—Hugh S. Fullerton in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What Is Dirt?

An old college professor used to say to his students: "What is dirt? Don't be afraid of a little dirt, young gentleman. What is dirt? Why, nothing at all offensive when chemically viewed. Rub a little alkali upon that dirty grease spot on your coat, and it undergoes a chemical change and becomes soap. Now rub it with a little water, and it disappears; it is neither grease, soap water nor dirt. That is not a very odorous pile of dirt you observe there. Well, scatter a little gypsum over it, and it is no longer dirty. Everything you call dirt is worthy of your notice as students of chemistry. Analyze it, analyze it! It will all separate into very clear elements. Dirt makes corn, corn makes bread and meat, and that makes a very sweet young lady that I saw one of you kissing last night. So, after all, you were kissing dirt, particularly if she whitened her skin with chalk or fuller's earth. There is no telling, young gentlemen, what is dirt, though I may say that rubbing such stuff upon the beautiful skin of a young lady is a dirty practice. Pearl powder is made of bismuth—nothing but dirt."

Petroleum.

A peculiar fact in respect to petroleum is the difference of conditions under which that oil occurs in Russia and America. In the former it is found in strata of the tertiary period, usually a formation resembling a quicksand and at depths of only a few hundred feet. In our own country it occurs at great depths in the older compact sandstones and limestones of the carboniferous, devonian and silurian periods. The oil of Russia consists of a class of hydrocarbons known as naphthenes, belonging to the benzene groups, while our American oil is mainly composed of paraffin. It is to this difference that the great variation between the products from these oils is due, for, while American oil yields a very large proportion, say, about 70 per cent, of illuminating oil exactly suited for combustion in our ordinary lamps, the Russian oil produces far less of such oil and a larger proportion of high class lubricating oil. The Russian illuminating oil also requires to be burned in a modified form of lamp, with a more perfect draft, in order to overcome its tendency to produce a smoky flame.

Snails.

The idea of using snails for the cure of chest complaints is not peculiar to the latter day Italians. There were many believers in the nostrum in England a century ago, and quite a brisk trade was done in snails at Covent Garden. There is a quaint prescription for a snail cure in "An Old Lady's Pharmacopoeia," published by Mrs. Delany in 1758: "Does Mary cough at night? Two or three snails boiled in her barley water or tea water, or whatever she drinks, might be of great service to her. Taken in time, they have done wonderful cures. But Mary must know nothing of it!"—London Chronicle.

LONDON SLEEPS LATE

THE SLOWEST TO AWAKE OF ALL THE EUROPEAN CAPITALS.

Hard to Get a Breakfast in Restaurants in the English Metropolis Before Eight o'Clock—Paris and Berlin Are Early at Business.

It used to be a common accusation against the English people that they ate too much, drank too much and slept too much. Today we have vastly improved in the matter of drinking, and there are not wanting signs that we are, as a race, becoming more moderate in our indulgence in the pleasures of the table. Chancellors of the exchequer have to face a decreasing drink bill, and a popular dramatist has given a new expression to "an Englishman's god" in satirizing the worship of "Little Mary."

But we still cling to the old-fashioned notion of eight hours' sleep as the minimum for the recuperation of our physical and mental powers.

Do healthy people really require eight hours' sleep? I answer unhesitatingly "No." Six hours should be sufficient for every ordinary person, and there are many so constituted that five would be quite sufficient.

London lies, perhaps, the latest abode of all European capitals. The workingman, it is true, is up and about in the early hours of the morning. He is compelled to rise early in certain trades and occupations for which daylight is essential. But he gets his eight hours' sleep by going to bed at 10.

That he wants to go to bed very early in order to have a liberal allowance of sleep is proved by the "two hours a night" system adopted by those who cater for his evening amusement. The managers of those entertainment houses will tell you that the 7 to 9 "show" is arranged specially for the working classes who want to be home and in bed soon after 10, because they have to be at work at 6 in the morning.

So one may take it that eight hours is the measure of all classes, the workers and the idlers, the poor and the rich, the frugal and the luxurious. But it is with the class that does not do manual labor that I am principally concerned. I believe that we are at a great disadvantage commercially to our foreign rivals owing to the late hour at which we commence the business of the day.

A friend of mine has recently returned from Germany, where he went to carry out a large financial undertaking. He had letters of introduction to two German bankers. He forwarded them, and in one instance he was requested to come and see the head of the banking firm at 7 in the morning, and in the other to call and see the principal at 7 in the evening. We cannot imagine a banker or a business man of any position making either of these appointments in London.

The habit of lying late in bed leaves many parts of the metropolis almost deserted till 8 a. m. I have for years found that I can do with six hours sleep, and if I have an extra quantity of work to do I can limit myself to four hours without any evil consequences. And so it happens that, going to bed between 1 and 2, I am frequently up and out in the streets by 6 o'clock in the morning.

Who betide me if in certain parts of London I want an early breakfast. In my own neighborhood I pass through whole streets of houses, where at 8 o'clock the servants are only just opening the front doors and shaking the mats.

The other day I went to a great railway terminus at 7:30, thinking that at least I could get breakfast there. The doors of the refreshment room were shut and locked. It was not until the clock struck 8 that a waiter, who was putting on his coat, opened the door of the dining room for passengers who wanted breakfast.

The Parisians are a late people. Most of their cafes are open till 1 a. m., and many in the more fashionable quarters until 2. But Parisians are up and about long before Londoners. You will find the business houses of Paris in full swing at 8 a. m., with not only the staff present, but the principals. Enter any of the Paris railway stations on a fine Sunday morning at 6 o'clock, and you will find them thronged with a gay crowd of working class folks in their Sunday best, setting out for a day's excursion into the country.

I am convinced that one of the first steps we have to take to meet the competition of our continental trade rivals is to begin the work of the day earlier, to waste fewer of the precious hours of daylight in sleep that ceases to be healthy if it is prolonged.

"When you wake, get up," is a German saying. The second sleep—the morning doze after the first waking—instead of being refreshing is the reverse. It brings about a sense of lassitude which frequently remains through the day. All men are not, perhaps, so constituted that four hours' sleep would be sufficient for them, but no man should take more than six if he wants to be "healthy, wealthy and wise."

The medical school of Salerno had a good deal to say about sleep. It prescribed six hours as the maximum for all ages and both sexes.—London Mail.

His Method.

Here is a good illustration of the rule of life which is adopted by some of our successful men. Three gentlemen, all hungry after a long day's sport, and only two partridges on the table! The carver put his fork into one of these, removed it to his own plate and remarked: "Gentlemen, I want fair play and mean to have it. There is that partridge for you two, and here is this partridge for me too."—New York Herald.

Dogs of Alaska.

"A fair average day's journey with a dog team in our country is twenty-five miles," said a resident of Alaska. "If pushed the dogs will go a good bit farther than this, but that is about the usual daily distance. They are cheerful workers, these Alaskan canines, but one must know how to treat them. It will not do to give them more than one meal a day and that always when camp is struck after the day's travel. The usual feed is a lot of rice or meal that has been well boiled, with some fat meat thrown in for seasoning. This they eat with great avidity, nor do they expect any more rations until the next day's close. If they were given breakfast the next morning it would be almost impossible to get any work out of them during the day. These native dogs have so much of their wild brother, the wolf, in their makeup that they show but little affection toward their master. They will serve him, but apparently on a purely business basis, and they ignore petting."—Montreal Star.

Cunning leads to knavery. It is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery. Lying only makes the difference. Add that to cunning and it is knavery.—Bruyere.

Believed Him.

He (indignantly)—I beg your pardon, miss, but I always keep my word. She (complacently)—I can easily believe that, for no one would take it.

Young American's Reply.

"We have a new baby at our house." "What's his name?" "I don't know. He didn't bring any card."

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The Star's Want Column never fails to bring results

No. 4

Straight Talks on Patent Medicines

Some three years ago a number of prominent retail druggists—realizing that a big change was to be made in the proprietary medicine business, that the public demanded to know what the ingredients were of the preparations they were advertising, and that a general reform was about to take place in proprietary medicine manufacturing and advertising, formed a co-operative company to meet the public's demand. This company was called The United Drug Company, of which the undersigned is one of the thousand members.

Our object was, first, to manufacture a line of prescriptions such as we had tried out in our stores and found to give the very best of results, and second, by owning our own co-operative manufacturing company we would be able to know the exact formula of every preparation we were selling, thus enabling us to give to the public the very best remedies we could find at actual manufacturing cost, plus a single retail profit.

This enabled The United Drug Company to escape the heavy charges for advertising and other expenses such as have to be paid by proprietary remedies. What was most important, it insured safety and satisfaction to our customers, because we druggists know just what we are selling.

A committee of experts was appointed who spent a long time in testing the merits of more than two thousand formulas and prescriptions recommended

ed by the various druggists constituting the company.

From these, about *two hundred* were selected as being the *best remedies known to medical science* for the cure, each of its particular ailment.

The exclusive rights to these remedies were then transferred to The United Drug Company, which has since manufactured them in its superbly equipped laboratories in Boston under the now famous name of "The Rexall Remedies."

Note then, first of all, these facts:

1st. "Rexall" refers, not to *one* remedy but to about *two hundred*—each for some one particular purpose. Nobody knows better than The United Drug Company druggists the absurdity of the "cure-all."

2d. Each "Rexall" Remedy is a *tested and proved* success, selected for its conspicuous merit from many of its class. All had established reputations through their continued use by physicians before they became members of the "Rexall" family.

3rd. "Rexall" Remedies are sold at low prices because they are free from heavy manufacturing charges, jobbing profits, and the heavy expense of being advertised *separately*, as formerly.

The United Drug Company, which manufactures the Rexall Remedies, has already scored the greatest success ever known in the history of the drug business.

Three of the 200 "Rexall" Remedies, one for each human ill, are:

FOR CATARRH—MUCU-TONE

The chief ingredients of Mucu-Tone are Gentian, Cubebs, Cascara Sagrada, Glycerine, and Sarsaparilla. Gentian is recognized in medicine as one of the greatest tonics ever discovered. It is the foundation on which Mucu-Tone is built. Gentian combines in high degree the tonic powers of all the known "biters," with none of the disadvantages applying to them.

Cubebs have long been recognized as a specific in the treatment of all catarrhal conditions. Its action is prompt and its benefit almost invariable. In whatever part of the body the inflamed or diseased condition of the mucous membrane exists, the use of Cubebs has been recommended by the best physicians for many generations.

Cascara Sagrada is especially introduced for its necessary laxative properties. The combination of these with Glycerine and Sarsaparilla makes Mucu-Tone a remedy that attacks catarrh from every point, gradually restores and rebuilds the diseased tissues to their former health and strength, promotes digestion and creates a normal appetite. Bottle, 75c. and \$1.50 a bottle.

FOR NERVES—AMERICANIS ELIXIR

The Rexall Americanis Elixir is a tonic nerve food composed of free Phosphorus, Hypophosphates, Iron Pyrophosphate and Calisaya. The wonderful results of this remedy are due to the fact that it supplies Phosphorus to the nerve cells in a condition in which it can be immediately and easily taken up by them. It is the only known preparation in which free Phosphorus—that is Phosphorus which remains indefinitely unoxidized—is used.

The Glycophosphates, actual nerve-tissue builders, are one of the most recent and valuable additions to the field of this branch of medicine and unquestionably a more efficient remedy than the well-known Hypophosphates. The Iron Pyrophosphate is the most easily assimilated form of iron which gives tone and color, and the combined alkaloids of Calisaya Bark have a tonic effect on almost all the functions of the body.

In compounding these various elements, the very highest degree of pharmaceutical skill has been employed. 75c. and \$1.50 a bottle.

REXALL "98" HAIR TONIC

The famous Rexall "98" Hair Tonic is composed in chief of Resorcin, Beta Naphthol and Pilocarpin.

Resorcin is one of the latest and most effective germ-killers discovered by a science, and in connection with Beta Naphthol, which is both germicidal and antiseptic, a combination is formed which not only destroys the germs which rob the hair of its nutriment, but creates a clean and healthy condition of the scalp, which prevents the lodgment and development of new germs.

Pilocarpin is a well-known agent for restoring the hair to its natural color, where the loss of color has been due to a disease of the scalp. It is not a coloring matter or dye—it produces its effect by stimulating the scalp and hair follicles to health and active life.

This combination of curatives mixed with alcohol as a stimulant, perfects the most effective remedy for hair and scalp troubles known to-day. Bottle, 50c.

"Rexall" Remedies are found only in the stores of druggists affiliated with The United Drug Company—only one in each town and each backs up this "Rexall" guarantee printed on every package: "This preparation is guaranteed to give satisfaction. If it does not, come back and get your money. It belongs to you, and we want you to have it."

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