

ONE BACKSTOP IDEA IS LIKED

MANAGERS WANT ONE MAN TO
DO WORK.

Pitchers, However, Have Their Favorite Catching Lists.

Any one who turns back the musty pages of baseball history and notes closely cannot fail to discover that nearly all the pennant winners of previous years have had one catcher on their roster who has done the bulk of the receiving through the previous season.

Sullivan caught the most games for the Chicago White Sox when they copped in 1906. Schmidt was king bee receiver for the Detroit Tigers in 1907. Kling was the man most prominent behind the bat when the Chicago Cubs turned the pennant winning trick in 1908. Gibson did the heavy work throughout 1909, the year Pittsburgh came out first. Meyers was the whole show in 1911, when the Giants won out.

This fact leads immediately to the question as to whether or not it is better for one catcher to do all the work or to distribute the receiving equally among three or four men.

The one catcher for all games theory, hard as it is on the man who is scheduled to work every day, seems from the standpoint of experience to be the best. Still, there are arguments both ways.

One side contends that to have one player work all the time tends to wear him out with the club if he should be hurt. Again, this side maintains that some receivers handle one pitcher better than they do another. Lastly, it is declared that catching day after day wears a man out.

Opponents of this side reply to the first argument to the effect that it rarely happens for one catcher doing the bulk of the work to be out for a very long time and that the other catchers are well able to take care of the backstopping until the best man comes back.

To the second contention the answer is made that if a catcher is a good man he should be able to handle all shoots, come from whomsoever they may. They illustrate this with the case of Walter Johnson, whose effectiveness was said to be doomed with the release of Charley Street. Yet, when Street was released to New York, John Henry did just as well, and of late Eddie Ahlsmith is handling him in fine style.

Thirdly, it is declared that catching every day hasn't worn out any star to any great extent yet, the majority of receivers being physically able to endure hard work.

Both sides have able contentions. There have been instances in the history of the game, undoubtedly, when the absence of a star backstop, from injury or other cause, has rendered ineffective the pitchers, everything being restored to equilibrium when the veteran donned the "stuff" again.

There have been instances, too, when pitchers seemed to have worked better with a particular catcher behind the plate.

And there have been illustrations where hard work has killed a good catcher. There are some who always will maintain that Johnson's terrific shoots, handled uncomplainingly day after day by Street, finally broke the former Washington star backstop's great endurance and were the cause of his being sent to New York, whence he later drifted to the minors.

It is an open fact that infielders work most successfully when there is a man handling the pitcher's shoots in whom they have entire confidence—a confidence born of steady and continuous work week in and week out.

They know where his weak points are (and each receiver has one or two failings, slight though they may be) and are on the lookout for them. The same principle seems to apply to a catcher as it does to an infielder himself. If the latter is disabled in any way the substitution of a utility man tends to demoralize the team play. Taken all in all, it seems that the one catcher contenders might have the best of it, for, backed as it has been by experience and by strong contentions from big leaguers who surely ought to know, the successful manager is the one who employs the least number of men behind the bat during the course of the season.

Bananas and Bread and Butter.
A commission house in Vienna which makes a specialty of West Indian products says in one of its advertisements: "Educate your children to eat bananas. Let them take bananas to school, and if they eat them at recess time they will not only be refreshed, but their capacity for study will be improved. There can be no more wholesome food for the school child than bananas with bread and butter."

The Flurry In Wilkinson's Office

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

When Farmer McCoy died his daughter, Helen, found herself alone in the world. The evening after the funeral she sat in the house where she had taken care of him for ten years since her mother's death and wondered what she should do.

She must get out of that lonely house. It seemed to her that when her father went out solitude stepped in. And yet something snapped within her when she thought of leaving it. She could not go forth to battle with the world as a girl. Then came the thought of entering the fight as a man. Her voice was low pitched, but not harsh. Her woman's figure might be concealed by wearing loose, baggy clothing. She had no beard, but many young men had no hair on their faces till nineteen or twenty years old and even then so little that when close shaved it was not to be detected. She resolved to try the experiment.

A few days later a youngster who called himself Henry McCoy entered a store and asked for employment. He had been hunting for a situation all day and looked weary and discouraged. Possibly it was this that led John Wilkinson, the proprietor, to say to himself that he needed a boy, but not a man; but there was a chance for promotion. It ended in the applicant going to work at a boy's wages, his work being to do errands and odd jobs in the office.

Henry McCoy was a very attractive young fellow, in appearance especially. His smile alone was enough to win the sympathy of any woman, and it soon won the heart of Wilkinson's typewriter, little Miss Betty Leslie, only seventeen years old. Henry at first was disposed to be friendly with her, as he was with every one, doing little favors for her that lightened her work, but when he saw that these attentions were producing a serious effect on her young heart he desisted and strove to undo what he had done by letting her severely alone. This, however, only intensified her love for him, and she was not capable of concealing it.

Wilkinson was a young man, only twenty-five years old. He had begun business for himself at fifteen by setting up a newspaper stand on a street corner, which had grown into a general store where newspapers, periodicals, stationery and an infinite variety of other small goods were sold. He was unmarried and was making up his mind at the time McCoy entered his service that his little typewriter would look very pretty at the head of his table.

It was a great disappointment, therefore, when he noticed that Miss Leslie was leaning toward McCoy. McCoy noticed signs of jealousy, and it was this that led him to show unmistakably that if the girl had gone daft about him it was not his fault. Wilkinson was a manly fellow, who would not take any advantage of his position to win a girl from a rival, but the fact that the girl he wanted wanted McCoy was galling to him.

And so it was that in the store of John Wilkinson, which had been a harmonious place before the advent of McCoy, there came an inharmonious undercurrent, felt, but not expressed. The bookkeeper, Tom Arnold, a young man twenty-two years old, who had in the beginning noticed that there was trouble brewing for McCoy if he did not keep away from the typewriter, gave Henry a hint to that effect. "Can't blame the girl, my boy," he said, "for if I were a girl I think I'd fall in love with you myself." Henry said he had discerned the boss' leaning toward Miss Leslie, but he was much obliged for the suggestion and would leave the way open for Wilkinson.

There is no telling what a girl in love will do, especially when the man she loves gives her a cold shoulder. Miss Betty Leslie wore a lugubrious countenance and was so preoccupied by her love affair that she did her work very badly. When Wilkinson asked her what was the matter she was silly enough to lay the blame upon Henry McCoy, but when pressed for the details of her bad treatment by him declined to make any charges.

Matters were now in very bad shape in the little office of John Wilkinson. Miss Leslie got so worked up that she resigned her position. Mr. Wilkinson, forced to surmise that McCoy had been treating his typewriter badly—how he knew not—told him that he had no further use for his services. McCoy, instead of taking the matter philosophically, burst into tears. Tom Arnold, who was standing at his desk posting his ledger, threw down his pen and advanced upon his boss, shaking his fist and remonstrating with him for his injustice.

"Betty Leslie," he said, "had no business to accuse Harry. He never did her any injury."

"He didn't!" retorted the boss angrily.

"Then what are you discharging him for?"

"I don't know."

"I haven't stood in your way, Mr. Wilkinson," sobbed the young fellow. "and to prove it I'll confess something. I'm not a man at all; I'm a girl."

"And my betrothed!" exclaimed the bookkeeper proudly.

The storm was over. Betty Leslie did not resume her position as typewriter, nor did Helen McCoy remain in Wilkinson's employ either. Helen married Arnold within a few weeks, and six months later Wilkinson married Betty Leslie.

BAITING A REAL BAIT

(Continued from Page 1)

Browns in St. Louis' Manager Stovall of the Browns and Whitted had a little run in. Whitted was coaching at first and started to "kid" Stovall.

"Who told you that you could cheat your way through the big league?" growled the Browns' leader.

"I had my doubts about it myself until I came up here and saw you getting away with the job of manager," cackled Whitted.

"Give, but you are a fresh 'busher,'" chirped Stovall. "Must have learned all that pepper stuff in the tobacco factory down in Louisiana."

"No; I never saw Louisiana," answered Whitted. "I come from North Carolina."

"Put it there, old pal. I wish I had you with the Browns," said Stovall.

Quite a Difference.

When the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was Miss Coutts, the great heiress, it was rumored that she was to wed the Duke of Wellington. A friend asked the duke if the rumor was true, and the duke answered irritably:

"I said Miss Angela Coutts deserved to be a duchess. I never said that I would make her one."

This observation of the duke's was repeated to the heiress. She flushed on hearing it, smiled a little bitterly and remarked:

"The duke should have said 'could,' not 'would.'"

His Only Subject.

Mr. van Vorst in a recent book tells a story of a dinner at Chicago given by the ambitious wife of a millionaire tanner. The lady noticed, to her annoyance, that her husband did not speak a word to their smart guests, and when she got an opportunity she whispered angrily, "Why don't you talk?"

"What's the good?" replied the tanner contemptuously. "There ain't one of 'em as knows a thing about leather."

An Odd Business.

"Insurance people are queer."

"How so?"

"First they convince you that you may die within a week to get you to apply for a policy; then they must convince themselves that you'll live for years and years before they'll issue it."

—Boston Transcript.

He Could Run.

An anxious traveler on a street car, with watch in hand, seeing he had only a few minutes in which to catch a train, said to the conductor, "Can't you make any faster time than this?"

"Yes," answered the conductor, "I can, but I have to stay with the car." —Everybody's.

An Awful Threat.

Kitty—Why are you so fearfully glum, dear? Marie—Jack made an awful threat last night when I rejected him. Kitty—What, to shoot himself? Marie—Oh, worse than that. He said he'd never propose to me again. —New York Sun.

Moon Rivers.

The so called craters, ring mountains and empty sea beds of the moon are not the only interesting phenomena which our satellite presents to the view. There are on many parts of the moon's surface long, narrow lines called "rills," evidently much below the general level of the ground, some of them comparable in breadth and depth to the great canyons of our western country. Certain astronomers have been disposed to regard these rills as cracks and rents in the crust of the moon, but others have adopted the suggestion, made long ago, that they are river channels. It may be remarked of these ancient lunar river channels if such they really are, that their wider ends always terminate in pear shaped hollows like little craters, and this end is nearly always higher than the other, so that if the craters were once lakes their waters must have flowed out into the rivers instead of the waters of the rivers emptying into the lakes. —Harper's.

"Franklin was a great philosopher."

"And so many follow his example."

"In what particular?"

"He died, didn't he?"

Methuselah'd no microbes in his day.

He didn't boil the ice or sweat the fly.

He was never vaccinated.

De-appendixed, fumigated—

Yet Methuselah almost forgot to die.

—New York Sun.

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