© New York Post.—WNU Service.

Baseball Immortals Recall Days When Game Was Rough

BALLPLAYERS today — unlike those who starred through the last century from 1876 to 1926—must ever reserve true feelings from public gaze. They sit there in the shaded dugout, wishing somebody would get something started in the Old Timers' game.

Casey Stengel comes along, shoulders bowed under the toughest managerial job in baseball, head carried with proper pride because he has done his duty so well. A stout man attired in a sports costume that is a symphony of soft brown shades ambles up. They talk, unmindful of onlookers tingling with anticipation of conflict and the knowledge that this is another celebration of the birthday of the national game.

"'Member when I first saw you, Babe," says Stengel. "We were playing an exhibition in Baltimore and you were just a long, lean, gangling kid. I played back a bit further than I ordinarily would for a pitcher, but, after you'd taken a cut or two, you slammed one over my head.

"When I came back to the bench Robby, who never liked to lose one and was particularly anxious to win in Baltimore anyhow, hopped all over. 'Hell,' I says, 'that was only a bush league pitcher and—' Well, sir, that Robby really gets mad then. 'Lissen, young fellow,' he says to me. 'You get that stuff right outta your mind. When you see a guy take a cut like that, that ain't no pitcher even if he misses. That's——!'"

Casey Stengel

A sturdy, elderly man attired in Pittsburgh uniform, has seen them and is coming across the field as fast as bowed legs will carry him.

"Every time I see you you get me arguing again, Hans," says Babe. "You were a swell fielder and of course you could outhit him, but I never could decide whether you or Heinie was the greatest Wagner I've ever seen. That Heinie was a swell fielder. When I was pitching for the Red Sox we used to have a signal to catch runners off second base.

"We'd count one, two, three, then wheel and throw. Heinie'd be right on top of the bag and we'd nearly always get the runner."

"Boys sure were tough," interrupts Stengel. "Remember, when you were a rookie and tried to get a turn at the plate, how those veterans really would pour it on you."

"Sure, sure," says Wagner. "And if you forced yourself in and got a turn up there, like as not they'd break up all your bats."

"Yeah," it is the Babe's turn. "When I joined the Red Sox I got in at noon and pitched my first game at 3 o'clock. Won it, 2 to 1. Next day I was warming up and I let a ball through and it sort of nudged Smokey Joe Wood. Joe threw one back and if I hadn't ducked just in time it'd have brained me.

Babe Ruth

"So I challenged him but somebody stopped it then and after the game somebody stopped it again. So I told Bill Carrigan, who was manager, that I had something to say I wanted everybody to hear. So Bill says go ahead and I say I don't care much for anybody on the club and I'd be willing to take them on one at a time.

"Well, nobody come on and after that I never did have a bit of trouble on that team."

"Quite a man that Carrigan," says Stengel. "Remember the time I first came up to bat against you birds in the '16 series? Carrigan's catching back there.

"'You look like you might make a pretty fair hitter for a young fellow,' he cons me. 'Stand up there nice and everything like that. Don't want to make any mistakes about you. Guess we'll sort of have to pitch to you for a while and find out——' Wham! I drop to the dirt just in time. Ernie Shore's out there pitching and he's thrown one right at my head.

But now more and more old timers have swarmed into the dugout. Burleigh Grimes, wearing a broad-rimmed black hat as befits the manager of the Louisville Colonels; Charley Hargreaves, Al Mamaux, Frank DeHaney, Mickey Welch, Arlie Latham, Chick Frazier.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

A spat which will make the National Open at Baltusrol (where a reporter got himself sued for 100 G's) seem like a pink tea soon will edify the golfing public. This is because the ordinarily well-meaning Garden City Golf club has been so poorly advised as to issue a thinly veiled edict concerning reporters assigned to report the National Amateur. The press luggs have been informed that if they want to get the news they can come around to a new servant's entrance and like it . . . During the five years when Joe McCarthy managed them the Cubs never played a Sunday doubleheader. The Sabbath turnstiles kept rattling so briskly during that time there was no need of trying new money-raising devices.

After making faces at one another for several weeks Jack Curley and Mike Jacobs have agreed to continue promoting wrestling at the Hippodrome. The rift in the firm came when numerous customers squawked about paying their money to a sports emporium which opened with such a woeful affair as that Lewis-Wyckoff mat thing. The two eminent gents made up when a peacemaker pointed out that the sad show really was the state athletic commission's child, the boxing bosses having ordered the match to be made and to be held in a downtown arena . . . Watch for another Ohio State speedster next year. A diminutive white sophomore quarter-miler named Harley Howells is the prospective Buckeye Bullet . . . Thirty years or so ago Colonel E. R. Bradley had a gee-gee which won a heat or two and was named (of all things) Captain Hugh Bradley.

Strange Things Happen Even in Football

More things you should know about this game called football. (With grateful acknowledgment to a gentleman who lives in the Juniata Branch of Altoona, Pa., and requests that his name shall not be used.)

George Washington U., Washington, D. C., plays teams from seven different states but makes no trips.

St. Mary's college, California, has a student enrollment of 476—and a stadium seating 65,000; Oglethorpe "U," Atlanta, Ga., has an enrollment of 500—and a stadium seating 45,000.

In 1872 a football game between Columbia and Rutgers was called on account of darkness.

In 1921 Cornell defeated Dartmouth, 59 to 7—after leading by but a single touchdown at the half.

Walter Camp once placed a Nebraska player on his All-American team who had graduated the year before.

In 1916 Bill Fincher of the Georgia Tech team booted eighteen consecutive goals after touchdowns in a game that ended 222 to 0 against Cumberland.

Pat O'Dea drop-kicked 62 yards for Wisconsin in 1896 against Northwestern—in a snowstorm.

Homer Hazel of the 1923 Rutgers team kicked off to Villanova to open the game. A few seconds later he recovered a fumble—scoring on his own kickoff.

Walter Camp played on the Yale team six years; Foster Sanford played on the same team two years before even entering the institution.

The game of football was almost banished in 1897 in Georgia due to the fatal injury to Vonalbade Gammon of the Georgia squad.

Bradsbury Robinson made an 87-yard pass in a St. Louis-Kansas game in 1906. In 1920 "Brick" Muller of Ohio State snapped the ball for a mere 70 yards.

Thad Brock of Davidson college's (N. C.) 1929 team made a run of 102 yards — yet failed to score against Duke. He had attempted to kick from eight yards behind his goal line, changed his mind, ran, and was downed on Duke's six-yard stripe.

Woodrow Wilson was the first Princeton football coach to defeat both Harvard and Yale; he originated the double pass and was responsible for the modern eligibility rules.

The outstanding David - Goliath football game is still Centre's conquest of Harvard in 1921. That was back when "Unk" Moran coached Centre. His last coaching assignment was at Catawba college, Salisbury, N. C., two years ago.

Centre college was one of the first Southern teams to defeat a Northern team on Northern soil.

Earle Clark of the Colorado college team scored all the points for both sides in 1929, the score standing 3 to 2 at the finish for a Colorado victory over Denver.

A University of North Carolina player, Ike Norwood, in 1908 played in the first game he had ever seen and then played in every game during the season except one.

• • •

Picked Up Here and There—Rumormongers whisper the only reason Gene Venzke does not turn pro is that nobody mentions the sort of money Jesse Owens expects to make. Also that if open track meets become any sort of success Gene immediately will hop on the band wagon but that, meanwhile, he doesn't dare chirp about such things for fear of getting in wrong with the badge-wearing poo-bahs. Gene, by the way, now carries a cane. It is a broken and discarded javelin he picked up on the Berlin Olympic field.

DON'T WORRY FRIENDS WITH PERSONAL TROUBLES

Janet first tells you she can't afford the trip or the matinee or the hair-do and then proceeds to indulge in all of them.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

IT IS a strange truth about our muddled lives that usually there is just one thing that is worrying us profoundly. If that ONE thing could be settled or changed everything would be wonderful!

The simplicity with which women admit this would be funny if it wasn't somehow so pathetic. They go on from school days to young womanhood, from bridal hours to the serious business of home-making and child-bearing, from youth to age, eternally explaining that it is just this or just that, that keeps their minds from being completely at rest.

We never seem smart enough to learn that it always will be this way. Then even when the last hour of all arrives, and the family gathers for the long parting, and the doctors are packing up their little bags to go on to the next case, that there will be still just that one thing between us and peace—one child or grandchild about whom to worry, one unwritten letter or undelivered message to haunt us as we start on the long journey.

Lucy, for example, doesn't like the Morrison house. Lucy married Harry Morrison seventeen years ago, and his parents gave them the big, ugly comfortable old place for their home. Lucy's children have been born there, they've had Christmas trees and measles and birthdays and picnics, they've turned the old sewing room into a sleeping porch and put in extension telephones and radios and new bathrooms, but still Lucie doesn't like the Morrison house! "We're still in that dreadful old red shingled mausoleum," said Lucy to me in 1914, when she had been married about a year. "You know we're still in the old place, and it never will seem like home to me!" she told me again last week, when I met her in the market.

Janet, on the other hand, has lived in all sorts of fascinating houses and countries. But Janet never has enough money. She never forgets for one second that she and Tom haven't enough money. If they go abroad she explains it in a scandalized aside; "Imagine beggars like us on the 'Paris!'" If they stay at home every phase of every subject upon which Janet's brilliant conversation touches is the money phase. Her daughters have been well educated in private schools. "Don't ask me how we did it," says Janet, "for, of course, were miles in debt!" Whether she has one servant or seven Janet is always poor. She first tells you that she can't possibly afford the trip or the matinee or the hair-do, and then proceeds to indulge in them. She never gives a penny to charity, "because we simply haven't got it!"

Those who love Janet get sick of the topic of money. What her bridge losses were, what her doctor bills were, what she lost at contract, what Nancy's teeth-straightening is costing, what opera seats are—these are all you hear from Janet. For thirty years she has had no other topic of conversation, or rather all topics have led straight to this one. "My dear, if I had enough money I'd be the happiest woman in the world!" Janet says.

Mary's trouble is Jacky. Her other four children are perfect specimens, her husband is successful and devoted and charming, married sisters and her mother live near, and adore her—but in Mary's story there is always the tragedy of Jacky. Something in Jacky's bone-structure is wrong, and Jacky, nine years old now, will never walk.

He is content, busy, he works and studies and laughs and makes models of ships and airplanes and reads about Nils and Tarzan and Mowgli like any other boy; everyone in the family adores him. Jacky is a completely happy child. But Mary can't leave it that way. "Why did God send me so much and then give me this bitter cross?" she asks her friends, over and over again. "I could have given him up in death. But to have my beautiful baby crippled—never to play football and run and swim and race with the others! It's too much. I wish I had never married, and never had a child!"

Thousands of persons in the last five years have made their one individual grievance the bad luck of 1929. Things are going better now, and they are eating and sleeping comfortably; everyone has somehow gotten through. But they can't forget those thousands—those beautiful thousands—that were lost in bad investments. Why, they could all have gone abroad for a year, they could have bought the house and the car and built a brick wall and put Georgiana through college with that money!

It seems too horrible that it was THEIRS—they HAD it—and now it's gone forever. I know one woman who has reproached her husband with the loss of their fortune every day for five years, and I suppose there are many like her. All the events of these sixty vital months, the changes and chances and ups and downs have been colored for her by the memory of that money. "Lewis WOULD invest it that way—it was oil, and oil couldn't fail," she says bitterly. "I couldn't say a thing—how did I know it was like throwing it away!" She reminds her children of it. "You could do it ten times over if Dad hadn't lost all that money!" she says. Her friends can hardly venture a conversational opening without eliciting her patient, "Well, we lost everything in 1929, you know," in reply.

To thousands of other women the necessity of having some other person in their lives is the unendurable thing. If Mama, or Cousin Ella, or Grandpa was just—well, pleasantly settled somewhere else, the house would run so easily, there would be nothing amiss!

Everyone of us has something—something small and annoying and burdensome, just the one thing of all others with which we feel ourselves least able to bear. Not a great sorrow—we can rise to that. But just something—something that stands between us and the full sunlight.

It is a wise woman who learns to expect this small percentage of imperfection in her life, and accepts it. It is a wise woman who learns that if it disappears in one form it will most certainly present itself in another, that no life is lived without galling conditions of one sort or another. The real difficulty is perhaps that being imperfect ourselves we create imperfections in our separate schemes. Or perhaps our defective ideals of civilization leave these gaps.

Whatever the cause, since a constantly changing program of small troubles is an inescapable part of our lives it is sensible to train ourselves to bear them with dignity and courage, and to spare our friends as much of them as we can. There is no pleasure in the world any keener than to meet a friend known to be having difficult times and to realize that she is more than adequate to the demand Fate is making of her; to find her cheerful and resolute and busy where we expected to find her crushed and helpless.

Many, many years ago a fine old Englishman who used to live in our part of the California mountains told me that for a certain time in his life he used to turn his diary's pages three months ahead and write down specifically what was worrying him at the moment.

He said it was absolutely shocking to work through the days and weeks to reach those entries, and discover that the shame and anxiety of April were forgotten completely in July, that July had its own new set of humiliations and worries. The habit perhaps helped to make him the philosopher he became in his old age; nothing troubled him when I knew him, and it was he who gave me the phrase that I have said to myself almost every day for more than thirty-five years.

"To him that loveth God all things work together for good."

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Longest Single Railroad

The Trans-Siberian railway is the longest single railroad in the world, stretching 4,500 miles across the Asiatic continent. It was first planned in 1850, but construction was delayed until 1891 when Count Witte obtained the czar's approval for the work to begin. The Siberian part was completed by 1898.

"Painter of Kings"

Baron Francois Pascal Gerard, French artist, was called "the painter of kings" because most of the leading men and women of the French empire sat for him. He was appointed court painter to Louis XVIII, from whom he received the rank of baron.

Comfort, Style in Pajamas

1923-B.

This suavely tailored club style pajama set is the essence of simplicity. Whether your cotton, satin, silk crepe, pongee or rayon is expensive or not you won't be taking a chance with pattern No. 1923-B for step-by-step sewing instructions are included and guarantee to guide your every stitch. College girls approve its conservative styling — busy housewives find them adequate to greet the unexpected guest and the business girl revels in their comfort and ease assuring details. The trousers are amply cut and the soft blouse roomy enough for any 12 to 20's daily dozen. A natty pointed collar, wide cuffs and belt add an air of distinction to your garment.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1923-B is available for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size (32) requires 4½ yards of 39-inch material. Send 15 cents in coins.

Send for the Barbara Bell Fall Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

Self-Proclaiming

Don't forget that an honest man never has to proclaim the fact.

300 CANDLEPOWER EYE-SAVING LIGHT with Coleman AIR-PRESSURE MantleLAMPS

Protect your sight with this eye-saving Coleman light! Kerosene and Gasoline Pressure Mantle Lamps provide up to 300 candlepower of live light... nearest like natural daylight... kind to your eyes.

You can enjoy the finest light for only 1¢ a night. No home can afford to be without a Coleman. Buy it from your local Coleman dealer. FREE Folders—Send Postcard Now!

THE COLEMAN LAMP AND STOVE CO. Dept. WU175, Wichita, Kans.; Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Los Angeles, Calif.

But It Will Rise

Truth can be lost in a flood of words.

Household Questions

Drain all juices from fresh or canned fruits, store in ice box and use for fruit cocktails or sherbets.

• • •

Before putting away garden tools for the winter, clean them off, rub with kerosene or grease and store in a dry place.

When buying fish see that the eyes are not sunken in and dull. A fresh fish has clear eyes and the flesh is firm to the touch.

• • •

If the neck of a bottle is broken when opening, tie a pad of absorbent cotton over the top of another bottle and pour contents of broken bottle through it. Cotton will catch pieces of glass as liquid is poured through.

Marks on painted walls which have been caused by carelessly striking matches on them will disappear if rubbed first with the cut surface of a lemon, then with a clean cloth dipped in whiting. Afterward wash the surface with warm water and soap, and then quickly wipe with a clean cloth wrung out of clear water.

In the fall pack plenty of oak leaves around the roots of acid soil plants, such as daphnes, azaleas and rhododendrons. These leaves rot and make an excellent fertilizer. They may be mixed with the soil in the spring.

Hard cooked eggs, sliced, are made a tasty dish when added to a thickened tomato sauce and the whole sprinkled with cheese and baked 20 minutes. This is good for evening refreshments or Sunday supper on a rainy night.

Sour milk beaten into mayonnaise dressing gives it a delicious flavor.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

FOR THOSE WHO TAKE PRIDE IN THEIR BAKING

Here's a baking powder, tried, tested and used exclusively by experts.

ONLY 10¢ Your Grocer Has It

CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder

Montezuma Mountain School • FOR BOYS

A private school of distinction, a school where character, health and high scholastic training produce the Ideal of a well balanced education.

PRIMARY—ELEMENTARY HIGH SCHOOL—NON-SECTARIAN NON-MILITARY

Accredited to California, Stanford and leading Eastern and Mid-western Universities.

• Outdoor Sports the year round •

For further information, address

E. A. Rogers, Headmaster, Box 246 MONTEZUMA MOUNTAIN SCHOOL Los Gatos, California

DIONNE QUINS EAT QUAKER OATS EVERY DAY

Specialists set example for mothers everywhere

Dionne Case Demonstrates How We All Need Vitamin B—to Help Keep Fit*

• Nervousness, constipation, poor appetite hit young and old alike. And these conditions result, doctors say, when diets lack a sufficient amount of the precious Vitamin B so richly present in Quaker Oats.

So see that everyone in your family gets a big, piping hot bowl of Quaker Oats every morning. Order it by name from your grocer today.

*Where poor condition is due to lack of Vitamin B.

QUAKER OATS