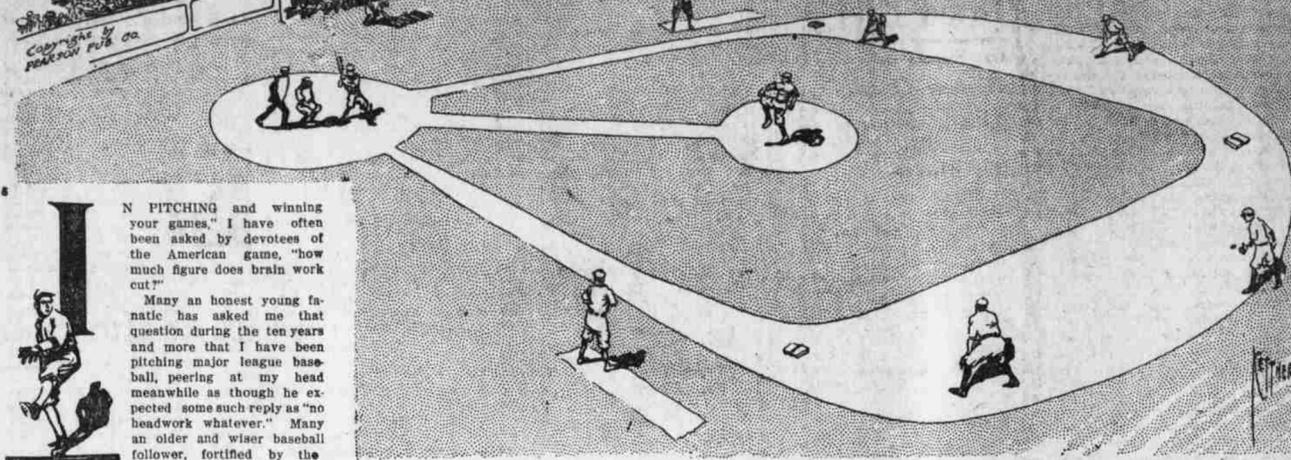


Outguessing The Batter

CHRISTY MATHEWSON



IN PITCHING and winning your games," I have often been asked by devotees of the American game, "how much figure does brain work cut?"

Many an honest young fanatic has asked me that question during the ten years and more that I have been pitching major league baseball, peering at my head meanwhile as though he expected some such reply as "no headwork whatever." Many an older and wiser baseball follower, fortified by the wondrous knowledge that comes to men after years of squatting in the grand-stand, has asked me the same thing in a modified form.

How much figure does brainwork cut? I don't quite know myself. I do know that no pitcher, however powerful or agile, can hope to become a great performer without being thoroughly equipped "from the shoulders up." The steel arm is desirable, the good eye is even more desirable, but without the little filling of gray matter that is popularly supposed to inhabit the skull, a pitcher might just as well pack his suitcase and go back to the quaint little village where he was first discovered. It isn't the iron in the arm, because lots of longshoremen could snap a pitcher's arm in two with a single twist; it's the combination of brain and body, the perfect co-operation of mind and muscle, that makes a man a successful major league twirler.

Most pitchers who break into fast company and stay there by consistently demonstrating their ability, are men that went through a long course of sprouts before they got anywhere. They, like hundreds of successful men in other walks of life, were forced to look, listen, and learn before they had anything like an even chance to win their spurs.

Many things have been said and written about pitchers outguessing batters, and batters outguessing pitchers, and to tell the truth there has always been a question in my mind about the outguessing proposition. I have seen so many instances where guesses went wrong—so many hundreds of instances—that I am about the last human being in the world to pose as an oracle on the subject of pitching psychology. Nevertheless, there certainly is a lot of psychology about pitching, and a pitcher needs something more than a clear head, it must be admitted that the successful pitcher is always a student. There are a hundred and one little things that every good twirler has in his repertoire, a hundred and one little things that the average baseball lover doesn't know anything about. I have always made it a practice, before going into a crucial series, to get some kind of authentic information about the strength or weakness of every batter slated to face me, and once I know positively that a batter doesn't like speed, I feed him oceans of it. If I find that his weakness is a low curve, he gets that for a steady diet.

When we met the Athletics in the season of 1905, after having won the National league championship, I realized that a good part of the pitching burden would be on my shoulders, and I began making inquiries about the weak and strong points of the American league champions.

Monte Cross, who played on Connie Mack's infield in 1905, was known by me to be a dangerous hitter, though his average was not high. He was the kind of a hitter who was always bobbing up with a hit at a time when a hit meant trouble, and just before the series started, I did a little quiet detective work through friends of mine who knew the game and knew Monte. I had been told that Monte's weakness was a high, fast ball, but when I talked to "Kid" Gleason of the Philadelphia Nationals, Gleason told me that Cross had fought against and overcome his weakness, and had developed into a murderer of the high, fast delivery. Keeping Gleason's advice in mind, I gave Cross nothing but low curves during the series, and had him helpless from the start. Had it not been for Gleason's tip, Monte's always dangerous bat might have caused trouble in that series, for there were some very close games before it was all over.

The greatest strength of a pitcher, aside from his control, is what the players call his "mixture." That means no more or less than what the word implies—his variety of fast and slow balls, his serving of this or that curve. What we call the "change of pace," the delivering of a fast and then a slow ball with the same preliminary motions, and the mixing of a high fast ball and a slow curve are the successful pitcher's best assets.

Lovers of baseball have often asked me how I deal with a batsman whom I have never faced and about whose batting ability I know nothing. Every seasoned pitcher has been called on often enough to meet batters he never saw before, and in such pinches he must rely largely on luck. When I am facing a new batsman for the first time, I pay particular attention to two things—the position he assumes at the plate and the way he holds his bat. If, for instance, he holds his bat well up toward the middle there isn't much use of sending him speed. Batters of this type are always ready for speed and they can meet the fastest ball a man ever threw. A low curve on the inside will do for a starter, and if such a batter goes after it and fails to connect, you have his "number." The batter who stands back from the plate with a long bat and a grip near the end is the one who can send a low curve into the southeastern quarter of the adjoining section.

While a batter may work hard and overcome a certain weakness, that does not necessarily mean that he becomes a great hitter. In centering his energies on overcoming his weakness

for a high ball he may lose his strength on low balls because he has been continually fed high ones by opposing pitchers. In that case I would try him on a low ball and if it was found that he could still hit that the only thing left would be a curve ball or change of pace. It is often the case that a pitcher cannot deceive a batter's eyesight but he can deceive him mentally. For instance, most any batter can hit a slow ball if he knows it is coming. The same is true in regard to a fast ball, but if he is expecting a fast ball and gets a slow one, a strike out or a weak grounder to the infield will be his best effort.

Some batters, a few of the chosen, have no weakness that the most studious pitcher can detect. Men like Hans Wagner and Lajoie don't care much what the opposing pitcher has to offer.

I have often been told by my friends that a pitcher is about 90 per cent. of the game, and have never failed to assure them that nothing could be further from the truth. A winning pitcher helps a baseball team a whole lot, of course, but there are eight other boys on that team, and nobody knows it better than the winning pitcher. The recent series between the Giants and Yankees will prove my point.

In that series I got away with every game in which I participated, but I won because I received magnificent support, both in the field and at the bat. Had George Wiltse been right, or had McGraw sent in Ames or Crandall, the story would have been the same if the support had been of the same splendid caliber. The wonderful work of Devlin, Devoe and Doyle—the wonderful work of the whole team, for the matter of that—made defeat practically impossible. With that great machine working behind me and with the greatest manager of them all backing me up, I simply couldn't lose. That's how much a pitcher is 90 per cent. of the game.

As a matter of fact, it would be impossible to establish the mathematical relation of the pitcher to a ball club. Figures in baseball are often misleading. One pitcher may work brilliantly for 13 innings and have a 1 to 0 defeat marked up against his record, while on the following day another pitcher may luckily win a 10 to 8 game. It is a matter of record that in the season of 1909, Leon Ames of the Giants, in finishing a 17 inning game and participating in two extra inning ties, pitched 30 consecutive innings without allowing a run and yet did not win one of the games.

From this it can be seen that the winning power of a team must depend largely upon its run-getting ability. To reach an estimate of value we will say that offensive play is half the game. I think that conservative. That would leave but 50 per cent. of the strength of a ball club lies in the pitcher's box. No matter how effective a pitcher may be in the box he cannot win unless the team bats in runs behind him. It is true, however, that the work of a pitcher can have a very strong influence upon the work of the rest of the team. Disgruntled fans frequently make the assertion that infielders and outfielders will not support certain pitchers. That idea is erroneous. Ball players always want to win, no matter what happens next. The catcher may call for a "pitch-out"—that is, a ball thrown wide of the batter, so that the catcher can have a clear throw to second to catch a runner who is about to steal. The infielders all see this signal and both the shortstop and second baseman leave their positions to assist in making the play. If the pitcher does not pitch-out, as expected, the batter may hit the ball through the spot left vacant and upset the whole team. Once they lose confidence in a pitcher in a game, it is very difficult to regain it. It is not that they will not support the pitcher. On the contrary, it is the fault of the pitcher who will not give them a chance. If the pitcher has control everything works smoothly.

If it were true that pitching is 90 per cent. of the strength of a ball club, it would be logical to assume that the team having the best staff of pitchers would always win the pennant. That is not true. The baseball reader who pays attention to records will notice that the teams which always have several players who lead in their respective departments. And this does not necessarily include the pitchers. For instance, the Baltimore club, back in the early nineties, won three successive pennants with pitchers whose names can scarcely be remembered.

The hackneyed cry of "What we need is pitchers" could well be changed to "What we need is hitters, base runners and fielders." Without them there can be no pennants.

Some of the best pitchers ever connected with professional baseball have received bumps from sources so humble that any false esteem they may have held for themselves has vanished like the snows of last season. Cy Young, the noblest old Roman of them all, has been beaten by village teams. The best pitchers of the world's champions, not long after they had trimmed the Cubs, were beaten by the unknown Cuban teams they faced during their late barn-storming trip. They pitched good ball, the kind of ball that would defeat any team if it came to a matter of whole season's record, but luck, the one thing above all others that makes baseball the thrilling and perfect game it is, decreed otherwise. There are times, you see, when all the science and all the outguessing in the world will not avail.

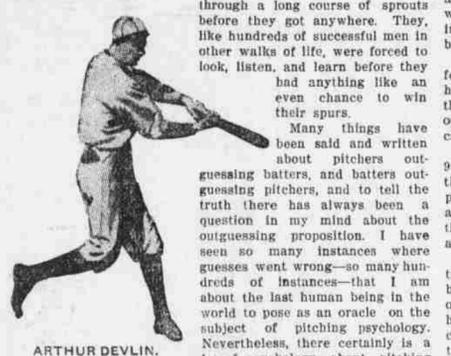
I shall never forget a trimming I got from a village team in Michigan. Just after we had defeated the Athletics for the world's championship in 1905, Frank Bowerman and I went on a hunting trip. As soon as the natives of Frank's home town, Romeo, Mich., knew that I was his guest, they came and begged us to do the battery work for the Romeo club in a game they were to play with the club representing the adjoining town. We agreed, and I am afraid that our willingness cost a lot of honest Romeo villagers everything except their family plate. The thought of defeat never entered their minds, any more than it entered ours, but the little rival town club came over to Romeo and gave Messrs Bowerman and Mathewson, fresh from their big league triumphs, a touch of high life that they never forgot. They beat us 5 to 0, and I guess they are celebrating it to this day. I don't know just how they managed it, because I was in perfect trim at that time. I had everything, as we say in professional circles, and they hit everything I had. I didn't mind it much myself, but I felt sorry for poor Bowerman. He had to keep on living there, and I didn't.

The real test of a pitcher's ability arrives when the opposing team gets men on bases. His responsibility is increased while his freedom of pitching motion is restricted. He must watch the base runner constantly and at the same time must deliver the ball to the batter with the least possible swing of the arm. In other words, he can't "wind up." Some pitchers find it difficult to get as much speed, curve or accuracy with the short arm motion as they do with their usual swing. This affects some pitchers mentally, as the curtailment of physical effort prevents them from concentrating their mind on the man at the bat. At the same time the base runners, and frequently the coaches, are constantly trying to annoy them. To protect himself the pitcher must try and detect some action on the part of the base runner which will indicate when he is going to attempt to steal the next base. In this he is materially assisted by the catcher. Once the pitcher or the catcher discovers when the runner is going to start the remedy is simple. Frequent throws to the base will prevent the runner from getting too much of a lead, and when he does start, the ball is pitched out of reach of the batter so that the catcher can have a clear throw to second.

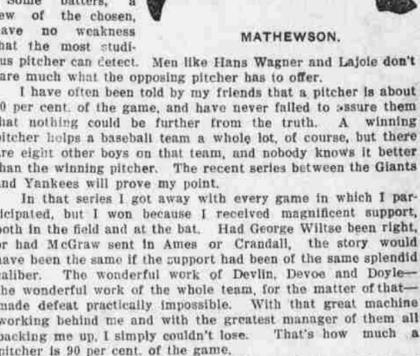
While the pitcher is watching the base runner he knows that the base runner is also watching him, in an effort to ascertain whether the ball is to be delivered to the plate or to the base. Therefore, no preliminary movement on the part of the pitcher must betray his intentions.

George Van Haltren, the famous base runner of his day, once told me that he could tell to a certainty when certain pitchers were going to deliver the ball to the batter. This enabled him to get a running start and many times the poor catcher was blamed for allowing a stolen base, when in fact the pitcher was unconsciously at fault. John McGraw, manager of the Giants, spends several weeks each season in teaching his young pitchers to overcome that kind of a weakness.

The tremendous popularity of the national game—its popularity is growing every year—means that in the years to come there will be hundreds of baseball stars where there are dozens now. Every healthy boy has it in him to become a good ball player, though he may never care to follow the pastime professionally. Being a professional player myself, I may be over-fond of the game to which I owe so much, but I can think of many other callings and many other pastimes that a boy might better shun. Baseball is always played out in the sunshine, where the air is pure and the grass is green, and there is something about the game, or at least I have always found it so, which teaches one how to win or lose as a gentleman should, and that is a very fine thing to learn.



ARTHUR DEVLIN.

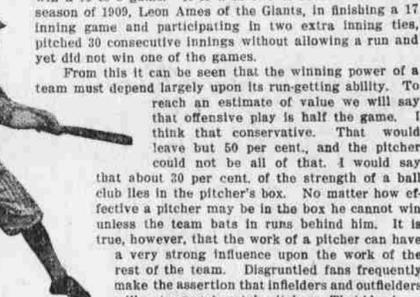


MATHEWSON.

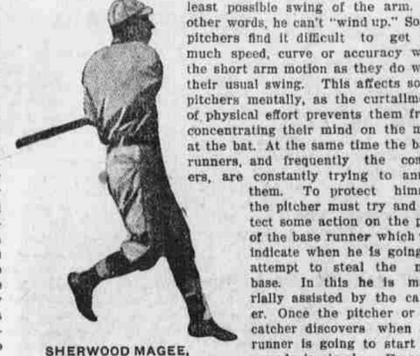


"HONUS" WAGNER.

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FRANK CHANCE.



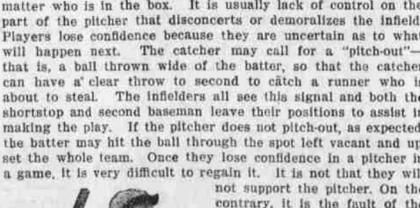
SHERWOOD MAGEE, of Philadelphia.

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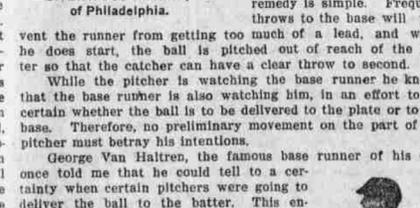
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JOE TINKER.



SAM CRAWFORD, of Detroit.

sort of rot, you know, that you do talk when you're a silly little thing. Well, the mater used to laugh at me. I remember quite distinctly once I said something about what I would do when I was a major general, and she said:

"What a ridiculous child you are! You'll never make a soldier!"

And she told the pater about it and he laughed, too. You don't know how that upset me. I know that I was a silly little child, and that I was talking awful rot, but I don't think they need have ridiculed me like that. Anyway, after a little bit, both Clifford and I couldn't help feeling that it wasn't good enough. We left off saying anything to the mater or to the pater about what we wanted to be. Then we began to keep our own counsel about what we were actually doing.

And now we've got into a regular habit of minding out our business, and only telling the mater things that are really necessary. I know it hurts her, but I can't help it now. And don't you think it's not altogether my fault?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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Damaging Slowness.

"What 'bout dem chickens, Mr. Johnson, dat Caspah dun stole—get dem back?"

"Some ob dem, Marcus Yo' see I o'deh de cou't papaha onto him, but dey wer slow in gettin' ob dem out, an' Caspah's family bein' big, de chickens wer dun 'warved befor de papaha. I jes' dun get de feddara."—Success Magazine.

Mistake of the Mother

Woman Loses the Confidence of Her Own Children Through Ridicule.

The mater was talking to my aunt the other day. I happened to overhear what they were saying—I couldn't help it. The mater was complaining because Clifford and I don't tell her things, don't confide in her what we're doing and what we're

going to do and what we want to do. It's quite true. We don't! But I don't think it's our fault. I believe it is due to another of the mater's mistakes. When we were kids, of course, we had all sorts of mighty ideas. Clifford meant to be president of the United States. And I intended to carve out my career with my sword and be a major general at least. The

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MISSOURI NEWS

BURNS SELF TO DEATH.

Woman Saturates Clothing With Oil and Sets Self Anre.

Cape Girardeau.—Mrs. Harry Delay saturated her clothing with coal oil at her home in Oran at 4 o'clock in the morning and set herself on fire. She was so badly burned that she died.

Mrs. Delay had lately suffered with typhoid fever, which had deranged her mind. She is the daughter-in-law of Judge Delay and daughter of Judge Hale of Scott county.

A family reunion was to have been held at Oran, after which she was to have been taken to another climate for her health. She leaves a husband and four children.

Moberly Ministers Resign.

Moberly.—Moberly ministers tendered their resignations to their respective congregations. Rev. J. E. Hampton, who came to Moberly from St. Joseph two years ago as pastor of the Baptist church, resigned to accept a call from the First Baptist church at Gainesville, Ga. The resignation of Rev. S. Boyd White, minister at the Central Christian church, has been presented to his congregation. Mr. White will go to Lexington.

Church Corner Stone Laid.

Fulton.—Rev. J. H. Harrison, editor of the St. Louis Christian Evangelist, delivered the address at the cornerstone laying ceremonies of the new Fulton Christian church. The stone was laid with Masonic honors, and the grand lodge was represented by R. H. Jesse of Mexico, deputy grand master. Officers of Fulton lodge No. 48 assisted him, and Cavalry commander No. 28, Knights Templars, acted as an escort.

Road Proposition Carries.

Moberly.—The proposition for the eight road districts of Randolph county, submitted to the voters, was carried by a good majority. Moberly was decidedly in favor of the proposition for better highways and the city vote saved the proposition. It was defeated in the county precincts, it is claimed, on account of a misunderstanding.

Missourians Elect Lloyd.

Washington, D. C.—At a meeting of the Missouri society of Washington, Representative James T. Lloyd was elected president for the ensuing year. O. W. Wyatt was elected first vice-president and Mrs. Sarah T. Andrews second vice-president. W. N. Holmes was elected secretary and Otis J. Singleton treasurer.

300 Men Are Converted.

Poplar Bluff.—One hundred and fifty men went to the front when Evangelist Lincoln McConnell asked for men who wanted to be Christians. About that number professed the same desire Sunday night, when 2,500 men gathered in the tent, where revival services have been conducted since May 11.

Is Convicted of Perjury.

Fulton.—The first conviction ever gained in the Callaway county circuit court on the charge of perjury was reached in the case of James Wilkerson of New Bloomfield, who was charged with swearing falsely before the grand jury. He was given a term of two years in the penitentiary.

Pioneer Circuit Rider Is Dead.

Springfield.—Rev. R. R. Witten, one of the few remaining circuit riders of pioneer days, died at his home here at the age of 80. He rode circuits over most of Iowa and Missouri and was considered the finest preacher in the middle west in the early days.

Rumbold Selects Maneuver Detail.

Jefferson City.—Adj. Gen. Rumbold announced the following new detail of officers of the National guard for army maneuvers in Texas: First Lieutenant Lawrence C. Cook, medical corps, Webb City; Capt. George T. Desloge, First regiment, St. Louis; Capt. W. E. Hiatt, Second regiment, Carthage; Capt. Frank G. Ward, Third regiment, Kansas City; First Lieutenant Donald MacDonald, Fourth regiment, St. Louis; Capt. H. W. Bridges, Sixth regiment, Cape Girardeau.

Shop Force Reduced.

Springfield.—Effective Thursday, June 1, the Frisco reduced the force of employees at both the North and South Side shops. The new shops are not affected. The total number laid off is 275. There are 1,100 men now at work at the new shops.

Church Built in Ten Hours.

Joplin.—Finishing touches were added to the Christian mission church, built in ten hours at Alba, northeast of Joplin, by 50 Christian church pastors from all parts of Jasper county.

Reunion Dates Picked.

Golden City.—At the meeting of the members of the Golden City Reunion association, August 2, 3 and 4, 1911, were selected as the dates for the tenth annual reunion. E. R. Watson was elected president.

State Has \$3,670,103 in Bank.

Jefferson City.—There was \$3,670,103 in the state treasury depositories, according to State Treasurer Cowgill's report for the month of May. Receipts for May were \$314,122. Disbursements were \$955,471.

Woods College Deficit Made Up.

Fulton.—The Rev. J. B. Jones, president of William Woods college, received word that Dr. W. B. Woods of Loma Linda, Cal., had forwarded a check for \$2,000 to cover the deficit of 1910 and 1911.

Negro Paroled by Hadley.

Jefferson City.—Governor Hadley granted a parole to Candy Martin, a Randolph county negro, convicted in October, 1910, of embezzling funds from the local mine workers' union at Moberly, of which he was treasurer.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all humors, catarrh and rheumatism, relieves that tired feeling, restores the appetite, cures paleness, nervousness, builds up the whole system.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—dinner—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature



USE ABSORBINE

Gotch, Swollen Glands, Cysts, Varicose Veins, etc. Absorbine is a powerful, penetrating, germicidal, and antiseptic. It is a safe, healing, soothing, and restorative. It is a quick-acting, and reliable. It is a safe, healing, soothing, and restorative. It is a quick-acting, and reliable. It is a safe, healing, soothing, and restorative. It is a quick-acting, and reliable.

SILENCE THAT WAS WASTED

Aunt Melissa Supreme Indifferent to Fact That Pa Had for Days Been in a "Huff."

Aunt Melissa Spigott was such an exceedingly energetic talker that the youngsters of the family used to suppose that her tongue must be copper-tongued, because it never wore out. Uncle Silas, on the other hand, was as economical of words as a market-man is of early strawberries.

"The too free exercising of this unruly member of Aunt Melissa's, on one occasion, gave Uncle Silas serious offense, which he manifested by a severe illness lasting for several days. At the end of that period one of the older daughters approached her mother upon the subject with the remark, 'Ma, seems like you ought to make up with pa by now.'

"Make up with pa!" exclaimed Aunt Melissa, in great astonishment. "Make up what?"

"Why," returned the daughter, "don't you know poor pa's feeling bad yet? He's still huffing."

"Huffing—for the land's sake! How long's he been a-huffing!"

"Ever since you come down on him so hard about wasting sugar by not stirring his coffee; that's three days ago."

"Why, you don't tell me, Janie Maud!" Aunt Melissa looked amazed. "Your pore pa! Been a-huffing for three days, and I never mistrusted a thing of it!"—Youth's Companion.

Hugging a "Lamb."

Parson Johnson had been caught hugging one of the finest "ewe" lambs of the congregation who happened to be a very popular young lady and it created quite a stir in the church. So "Bruder Johnson" was brought for trial.

"You have seen these great pictures, I suppose, so you know dat de great Sheperd am always pictured wid a lamb in his arms," said "Bruder" Johnson.

"Yes, sah, pahson, dat am so," admitted Deacon Jones.

"Den, Bruder Jones, what am wrong in de sheperd of this flock having a lamb in his arms?"

This was too much for Bruder Jones, so he proposed that the people have a called meeting that afternoon. After the point was discussed at the afternoon meeting the following resolution was made:

"Resolved, Dat for the future peace of this congregation, dat de next time Bruder Johnson feels called on to take a lamb ob de flock in his arms, that he pick out a ram-lamb."

Breakfast A Pleasure

when you have

Post Toasties

with cream

A food with snap and zest that wakes up the appetite.

Sprinkle crisp Post Toasties over a saucer of fresh strawberries, add some cream and a little sugar—Appetizing

Nourishing

Convenient

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LA., Battle Creek, Mich.