TECHNICAL STORY OF THE BIG GAME

Aroused Latent Memory of Customary Play on the Field.

THOSE WITH GRUDGE HAVE ROAST COMING

There Were a Few Star Stunts, But They Were Not a Distinguishing Feature.

By THOMAS S. RICE.

"Consistency, thou art a jewel," as the poet fellow says, and it was perfectly proper that the game which the Board of Trade won from the Chamber of Commerce yesterday by 12 to 11 on the Washington American League Club's grounds should be fragrant with memories of the style of play which has made Washington win more cellar championships than any other city in the world. Even if the game had taken place in Boston, a New England school history of the United States would not have been able to declare it was an uplifting exhibition of the great national pastime.

That a very pleasant afternoon was spent by those who were far enough back in the grandstand not to get wet, cannot be denied. It was full of diverting incidents, and any man with a grudge against a player on either team will have enough to roast him about for the next twelve months.

The distinguishing feature was the lack of baseball. As many chances to perform notable deeds on the diamond were missed as there were few chances missed to make a speech. As a conversazione, the affair was a great success. As an exposition of how to score runs on the level from a few hits, it classed with the attempts of the police to catch the original Dorsey Foultz. It also had merit as a filibuster, the time being about two and one-half hours.

Several bits of really classy work were a big help, like the muzzles would be on the dogs if the Commissioners were to make the public use them. These were three sensational catches by Phil King, captain and second baseman of the Commerce team, and two unassist-double plays at second base, by De Moll, for the Board of Trade.

Really Good Plays.

In all seriousness, these plays were as good as could be seen on any diamond, and it is rumored that Eddie Walsh attempted to corrupt the amateurism of both, with flattering offers to join the Washington American Leaguers.

King played a good and consistent game all the long afternoon, and showed glimpses of the old form he had at Princeton, when he was one of the best all-around athletes in the world. We would like to tell more about De Moll, but the box score became so balled up, through the Board of Trade's habit of indulging in futures and bringmen to bat ahead of their turn, or in no turn at all, that a scorer couldn't make heads nor tails of it, even if he were chummy enough with the non-alcoholic spirits to tell what makes the Washington team lose so often.

That our contemptible contemporaries will try to palm off on the unsuspecting public today what purports to be a box score of the game is more than likely, but we can assure you on the word of one who has never been a participant in a White House conference that there is no truth in them. Seven Philadelphia lawyers and an emotional actress giving a Sunday paper interview, would not be able to work out the problem of just what took place in the ranks of the Board of Trade, after the third inning. In vugiar parlance, from that point the game became distinctly gummy.

He who went to the park expecting to see long shots was vastly disappointed, but proportionately amused. The throwing was eminently ladylike and refined. There was no sign of coarse work in the way of heaving the ball over the fence. On the contrary, far be it from any of them to get it to the fence. Considering the lack of muscle displayed it is amazing, when you come to think of it, how some of that bunch can wield the hammer occasionally.

The two Humes, Ting and Tom, were the battery for the Chamber of Commerce. They were the goods, until the last two innings, when Ting's pitching weakened principally because of a sore hand which had been bothering him all along. Tom's catching was excellent, barring a passed ball now and again, which he let go by to escape temptations from Eddie Walsh in the matter of turning professional.

Roesch Drops Out.

Roesch started on the slab for the Board of Trade, but he gave too many indications of bulling the run market, and gave way to Conner, after the fourth inning. Conner was decidedly unsteady, and King's henchmen improved every opportunity to make runs, but he fought on and in the eighth and ninth innings, when things were getting warm, he closed up like a clam and put the enemy to rout.

C. D. Church caught two innings for Board of Trade, but becoming weary, decided to retire. His place was taken by McQuade, who caught a couple of balls, then made a star stop with his finger, and Church resumed. This was contrary to the rules, but was only a minor detail compared with some of the subsequent politics played by the winners.

Anyhow, it is doubtful if the other side knew about the little deal, for like all amateurs, they were so interested in watching themselves they paid slight attention to the other fellows. Church caught the remainder of the game, and did well. McQuade's finger was treated by Dr. Frank E. King, bench manager and field marshal of the victorious forces.

As to the swatting, slapping is a better word. Healthy, lusty clouts were excessively scarce except in the eighth inning, when Southerland and Conner made triples. At other times the ball was met in a modest, retiring manner, as if the batters were afraid it might get lost and break up the game. It is true that Langley made a home run in the eighth inning, but it was of the type made famous by Fred Falkenberg, the Washington pitcher. His pop fly hit on the foul line, and bounded into the right field bleachers. Langley was so pleased with his feat that he ran around to the plate, and did not fall down but twice.

Commerce Get Run.

Commerce got a run in the first inning. After Tom Hume had been retired by Southerland, unassisted, Ting Hume hit to Roesch, who made an applewoman's heave to first, and Hume took second. King flied to Langley. Kaufman made a scientific single over De-Moll's head. He smashed at the ball as hard as he could, and it went just high enough and far enough for DeMoll not to be able to reach it. Hume scored. Plant walked. A passed ball put Kaufman on third, and Plant on second. Kaufman tried a little innovation in the way of stealing home without sliding, and was exterminated on the throw from Roesch to Church.

Trade also got busy in the first. Langley walked, and stole second and third. DeMoll and Southerland fanned. Conner walked, and on a double steal which scored Langley was thrown out at second, after much fluttering around the middle bag.

Commerce got three runs in the third inning. Tom Hume walked, and was forced by Ting Hume's blow to W. H. Church. King hit to left, and Yerkes made a feeble, world-weary return in the general direction of nowhere in particular that let in Ting Hume, and put King on second. Kaufman drove to Roesch, who first manhandled the ball, jabbing it viciously and needlessly into the mud, after which he gathered it to his bosom and refused to throw it until he saw Kaufman safe on first, when he chucked it beyond Southerland's reach. King scored, and Kaufman got second. Plant popped to Roesch. Lamb singled, scoring Kaufman. Morrey fanned.

In the fifth Commerce got another brace of tallies. Ting Hume walked. King drove to W. H. Church at short, who declined to display any vulgar haste, but finally passed the spheroid to DeMoll at second. This was a good play, but Hume craftily spoiled it by jumping into the middle of DeMoll's back, making him drop the ball, and leaving both runners safe. Kaufman sent a roller to Conner, who was pitching.

Conner Sat Down.

Conner sat down suddenly, but got the ball to Langley at third in time to force Hume. Puffed up over his share in this meritorious feat Langley tried to double King at second. King pulled off a flying tackle with DeMoll as the tacklee, and the ball rolled to center field. Before the gentle and unassuming Bates could hoist the pill into play on the diamond King had taken third. Plant also drove to the distracted Langley and in the midst of great confusion which nobody seemed to understand, King and Kaufman scored, Plant going to third. Lamb flied to third and Morrey fanned.

By the liberal use of its own great future and relay system the Board of Trade got a run in the sixth. Harding, or maybe it was Sinclair, walked, and it is probable that it was Southerland who followed him with another pass. Conner singled, filling the bags. Sinclair, or Bates or Clagett next took a turn at bat, and while he was up Tom Hume let a pitched ball go by, which scored Harding or Sinclair or DeMoll, who can tell? Southerland was caught at the plate trying to get in on the same play. Sinclair, Bates or Clagett walked. Gocker fanned and Yerkes or Sargent struck out.

The seventh saw big doings. Those sterling athletes, A. D. Marks and A. D. Albert had sweetly and innocently wafted themselves out of the game for Commerce by letting three strikes go by them without deigning to soil their hands by swiping at the smeary, muddy leather, and their places in the outfield had been taken by Lee and Schulteis. Tom Hume opened the seventh for Commerce with a single. King drove to Langley, who mussed up much territory in a solo fandango around the ball, and then threw it badly, which put Hume on third and King on second. Kaufman's single scored Hume and King without more ado, and Kaufman advanced on Plant's out from Conner to Southerland. Lamb's single scored Kaufman.

DeMoll made a foozle on the next whack, and Southerland also chipped in a little error, the end being a run by Lamb. Schulteis died at first. Lee singled and Tom Hume fanned. Five runs, and the last scored by Commerce.

Some One Was Hit.

W. H. Church or Sullivan, or somebody got a crack in the ribs as a starter in the seventh for Trade. Langley singled. Feeling Eddie Walsh's eyes upon him Tom Hume let another ball go by and the first man up, whoever he was, scored, Langley getting third. Sinclair, or Harding, or DeMoll walked. Southerland, we hope it was, fouled to Tom Hume. The sensational catches in succession by Phil King retired the side.

Langley was not due to bat for ten or fifteen minutes, but he led off for Trade in the eighth with his home run. Yerkes or Sargent, so they said, walked. Sinclair was dug up from somewhere, and tripled to left, scoring the man ahead of him. Conner was also pulled out of the bullrushes and sprung upon the opposition for another triple, which sent Sinclair home. Langley—according to the score, but who knows?—came right back with a base on balls. If it was not Langley, it did not make much difference the way things were going. This great unknown was killed stealing second, but Conner tallied on the double theft. Sinclair or Harding or DeMoll, but surely not Langley, drew a pass. Southerland, so the score card specified, singled, which brought in Sinclair or Harding or DeMoll, who had stolen. Conner fanned. No matter about the confusion in names, five runs were made in this round.

Would you believe it? Langley opened the ninth inning and perished, third to first, without anybody being the wiser. DeMoll singled, and so did Southerland. Here Langley tried to chip in with another time at the bat, but Phil King suddenly awoke and demanded the batting order. After some contention Langley was chased away from the plate, and our old friend Conner bobbed up there. He walked. King made a brilliant catch off a brand-new man, Chamberlain. A passed ball let in DeMoll, and a hit by one of the Churches scored Southerland and Conner, with the runs that tied and won the game.

Personnel of Teams.

Line-up:

Board of Trade—Langley, third base; Sinclair, Harding, De Moll, second base; Southerland, first base; Conner, shortstop and pitcher; Sinclair, Bates, Claggett, center field; Gockler, Claggett, and others, right field; Yerkes, Sargent, Conner, W. H. Church, shortstop; C. D. Church, McQuade, C. D. Church, catcher; Roesch and Conner, pitcher.

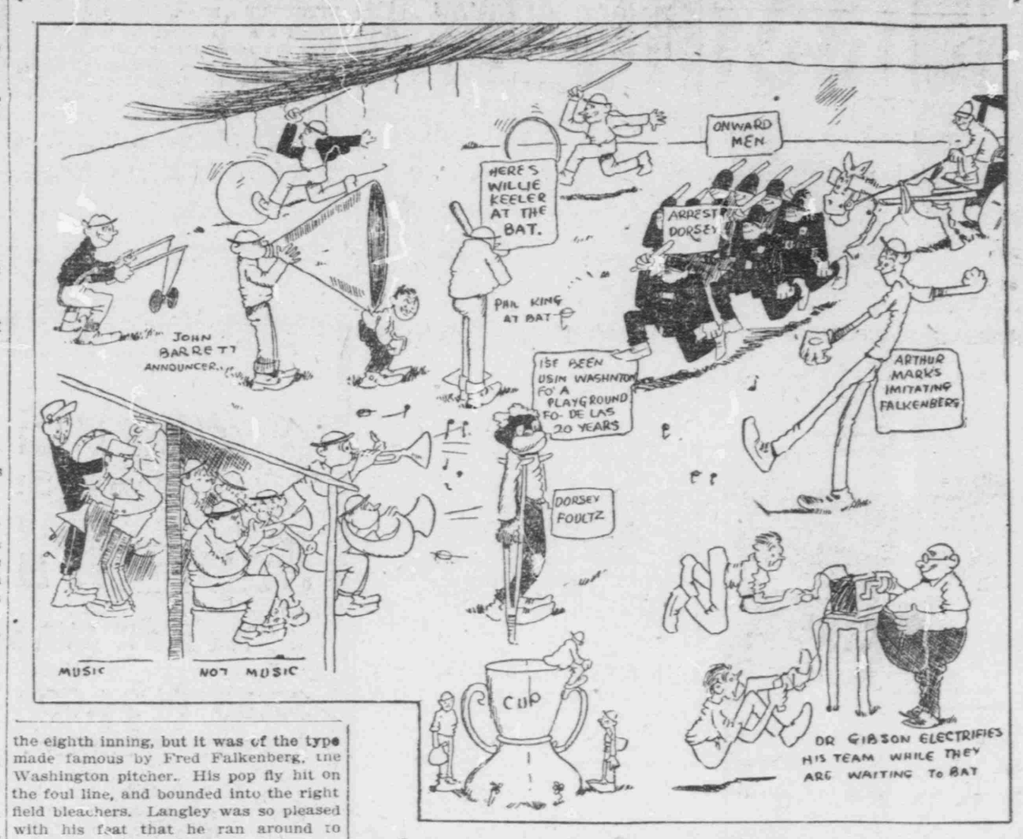
Chamber of Commerce—Tom Hume, catcher; Ting Hume, pitcher; King second base; Kaufman, first base; R. L. Lamb, third base; Morrey, center field; Shaffer, Marks, Schulteis, left field; Toomey, Dulin, Albert, Lee, right field.

Umpire—Bill Belts.

Score by innings:

Commerce	1 0 3 0 2 0 5 0 0	11
Trade	1 0 0 0 0 1 2 5 3	12

HOW THE GAME LOOKED TO A TIMES ARTIST



Near Ball Players Travel Some After the Elusive Horsehide

(Continued from First Page.)

Barrett made a speech right after Macfarland's, in which he said all the women present were beautiful, and all the men were noble, because they were playing baseball to raise money for the playgrounds. Although he addressed his remarks to the center field fence instead of to the grandstand, he was applauded with great volume, because he expanded his chest in a manner grand to see.

After the oratory, the game was on. Between the innings the band played "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark" and "My Maryland." Everybody survived this, and the game was interrupted only once, and then by rain. The last half was played while the rain came down in sheets.

Twirler Goes Bad.

From the start until the eighth inning, it was a walkaway for the Chamber. Its twirler, a young man carrying the name of Tingue Hume, had the Board's batters completely at his mercy. He had a lot of fun with one Clagett, who years ago lost his hair and his ability to bring his bat into contact with the ball. Clagett played center field for the Board and, after the game, was found offering up thanks that no one sent the ball in his direction.

But Tingue's arm gave out in the eighth, and the Board's men had no trouble in finding him for three-baggers and singles. The Board, however, after discovering in two innings that Roesch was not the pitcher he had cracked himself up to be, put Conner in the box. Conner was the livest man on the diamond. He pitched and played first base at one and the same time.

The star for the Chamber of Commerce was Phil King. It was a bargain day for him. No fly was too high for him, no grounder clothed with too many whiskers. He raced up and down the territory between first and third bases and made catches that brought forth salvos ,not to say cannonades, of applause. He was stationed on second base, but he played all over the infield. The only mistake he made was in not taking Tingue out of the box when the Tingue arm went on the bum.

Tom Hume, who caught for the Chamber and who showed up with a suit intended to convey the impression that he once played on the Harvard team, did good work, and once caught a foul after performing a highland fling under the descending sphere. Roesch, who started the pitching for the Board, distinguished himself by throwing the ball higher over the first basemen's head than has ever been done in any game in any country at any time. When he did it, Southerland scowled at him angrily.

Southerland's batting was a feature and a surprise. The first time he went to bat he stabbed at the ball much as an assassin might attack his victim. Later, however, he connected with the spheroid in the most approved fashion.

McQuade, who caught for a while for the Board, labored under the mistaken impression that he was in a bowling alley. When Tom Hume, after incalculable effort, succeeded in striking out, McQuade dropped the third strike and let Hume get to first while he was trying to roll the ball to first base.

Kaufman Right There.

But mention should be made of Kaufman, first baseman for the Chamber. He was right there with a pair of ill-fitting trousers and a glove big enough to catch anything. He played the game for all it was worth, and always smiled when Phil King romped into his territory and caught a fly which Kaufman would have caught if he hadn't been afraid of King.

Everybody had a good time from the start of the game to the time when Robert N. Harper, president of the Chamber of Commerce, presented to the Board of Trade's team the silver cup as a token of victory.

Nobody seemed to mind about the rain. It only got their pretty white shirts muddy, and they managed to make just as many errors in the rain as they would have done had the day been clear. Toward the last, it was said, the Board of Trade allowed its best batsmen to go to the bat and put them up three or four times in one inning, but it seemed to be all right, and the game was not forfeited.

SYRACUSE WINNER OF EIGHT-OAR RACE

(Continued from First Page.)

ers had an equal advantage over Columbia. The Quakers were disqualified, and second place given to Columbia.

In the freshman race Syracuse and Wisconsin caught the water together. The Badgers hit up a terrific stroke and soon worked into the lead. Cornell and Pennsylvania started a duel, but the Quakers were soon worsted and the Ithacans went away.

Columbia, last away, came up quickly and challenged Cornell and Syracuse, led. Passing the mile, Columbia and Cornell were nose and nose with the Orange pressing them. Wisconsin was fighting hard, while the Quakers were last.

Cornell Leads.

At the bridge Cornell led by a length. Syracuse was second by half a length, Columbia third, Wisconsin a bad fourth, and the Quakers five lengths behind the leading eight. Cornell, rowing easily, held her own, and Syracuse's efforts to cut down the lead with a sprint failed. Wisconsin was fighting hard for the show, but Columbia hung on lively.

Near the finish the Ithaca youngsters spurted and finished two lengths to the good. Syracuse won a pretty fight for second place from Columbia. Wisconsin was two lengths back and Pennsylvania a poor last.

The official time for the freshman's race was:

Cornell, 9:29 3-5; Syracuse, 9:38 3-5; Columbia, 9:43; Wisconsin, 9:55 1-5; Pennsylvania, 10:42.

CURRANTS ON APPLE TREE.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., June 27.—Mrs. Emma Haney, of Coopersburg, has an apple tree in her yard, in a hollow crotch of which a currant stalk has taken root and this year has a small crop of berries, surrounded by green apples.

IT SIZED UP WRONG TO A MERE WOMAN

Innings Looked Like Outings, and Players Got All Dirty.

ONE FELLOW RUNS AWAY FROM BALL

And Then They All Ran, and Everything Was Mixed Up, and—Oh, Dear!

By ISABEL JOYCE.

Somebody said it was a base hit. It looked to me like a burning shame. Whatever it was it created no end of excitement in the grandstand.

When the two teams lined up on the grounds ready to march in front of the grandstand, it was a treat indeed. Some people couldn't tell where the Board of Trade ended and the Chamber of Commerce began, but it didn't seem to make any difference, anyway.

Through a misconstruction of signals the band heading the procession went right along playing while Commissioner Macfarland was giving the pedigree of the man responsible for "Tag Day." As soon as Mr. Macfarland said "Tag Day," all grabbed for their pocketbooks, but it turned out to be only a threat.

When a tall bald-headed man got up in the same box with Mr. Macfarland and declared that next in importance to the two political conventions came the ball game of yesterday, every body cheered. The band never did stop playing, but those nearest to the box from which the speeches were made told everybody about it after the game was over.

Handsome in White.

If there is one thing which appeals to the feminine heart more than a good cry, it is a handsome man dressed all in spotless white. They made a streak across the field that looked like the first white hair in father's head, and as the sun beamed down and the band played, it would have been a hard heart indeed that didn't beat faster at the sight.

They paraded around, and then somebody—a man dressed in dark blue and wearing a pad in front that looked like an anatomy chart—said something about the "batteries." Attention naturally turned to Dr. Frank Gibson. He said nothing, only made a noise like a vibrator, and all in an instant the men separated and spread all over the field.

The men in the white suits went out, not a spot nor a smear to mar the virgin whiteness of their clothes. To be really frank and honest, they didn't seem to be completely dressed, but as nobody made any protest, one was obliged to take it in good faith. Some of them varied their costumes with sky blue shirts. It gave a touch of romance, at least, to the picture.

The men in blue stood about, here, there, and everywhere, and seemed to have a lot to say. Every once in a while the players, either through fatigue or pique, would leave the field and stand about in groups talking. I whispered to the man with me and asked him if they were angry with the other fellows. He looked about to see that nobody heard him and said, significantly: "That's the end of an inning."

Looked Like Outing.

It looked more to me like an outing, but I didn't dare suggest that probably he had made a mistake.

Every girl in the grandstand was raving over the "angels in white." They suggested the seashore, canoes, tennis, almost anything but the mud that the most of them collected before the game was over. They were just too dear!

"You know, you're not playing ten pins," somebody shouted. There didn't seem to be any occasion for such a reminder, but everybody laughed, and I concluded that perhaps something had gone wrong down on the field.

Dr. Kaufman, who seems to be unusually popular, at least he was yesterday, had an unfortunate accident. He hit the ball with his bat and for some reason—whether it was that he was afraid the thing would be thrown back at him or not, it was not made plain—started to run. He stubbed his toe or something, and the first thing everybody knew he was sliding along the nice, muddy ground, digging it up with his fist, and when he alighted on his feet—oh! that lovely white suit! He looked like a walking edition of Brown's mixture. It's remarkable what damage a small amount of mud will do to a white duck suit. And it did it to Dr. Kaufman's.

Didn't Mind Danger.

The little man in blue shouted, "Batter up!" and I looked around to see who the victim might be. It sounded like an ominous challenge. A man walked over, picked up one of the bats lying around loose, and stood right where the pitcher, if he had cared to, could have knocked spots out of him.

Why do they stand in such dangerous places, anyway? Seems kind of foolish when the field is so big. But there he was. Three times, as the pitcher threw the ball to another one all done up in the latest style of muzzle, the man swung the bat around his head.

It didn't seem to interfere with the progress of the ball in the least, and then another fellow went up and tried. He somehow hit the ball and everybody got excited. The people in the grandstand began to howl. All the men out on the field ran around like they had a fit, and when I asked the man next to me what it was, he said: "A three-bagger." I said: "Well, what is a three-bagger?" and he simply answered: "It wouldn't be any use, you couldn't understand."

Just then Ed Walsh went and picked up a bat and started to swing it like he was taking calesthenic exercises. And oh! The memories that I had of Eddie Walsh! Ever see him play "David Garrick?" No? Then, half of the best years of your life have been spent in vain.

As I watched Eddie Walsh waving that bat above his head, I could see him in that famous old play—feigning a jag—only feigning, mind you—in the character of the old actor, and saying: "I wan't to sit on the floor. Let's everybody sit on the floor."

Some Are Floored.

Ed didn't sit on the floor. He left that for Dr. Kaufman and Phil King. Both of them looked like chocolate babies when the game was over, but who cared? Nobody knew the score.

There was one thing which I never got quite clear in my mind. Every once in a while somebody would say: "Take him out of the box."

I tried my best to find out who was locked up, but to save my soul it was no use. There wasn't a box to be seen anywhere, and it was exceedingly annoying to have these people perist in talking about the man who "ought to be let loose."

It was a wonder to me that one man in blue didn't call out the street cleaning department—Mr. Macfarland was there and might have been willing—for every once in a while he would produce a small broom and proceed to clean up the earth. Useless process, it seemed to me, but everybody apparently understood the little man's weakness, and permitted him to proceed with his broom unmolested.

All Was Confusing.

It was all most confusing. It looked more like a game of chasing than anything else to me. There were persons running this way and that, and when a man would fall flat in the mud—it was indeed some muddy—instead of being duly sympathetic, everybody would howl with derision. The only person who really kept respectable white and clean was Dr. Frank Gibson.

It is no secret that there were many reasons why he did not get fussed up. No player in the game, so the man beside me was good enough to advance, was allowed to carry excess baggage with him while "running the bases," as they call it, and Dr. Gibson positively refused to go unless all of him could run. So he didn't go at all.

He just stayed back and looked pleasant, and told everybody they were all right and boosted things up until, as I overheard somebody say: "The Chamber of Commerce was sent sorrowing to the tall and leafy, while the Board of Trade looked like a king full to a pair of deuces."

And baseball is not the only game that it is not good to know anything about.

Vacationist Counts Cross-Ties Under Rays of a Burning Sun

"I am sorry," said the conductor kindly, "but you are on the wrong train. We do not go to Occoquan."

The tall young man, his vacation dream suddenly interrupted, gazed blankly for a moment at the uniformed official, then at the grip near his feet, and then at the flying scenery.

"What should I do?" he asked meekly, as he flecked a tear from the rim of his glasses.

Unerringly the conductor had sized up the situation. Here was a young man en route to spend a vacation with a friend at Occoquan, wherever that is, who in a moment of abstraction common among lovesick and vacation bent young men, had taken the wrong train at Washington. The two actors in the pathetic scene were then eight miles south of Alexandria aboard a Southern railway train not numbering the young man's destination among its watering places. Yet the conductor saw his duty clearly.

"You can go on with us to our first stop, forty-four miles down the road if you have the fare, but I would suggest that you get off here and catch a team back to Alexandria. You cannot catch a train for Occoquan until tomorrow morning."

"I am a newspaper man. Can you not back the train to Alexandria as a courtesy to the press?" inquired the vacationist desperately.

"Our reverse lever won't work, we have no back-up schedule, and the Interstate Commerce Commission won't allow us to show any special favors to anyone," replied the conductor tenderly. A moment later he yanked the bell rope three times.

"A team will come along this way soon and a countryman will take you in for a quarter," said he of the uniform as the young man and the heavy grip stood clinging to one another by the side of the track. Conspicuous upon the romantic landscape was signboard bearing the words, "Alex. 8." Which being interpreted meant that the young man must walk back to Alexandria if a team didn't come soon. And no team came.

Shooed Off Track.

An hour later occupants of a hand car, going in the opposite direction, shooed off the track a travel-stained wanderer, also going in the opposite direction. His patent leather shoes creaked beneath the weight of Virginia dust, he wept from every pore, his lank legs wobbled uncertainly like a breaking hinge on a heavy gate and his naturally melancholy face had taken on a grouchy look that would make a crabapple tree yell for the shelter of a hothouse.

"Who is de miniature edition of Coxey's army," asked an irreverent section hand as the car whizzed past our Washington bound here

"Looks like a country parson who married a couple and didn't get the license fee," said the man at the car handle between puffs.

But finally:

The shades of night were falling fast
When through a sleepy village passed
A youth who bore with wearied stride
A suit case labeled on the side,
"Never again."

Pathetic Story True.

The pathetic part about this vacation story, gentle reader, is that it is true. Friday night it was told in all its gruesome detail to a little band of sympathizers who, coming upon a comrade supposed to be far in the Virginia wilds, exclaimed, "Why, hello, J. R., thought you were in Occoquan."

It appears that the vacationist having spent much coin with the taxicab company and others during the early part of his vacation, hit upon a plan of recoupment. He would wait until crossing the Virginia line before purchasing a ticket, thus getting a cheaper rate. Dashing hurriedly down the steps at the Union Station he saw a train that didn't seem to be nailed down and took it. It is best to draw the curtain over the incidents of the eight-mile walk back to Alexandria, following the fateful moment when the conductor finally came around in his ticket collecting.

Yes, names could be mentioned in order to prove the authenticity of the story, but it doesn't matter. It's all story now, but James cooled off that night amid the sweet breezes and the rustle of the leaves in the park and got off to see his girl early next morning.

NORWEGIAN TOWN BURNED.

CHRISTIANIA, June 27.—The center of the business section of the town of Frederikstad was wiped out by fire today, entailing a loss estimated to be between $500,000 and $1,000,000. The firemen were powerless to prevent the spread of the flames, despite their heroic efforts. A strong current of wind wafted the flames from building to building, and there were many narrow escapes from death.

WE CURE YOU

The Latest and Best Methods for Curing Chronic Diseases of Men and Women

CONSUMPTION DEATH RATE

Health reports show that 41 in every 1,000 die of consumption in Washington, Virginia, and Maryland. This includes men, women, and children. Consumption claims more people than any other disease. The GREAT WHITE PLAGUE kills annually 838 victims in this city alone.

WE CAN CURE YOU OF CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, DEAFNESS, AND THE PRELIMINARY STEPS TO CONSUMPTION.

This is the best season for successful treatment of lung trouble. The slight pain or soreness in the chest or back, the little hacking cough, the irritable throat and short breath are the indication of a coming disease which, if neglected, will lead to serious lung troubles. Try our method. The first treatment will convince you that your case will yield to the only cure that has had marked success.

THE TREATMENT

Consists of the inhalation of only germicide vapors, which are sent under high pressure through the air passages directly to the seat of the disease. This opens the little air tubes, heals the sore spots, clears the waste places, soothes the irritable throat, stops the pain in the back and sides, opens the way for breathing in the pure oxygen and ozone from the air.

VIBRO-ELECTRIC MASSAGE

Vibration or Electric Massage combines the benefits of osteopathy with the physical methods of cure, without the use of drugs. In the treatment of Rheumatism and Rheumatic Joints, this method will effect a cure in every case. Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Locomotor-Ataxia, Paralysis, Nerve Exhaustion, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Constipation, Catarrh of the Stomach, Deafness, Female Complaints, and chronic conditions generally yield readily to this new method. An eminent physician and surgeon on diseases of women will have charge of this department.

STATIC FARADIC AND GALVANIC ELECTRICITY

Successfully applied for treating Cancer, Eczema, Skin Diseases, and Nervous Conditions. The average practicing physician, no matter how skillful, is unable to treat these conditions intelligently. Every case treated here by a specialist. Examination and medicine free.

Hours: 10 a. m. to 6 p. m., and evenings by appointment.

National Medical Offices
623 13th Street N. W.