



Riding the Rooks

By Al Demaree

THE batter fanned. A roar of surprise swept out from the crowded stands. A coacher at third rushed toward the big fellow lumbering in from the pitcher's box. "Good boy!" roared the coacher. "You. . ."

"Good boy!" shouted the elated players on the bench.

"Who was that fellow?" asked the pitcher, nonchalantly reaching for the drinking cup.

"The longer you keep wondering who that fellow was, Tex," Kid Gleason replied, "the longer you'll keep striking him out."

That was Tex Russell's first appearance against Ty Cobb in the big leagues. Tex was plenty "green"; he had to be green not to know Ty Cobb in those days.

Secretary Harry Grabiner of the White Sox tells me that the first time he saw Russell (about the time that the college dandies were specializing in all sorts of trick clothes) he had on a contraption to keep his coat lapels in place, and a steel "fold" down the front of his pants to keep the crease in. There was no hinge in this mechanical crease, so Tex couldn't sit down!

Russell couldn't read or write, but he had a high fast one that nobody could hit. Most of the rookies coming up nowadays can read and write, but they don't have the high fast one that nobody can hit. There was more color among the rookies of those days, and that color was green.

At the Phillies' camp at St. Petersburg, in 1915, a scrawny little fellow showed up with a weird collection of crooked and odd-shaped bats. He had a line-drive bat of one shape and a sacrifice-fly bat of another. He had a spit-ball bat and a curve-ball bat; in fact everything but a base-on-balls bat. He explained in lengthy detail the scientific principles of his inventions.

Manager Pat Moran finally sent him up to the plate one day to demonstrate his bats against Grover Alexander. One after another he tried his various clubs. They were a complete success except for the fact that he couldn't get even a foul tip off Alec. Completely nonplused by his failure, he ducked town that night, leaving his bats behind for the Phillies to carry on experiments with.

His Heart was in Baseball

We had another notable rookie at that camp of the Phillies in '15. I think that he could be called "the perennial rookie," for he still wants to play ball, even though he has made an immense success in another sport. I refer to Walter Hagen.

Walter used to work out with us every day that spring. He was golfing in those regions, but his heart was in baseball and it still is—so much so that only this year Hagen bought a \$35,000 inter-

est in the Rochester International League club in order that he might appear in a few exhibition games with the team.

Hagen admits that he gets awfully tired of golf, but he has never been able to get enough of baseball. Perhaps some day he'll be appearing with the Rochester nine as a "rookie" infielder.

Squelching the Volunteers

Hagen as the perennial rookie reminds me of two other rookies who have become a part of the tradition of the game. Johnny Ward, a rookie who broke in years ago, was always late for the bus that took the players out to the ball park. And to this day any guy who is habitually late is known as a Johnny Ward. "Come on, Johnny Ward," the ball players will call to the tardy one.

There was once a rookie named Bill Hasmer, too, who always seemed to get good hops when fielding. He knew how to play the ball for nice long hops. To this day nice hops are called Bill Hasmers or Big Bills.

Every spring camp draws a few free-lance rookies, fellows who report to the club without being invited. These fellows seldom are any good, and most of them are "nuts."

McGraw used to use Shufflin' Phil Douglas to get rid of these pests. When one of these "nuts" showed up in camp, McGraw would assign him to Phil as roommate. Douglas would come out to the park late, with a couple of big revolvers in his belt, sandwiched in between a row of bowie knives.

"You're late for practice," McGraw would begin.

"What the hell you got to say about it?" Phil would rasp.

That would squelch McGraw, and he would slink away. The kid, seeing all this, and figuring that a fellow who could cut up like that before the manager, must be a bad actor, usually ducked town before nightfall.

Even after they get up to the big show, rookies have a hard time learning where they stand.

At the time Nap Rucker, the great Dodgers' southpaw, was right at his best, a young busher faced him four times in a game and fanned every time.

"Who is that fellow?" he asked Jack Murray.

Baseball rookies are losing their verdant hue. Time was when they'd believe just what you told 'em—and the vets told 'em plenty. Now they check up on the vets' batting and between times play golf—one of them is named Walter Hagen

"Aw, just some rookie just breaking in," lied Jack. "I don't even know his name."

"Gosh," said the rookie. "If he's just a rookie, what'll I ever do against the big guys? I might as well quit. I can see right now, this league is too fast for me."

John McGraw always used to appoint one of these green rookies to stay up all night and watch the shoes in the Pullman to see that nobody stole them. Nap Lajoie assigned a different rookie each night to go on duty sitting on the back platform with a lantern to see that another train didn't bump into them. Rube Schauer, a Giant rookie, who had never been in a Pullman before, didn't take off his clothes the first night, and fell for the old one about the hammock

I HAD HIM AT LEAST A FOOT OFF THE BAG AND THAT BUM CALLS 'IM SAFE! HOW CAN MAC EXPECT US TO BEAT TEN MEN?

YEH, AND DID YA HEAR 'IM CALL A STRIKE ON ME WHEN THE BALL HIT ME IN THE LEG?



THE OLD TIME BALLPLAYER

being put there especially for the pitchers to rest their arms in.

Is it any wonder that the veterans pulled the badger and other stock tricks like snipe hunting on such excellent "material" as this?

Fred Merkle was notorious for being caught in the "pull the badger" gag twice the same night. There is supposed to be a fight between a dog and a badger, which is kept under a box. One ball player holds the dog, and, to give the badger a fair deal, the rookie is assigned to pull the badger out of the box and hold him. At the signal, the box is lifted and the rookie pulls out—

not a badger at all, but an old piece of crockery!

They told Merkle, after the first trial, that it was a frame-up, but next time they would have a real badger for the real thing. Fred bit on that one too!

A rookie breaking in used to face plenty of trouble. They would send him after the "key to the pitcher's box"; a veteran would invite him to go across the street to get a soda, and when they got back to the rooming house a deluge of laundry bags and paper sacks full of water would land on the busher's head.

The Test of a Ball Player

At the park nobody showed them any consideration. They were just to shag flies or pitch their arms off tossing to the batters. The vets gave them no help, because the rookies were after their jobs. Buck Herzog says: "While we made everything as tough as possible for them, if they could stand up under it, and come through, that proved that they were real ball players."

Art Wilson, the old Giants' catcher, likes to tell about the first time he showed up on the field at camp. Cy Seymour came running up to him and bawled, "In or out, cull?"—meaning, "Are you an infielder, or an outfielder?"

"Lucky for me," says Art, in telling about it, "I was a catcher. If I'd been an outfielder, he'd probably brained me right there, or broken my leg with a bat."

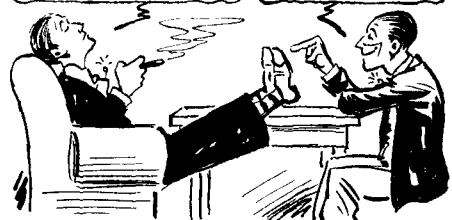
In the old days everybody rode the rookies, or snubbed them, and did everything possible to make it tough for them. A busher never got a chance to hit, unless he hired another rookie to toss 'em up to him.

McGraw, however, never rode a rookie in spring camp, or during his first year on the club. The second year he would let him have it with the others, but never the first year. Often you would hear a rookie with the Giants say, "They talk about this McGraw being such a guy. Why, he's all right. He rides the other fellows, but not me."

Occasionally the downtrodden worm would turn. (Continued on page 56)

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Less than a year ago the world first learned the facts about this deadly foe which for centuries had destroyed thousands of lives in the Peruvian Andes. In November, 1928, Drs. Noguchi, Shannon, Tilden and Tyler issued their now world-famous report, which traced Verruga Peruana and Oroya fever, two closely related diseases, or perhaps different forms of the same disease, to a curious rod-shaped parasite, called *Bartonella bacilliformis*. The crime of carrying this microscopic little monster into the blood of man was at last brought home to the night-flying gnat, *Phlebotomus*. Science thus tacked up one more portrait in its rogues' gallery.

The knights-errant of modern science

One by one, the age-old enemies of health are being tracked to their lairs.

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A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

The Day the World Ended

By Sax Rohmer



Illustrated by
John
Richard
Flanagan

As we bent over that wonderful panorama I suppressed an exclamation. The roads were animate with tiny figures! "Trouble!" Gaston Max announced laconically

The Story Thus Far:

BRIAN WOODVILLE, an explorer, is sent to Baden-Baden, Germany, to investigate a report about giant bats. A bodiless voice warns him to leave.

He joins forces with Lonergan of the U. S. Secret Service and Max of the Paris Sûreté, both of whom are trailing a Madame Yburg.

Woodville falls in love with Marusa. He learns that the mysterious forces which oppose him are controlled by a secret cult headed by Anubis, who is about to destroy the world. Only his followers will survive. Of these Marusa is one.

The Voice speaks: "Gaston Max, you shall survive for a thousand years. John Lonergan, your reward shall be oblivion. Woodville, upon you the decision shall rest."

The three men are separately trapped and taken to Castle Felsenweir. Lonergan, apparently hypnotized, visits Woodville and urges him to become a follower of Anubis. Marusa appears and repeats this demand.

Woodville is admitted to the presence of the magnificent dwarf, Anubis. He learns how Lonergan was deprived of volition, how the weird creatures which guard the castle are fabricated, he sees Gaston Max motionless and naked in a crystal coffin and he is shown two members of the Corps of Pages. He is dismissed with the command that he make his decision within five hours. He has the freedom of the castle, and Lonergan, with will power restored, accompanies him. Herr Richter acts as guide. Woodville discovers a room filled with bat-like flying suits in which the followers of Anubis travel, supported by an energy wave.

He returns to his room. Marusa visits him. She tells him she is Madame Yburg's daughter. But she is willing to join him in opposing Anubis' design. When she is gone, Max appears—disguised as Dr. Nestor. He tells how he outwitted the dwarf by closing his eyes when subjected to the device for inducing hypnotism, how he acted as though hypnotized and how he was placed in the crystal coffin.

XI

THIS coffin of a living death [Gaston Max went on] in which I lay was raised upright. It rested upon a sort of trolley with rubber-tired wheels. I was pushed out into some place of darkness. . . .

For the first time I closed my weary eyes and relaxed my tired muscles. There was air in this crystal coffin. It was possible to breathe. But every minute seemed like an hour, and the hours interminable. How long I lay there, *mon Dieu!* I cannot even guess. But suddenly—so suddenly that I had barely time to stare before me and become rigid again—I felt myself moving upward! I was in some kind of lift! The movement ceased. Curtains were parted before my glass tomb, and I saw a strange, dimly lighted room. . . .

You were in it, Woodville, seated on a low stool! Before you, on a platform, was Anubis. Two beautiful creatures, one of ebony and one of ivory, moved dimly within my plane of vision.

Vaguely, because of the glass box which surrounded me, I heard Anubis speak to you. . . . The curtains were reclosed. I was in darkness again. . . . I was returned to that small apartment adjoining the laboratory and my sarcophagus was lowered to the floor.

There was a dim light in this room. By his shadow, I traced the one who had moved me. I saw him go.

Then I ventured to relax, and to think—to think—to think! Plans I could make none, for I had no idea what would happen next! My greatest chance lay in a surprise attack. If such an opportunity presented itself, on me, I reflected, must rest the fate of the world!

I heard vague sounds—once, the voice of Anubis. That peculiar whining noise, too, which is made by the elevators. But no one entered the room. It was an ordeal which I cannot describe, which honestly, my friend, I did not think I could survive a second time. Hours passed—many, many hours!

Then, suddenly, I saw a moving shadow! I became rigid. I stared straight upward.

Madame Yburg stood watching me!

Except that she wore some white garment, I could not, dare not, learn more. She began to speak.

"Well, my brilliant friend," she said, "is it clear to you what occurred at Bagnères des Barèges? You come at a critical moment—for at dawn tomorrow it occurs to all the world!"

I BEGAN to wonder! Had she detected my trickery? How far could I trust her?

"Short of joining us, there is only death," she mused on. "How strange! If it were otherwise I would help you. . . . Stare, my friend—and accept. . . ."

She knew! She fell silent. . . .

M. Nestor entered. . . .

"Ah, good evening, my dear Chief!" he exclaimed. He spoke in German. "This pleasure was unforeseen. I expected Richter."

"Herr Richter is with Anubis," Madame Yburg replied—so coldly. "I am standing by until he is free. Your watch ends, Dr. Nestor, when you have given the patient his first shot. Good night."

I saw, from her shadow, that she was going; then:

"May I hope," said he, "when the anxieties of tomorrow are ended, that you will think over—"

Madame Yburg laughed.

"You are very persistent!" she replied, and went out.

It was clear. M. Nestor found encouragement. He hummed a song—a popular dance melody. Yes, he was happy. It was sad. At all costs I must avoid the "first shot!"

Quickly, and in a workmanlike manner, M. Nestor removed the lid of my glass sarcophagus. He raised it upright. He rested it against some place which I could not see, since I did not

dare to move my eyes. An itching, a tear, a sneeze—any of these must betray me—ruin me!

He came presently into view, his back turned in my direction. He wore a dinner kit. I looked at him. He was charging a hypodermic syringe! . . .

I acted.

Silent, in my nakedness, and in spite of my cramped muscles, I rose from that glass coffin and hurled myself upon M. Nestor! We, of the French police, are trained in jiu-jitsu. (So also is Mr. Lonergan!) I threw the unsuspecting Greek without difficulty. . . .

Let me make my meaning clear; for that which followed was horrible. I had secured a stranglehold—you understand? It was necessary that he should be not only helpless, but *silent*. Apparently he did not understand the nature of these circumstances. And—how shall I express this thing . . .

My friend! . . . the unhappy M. Nestor *strangled himself!*

Realizing what had occurred, I looked down at him. . . . I listened. All was silent! I crossed to the table at which he had been charging the syringe. This syringe lay upon the floor. On the table were surgical implements including those very scissors which he had employed to cut my garments from my body.

I USED them for another purpose. I cut off his black mustache! Much stubble was left—keen though the blades were. Myself I was now unshaven for many hours and the difference between us was not great.

His garments I removed while yet it was possible to stir his limbs. I shudder when I think of it! . . .

The dinner suit fitted me badly, but well enough. I broke one of the studs in removing his shirt—although this shirt was (Continued on page 36)