

The Slow Ball Wizard

Jean Dubuc the Pitching Marvel of the Detroit Tigers and His Remarkable and Many Sided Career in Sport and Business

By F. C. LANE

The following article deals with the remarkable career of Jean Dubuc. The young Tiger star proved himself to be Hugh Jennings' right-hand man in the day when that brilliant leader's fortunes were at their lowest ebb. Under the most discouraging circumstances Dubuc developed those qualities which make a winning pitcher. Although he has hardly yet begun his big league career, he has had a variety of experiences which can scarcely be duplicated by any other star on the diamond to-day. In all his varied and diversified interests he has been conspicuously successful, but of course his chief bid for distinction is his marvelous talent with the slow ball. What Johnson accomplishes with his lightning speed, Dubuc accomplishes equally well by exactly opposite tactics. He is without question the greatest master of his difficult art since Mathewson discovered the secret of his celebrated "fade away," and has clearly won the title of "wizard of the slow ball."

THE midseason of 1912 was treated to a remarkable spectacle. A big league manager who had startled the baseball world by his meteoric rise, who had won three pennants in a row, and had never finished lower than third, was on trial for his future career. The temporary troubles which had visited the club obscured all the brilliant feats of the recent past and Hugh Jennings at once the nerviest, most energetic, and popular manager in the whole range of big league cities was being weighed in the balance, and according to prevalent rumor found wanting.

The cloud that then passed over Jennings' otherwise bright and stirring existence has happily vanished. It left no permanent mark upon his uniformly successful record and has already been forgotten. But the causes which led to that unusual episode are still interesting and the player who proved the saving factor in time of trouble is still with us. The source of all the difficulty was the shattered pitching staff of the Detroit Tigers, while the factor which proved such a life saver was our old friend Jean Dubuc.

1912 brought a cheerless outlook to the optimistic leader of the Tigers. George Mullin had grown slow and ineffective. Summers had proved himself a most uncertain proposition and Wild Bill Donovan had passed at length for all time from the scene of his most brilliant exploits. There did not remain a single dependable pitcher on the Detroit staff. There could be no worse outlook for a manager who was obliged to please a community grown accustomed to pennants and which had little intention of being satisfied with anything less. True, the team was shaky in various other locations. The infield was full of holes and the outfield even with Ty Cobb and Sam Crawford left something to be desired. But the pitching staff was a wreck.

There remained only a memory of that redoubtable squad which had three times won the supreme prize in the American League and three times battled strongly though unsuccessfully for the championship of the world. But at this juncture when the air was full of wild rumors of a general upheaval at Detroit Jean Dubuc emerged from the shadows of the chaos of dissatisfaction and

started on his memorable series of victories, a series which was unbroken till he had equalled the old limit established by Walter Johnson. The air speedily cleared, the sun shone once more over the city of automobiles. Hugh Jennings was again able to eat his meals regularly, and pull his allotted amount of grass on the side lines for at last he had that rarest of all finds, a winning pitcher. And with that winning pitcher as a nucleus he felt once more the near prospect of a serviceable well-oiled baseball machine which before many months ought to be able to contend on an equality with the leaders of its league.

Jean Dubuc, the player who revolutionized affairs at Detroit, and who proved to be the right hand man of Hugh Jennings in the darkest period of his major league career, is a quiet unassuming young athlete who shows no sign of that prominence which has come to him and which is so largely his due.

Dubuc was born at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, on the 17th day of September, 1888. His father was of French-Canadian stock, a member of that great border population who inhabit both sides of the National boundary line and who have caused the customs and civilization of Canada to merge into our own. The Dubucs made their residence in the quiet atmosphere of St. Johnsbury till Jean was four years old. Even when they left, however, they did not break away from that charming region whose green hills, spruce covered mountain ranges and twinkling lakes have made it one of the most beautiful states in the Union. They moved only to Montpelier on the shores of Lake Champlain, where young Jean remained until he was eleven years old.

These years were important chiefly as the time when the growing athlete became acquainted with the rudiments of the National Game. Like all other boys of that age he aspired to be a pitcher and he practised at his art whenever and wherever an opportunity offered.

Having exhausted the resources of Montpelier, he entered the larger sphere of Montreal where he began to attend school at the seminary of St. Teresa when he was eleven years old. Here he remained for the better part of four



Jean Dubuc

years. As his mother died when he was but twelve, his father broke up the old home and journeyed with the other members of the family to Montreal, which the Dubucs have made their permanent residence. The four years at St. Teresa were uneventful and produced no perceptible mark in Dubuc's career.

When he was fifteen years old he went to Holy Cross where he continued his studies for a period of about a year and a half. He had many friends in New Bedford and resided for a time at Fall River, the home of the cotton spindle.

While he was at Holy Cross he studied electrical engineering, or at least had that intention, but his main thoughts were, as ever, turned toward the diamond, particularly the pitcher's box.

Dubuc's life in Fall River was made famous by his exploits on the vacant lot back of the Morris block on South Main Street. Dubuc, Sr., was at that time a contractor in charge of building St. Ann's Church in the near vicinity. Jean's ambitions led him to associate himself with the King Philip Juniors, who were a spirited ball club with general headquarters in the vicinity of Forest Street. Dubuc aspired to become a pitcher with this historic club, had a great deal of ability but lacked control. This drawback of the average pitcher which has kept so many from a successful career in the majors was no permanent bar to Dubuc. He assailed his weakness with characteristic energy and finally overcame it by the most painstaking practice. Almost every morning he would locate some budding athlete who was willing to serve in the capacity of catcher, lead the unfortunate youth to the rear of the Morris property and proceed to limber up. It was in the rear of this property that a local drug store eked out a precarious existence and this existence was speedily rendered far more precarious by the presence of Jean Dubuc. His catcher invariably feeling the need of some visible support, generally placed himself against the side of the drug store where he exerted the utmost of his ingenuity to stop such of Dubuc's wild throws as came within reach. Many of these he negotiated successfully with much risk to his fingers, but many more eluded all his efforts and utilized their velocity in loosening the clapboards on the side of the store. Occasionally a fast inshoot would cause a good deal of wanton destruction among the bottles of mysterious compounds arranged on the nearby shelves. Such occurrences appeared to have no soothing effect upon the proprietor of the drug store, but what are the profits of the drug business in comparison with the education of a real star in the National Game?

Fractured glass and spilt solutions proved no effectual bar to Dubuc's triumphal progress on the high road to

the majors. His experience cultivated control, his onslaughts on the battered walls of the drug store grew less and less alarming as the balls instead of rebounding from private property began to lodge peacefully in the mitt of his catcher. And it was a proud day for the young pitcher when he was finally admitted to the ranks of the King Philip Juniors where he speedily demonstrated a skill in shattering batting averages which fully equalled his former achievements in shattering glass.

Dubuc's stay at Holy Cross, as we have stated, was limited to a year and a half. This was owing to the fact that he was not allowed to play baseball and was put off the practice squad on the second day after joining it. The reason given for this manoeuver was the assertion that he was too young.

That same year Dubuc spent the major part of the season at St. Nicholas in Burlington, Vt. Here he pitched seventeen games and won sixteen, losing but one. This year St. Nicholas won the state championship. During that summer he played on the South Manchester team in the neighborhood of Waterbury, Conn. This was a semi-pro club. In the fall of the same year he went to Notre Dame.

Here he stayed for three years, 1906, 1907, and 1908. During these three years he pitched continually and lost but two games. In 1906-1907 Notre Dame won the western championship, and in 1908 took its famous eastern trip. On this trip the team was generally accorded the national championship as the greatest college team ever assembled. Out of thirty-four games played with different schools and colleges they lost but one. They had victories over such strong college nines as Syracuse, Williams, Dartmouth, Fordham, and Georgetown. Fordham was at that time the strongest of eastern colleges.

Dubuc, however, shut them out 2 to 0. The only game lost was the one with the University of Vermont where fortune deserted the previously victorious banners of Notre Dame.

On the strength of this great trip Dubuc received almost universal recognition. Such work as his was sufficient to guarantee him an entrance into big

league company without minor league experience. And as proof that major league managers were not unmoved by his remarkable feats, Dubuc was speedily assailed by offers from seven different major league clubs. Five clubs in the American League, the Athletics, Red Sox, White Sox, Cleveland and St. Louis, all bid for his services as did Chicago and Cincinnati in the National League. In this contest Cincinnati won out, as they offered the best inducements. However, Dubuc had one more year at Notre Dame and wished to finish his course. At this time he received an offer to go to Chicago and pitch a game for the White Rock club. Chicago is the home of semi-pro baseball, and the excitement of the contests among these clubs is often very great. The White Rocks were this year, according to Dubuc, the rottenest club in Chicago and were opposed by the Gunthers who were the strongest.

Dubuc, not wishing to imperil his future amateur career with Notre Dame, re-christened himself with the name of Williams and pitched the White Rocks to victory by a score of 2 to 1. This was so entirely unexpected that the Chicago press started strenuous efforts to discover the real name of the phenomenal Williams and succeeded, whereupon the officials of Notre Dame barred him from future participation in college baseball. As it was impossible for Dubuc to continue his studies without the accompanying stimulus of baseball, he immediately left the university, reporting at once to Cincinnati.

John Ganzel was then the unhappy leader of baseball affairs in Cincinnati, and he immediately put Dubuc's reputation to a test by sending him the very next day against Mordecai Brown of the Cubs. The young college twirler was as yet no match for the supreme skill of the three-fingered Miner backed up by the formidable teamwork of the Cubs who were then without question the very strongest club in the world. Cincinnati lost the game 4 to 0. Incidentally, Dubuc sprained his ankle while fielding a hard hit ball and was out of the game for a month and a half. When he finally came back he again pitched against the Cubs on Labor Day. This time he gave

a foretaste of his future wonderful record by shutting out the club with a score of 6 to 0. To add to the merits of the feat, he allowed but one hit, a particularly scratchy single by John Evers. This hit might as well have been classed an error and it was only the judgment of the official scorer which robbed Dubuc on this occasion of the glory of a no-hit game.

It was Dubuc's fortune to pitch against that other French twirler, Rube Marquard, on the first game that the latter ever worked in big league company. In this contest Marquard was knocked out of the box and practically knocked out of his great reputation for two years to come. In the next game, however, Dubuc lost to Mathewson in a close fought contest.

In his first year in big league company Dubuc won five and lost six games. The first four games he pitched he lost, winning five out of the next seven. That fall he went to Cuba with the Cincinnati club. Here he pitched four games, winning three and losing one. The next Spring, 1909, was a very rainy season during the training trip and Dubuc looked stronger than ever. But he was unfortunate enough to catch malaria, and, although he won his first two games against Pittsburg, he was sick thereafter until August. In fact he did not get into any more games until in the latter part of August when he opposed New York and was knocked out of the box. He started only four games that year, winning two and losing two. Malaria affected him in the stomach so that he could pitch only a few innings at most and even then not effectively.

In 1910 Cincinnati sent him to Buffalo reserving an option upon his services. Clarke Griffith was at that time manager, and Griffith figured that Buffalo would give a fair test as to whether or not Dubuc was through or would come back. Dubuc proceeded to clear up this little difficulty by losing the first five straight games. Garry Herrmann, on being informed of this pleasing intelligence remarked, "If he can't win for Buffalo, he can't win for us," and he thereupon philosophically allowed the option to lapse. Griffith was also a party to this affair which, as Talleyrand used to remark, "Was worse than a crime, it was

a blunder." Even Buffalo, however, shared in the joint opinions of Herrmann, Griffith & Co., and in the usual Christian spirit which prevails in baseball circles sold Dubuc to Montreal under the impression that they were handing the latter club a gold brick. The shrewd management of the Buffalo club might have known better had they carefully analyzed the records. It was true that Dubuc lost his first five games, but it was also true that he lost them by such scores as 2 to 1, 3 to 2, and so forth. Montreal, not being keen enough to observe the implied gold brick in the transaction, took Dubuc in the same Christian spirit in which he was offered, and the young twirler speedily began to justify their faith in human nature by winning the next nine straight games. The first two or three victories appealed to Buffalo and Cincinnati as unavoidable accidents, but long before the series of victories had swelled to nine the rejoicings at Montreal were drowned by the deep maledictions of Buffalo and the heart-felt groans of Clarke Griffith. This latter aspiring genius exerted all his ingenuity in trying to discover some flaw in the sale to Montreal. But his search was unavailing and the little Old Fox for once had to admit that he had let slip through his fingers one of the greatest finds in his own crafty career. Buffalo, not being so stoical as Clarke, accused Dubuc of laying down on them with the five games he lost, but this also was unfounded on fact. Not content with winning so many games at the Canadian metropolis, Dubuc also played in the outfield when not busy on the slab and whenever necessary entered the game in the role of pinch hitter.

Dode Chris of St. Louis was long considered the peer of all pinch hitters, although his pitching arm was all but useless and his fielding ability practically nil. But Dubuc, after he had taken part in twelve games as a pinch hitter, still maintained a batting average of 1000% and in twenty-seven times at bat in the role of pinch hitter, before the season was closed rapped out twenty-two hits and was passed three times. It is safe enough to say that this is the world's record in the pinch hitting line.

In 1911 Dubuc showed that he was in

deadly earnest by losing the first five straight games. This was a part of his annual program, and having lived safely through the prologue of the real season, he won the next two. This little break, however, was only an accident for he immediately came back strong and lost the next three. Eight losses out of ten tries was a surprising start for a successful pitcher and once more Clarke Griffith and Garry Herrmann were able to look the whole world in the face without blinking. But Frank Roth, the veteran catcher at Montreal determined that it was about time for Dubuc to intersperse a few victories among his losses and set about teaching the young pitcher some of the mysteries of the slow ball.

When Mathewson, the once king of pitchers, was tottering on his throne, when his speed was growing less and his curves were proving just what the batter ordered, he evolved from his subtle brain a mystifying curve which he christened the "Fade Away." Where speed and curves had failed, the slow ball proved all powerful, and it is this same fade away ball which has always been one of Mathewson's most deadly acquisitions. Dubuc had a beautiful slow ball, and Roth saw in it the possibilities of a masterpiece. He trained and coached the unlucky pitcher and coaxed that slow ball until it would eat out of his hand. The result of this educational persistence was a slow ball that was not only the best in the entire American League, but speedily received a recognition which placed it not only on a par but above its great rival, Mathewson's fade away.

There is not a doubt in the world that Dubuc to-day possesses the greatest control of a slow ball and has a more effective type of delivery in this particular field than any other pitcher in the game.

Having lost eight games and won two and having brought back the smile of content to the careworn features of Griffith and Herrmann, he speedily commenced to erase that smile by winning the next ten straight games. The eleventh game he lost and then kept right on and won the next eleven straight games. He then lost two and tied the last game of the season.

There is a melancholy tragedy connected with the eleventh game of his

first big series. This game was against Baltimore, and in the ninth inning the score was 1 to 0 in favor of Montreal. In this inning Dubuc allowed but one hit, but this hit was combined with three errors and two runs crossed the plate. What should have been a shut out game was changed through no fault of the pitcher into a defeat and twenty-two straight victories were thus broken into ten straight followed by eleven straight marred by the undeserved defeat in the center.

Incidentally, in this game Dubuc scored the only run made by Montreal on a clean home run drive off Dygert. If ever a pitcher deserved to win a game, Dubuc did on this occasion.

This year only two clubs could beat Dubuc, Baltimore and Providence, the tail-enders. Each of these clubs defeated him five times and Newark once. Rochester, the league leader, he defeated seven times. Montreal knowing well that they could not keep Dubuc on the strength of his great record determined to sell him for a fancy price. They held out for \$10,000 in cash and a couple of players. Several major clubs made strenuous efforts to get Dubuc, and negotiations were pending when Montreal lost him through a mere careless oversight. So Dubuc was finally had at the simple draft price. Ten clubs out of the sixteen majors made an effort to secure him, but Detroit was the successful one.

Dubuc as usual lost his first game of the season against the weak St. Louis Browns by a score of 2 to 0, but having got warmed up sufficiently through his slight lapse, he proceeded to win the next six straight. This was followed by three successive losses. Two of these miscues were shut out games to his credit but were lost in the final session. Having pulled himself together after these slight rebuffs, Dubuc with the ill-assorted company of misfit Tigers behind him went out and tied Walter Johnson's old record by annexing eleven victories.

Detroit had a gala day around July 4th. On the Fourth itself Mullin shut out St. Louis without a hit. On the fifth Dubuc shut out Chicago with a solitary single. One hit in two games

was fair work for the Tiger twirlers. Dubuc held the Highlanders to two hits and then broke his great winning streak against the same club, losing his twelfth game. One of his victories was against the veteran, Plank, in the best years of his career. Plank bowed to the superior skill of his young rival, and the Athletics succumbed to the score of 13 to 1.

Dubuc lays most of his wonderful success to the slow ball. Most pitchers pride themselves upon their speed, or, if they are not strong there, upon their curves. The slow ball is at best in the minds of the majority of pitchers a doubtful expedient to try when all else has failed. Most of the really great pitchers have not been particularly successful with the slow ball. Most, even of those who have a good command of this difficult delivery, hate to use it. Johnson, who is the greatest speed pitcher in the world, has spent a good deal of time in studying the possibilities of the slow ball. He has found it very effective, although he has never been able to develop it to a state where he could absolutely depend upon it. Joe Wood, the principal factor in the Red Sox recent acquisition of the championship of the baseball world, has also been troubled by his slow ball. Wood has a slow ball which is very effective at times, but, like Johnson, experiences difficulty in controlling it. Marquard, who is also a speed pitcher, has an effective slow ball, but seldom uses it. It seems to be an acknowledged fact that a pitcher strongly objects to using a slow ball even when he has it worked out on an effective basis. When he is burning them across the plate with his full strength and the batters start hitting him, it looks to the perplexed twirler in the box like sheer suicide to send over an easy floater, for he reasons, "if they are on to my speed, it will certainly be a cinch for them to hit a slow one." This false logic obtains to a far greater extent than would seem possible, for the slow ball has proved a wonderfully effective delivery many times. A no-hit contest is a rare occurrence in big league circles, but it is a significant fact that one of the no-hit contests of the past season was pitched by George Mullin of Detroit who, while at one time possessing good speed, last season at least

depended almost exclusively upon a slow ball. During this famous contest on the fourth of July, when the veteran twirler celebrated his birthday by holding the St. Louis Browns to a series of blanks in the hitting column, Mullin had hardly average speed. In fact, several of the Detroit players who backed the big twirler on that occasion told me that after the seventh inning Mullin's arm was so sore that he could hardly get them over the plate. It was impossible for him to put any speed into his efforts, and he depended exclusively upon the tantalizing breaks of the slow ball with what success is now a matter of baseball history.

Christy Mathewson, who is in many ways the dean of present pitchers, owes much of his present effectiveness to the slow ball. As long ago as 1906 Mathewson's days as a pitcher appeared numbered. His once great speed and sweeping curve were no longer as dazzling as they were in the closing months of 1905 when the Giants' premier twirler made a pitching record in the memorable world's series of that year which has never been equalled. In fact, it was partly at least due to the breaking of Mathewson that the Cubs were enabled to launch out on their victorious career with a dash and vigor which made them absolutely invincible. Mathewson by the full use of his shrewd brain and what was almost as important, his careful study of the possibilities of the slow ball, solved the problem which beset him during this season and doubled his active career. For in the days when his effectiveness seemed a thing of yesterday his development of the famous fade-away ball carried him once again to the front rank of pitchers of all history, a position which he has since contested successfully against all comers. Mathewson was for years the undisputed master of the slow ball. It was in many ways his most effective delivery. Much of his success he owes to this and this alone. But Jean Dubuc, who doubtless studied Mathewson's slow ball and copied in a measure his peculiar delivery, has evolved a style of his own which is not only the equal but the superior of the much-dreaded fade-away.

Of his own talents Dubuc says: "My

pitching rules are very simple. When I am in the box I always study the batter very carefully and try to outguess him. In many ways I think the pitcher has the advantage in such a contest, and it is always up to him to make full use of his advantages. Of course, my most effective delivery is the slow ball. I have been very successful in handling this type of delivery and consider that it offers as many possibilities as any other type. It is not showy, like speed pitching, but the object of the pitcher is to place the ball where the batter will not be likely to hit it. As long as he does this it makes no difference whether he burns them over the plate at the rate of a mile a minute or whether he just shoves them lazily through the air so that they will crawl over the corner of the plate just outside the batter's reach. One type of delivery is not sufficient, however, for the average pitcher. He must be able to mix them up, and the better he does this the more certain he is to fool the batter."

It is a weakness of pitchers, if it may be called so, that they invariably pride themselves upon their batting ability. A twirler may have a consistent average of .91, but he swings at the ball just as hopefully and is just as well pleased with himself when he does hit as though he were the champion of all batters. Dubuc claims he is a better batter than a pitcher. He is a consistent hitter according to the records, but his principal claim to distinction in this department of the game rests in the fact that he is a very timely hitter. He is the man who has been feared in the pinches and whose work at critical moments in the game has often proved so decisive.

Dubuc is a young man of various activities. His career is in many ways the most remarkable among big league stars. While still but twenty-four he has made thousands of dollars in various side lines other than his chosen profession, while he has in addition carved out for himself an enviable reputation as a ball player. Two years ago Dubuc started a bowling alley on St. Catherine Street in Montreal. His friends came and shook his hand tearfully and sympathized with him in his hour of affliction. He had sunk almost all the money he

possessed, the fruits of his labors as a ball player, in a venture which could not succeed. Bowling was profitable, surely, but he had chosen a locality which was absolutely impracticable. St. Catherine Street is one of the finest streets in the Canadian metropolis. The very atmosphere was expensive, the whole deal seemed predestined to failure.

All this was two years ago. Now, in that same locality where he started a bankrupt business, is the finest poolroom and bowling alley in all Canada; and the young pitcher has made a mint of money on the investment.

Some time ago Dubuc purchased at a genuine bargain some thousands of shares in the Powerful Mining Company. This corporation controlled extensive tracts in the celebrated Cobalt region, that romantic spot in the wilderness of upper Canada where the very ground glitters with silver dust and the ridges are veined with costly ore. Dubuc took an excursion through this fabulous region, was impressed with the prospects, and invested his money. A short time ago he refused his holdings for a sum which I am not at liberty to disclose but which mounted well up into five figures. In addition to his mining interests and his splendid Palace Bowling Alley at 282 St. Catherine Street, Dubuc is also a stockholder in the Wanderer's Club, one of the two great Montreal franchises of the National Hockey Association of Canada. Dubuc's hockey experiences are an adventure in themselves, but they will wait till another time and another story.

In all these successful and even brilliant projects Dubuc has taken no credit to himself. "I always was lucky," he said, in his quiet way. "My friends used to tell me that if I picked up a pebble in the street it would turn to gold. Yes, I have been very lucky." It is true that a measure of good fortune must attend any project to bring it to a successful termination. Luck is an invisible agency whose influence is sometimes underestimated but generally exaggerated. In Dubuc's case, it has played its part. But most of his success has been fairly earned. Clearly and definitely won by his own earnest efforts and sound judgment.

Hugh Jennings thinks very highly of his young pitching marvel. Last summer he told me: "Dubuc is in a class by himself. No one can touch him in pitching the slow ball and he is improving in every way. Next year he should have a remarkably high average."

About six weeks before the end of the season Clarke Griffith walked into President Navin's office and offered the Tiger magnate \$18,000 for Jean Dubuc. The offer was, of course, refused. I talked with Griffith just before the world's series and accused him of making a serious mistake in trading Dubuc. "No," said Griffith, "that wasn't my mistake. I have made my share, but not that one. I always intended to keep hold of Dubuc. It wasn't my mistake that he got away from us. You will have to blame that on to Garry Herrmann."

When Dubuc had won eleven straight victories and tied the old record established by Walter Johnson, I sat in his room at the Somerset Hotel discussing the situation. We talked of his remarkable series of victories, but Dubuc in his usual modest way, would take no credit to himself. "It is quite fortunate," I said to him, "that you will pitch your next game in New York, for at the pace the Highlanders are travelling at the bottom of the percentage column you ought to find them an easy club to win from." "It looks that way," said Dubuc, "but you never can tell in baseball. You may defeat the strongest clubs with the best pitchers in the box against you, and then go out and get licked by the tail-enders. Of course, I hope to win several more games before I am defeated, but I have a feeling that my winning streak can't last much longer."

A half hour later I was on my way downtown in company with Hugh Jennings and asked him if he intended to pitch Dubuc that afternoon. "No," said the fiery manager of the Tigers, "I don't hardly think I will. We want Dubuc to break Johnson's old record at least, and he certainly ought to win against the New York club the way things are going now, but I think I will save him till tomorrow."

That afternoon in warming up practice Jennings changed his mind. He sent Dubuc into the box and before the game

was over, the Highlanders had piled up a safe margin of runs and the game was theirs. Dubuc's great winning streak had been broken by the weakest club in the league. His presentiment of the morning had been fulfilled. As he so aptly said, "You never can tell in baseball."

Ty Cobb, the great star of the Tiger outfit, predicts a bright future for Dubuc. This is not a difficult matter, for he has only to live up to his present record to insure that much, but Cobb speaks very highly, indeed, of Dubuc as the coming pitcher and the greatest master of the slow ball on the diamond.

Dubuc is of athletic build. He is five feet ten and one-half inches tall and weighs 185 pounds. He has dark eyes and a dark complexion. As we have hinted he takes his new-found honors easily enough. There is nothing in the least important in his make up; whether winning or losing he is the same, pleasant, genial and accommodating. Dubuc is still unmarried and makes his home on the scene of his various interests in Montreal. The Canadian metropolis may well feel a personal interest and a genuine pride in the already remarkable achievements and brilliant prospects of her most famous pitcher.

