

Looking On



By
Jacob C. Morse

IT was Max L. Lindheimer who managed the Williamsport, Pa., team in 1905 and not Mr. Stetler, as was stated in the March number of this magazine. On that team was Catcher J. F. Donovan, now with the Phillies; Walter Blair, catcher, and Walter Manning, pitcher, now of the New York Americans; Louis Richie of the Phillies; Lush of the St. Louis Nationals; Fred Applegate of Toronto; Weigand, now manager of Johnstown, Pa.; Charles of the St. Louis Nationals; McIlveen of the New York Americans; W. Hinchman of the Cleve-lands, and Jimmy Sebring of the Brook-lyns. A very creditable showing that.

The announcement that former Presi- dent of the Phillies James Potter and former Director Eddie Hyneman and associates had parted with their holdings caused considerable surprise. James P. McNichol and Israel W. Dunham will control the club. When President Dovey of the Boston National League club was asked for his opinion of the deal, he said that any associates of Manager Murray were good enough for him. The Phila- delphia club is a splendid bit of property and the new owners ought to realize finely on their investment.

The rest taken by President Harry Pulliam ought to do him a world of good. The head of the National League is highly esteemed for his indefatigable efforts to make the game of baseball the game of games and to keep it on the highest plane. The magnates cannot show him too much consideration, but they will not make their path or his easy if they stoop in the slightest degree to unsavory methods. He will not stand for it any more than would that pattern of stubborn honesty and integrity—T. Roosevelt.

One can get some idea of the money expended in conditioning a ball club in the major league these days when it is stated that it will cost something like \$10,000 to care for the Cleve-lands on their spring trip this year. More than thirty men took the trip to Mobile and New Orleans, and it required a lot of

money to pay for the railroad, hotel and incidental bills.

Messrs. Bowler and Andrews, two new entrants into the list of magnates, have purchased the Meriden franchise of the Connecticut League, and transferred it to Northampton, Mass. They are most op- timistic of success in their new role.

A lot of twaddle has been printed about the college player in professional baseball, but the fact remains that some of the collegians have attained heights that the born-to-the-game professionals have found it hard to beat. Take "Doc" Powers and his long service with the Athletics behind the bat; Fred Tenney, never excelled for length of service and steady, conscientious work as a first baseman; Dave Fultz, one of the finest outfielders that ever caught a ball, handled bat or stole a base; George Winter, one of the cleverest that ever stepped into the box; Arthur Devlin, one of the best all-round third basemen that ever played ball; Judge Harry Taylor, a Cornell man and one of the brainiest and most successful first base- men ever in the sport; Allen Storke of Pittsburg; Roy Thomas, so many seasons with the Phillies; Pitcher Coombs of the Athletics; Professor Lewis of Williams College, and many others. All those named made good at the very first crack. The proportion of college men who make good in professional ball to those who do not is far and away larger than the proportion of men who try major league company out of other ranks and fail to succeed. More college men are enter- ing the game now than ever, and more of them are succeeding. It presents a splendid stepping-stone to loftier heights than any other field, and ought to be encouraged rather than otherwise. Also bear in mind that many professional ball-tossers have been enabled to enter college life by the financial spurt they received from professional baseball. Here may be enumerated Mike Sullivan, who, at the time of his death was a member of the Governor's Council in Massachusetts;

James H. O'Rourke of the Bridgeport, Conn., bar, graduate of the Yale Law School; Hugh Jennings, the manager of Detroit, who graduated from the Cornell Law School and is a practising attorney; John Montgomery Ward, one of the most prominent ball-tossers of his day and now an attorney with a good practice in New York City; Dr. J. F. Callahan, a prominent throat and ear specialist of Brockton, Mass., who saw service as umpire and pitcher; Dr. Mark Baldwin, formerly of the Chicago Nationals; Dr. Bushong, who was a great catcher and became a good dentist. Among others who practice dentistry were Dr. Casey, so long with the Detroit club, and Dr. White, the clever pitcher of the Chicago American League club. Dr. Powers of the Athletic club is still in the game, and Dennis Sullivan, last season with Boston and now with Cleveland, is studying medicine and will become an M.D. at no distant date. Young men with practically the whole fall and winter on their hands who do not strive for something higher than a baseball future make a very grave mistake.

A Cleveland writer says that it would be foolhardy to figure "Cy" Young as more than a one-year investment, and then he figures out that this one-year investment will cost the Cleveland club in figures \$20,000, as Pitchers Check and Ryan stood the Cleveland club \$6,100. The chances that "Cy" will be in the game for more than another year are as good as those of any pitcher who is in major league ball today. He does not show the least signs of his age, and it looks like a sure bet that he will be pitching at forty-five. Why, "Jim" O'Rourke played ball last season and "Jim" is able to do a good trick today. Those who saw him perform at the Old-Timer's game in Boston last season were amazed at the agility of the man. It isn't so much a matter of age as it is condition, and O'Rourke and Young know how to take care of themselves.

Jim McAleer and Connie Mack now stand as the only two leaders in the American League who were in their respective stations when that organization started as a rival of the National League in 1901. The baby of them all is Fred Lake, who starts the season

of 1909 as a full-fledged major league manager, without having any experience in fast company beyond what he had at the close of last season.

The winter season is a season of rest for the ball-player; at least it is supposed to be, but for the magnate it has come to be a season of work and worry. He must work to reorganize his team for the coming season and he is driven to worry by the recalcitrant hold-out, demanding "more money, or I won't play." The mid-season now drawing to a close has been exceptional in this regard only because it has been marked by more conflicts over salary demands than any, perhaps, in the history of the game. What manager has not had his woes of this kind? A few, but they are in the minority.

Comiskey has had more than his share of this worry. And the man who believes the Old Roman does not worry may proceed on his next guess.

Mike Cantillon, manager of the Minneapolis team in the American Association, who is a close friend of Commy, tells one that indicates the distraction to which Comiskey was driven this winter.

"Charley was worried nearly sick over Jones' refusal to return next season," says Cantillon; "then came the emphatic word from Ed Walsh that if he didn't get \$7,500 for his next season's work, he would not play. Isbell returned a contract unsigned, because it didn't call for the salary he wanted; and to cap the climax, big Pat Dougherty laid down the cold defi that he must have a raise or no play. Well, Charley was driven nearly wild. He and I got on a train and took a trip out of town, so as he could get away from business.

"I can't, for the life of me, figure out why Pat should demand a raise," said Commy, when the big left-fielder's letter was received. 'Why, I have wondered sometimes what he was doing out in that field.' And he continued to be harassed about it. 'Honest, now, Mike, do you see where that fellow comes in for a raise?' he asked me.

"The first night out, we retired early at our hotel. We had a double room, but separate beds. Along about two o'clock in the morning, Commy woke me up.

"Mike," he called, 'I have it figured

out why Dougherty wants a raise; he wants to hire an assistant.' "

Old Chris Von Der Ahe has been the subject of more stories, perhaps, than any other man ever in baseball. His unique character and speech were doubtless responsible for this, together with the fact that he was owner, and, as he called himself, "der boss manager," of the famous Four-Time Winners, the St. Louis Browns.

Chris had a reverential awe for Tip O'Neil, his slugging left-fielder. He looked upon Tip as the greatest batter of the world—and in this he was right—but he felt impelled at times, in spite of his admiration for the big fellow, to administer correction for personal habits. But Chris only felt impelled; he could not muster up the courage to carry out his determination, and O'Neil knew this. He knew that Chris feared him as much as he admired him, and O'Neil and all the boys had lots of fun over this situation.

One time the team struck a losing streak. O'Neil had not been as regular as Chris thought he should. As he attributed to Tip a large share of the credit for victory, so Chris laid on O'Neil most of the blame if the team lost. He determined on heroic measures. He would go right after O'Neil, dress him down in severe terms before all the other players. That would have the desired effect!

So that day before the game, Chris was in the park. He did not have his customary chat with Comiskey prior to the game. But he strolled leisurely over to the dressing-rooms, which then were over by right field in old Sportsman's Park.

"Something's up," whispered Latham, as Chris walked slowly past the clubhouse where the men were getting ready for the field. "He will be back in a minute."

"Now, don't let's have any monkey business," said Comiskey, knowing Latham's susceptibility to such good openings.

Chris did not come back in a minute. He passed the door again, paused some ten yards beyond, switched from one foot to the other and then walked up to the club-house entrance.

"Charley," he said, addressing Captain

Comiskey, "somedings is got to be did. Dat's all right to trink beer. Beer is a goot ding, somedimes, maybe. But some peoples, dey get too much, yet."

Now he was looking fiercely at O'Neil, but the lump came up in his throat as Big Tip flashed back his angry gaze with those big blue eyes of his, and Chris continued.

"I don't want to get bersonals mit any of dose boys, but Charley—Tip O'Neil, you better look a little oudt."

And the old fellow flew from the scene amid the roars of all, even Comiskey.

There died at his home in Long Island City Saturday, February 20, of heart disease, John V. B. Hatfield, one of the greatest outfielders of his day and the holder of the record for throwing a baseball. Mr. Hatfield played with the Eckfords and the Mutuels. He was sixty-two years of age at the time of his death. He made his throwing record at Brooklyn, October 15, 1872. He threw the ball 400 feet 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Many have been the attempts since that time to excel this record, but that of Mr. Hatfield is the only one that stands on the books today. Doubtless the best man in long distance in the days of Hatfield was Edward Crane of Boston. Crane undoubtedly made more long throws than any man who ever attempted long-distance throwing, but his throws were never authenticated.

One of the best books of baseball humor is "Swat Milligan," by Bozeman Bulger. It is a series of short stories concerning one Milligan, peerless hitter, fielder—everything. Mr. Bulger is a critic of the national game and introduces a real baseball air in his writings.

Dr. Hobson of Washington sends the following regarding Studley of the old Nationals, the first man to slide to bases: "He was brought here from Rochester, N. Y., by Freeman Clarke, Comptroller of the Currency, and was in the Redemption Division for years. He began sliding in 1866. Studley was a member of the Nationals when they defeated the Excelsiors of Brooklyn on the White House lot in 1866. Mr. James A. Sample of the Treasury has a photograph of the Nationals of that year and Studley's picture is in it, but it is not distinct."