



Mr. Harry Hempstead, the new President of the Giants, is the executive head of the costliest baseball property in the world. A type of that younger generation of business men who are finding the National Game a fertile field for their abilities, Mr. Hempstead begins his difficult task with all the advantages of a liberal college education and a long familiarity with the game. The great baseball public is to be congratulated that the work founded and established by the late John T. Brush is now left to the charge of a man so eminently fitted to carry out his progressive policies.

Baseball History Up-to-Date

Shifts and Changes—The Famous Tinker Deal—New Faces Among the Managers

By WM. A. PHELON

The following article by William A. Phelon deals in the author's usual picturesque style with present conditions in the baseball world. People who think the season ends with the winning of the world's series in October are

mistaken. There are no games played at least in this latitude, in December or January, but there is almost as much genuine interest in baseball at that time as there is in August or September. To the great baseball public, then, whose love for their favorite game never grows cold, this monthly review by Mr. Phelon will serve as a bird's eye view of current events—a graphic summary of present day baseball history.

AS is usual at the December meetings of the magnates, many trades were talked about, and few went through. To hear the line of talk that is peddled before the meetings, and up to the hour that they adjourn, you might expect to see the entire personnel of sixteen clubs so utterly altered that the treasurer would have to be handed fifty affidavits of identity before he would take chances on handing pay envelopes to so many new faces. Trades, deals and sales are always jabbered up and down the corridors—and then they don't go through. Deals are made, now and then, at the scheduled meetings, but even then not ten per cent. of the imaginary proceedings are put over.

One memorable trade was consummated, however, at the National League meeting—a trade that had been hanging fire for many days, and which may make or break either one or both of the transacting parties, while certain things hinged on that trade of mighty interest to the rival league. This was the deal through which the Cincinnati club obtained the services of Joseph B. Tinker by giving what the Chicago Cubs regarded as a fitting equivalent, and this trade, in turn, left the field clear for a transfer of Frank Chance to the American League.

The transfer of Joe Tinker to the Cincinnati club was the final act in a drama of politics and ambition. Long ago, while Clarke Griffith was still the manager of the Reds, Garry Herrmann became imbued with the idea that Tinker would make a great manager for the Cincinnati team. There was some talk on the subject, and Tinker grew to regard himself as already clad in scarlet hosiery and drawing the fat managerial pay. Negotiations were tentatively started, but were cut short when Charlie Murphy flatly declared that he could not see any chance to alter his infield. Tinker was a valuable portion of the

great Cub machine; to lose Tinker would be to break up that machine beyond repair, and consequently there would be nothing doing, Emmaline.

Tinker lamented, gnashed his teeth, and told his sorrows from shore to shore while vaudevilling. Hank O'Day was made manager of the Reds, and surely did wonders, all things considered. When a man who has never done any managing can step in, take charge of a sixth place team, and raise it to fourth position on his first effort, that is some performance, believe your uncle. Still, the dream of having Joe Tinker as a playing manager stuck fast in the bean of Garry Herrmann, and Joe Tinker had retained that lovely vision in his turret ever since the idea had first tapped him on the neck. Negotiations were renewed, and were carried along amid ten times the excitement that usually attends the transfer of a player. It was the firm, fixed purpose of Evers and Murphy, for many days, to get Bob Bescher in the deal, and when Cincinnati refused to consider any trade involving Bescher the comedy became acute. Twenty times the Chicago club announced that it had set its price—that Cincinnati must get Mike Donlin and then include him in the swap, or that the Cincinnati equivalent must include Suggs and Benton. Twenty times the Cincinnati club announced that it would give certain players for Tinker, and not another Chinaman. Twenty times Chicago had headlines to the effect that the Reds wouldn't pay the price, and the deal, therefore, was definitely off—Tinker would stay in Chicago, and the Cub machine would not be disarranged. Twenty times Cincinnati also declared that the deal was off because Chicago was too grasping, and Tinker cut in with a pathetic minor monotone, crying in the wilderness that he was all through if he couldn't go to Redville—that he would embark in the auto business, and

hoped some night to have C. Murphy and J. Evers as his passengers. Then he'd drive the auto into the Chicago River, and refuse to rescue his victims till they signed the paper-rs releasing him to Garry Herrmann. It was desperate battling—and great press agent stuff for a dull winter.

At last, a way out was unexpectedly opened. George McGurn, an agent of the Chicago club, had seen Red Corriden playing short at Detroit, and averred that Corriden was a much under-rated athlete. Under the tutelage of J. Evers, said Mr. McGurn, this Corriden person would become a great shortstop and almost replace J. Tinker. Then the negotiations started all over again. Cincinnati made another fat proposition; Chicago chastely but firmly replied that no proposition on earth could fill the actual space occupied by Mr. Tinker—and they swayed back and forth in a deadlock like a pair of heavyweight wrestlers. Finally, through the kindness of the American League, the deadlock was ended. Detroit, probably spurred by Ban Johnson, announced that it would let Corriden go in trade for certain pieces of silver, and thus the Reds were able to offer a shortstop, such as he might be. All well and good. A few hours later the big trade was finished: Tinker, Loudermilk and Chapman, on the Chicago end, going for Mitchell, Phelan, Knisely, Humphries and Corriden. Five men for three, but, as one of the Chicago papers tersely put it, the rules won't allow you to play the five at short.

It has been years since anyone really hung anything on the Chicago club in a deal. Charlie Murphy has acquired the reputation of being a holy terror at an exchange of athletes, and Garry Herrmann, alas—also the Red club before Garry got full possession—seemed to always get the worst of it in all bargains. This time, however, it actually looks as though the Reds gave up players whom they could spare, and acquired one man they had to have, and whom the other team could hardly get along without. Great shortstops are scarce these days. Chicago had for years found Tinker a mainstay and a big factor in the all-conquering machine that won four flags. To take such a man off the reg-



JOE TINKER

The New Leader of the Cincinnati Reds

ular array was like taking out half a set of teeth from a hungry citizen.

TINKER, PLAYER-MANAGER

Per contra, Cincinnati needed both a shortstop and a playing manager. Joe Tinker combined both necessities. He ought to make an A-1 manager, after his years of experience with Frank Chance and his many seasons beside John Evers. There is no chance to question the fact that he is a wonderful shortstop. The Reds therefore obtained something they had to have. In exchange they gave the Cubs men who may prove of extreme value, or may fail to make up in any way for the passing of Tinker. The Reds got what ought to be a sure thing—the Cubs got a gamble.

Mike Mitchell is a fine ballplayer, good batsman, heady baserunner and a defensive marvel in a sun-field. He will be one of the Cub regulars, and will render good service, while his splendid personal character will serve as a grand example

to the younger men. Arthur Phelan is a corking good third baseman and tolerably good batter though not as neat a hitter in the fast company as he was when with the minors. Peter Knisely is almost a duplicate of Hans Wagner in personal appearance even to those majestic croquet-wicket legs. Believe me, P. Knisely can also lam that old ball right on the piccolo. He is a rather heavy fielder, and can hardly handle the chances cleanly enough for a regular position on a big league team, but he should make an ideal pinch hitter and utility performer. Humphries is a clever curve pitcher, who would go along finely with the Cub machine to back him.

WHO WILL FILL TINKER'S SHOES

Corriden, the shortstop obtained from Detroit, has had two tries in the fast company, without startling success. His first time in, as we all remember, he was mixed up with the eight-hit scandal—the famous double header where Lajoie came so near to beating Cobb out on the season's averages. Corriden played left field that afternoon rather than third base, and Ban Johnson is said to have been savagely sore at the youngster. The kid passed back to the minors in a hurry, but was so strong with the stick during 1912 that he was summoned into the fast company again—strange to say, with the Detroit team, whose star batsman had been the one to suffer by Corriden's performance at St. Louis. This time Corriden did his best to the finish of the campaign, but didn't make much of a sensation. Detroit was dead willing to let him go, and Garry Herrmann cheerfully paid the price so as to have the goods wherewith to complete the Tinker trade.

John Evers and Charlie Murphy believe that Corriden will make good on his third attempt to please. They say, after hearing the report of their agent on the boy's doings, that he will blossom like a spring rose, and is really a grand ball-player who has had two hard-luck tryouts. With Evers to coach him, he should soon show all he has in stock, and may, perhaps, come up to expectations. To fortify the infield, however, and to have an ace in the hole, the Cubs have signed Al Bridwell, a veteran, but

still, so Evers thinks, able to play top-notch ball. Boston doesn't think so, or he wouldn't have been turned loose so easily. He has been laid up with a bad leg, which kept him out most of the past season, but now claims to be completely mended.

If both Corriden and Bridwell fall down, the Cubs can move Phelan into the gap. Many a good third baseman has been transmuted to an able shortstop, and Phelan is the right build—just the size and general pattern of Bridwell. Among the third basemen who became star shortstops were Ed Williamson, Joe Tinker and Bob Wallace—good examples to remember.

No other deals of any moment were chronicled at either meeting. It was declared that Detroit stood ready to trade off a whole ball club, and that not over four or five Tigers would be retained on the payroll, but when the eager hordes of magnates swooped down on Navin for the rumored bargains there was nothing doing. The American League, however, benefited by the big National League trade—profited in a curious fashion.

MANAGERIAL CHANGES

Some time back, when the Tinker deal was still in the air, Garry Herrmann got Frank Chance from the Cubs by the waiver process. Just why six National League clubs were willing to waive on Chance is one of the mysteries of the game, and, no doubt, will ever remain a mystery. Anyway, Garry got him, and then when the Tinker affair was finally put over, had an extra manager. Criss-cross negotiations were on tap; many conflicting tales were told, but I fancy the real truth, if revealed, would be about like this: The New York Americans paid Detroit for the release of Corriden, so that Herrmann could swing the Tinker trade, and Herrmann framed it up for New York to land Frank Chance.

The National League had a regular house-cleaning during the weeks that followed the closing of the regular season. To the various shifts of managers — an almost unparalleled shake-up — must be added the sad passing of John T. Brush and the retirement of Horace Fogel, completing a kaleidoscopic altera-

tion in the personnel of the older organization.

At Boston, John Kling, after a strenuous though unsuccessful season, was given the Order of the Tinware, and the veteran Stallings was called into big league service for the 287th time. Kling, though old in years as baseball experience goes, had hit with the .300 people and shown himself still young and husky. His club, however, had failed to climb out of the subcellar, and seldom is a second season granted to an eighth-place leader. So it was ding-a-ling, bing for Kling, and in again for George Stallings. The new Boston chief, it is said, was cannily wise, and wouldn't fall for the blandishments of Mr. Gaffney until he won a five-year contract. That's sure going some. Five whole seasons. Even if Mr. Stallings falls with a loud and soggy plop, like a bullfrog doing a Brodie into a miasmatic swamp, he can't be canned—not unless they settle with him first, and settle for large, thick gobs of currency.

Brooklyn concluded to keep the optimistic Bill Dahlen at the head of the luckless seventh placers.

Sweeping revolutions took place in Cubland. While the deposition of Frank Chance and the succession of John Evers came off before the actual finish of the season, a large percentage of the bugs could hardly believe it, and really imagined that the Peerless Leader would finally regain his crown. Nothing doing along those lines, though—Frank was permitted to flit into retirement, and the sale of his stock was closely followed by his selling his Chicago home. After much skirmishing, the Tinker deal was handled by Evers, and thus the playing personnel of two clubs was materially altered.

The transfer of Tinker gave Cincinnati a brand-new manager and short-stop, which gave the loyal though famished bugs new heart and extra hope for the future. Thirty years since the last pennant—oh, well, why be greedy? Didn't Cincinnati also win one in 1869?

New York made no change in management, but the Giants—and all baseball as well—received a stunning blow when John T. Brush—of whom more anon—passed to the other side.



JOHN KLING

It Wasn't His Fault that the Braves Couldn't Win

Philadelphia lost Horace Fogel, who quit after a long and spirited fight resulting from indiscreet statements and letter-writing. Horace also failed to take up an option he held on the club and thus was eliminated totally from future consideration. A good soul is Horace, too, pleasant and well-meaning, but too much inclined to voice hasty opinions that he wouldn't even think of uttering on mature reflection.

No change at Pittsburg. Big ones at St. Louis, though, where Roger Bresnahan was chucked out in the area-way, and even Secretary Seekamp felt the axe. Bresnahan promptly started action to uphold his contract, a long, fat document full of wealth and comfort. At present, the outlook is that Roger will accept a compromise payment, and will add his powerful personality to some club that needs a mighty catcher. Miller Huggins has his job, and may pan out a corker.

Speaking of the toss given Mr. Seekamp—a nice fellow and well liked by the visiting scribes—he is in position to



JOHN MCGRAW

The Most Powerful Manager in the National League

exchange condolences with Joe O'Brien, ousted from the Giants just before the death of Mr. Brush. Mr. O'Brien was immensely popular, and his exit was as unexpected as it was displeasing to the press and fans. It is said, however, that Mr. Brush, knowing that the end was fast approaching, wished to arrange certain offices for his own family, and that Mr. O'Brien gracefully stepped aside.

As a finish to the National League doings, Thomas J. Lynch was re-elected, getting into office quicker than ever before — no opposition, and everybody praising him. And even as Mr. Lynch stepped back in, the head of Jim Johnstone, umpire, fell with a loud thud, and the burly Scot departed from the fields he had graced so long.

Mr. Johnstone fell off badly in his work during 1910 and 1911. He did not seem to have the eyesight or the activity of his earlier days, and was supposed to be destined for the hatchet a year ago. Mr. Lynch kept him on, and Johnstone's umpiring, during 1912, was vastly improved. He showed himself the capable, equable official of bygone years, and seemed plenty good enough for several seasons more.

Trades and deals? Where were there any beside the Tinker shift? Still, that was such a big affair that it provided gossip and chatter for many days, and may have far-reaching consequences.

The American League didn't clean house to any great extent. Connie Mack will hold right on with his Athletics, who are talked of as formidable contenders in the next campaign. Jake Stahl remains with his mighty (and extremely lucky) Red Sox. Bob McRoy will probably stick there too, although the Royal Rooters of Boston, headed by Mayor Fitzgerald himself, are still yelling for his scalp. That affair with the Royal Rooters was a most unfortunate event, and showed that even the best of us—like McRoy—will pull a bone ever and anon. For six games the Royal Rooters had stuck fast, spending their good money, traveling to New York en masse, and cheering their champions with desperate energy. After six games it would surely seem only common sense to imagine that they would all be there for the seventh game, but Mr. McRoy, rattled or just plain forgetful, overlooked them and let the hoi polloi or the vox populi grab their benches. Wow, wow, riot and assassination! Naturally, the Royal Rooters were frantic, and kept coldly away from the eighth decisive battle.

Still, there was no sting in McRoy's action—no intent, no malice. He is a kindly, conscientious little fellow, and the bad break that day was absolutely nothing but a bonehead—and Napoleon boneheaded at Waterloo. The trouble should be bridged over, and doubtless will be between now and April 10th.

Comiskey made no changes at Chicago. Cleveland concluded to let Joe Birmingham stick at the helm, as the players seemed to like him and to work well under his direction. There was much wild talk of the hook for Hughey Jennings, but he signed up again. At New York, there was one radical shift, when Frank Chance was gobbled from the rival league. St. Louis decided on another year of Stovall—who richly deserves it—and Washington, of course, was delighted to see Griffith stay over after his wonderful achievements of 1912.

Trades and deals? Almost none, kind sirs, almost none.

The National League papers have gnashed their teeth and wailed bitterly over the departure of Frank Chance and the strange fact that all the clubs in the older organization permitted him to depart without putting in a claim. Many journals even announced that the National had pulled the worst bone of its recent history, and that the American had gained a tremendous victory over its old rival. Mayhap, maybe nix. We will have to wait and see.

Many of Frank's friends declare that he is all in, all broken down by the strain of many seasons—that he is not only physically unfit for more labors but that he has become so nervous and touchy that he could not stand the mental taxation. Others assert that the Peerless Leader is just as good as he ever was—that he has recuperated recently; that the operation performed upon him at New York restored him to full physical vigor, and also relieved a wearing, tearing strain upon his mental powers. In New York, they think his coming means new life to the Highlanders, and will really help the game for both leagues. Strong competition—two winning teams in one town—has often proved a potent magnet for both box-offices, and it may be that Frank Chance will prove just what the doctors ordered.

Chance's leadership was a greater factor in the work of the winning Cubs than many fans have ever realized. While he was actively in the game, his first basing, his heavy hitting and his baserunning aided materially, while his thinking and lightning judgment of complicated plays made the Cubs the great machine they were. After he had to lay off and could only work part of a season the generalship of the man was still in evidence, and kept the sagging links together. The Cub team of 1911 and 1912 was only a shadow of its former grandeur, but Frank Chance kept it humming along, and the men, instinctively accustomed to his ideas and systems, won game after game from teams that were younger, faster, intrinsically stronger.

If Frank can infuse the same blind obedience to orders and the same admiring loyalty into the Highlanders, the



DUFFY LEWIS
Of the World's Champions

Hilltop team will be heard from in a hurry.

A story told by one of Chance's men the other night indexes some of the Peerless Leader's characteristics beautifully. He had no use for a squealer, and discipline, with him, must be enforced from personal observation, not from tattle-tales. On one occasion, a Cub pitcher went forth, got a merry tide aboard, and proceeded to lose the next day's game by sheer inability to do a blessed thing. That night Chance lit on the pitcher and a fielder who had been with him on the toot, and fined them each \$100.

"A hundred?" wailed the pitcher. "Why, say, what's the use of making me the goat? There were three other guys on this team that went out and got as full as I did. There was——"

"Stop right there," thundered Chance. "You mention one name, and that fine will be \$300!"

Some managers make their teams great, and show such generalship that they can lead inferior material to the top. Others, finding that they have great material to work with, let the material do the work, and bask in the limelight of the glory gained by their intelligent performers. These few words summarize my opinion of the old question of which counts the more—the manager or the ball-team? There are teams in the National League which finished way south of the Giants—and if those teams were to exchange managers with New York, the Giants would be down in the soup and John McGraw would have his new crowd on top. There have been ball clubs that could win no matter what kind of a manager was aboard, and others that couldn't win with any manager, no matter who the man might be. Also managers that could win with punk clubs, and managers that couldn't win with champions. It's a strange world, this cycle of baseball and you can never tell the bargain from the gilded lemon till you try them all.

The coming season? Hard, unusual—hard, to forecast, especially in the National League, where there have been so many changes in the leaderships. Boston doesn't seem to have much new or good material, and it is hard to see how Stallons can hope to lift the team to

any marked degree. Brooklyn has some great players—had them during 1912—but didn't rise, and isn't generally picked to do the yeast act in 1913. Probably sixty-five per cent. of the critics are tipping the Cubs for a heavy fall, as Chance and Tinker have both gone, Brown is through, and the once mighty team seems shaky. If Evers can lead them to success, it will be a marvelous achievement, and Johnny will deserve the glad hand from myriads of bugs.

Cincinnati, with the gap at short repaired, a new playing manager, and splendid material to command, looks like a safe bid for third position, even taking a guess this early. McGraw's genius and sagacity should hold the Giants well in front most of the time, though a third pennant is more than problematical. Philadelphia has the men—always had them—but was crippled and handicapped last summer. Given a fair start and an even break on luck, and the Quakers can take care of themselves with anybody.

Pittsburgh fans are already making the first enthusiastic bid for the gonfalon, and are dreaming of an eagle-swoop over every club, especially if Bresnahan should be acquired. St. Louis is a problem, with some seriously weak places, and will give Miller Huggins plenty of seething thoughts before Fire-cracker Day.

The Athletics pulled themselves together in Cuba, playing their oldtime ball, massacring the strong Cuban clubs, and perfecting themselves for next season. 1912 might justifiably be called a lapse, or accidental slip, with the Mackerels, who are likely to come back like infuriated demons.

Stahl needs no help at Boston, and, in fact, developed his finest reinforcement during the world's series, when the real value of Bedient was grandly demonstrated.

Comiskey and Jimmy Callahan will sort out sundry youths; they have some clever artists already corraled, and should present a sounder, steadier crew than wore the white hose last summer.

Cleveland always has great players—and never wins. No apparent chance for any reversal of the usual custom next season.

Detroit, a team growing old, needs bolstering and hammering in so many places that Jennings seems to have the hardest task of his long career. Almost every department must be mended—and nails and patches are not to be purchased nowadays.

Chance will have his work cut out with the tail-end New Yorks, a team once strong, but shot to pieces and all in fragments now. If he can do much with that brigade, he will be the Peerless Leader for fair, and no mistake about it.

Stovall seems to have drilled a little life into the ragbag that was given him at St. Louis, and will have a fast, hard-fighting team next summer. As to Clarke Griffith—well, what manager could, have done better than he in 1912? He has a rebuilt and powerful team, and the addition of just one more winning pitcher would make Washington a head number from the very jump.

Exit, with honor, John T. Brush. His life would make one of the greatest romances ever written—a guide and a textbook for young Americans. I am glad I knew him—and I shall never forget the kindnesses, the consideration, the thoughtful friendliness of this man in days when it was needed. The world at large—and the baseball world above all—were better that this man lived, and were the losers when he went to find what the hereafter held.

"Old Mordecai Brown," says Joe Tinker, "is a wonder in every way, even when he turns in a loser. One day last summer we were playing St. Louis, and had them frozen, 2 to zero, up to the eighth inning. Then something seemed to crack, and everything went to smash. Whack, whack—we simply couldn't get them out. Eight runs came in a flock, and with Brownie pitching, too!

"As the eighth one pattered in, I trotted up to Brownie. 'Say, Brownie,' I wailed, 'what on earth's the matter?' Brown looked at me with his most amiable grin. 'Nothing's the matter, Joe, nothing at all,' he answered, 'except that I've run out of curve balls!'"

Umpire Rigler surely is one quick thinker, and it's exceedingly hard to get him in a quandary. "One time last August, though," says Rig, "they almost had me winging. I was on my way to the Polo Grounds, when some accident delayed my L train, and I was held up with no chance to get a move on. When I reached the park, I had only three minutes before game-time, and, naturally, I beat it for my usual gate. What was my surprise to see a new man on the gate—a perfect stranger—instead of the fellow I'd seen there for years. What, also, was my horror when this fellow blocked me on the threshold. 'Ticket, ticket,' growled he—'come across!' 'Ticket nothing,' I barked. 'I'm Rigler.'

"'Aw, lay off that stuff,' he hooted. 'Show me the credentials!' And I had absolutely nothing on me for identification purposes.

"Just then a great idea reached me. I rushed for the next gate, and got into the line of fans. I reached the gate, and started through—to face another total stranger. This time, though, I was ready for him. I jerked my thumb back towards an inoffensive stranger who was perhaps three men behind me. 'The gentlemen with the plush hat,' I explained, 'has my ticket.' And I shot through the doorway.

"As I ran up the incline, I glanced back—and the door-keeper and the man in the plush hat were rolling on the floor in deadly grapple."

Why did the Cuban teams get such fearful thrashings from the Athletics? In a large measure because the Cuban clubs, like some of our own teams, are growing old. New blood has been scarce of late. The Cuban clubs are manned by pretty much the same players who have been on guard for many seasons, and the hand of Time is falling heavily upon them. My good friends, the Dons and Hidalgos, do not realize this, but calm reflection will convince them that new stars must be developed, or the Havana clubs will no longer be able to hold their own against invading forces.

