

OUR LETTER BOX

Department Devoted Exclusively to the Fans and Their Ideas and Suggestions on the National Game

The following department is set apart solely for the discussion by our readers of any baseball topic which appeals to them. While we cannot find space for all the letters which come to us in the course of the day's mail, we shall be glad to print a few representative letters each month. It is our earnest wish that the friends of baseball may take advantage of this opportunity to express their views on their favorite game.

Editor BASEBALL MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR :—Just a brief letter of what I have to say as to your recent story of the "World's Series."

Now, it seems as though your writer on this article was rather severe in his criticisms. I think if a few more lines were devoted to some of those surprising heroes, such as two of the Boston American Utility Players, who upon the deciding moment were called upon to deliver and they did with grand true style, such as will probably never be equaled again.

Still your writer never mentions one single word of these two heroes who never have even been in the shadow of a world's series before, one of whom jumped from a Class B League to a major Class A, and never showed the signs of failing to make good in fast company.

Now, I for one lover of good baseball, should like to see these points printed in your magazine, for the praise of such individuals, not only for two whom I have already mentioned, but including others.

Do not be so anxious in throwing down a team of ball players, when if one stops to consider it was really braced by young material, who all through the season showed signs of their ability to stay in the major league.

Now consider that this team was headed by a manager in his first year at the helm of this wonderful combination of players, has shown his ability to get results from his work in one season, which probably will be a few more seasons before a feat of this kind will be duplicated by a manager.

Now kindly read your stories in the December number of the "World's Series," and I would judge that it would be advisable to lengthen your notes on this subject.

Now, generally, a magazine represents its name, but I fail to find it in your recent number.

A good majority of BASEBALL MAGAZINE readers would stand pat with me in this brief letter not only because they were disappointed with your small story of the "World's series," but they also failed to find the real story in the book that is called THE BASEBALL MAGAZINE.

Hoping that you will not ignore this story, but will consider it deeply and be more explicit in details, especially when it concerns the one great event in the year of the baseball world.

It should be explained clearly from start to finish, not because it is the writer's idea to shorten it, but that it is the reader's idea to have a full story of such importance to the baseball magazine reader.

A true lover of the national game and a close watcher.
C. T. F.

To the Editor of THE BASEBALL MAGAZINE.

SIR:—There is, and has been for some time, a criticism of professional baseball as it is now organized, that is usually fair. To put it briefly, it is that the present teams in no way really represent the city whose name they bear on their uniforms. This criticism, coming largely from former residents of Great Britain, is based on the fact that the cricketers who represent her counties in their corresponding "Big League" are subjected to rigid requirements as to residence in the county they represent; and, as a consequence, at the end of a season Englishmen really know which is the champion cricket county.

For us here to expect such qualifications for our team members is too much. There are too many states turning out the highest type of ball players—Georgia and Texas for example—who are too thinly settled ever to support properly a major league team. But with the reported purchase of the Phillies by the Governor of Pennsylvania, we get a sug-

gestion of a scheme which, generally introduced, would certainly lead to our having more representative teams, and not necessarily poorer baseball. That is, the ownership of the ball club by the municipal government of the city in which it has its clubhouse. For example, why should not the New York National and American clubs belong to the city, to be managed by officers of the administration? That they would enrich the treasury and lower the tax rate, is, of course, obvious. Such ownership would provide the greatest of reforms—the bringing of officeholders directly in the eyes of the voters; for the average man is infinitely more interested in, and knows much more about, "Big Chief" Meyers batting average than he does the record of the Borough President or City Chamberlain. "Grafting" and appointment purely for political reasons could easily be noticed. For example, supposing an administrative dispensed with McGraw or Matthewson, two competent and able workers, because he had voted the opposite tickets at the election. Would not it bring down a storm of criticism on its head? And would not such practice reach "the people" much sooner, and in a much more direct manner, than the removal from office of a civil service or police commissioner? The one would lead to another, and the eyes of the city would be always on its officials—a thing of much greater benefit than the mere dollars and cents the club would bring it.

A. F. C. FISKE.

THE BASEBALL MAGAZINE Co.
New York City.

DEAR SIR:

The records appearing in the magazine are all of players in their prime. Enclosed records are from players, many of old and present day stars are used for comparison with those of by-gone days. If these figures are of any value use as you see fit.

Yours truly,

JNO. J. LAWNS.

LANGE, WM. A.—6 ft.; 170 lbs.; San Francisco, Cal., June 6, 1871.

	G.	B.A.	S.B.	F.A.
1889 Pt. Townsend	35	302	7	940
1890 Pt. Townsend	50	308	12	870
1891 Seattle	73	218	9	940
1892 Seattle	97	329	33	935
			No.	889
1893 Chicago	116	288	49	935
1894 Chicago	112	324	71	903
1895 Chicago	122	388	79	919
1896 Chicago	123	333	100	928
1897 Chicago	117	352	83	952
1898 Chicago	111	322	25	919
1899 Chicago	107	324	46	979

Insurance business in San Francisco, Calif.

DELEHANTY, EDWARD J.—5ft. 10 in.; 170 lbs.; Cleveland, O., 1870.

	G.	B.A.	S.B.	F.A.
1887 Mansfield
1888 Wheeling	21	408	9	3b 871

1888 Philadelphia	74	227	38	L911
1889 Philadelphia
1890 Cleveland (P. L.)	115	296	27	1b 950
1891 Philadelphia	128	249	27	L917
1892 Philadelphia	120	312	35	921
1893 Philadelphia	132	370	36	947
1894 Philadelphia	114	400	29	938
1895 Philadelphia	116	399	46	945
			1b	969
1896 Philadelphia	122	394	37	L947
1897 Philadelphia	129	377	28	966
1898 Philadelphia	142	334	62	964
1899 Philadelphia	145	408	38	971
1900 Philadelphia	130	319	14	1b 982
			1b	907
1901 Philadelphia	138	357	28	L958
1902 Washington	123	376	14	967
1903 Washington	43	338	3	952

Drowned in Niagara River at Fort Erie, July 2nd, 1903.

MERCER, WINIFRED B.; 5 ft. 7 ins., 140 lbs.

East Liverpool, Ohio, June 20, 1874.

	G.	B.A.S.B.	PCT.	W.	L.	PCT.
1893 Dover
1893 Fall River	62	329	8	923	...	550
1894 Washington	43	294	10	582	16	23 421
1895 Washington	54	254	8	825	14	24 338
1896 Washington	43	253	7	834	25	19 619
1897 Washington	42	333	7	775	22	19 537
1898 Washington	73	334	14	781	12	16 429
1899 Washington	98	303	17	908	7	13 350
1900 New York	72	308	14	872	21	26 448
1901 Washington	50	300	6	944	10	13 434
1902 Detroit	35	180	1	949	15	18 439

Committed suicide January 12, 1903.

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Mr. F. C. Lane,
Editor BASEBALL MAGAZINE,
No. 65 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

I was very much pleased when I read the letters of Mr. William V. Allen of Madison, Nebraska, and Mr. Owen S. Young, manager of the Indian Queen Baseball Team, Champions of Pennsylvania. These are just the kind of letters that we want to read. Come on all you amateurs, let the public know who you are and what you are doing. Show the "fans" of this great country that the amateurs are playing as good ball in their class as some of the professionals.

I am also a manager of an amateur baseball team, and I have the honor of representing the Spartan Baseball Team, 17-18 year old champions of Massachusetts, with a record of twenty-four victories, and four defeats out of twenty-eight games played, which is going some for a bunch of youngsters who made this record by only tackling some of the leading teams in Massachusetts.

The main success of my team was due to the fine pitching of a youngster named Shaleck. Although fourteen years of age and a graduate of the Chelsea, Mass., grammar schools last summer, this youngster twirled every one of the twenty-eight games that the

Spartans played and not being satisfied with doing all the hard work for the Spartans, he pitched twice every week for his grammar school team, until the schools closed. He finally wound up the season of the Chelsea Grammar School League, by pitching a no-hit-no-run game and winning the pennant for the Williams School which he represented.

This only goes to show what the American youngsters are capable of doing, and if all you amateurs will only let the fans of this great country hear of your deeds, it will not only be for the good of the national game, but in time it may enable us youngsters to battle for the world's amateur championship just as our big professional brothers are doing today.

Thanking the editor for granting me this valuable space, I beg to remain.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN M. STEARNS,

Mgr. Spartan B. B. C., Champ's.
Massachusetts, 1912.

No. 39 Everett Ave., Chelsea, Mass.

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Mr. F. C. Lane,

Editor BASEBALL MAGAZINE,
New York City.

DEAR SIR:

If you will allow the space in your valuable magazine, I would like to reply to an article against Sunday baseball in your December issue, signed Jack C. Crawford.

From the tone of Mr. Crawford's letter, he is inclined to think that on Sunday one must wear a long face and not indulge in any healthy recreation, nor amusement. He asks that I elevate my mental faculties by thinking of something besides the indulgences mentioned in former letter.

Would like to refer him to articles written by some of the most intelligent men of the United States, among them James Whitcomb Riley, Elbert Hubbard, Rev. Franklin Baker, of Sacramento, Calif., who are all in favor of the Sunday game.

Sunday is considered a day of rest. After working all week in a "stuffy" office many will say that they can secure more rest on Sunday by attending a ball game than in staying at home. One of the most learned professors in our western college, whose health was impaired by close work, when a young man, says that he believes, had he taken part in the harmless pleasures of baseball, instead of remaining at home Sundays, he would not be in the condition he is in today. I do not believe that Christianity compels one to look sour and remain at home on Sunday for fear of desecrating the Lord's Day, but that a man should grasp every opportunity to enjoy life to its full extent by taking all outdoor exercise available.

A man need not devote the entire day to "pastime," as Mr. Crawford terms it, or amusement, but may attend divine worship in the morning and as Elbert Hubbard says: "Root for the game in the afternoon." Some will say that ball players are compelled to work for the amusement of the people.

I have seen many good Christians who op-

pose Sunday Baseball on this account, board a train or street car on Sunday and take a short trip merely for amusement. The employees of that road are working for the amusement of the people.

Persons, who are opposed to Sunday baseball are not compelled to attend the games and no one wishes them to. They have a perfect right to their own belief in that regard, but I do not think they have any right whatever to interfere or deprive others of that privilege who are as honest in their opinion as those who oppose the Sunday game.

Most of the young men are seeking amusement or pleasure on Sunday and if not allowed to attend a ball game, will in almost every case attend some of the functions mentioned in former letter.

Am still in favor of Sunday baseball, first, last and all the time and as yet cannot see any valid reason why we should not be allowed to witness Sunday ball games.

This is the 20th century and we are going forward, not backward. Success to baseball and the BASEBALL MAGAZINE.

Yours truly,

G. R. M.,

Farlington, Kansas.

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Mr. F. C. Lane,

Editor BASEBALL MAGAZINE,
New York, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:

I am mailing you herewith from my own observation a comparison of Hans Wagner and Ty Cobb.

I have had the opportunity to see Wagner play in numerous games (perhaps thirty-five or forty), while I have seen Cobb play only twice. But in those two games Cobb displayed more nerve and ability than I have ever witnessed in any man on a ball field.

I am at heart a loyal base ball fan, and take pleasure in reading your magazine which I think contains the best baseball news in the world.

If you find that my comparison of these two players is good enough for print, I would be greatly pleased to see same in your magazine at any future time.

Respectfully yours,

GILBERT C. BROOK.

WAGNER VS. COBB FROM A BASEBALL FAN

The Pirates are at practice. Long flies are batted to the outfielders, hot grounders to the infielders. Of a sudden you are brought to your feet by a marvelous stop, and fine throw of the Pirate short stop. Immediately you hear a voice near you shout; "Good boy Hans, good boy." Yes, this is the great Wagner. Before you had hardly been seated he has startled you by a great bit of work in practice. From this on you follow every move he makes, watch his position at the bat, and marvel at his speed when you see him safe at second after a great slide. The same voice as before joined by a hundred others rise to their feet and shout; "Oh, you Hans! you are a

poor base runner, you are. Well I guess not." Later in the game when the bases are loaded, you see him line out a two base hit and win the game. You go home satisfied. You have seen the great Wagner play. He is in your mind, the greatest of all ball players. Without a rival you think. But in this you are mistaken. Wagner has a rival, if not a superior.

TY COBB

His rival is Cobb of the Detroits. At once you are resolved to see Cobb in action and compare him with Wagner. You are sent to Chicago on business. After your appointment is over you go to your hotel for lunch. Here you meet an old acquaintance who invites you to the game with him. You accept. Great is your joy, when on your arrival at the grounds, you find that Detroit is to play, and you will get to see the great Cobb. The Chicago team is at practice. They play a fast snappy game, but you do not find a man who moves with the swiftness, and throws with the accuracy of the great Wagner. After a few minutes the White Sox leave the field, and the Tigers are practicing. They line up for their turn at the bat. One man hits a long fly and sits down. Another does the same. Your attention is turned to a handsome light haired young man at the plate, when a man near you yells: "Oh, you Ty!" "You Peach!" "Knock it a mile, kid!" "Pulverize it!" So this is Cobb, Wagner's great rival. What a difference in the make-up of the two. Wagner is large and heavy, while Cobb has slim legs, small waist, but a well set pair of shoulders. No doubt he can run. He resembles a runner, rather than a ball player. Batting practice is over. Each man has taken his position in the field. You know that Cobb plays center field, and your eyes are kept riveted on that one spot. Presently, a long high fly is batted in his direction. At the crack of the bat, he turns his back to the stand, runs several yards, turns around, and with a graceful movement, gathers in the sphere. He has turned a hard catch into an easy one by his

good judgment and fleetness of foot. You are amazed at such speed and grace. At once your mind turns to the great play made by Wagner which required so much speed, but without a doubt this man is faster than Wagner. Of this, you are thoroughly convinced. But there is still another question in your mind. You want to see him use his speed on the bases. You wish to see if his judgment is as great as Wagner's. He comes to the bat with two down, and a man on third, but is given his base by the pitcher, in order to lay for the next man, who strikes out. You are disappointed, but can say nothing. At his next turn at the bat there is one down and no one on base. Cobb hits for a single, overruns first until he is about half way between first and second. It looks as though he will be caught between the bases. The fielder grabs the ball, hesitates a moment as if he were thinking where to throw. That one moment is a disastrous one to the fielder, for Cobb by a great burst of speed and a long slide is safe at second. You meditate on this play. You wish to know if Cobb really earned this two base hit or lucked it. The next batter sacrifices him to third. Two down and a weak hitter up. It looks as though Cobb's great play has gone for naught. But while you are thinking whether or not Cobb will score, you are aroused by one great shout and turn just in time to see a grey streak darting towards the plate. Again this man makes a great slide, and in an instant is on his feet brushing the dust from his clothes. A perfect steal of home is what you have witnessed. No longer is there any doubt within your mind as to whether Cobb earned his two base hit. It was an earned hit and an earned run. You have just seen Cobb display in five minutes more real base ball than in all the fifteen years you have been a fan. He showed ability, speed, and headwork, all on one play. Throughout the rest of the game that play is continually passing through your mind, and will no doubt linger there for many a day. You are now ready to compare Cobb with Wagner, and without hesitating you say, that it is Cobb, and not Wagner, who has a rival.

