

SHORT LENGTHS

Gossip and Anecdotes of the Players—A Sixteen Inning Game and a Soporific Pinch-Hitter—Frank Bancroft's Trained Seals

IT is said that Jacklitzsch, formerly reserve catcher for Brooklyn and the Phillies, has been tipping Clarke Griffith to some good young ball players. Walter Wilmot, the old-time outfielder, however, gets up in the air with rage at the mention of Jacklitzsch's name. He will make a noise like an exhaust-pipe crossed with a sea-lion for an hour and trying to express his feelings. Then he tells the following grewsome tale:

Way back in the days when Wilmot was managing the Minneapolis club, it seems he sent east for a catcher, and Jacklitzsch was handed to him. The day after Jacklitzsch's arrival Minneapolis and Milwaukee played a terrific sixteen-inning game—a battle royal. At last, with the score a tie, and darkness fast descending, Wilmot's men packed the bases. Two down, a good hit needed—and the supply of pinch-hitters and reserve men exhausted. Wilmot had been so busy in the ebb and flow of this tremendous game that he had forgotten all about his new catcher, but now he remembered that Jacklitzsch was supposed to be a husky hitter. Eagerly he turned and called the new man to the bat. Silence responded. Again he summoned the catcher. No reply. Wilmot ran up to the bench, and looked along the line of wriggling, twisting men, all of them wild with the excitement of the game, most of them yelling their heads off. Jacklitzsch wasn't there. A moment later Wilmot found him—sound asleep in the grass, twenty feet away, and snoring like a bull! Sound asleep, with a sixteen-inning game going on, a multitude shrieking, and two ball clubs going crazy with the frightful strain!

Wilmot looked for one moment at the sleeping bird, and then hit him a mighty kick in the ribs. All language failed the manager, but by signs he indicated to

Mr. Jacklitzsch that he had better go, and that his life was the forfeit if he was ever seen around that park again. He went—went back east on the first train—and to this day Wilmot froths and bubbles if you ask the details.

P. S.—The pinch-hitter who finally went up struck out.

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LIKE animal acts," says old Frank Bancroft, the veteran business manager of the Cincinnati Reds, "but I object to trained seals. I love to see horse, dog, or monkey acts, but when there are trained seals on a bill, I get up and go out, moaning as I go. There are reasons, and as long as I live I won't get over them.

"A few years ago I thought I'd put in the winter season by managing and booking a few vaudeville acts, and I was delighted when a trainer of animals offered to let me run his seal act at a very cheap figure. The price was surprisingly low, and I accepted the contract with much pleasure. All I had to spend was a small amount for the professor's weekly salary, the usual fares, and whatever the ice and fish needed by the seals might come to. That couldn't amount to much, of course, and I set out on the circuit with my intelligent and interesting seals.

"And, at the end of the first week, this was how my books balanced up:

"CR.:	
"One week's salary from the vaudeville circuit	\$200
"DR.:	
"Salary for the professor	\$ 75
"Railroad expenses	16
"Ice for the seals	197
"Fish for the seals	144
"Total	\$432
"And my contract was strictly good for all winter!"	

SEVERAL puzzled bugs have lately written to sundry sporting authorities asking how on earth "more than one error can be made on one batted ball." Not only can more than one error be thus registered, but some fearfully freaky plays can be unrolled. Ever hear of two outfielders making errors on the same batted ball? Yep. Last summer. A fly sailed out to left center. Young Wood ran in and muffed the ball. That was one error. The ball, as it slipped from Wood's glove, almost hit Max Carey on the toes. Carey grabbed it up, drove it madly in—and shot it way over the whole infield, the rejoicing runner continuing to third base. Two errors on one drive. The record for errors on one batted ball is held by Mike Grady, but not in his proper position. The sterling and valuable Grady bravely volunteered, one afternoon many years ago, to play third, the regular third sacker having had strenuous words with the umpire. Hardly had Grady assumed a lofty and defiant attitude on third when a roller came at him. He fell on it and fumbled sinfully. That was Error No. 1. Much annoyed. Mr. Grady dug up the ball, and, although the runner was already on first, let fly about 200 miles over the baseman's onion, the exultant runner, of course, adjourning to the next station. Error No. 2. The right fielder regained the ball, and, seeing the runner in full cry past second, sent it over. Good throw; Grady had the man by 15 feet, but, being much rattled, dropped it, and the man was safe. Error No. 3. The runner thinking the ball had rolled off to the woods, continued on his voyage, and Mr. Grady, with a loud, gurgling moan, fired the pellet over the catcher! Four of them, all off the one original roller!

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THE fellows who get shunted to the minors are much pitied, and are called downtrodden victims, but there's one point that is always overlooked: the player who is thus chuted to the minors has a swell chance, if he has a brain and proper tact, to rise high in that company, and to ultimately become captain, manager, even owner, of the team, and thus, doubtless, to make a great deal more money than would ever have come his way had he stayed in the upper circles.

Mr. Thomas Moore, a Cincinnati fan, comes forward with a suggestion which, when you look it over, is really the most sportsmanlike and sensible of them all, but would never get by, as it would abolish most of the city series, so dear to the fans in various towns. He maintains that there should be an annual test of supremacy between the two big leagues, and that this test should be made complete and thorough—eight teams against eight, the league winning five to be called "The Superior League," or some similar title. Each National League team should meet the American League team that finished in the corresponding position; all games to be played coincidentally with the world's championships between the two first clubs, and all details of the world's championship to be posted on the blackboards at the other seven parks where the battles would be going on.

This would be a sane and sensible way of settling inter-league supremacy, and would surely kick up a barrel of excitement every fall. Even the tail-enders would be brightened up by the idea of beating somebody, and thereby showing that they weren't absolutely the worst club in the profession. Good scheme, if only practicable.

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Guess they don't count Josephus Tinker a pretty classy and desirable person to have around—oh, no! The moment that Joe's trouble with the Red Directors was reported there were only seven clubs in the National League reaching for him, and every team in the American was expressing its bitter sorrow because there would be no chance to get him out of the National. Garry Herrmann refused \$25,000 cash for him, and I saw the wire Garry sent to President Baker, of the Phillies, when Baker nominated Knabe and Doolan in trade for Tinker and Groh. That wire simply said: "Quit kidding."

If John Evers really made the offer alleged to have been handed Herrmann at New York, it was a wonderful evidence of Tinker's value. He is said to have offered Roger Bresnahan, Al Bridwell, and a pitcher for Sir Yussiff, thus providing the Reds with a good shortstop, a clever, crafty catcher, and a possible reinforcement in the hurling force. That offer sure looked enticing—if it was genuine.

It was my personal opinion that the Pirates alone would decline to make a play for Tinker, as Hans Wagner has the shortstop job cinched for life—but, lo, and behold, Clarke came out with as eager a yen for Tinker as anybody! The failure of the Pirate third-base guardians doubtless influenced Clarke. With Tinker, he could shift around till satisfied, and, if need be, send Wagner to first, Miller back to second, and experiment with Viox and Tinker at short and third.

Hans Wagner, alas, is no college graduate, but it's not the fault of the great Dutchman. The colleges hadn't been founded when Honus was a boy.

"Clark Griffith wants Bescher and Bates, of the Reds, and says his outfield would be complete if he could get them."—Exchange.

Sure he wants them. Quite a few American League teams "want" several National Leaguers, for that matter. The Browns "want" Tesreau, Meyers, Knabe, Carey, and Alexander. Boston "wants" Mathewson, Lobert, and Archer. Connie Mack "wants" Tyler, Killifer, and Paskert. Detroit "wants" Seaton, Groh, Marsans, and Konetchy. Chance "wants" Evers, Tinker, Cheney, and Hans Wagner. Comiskey "wants" Schulte, Doolan, and Daubert. Cleveland "wants" Wheat, Rucker, Saier, and Demaree.

Every time Vic Saier hears the loud cheers at Cub Park, he winks and snickers inwardly. For if ever a young player had his troubles to get a fair show, it was this same Saier, now considered the class among the young first basemen of the country. When he joined the Cubs they didn't give him any sort of an opportunity to grab Frank Chance's job. On the contrary, it seemed to be a case of "Anybody, as long as it isn't Saier." They hired youngsters; they took creaking old veterans from other teams, and they experimented with everybody in reach rather than stick Saier on the job. Hoffman came in from the field and played first; Archer laid off catching and played first; finally, there being nobody else in sight, they reluctantly stuck Saier on the base—and Saier has played grand

baseball ever since. Great generalship, keeping that fellow on the bench!

Rafael Almeida, the flower of Cuban courtesy, speaks quite a lot of English now, but, when he first horned into the big league, they had much fun with him. Once Rafael, wishing to show his deep appreciation of many kindnesses done him by the lady who rented rooms to Marsans and himself, bought a gorgeous bouquet, and asked a Gringo friend to frame him a suitable presentation speech. He learned it by much effort; then sought the lady, bowed low, and said: "Eet geef me de greates, pleas' dat I han' you dese rose, an' I weesh only dat I could punch you in de face to show how mooch I esteem you I"

"This baseball is e'en common foolishness," remarked Donald McPherson, while chatting with a rabid fan. "Mon, mon, ye should blush when ye think of chasing a wee bit of a leather ball the way ye do in this childish game!"

"But, Mac," remonstrated the bug, "you chase a golf ball farther than we ever go to get a baseball, and you travel more and spend more time in doing it!"

"Aye, laddie," admitted Mr. McPherson, "but we do it in a right dignified fashion. It's na so much what ye do, laddie, as the way ye do it. We dinna chase the gowf ball—we walk after it, in a stately, gentlemanly fashion, laddie; we dinna run, and howl, and make public spectacles o' oorselves, nor do we have a crowd of yelling lunatics that urge us to run faster. Once maier, mon: it's na so much what ye do—it's aye the way in which ye do it!"

A REVELATION

A GROUP of strong young men—athletes of various varieties—had gathered to chat about their pastimes, and, as was only natural, each husk was singing the praises of his own special avocation. "Say all you wish," growled one long-muscled, light-stepping giant, with a cauliflower ear and three knuckles badly displaced, "but boxing is the game for red-blooded men. It tones up every muscle; it makes you game, self-reliant, and really keeps you out of trouble. Nothing like it in the world."

"Wrestling is still better," grunted a huge person, with vast, but somewhat muscle-bound, sinews. "Look at the development it's given me in a few seasons! It's the finest possible exercise, and it makes lions out of weaklings."

"Baseball is the best of 'em all," cut in the deep-chested, twisted-finger catcher. "The open air; the thrills of the game; the way it livens you up and adds to the speed of both mind and body—you fellows have pretty good exercises, but you're all way behind the man who plays professional ball!"

"Physical culture; frequent exercises; deep breathing; eat no meat," asserted the man with the barrel-shaped bust and the fine neck development. "That's the

way to grow strong and enjoy living. Look at me and be convinced! Physical culture is the only——"

At this juncture a dark shadow fell across the room, and was followed by a mammoth individual. Very young in the face, this new arrival was a foot taller than the fighter, a yard wider than the wrestler, moved more speedily than the ball player, and had a chest so deep that the physical culture guy seemed like a shrimp's little brother. This Behemoth strode in, while the floor shook and the walls rattled to his tread.

"Holy Moses, big fellow," gasped the fighter, "who are you?"

"Who, me?" boomed the Unknown. "Don't you know me? Why, I am the First Eugenic Kid!"

