



President Charles Comiskey of the Chicago White Sox discussing Prospects with His New Manager, Clarence Rowland

## The Month's Parade

The Federal League Suit—The National League Player Reduction—Activities of the Federal League—Prospects—Home-Run Baker

By W. A. PHELON

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For the past month the baseball world has been awaiting, rather impatiently, the decision of Judge Landis. As we go to press this decision has not yet been given. In the interim the American League has taken the liberty to resume its original policy of retaining twenty-five men on its club rosters, while the National, in the interests of retrenchment, has cut down its force.

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**T**HE situation in baseball during the greater part of February would have been comical if it hadn't meant such an awful lot to the protagonists—the fellows involved. Waiting, watching, and fretting while the

avidly expected decision of Judge Landis was held in abeyance, they champed their teeth and ramped up and down like lions in a leash. Not one of them dared open his face, say anything worth mentioning, or in any way make any special cracks at the opposition—the idea seemed all-pervading that even to hint that a Federal Leaguer ate with his knife or a National Leaguer chewed his soup with a resounding echo would mean contempt of court. Any time the warring factions of baseball have check-bits put upon their jaws, it's a case for unrestricted pity—and all through the weeks, they held their oratory under cover, while waiting and yearning. Far be it from anyone to hint that Judge Landis is a merry jester, and that he held off the decision as long as possible just for the fun of seeing both factions writhe and wriggle!

While the waiting was going on, a few deals were made, a few sales and trades were completed, and ever and anon some athlete would flop with a loud wet splash, like a bullfrog diving into a sunless pool. Nominally, the war was still on; supposably, the bitterness was worse than ever, without a chance for reconciliation—and yet, much to the surprise and horror of sundry eager and coin-sleeking youths, something happened in February that was as unanimous as if the Feds and Orgs had got together and framed the play!

#### BOTH SIDES GOT WISE AND REFUSED TO BE HELD UP

The war was still in progress, all right, and the bitterness, perhaps, was, worse than ever. Under such conditions, many young men with gutta percha shins naturally imagined that their golden hour, their one matchless opportunity, had arrived—that now was the time to play the enemies against each other, keep the ante tilting, and finally come into camp with whichever gang would give the topmost money. The jolt received by these performers was something absolutely benumbing, and could not have been neater, more amusing, or more emphatic if the old leagues and the Feds had been deliberately arranging the whole idea through half the winter.

When they tackled their 1914 employers, with the good old play of "Got a

swell offer from the Feds—you'll have to come a little higher," the bosses hooted and remarked: "Boys, the team is just about completed. We know where we are at. We could use you, of course, but we can get along mighty well without you. Here's what we'll pay for the season. If you don't want it, you can go to the Feds—they're welcome to you."

And when the would-be financiers sought out the Federals, and suggested large moneys, the Federals gave them ice-bound glances as they answered: "Nothing doing. Too late, bo, too late. We've laid out our plans and arranged our clubs; we have full rosters, and we aren't going to be stung. If you can't connect with the old club, you can have this much from us. Does it suit you? Take it or leave it."

The early bird catches the worm—and the late jumper catches h—1.

For the first time in quite awhile, the National and American Leagues failed to agree on what was considered an important point of their campaign: the cut-down of rosters to twenty-one players, and the restriction of all southern trips in duration of time. It was supposed that this retrenchment scheme was the product of a mutual understanding, and that both leagues understood, fully, just what should be done. Yet when the American League held its February session, it set no special time-limit on the southern tours, and it held firmly by the twenty-five limit, instead of cutting down the payrolls.

Each league had its own theory on the subject of a playing census, and each had, apparently, good, logical reasons for the stand it took. The American League, presumably, held that a reduction in the playing numbers smacked of weakening, a confession that the war had hurt the wallets, and also feared that the Feds would profit by the cut-down. Arithmetic is the same everywhere. If eight clubs were simultaneously to cut four men off the rolls, this would mean thirty-two releases in the American League, sixty-four in the two older outfits. Sixty-four players—of admitted class and quality, or they could never have even horned into the select company even long enough to be released—would form a tremendously strong foun-



CAPT. T. L. HOUSTON, SECRETARY AND TREASURER OF THE  
RECONSTRUCTED NEW YORK AMERICAN LEAGUE CLUB

dation for any league. The American League idea seems perfectly plausible—till you study the opposite theory of the National League.

The National League held to the original scheme of cutting the rosters to twenty-one men and abridging the training trips—and never deviated from the program. Undoubtedly, the older league figured thusly: By chopping the payrolls, to say nothing of the cut in training tours, an actual, visible retrenchment will be made, and some money will be saved right off the reel. Furthermore, by letting out a squad of players—even the thirty-two supposed to be mathematically dropped by the reduction from twenty-five men to twenty-one—some of our minor league friends may be benefited, and there is little chance to boost the Feds, as the outlaw teams are already pretty well completed. Then, besides, the Federal patrons will hardly care much to see a man who couldn't hold his job with his original team, and was only given a place with a Fed club as his last resort for employment. Both this theory and that of the American League seem perfectly sound and reasonable—only time can really tell which was actually the better plan.

One thing sure, however—there was an awful yowl from several National League managers as soon as the cut-down to twenty-one men was announced, and at this point it became evident that some of the different plans devised to fight the Feds were bumping each other with much vigor.

When the fighting was thickest toward the end of last season, most of the managers concluded that it would be a "safety first" policy to lay in a stock of players. So they gathered in as many of the boys as they could, signing them up with the new style, unbustable, tight-fitting contracts—gathered in armies of them. As the result, they found themselves, when the twenty-one rule was announced, in possession of from eighteen to twenty-two contracts, on the average, to the team, and in all fairness, also all legality, bound to carry these fellows for the season. Meaning what? Only this: That there was little chance with the limited payrolls for the trying out of promising youngsters—that the

drafts from the minor leagues might just as well be chucked into the wastebasket—that they were loaded up with older players, and no room left to put in any new ones!

The American League got all the best of it. Yea bo—there is a world of difference between twenty-five and twenty-one in baseball—far more than the mere figure "4" conveys. Few clubs take on more than four junior players out of all that are usually assembled at the training camps—but it's a tough situation if you happen to need those four, and can't take them, isn't it? It was a full sized kick that was heard around the National League circuit, and the kick was made doubly noisy by the supplementary ruling that a playing manager must be counted with the twenty-one, so that a club ruled by a bench manager would be one man ahead in total playing power. One theory which has been advanced as a good excuse for the twenty-one rule was—that clubs could no longer hoard up players, but would have to part with some of the extra talent for the benefit of other clubs that were in dire need of assistance. Very philanthropic, on the first guess—but what earthly good would this idea be, in actual application, if even the weaker teams were already stocked up with contracts, so that they couldn't, under this limit of twenty-one men, accept the needed players even if proffered to them?

No changes in ownership or management of National League clubs were reported during the month. It was alleged that the Chicago Cubs were again in the market, and that a new Chicago syndicate was dickering for the team. Movements and happenings around the circuit went about as follows:

Boston: Gave Oscar Dugey, a young utility man, to Philadelphia as part of the deal for Sherwood Magee. Whitted seems determined to stick with the Braves. Bill James announced himself, late in the month, as a holdout for more salary. The figures on his contract, while fat as compared to the average paycheck of a few years ago, are certainly slender for a man who has attained the fame of Large William, and he seems to have something of a justly founded kick coming. He will probably

get more kale, though Owner Gaffney is declaring that it's a case of nothing doing. Johnny Evers seems to be something of a mystery. Some reports have him strong and wiry, recuperated by a sojourn in the woods, and fit to play better ball than ever; other stories assert that he is very weak, feeble, and unlikely to get back in the game before mid-summer—in which case all bets on the Braves might as well be coppered when they start.

Deal and Mann, both of whom did gallant service in the big October series, have gone to the Feds. Mr. Gaffney refused the salaries asked by the two youngsters, and told them to jump if they could really do better. It is to be supposed that they got their wish, or they wouldn't have made the leap. During the month, George Davis, the no-hit pitcher of the Braves, who is taking a special course at Harvard, broke all strength records at that college, showing a total of muscular points beating anything that ever happened. Doubtless Mr. Davis, if his pitching flivvers, will be appointed to deal with umpires during the coming summer.

Brooklyn: Not much happened with this team, most notable of events being the release of Edward Reulbach, who promptly caught on with the Federals. Reulbach's reception of the tinware caused a lot of chatter, the general opinion seeming to be that he was soaked for too much interest in the affairs of the Ballplayers' Fraternity, of which he was a leading worker. He is still a capable pitcher, even if not what he was in the days when he led the league in percentage of victories, and his release may cause considerable soreness between Mr. Ebbets and the Fraternity.

Chicago: The house cleaning in Cubville went on with a force and decisiveness that staggered the baseball world. On the very day when he was appointed manager of the team, Bresnahan told me that he was going to clean up—that the Cubs were loaded down with superfluous players, some of them, no doubt, only needing a fair chance with other surroundings, and some of them easy-going "soldiers." Roj has been asking waivers on half his crew, and climaxed things, a few days ago, by unconditionally releasing four veterans, four play-



The Little Old Fox of Baseball Clark Griffith

ers whom no manager would have dreamed of canning a year ago, and two of whom could once have been sold for the ransom of a king. The four thus let out were Eddie Stack and Charlie Smith, pitchers, William Sweeney, second baseman, and Tommy Leach, one of the most noted of all the stars. In one way, the joke was on Roj, for these men were about the same that he tried to trade to the Reds for Heinie Groh—without success. Stack and Smith worked very little last season, Stack, in fact, only appearing as finisher in a few games. Sweeney, two years ago, was considered so vastly valuable that Boston refused all kinds of offers for him. He was then a great infielder and heavy hitter, while his high personal character added to his value. The 1914 season was a tough one for Bill—he seemed to fall away in every line—and yet he might come back in his 1912 fashion with some other club next summer.

But the idea of letting out Tommy

Leach unconditionally! For years Leach has been counted one of the best, wisest, and most dependable men in the game. A grand hitter; a crafty runner, who can coin more runs in proportion to his hits and passes than ninety per cent of them all; a wonderful fielder, either at third base or center garden—little Leach was rated as one of the highest priced athletes in captivity. Talk about retrenchment and economy! Even though Wee Tommy is aging, he is worth three of the average juveniles to any club lucky enough to secure him.

Cincinnati and the Feds, at this time of writing, are after him, with chances apparently even.

Bresnahan sent the oft-hired and oft-fired Derrick to Louisville, thus finishing another of the ridiculous deals so often indulged in by the magnates. Cincinnati got Derrick from Baltimore, giving \$15,000 for him, just to trade him to the Cubs for Fred Mollwitz, while an unostentatious kid named Twombly was chucked in for good measure by the Baltimore club. Now Derrick has gone back to the minors, and Mollwitz's future is still uncertain, while the smallest asset in the deal, Twombly, will play left field regularly for the Cincinnati team! Such are the fortunes of the game.

Cincinnati: The Reds finished the trade for Dooin by giving Bert Niehoff, presumably plus some cash, and opened negotiations for Jack Murray and Tommy Leach. Deal with St. Louis for Wingo still hanging fire, Huggins wanting both Benton and Gonzales for his catcher. Some Philadelphia semi-pros: Catcher McGrory, and two all around players, Lang and Barrett, taken on for the southern trip.

New York: McGraw in high spirits over the reinforcement given his infield by the addition of Lobert. Rube Marquard held sundry conferences with the club officials, evidently wishing to relop from the Feds, and it was reported that a berth was engaged for him on the camp-bound train. Tilly Shafer, who retired from baseball last year, came east and talked at considerable length with the New York management, although still asserting that he had no intention of returning to the game. Steve Royce, a brilliant college pitcher who was

signed last fall, but never used, roosting on the bench till the end of the campaign, announced that he had quit to study law. McGraw gave out a census of the small army to be taken to the training camp—some fifty players, the largest squad to be chased south by any club in either league. The veterans Donlin and Wiltse have finally been released.

Philadelphia: The last count of noses showed that the Phils have plenty of material, but, of course, no advance information as to how the said material is going to pan out. The only chance for the team to regain its former batting strength is that some of the youngsters will become tremendous sluggers, and that's a most dubious proposition. Should Niehoff regain his American Association form, and Bancroft live up to his advance notices, the infield will be reinforced to a remarkable degree, but these chances are problematic, too.

Pittsburgh: The Pirates will take thirty-eight men south, it is announced—quite a flock—but Fred Clarke doesn't seem, as yet, to have decided who shall play or even what proposition each shall fill. There has been some little shaking up among the Pirates; Ham Hyatt, the husky pinch hitter, who so seldom appears in a fielding position that he hardly knows how it feels to have a ball whack his glove, has been turned loose; Berger, a Virginia League outfielder, has been sent back; the extra catcher, Kafora, has been chased, and Outfielder Kelly, who didn't come up to specifications with the whackstick, has been canned, getting an immediate job with the Pittsburgh Federals. Marty O'Toole has been wished back on the Pirates by McGraw, and his future fate is as yet undecided. It seems to be settled that good old Honus Wagner shall move over to first base, and Gerber start the season covering short.

St. Louis: Miller Huggins has been keeping right on with his game attempts to rebuild his shattered team. He still claims a proprietary right over Ivy Wingo, and has been trying to get Benton and Gonzales, a first-class battery, for him. At one time, a few days ago, this deal was almost closed, Huggins agreeing to give Herzog an outfielder in addition to Wingo. At this juncture, the



WILLIAM DONOVAN MANAGER, OF THE NEW YORK HIGHLANDERS, WHEN HE WORE A DETROIT UNIFORM AND WAS KNOWN AS "WILD BILL"

## THE MONTH'S PARADE

St. Louis owners interfered, refused to stand for the trade, and temporarily spoiled the negotiations. Both Herzog and Huggins were much peeved, Herzog even threatening to make a direct appeal to the National Commission. Huggins has signed Hyatt, the Pirate pinch-hitter, and has some well-masked negotiations on foot with two eastern clubs.

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

Like the National, the American League has been avidly awaiting the decision of Judge Landis, but in other respects, has been going ahead on its own steam. Its teams have been starting south away early, and, with a twenty-five man limit, will have some little leeway in the selection of young recruits. Most recent sensation of the league, the announced retirement of J. Franklin Baker to the farm. After two or three "official" statements that the deal for the transfer of the New Yorks was finished, the sale was actually accomplished, Wild Bill Donovan installed as manager, and the sun, moon and stars permitted to resume their usual functions.

Athletics: During the month, there was much discussion as to the best way in which the infield, weakened by the departure of Eddie Collins, could best be fortified—whether simply to replace Collins with Lajoie, or to send McInnes to second and station Lajoie on first. While these ideas were being debated, the bombshell of Baker's retirement exploded. Baker said he wasn't sore, or under-paid, or thinking of a jump or transfer—nothing of the kind. He was simply tired of the game, and wanted nothing better than to cultivate his farm in Maryland. The next few days, of course, were full of rumors and imagination. One report had it that Baker would be traded to the Browns, another dream assigned him to the Highlanders, and nobody seemed willing to believe that the home-run wallop really meant it when he said that he was through.

With Baker out of it, Connie Mack's batting power is badly reduced, and the infield left it in a decidedly shaky condition. It's rather hard to even figure the Athletics in the first division, with both Collins and Baker missing.

Boston: Hardly a ripple disturbs the

serenity of the Red Sox, the team that seems generally picked as the logical flag-winners. Heine Wagner, a tower of strength in former years, has just announced that he is all to the good again and will be perfectly fit for battle. The critics do not accept this seriously, as there seems to be a general impression that Wagner is all in, and cannot possibly come back. Should he actually fool them all, the Boston strength will be much augmented, and the task of beating out this formidable club made still more difficult for all opponents.

Chicago: Affairs with the White Sox are kept stirred up, and Commy's team has surely been getting its fair share of publicity all winter. Early in the month Ping Bodie, the celebrated fence-buster, drew his release and was railroaded back to the coast. Bodie, with the longer fences of the big league, and the big league pitchers to bat against, never proved the demon that he had been in California. His 1914 output was an average of .229 for 107 games, which isn't enough for a major league outfielder, especially when said outfielder could only compile 12 stolen bases, and actually scored only 21 runs. Nevertheless, the unlucky Ping is much regretted by the Chicago fans. He was a prime favorite, and one of the most likable fellows that ever wore a uniform. Bodie claims that he had all his batting skill taken away from him by orders to let the first one go by—that he was always a first ball hitter, and simply couldn't make good with the percentage of a called strike against him. Something in it, too—when a man can hit that way, by all means let him do it. If he misses, it's no more of a percentage than if he stood and let it be called on him, and if he has a good eye, can't be fooled into reaching for a bad one, and acquires the reputation of a first ball stinger, the pitchers will soon begin giving him the percentage: sending the first one way wide and letting him, have the advantage of a called ball.

The next sensation with the White Sox was the unconditional release of Billy Sullivan, for 14 years a member of the club, and the star, in his time, of the American League maskmen. It may be only a coincidence, of course, and yet it

*(Continued on page 114)*

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## THE MONTHS PARADE

*(Continued from page 22)*

seems worth noting that as long as Sullivan was in there a hundred games a year the Sox were winners, and that the decline and fall of the south side club parallel the slowing up and passing out of the Irish masker.

Sullivan was, for many seasons, the only catcher of the Sox. Of course, there were others, nominally hired for the same purpose, but so regular was the work of Sullivan that the others grew rusty, lost all their ability, and, when called upon in an emergency, were useless. At least wasn't even a suspicion of a catcher round the shop. In 1906, Sullivan was hurt in the final whirls of the year, just when the Hitless Wonders were making their great rush to the flag. Within three days it was found that the reserve catch-

*(Continued on page 116)*

## THE MONTHS PARADE

*(Continued from page 114)*

ers were so out of practice that they might as well have been wooden men. Catchers were imported on every train, but none of them made good. Finally, Comiskey borrowed Frankie Roth from Milwaukee, and Roth, catching the last three weeks straight, saved the flag. Sullivan was able to go into the world's series, and his work contributed materially to the shooting of the Cubs.

Cleveland: I can't seem to make out just what the Cleveland club is or isn't doing since the sale of Lajoie. Can't see where any strength has been added, but the movements of Birmingham and his men seem more or less of a mystery.

Detroit: Jennings seems to be standing pat, excepting in an attempt to transfer some excess baggage to New York. Apparently, Hughey figures that he has pretty fair timber, which can be shaped up far better this year than last season.

New York: The new owners of the club, and Wild Bill Donovan, the new manager, are already realizing the sorrows that beset the men who pilot a habitual loser. The "help" that they were to receive from other clubs seems, so far, to be mostly imaginary, while High and Pipp, two well-touted athletes who were actually offered to the Highlanders, seem voracious—High especially—in matters of finance.

St. Louis: Outfielder Walker, of the Browns, was reported as about to take the Federal flop, but Owner Hedges claims he has him safely signed. Branch Rickey is talking of a new third baseman, one of national reputation—which may or may not mean Frank Baker. Otherwise, the Browns seem determined to go ahead with the promising material at their command.

Washington: It looks as if Griffith would lend Wally Smith back to the minors. Smith—a very popular player—was either unlucky in his two big league trials, or is one of the many great minor leaguers who fail in fast company. Mike Mitchell, who certainly played good ball for Washington, was first wished onto the New York Americans, then trans-

*(Continued on page 118)*

## THE MONTHS PARADE

*(Continued from page 116)*

ferred to Richmond. Curious that no big league club would make a play for Mitchell, a great fielder and hitter up to a year ago, and, judging by what he did at Washington, just about due for a sensational comeback. Little Acosta, the Cuban, may get a regular assignment in the field, but several youngsters are to get a trial.

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One good and glorious thing that stands out glittering and refulgent as developed by the baseball war: The acid test and final proof that the game IS ON THE LEVEL. Mud has been hurled in hurtling storms; there have been yoops unlimited as to commercialism, mercenary magnates, contract-jumping players. Roasts and pannings have been exchanged ad libitum; both sides have been blacked up till fully qualified to "put on" a minstrel show—and yet, through all the wild rioting and frantic storms of epithets, no man, on either side, has dared to even hint that the game itself would become a crooked, thieving, gambling agency!

Not once has Organized Baseball dared to say that the thieving, raiding Federals would manipulate their race, throw their games, and frame up their results to best attract the gulls. Never have the Federals thought of hinting that Organized Baseball would "fix" the pennant struggles to draw the cash and assassinate their rivals. Ask a magnate of the National or American League his opinion of the Federals; just for fun, question the honesty of their ball-games, or suggest that their schedule is a faked one—and see if you can get away without a nice green eye. Suggest to any Federal chieftain that his enemies are throwing games to centralize the cash—and then run for your life to the nearest shelter. The game itself IS ON THE SQUARE, and all roasts and growls and snarls would be forgotten in one minute if anyone dared speak otherwise.

Never, perchance, has the Gibraltar-like honesty of baseball been more surely demonstrated than during the days of the present war. The Federal flag was

*(Continued on page 120)*

## THE MONTHS PARADE

*(Continued from page 118)*

won by a club that had no special magnetism, no extra drawing power—won in the last stages of the race, taken away from clubs that would have netted far more money if the struggle had but turned their way. The new league needed money; its race was close, and could have been neatly manipulated to draw the cash—but nobody even thought of doing so.

In the major leagues, the world's series once more, as in 1913, supplied a shining example of baseball honesty. It would have been the simplest, easiest thing imaginable to have injected one additional game into each series, as it so chanced that in each series there was a long, tight battle, extending into the twilight, which could either have been "thrown" or called a draw without raising suspicion, while the extra game, in each series, would have saved the fortunes of the Athletics' treasury. Had those two games been neatly slipped in, the Athletics wouldn't have had a \$43,000 deficit to face in the fall of 1914; Connie Mack could have kept Eddie Collins, and baseball history—at least in the American League—might have had a different 1915 reading.

The recognition and preservation of baseball honesty is really worth the study and close investigation of a great psychologist. It has become part and parcel of American mentality. It no longer has to be taught—it is a thing accepted and understood from childhood up. It is wholly unnecessary to say to your kid, when he starts out with his first glove and bat, "Remember, son, you must play this game on the square." The kid knows it already—has absorbed the principle, instinctively, noiselessly, without the need of an instructor.

I'd bet something that you could take 18 grafting politicians, aldermen who have plundered the public and the corporations for years, set them to playing ball—and see a game played with deadly determination and absolutely on the level. It would be a game to make a camel laugh, full of clumsy fumbles, ludicrous muffs, but not an error would be made

*(Continued on page 122)*

## THE MONTHS PARADE

*(Continued from page 120)*

intentionally, and they'd be trying all the time.

You might assemble 18 yeggs and pick-pockets, start a ball-game among them, and trust them wholly to play it on the square. What's more, I'd hate to take the risks that would be involved in asking the pickpocket pitcher to throw an easy one with the bases full so that you could win a bet upon the yeggs.

Baseball honesty, therefore, is a creed all by itself. It is something wholly different from anything else on earth. It is an integral portion of our very beings, not a virtue that must be taught. It simply grows up with us, understood, certified, unquestioned. You don't have to tell a man that he breathes. He knows it. You don't have to tell a man to play baseball honestly. He'll do it.

Isn't such a state of mentality well worth the attention of a great psychologist or great philosopher?

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No matter how great you were once upon a time—the years go by, and men forget. Only a few lines to the memory of Ross Barnes when he passed out the other day in Chicago—and yet Ross Barnes, forty years ago, was great as Cobb or Wagner ever dared to be!

On the returns, the records of the game, Barnes looms up like a batting marvel—yet, had scores been kept then as now, he would have seemed incomparably marvelous, attaining a standard that, perchance, may stand unequalled for all time. In Barnes' day, errors were ladled out ad libitum, men got errors on lots of wallops that are now called hits, and both the batting and fielding averages were reduced accordingly. In 1873, Barnes hit .453 and fielded .865—a combination mark which has stood ever since as the marvel of them all. Yet it is only fair to assume that under modern scoring rules Barnes would have hit .500 and fielded .900, even though he played bare-handed with no help from a fielding glove.

Barnes hit .404 in 1872, .453 in 1873, and .403 in 1876. That old boy surely

*(Concluded on page 124)*

## THE MONTHS PARADE

*(Continued from page 122)*

was SOME walloper—and yet when he went out the other day he was given less attention than would be accorded the jumping of a third-rater to or from the Federal League!

Wonder, forty or fifty years from now, what sort of notice will be given Cobb?

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Hobe Ferris, for many years an American League star, and a mighty member of the champion Bostons, has been released by Peter Noonan, the Wilkes-Barre manager. Noonan came out of Holy Cross just about the time when Ferris was in his glory. It must be a strange and painful sensation for a grand old veteran to serve in the ranks under a man so many years his junior, and finally to draw his release from that same juvenile.

Ferris is let out because he has slowed up both with arms and legs—finds it hard to make the throw to first, hard to stoop quickly for fast grounders. Still, he retains his ability to hit that old apple, and is a valuable warrior. Something like Dick Padden in the days when he was on the wane, but still popular with Comiskey and the fans. "Padden can't hit very much nowadays," said the Old Roman. "He can't run—so he isn't able to beat out grounders, nor steal bases, and he can't bend for rollers, and he can't get started after fly balls. His arm is gone; so he can't throw any more, and his hands are a little clumsy—he can't catch a thrown ball. And yet—in spite of all that, he's one mighty good ball player!"

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Exchanges are circulating a story of how Charlie O'Leary joined the White Sox in 1900 and stayed a firm fixture in the American League till 1913. Interesting—only for the fact that O'Leary didn't stick when he had his first show in fast company. He played some little time with the White Sox, but was only filling-in, and was sent to the minors when the regular shortstop returned, coming back to the big show with Detroit a year and a half later.