

THE PASSING OF JACK GLASSCOCK

S⁰ Jack Glasscock, Pebbly Jack, one of the greatest of old-time stars, has gone out—killed in a railroad wreck the night of Dec. 21. There aren't so many of us living now who saw Jack Glasscock in his golden prime, but those who watched the old boy thirty, forty years ago have never dropped him from their memory—and to this day there are aged fans who say his equal as a shortstop never trod the green.

How old was Glasscock, anyhow? Somehow or other, it seems as if he never had been young. Thirty-five years ago, they always talked about him as a veteran; nobody spoke of him as a young player—it was always as though he had come into the big league in middle age, and stayed so, never getting older, and, of course, never becoming younger. He starred in the days before the infielders took up' the protecting glove, and how he could get 'em anywhere and everywhere! And, when he once had them, how he threw them! His rifle shots were so savage that they almost took the first baseman off his feet, and few men exactly pined for the chance to play first on any team where Glasscock roved after bounders.

He was a natural ball player of the type so often seen in those days before specialization of positions, scientific schemes, and managerial omnipotence prevailed. A dazzling shortstop, and a murderous batsman, he was one of the most valuable players of his time—and his time stretched through many, many years. Shifting clubs astonishingly often, he played the big league game some fourteen seasons, and his best batting campaign was in 1890, only a year or so before he left the circuit.

They called him Pebbly Jack from his odd habit of perpetually hunting for pebbles round the shortstop's place, and it was even said that he carried a supply of pebbles in his pocket, finding them wherever a careful ground-keeper had removed original bits of stone. Like all the stars of that wonderful time he had his ideas and

eccentricities—and his own superlative abilities to balance the account.

After leaving the game, Glasscock returned to his old home town of Wheeling, became a contracting carpenter, and piled up a competence in the quarter of a century that passed before he died. He was a great card, and a topnotcher, of the real and royal days.

THE BONEHEAD SWEEPSTEAKS

THE GALLER: At the post! Collins, slate turned; books closed; no bets received. Zimmerman, write your own ticket!

GRANTLAND RICE: I think Zimmerman has a good chance. That is, if he's ridden with spurs.

CHARLEY DRYDEN: They rode him all right in Chicago. Seemed to make his gait kind of wobbly.

TAYLOR SPINK: Collins looks best to me. See how he keeps his head up? Little skittish, maybe, but plenty of speed and action.

THE CALLER: They're OFF! Collins in the lead by a nose; Zimmerman pulling on the bit; track fast, both going strong!

NICK FLATLEY: Collins isn't fully extended yet. Watch him pick up speed at the turn!

SLID SCHUMACHER: Zimmerman hasn't caught his stride yet. Wonder if he ever will?

ROY RIPLEY: Too much weight. Lead in the saddle?

TOM RICE: No—bone in the head!

THE CALLER: At the half ! Collins in the lead by a length; Zimmerman fretting; needs the gad!

WALTER TRUMBULL: Collins is getting a good ride, and Zimmerman has been ridden too darned much.

RING LARDNER: Speed that goat a little, McGraw—something has detained him!

THE CALLER: At the three-quarters! Collins in the lead by three lengths; Zimmerman has sprung a spavin!

SI SANBORN: He had it before he started, but it wasn't in his legs.

OTTO FLOTTO: Wonder if I can book this race for a hippodrome feature with my circus? It's better than a monkey band!

THE CALLER: In the stretch! Collins in the lead by ten lengths; Zimmerman has just thrown his jockey!

SID MERCER: And they shoot elephants in Africa!

TAD DORGAN: My pencil can never do justice to this awful scene!

THE CALLER: Collins wins, pulled up. Zimmerman also ran!

THE PUBLIC: Solid ivory! Good dense bone! Hooray for Heinizim! Heinie, Heinie, Heinie—this is ALL for you!

(THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING DIE DOWN IN ONE GRAND RASPBERRY.)