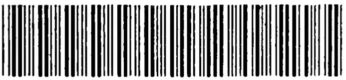
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Stories of the Base Ball Field

COLLECTED BY

Harry Palmer.

RAND, McNALLY & COMPANY,
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STORIES

OF THE

BASE BALL FIELD

The National Game's Great Exponents

AND THEIR METHODS.

TOGETHER WITH THE

NATIONAL PLAYING RULES

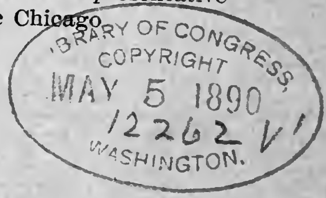
GOVERNING ALL CLUBS PARTY TO THE NATIONAL AGREEMENT.

AN ENTERTAINING COLLECTION OF DRESSING-ROOM YARNS AND HUMOROUS INCIDENTS IN THE LIVES OF NOTED PLAYERS.

BY

HARRY PALMER,

Correspondent of the *Philadelphia Sporting Life*, and Press Representative with the "Around the World Tour" of the Chicago and All-American Teams.



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PREFACE.

Base ball during the past ten years has awakened such wide-spread attention, has gathered about it so vast a following, and its rules, as well as its players, have become so familiar to Americans, that the man, and, to some extent, the woman, who is not generally posted upon affairs of the game, its leagues and associations, its players, and the records of its leading teams, is looked upon as having been left far behind in the march of a generation's progress, if not to have lamentably neglected a very delightful branch of his education. An Englishman, ignorant of the rules of cricket, would be hooted out of any body of young men in Great Britain; and so in America, the young American who has not scrambled and fought for tickets to one or more championship games between the great teams of the National League is—well, he is not considered a thoroughly representative American.

During its advance into public favor, base ball has developed some remarkably skillful players, who, during the past few years, have been brought so prominently before the public that

their names to-day are almost household words from Maine to California. The names and records of Anson, Burns, Williamson, Clarkson, Wilmot, Caruthers, Daly, Ewing, Kelly, Comiskey, and other players of equal prominence, are even more familiar to the average American school-boy than are the names of the country's statesmen; and there would be no discoloration in the statement that, while many a lad might be stumped by a request to name the list of the Nation's Presidents, his eyes would sparkle and his answer come promptly to the question of "Who headed the batting list of the National League at the close of the past season?"

It has been my privilege to travel many thousands of miles with the greatest players the game has produced, to share in their amusements, to listen to their yarns of by-gone days, when the profession was not so attractive an one as it is to-day, and note their peculiarities of play upon many fields, under many interesting circumstances; hence I trust that this little volume may not prove unworthy a place among the base-ball literature of the day. I can not sufficiently thank those of my fellow correspondents whose clever pens have done much to make the book attractive.

Respectfully,

HARRY PALMER.

STORIES OF THE BASE BALL FIELD.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN ANSON ON THE PAST AND FUTURE OF BASE BALL.

"No team-captain in the business," says Captain Anson, "holds a higher appreciation of ball-playing talent, and real ability in batting, base-running, and handling the ball, than I do; yet, there is one requisite in a ball-player's make-up without which he could never procure an engagement upon any team captained by your humble servant. I refer to his reputation for good behavior on and off the ball-field. A man with a clean record as to his personal habits and a fair reputation as a ball-player would stand a far better show for a position with the Chicago club to-day than would a man with a great reputation as a ball-player and a shady record as to personal habits. An experienced handler of men can develop talent in almost any ball-player he takes hold of; but the man does not live who can

start into a pennant race with a team of intemperate, low-moraled players, and tell where he will land at the close of the season.

"I remember the day, and it was not so very far back, either, when a man's ability to hit and field a ball, or to pitch and catch it, were the only requisites necessary to a good position and a high valuation of his services; but things have changed since then, and the number of clubs ready to give employment to men, no matter what may be their personal habits, is growing beautifully less every day. The result, of course, has been just what one might have expected. The objectionable element in the ranks, both of the players and patrons of base ball, has gradually disappeared, until to-day it is as far from the ascendancy as in any other profession I can name."

"When I first began to play ball professionally," said the big captain to the writer, one evening, "the attractions to enter the profession were not what they are to-day. Fifteen hundred dollars a season was an exorbitant salary in those days, and the man who received $50, $60, and $75 a month and expenses was looked upon much as are the Tiernans, Ryans, Duffys, Dennys, Glasscocks, Burnses, and Connors of to-day. We did not stop at 'Hotel Vendomes' or 'Fifth Avenues' in those days, either, and

instead of turning up their noses at upper berths in Pullman sleepers, as they do now when the manager finds it impossible to secure lowers for the entire team, the boys were almighty glad to stretch out on the seats of a second-class coach, and use their grips—when they had such a thing—for pillows. When we went to the grounds for a game we took a street-car or walked, and got back to our hotel in the same way. But nobody grumbled, for the simple reason that none of us had ever been accustomed to anything better at the hands of our clubs. In those days the presence of a lady at a ball game excited as much comment as would the sight of a Chinaman in the proscenium-box of a San Francisco theatre, and the discovery by the 'bleachers' of a silk hat in the grand stand was the signal for a whole afternoon of sport at the wearer's expense. There never was any certainty, by the way, as to the make-up of the teams, for the average captain never knew just how many of his men would show up in trim for ball-playing when the time for play arrived. Why? Well, fines did not go in those days; discipline, when attempted, was a farce, and the players knew it. There was no such thing as a national agreement in existence, and the managers strove to 'stand solid' with the boys, if for no other reason than that they

were in the players' debt half the time, and consequently at their mercy. Had a team-captain suggested to a club president that it might be well to consider a player's personal habits before retaining him for another season, he would have been laughed at. The player who could hit the ball, run bases, and field his position, caught the crowd, back in the '70's, no matter how tough his reputation or indiscreet his conduct off the field, and a player's popularity at that time, more than anything else, determined his value to his club.

"You can perhaps imagine how hard was a team-captain's lot in those days, and how discouraging was the outlook to those among the players who possessed some degree of personal pride and hoped for a better state of things to come. George and Harry Wright, Al Spalding, Ross Barnes, McVey, White, and almost any of the old-timers who have since risen to eminence in their old profession or out of it, could probably tell you of instances wherein they have played ball with the team's crack out-fielder or in-fielder, or perhaps both, so light-headed from a night's 'loss of sleep,' and so heavy-footed from subsequent 'bracers' the following morning, that their 'indisposition' was apparent to players and spectators alike.

"To-day no ball-player of any professional team would be permitted to go upon the field, or even don a uniform, in such a condition; but in those days the player himself, and not the team-captain, was the judge of a player's condition. Of course there was no training for a season's work—that is, no more than the boys felt inclined to submit to. When they wanted to train, they did so, and when they preferred to loaf and let the 'other fellows' train, they generally followed their preference.

"While this ungovernable, self-willed, uncontrollable element predominated, however, there were still many conscientious, well-behaved players among the boys, who deprecated such a state of affairs, and who possessed the intelligence and foresight to see the necessity for a radical change in the handling of the game and its players. The story of the game's elevation, and its consequent growth in public favor, is known to almost every man and boy in America, and as I look back now and see the changes that have taken place during the past fifteen years, it makes me wonder. No form of field sport was ever beset by greater dangers and difficulties than base ball. The very character of not a few of its most prominent exponents at the time the game first donned a professional garb was enough to kill it, yet the

evils of intemperance among the players, and of crooked work upon the field as the result of gambling influences, were eventually overcome; the game was established and began to be conducted under business methods by business men; the daily press of the country accorded it the space in its columns which its rapid growth in public favor warranted, and since 1879—yes, since the organization of the National League in 1876—the game has grown, prospered, and advanced until I am as proud of my profession to-day as I would be did I occupy as honorable a position in law, medicine, or the drama as, I am glad to say, I do in base ball.

"The argument has not infrequently been advanced in my hearing," continued Anson, "that, unlike most professions, prominence upon the ball-field, as in all branches of athletics, is the result of physical rather than of intellectual development. I have often wanted to take a crack at this argument, and am glad of this opportunity. The day has passed when a player can depend upon his ability to bat, catch, and throw a ball, to hold his position in a National League ball team. I do not know of any profession where there is more room for the display of judgment, or where a quick, active mind, a clear brain, and a man's force of character and self-con-

fidence can find greater play than in base ball. A retentive memory and keen perceptive powers are also invaluable to a ball-player. Why? Well, if you will look into the games of the past three, four, or five years, you will see that the games are few and far between wherein men have not been retired by well-practiced tricks and clever strategic work of opposing fielders or the opposing battery, almost as frequently as by having been retired upon fly-balls or a throw to first base.

"Our most effective in-fielders are those who, through long experience and fine team work, 'double up' men on the bases; catch the runners by strategy, off the bag; work with one or both ends of the battery, to the end of getting a base-runner between bases; or so handling a batted ball as to force a base-runner into giving an opportunity for a double play, where a simple catch would retire the batsman only. The most successful pitchers and catchers of to-day are those who have studied the preferences and the tricks of opposing batsmen until they know precisely just what character of delivery is preferred by each batsman who faces them. Of course, when such a knowledge has been acquired, the pitcher takes advantage by delivering a ball directly contrary in character to that which the batsman facing him desires; while from season

to season the code of signals between the positive and negative ends of the battery, and by which the style of delivery of each ball sent across the plate is determined, is changed and improved upon by the pitcher and his back-stop, so that their work becomes more effective and the secrecy of their code of signals is better guarded.

"Batsmen, on the other hand, study the methods and tricks of a pitcher. If a pitcher has a certain style of delivery which, through experience, he has found more effective than others, he is very apt, after pitching two or three preparatory balls, to employ it. If the batsman knows of this ball he is sure to wait for it, and, when it comes, send it over the fence or into the next safest corner of the field that he can land it. Base-runners, too, study a pitcher's peculiarities, and take advantage of them accordingly. There are some pitchers and some catchers whom the best runners of the league will not attempt to steal bases on, while upon others a base-runner is reasonably safe in attempting to appropriate everything in sight—even the home-plate if he gets a good chance; and it is to gain just such information as this that base-runners study opposing pitchers just as closely as a pitcher must study the likes and dislikes of opposing batsmen. The quicker a man's mind to grasp a situation upon the ball-field, and the more retentive

his memory, that he may store away the incident and experience for future reference and guidance, the more rapidly will he rise in his profession.

"Few men, I imagine, have had more experience in training and developing young players than myself, and I speak whereof I know when I say that I would prefer intelligence, a good memory, and an even disposition in a young ball-player, to all the sand-lot training and experience that you can give him, if his training is to be his only qualification. I have taken in hand young players who were beyond doubt *natural* players—that is, they had been playing ball as youngsters and as school-boys for so long that they had developed more than ordinary ability as batsmen and as fielders—but while playing ball they had either neglected their mental training, or else had never possessed the material for it, and were, consequently, incapable of comprehending what I told them, or of remembering it when they *did* comprehend it. On the other hand, I have found young players weak in hitting and more awkward than skillful in fielding the positions assigned them, but they were bright, even-dispositioned, tractable fellows, with the intelligence to understand what was told them, the mind to note and comprehend the situations that occurred upon the field, and the memory to retain what they heard and saw,

and among those players are some of the greatest in the country to-day.

"It is the plainly apparent value of intelligence among ball-players, and the need of more of it, as well as the recognized respectability of the game, that is attracting to it a better class of players than has ever before been known; but we have not yet reached the standard we shall ultimately attain in this respect. I look to see the colleges —Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, and our State universities, furnish the base-ball talent of the future. Other professions are over-crowded even now, and will become more so with each succeeding year, until, even though with a collegiate education, and a legal or medical education on top of that, a graduate finds it hard picking to establish himself comfortably in either the law or medicine. On the other hand, the training that the average college student enjoys in foot ball, base ball, and rowing, fits him to enter professional base ball, at an immediate salary of from $1,500 to $2,000 for seven months' work, with the certainty of twice that salary should he attain a high degree of proficiency. Of course, a man can not expect to actively continue in base ball until he reaches a ripe old age, as he can do in law and medicine; but he *can*, by conscientious work and provident methods of living, accumu-

late, within a few years' time, a comfortable bank-account, as the basis of success in some other business or profession. The efforts of the National League clubs at least, without exception, have been in the direction of improvement, so far as the moral and intellectual tone of its players is concerned. Good habits on and off the field are what we want of professional ball-players, just as much as we desire ability. I have never hesitated in the past, nor will I do so in future, to sacrifice talent for good conduct and gentlemanly behavior. Those professional ball-players who have refused to become gentlemen—and, I am sorry to say, there are some such—must swing into line or get out of the business, for the simple reason that gentlemen are beginning to show an unmistakable inclination to become ball-players. We shall have the game on a better footing, I feel confident, with each succeeding year, until it offers as great inducements, and greater, to our college graduates, than does the stage, the law, or medicine. It is from the colleges that we want to draw our talent of the future; and, so far as the Chicago club is concerned, no college graduate who comes properly recommended will be denied an opportunity to demonstrate his ability, or will have to look further for a position should he succeed in doing so."

CHAPTER II.

METHODS OF TEAM CAPTAINS AND MANAGERS COMPARED.

"Any ball club that is willing to put out the necessary amount of 'release money' and to pay the salaries, can, so far as talent goes, get together a great ball team," said Tom Burns, while discussing the subject of team management, one evening; "but the greatest aggregation of talent money could get together would be almost certain to make a poor fight in a pennant race, if it went into it without a capable field-captain at its head. More championships have been lost, and more hard-fought games have gone the wrong way, through the want of a capable commander on the field, than have been lost through poor ball-playing or the failure of the teams in question to do their best."

Tom might have added, with equally as much truth, that there is no position connected with base ball which the average ball club has such difficulty in satisfactorily filling. Good team-captains, like good team-managers, are so scarce

as to be well-nigh invaluable to the club that secures their services, and fortunate indeed is the organization possessed of a player who combines the qualifications for both positions. Anson and Comiskey are probably the only examples of our time of the successful captain-player-manager. Both of these men possess great reputations as ball-players; both have been remarkably successful in developing playing talent, and in afterward so handling and controlling it as to secure the best examples extant of effective team work and individual effort; and both possess a knowledge of base ball and ball-players, as well as a stock of good judgment and managerial foresight, that has made them the practical managers of affairs in their respective organizations.

Ball-players, for obvious reasons, will refuse to talk of or criticise the methods or records of team-captains or managers, and the opinions expressed in my hearing from time to time have been voiced only upon my promise not to use the player's name, or through my accidental presence among the players in hotel or club-room.

The lot of a team-manager, like that of an umpire, is not a happy one. It is all-important that he should be on good terms with his men, and yet he is paid for seeing that they keep good hours; that they report promptly for each game

scheduled, and that they abstain from all indulgences that would tend to injure their effectiveness upon the field. Now, there is no more irrepressible animal in existence than the average professional ball-player. His splendid physical condition keeps him as full of animal life and effervescing spirits as a two-year-old Hambletonian. He loves fun, enjoys a joke and a good story, would walk ten blocks for a peep at a pretty face or a well-turned ankle, and is as big a mischief-maker, in a well-meaning way, as he was before he gave up his school-books for the ball-field. The means to which a ball-player will resort to get the best of a team-manager are multitudinous, and some of them incredible; yet the boys practice them year in and year out, enjoying a world of satisfaction in them when they succeed, and indulging in a corresponding amount of bitter reflection when they are caught.

I have known a team-manager to sit in a hotel office, though very much fatigued himself, until he had seen a dozen of his players yawn, rub their eyes, and take the elevator for their rooms; and then I have known one-half or more of these sleepy ball-players to quietly descend the staircase, half an hour after their self-satisfied manager had himself sought his bed, and slip around the corner for a glass of beer and a cigar with

waiting friends, or else assemble in some one of the rooms for a little game of "fifty-cent limit" that was good for the balance of the night at least. In nine out of ten such cases, the manager is never any the wiser; indeed, he would feel thoroughly annoyed at the busy-body who informed him, for then he would have to investigate and fine somebody, and the managers who like to fine are few and far between. The fact is, that in too many cases the manager is afraid to fine. He is not sure of his position beyond a period of one season at most. If the team does reasonably well, he may be retained for another season, and he may not; if the team makes a brilliant showing and wins the pennant hands down, he is sure to be retained, and at an increased salary. If, however, the team puts up ragged ball day after day, and the boys play with apparent lack of heart and spirit, the manager knows well that another man will fill his position the following year. Consequently, for his own sake, he is not anxious to bring down upon his head the wrath of the players, who practically hold his position in their hands.

And for this state of affairs the ball club itself, in the majority of cases, is wholly to blame. In the first place, club stockholders should satisfy themselves as to a manager's ability and qualifi-

cations before employing him, and then, when he has assumed the management of the team, should allow him to do so under the assurance that he might fine a player or increase his salary as he saw fit, or that he might discharge and employ at his pleasure; in a word, that his control of the players should be absolute and unquestioned, just as much as the authority of a city editor over his reporters is practically supreme. Then the players of a team would respect a manager and regard his wishes. To-day it is the exception when they do either. The average ball club stockholder knows about as much concerning the practical management of a ball team as he does of astrology. He has invested his money, is perhaps a base-ball enthusiast, and may be in his branch of trade an excellent business man, so it is only natural that he should want a finger in the control of the team, and in most cases he gratifies his desire at the expense of his team's success, and at a cost to the club treasury. It is certainly remarkable what a spectacle an otherwise shrewd and successful business man can make of himself upon becoming a prominent stockholder in a professional base-ball club. I have a case in mind in which three business men, all of whom have since grown wealthy as club stockholders, sent their team almost to the end of

the string in the pennant race by their school-boy-like interference in team management, and came well-nigh disrupting their organization and disgusting their patrons as well. One of the trio would take a fancy to a player with some other club and employ him. Each of his partners was more than likely to do the same thing before the month had passed, and what is worse, each would insist that his favorite be given a satisfactory chance.

The new player might be a short-stop or a second-baseman, and the men of the regular team in those positions might be playing a faultless game at the time of the new man's employment, but that made no difference to the stockholder. His man must be "given a chance," and given a chance he was. Further than this, each stockholder constituted himself the protector and friend of three or four men in the team, and whenever any of the men enjoying such protection were reproved or fined by their field-captain, off they would post to their protecting stockholder, in search of balm for their wounded feelings, and they rarely came back without it. The effect of all this upon the team-captain, and upon the team itself, can be imagined. Demoralization reigned, and team work was out of the question. Fortunately, however, the stockholders saw their

mistake in time, and yielded the management of their team to an experienced man, with the result that the team played a magnificent game of ball, and was making a strong bid for the pennant of 1889, when one of the stockholders, growing over-anxious at the close character of the race, yielded to a desire to again have "a finger in the pie," and injected a spirit of dissatisfaction into the team, which resulted in its defeat in the pennant race, and the resignation of the team manager.

An excellent policy for club stockholders to stick to is one of non-interference with affairs of team management. The bald-headed manufacturer who puts a light-opera company on the road in order that he may invite his friends behind the scenes, had far better purchase such privileges outright in some other opera company. It will cost him less, and he will have just as good a time. For the same reasons, the wealthy and ambitious base-ball crank had far better purchase a dozen season tickets, and distribute them among his friends, than to invest in base-ball stock for the gratification of his desire to run a ball team and invite his friends to the games. A ball club, like any other amusement enterprise, must be run under purely business principles, and under even more stringent rules and sterner discipline than

is the case with the theatre, the opera, or the race-track.

A well-known and successful theatrical manager, who once undertook the management of a base-ball venture in which a number of prominent players traveled from the Eastern States to California, said to me, after his return: "I have handled English and American actresses, and have even piloted Italian opera-singers about the country, but I pledge you my word I would not assume control of a professional ball team again for a salary of $20,000 a year and expenses." The poor man had simply made the mistake of depending upon methods, for the handling of a lot of ball-players, that he had found efficacious in his theatrical career, and right there he erred.

As one of the most successful and popular managers in the country—Jim Hart—once told me, "The man doesn't live who can tell another how to manage a ball team. I've been in the business all my life, and yet, so help me, if I were asked to make a statement as to my methods, I would not know where to begin. Ball-team managers are born, I guess, not made, for I never saw a successful team-manager who was not a success from the start. I have known men who had to fight for an opportunity to prove their ability, of course;

but in every instance in my knowledge these men were to the manner born."

Aside from the exercise of good judgment and the self-confidence, born, to a great degree, of the knowledge that he has the moral support of the club officers behind him in all he does, a captain's or a manager's strongest qualification should be decision of character and strength of purpose. The fact that this qualification is most prominent in Anson, Comiskey, and Ewing, the most successful of their class in the history of the National game, goes far to support this theory. All three of these men doubtless learned, years ago, that stern, clean-cut army discipline was the only system to employ in the control of a ball team, and to their realization of that fact each probably owes his reputation and success as a controller of men to-day. There are, of course, exceptions, but the average ball-player of to-day would, nine times out of ten, disregard his captain's *request*, and look upon him as a "sucker" for having made it, while he would obey a clean-cut, well-worded *command*, and respect the man who issued it. To prove the truth of this assertion, I need only draw attention to the fact that it was not until the National League made a combined and determined onslaught upon the evil of intemperance in its ranks, and fined a score or more of players

as an evidence of its determination to wipe the drunkards out, that drinking stopped. Previous to this the League had pleaded and reasoned with its men until patience had ceased to be a virtue. Men would promise, and go off upon a night's debauch within twenty-four hours. Nothing the League management could do seemed to have any effect until, in 1887, a new and binding clause against intemperance was inserted in the player's contract, by which he agreed to forfeit $25, $50, and $100, and finally suffer blacklistment, for repeated offenses. Even after signing this agreement many of the players tried to indulge their taste for liquor surreptitiously until the National League employed a couple of special agents to watch their men, and afterward clapped on the fines in such business-like style that offenders opened their eyes in astonishment and decided to abide by their contracts in future. There has since been little drinking among the players of the larger professional organizations, or, if there has been, it has been conducted in such manner as to not injure the good name of base ball or the reputations of the men who have broken their pledges.

Persuasion is out of the question in the control of ball-players. Co-operative methods and co-operative principles, if for no other reason than because of the predominating characteris-

tics of the great majority of the players, simply mean the financial ruin and swift dissolution of any organization that adopts them. It requires long experience and keen business sagacity to conduct the affairs of such an institution as the National League of professional ball clubs in America has become; and that the principles upon which this organization has conducted its affairs are pretty nearly correct, is evidenced by its own success, and by the adoption, by every other professional base-ball organization in the world, of rules, constitutions, by-laws, and agreements similar to, if not identical with, those of the National League.

But concerning the individual methods of team captains and managers:

It is safe to say that there are few more unyielding disciplinarians than Anson. His splendid physical development and his really wonderful constitution have instilled in him a thorough contempt for physical ills of all kinds, and unless a player is really badly injured, Anson expects him to go out and play the best ball he knows how to play. "I never ask my players to do anything I have not done, or that I am not perfectly willing to do myself," is a boast I have frequently heard the big fellow utter, and this is literally true. No ball-player works harder or

devotes more hours per day to practice than Anson does, and the player who keeps pace with him is an exception. In conversation with his men, on the railway or at the hotel, Anson's manner is pleasant and cordial. He is fond of "kidding" his most capable players, and will good-naturedly stand any amount of badinage himself; is always ready for an argument upon anything pertaining to base ball, cricket, foot ball, and, in fact, athletic sports of any kind, and once he takes a position, is willing to back it, up to any reasonable amount of money. He never touches liquor nor uses tobacco in any form; is fond of the theatre, but retires in good season; never breaks an appointment; is always the first man in uniform when his players assemble to go to the grounds, and is always the first to take the field for practice, as well as the last to leave it. When a substitute base-runner is needed to run for an injured batsman, Anson does the running. He shrinks from nothing, and plays ball to win from the moment game begins until it ends, without any more regard for his individual record than he has for the condition of the weather in China. When Anson takes a player to task for the exercise of poor judgment in handling the ball, he wastes no words about it, and yet does it with a degree of regard for a player's feelings that a

Dunlop or a Ewing would not think at all necessary. Here is an example:

In a game with Indianapolis, one afternoon, Hugh Duffy picked up a ball which had been batted to center with a man on second, and threw it to the plate. The man on second ran home easily enough—in fact, no throw could possibly have stopped him—and the man who had hit the ball ran to second on the throw to the plate, when, had the ball been thrown to second, he would have been held on first. Next day Anson spoke to Duffy, who was conversing with Van Haltren, Ryan, and Farrell in the sleeper.

"Mr. Duffy," said Anson, laying accent upon the *Mr.*, "what were you trying to do with that ball yesterday?"

Duffy turned and looked at Anson, the telltale expression on his face being only partly concealed by an attempted assumption of innocence.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"You know what I mean," replied Anson. "You let McGeachy get second by throwing the ball to the plate."

"O, yes," said Duffy. "Well, I thought I was dead sure of getting a man at the plate."

And with that Hugh turned and began to talk to Van Haltren.

Most captains would have smiled at the bluff,

and let the matter drop then and there; but with Anson it was different.

"You thought what?" asked Anson, crossing over to where Duffy sat, and laying his hand on the latter's shoulder.

Hugh flushed a little, but replied: "I was sure of catching a man at the plate."

"Now, look here, Hugh," said Anson, "you did not think anything of the kind, and you know it. You just didn't have your wits about you, and would have given a good deal to have had that ball back in your hands before it got ten feet away from you. I know how it is; I've been there myself. But don't do it again; it is not ball-playing, and it don't look well;" with which Anson turned and walked away.

I have never seen a ball-player hesitate an instant to carry out Anson's orders when the big fellow issued them on the field. Occasionally the carriages have waited for some one of the boys who had not commenced his toilet for the game as soon after dinner as he should have done; but rarely indeed has such a thing occurred. Under such circumstances, Anson never reproves a player, nor indicates his annoyance in any way. There is no doubt but that he *is* annoyed, however, and the offending player is pretty apt to feel thoroughly uncomfortable during the ride to the

grounds. There are many players who do not like Anson, yet the longer men play under his captaincy, the more unwilling they are to play under anyone else. Anson has absolutely no sentiment in his composition. He is matter-of-fact, calculating, and practical to a degree rarely met with. Once convinced that a man is in pain or in distress, the "Old Man" will do anything and everything, in his unassuming, practical way, for the sufferer; but he is a hard man to convince. I have known him to insist upon men playing ball with swollen and inflamed fingers that really looked as though they needed a rest, and to order men out on a trip with their faces swollen from severe colds. But in all such instances his judgment was right —the sore fingers got no worse, and in time healed up, although the men were kept playing ball right along; while the colds disappeared, the swelling in the faces went down, and the affected ones were playing better ball than ever. "I can't leave you fellows at home every time you get a crick in your back or wake up with sore throat," is the reply with which he is wont to meet requests for a lay-off; "it isn't what the club pays you for." And it is such remarks as these that have won for Anson the name of "Task-master." My only comment is, that the Chicago club is to be congratulated upon the possession of a man

who imposes tasks as Anson does. In his rôle of "Task-master" he has won for himself an enviable reputation as a team-captain; he has led no less than seven league teams to victory in as many pennant races; he has probably developed more ball-players than any two team-captains in the country, and has sent out from the ranks of the Chicago league team the greatest and most celebrated exponents of the game the world has produced. Many a young ball-player, possessed of a National reputation to-day, owes his name and fame to Anson, for it was Anson who gave him the opportunity that had been refused him wherever else he had applied. In the writer's opinion, the game has not yet produced Anson's equal, and will never produce his superior as a judge of ball-playing talent, and as a captain and team-manager.

"Charley Comiskey's success," said a close friend of Von der Ahe's former right bower to the writer, recently, "is due to his wonderful ability to win a ball-player's friendship and admiration, and still exercise over him almost as much control as an army captain would over a private. How he does it I could never understand, but his personal influence with his men is the secret of his success. The strange part of it is, that his influence is as potent with a tough as with a gentleman; he can

handle an ignorant man as cleverly as he can a fellow who may be his superior in intellectual attainments. All his men are willing to shut their eyes and do what he tells them, having absolute confidence in his judgment, and being anxious for his approval and commendation. Had Anson this faculty of impressing and influencing his men, in addition to his other qualifications, he would be the greatest team-captain the game has ever produced; but he hasn't it, and therein lies the difference between Anson and Comiskey. Of course, Comiskey is a great ball-player, and an excellent judge of talent as well. He has developed some great ball-players, and probably got as fine team-work out of the Browns as any ever witnessed on any ball-field in the country. He is firm with his men, but never abusive, and, as I have said, got more work out of any member of the St. Louis team by requesting it than Von der Ahe could have done with a $1,000 note as a persuader. He is a cool, clear-headed fellow, with a world of experience in team management, and without whom Chris Von der Ahe would have dropped out of base ball, in my opinion, years ago. That is Comiskey as I know him."

Ewing's success as captain of the New York team during the seasons of 1888 and 1889 has

brought him to the front as one of the prominent team-captains of his time. There are few more severe captains in the business, and yet personally Ewing is wonderfully popular with his men. For this reason I believe him to be an excellent judge of character, and thoroughly familiar with the make-up of the average ball-player. He evidently knows the value of strict discipline in the control of his men, and does not hesitate to employ it. A little incident that occurred on the old Staten Island grounds, when the team was playing there during the summer of 1889, convinced me of this, and also showed me the extent of the big catcher's popularity with the crowd.

Chicago was the opposing team, and Duffy was at bat. Gore was playing center for the "Giants," and was, on the day in question, particularly full of "monkey-shines." He had been playing remarkable ball for a month or more, however, and the spectators were so grateful, as a result, that they saw something funny in everything he did. Finally, by waiting too long to get under a fly-ball, he let it hit the staging and bound over the fence for a home-run. Ewing frowned, the crowd looked a trifle grave, and Gore himself seemed disturbed. A moment later, when Duffy came to bat, Ewing motioned Gore in from far

center toward right-center. Gore made a six-foot bluff to obey, and then stepped back into his former position; upon which Ewing, who had got in position to catch, straightened up, took off his mask, and, walking across the diamond toward center-field, called to Gore. "If you don't want to do what I tell you," said he, "you can get out of the game."

It was about as public a slap at the public's favorite as Ewing could have administered, and after ten seconds of silence a storm of hisses arose from the grand stand as Gore slowly walked over and took the position Ewing had indicated. At the first hiss, Ewing turned quickly and walked back toward the grand stand, his flashing eyes sweeping it from one end to another. The hissing ceased instantly, and the crowd actually began to cheer the man it had just been hissing. Ewing's lip curled, and then he smiled as though to say, "Well, I thought so," as he picked up his mask and continued the game. Ewing never hesitates to take a man to task at once for a poor play; but a man whom he may have embarrassed on the ball-field during the afternoon, he will treat with special consideration in the club-house after the game, so that the player who felt like quitting the game at the time of his captain's brusque "call down," is ready, by the time he has taken his

bath and donned his street attire, to vote Ewing the best team-captain in the business. Ewing, perhaps more than any other captain, imbues each of his players, by his own conduct and deportment on the field, with an abundance of confidence in the superiority of their team. He is invariably indifferent to the crowd, save for the running volley of chaff he fires at and invites from the spectators immediately behind him. He either carries a disputed point, or else does not let up on an umpire during the balance of the game, and meantime exercises a telling influence over his men in all parts of the field by the excellence of his own playing, as well as by his constant "pulling" for his team, whether it be in his position behind the bat, in the coacher's lines, or upon the bench. The fact that Ewing, Comiskey, nor Anson are interfered with by anyone in the control of their men—that their word is practically law among their respective players—doubtless has much to do with their success as team-captains.

CHAPTER III.

PERSONAL MENTION OF PROMINENT PLAYERS AND THEIR METHODS UPON THE FIELD.

That every player possesses one or more distinguishing characteristics in his work upon the ball-field, becomes apparent to the lover of the game who will study the tactics of the men composing the different teams of a league during the playing season. There are governing principles, of course, which every player must observe, in catching, throwing, handling, and batting the ball; yet it is the exception when those peculiarities of style and method which distinguish one player from another upon the field are found duplicated in the same team, or even in the same association.

Peculiarities are sometimes the result of habit; sometimes the result of a theory upon the part of a ball-player that some particular method of batting, sliding, fielding, or running bases is more effective than others; and again they exist because the player adopted them in the beginning of his career and developed them as he advanced in ability and popularity. It is these methods upon

the field which create a player's individuality, which make him popular or unpopular, which distinguish him from other players, and which either make him invaluable to a club, or fix his standing in the profession at the ordinary, extraordinary, or phenomenal notch in the market of base-ball talent.

A good judge of talent once remarked to me: "I will bet an even $100 with anyone that if a team selected from the old-timers of the National League—that is, men who have played in the league five years or more—were to come upon the field with masks on their faces, I could name every man of the nine before it had played an inning. Their attitudes on the field, their methods of running bases, of coaching, of batting, and of fielding their different positions, would enable me to spot them. I never saw any two men in the business play ball exactly alike."

How many Chicagoans are there, I wonder, who would not know Williamson under such conditions? Who would mistake old Anson? How many people in any league city would fail to spot Mike Kelly, Buck Ewing, Charley Bennett, John Clarkson, Tim Keefe, Mickey Welch, George Gore, Roger Connor, or any other of the old-timers who have stamped their individuality and their peculiar methods of fielding and batting

upon the minds of patrons of the game in every city of the league circuit?

Taking the pitchers first, I do not suppose another pitcher in the country has the peculiar delivery of Radbourne; certainly I know of none who exerts himself less when in the box. Radbourne is invariably the same, whether playing an exhibition game against the Macon Grays or a championship game against Chicago or New York.

"What is there about Radbourne's delivery that fools a batsman?" I asked John Tener, one day, after a game in Boston; and John's reply was exactly such as had been given me a score of times before. "I don't know," said he; "it looks as though we ought to bat him all over the field. The ball comes in deliberately enough, but it is not once in five times that we can get it where we want it, or that we calculate it right when we think we *have* got it where we want it." I do not believe Radbourne changes his methods with different batsmen. I have seen him pitch the same balls to Anson that he pitched to Flint; yet Flint would hit the ball, and Anson wouldn't. With the seven other batsmen of the team his delivery seemed to me the same—no change of pace with one any more than with the other, so far as I could see; yet his average of success was about the same with all.

Not so with Clarkson, however. He knows every batsman who faces him, and if a new man should hit him once, it is dollars to cents he will not face John Clarkson and hit the same kind of a ball a second time during that game. How this player can carry in his mind a mental diagram of every league batsman's likes and dislikes in the matter of delivery is a puzzle; yet he does it, and so accurately that he rarely, if ever, makes a mistake. Well, Clarkson is a phenomenon as a pitcher. His judgment is excellent, and his command of the ball simply marvelous. Time and again, when sitting in the press-box behind the catcher, I have been so lost in admiration of the Bostonian's skill as to forget for the moment that there was another player upon the field.

While we were in England and Australia, during the winter of 1888–89, almost the first question the newspaper correspondents of our party were asked was: "Is it really true that your pitchers can 'break' a ball in the air?" and when we told them that there was no doubt whatever of their ability to do so, they looked the incredulity they doubtless felt. I remember one day in Melbourne, while the boys were practicing for the game, an Australian just back of the catcher's box called to Ryan, who happened to be pitching to Daly, and asked him if

he would give an illustration of curved pitching. Jim responded, and began to send the ball to Daly with a strong out-shoot. Perhaps a hundred people heard the request, and these spread the information that the Americans were "breaking" the ball in the air. The result was that the crush back of the player's box was so great that the ground policemen had to order the crowd back; while shouts of "Well! Well!" and "Bravo!" went up from the two or three hundred people who, being in a line with the pitcher and catcher, could see the ball describe a sharp curve as it passed from one to the other of the players. I thought then, as I thought last summer when I sat in the grand stand at Boston and saw Clarkson's wonderful command, "How such pitching as Clarkson's would have astonished the Australians!"

Comparing Clarkson's method of delivering a ball with those of Shaw, Whitney, and Galvin, there is little room for question as to the great advantage of Clarkson's style over that of any of the three pitchers named, and yet all have been great twirlers in their day. There is positively no loss of power or strength with Clarkson, while with the others there must necessarily be a great loss. When Clarkson wants speed, he finds it in his shoulder and his wrist. When Whitney,

Shaw, Healy, or Galvin want speed, they use their entire bodily strength to produce it. One style is not only effective, but it is graceful; it impresses a crowd favorably, and it imbues the fielders with confidence. The other is ungainly, unnecessary, and not nearly so effective, for the reason that it impairs command. The one other pitcher—yes, I will say *three* other pitchers—Tim Keefe, Hutchinson, and Mark Baldwin—whose methods of obtaining speed are similar to Clarkson's, are successful, although Baldwin and Hutchinson have only just begun to fathom the secret of command, an art which Clarkson had well-nigh mastered even before he made his league debut with the Chicago club. On the other hand, look at the array of pitchers of the Whitney-Shaw stripe who have been effective for two or three seasons and then dropped in the talent market, for no other reason than that, instead of husbanding their strength, they used themselves up before they had really developed the ability that was in them.

When Clarkson first joined the Chicago team, he was wofully weak in one all-important point in a pitcher's work, viz., covering first-base. It was Anson's training that helped the great pitcher to overcome this fault, and although he has never become perfect in this particular, he is far

better at it than he used to be. Larry Corcoran had no superior among pitchers as a fielder when he was the star of old Anson's twirlers, in '83-4-5, and I have never since seen his equal. It was dollars to cents against a batsman getting to first-base, unless he sent the ball clean and hard past Corcoran. No matter where Anson stood when he picked up the ball, he was dead sure of finding Corcoran on first before the runner, if he (Anson) was not near enough to the base to reach it. Little John Flynn, who bade fair to step into Corcoran's shoes in 1886, was second to Corcoran as a fielding pitcher. It came naturally to him without any tips from Anson, and when Flynn threw his arm out, at the very outset of the following season, Chicago lost one of the most promising pitchers it has ever signed.

What a world of difference is observable in the work of our crack catchers, notwithstanding that all of them are behind the bat to stop pitched balls, capture foul flies, and hold base-runners on the bases. Tom Daly was the greatest catcher, I think, that the Chicago club ever had, and a careful study of that back-stop's methods behind the bat to-day will help any young catcher in the business. Daly's arm was wrong during the season of 1888, and his great throwing to bases of the season before failed to stamp his work during the

last season he played under Anson. The action was all there, however, and had the power been behind it, instances of base-stealing by opposing runners would have been as few and far between as they were when Daly was at his best. During 1889, after eight or ten weeks of absolute rest, Daly seemed to get back into his old-time form again, and his work for Washington was a subject for comment by the press of every city in the league circuit. That he will be a great back-stop for Brooklyn seems assured. Farrell caught some good ball for Chicago in 1889, but his throwing to bases, while, as a rule, accurate, was very frequently slow, and with any lead at all, a base-runner's chances for a steal were reasonably good. The cause of this was simply the catcher's failure to receive the ball with his throwing arm in proper position to throw. Daly's arm, when he was up behind the bat, was ready to send the ball to second, if necessary, before the ball had struck his hands; and at times it has seemed to me that the ball simply rebounded from the catcher to the second-baseman with terrific speed and remarkable accuracy. At such times there was no motion of throwing discernible. The hand and arm that stopped the ball were drawn back and in position to throw when the ball struck it, and that fact alone lost the base-runner

anywhere from eight to ten feet. Bennett sticks to the same rule in his work, and when he and Daly are at their best, there is almighty little base-stealing done by opposing runners.

Ewing has practiced this method, but oftentimes seems to forget to employ it when its employment is most desirable, and consequently has not the reputation for throwing to bases he might have were he to hold himself in readiness at all times, when up behind the bat, to throw the ball. He is a very strong thrower, however, and this helps him greatly. Bennett, I think, may be regarded as a greater catcher than Ewing, for, all other things being equal, Bennett is quicker in getting the ball across the diamond, and more to be depended upon by a pitcher, than is Ewing. Bennett never gets rattled; Ewing does. Not only once, but frequently, I have seen him, when a base-runner had secured a fair start from first, throw the ball almost into the center-fielder's hands. I have yet to see Bennett do it. For all this, however, Ewing is a great catcher, and deserves the praise that has been accorded him.

The admission of Cincinnati to the league circuit will give patrons of the game in league cities an opportunity, during the next year or two, of seeing a little catcher whose work is sure to please the crowd. I refer to Earle, the player

who made the circuit of the globe with the Spalding party. There are few catchers possessed of more ability, and the amount of work the little fellow does behind the bat is astonishing. He is always on the jump, and his stops alone will be very apt to make him a great favorite in league circles. Spalding and Anson were at once struck with his work when he caught Tuckerman at Minneapolis, in the game between the Chicago and St. Paul teams on the world's tour, and had not Cincinnati been just a little the quicker of the two clubs in negotiating with him, Earle would have caught under Anson during the season of 1889.

Coming to first-basemen, Jake Beckley was the peer of every man in his position during last season, and I regard his success due as much to his cat-like agility as to his stature and length of limb. I believe the theory that all other requisites in a first-baseman should be sacrificed to physical development, to height and reach, is a wrong one. The greatest first-baseman of his time, McKinnon, was not an Anson nor a Connor in physical proportions. There is work for a first-baseman to do other than to stop the balls thrown into his hands by his fellow in-fielders. Pitchers who can cover first-base as well as pitch are few in number, and batted balls are as likely to be

placed twenty feet off the initial bag as in the territory of third, short, or second-base. Many is the man whom Anson could have put out at first had he been more active and fleet of foot. Connor is quicker, but still slow compared to either Beckley or McKinnon. First-basemen should also be strong and accurate throwers across the diamond; true, they have not so much of it to do as have the third-baseman and short-stop, but like the Texan who, when he needs his gun, "needs it badly," the first-baseman who is called upon to stop a steal of third wants to be just as good a thrower to bases as any other man in the team. It is a long throw, and the truer and faster the ball goes, the better. Two or three prominent first-basemen I might name have no confidence whatever in themselves when it comes to putting the ball across the diamond. From every stand-point, I think Beckley may be regarded as an ideal first-baseman. He is a strong and accurate thrower; he is quick to think, and agile as a cat; he has height and reach, and is not handicapped by a pound of superfluous fat or muscle. He is also a strong batter and a good base-runner. Connor, though possessed of a great reach, is too heavy. His reach and his batting ability constitute his greatest value as a player. Anson also is too heavy, and of late

lacks the agility which in years past has characterized him as the most active big man in the business. In Jay Faatz we find the other extreme. His reach is too great to admit of his handling himself quickly. Beckley, however, is the happy medium between angularity and avoirdupois, between surplus muscle and elongated awkwardness, which every team-manager would do well to hit upon in his search for first-base talent.

The remaining in-field positions, without question, have furnished more examples of the degree of skill, judgment, and agility that may be attained upon the ball-field, than have all of the remaining positions combined. The strength of a team is determined, to a greater extent, by the ability and experience of its in-fielders, than by anything else, perhaps, save a good team-captain. A team may have one, or even two, novices in the out-field; it may have an ordinary pitcher in the box, and a lame catcher behind the bat; but if it has got a "stonewall" in-field, it will put up a game that will surely please the crowd, and keep the other side guessing until the last ball has been batted.

Billy Nash, Joe Mulvey, Tom Burns, and Jerry Denny, as third-basemen; Jack Glasscock, Ned Williamson, and John Ward, as short-stops, and Danny and Hardy Richardson, Al Myers, and Cub

Stricker, are unquestionably the greatest league players in their positions of the past decade. There are others, of course, whose work has claimed a fair share of public notice, but they have owed much of their success to the general excellence of the in-fields they have been a part of.

In Wilmot, I believe Chicago has secured one of the greatest out-fielders of the league; not that his fielding ability is superior to that of Ryan, Duffy, Johnston, Kelly, or Gore, but because he combines what ability he has in that direction with plenty of hitting power, while he also has few equals as a base-runner. In an out-fielder the public expects to find every qualification of a ball-player. It seems to think he should be a good batsman, a sprinter, an unerring fielder, a base-runner, and a strong thrower. Why this is so, I can not imagine, unless it is that the fielding work of an out-fielder, when compared with the in-field, seems so easy a job. The crank in the grand stand argues something like this: "Those fellows out there *ought* to do the bulk of the hitting and base-running. Why, they've got things too easy. If a grounder gets by the in-field, the out-fielder has plenty of time to see it coming and stop it; if a fly-ball is batted, he generally has ample opportunity to gauge and get under it, while most

of the time the in-field and the battery are doing the work." Fortunately for those who expect so much of out-field talent, the rank and file of outfielders are excellent general players, the outfield contributing very largely to the sprinters, throwers, batsmen, and base-runners of the profession. And in this respect the out-field talent of to-day is better than it was ten years ago. Indeed, the same may be said of all the players upon a ball-field. The time has passed when a pitcher or a catcher can satisfy a team-manager or a crowd of spectators by being a good pitcher or a good back-stop. The average team-manager is not looking so much for a man who can put up a brilliant fielding game in center, at short, or at second-base, and who has exhausted his abilities as a player when he has done that much. On the contrary, the base-ball manager of to-day would a good deal rather have a man who was a strong batter and base-runner, even if he were not so good a fielder. It is the *general* ball-player who is commanding the salary to-day, and this will be more and more the case with each coming year in the history of base ball.

The split between the league and the brotherhood can not but result in throwing a new crop of young ball-players upon the market during the next year or two. It will also, I imagine,

result in better ball-playing than the league has seen for years. Young ball-players with reputations to make and their futures before them, will be apt to throw plenty of dash and spirit into their play; and with each of the old league teams possessing enough seasoned talent to act as ballast, latent talent (and I ween there is lots of it among the list of young players the league is signing) will not be long in developing. Next fall I shall be glad of the opportunity, in the second volume of this series, to review the work of the reorganized league teams of 1890, and say something as to the list of new batters, fielders, and base-runners that this factional fight in base ball will have developed.

CHAPTER IV.

ODD YARNS OF THE DRESSING-ROOM AND DIAMOND.

As a rule, there is little of the serious in a ball-player's make-up. Generally in perfect physical condition, he has none of the ills that human flesh is heir to, to sour his disposition and act as a drag to the enthusiasm of his young manhood. Possessed of a salary that enables him, by working seven months in the twelve, to live like a prosperous young merchant, and lay by a goodly sum each year in addition, he is never troubled as to the state of his finances; while being engaged in a business that is really a pastime, and unquestionably a pleasure to him, there is small wonder that the life of the average professional ball-player is full of good things; that his spirits are almost continually effervescing in practical jokes and clever stories; that humor with him is in the ascendency, and that each season is prolific of laughable incidents and interesting situations, both on and off the ball-field.

Has it ever occurred to the average lover of

athletic sports that there are fewer instances of ill feeling, of personal enmity and personal encounters, among the ball-players of the leading organizations of the country; that there is a more fraternal feeling; that there are less petty jealousies and differences than is the case in any profession where men are brought together in competition for public favor and personal gain? True, there are exceptions to the rule of good-fellowship and light-hearted indifference to the more serious and disagreeable things in life that mark the characters of the rank and file of players. Arrogance, conceit, and other unpleasant characteristics will occasionally crop out in the jolliest of professional teams; but in such instances the player who exhibits them is let alone by his fellows, and is made to feel, by the neglect and dislike his companions hold him in, that he is not one of them. The dramatic profession has its Hoppers, Bells, Robsons, Cranes, Wilsons, and Goodwins; and just so the base-ball profession has its Kellys, Fogartys, Healys, O'Learys, Gallaghers, and a host of others whose natural wit, good nature, and happy dispositions, as well as their ability, have made them bright lights in their chosen calling, and never-to-be-forgotten favorites among the thousands of base-ball patrons throughout the land. Many laughable

incidents and almost innumerable instances of native wit and humor among ball-players have come under my notice during the years that I have been among them in the capacity of a newspaper correspondent, and I doubt not that the following pages will recall many others to such of my readers as may be personally acquainted with the players who figure in these anecdotes. Of course, the great trip of the American teams in the recent tour of the world was prolific of them. A jollier party could scarcely have been gotten together, and rare indeed are the instances in which circumstances and conditions afforded greater opportunity for the display of innate wit and humor, or resulted in a greater number of unusual situations calculated to excite the fun-loving natures of the participants.

At this moment I recall an incident of our game at Birmingham, England, over which I have laughed heartily many times since we sailed from Queenstown in the "Adriatic." Long John Healy did most of the pitching for All-America on the tour, and Fred Carroll, of Pittsburgh, covered first-base. Carroll was eternally "chewing" at Healy, and old John would generally "chew" back for a few seconds, and end up in a fit of laughter before he delivered the ball. If there was a base-runner on first, however, Healy

would generally get even with Fred by firing the ball at Carroll half a dozen times, so hard that it kept Carroll's palms itching for the rest of the inning, while Fred would grow madder with each ball thrown, until, before the long pitcher let up, the first-baseman had grown fairly red-headed. Well, we had a big crowd out to see the game in Birmingham, and there were scores of Englishmen present who scoffed at the game, and insisted, before it began, that it was "nothing but rounders." The press-table sat to the right of the home-plate, just about on a line with the pitcher's box and first-base, and around it, in addition to Macmillan, Goodfriend, and myself, sat a score of English newspaper-men and their friends, together with several Birmingham cricketers, who wanted to learn the points of the game. Game began, and it was not long before Healy and Carroll began to "chew." Finally, Tener hit a grounder toward Healy, and John threw a little wild to first, so that Carroll had to run up a bit to take it. Down the line came Tener, and the force with which he struck Carroll sent both players head over heels clear over the base-bag. Carroll picked himself up and began to "chew" at the rate of ninety words a minute, and the more he "chewed," the harder John Healy laughed, until he had Carroll fairly crazy. Tener was also

in a bad humor, and play was finally recommenced with all three of the players in a decidedly resentful mood. Finally, Tener began to lead off the bag, and Healy, after feinting once or twice, sent the ball at Carroll—and, let me tell you, that ball actually whistled! Carroll didn't see it when John let it go, and when he did see it, it was about three feet in front of his face, and the way he dropped was a picture. Just at this moment a fat, florid-faced little Englishman jumped over the railing of the spectator's stand as, in answer to the inquiry of one of the cricketers at the press-table, he was shouting: "It's rounders, don't you know, I've just tumbled; it's rounders, and nothink else." As he got the last word out of his mouth the ball struck him. Had I not seen Carroll dodge, it would have struck me, but I dropped just in time, and it caught the little Englishman, who stood just back of me, square upon the front of his ample pod. There was a dull thud, a gasp, and a groan, and the little Englishman fell over a chair with not enough wind left in his body to fill a penny whistle. When he finally did speak, he said: "Blessed if that ain't the bloominest rounders ball I ever felt. They must make 'em a deal harder in Ameriky than they make 'em in Birminam." Healy couldn't pitch ball a little bit for two

innings afterward for laughing, although the teams played a ten-inning tie game, and one of the prettiest of the trip.

Our party had a delightful time at Belfast. There was a great crowd at the game in the afternoon, and that evening the North of Ireland Cricket Club tendered us a banquet (the mayor of Belfast presiding) at the club-house upon the cricket-grounds. I was late finishing up my dispatches to the New York *Herald* that evening, and it was probably nine o'clock when I got into a cab and started for the club-house out on the Ormeau road. Finally I drew up at the gate, just as Jimmy Ryan appeared and told me that the banquet was about over. Just behind Jimmy was a ditch about six feet deep, its bottom covered with dirty water and a foot of black mud. A platform crossed the ditch from the sidewalk to the club-house gate, and while I was talking with Ryan, undecided whether or not I would go in or return to the hotel, a portly figure in full evening costume, issued from the gate, and, crossing the platform, asked the cabmen, a number of whom were outside the park, if his carriage had come. The cabmen did not know, and after another question the portly gentleman stepped upon the platform to re-enter the club-house grounds. His foot struck the end of a scantling,

however, and down he went, head first, into the nasty pool at the bottom of the ditch. Ryan threw up both hands and howled; the cabmen guffawed, and redoubled their laughter when the unfortunate wearer of the dress-suit scrambled up the bank, bespattered from head to foot, and the black muck dripping from his hands, hair, and shirt front.

"Who and what are you laughing at?" sputtered the old gent, at which the cabmen laughed harder than ever.

"Get out of here, every one of you!" shouted the now exasperated and very much soiled old gentleman. "Take your cabs off this street. I'd have you know I'm the mayor of Belfast. D—n it all, look at me!" with which he quickly crossed the platform, and slammed the gate after him.

"Let's go, Jimmy," I suggested, and Ryan and I entered my cab for the hotel. Jim has since frequently told the story of the Irish gentleman's mishap, though neither of us stopped at the time to find out whether or not the unfortunate was really the city's chief executive.

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Not wishing to appear selfish in the matter of yarn-spinning, the author, a few weeks ago, penciled a line to some of his fellow correspondents, with a request that if they had anything

really good, to let it come this way. Many of the boys were too busily engaged with the work of their respective papers to fall in line, but as many more promptly responded, and the following contributions from able pens will, the writer feels sure, prove interesting.

PETE BROWNING—BANCROFT MEANT BUSINESS—ONE ON DAN O'LEARY—HOW "CHRIS" SETTLED A POINT IN DISPUTE—"BID" M'PHEE'S FIRST RECEPTION—ONE OF "YANK" ROBINSON'S EXPERIENCES.

"The professional base-ball player of to-day," writes Harry Weldon, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "leads a life that, to all appearances, is an enviable one. In season, he lives in an atmosphere of festivity, excitement, and ovation. The hum-drum monotony attending the ordinary business walk of life does not enter into the national game. The kaleidoscope-like changes that are constantly occurring leave no room for *ennui*. Every day unfolds something new. No two games of base ball are alike, and in this regard the professional base-ballist has an advantage over the professional actor. The last-named profession is the only one that approaches professional base ball in the matter of excitement. The average actor, however, has but one turn or one set

speech, and constant repetition causes the life to become dull and tiresome. Nine out of every ten members of the base-ball profession are possessed of light hearts, and know not the meaning of the word 'care.' Among such a large number of rollicking, happy-go-lucky individuals, it would be strange indeed were there not many incidents and anecdotes well worth telling. Many stories have been told about players, managers, and magnates, and when casting about for material for this article, the writer, in the short space of time allotted him by the author of this book, has succeeded, he thinks, in hitting upon a few incidents that have not been worn threadbare by constant repetition in print.

"Lewis Browning is not a $10,000 beauty, or even a 5-cent one, for that matter, for he is rather homely; for all that, however, he is one of the best-known professionals now before the public. His convivial habits and laughable escapades have made him notorious, and among a certain class he is very popular. Not one patron of the game out of every fifty is acquainted with his proper name, for he has been known as 'Old Pete' Browning ever since he played on the common. He himself is responsible for this change in his cognomen, for he always refers to himself as 'Old Pete' or 'The Gladiator.'

"Pete has been playing ball professionally since 1880, and can say what no other ball-player of such a long experience can—in all that time he has never been hit with a pitched ball. The plain facts in the case are that no one is *able* to hit him. 'The Gladiator' has a mortal dread of being 'soaked' by an 'in-shoot,' and some of the great pugilists could, with profit to themselves, take lessons from him in what is known in ring parlance as 'ducking.' A member of the Louisville team told me, recently, that he would bet $100, and post the money, that there was not a pitcher in the country, no matter how swift his delivery, who could hit Browning in three trials in the regulation pitching distance. He said he would not bar either 'Silver' King or Ed Crane. Pete is a terrific batter. His position at the bat is a picture—he stands erect, with his bat swung over his shoulder. His personal habits may interfere with his fielding, but they certainly have no appreciable effect on his batting. He has a great 'eye,' and will not go after a bad one. The ball must come over the plate before he will attempt to hit it. When he does select a ball, he steps forward in the box, his bat whizzes through the air, and when it meets the sphere he throws the weight of his body with the blow, and the ball leaves his bat with almost the force of a rifle-shot.

On account of his batting ability, pitchers used to dread 'The Gladiator.' In olden days, when there was no penalty for hitting a batter with a pitched ball, twirlers used to attempt to drive Browning away from the plate by pitching at him. Mullane always followed this plan, and Pete had a holy horror of 'Tricky' Tony. Time and again Mullane has knocked off 'The Gladiator's cap, or hit the bulge in his flannel shirt, but has never been able to get a fair soak at the 'Pride of Louisville.' Although Pete comes of a good family, and will some day inherit a nice estate, he is not the best-read man in Kentucky, and many stories of the Mrs. Partington order are told at his expense. Pete is not as stupid, however, as his talk would seem to suggest, and, with an eye to the main chance, he has turned these stories to his own advantage. He is fond of seeing his name in print, and treasures every article that appears about him, no matter whether good, bad, or indifferent. He thinks they are a good advertisement, and Pete is a great believer in advertising. He is sociable and communicative, and in every city he visits makes it his business to become acquainted with as many people as possible. Even on the trains, when with his team on trips, 'The Gladiator' would get out at every little water-tank town and introduce him-

self to the few rustics he found on the platform. This kind of advertising helped him, and no matter where the Louisvilles played, or how badly they were playing, Browning was sure to be recognized and given a 'hand' every time he came to the bat. His friends in the stand would rally and make 'The Gladiator' lift his cap in acknowledgment of the applause.

"Browning has been fined and suspended times innumerable for intemperance, but the punishment had little effect. Probably his most flagrant breach of discipline occurred in Kansas City last season. Pete looked upon the wine when it was red in an all-night session, and early the next morning became possessed with the idea that it was a good day to 'go a-fishing.' Rain was pouring down in torrents when Pete purchased a long bamboo pole and a hook and line. While the rest of the Louisville team were preparing to leave the city, Pete was seated in a chair in front of the Midland Hotel, with his hook and line cast in the muddy water that was running in the gutter. The Louisville manager was so provoked by this escapade that he left Browning in Kansas City. The latter was not able to raise any money, and was forced to ride home 'on his trunk' two days later."

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"Frank Bancroft is a plain-spoken manager, who never minces words, but calls things by their right names, at all times and places. Once, when he had charge of the Worcester team, a recruit from a minor league was sent to him for trial. The youngster came highly recommended, and was put in the out-field in a championship game. He only had three chances, and made three glaring errors. Bancroft looked glum and out of sorts at the close of the game. The recruit seemed to appreciate the fact that he was the cause of the manager's bad humor, and, stepping up to him, said: 'Mr. Bancroft, I was a little off this afternoon.'

"'Yes,' said Bancroft, 'and you'll be a darn sight farther off to-morrow afternoon;' with which he handed the recruit a railroad ticket to his home, several hundred miles away."

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"One of the prominent characters of the national game is genial, hustling, and original Dan O'Leary. Possessed of a happy-go-lucky disposition, Dan's smile is just as bright and his greeting just as cordial when he has not the price of the next meal as when he is drawing a big salary for looking after the interests of some base-ball team. Dan never went back on a friend in the hour of need, and, if necessary, would split his last

dollar in two to help out even an acquaintance. He is one of Nature's noblemen, and if he could now realize on mental 'tabs' he holds against improvident players and others to whom he has loaned various sums, he would be well provided for in this world's goods. Dan lived in Cincinnati for about five months, and during that time managed to get on speaking terms with every man, boy, and dog between the Ohio River and Burnet Woods Park. He was plain 'Dan' to everybody, from a boot-black up to a banker. He was employed, while in Cincinnati, as manager of the Cincinnati Union association club. Everybody who has kept run of base ball knows that this organization had in its ranks some of the banner boozers of the country. 'Father' Kelly, 'Yaller Bill' Harbidge, Frank McLaughlin, and kindred spirits were on the Union club's payroll. On account of the bibulous inclinations of some of the players, President Thorner issued a strict order against drinking intoxicants. One day Tim Murnane, or rather Murnan—for Tim had not then indulged in journalism, and did not aspire to the height of a final 'e'—came along with the Boston Unions. Now the Boston crowd had always been a troublesome one for the local team, and had won nearly every previous game that had been played. This day O'Leary's men

carried off the honors in a ten-inning struggle. O'Leary was in high feather, and when the team repaired to the dressing-room he was not slow in congratulating the players for their fine work. 'That was a tough game,' said 'Father' Kelly; 'I am nearly played out. I wish I had some beer to cool off my "coppers."'

" 'Beer! Did you say beer?' cried Dan in an excited manner. 'Here, boy, take this pail and go to the nearest saloon; bring it back full of German tea,' said Dan, as he handed a big tin vessel to a boy and told him to hurry. All of the prize lushers were happy in anticipation of soon being able to 'blow off a few,' when, who should pop into the dressing-room but President Thorner himself. O'Leary saw he was in an unpleasant predicament. He realized that he was about to be discovered in a flagrant breach of the rules, and his active brain began to work for some way out of the scrape. A moment later, and the boy rushed into his presence with the bucket filled to the brim with foaming lager.

" 'Here's your beer, Mr. O'Leary,' said the boy. Dan jumped to his feet in an excited manner. The time had come to make a 'front,' and Dan was equal to the emergency. He swung his hands in the air and fairly jumped all over the dressing-room as he yelled, in a tragic voice: 'Beer!

Holy jumping Jehosaphat! who sent for beer? I told you to get milk.'

"The idea of a manager sending several blocks to get a bucketful of milk for thirsty ball-players struck his hearers as being so ridiculous that it was hailed with a loud guffaw all around. Even good-natured President Thorner joined in the laugh, and was one of the first to help put down his share of the growler's contents."

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"When President Von der Ahe pulled out of the savings bank the most of his hard earnings and invested it in resurrecting the national game in St. Louis, he knew as much about base ball as a porker does about theology. Chris had had no experience then, but was plucky and game enough to risk his money in the venture when no one else would touch it with a pair of tongs. The St. Louis magnate has grown up with the game, and no one can give him points now. In 1882, when he first embarked in the business, the Athletics visited the Mound City. Sportsman's Park has a short right-field, and in olden days there was a ground rule which only allowed two bases for a hit over this fence. On the day in question, nothing was said about the rule before the game. Stovey was the first man up, and he lifted the ball into the street on the other side of the fence

and completed the circuit. Comiskey came in at once and demanded that he be sent back to second. Stovey protested, and both teams gathered around the Umpire. President Von der Ahe was in the grand stand, but did not understand the cause of the commotion. Finally, he climbed over the rail and approached the crowd. 'Vot's de matter here, Commie; vy don't you blay?'

"'Oh, Stovey hit the ball over the fence and wants to take a home-run,' said the great Captain. 'I want him to live up to the ground rule and go back to second. What will we do about it?'

"'Vell, I tell you,' said St. Louis' chief, as he threw out his chest, hitched up his trousers and looked wise, 'my opinion is dat vot's knocked is knocked, und vot's ofer de fence is ofer de fence. Go ahead mit der game.' This logic and comprehensive remark of the St. Louis chieftain was enough to convince everybody that he knew his business."

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"Speaking of first impressions being often misleading, is a reminder that 'Bid' McPhee, now one of the acknowledged second-basemen of the country, was at the outset accorded a very cold reception in Cincinnati. When the old 1882 Queen City association team was being organized, McPhee, along with Sam Wise and Rudolph

Kemmler, of the celebrated Akron team, were secured to play in Cincinnati. As the spring approached and the time for reporting drew near, McPhee, who held the position of book-keeper in a business house in Akron, became possessed with the idea that he had achieved all the fame and glory that he desired in knickerbockers, and that he would settle down to be a staid business man. It required considerable persuasion to induce him to give up his books, and it was only after dozens of letters had been written and several trips made to Akron that he decided to continue his career on the diamond. Finally, 'Biddy' reported, and the first day he played he put up 'a very much Blue-Grass League' game on second-base. The crowd, on account of the extensive advertising he had received, did not treat him charitably. They gave him hoots and jeers, and McPhee was in anything but a comfortable frame of mind. 'What broke me up worse than anything else was a little episode that occurred after the game,' said McPhee. 'I boarded a Clark-street car as soon as I changed my clothes, and leaned against the rail of the rear platform, which was crowded with base-ball enthusiasts going home. In my citizen's attire none of the cranks knew me. They had evidently lost some money on the game, and as I had contrib-

uted more than anyone else to the Waterloo, I was the special target for their abuse. "That stiff they played on second-base to-day made me sick," said one of the crowd. "What's his name? McPhee? Yes, that's it. May be he didn't work the Cincinnati club about wanting to keep books! He ought to have stayed in Akron. He may be a h—l of a good book-keeper, but he's a d—n bad ball-player." And so it went. I dropped off the car without making my identity known, and at that time fully coincided with their views that I could do better at book-keeping than I could at ball-playing. I was badly broken up over my first game in Cincinnati.' "

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"Yank Robinson, of the St. Louis Browns, is of a peculiar temperament. He has a decided aversion to riding in a sleeping-car, or rather against retiring in a berth and sleeping the sleep of the just, like a plain, every-day mortal. Robbie evidently thinks his chances for getting out alive in a railroad wreck are far better when sitting up in a car, in his day attire, than when reclining in a berth, wrapped in the arms of Morpheus and one of Pullman's $10 blankets.

"Anyhow, Robinson will not go to bed while on a sleeper, if he can help it. His failure to turn in with the rest of the members of the team, one

night, during the writer's official connection with the St. Louis club, was the cause of the little second-baseman getting into a ludicrous scrape. After the St. Louis chief and all the players had retired, Robbie quietly sneaked into the smoking-car in the front part of the train, where he joined 'Foghorn' Bradley, then an association Umpire, in a quiet siesta, in which lunch, beer, and cigarettes were agreeable embellishments. Robbie was in an excellent humor until the conductor shot athwart his vision. That official flashed the lantern in Robinson's face, and, in a suave manner, said, 'Tickets, please.'

"'That's all right; I'm a member of the St. Louis Browns,' said Robinson, in a confident manner.

"'That don't go,' said the conductor; 'the St. Louis Browns are in the rear sleeper.'

"'I know that,' said Robbie; 'I left them and came out here to smoke. You know me; I am the second-baseman.'

"'Go on,' said the conductor; 'I know Robinson—you're not him. Come, give me your ticket; no more monkey-business.'

"'I have no ticket; President Von der Ahe has all the tickets,' said Robbie.

"'Well, I'll see about that,' said the conductor, as he slammed the door and started for the

sleeper. Here he found President Von der Ahe's berth, and shook the St. Louis chief out of a sound slumber.

"'Vot you vant?' indignantly inquired Chris.

"'There is a man out in the smoker who says he belongs to your team; I came to find out about him,' said the conductor.

"'He don't belong to der Browns,' said the irate president. 'All my men are in bet; don't vake me up again for such a ting.'

"This was enough, and the conductor returned to the smoker. 'Von der Ahe don't know you,' said the conductor, angrily, as he approached Robinson; so settle at once, or get off.'

"Robinson thought the matter over; he concluded it was better to pay the fare than to wake Chris up again, and take chances of being soaked a big fine for being out after hours. He settled, paying fare from St. Louis to Indianapolis. The next morning, when all the members of the team were performing their ablutions, Robinson joined them as if he had just gotten out of his berth. A moment later, the conductor came through. Robinson saw him, and tried to give him the 'office' to keep still. It was no go.

"'There is the fellow who said he belonged to your team,' blurted out the conductor to Von der Ahe, as he pointed to Robinson.

"'Get out,' said Robinson, angrily; 'you're too blankety-blank fresh!'

"'Is dot so?' said Chris. 'Vell, Mishter Robinson, you're fined $25 for being out after hours.'"

TROUBLES AND ADVENTURES OF BILLY HARRINGTON'S FAMOUS "CHICAGO BLUES," OR A WINTER'S TOUR IN THE SOUTHLAND, AS TOLD BY HARRINGTON.

In these days, when professional ball-players "on the road" enjoy the best traveling and hotel accommodations that money can procure, the hardships of ten, twelve, and fifteen years ago are rarely referred to, save, perhaps, when a party of old-time players get together in a reminiscent mood. The following faithful account of the travels of a Chicago team, however, as told by "Billy" Harrington, of the Chicago Blues, and Frank Rheims, at that time one of the party, though now an attaché of the house of A. G. Spalding & Bros., will doubtless revive many interesting experiences in the memories of the old-timers who read it. The account is printed just as Rheims and Harrington have given it to me.

"It was early in the spring of 1886," said Harrington to the writer, one afternoon, while Frank Rheims stood by, to occasionally add an incident to

the yarn, "that the famous Chicago Blues started upon a tour of the Southern cities, and I shall never forget my experiences upon the trip, if I live to be 100 years old. There were fourteen of us—all big, strong, husky fellows—bent, of course, upon making a record that would startle the world, and we really had quite a team. Composing it were the only Pete Gallagher, Nat Hudson, Elmer Foster, Elmer Sutcliffe, Eddie Hogan, Tony Suck, Frank Rheims, Billy Roach, George Rooks, Ed Stapleton, Charley Cady, Billy Williams, Jim Gleason, and myself.

"The trip was made 'on suspicion.' No man in the party possessed a dollar. I managed to get the tickets for the first jump of about 800 miles—Chicago to Columbus, Ga. The fare one way, at the two-cents-a-mile rate, was $16, making the aggregate expense of the party $224. Unfortunately, Willie was short a considerable portion of this amount, so he purchased seven tickets, and these, together with a pass written in favor of himself, constituted the documents for the entire party. You can believe me, therefore, when I tell you that there were some almighty pretty sparring exhibitions with the different train conductors en route. Rooks, Suck, and two or three others of the boys were conspicuously absent from the party

throughout the greater portion of the journey. Part of the time they were between the seats, with grips, overcoats, and bat-bags piled upon them, and they rode many a mile, I can tell you, hanging on to the rear platform of the sleeper—the last car on the train. Each and every man of our party will surely feel an everlasting sense of obligation to Rooks and Tony Suck, especially, for the self-sacrificing spirit they displayed on that journey. We changed conductors not less than seven times en route, and, of course, that made things all the more pleasant for us; but before we reached Columbus I had the boys drilled to the queen's taste. When a new conductor struck the train, every man of them knew just what was expected of him. Why, the Chicago fire department wouldn't have been in it with us for a minute. You see, we all knew it would be a case of doing the cheerful pedestrian act the very first time any one of us made a bad break, and it would have done your heart good to see how nicely we gave the 'cons' the 'double cross.' Before starting, I had painted rosy pictures of Columbus as a training-ground. I had told the boys that oranges, bananas, and big, mellow citrons grew wild in the streets, and might be plucked without the asking; that the air was balmy, and that the country was crazy on

base ball; so after we passed Cairo the boys were on the lookout for balmy air and oranges, and I am not sure but that some of them would have still been on the lookout had it not been for our chilled-steel nerve and phenomenal good luck.

"After riding for two days and nights, we reached that 'Ruben' town—Columbus; and right here is where our 'tale of woe' really began. We were to represent the Columbus base-ball club for a period of three weeks, and during that time were to play exhibition games with the Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago teams; but they failed to show up, and there we were, with a three-weeks' hotel bill staring us in the face, and 800 miles from dear old Chicago. After three weeks at Columbus, I had booked my team for two games each at Atlanta, Macon, Augusta, Charleston, Savannah, Nashville, and Louisville, so that the only thing left us to do was to get away from Columbus by some means and play our remaining dates. How to break away from the flinty-hearted landlord, however, was a sticker. No, he was *not* flinty-hearted; that is a mistake. He was so dod-blamed affectionate and so badly stuck on our entire party, that he positively would not allow us out of his sight. O me! O my! it makes me gray-headed now to think upon the many nights I lay awake in that old

Columbus inn, trying to devise some means of making the old man hot, so he would fire us, neck and crop. It finally came to a show-down, however, and something had to be done; so I called my Indians together, one dark night, on a lonesome-looking street-corner, and I wish you could have seen that crowd. There wasn't a cent in the party, not even 'beer money;' and for want of a shave, each man had a crop of promising whiskers that would have made Jo Jo envious. Gallagher's face had done more than anything else to put our landlord 'on,' and when I told him so, the look of offended dignity upon his classic mug made the gang double up, despite the gravity of our position. I had little hope that the meeting would result in a solution of our difficulties, but I was wholly unprepared for the display of confidence in my managerial abilities the boys made that evening. Under any other circumstances, I would have felt greatly honored, but as it was, I should have felt better satisfied had the boys placed less dependence in me and hustled for themselves. What could I do, however, when they whispered as with one accord, '*You* brace the old man, Billy! You can talk him into giving us our railroad fares out of town and a banquet as a send-off. Go it, old man; we'll all stay by you.'

"I protested, but it was no good; and so we

went to our rooms with the understanding that I should institute proceedings for a divorce from our hotel on the morrow. Well, next morning I did some heavy work. I found the landlord looking pleasant, but suspicious, and invited him for a walk. He was at heart a jolly old duck, and it only took a few funny stories to make him hold his sides and wrinkle his old mug until it looked like an animated plum-pudding.* I jollied him along as strong as I could; for, upon my word, I was afraid that when he learned the true state of affairs he would die of heart-disease, if there were not some counteracting sentiment to prevent it. Finally, I got around to business, and told him that we wanted to leave Columbus to play our dates in other cities, and that we would return to play the Chicago and Philadelphia teams two weeks later. The old fellow sobered down wonderfully when I said this; there wasn't a bit of laugh left in him, and I watched him out of a corner of my eye, not knowing just what to expect. He was foxy, however, and changed the subject; so that when we got back to the hotel I did not know any more as to how we stood than when we had started out. Just the same, I was up early next morning, and succeeded in 'holding up' the

* Those who know Harrington and his subtle tongue can appreciate the humor of this situation.

local managers for money enough with which to buy our railroad tickets to Atlanta, and then notified the boys to be ready to take the 9.30 A. M. train out of town. It was 9 A. M. when I sent an express-wagon to the hotel for the trunks containing our uniforms. Gallagher and Rheims nailed the trunks, and started to pile them into the wagon, when Mr. Landlord tumbled.

"'How about dot bill?' he asked Pete.

"Fortunately, I got in at this juncture, and said: 'My dear boy, the bill is all right; I just came from Mr. Bussey's office (Bussey was one of the local club people), and I am to give you an order on him for our board in full.'

"The old man looked at me, hesitatingly, for an instant; but I guess my honest face won him, and he said: 'O vell, dot's all right den; auf Mr. Bussey says so, go hed mit der drunks.'

"I nearly fainted with joy when he said this, but lost no time in getting those boxes on the wagon and starting the dray, with the boys behind it, for the depot. Then I sat down at the hotel writing-desk to write the order for our board-bill. Glancing at my watch, I saw it was but ten minutes to train-time; so I knew that Mr. Landlord could not get to Mr. Bussey's bank and catch the train before our departure. Consequently I wrote out the order and handed it to

mine host, shaking the dear old soul by the hand as I did so, and assuring him that we would return in two weeks' time. Then I cut out for the train, and got there just in time. The entire gang was on the rear platform when the departure bell rang; and may be we didn't yell as the train started, and, quickly increasing its speed, soon left Columbus far behind! We saw our landlord, however, before we got out of town. Just as the train started, we heard a yell up the main street; and there came old Dutchy in his buggy, on a dead run. He had evidently been to Bussey's, and found out my little scheme. Lord, but my blood *did* stand still for a second as I saw him coming. He was too late, however, and we left him shaking his fist at us on the station platform, while fourteen very happy ball-players shook hands all around.

"Well, we arrived in Atlanta, only to find it raining. Result: no game and no money. Next day the Columbus landlord showed up, and attached our trunk; but I was on to his little game, and told the boys to take out the uniforms, put them in their grips, and substitute eight or ten fat bricks as weight for the trunk, together with plenty of loose newspapers to prevent their sliding. It was a droll sight to see the boys skirmishing around a neighboring brick-pile and

hunting up old newspapers with which to carry out my instructions. We got the plunder all into the old trunk, however, and locked it up, just as though no change had been made in its contents. We played in Atlanta, the following day, to a fair crowd only, and left at 7.20 P. M. that evening. The uniform (?) trunk was brought over to the depot just in the old, sweet way, and the boys followed it, their sad faces well concealing their light hearts and their almost uncontrollable desire for laughter. On arrival at the depot, sure enough, we found Mr. Landlord and an officer awaiting us at the baggage-room, and the style in which they pounced upon that unoffending old trunk full of bricks made us grow serious for the moment, upon reflection as to what our position would have been had we not taken the precautionary measures before referred to. Pete Gallagher acted as spokesman for our party, and the wonder is that the landlord did not drop as a result of Pete's funny 'cracks.'

"'Please check this trunk to Macon,' said Pete to the baggageman, and the latter started to comply.

"The officer present had received his cue, however. 'Not to-day you won't, I guess,' said he, and then began to read his attachment papers, while the landlord stood by with a broad grin on his face, as he rubbed his hands in triumph.

"'Who are you?' asked Pete, looking at the officer and the landlord in well-feigned surprise.

"'Who vas me?' interrupted his old hashlets. 'I like dot; by golly, you vind oud who I vas. I guess you don'd blay some ball in der nexd town mitoud no uniforms, eh?'

"'Are you going to take our uniforms?' said Pete, and he began to sniffle like a school-boy, while the gang turned away and walked off to keep their sides from splitting.

"'Dot's it,' said Dutchy, promptly. 'I guess I stardt a ball team of mine own.'

"'O, you hard-hearted old man,' sobbed Pete; 'are you really going to deprive us of a means of livelihood? It's a shame, that's what it is, ain't it, fellows?' appealing to the rest of the crowd. And then Pete turned in and pleaded for that old trunk in a style that would have done Bob Ingersoll credit. The landlord only chuckled, however, and the officer was hard as flint. Finally, the bell rang, and the boys, with faces like first mourners, passed through the gates and boarded the train, leaving the officer in possession of his plunder, such as it was. I was not with the gang at the depot, as I feared a writ of *habeas corpus*, and so boarded the train at the city limits, and the yells of laughter that greeted me when I entered the car must have made the balance of

the passengers think they had struck a band of lunatics.

"Next day Mr. Landlord showed up in Macon. He had evidently not examined the trunk, for he was struck dumb with astonishment when he saw us appear in the same old uniforms, for the game that afternoon. He proceeded to business just the same, however, and attached my share of the gate receipts. He kept me thinking for awhile on this play, but I dropped to a scheme that did him. You see, he attached only my share, which, as I arranged it, was but one-fourteenth of one-half the gross receipts. This amounted to just $3.45, and that amount was left with the Macon base-ball club, to satisfy the attachment. I had the rest of the boys go to the box-office, one at a time, where each got his $3.45 and then brought it to me to take care of. The same thing was done next day, and Mr. Landlord, instead of catching $100 or so, as he thought he had, could not have received more than the price of his fare from Columbus to Macon and return. We lost him after leaving Macon, and none of the boys cried over his failure to keep up the chase, although we would gladly have squared our account with the old man could we have taken in the money.

"Our next stand was Savannah, and with our old Nemesis, the landlord, on the cattle-train

for his old stamping-ground, everybody felt light-hearted and happy. We hadn't money enough to wipe a jaybird's bill with, but we kept right along playing ball in the Sunny South, and having a barrel of fun wherever we stopped. With the exception of a few arguments with railway conductors, everything went well until we reached Chattanooga. Here, however, we found the ball-park flooded with two or three feet of water, and the local managers told us we would have to drain it before we could play ball. Well, it was either do that or go hungry; so we rolled up our trousers, took off our shoes and socks, and went to work, and a more picturesque-looking gang of street-cleaners you never saw. The Nashville park was all under water, so that date was canceled, and we reached Louisville without a dollar in our pockets, but almighty happy to get that much nearer old Chicago. Jim Hart gave us two days in Louisville, but it rained the first day, and the second day—well, it rained also, and our share of receipts for both games left us but $25, after our hotel bill had been paid. Twenty-five dollars, and 300 miles from Chicago! Just the same, I took the boys to the 6.30 train, and we boarded it, fourteen strong. As the train pulled out, I braced myself for the play of my life, and, to tell the truth, I

surprised myself. When I finished talking to that good, kind-hearted conductor, nothing was too good for the famous Chicago Blues, and we landed, safe and sound, in Chicago at 7.30 next morning, as thankful a lot of ball-players as there was in the country."

"Yes," interposed George Rooks, who had come in toward the close of the story, "and we drew our dividends from the proceeds of the trip before we left the depot. I remember of receiving five cents as my share. Oh, it was a great old trip."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE UMPIRE, DAVE SULLIVAN—A FUNNY SCENE ON THE BUFFALO GROUNDS—HOW JIM KEENAN STRUCK OUT—ONE OF DAN O'LEARY'S BREAKS—PETE GALLAGHER PLAYS "'POSSUM"—HOW JOHN BURDOCK WORRIED LEW BROWN.

"One of the silliest things I ever did in my life," said the late Umpire, Dave Sullivan, to me shortly before his death, "I did in Buffalo, when Buffalo was a member of the National League. The Cleveland and Buffalo teams were playing; Buffalo was in, and Davy Force was at bat. He struck at a pitched ball and missed, and I called a strike. Force turned to me and said, 'That was a foul.' I said I had heard no foul, and the strike went. Well, the crowd

in Buffalo was rather sore on umpires just at this particular time, as Doescher had suffered quite a roasting just before I was assigned there. One of the spectators had a pet dog with him on the day in question, and after Doescher had made a few decisions contrary to the opinions of the crowd, this fellow tossed the dog out of the stand, and shouted: 'Throw that Dutchman over the fence, and let the dog umpire.' So you see they were ripe for more fun.

"Well, after I had made the decision, they commenced to cry, 'Rah! rah! rah! rah! rum!' keeping pretty good dancing-time with their feet. After Cleveland went out in the following inning, and as I went up to dust the home-plate, the crowd was keeping such good time I thought I would take a hand myself, and I stepped on the plate and danced several steps to their music. Well, they yelled murder. Billy (Blondie) Purcell was playing left-field for Buffalo at that time, and he fell down on his way in, in a fit of laughter. Curry Foley was in this game, as was also Jim McCormick. They have often spoken to me of that performance, saying it was the funniest thing they ever saw on a ball-field."

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"All the old members of the Western League, which included Omaha, Kansas City, Milwaukee,

Indianapolis, Toledo, and Cleveland, will remember how solid Jim Keenan and Larry McKeon stood in Indianapolis—they owned the town. Indianapolis won the championship, hands down. A funny thing occurred, during a game between Indianapolis and Toledo, on the Toledo grounds. John Brennan, of Indianapolis, was the Umpire, and as the day was very warm, John thought he would be cute, and so he brought his umbrella with him. When he called game, he opened up his umbrella, and it remained open during the game. Imagine an Umpire umpiring a game in Chicago with an umbrella over his head—what a roasting he would get from the bleachers! Well, Keenan came to bat in—I think it was—the fifth inning, and he was then to the Western League what Buck Ewing is to the National League, and, of course, everything he said went. When he came to bat, Brennan called a strike on him, and he turned to argue the point with the Umpire; the pitcher, 'Big Stemmyer,' 'late of Boston,' put the ball over the plate, and the Umpire called the second strike, and, on the next pitched ball, he walked up to Keenan and said, 'Say, Jimmy, lay down your bat; you are out on strikes.' I have never seen a man so angry in all my life, and if a look would have killed, poor John would have been done for on the spot."

"Every one knows of the famous Dan O'Leary, the base-ball and theatrical manager. When Dan took the management of the Toledos, in 1884, he signed, among the many good players of that time, John Rainey, who played third base so cleverly last season for Buffalo. When Dan engaged John he signed to play third base, and early in the season John had miserable luck. He piled up error after error, but Dan said he was a 'comer,' and John was kept at third. The straw that broke the camel's back, however, came in the shape of eight errors in one of the Cleveland-Toledo games. It was in the fifth inning, and old Joe Battin, Doc Kennedy, Bill Sweeney, and a few more of Cleveland's hard hitters, were putting them around John's shins pretty lively. John made error after error, until Dan could stand it no longer. He came down out of the stand, and, walking up to Jay Faatz, said, so everybody on the grounds could hear him:

"'Jay, Jay! for God's sake, put him in the field and bring in Jim McDonald.'

"Well, the change was made, but John's hard luck followed him to the out-field, and there he muffed two flys, upon which Dan called to Faatz again:

"'Jay, Jay! put him on the other side of the fence, so that they can't see him.'

"Those acquainted with Dan O'Leary can appreciate this story."

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"Speaking of Dan, reminds me that at one time he was playing at Minneapolis, away back in '75, and during one of the games of that season the Umpire did not show up, so a man named McCarthy was chosen to act in his place. All ball-players who remember the erratic Dan's style will bring to mind what a great kicker he was, especially on strikes called on him. Well, during the game in question, the Umpire did not please Dan at all, and Dan kept up a continuous fire of objections to all the Umpire's rulings. Dan was at the bat in the fifth inning, and the Umpire called him out on strikes; upon which Dan dropped his bat, walked up in front of the grand stand, and then posing as only Dan can pose, said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, there isn't any use in our trying to win, while that —— —— —— is umpiring.' You can imagine the commotion his remark caused. Of course, Dan received his pay that night."

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"Pete Gallagher is another fun-maker, but Pete's humor is of a different order. Dan is always in earnest, while Pete is out for fun all the time. Give him an opening and see how

quickly he will take advantage of it. I remember one game especially in which Pete made a hit with me. Billy Harrington was running his famous Chicago Blues, and they numbered a great many of our local celebrities, including Milt Scott, Billy Yott, and Ed Merrill. The famous Pete Atkisson, the great pitcher of the Torontos during the past season (1889), was pitching for Michigan City, and Umbach, of the Ocean Brands, was catching him. They were a star team at that time, having defeated the Indianapolis, Cleveland, and several other teams playing in the major leagues. Well, Harrington wanted to win, and told the boys so, and they played hard and did win. In the sixth inning Gallagher made a base-hit, and stole second almost immediately. This safe steal made him bold, so he tried to steal third, and in doing so cut his hand, whereupon he made a great outcry, wanted time called, and wanted a great many other things. Finally, I asked him what he wanted, and he said, 'I want a runner. I can't run; I have hurt my hand.'"

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"Another funny thing happened to Ed Merrill, while playing with the famous Blues. Jack McQuade, the league Umpire, who was at that

time playing as good ball as any of the boys, was the cause of all the trouble. They were playing at a small town not a great distance from Chicago, and the Blues had out their best team. Just before the game commenced, McQuade made a bet of half a dollar with Merrill that the Blues would be defeated. Ed took him up, and told all the boys of the snap bet he had made with McQuade. But Jack had been there before Ed, and had all the boys promise to help him lose the game. First a ball would come at Gallagher on third, and he would throw it over the first-baseman's head. Then Billy Yott would throw it out into center-field. Everybody, it seemed to Ed, had taken on a crazy fit. And what a game Ed himself did play! It was the greatest game of his life. He played short that day, but he was everywhere. If a ball was hit into left-field, he was there; if hit to second-base, he was there; he took them away from Gallagher at third; in fact, he played as if his life depended upon the result of the game. He could have defeated the home team easily, but the Blues wanted to play a close game, so as to draw a good crowd the following day, and, in fact, did not care about winning the game. Merrill, however, had bet half a dollar on the result, and he was going to win, if hard playing could do it, and he would have won the bet if

McQuade had not called off the bet and told Ed to let up."

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"Talking about base-ball stories," continued Dave, "reminds me of an incident that happened at the Clifton House, in this city, some years ago, when Lew Brown and John Burdock were members of the Boston team. Lew and 'Burdy' were generally paired, and they made a pair to draw to. One night Burdock retired rather early (something unusual for 'Burdy'), and was after his first sleep when he heard Brown coming up the hall toward the room. John quietly slipped out of bed and locked the door, and when Brown tried it, of course he found it locked, and then commenced to pound on the door, and calling out, ''Burdy,' 'Burdy.'' But 'Burdy' could not, or rather would not, hear. Then Brown went back to the office to see if he had not made a mistake. But no, the key was not there, and back he went to the room and tried the door again, but with the same result. It would not open. Brown was pretty tired, and he was on the list to catch the next day, so he wanted as much sleep as he could get, and he wanted to have that sleep in his own room and on his own bed. So dragging a large settee, that stood near by, to the door, he tried to get through the transom. Imagine a man of Lew

Brown's size (260 pounds) trying to get through a transom on a warm summer night! The language he used he never learned at Sunday-school. 'Burdy' was wide awake all this time, listening to Brown cursing—first the key, then the door, then the transom, and lastly Burdock. Well, after one very hard struggle Brown got back on the top of the settee, and Burdock had in the meantime turned the key in the door. Brown got off the settee on to the floor, and he tried the door again; of course it opened, and then he commenced to talk to himself, and wondered what he had been drinking that would cause the door to act so. He never suspected Burdock until Burdock told the story the next day. Brown's only comment, when he heard it, was: 'I would rather catch a whole season for nothing than to attempt to get through a transom with a jag on, on a warm summer's night; a Turkish bath ain't in it.'"

ED CRANE'S MEMOIRS OF "OLD HOSS" BROWN—THE OLD CATCHER'S LOVE FOR YARN-SPINNING—THE LONGEST HIT ON RECORD—SHAW'S FUNNY PERFORMANCE—ELMER FOSTER TAKES A FALL OUT OF JIM MUTRIE.

"It was in 1884," writes Ed Crane, the big pitcher of the New York team of 1888–89, who made the tour of the world with the Spalding

party "(that was the year of the Union Association's fight) that I first met big Lew Brown, the old Providence and Boston catcher, who died in Boston during the spring of '89, and he was one of the drollest ducks I ever ran against. At that time, 'Brownie,' or 'Old Hoss,' as we called him, Tom Bond, and Tim Murnane were the only old-timers among the crowd of kids who made up our team, and it was not long before we youngsters found in the 'Old Hoss' quite a character. He was inclined to be stubby in stature, weighed about 250 pounds, and was always on his dignity with the kids, and on the watch to impress us with a realization of his superior experience and ability as a player.

"He never lost an opportunity of telling us about the time when he was 'on top' in his profession. 'Why,' he used to say, 'these monkeys, with their gloves, masks, and pads, make me think there are no more dead-game catchers in the business. In 1883 I went out on the April trip with Boston, and caught Whitney when he was his fastest, without protection of any kind. The first time I did so away from home, I thought the crowd had gone crazy.

"'They yelled "Murder!" and ladies fainted by the cart-load. They quieted down, however,

when they saw that I knew my business, and then, after they had seen me eat that long-legged guy in the box through nine full innings, without a passed ball or a wild throw, they carried me off the grounds on their shoulders and extended me the freedom of the town, which I of course accepted.'

"One day we were sitting around the club-house, talking of long hits, when 'Brownie' joined our party. He listened a moment, and then broke in with: 'Long hits? Why, you ducks never saw a long hit in your lives. I've seen lots of 'em myself, but so far I'll bet anybody that my record has not been broken;' and then he told how Providence and Boston were playing in Boston one day, and he had batted a ball which never stopped until it reached Providence. 'I hit it into the open door of a baggage-car on the Boston & Providence express train as it passed the grounds,' said 'Old Hoss,' as he saw us preparing to give him the laugh, and then he turned away to take a laugh at our expense.

" 'Brownie' used to have a heap of trouble in getting money while away on a trip, as Murnane, who was our manager, knew him too well, and would never stake him to any great amount. One night, in Milwaukee, 'the Hoss' struck Tim for some cash, and Tim, I believe, offered

him a silver dollar; 'Brownie' scornfully refused it, turned on his heel, and, walking over to where a group of us sat smoking, said, in the most indignant tones: 'I have stood this thing long enough, and I now propose to get even. I just asked Murnane for some money to get shaved with, and he refused to let me have it. Now, do you know what I'll do? Well, I won't get shaved again on the balance of the trip; I'll play ball with whiskers from this time out, and every time I go on the grounds I'll declare myself to the crowd—that's what I'll do.' He never carried out his threat, however, although he made a bluff at it by letting his beard grow for a week or more, until we guyed him so hard that he had to take it off.

"One of the funniest things he ever said to me was said one day in St. Louis. I was catching Bond, and Bond was 'signing' me with a smile. Well, the sun was in Bond's face, and he naturally squinted, so that I couldn't tell whether he was smiling or squinting, and consequently did a heap of guessing. After the game I told Bond I couldn't catch with that smile for a sign; upon which Bond turned to 'the Hoss' and said: 'What do you think of that, 'Brownie?' he can't catch with the smile for a sign.' 'Brownie' looked at me in disgust for an instant, and then

said: 'Go learn the business, boy; go learn the business. Why, I used to catch that man with seven different smiles an inning, and each smile a sign for a different kind of a ball.' I threw up both hands.

"When we got Shaw, 'Brownie' was the only man we had who could catch him. One day, in Washington, with Shaw pitching, 'Brownie' stopped not less than half a dozen foul tips with the pit of his stomach, and as he came into the bench I asked him if they didn't hurt. 'Naw; I didn't feel 'em,' was the reply. 'Why, kid, in '79 (that was his greatest year as a catcher), when a foul tip used to strike me in the stomach, I would *just pull in my breath and hold it.*' Some friends asked me, after the game, what made me fall off the bench while I was talking to Brown, and I told them the story. Shaw and 'Brownie,' as a battery, kept me laughing all season. 'Brownie' called Shaw the 'crazy monkey,' and Shaw never lost an opportunity to kid 'Brownie.' I will never forget an incident that occurred one day on the home grounds. The 'Hoss,' his little, short legs going like the coupling-shaft on a locomotive, was chasing a foul fly, and just as he attained his full speed, Shaw called out to him, 'Run, pretty boy, run!' 'Brownie' stopped right where he was, and, folding his arms over his breast,

looked the disgust he felt at Shaw's unwarrantable familiarity, while the crowd doubled up with laughter, and the boys were unable to get their faces straight during the balance of the game.

"'Brownie' was always afraid to room with Shaw, as Shaw, for a lark, would occasionally jump out of bed in the dead of night, utter a whoop like a fiend, glare about him like a madman, and then make a bluff at 'Brownie' with an open penknife. On every such occasion the 'Hoss' would go down to the office in the morning and have his room changed, with the remark that he was dead sure to wake up some morning with his throat cut from ear to ear by 'that crazy monkey.'"

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"We had another funny character with us, in the early part of the season, in Charley Reilly, the old catcher. He was, without doubt, the most diffident, and at the same time the most nervous, fellow I ever saw among ball-players. I have heard him order a glass of water at the dinner-table, and then, when one of the gang would say, suddenly, 'What's that, did you order water?' he would say no, and tell the waiter, when the latter came with the glass, that he hadn't ordered it. He was horribly broke up in a game in Philadelphia, one day. He reached second all right,

and tried to steal third, but, through nervousness or miscalculation, slid for the short-stop instead of the third-baseman, and was, of course, put out before he could get to his feet. The spectators howled, and the boys kidded poor Reilly until I thought he would faint before he reached the players' bench."

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"Shaw was very funny, but one had to see his antics to enjoy the humor in them. I remember of his making every man on the Boston grounds laugh for five consecutive minutes, one day. Every time he played in Boston the crowd extended him a great reception when he came on the field. On the day in question he waited until every one of the team had taken their positions, and then he marched from the club-house and across the diamond to the box with the air of a Roman gladiator. The crowd gave him a great reception, and he stood in the box like a statue until the applause had subsided, and then he took off his cap, and, lo and behold, he had under it one of those little 'Gussy' hats, held in place by a rubber band which passed under his chin. He struck an attitude, and, lifting the little hat six inches above his head, let it snap back like a shot. Then he put on his cap, and got ready to pitch the game as though nothing had happened.

The crowd delayed the game by its howls of laughter—and the fine didn't go, either."

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"Jay Faatz soon won a reputation in his way by his amusing back-talk and methods of kicking. The funniest kick I ever saw him make was against old Billy McLean, in Toronto. Jay and Billy had had lots of trouble through the game, and finally Jay started in from first-base to question a decision. Billy warned him, as he started, that if he came over to the home-plate he would get a thump on the neck; but Jay continued to approach until within ten feet of the plate, and there he and Billy had it hot and heavy, until Billy finally told Faatz that if he didn't go back to the bag and shut up, he would fine him the limit.

"'I don't care,' said Faatz (both he and Billy were boiling over), 'if you fine me a million.'

"Billy's face grew first red and then blue, and, looking at Faatz, he yelled: 'Well, d—n you, then I fine you a million!'

"Faatz's face relaxed, and he said, as he looked at Billy pityingly: 'Why, you kind old coon, don't you know there isn't that much money in the world?' and then went back to the bag, while Billy mopped his brow with his bandana, smiled, and called, 'Play ball!'"

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"Elmer Foster was an eccentric chap. He had followed the stage before playing ball, and could quote Shakespeare by the yard. He was South with Mutrie two years ago this spring, and came out of his hotel, one morning after breakfast, flat broke. As he looked around for some one to borrow a dollar from, he caught sight of Mutrie on the corner, and, running toward Jim, threw himself on his knees before him and began the lines, 'Mother, am I humpbacked, deformed, an idiot,' etc., from Claude Melnotte, with as much earnestness as though he had been on the stage before a crowded house. 'Get up, for God's sake!' said Mutrie, 'people will think you've got a jag on,' and turned to walk away; but Foster held on to him and continued his impassioned lines until Jim slipped him a ten.

"It is said that Foster was on his way home, about three o'clock one morning, when quite unexpectedly he ran against Mutrie. Jim looked sternly at Foster, and Foster looked just as sternly at Jim, finally remarking: 'Well, this is a fine time for the manager of the New York club to be starting home. Give an account of yourself.'

"Jim looked at Foster a moment, and then asked, 'Foster, where have you been?'

"'Out in society,' said Elmer, with a twirl of his cane.

"'Well, it will cost you fifty,' snapped Mutrie.

"'Bet you fifty it don't go,' grinned Foster.

"Mutrie pulled out his roll to take the bet, and swears that after he got home he found he had lost a hundred, and he knows he lost it when he met Foster."

CLARKSON'S LOVE OF BILLIARDS—HE ACCEPTS A CHALLENGE ON A FALL RIVER LINE STEAMER—TOM BURNS' FIRST TASTE OF HOTEL LIFE—THE LAUGH WAS ON GOLDSMITH.

"Anson does not get half as much time to play billiards as he would like," said Tom Burns to a group of the boys in Mussey's, one afternoon; "but nevertheless he is about as clever as any amateur in the country. Before George Slosson left Chicago for New York, the old man used to play almost every evening, and when the team left on its Eastern trips he used to carry a couple of pet cues with him in a green baize bag, with which he practiced at every opportunity. All of the boys in the team played billiards a little, Clarkson and Kelly playing about even. These two frequently got together in a fifty-point game for a $5 note. Well, we boarded the Fall River line boat at New York, one night, for Boston, and, just as the steamer was pulling out, Kelly challenged Clark-

son to a game of billiards, Kelly offering to give John twenty points in fifty. John was only too anxious to win five, and jumped at the chance. 'If you'll let me use one of Anson's cues,' said he, 'I'll play you, and play even up.' Kelly did not object to this, and off Clarkson posted for Anson's state-room. He soon reappeared with the cues, and, going up to the captain in the main saloon, asked him where the billiard-room was. The captain looked at John for a moment, and then said, without cracking a smile, 'We have taken the tables off this trip;' and John did not tumble to the situation until the gang gave him the laugh. He was awfully hot when he *did* tumble, for the reason that he had been trying for days to get the laugh on Sutcliffe, who was from the country, and was therefore supposed to be a soft mark.

"The same evening, however, Kelly asked Sutcliffe if he had been measured for a rubber suit.

"'No, what for?' asked Sut.

"'Well, how in thunder do you expect to play in rainy weather, then?' asked 'Kell.'

"'Sut' had not thought of that, and permitted the boys to measure him with a two-foot rule for a rubber coat, boots, and sou'wester, which, it is needless to say, have never been ordered."

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"I was pretty green myself, though, when I left my town to play ball," admitted the third-baseman. "I remember my first experience at a first-class hotel. At home I had always been accustomed to having the different dishes set upon the table all at once. A course-dinner was an unknown institution to me. Well, I went into my first dinner with one of the other members of the team, and the waiter brought us each a dish of soup, a plate of bread, and some butter. I thought the variety was almighty slim for a first-class hotel, but I did not want to give myself away, and so made no comment. One plate of soup and bread, of course, didn't satisfy my hunger, and without waiting to see what my fellow-player would do, I ordered more soup. The waiter brought it, and by the time the other boys had given their orders for dinner, I was so full of soup and bread that I couldn't eat anything else, although I wanted badly to tackle the host of good things that followed the porridge. This, however, never happened to me again, but I always recall it when I see a bill of fare headed 'Tomato soup.'"

"The story reminds me of one on Dell Darling. At the Continental, in Philadelphia, one day, Dell had finished his dessert and coffee, and the waiter set before him a finger-bowl with a slice of lemon

in it. Dell looked at it an instant, and then informed the waiter that he had *had his soup.*

"I don't suppose, by the way, that there is a catcher in the business whose hands have suffered more than Frank Flint's. He hasn't a finger that has not been broken or twisted out of shape and badly swelled by foul tips. One day, at the United States Hotel in Boston, a new waiter took 'Old Silver's' order, and, in hope of a tip, served 'Old Hoss' with many flourishes, finally setting a finger-bowl before him.

"'What's this for?' asked 'Silver.'

"'Dat's a fingah-bowl, boss, fo' yo' fingahs.'

"'That so?' said 'Silver,' holding up his hands. 'Well, I suppose it's all right; but I wish you'd bring me one that I can get my fingers into.' The coon's eyes were a sight when he saw 'Old Hoss's' hands, and then he gave a guffaw that made every guest in the dining-room turn in his chair, and which nearly cost him his job."

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"Goldsmith was very funny and bright, and quite a guyer. One season he had a fellow by the name of Ledwith playing third base for him. Ledwith was very ignorant. One day they commenced to hit 'Goldy' hard, and the way the balls flew over third base was a caution. 'Why don't you get a few of those?' said 'Goldy,'

angrily, as he turned to Ledwith. 'Am I got wings?' snapped Ledwith; 'am I got wings?' and the laugh was on 'Goldy.'"

HOW DAN O'LEARY SECURED A MEAL—AN INCIDENT IN UMPIRE BILLY HOLBERT'S CAREER—JIMMY GALVIN'S UNCANNY ADVENTURE.

The following paragraphs I have culled from the note-book of W. P. Pinkerton, the hustling correspondent of the *Sporting Times*, at Pittsburgh. I dropped into the *Leader* office one day last summer, while in "Smoketown" with Anson's young men, and seeing some copy which "Pink" had prepared for the next day's issue, held down upon his desk by a paper-weight, collared it. I helped "Pink" through an hour's search for the missing MS., and, it is needless to say, failed to find it. Here it is:

"Who is there that takes any interest in base ball that has not heard of Dan O'Leary? The most original character in the profession, generally in hard luck, occasionally otherwise, but, no difference what his condition, he is always in the best of humor, and has a funny story to tell or a joke to crack, and ofttimes this genial spirit has stood him in good stead and helped him to pull out from what might have been a bad hole for him.

"A few years ago Dan had gone to California for the winter, but struck a financial snag, and started for the East again. He got to Denver, and there one day he found himself without a penny. It was bitter cold weather, the mercury down a couple of inches below zero, and several feet of snow on the ground. Dan tried in every way to raise the wind, but without avail. He was beginning to feel pretty blue, as he had eaten nothing that day. His overcoat had been sold to pay for supper and bed the night before. The clothes he wore were nearly ready to be called in, and looked very shady.

"Dan had told his troubles that evening to the group in the hotel office, but they showed no disposition to help him, although they were all abundantly able to do so. They had come to the conclusion that he was trying to work them, and was not as hard up as he claimed to be. Dan was in despair, when all at once an idea struck him, and he rushed from the room. A little later, the door opened and admitted Dan and a gust of air that caused every one to shiver and feel a sudden sympathy for all unfortunates. In his hand Dan carried a bag, and, as he drew near the group, he said: 'Gentlemen, I guess you all think I'm a fraud; I'm not, but let it go at that. I am dead broke, and have no show to get to my friends.

I'm proud, though, and will not beg. I've tried hard all day to get work, but failed. My last cent went yesterday, and to-day I've had nothing to eat. Even now I'll not beg, and although I'll sleep out of doors to-night, I'll do it on a full stomach. I can eat anything, and there is just one favor I want. If some of you gentlemen will get me a little salt, I'll eat the cat and be content.' As he spoke the last words, Dan opened the bag he carried, and drew from it the dead body of a feline Thomas. It was frozen stiff and hard, and had a most unpalatable appearance. There was not a sign of a smile on Dan's face, and his seriousness brought down the crowd. The thought of the cat lunch was too much for them, and it was not many minutes until Dan was presented with funds enough to take him back home."

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"The greatest story-telling rival to O'Leary was big Bill Holbert, the good-looking, good-natured catcher of the famous old Mets. Billy has not been living in clover of late, but he scraped together enough for himself and family to live on during the past year, through the games that the reorganized Mets. played on the co-operative plan. When that famous team was in the zenith of its glory, and its members were petted and feasted wherever they went, Holbert was one of

the star members, and his story of the game between the 'Muds' and the 'Snappers' was called for on all occasions. I heard him tell it for the first time to a group of admirers who surrounded him, on the pavement in front of the Central Hotel, one evening in 1884.

"'I was taking a rest in a country town, a few weeks ago,' began Billy, 'and was loafing in the general store where the 'Rubens' congregate to swap lies, and there heard them tell of the wonderful work done by their favorite players. After hearing yarns that grew larger as they went on, I could stand it no longer, and finally had to try and call them down; so I spoke up, saying, 'Why, I saw something that downed anything you fellows have told about.'

"'Tell us about it,' they said in a regular chorus.

"'It was back in the sixties,' I began, 'and I was acting as an Umpire between the great 'Mud' and 'Snapper' clubs at Hickstown, on the Hog River, in Arkansas. It was the decisive game in the schedule of the league that was composed of the 'Muds,' 'Snappers,' and 'Soft-shells.' The game was a dandy, and the score was tied at 2 to 2, with two men out in the ninth inning, and Tip McGinnegan came to the plate.'

"'Go on,' said the Rubes; 'that was a dandy.'

"'You bet,' I continued. 'Well, just then

along came a nice out-curve, and Tip lit on it for all he was worth. He swiped that ball so cussed hard that it was split into two pieces. One-half went over the fence and into the Hog River, and the other piece flew past Mike McGee's head and went cavorting into left-field.'

" 'Oh Gosh, that was a corker,' chorused the jays.

" 'Right you are,' I answered; 'then Tip started to run, and was going around the diamond at full speed, when he tripped and fell at second base and broke his leg.'

" 'Too derned bad,' said my auditors.

" 'That leg was broken square off, and Tip lay there until the boys ripped a plank from the bleachers and fixed it on him for a splint. Then he managed to get up, and continued on around past third and into home. It was just then that McGinty found the half of the ball in left-field and threw it in, in time for Tip to be touched at the plate. What did I do? Nothing. I declared him not out, and allowed him half a run. The 'Snappers' won the game by a score of 2½ to 2.'

" 'How's that?' queried a jay.

" 'Why, they only got one-half the ball on him. Wasn't the other half a home-run?' "

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"There are few lovers of the national game who do not remember Valentine, who umpired in both

the league and association a few seasons ago. When he was officiating he was all right until a kick was made, and then he seemed to lose his nerve all at once and would go completely to pieces. Then his decisions would get ranker and ranker, and if the kicking was continued, a goodly dose of fines would generally be the wind-up. Off the diamond, however, there never was a better-hearted or more genial fellow than was 'Val,' and at such times was a great favorite with the players or any others who met him. One evening during the last season he was with the league, Valentine was seated in the office of the Central Hotel in Pittsburgh, surrounded by a little group of players and reporters. 'Val' had just had a particularly rough time of it in the game that day, and was loudly bewailing the unfortunate lot of an Umpire. Galvin, the veteran twirler, who was among the party, spoke up, saying:

"'Take it easy, 'Val,' your good time's comin'. I know of an experiment that's being tried to make it easier for the Umpires; in fact, I saw it tried last week, but it was done so quietly that no one has 'caught on' yet, for the originators do not want anything said about it until it is ready to be made a part of the regular game.'

"Of course, everyone was all attention at once,

and the scribes sharpened their pencils in expectation of something new. Galvin cleared his throat and began:

"'I was going along a country road out south of here, last week, when I came to a high stone wall. It seemed to encircle a vast area of ground, and I could not imagine what it was used for. Just then I noticed a little door, and determined to investigate. I knocked, and when it was opened an old man made his appearance. He had a long, white beard, and, strangest of all, was dressed in a flowing, white robe. 'What place is this?' I asked him. 'Celestial Park,' was the reply, 'and the Chicago and Pittsburgh clubs are playing to-day.' I did not understand it, but determined to see it through, although I didn't know of any games scheduled for that day. I attempted to draw out some change, but the old chap said it cost nothing, and told me to walk in. I passed through the gate, and a moment later was stretched out in a magnificent grand stand. It was of wonderful size, and, instead of seats, it was filled with fine, cushioned lounges, on which you could stretch out at full length. Then the bleaching-boards were under roof, and had nice, cushioned seats. The audience was the strangest part of it all. They were all dressed like the old chap at the gate in the long, white robes, and nearly all of

them had big wings fastened to their shoulders. I decided that I had struck a masquerade party, and so thought I'd have all the fun I could. Then I commenced to watch the fellows out on the diamond. There, sure enough, was Anson, Burns, Williamson, Dunlop, Miller, and all the gang; and the funniest of it was, I was right there in the box, pitching as hard as I knew how. The other boys all had the wings, too; and you were doing duty, 'Val,' behind the plate. 'Anse' was at the bat, and just then he touched me for a beautiful drive out into deep center. Gosh, if you'd only seen him fly! Those wings of his went so fast you couldn't see them, and he was perched on third before the ball came back. Then 'Dunny' went in to claim 'Anse' hadn't touched second. When he got to you, 'Val,' he took off his hat and said: 'Please, Umpire, will you allow me to enter an objection?' You gave permission, and then, while he was talking, you gave him a swipe because he forgot to say 'Mister' to you, and——'

"Just then Galvin happened to look around, and found that while he had been so interested in telling his yarn, every one in the party had stolen away. As the old man walked away with a look of disgust on his face, he muttered: 'Those fellows thought I was lying to them, but I was telling a dream I had, and it really is true that I had it.'"

"PEEK-A-BOO" VEACH'S BUSINESS FAILURE—"PETE" BROWNING'S SUPERSTITIONS—A CLOSE CALL FOR THE MILWAUKEE TEAM AND MANAGER JIM HART.

"Everybody who reads base-ball history," says Jim Hart, "has heard of 'Peek-a-Boo' Veach, who this season will cover first base for the Cleveland league team. 'Peek' used to be somewhat fond of a sup of the 'ould stuff,' a failing which, in times gone by, has caused him to make some failures in the base-ball arena; but I hardly think his *business failure* has ever been given the public, so I will give it as he gave it to me one night while sitting in the smoking-room of a sleeping-car:

"'Yes, Jim,' said he, 'I started a meat-market in Des Moines one winter. I had a partner—a corking good fellow, who could drink any ball-player I ever saw under the table. Well, we had a nice place, did a rushing business, sold for cash only, and had the best trade in the city. Our beef only cost us 6 cents per pound, and we sold it for 12 cents, and all other meats at the same proportion of profit; and what is more, we always sold entirely out, so that there was no waste. How we came to fail I'm blessed if I could ever tell. Why, our failure was a wreck. Our liabili-

ties were $1,000, and our assets were just twenty-four dozen empty bottles.' "

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"That ball-players are superstitious," continued Jim, "is a well-known fact, but I think the most aggravated case of the disease that ever came under my observation was that of 'Pete' Browning, the 'Gladiator,' so long with the Louisville team. During the season of 1886, a gentleman called me to the grand stand and asked:

" 'Why does 'Pete' always step on the third-base bag in coming in from and returning to his position in center-field?'

"I replied that I was not aware that he did.

" 'Well, watch him,' said the gentleman, 'and when he misses doing it, buy yourself a silk hat and have the bill sent to me.'

"I wanted a hat, so I watched Peter pretty closely, but, sure enough, he never passed in or out without stepping squarely on the third-base bag. Anybody who knows 'Pete' knows that to lead in batting is his hobby, and anything likely to improve his batting that can be suggested catches him immediately. I finally asked him one day why he always touched the bag as he did.

" 'Well, Manager,' said he, 'I'll tell you how it is. You know big Dan Brouthers? Well, he

is the best batter in the league; so when we played the Detroits, last spring, I thought I would watch him closely, and get on to some of his points. Well, I noticed that when he left first base (his position) to come to bat, he always put his gloves on the foul-line back of first-base. Well, I don't play first base, and I don't wear gloves, so I set myself to thinking what I could do to help my batting. I used to spend my time while in center-field trying to think of some good scheme. One day I was coming in from the field, and I happened to step on third-base bag. Well, I made a hit. I stepped on it again going out and coming in, and got another. I got four in that game, and I have continued to step on the bag ever since.'

"Not long after this, Peter's health gave out to a certain degree, and his fielding fell off to such a degree that I was compelled to lay him off and send him to the springs to recuperate. Now, 'Pete' is not at all modest as to his playing ability, and always claimed that the games the team won were due to him and his superior batting abilities. During the time he was laid off, the team made the most successful Eastern trip in its history, winning a majority of games on all grounds visited. 'Pete' got back from the springs the day we got home. The boys and myself were all feeling good

over our successful trip, and 'Pete' was correspondingly depressed. Finally one of the boys remarked:

" 'Say, 'Petie,' we can win even if you are not on the team.'

" 'Pete' looked worried for an instant, and then drawled out: '*Umph*, you needn't brag, for I was the cause of your good playing. We had a ball-ground at the springs, and I *touched the third-base bag every day*.' "

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"The fact that no base-ball team has ever been in a railway smash-up has often been commented upon. In the summer of 1887, I thought that the Milwaukee club would certainly break that record. I didn't have much time for thought, however, as the occurrence was like this: We were going from Kansas City to Omaha. The sleeping-car was so crowded that I was compelled to put two men in each lower berth and take an upper myself. In the dead of night, with the train at a stand-still, I heard a voice filled with horror shout:

" 'For God's sake, start the train, quick!' and before the echo of these words had died away another voice shouted through the door of the car:

" 'If you want to save your lives, get out of this car, and get out quick!'

"'Mingled with this voice I heard two explosions. I thought it was a case of Jesse James, and as I had a considerable sum of money with me I began to reach for it. Following the voice in the door was one from one of the players who was occupying the berth under me. 'My God,' it said, 'there is a train on top of us;' and no sooner were these words spoken than a crash of breaking glass was heard. These incidents were crowded into a space of probably thirty seconds, and by the time the last words of warning had been sounded not less than twenty people were standing on a bank, fifteen feet from the track, dressed in all colors of under-clothing, and some of them with bare legs, while forty feet back of us (ours was the rear car of the train), on the same track, stood a big engine panting and blowing, and looking to us larger than the capitol at Washington. When we began to compare notes after finding that we were safe, we found there was a disabled train ahead of us on the same track, while behind us was the fast freight, and as we had stopped just around a curve, the engineer of the freight could not see our train. The explosions which I heard were torpedoes placed on the track, but owing to lack of time they were placed not more than fifty yards back of our train. The crashing of glass which so startled me was

caused by the two players who had the berth under mine. They each took a header through the windows, and, strange as it may seem, escaped without injury. In my hurry to get out, I could not find the opening in the curtains, and as time was precious, I tore a slit in the curtain large enough to let me out, a feat which I could never have accomplished under any other circumstances. One of my players who had an upper berth had been presented by his admirers with a handsome gold watch, and of course his first thought was to save the watch. When he slid out of his upper berth with the time-piece in his hand, and minus all clothing except an undershirt, his partner was just crawling out of the lower in time to have the player with the watch in his hand take a seat on the back of his neck. There was no time to readjust, so out of the car they went in that position. You can imagine the picture. Two of my players were so frightened that they forgot how to get out of their berths, and consequently stayed there. Take it all in all, we came very near to missing a scheduled date, and, as it was, experienced all the questionable pleasure of a genuine collision."

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HOW ONE OF ANSON'S YOUNG PITCHERS KEPT HIS ARM IN PITCHING FORM—A SLEEPING-CAR ADVENTURE.

Horace Fogel, of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, is authority for the following sleeping-car yarns, at the expense of Anson's new pitcher, Sullivan, and Mark Polhemus, formerly of the Hoosiers:

"Last season," writes Fogel, "Washington had a pitcher named Sullivan—I think the same player who lately signed with Chicago. He was a very green but precocious youth, and had never been inside of a sleeping-car until after joining Washington. The first trip the 'Senators' made after Sullivan had joined them he was taken along. Being down to pitch next day, he was given a lower berth by Manager Irwin, so as to get a good night's rest. After the porter had fixed up his berth, Sullivan went behind the curtains to undress. Soon after he emerged and called several of the boys to his berth. 'Say, what's that little hammock in there for?' he queried. 'That,' replied Hank O'Day, 'is a pitcher's berth; the man who has to pitch the following day always gets that berth. The car company provides that hammock for the pitcher to rest his arm in.' O'Day looked grave, and Sullivan took it for

granted that the hammock was used for that purpose. After Sullivan had undressed, he discovered that the hammock was on his left side; so he emerged for the second time from behind the curtains, and, calling O'Day, said: 'This bed must be for a left-handed pitcher, as that hammock is on the wrong side for me.' O'Day showed him the difference by simply changing the pillows around. Sullivan then went to bed; and when, an hour later, the boys peeped in through the curtains, he was lying flat on his back, sleeping soundly, with his arm resting in the hammock-like clothing receptacle. In the morning they found him in the same position. Sullivan was very lame in his shoulder the next day, his position, with his arm hanging a foot higher than his body in that hammock all night, having been too much of a strain on him.

"I am told by several Washington players that this story is true."

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"A funny incident occurred one night on a sleeper while I had charge of the Indianapolis club. I had just signed Polhemus, a youngster from the New England League, and, being a very fly youngster, it did not take the 'old gang' long to get 'on to' him. We were on our way from Indianapolis to Philadelphia via the B. & O. road, leav-

ing the former place on a Saturday night. Polhemus had never traveled over the B. & O. road, and the boys had him pretty well scared by telling him what a dangerous road it was, especially coming over the Alleghany Mountains between Grafton and Parkersburg. Polhemus was warned not to go to bed until after we had crossed the mountains, as the road was so full of sharp curves that he would be in danger of being chucked out of his bed. It was Sunday night, about 10 o'clock, when we neared the mountains, and 'Polly' being very sleepy, decided to go to bed and take the risk of being tumbled out. Well, he went to bed, and soon was fast asleep. He occupied an upper berth. Leitner, who was the most mischievous youth I ever saw, had been playing tricks on the rest of the boys all day long, and the idea struck him to give 'Polly' a good scare. He loosened the straps which held the berth down, and then calling Seery to his assistance, the two pushed up the trap-like upper section. The lock-spring caught, and there was Polhemus locked in against the roof of the car. Then there was a racket in that section, 'Polly' kicking as hard as he could, and yelling at the top of his voice for assistance. He thought the car was upset; that he was in a wreck, and felt himself hopelessly imprisoned, where he expected

to be roasted alive as soon as the car caught fire, which he took for granted as an inevitable result. The boys kept him locked up for about a minute, and then turned the lever and lowered the section. Out jumped 'Polly,' pale as a sheet, and so terribly frightened as to be wholly bewildered. The lights from the gas-jets seemed to give him the impression that there was fire all around him, and he made a leap for the door. Fortunately, he ran in a direction where several of the boys were standing, and they stopped him. But for their interposition, I believe he would have run out and jumped from the train, which was going at the rate of about fifty miles an hour. It took 'Polly' several minutes to recover his senses, and it is needless to add that he was very angry when he discovered the trick. The funny part of that night's ride was that Leitner, who perpetrated the joke, soon after went to bed, he also occupying an upper berth, and actually did roll out of bed, and hurt himself not a little. The train was moving very fast, and when going around one of those sharp curves which all ball-players know, Leitner was jerked out, and fell in a heap in the middle of the aisle. He occupied the berth next to me, and I was the first to discover the accident. I heard groans, and, poking my head out from behind the curtains, I discovered Leit-

ner sitting in the aisle with his arms clasped about his body and moaning to himself. I got up and assisted him to his feet, and, upon examination, found that he was considerably more frightened than injured. In the meantime the other boys awoke, and all had a good laugh at Leitner's expense, the man who laughed most heartily being Polhemus."

HOW ONE BALL-GAME WAS LOST—ZIMMERMAN'S GREAT TRIPLE PLAY.

"While manager of the Chattanooga, Tenn., club, in 1885," writes Billy Voltz, of the Philadelphia *Press*, "my team stopped off at Macon, Ga., to play that club a postponed game. A victory for Chattanooga meant a change from fifth to fourth place, and a victory for Macon meant third place for them, as they were then tie for second. I put Ramsay, the celebrated pitcher, in the box, and owing to the illness of Siegel, my right-fielder, I was forced to put Bullas, who was Ramsay's regular catcher, in the field, and Cox, who was a worse fielder than Bullas, was obliged to catch Ramsay. Up to the beginning of the ninth inning, the score stood 3 to 2 in our favor. We were first at bat, and were retired without a run. Then the Macon men came to bat. Two hands

were out and men were on second and third bases, when Peltz, one of the Macon players, rapped out a liner into right-field. Bullas was a miserable excuse for a fielder, and was slow in sighting the ball. Then, too, the sun was in the poor fellow's eyes. When he did sight the ball, he saw he was playing too far in, and started to run toward the right-field fence, which, by the way, is not as high as the average fence. As Bullas turned to catch the ball, it crashed through his fingers, hit him on top of his head, from which it bounded over the fence, and we lost the game by a score of 4 to 3, Peltz stopping at second base. This can be vouched for by any of the contestants in that game and the spectators who witnessed it."

Jack Bellman and Leve Shreve were discussing catchers and ball-players in general, on the Louisville grounds, one day last summer, when Billy Reccius told the following about Billy Zimmerman, formerly right-fielder of the old Eclipse club:

"Zimmerman," said he, "was one of the greatest fielders I ever saw. He played with the Eclipse club the year previous to its admission to the association. One day he saved the game for us by making a remarkable triple play. A low fly-ball was hit to right-field, and the bases were full. There were no outs, and the runners, think-

ing that the ball would fall safe, started around the circuit. Zimmerman caught the ball a few inches from the ground, and he was going so fast that he touched first base before he could stop. He then threw the ball to second, completing the finest play ever made on a ball-field."

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY CHADWICK—BASE BALL IN THE '60S—A GAME OF ONE HUNDRED INNINGS—THE VETERAN'S ESTIMATE OF "ROUNDERS."

Says the veteran, Henry Chadwick: "My earliest recollection of base ball dates back to the fall of 1847—over forty years ago—when I went with a party of young fellows to the Elysian Field, Hoboken, to play a scrub game of the base ball of those days. The regular field was occupied by the Knickerbockers that day, and we had our game on an adjoining open lot. I played short-stop, and we had lots of fun. Our side lost; I know, because I had to chip in to pay for the oyster supper we played for. I plugged two base-runners out who ran from home to first, hitting one in the back and the other on the leg before they got to the base. I got hit once on the neck, but the ball was not hard, and it did not hurt much.

"In those days they played a game of base

ball in the New England States which would occupy a couple of days in playing a match of over a hundred innings. Before that time, in the '30s, they played town ball in Philadelphia, of which the old Olympic Club was the first club to play the game. But base ball *per se* was not established in Philadelphia until 1859 and 1860. The first game of base ball I ever saw in Philadelphia was in 1860, between the old Equity and Winona clubs. I remember their having bases one cubic foot square, like a cushion stool, and when a runner would reach a base he would take a seat on the bag.

"The most enjoyable trip I ever took in reporting base ball was that on which I went with the Nationals of Washington, July, 1867. That excursion did wonders in extending the popularity of base ball. I shall never forget our experience in Chicago that trip. The Nationals had had a walkover with the clubs of Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, and St. Louis, but they struck a snag when they met the Forest City nine at Dexter Park, Chicago, the pitching of Al Spalding bothering them considerably, and they met with their first and only defeat at the hands of the Forest City nine that time. They tried to get up a return game, but the Rockfords declined. They well knew that defeat would have followed.

The next day the Nationals met the Chicago champions, the Excelsiors, who were sanguine of taking the visitors into camp after their defeat by the Forest City nine. But this time the Nationals played their game, and defeated the Excelsiors by 49 to 4. You never saw a madder crowd than the Excelsiors and their betting friends were that night. They swore it was a put-up job, etc. Just look over the files of the Chicago *Tribune* of July 27, 28, and 29, 1867; you will find some interesting base-ball reading also in the Chicago *Times* and *Republican* of those dates.

"The first book on base ball which I wrote was Beadle's Dime Book of 1860, which was published yearly for over twenty years. This was the first book on the game ever published. A comparison of that work with the League Guide of 1889 shows what wonderful changes have been made in the game within a quarter of a century. New York was the great center of base ball then, and yet in that city but little public interest was taken in the game compared to that of the present time. The Atlantic Club in 1861 played in but seven matches.

"The pitcher in those days had to deliver the ball by a square pitch only. He was required to stand behind a line twelve feet in length and forty-five feet distant from the home base. He

could run eight or ten feet in the act of delivering the ball, and he had to pitch ball after ball until the batsman was suited. The Umpire sat in a chair with an umbrella over his head to protect him from the sun, and had an easy time of it.

"I remember one time that Matty O'Brien of the Atlantas—their regular pitcher—acted as Umpire, and he became so interested in the contest that, in a play in which the running home of a base-runner from third had to be decided, Matty called out 'judgment' and looked around for the Umpire, forgetting that he himself was the man."

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Concerning the English game of "rounders," unto which, in the past, Englishmen have likened base ball, Mr. Chadwick says: "My first experience in playing 'rounders' occurred nearly sixty years ago, when I was an English school-boy. We used to each go out to a field back of the school, get three stones for bases, dig a hole in the ground for home base, and mark a line where the runner was to stop running round the bases after leaving third base. The 'feeder,' or pitcher, tried his best to toss the ball into the hole, and the batsman would do his best to knock the ball into the field. If he succeeded he ran to the bases, and if not caught out could only be put

out by being hit by a thrown ball when off a base. This was all there was to the game. It was simply a game to occupy about an hour or two, and the fun consisted in hitting the runner. There was no skill required in pitching, batting, or fielding. For Englishmen to compare a boyish pastime like this to our manly national game of base ball, is the veriest nonsense.

"Base ball is unquestionably an American game. In fact, I know it is, for I had much to do for several years in formulating its rules, and in evolving the game, as now played, out of the old exercise game of thirty odd years ago. I was on the committee of rules of the old National Association in the '60s, and nearly all of the work of revising the rules each year was left in my hands, even before I became chairman of the committee. When I took hold of the work of improving the old game, the ball was too large and too elastic; there was no penalty for wild pitching, and batsmen could hit at fair balls or not just as they chose; players never touched bases when they ran them; the bound catch was in vogue; the Umpire was irresponsible and his duties almost nominal; in fact, the game was merely for fun and exercise. I helped to make it the manliest game in vogue, and to make it a strictly American game, having no equal in the world for the purpose it serves as

a field game of ball, suitable for all ages and all classes. By and by, when English prejudice is removed and our Yankee game is given a fair show, it will go side by side with cricket in England. All I want for it is for Englishmen to give our game as fair a show as they have done the Canadian game of Lacrosse. But don't insult our game by calling it 'rounders.' "

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The most successful base ball year in the annals of the Harvard nine was that of 1870. It was in that year they met the New York Mutuals on the Boston Club grounds, and I append the score:

HARVARD.

	Batting.				*Fielding.*				
	O.	R.	1B.	T.B.	Assists.	Fly catches.	Outs on bases.	Errors.	Total put out.
Eustis, r f	1	6	6	6	0	1	0	0	1
Wells, c f	1	5	5	6	0	2	0	0	2
Perrin, 1st b	5	2	3	3	1	0	10	0	10
Bush, c	4	3	2	2	0	1	0	3	4
Austin, s s	4	1	2	2	5	2	0	0	2
Goodwin, p	2	2	2	2	2	0	0	0	0
Reynolds, 3d b	4	0	1	2	1	2	0	0	3
White, 2d b	4	1	2	2	2	1	2	0	3
Thorpe, l f	2	4	4	6	1	2	0	0	2
Totals	27	24	27	31	12	11	12	3	27

MUTUAL.

	Batting.				*Fielding.*				
	O.	R.	1B.	T.B.	Assists.	Fly catches.	Outs on bases.	Errors.	Total put outs.
E. Mills, 1st b.	6	1	1	1	0	0	7	0	7
Eggler, c f.	2	2	3	4	0	3	0	0	3
Nelson, 3d b.	2	2	4	5	3	0	0	0	0
Patterson, l f.	5	1	1	1	0	4	0	2	6
Hatfield, s s.	2	4	3	3	4	2	0	0	2
Martin, r f.	5	1	1	1	0	1	0	0	1
C. Mills, c.	1	4	4	4	2	1	0	5	6
Wolters, p.	3	3	1	1	0	0	1	0	1
Swandel, 2d b.	1	4	2	2	0	0	1	0	1
Totals	27	22	20	22	8	11	9	7	27

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Harvard	2	3	2	8	1	4	3	0	1—24
Mutual	0	5	1	1	4	3	2	4	2—22

Both the catchers are dead, and Nelson is the only professional name in service of the old Mutuals.

A TRAGEDY OF THE DIAMOND—REN MULFORD'S STORY OF LOU HEENKE'S FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE FIELD AT ATLANTA—HOW A BRAVE FELLOW DIED.

"To the ever-growing volumes of literature of the game, not a chapter has been contributed upon the life and trials of a manager," writes Ren Mulford, Jr., of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. "Poor fellows, they are too modest to talk about it,

for about their devoted heads all season long ring the cheers of admirers in the halcyon days of victory, and the jeers of caustic critics when the hours of defeat are darkest. For reverses they have one brief, eloquent excuse—'hard luck;' and when Fate smiles her sweetest, during the era of success, there can be but one reason for the turn of the tide—'great ball-playing.' Managers are like all the rest of mortals—they are born, not made. They have their ups and downs, just like the directors of elevators. When fortune smiles they breathe easily, and when the fickle jade has turned her back they suffer in silence, for managers, like umpires, were fated to be abused.

"It is 'on the road' that the guardian angel of a ball club's destinies earns his salary. There never was a team on the face of the globe so bound by the scheduled rules and regulations that it did not need watching. The witching hour of midnight oft sees the distracted manager, with fire in his eye and watch in hand, pacing the gloomy corridor of a hotel, looking for the culprit pets of the diamond field, who have transgressed the laws laid down for their government. It is not all of management to sit with the boys upon the bench and scowl as misplays are made or smile when the swish of the bat and crack of

the horse-hide keeps the score-board boy busy chalking up tallies that make victory certain. The joys of the life are all magnified—the disagreeable tasks hidden behind a curtain that is seldom raised to the multitude!

"So much by way of introduction. It is not with the passive joys and sorrows of a manager, however, that this sketch will deal. Few have had the sad experience that befel Gus H. Schmelz during the early years of his career as a guardian angel of tossers of the sphere. Not often has the shadow of death darkened the professional diamond. Despite the element of danger in this sport of sports, serious accidents on the field are of rare occurrence. It was decreed for one of Gus Schmelz's 'boys' to die for his club. The sacrifice had never been made before. Let us hope the future holds no such tragic event. Atlanta was the scene of the sad affair. It was in 1885 and the 'Gate City' boys were marching victoriously toward the pennant, the trophy of the Southern League race that they finally carried off in triumph. On that fatal afternoon they had in the Nashvilles opponents worthy of their best efforts. It required head work to win that game. Met at every point by the Tennesseeans, it verily seemed that the tide of success had been turned. Lou Heenke—a Cincinnati boy, by the

way—in the natural run of things took his turn at the bat, with one of his Atlanta *confrères* on third and one man out. One run might win that game, for nothing but blanks had been drawn, and Heenke played to get that man home. He blocked the ball safely. Down toward third it slowly rolled and Norman Baker, who was pitching for the Nashvilles, quickly recovered it. By a feint he scared the runner back to third, and then threw wildly toward first. Charley—better known as 'Lefty'—Marr was at that base for Nashville, and he dove forward to stop the ball. He barely touched it, but it dropped on the line at his feet. Without the loss of a moment he stooped to recover it. Heenke was coming down the path as fast as his legs would well carry him. Marr was in his way and a collision was inevitable. With the force of a catapult Marr's head was planted full in the breast of the runner. Heenke dropped like a shot, while Marr was sent spinning head over heels into right field, where he lay half stunned. The run was in and Heenke with a groan crawled safely to first.

"'Can you play it out, Lou?' he was asked.

"'No,' was the brief but emphatic reply, and, wounded to the death, the big first-baseman left the field. His eyes rested upon it wistfully as he walked to a conveyance which was destined to

take him to the hotel where the last scene of all was enacted. Suffering untold tortures, he never murmured. Few thought that collision meant death to one of Atlanta's favorites. Arriving at the hostelry he walked up three flights of stairs to his room, away from God's bright sunshine, to face the great unknown. The whole story of his death has never been told. From the lips of one who held his hand while the 'Grim Reaper' stifled his breath and beaded his forehead with the dew of dissolution, I heard it. For hours he lingered in agony. One chum remained steadfastly by his side, kindly repulsing friends who called and ministering to the dying player. That man was 'Hen' Bittman.

"'No soldier ever faced death with less fear than Lou Heenke,' declared Bittman. 'Only once did I hear him complain. He lay there waiting for the end he knew was coming, and as his eyes roamed over the ceiling he groaned, 'Oh, God, how can you let me suffer so!' that was all. His first question, when the boys filed in after the game, was:

"'What was the score?'

"'We beat 'em three to nothing,' came the reply, but the glamour of the victory was lost in counting the awful cost, for it was then known that before the sun set upon another day a

ball-player's spirit would take its flight into eternity.

"'I wish you had struck out,' remarked Bittman.

"'What's the difference? I made a run by it,' was Heenke's cheery response.

"'Shall I telegraph to your wife?' Bittman asked.

"'Oh, no, she would only have to carry me home,' came the answer, with a meaning not to be misunderstood.

"'But hadn't I better write?'

"Bittman was persistent and Heenke responded:

"'Yes, if you will.'

"'What shall I tell her?'

"'You can say that I got hurt in a ball-game and died!'

"Here was nerve for you! Around the couch of the dying boy devotional services were held. Ball-players knelt while the Giver of all things good was petitioned to receive to Himself the youth whose life was fast ebbing away. These were trying moments for Manager Schmelz. He was a sorrowing participant in all these preparations for the inevitable. Heenke was conscious up to the last moment.

"'Good bye! Amen!' were the last words he spoke, and as the rattle of death told that the

end had come, Manager Gus Schmelz turned away faint and sick at heart. Lou Heenke sleeps his last sleep in a Cincinnati cemetery.

"On the heels of that tragedy there came another incident which bordered on a murder. A half-drunken fellow was abusing Heenke after his death, in the presence of several of his former *confrères*. Bittman resented the insults and avowed his intention to defend the name of the dead from slander. The Georgian was not to be subdued by mere words, and drawing a knife as long as a bayonet, he made a pass at Bittman's jugular. The blow fell short and 'Jimmie' Green, who has since played in the Tri-State League, with one blow knocked the would-be knife-user down and then disarmed him. The rumpus created much excitement, for Atlanta was still grieving over Heenke's sad fate. It was not long before Manager Schmelz heard the story, and rushing to Bittman he said: 'Stay around the hotel to-night; we've had one man killed and we do not want to lose another!' These leaves from a manager's life are exceptional. Were they mere matters of course, there would be more gray-haired gentlemen in the profession than can now be counted."

CHAPTER V.

THE BASE-BALL STRUCTURE IN AMERICA—THE REVOLT OF THE PLAYERS AGAINST THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The history of the growth and development of base ball has been so completely covered, its championship contests of past years recapitulated so ably, and the records of its great clubs and players given so fully, as to render chronological treatment in this volume unnecessary; yet there are certain periods and features of the game's history which the writer is inclined to touch upon briefly in this chapter.

At no period of its existence has the game been brought before public notice so widely as during the past winter—1889-90. The attempt of one hundred or more of the most prominent players in the country to disrupt and cripple the two leading and the oldest organizations of the base-ball structure in America, by withdrawing in a body under the protection of the Brotherhood of Ball Players, has made the winter in question by far the most eventful period in the game's history. An

erroneous impression of the causes which led to this upheaval in the base-ball world exists in many sections of our own country, and particularly in England and Australia, where the American game is just obtaining a foothold; and as the writer hopes that this little volume will be read not only throughout the United States, but in Great Britain and Australia as well, it has occurred to him that a brief and plainly-worded history of the "break," and the schemes of its instigators, leading up to the revolt itself, may not only be of interest, but serve as well to correct mistaken impressions—many of which without question exist.

At the time of the organization of the Brotherhood, the National League of Professional Ball Clubs had been in existence about eleven years, and the American Association almost as long. When the National League was organized, base ball was comparatively in an embryotic condition. There was no such thing in existence as a well-organized association of professional clubs, with pre-arranged schedules, with clearly-defined playing rules, or with inter-state club laws and protective measures against insubordination, intemperance, and dishonest ball-playing. The game was at the mercy of gamblers and tricksters, and held a position in public estimation which certainly gave little promise of its subsequent development

into the recognized national game of the American people, backed financially and controlled by men of high social and business standing, and numbering among its enthusiastic patrons thousands of the best citizens in our great centers of population. To rescue the game from the slums and sand lots, to weed out the drunkards and "crooked" players, to build up the sport and place it upon a plane that would entitle it to public esteem and win for it popularity among the better classes, was indeed a Herculean task, when one considers its unenviable standing back in the early '70s. It can readily be understood, also, that, under the circumstances, the utmost rigor and the sternest discipline practicable was necessary in the control of players, who had never been subjected to even the mildest discipline, and who as a class were not sufficiently intelligent to understand the necessity for anything of the kind. Such rules, measures, and policy were consequently adopted, and when certain players, a year or two later, were accused and convicted of a plot to "throw" certain championship games between league teams for the benefit of the gambling fraternity, they were permanently expelled from the ranks of the League, and their cases so summarily and sternly dealt with that the remaining players of the

young organization were thoroughly convinced of the League's intention to control its affairs with ungloved hands and stand no nonsense.

As the National League grew in age, and the game began to assume cleaner and more promising proportions, other necessary rules and regulations were suggested through each succeeding season, and they were promptly adopted and rigorously enforced. Each year, however, seemed to bring forth some new obstacle to the game's financial and professional success, and one of the greatest that in time developed was the grasping policy of both clubs and players. The National League club at Chicago, for instance, would employ and develop a young player until, by his excellent work in the field or at the bat, he attracted the attention of a rival club. The result was the refusal of the player to sign for another year with his old club, save at a substantial advance, equal to or above that offered by the rival club which desired his services. This, of course, was all right so long as the increase of salary asked for was kept within reasonable limits; but ere long clubs began, under pressure of competition, to assume salary lists which they must have known their prospective gate receipts did not warrant, and the result was financial embarrassments without number, and the consequent threatened abandonment of

base ball as a business enterprise by those who had invested their dollars.

It was this state of affairs which gave rise to the "Reserve Rule," operating first among the National League clubs alone, but since in vogue among all professional organizations throughout the country. In accordance with this rule each National League club agreed not to tamper with or offer money inducements to any one of five players whom the club employing them might name, thus virtually giving a club an option upon the services of the number of players named for the ensuing year. The number was gradually increased until in 1888 each club was privileged to reserve fourteen players, or five more than an entire team. With succeeding years came the national agreement, by which the National League and American Association agreed to respect certain corporate rights relative to territory, players, and club government, and this protective measure increased its scope until to-day it embraces within its membership every existing professional base-ball organization in America (save the Players' League), so that no ball-player, under suspension from any cause, or refusing to carry out his contract with any club, may be employed by any other organization until he has been reinstated, or until he has fulfilled his original contract.

Then came the "sales system," by which the Boston club, for instance, desiring the services of one of Chicago's best players, secured the right to negotiate with such player upon the payment of a money consideration to the club holding the player in reserve. The reserving club at all times, of course, had the privilege of refusing all offers, and likewise the player had the right to object to his transfer, unless the purchasing club agreed to his terms, or to refuse *entirely*, if for any reason he preferred remaining where he was. For a time the reserve rule checked the salary evil, but the sales system opened the gates to clubs like Boston, New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, with well-filled treasuries, to secure the star players of the country, one by one, until they possessed teams so strong as to impair the drawing power of their less fortunate competitors, who, in their efforts to "keep up with the procession," were compelled to assume salary lists far beyond anything their financial strength and business judgment warranted. Finally, a salary limit rule was adopted by the League, but there were so many means of evading it—means which no wording of the rule could bar—that the measure quickly became a dead letter. Then, as a substitute, while President Spalding was absent upon the tour of the world with the Chicago and All-American teams,

the League framed and adopted the "Classification Rule," by which all league players were to be divided into four classes, according to their playing ability, their conduct and personal habits, with a salary limit for each class.

This rule was a mistake—one of the few legislative errors the National League has been guilty of. Its impracticability was soon demonstrated, of course, but not until it had won for itself the bitter opposition of the players, and until it had afforded them an excuse for their ultimate revolt against the League. Mutterings against the "sales system," the "reserve rule," and the "classification rule," began to be heard during the fore part of the season of 1889, and the press of the country discussed the relations of league players with their clubs, *pro* and *con*, for weeks.

Meanwhile, John M. Ward, of the New York club, and his fellow-workers, had organized the Brotherhood of Ball Players, for the avowed purpose of advancing the interests of the national game, and of bringing about closer and more cordial relations between the players and their clubs. Shortly after its organization, this same Brotherhood desired certain modifications and changes made in the form of contract existing between the clubs and players, and a committee, of which President John M. Ward was chairman, met the officers

of the National League in New York, and the latter readily consented to such changes as made the contract in every way acceptable to the Brotherhood. After the adoption of the classification rule, however, during the summer of 1889, the Brotherhood appointed a committee to wait upon the National League, and request the appointment of a similar league committee for the immediate discussion of the classification rule, with a view to its nullification.

The League promptly appointed a committee, which was to take under consideration the Brotherhood's request for an immediate joint meeting, and the committee, of which A. G. Spalding was chairman—John M. Ward being chairman of the brotherhood committee—decided that a legislative meeting in the middle of the playing season would divert public interest and public attention from the pennant race, as well as disturb the work of the players themselves; and, in addition, that, as there were no questions at issue which could not be discussed after the close of the season as advantageously to both sides as at the time suggested by the Brotherhood, the committee would advise the postponement of the meeting asked for until the time of the annual meeting of the League in November.

Upon receiving the League's *ultimatum*, Presi-

dent Ward's first step was to bind the members of the Brotherhood together by virtue of an oath, especially administered, in which all brotherhood players took a solemn pledge to stand by one another, and declared, "before Almighty God," that they would at no time in future be guilty of any act that would in any way injure or work detriment to any member of the order. Then the first active steps in the great revolt were determinedly taken by the brotherhood leaders. After the work had progressed sufficiently, the players were informed secretly, one team at a time, that the Brotherhood proposed to bring things to an issue with the League at the close of the season, *and that, in case of the refusal of the League to make such concessions as the Brotherhood demanded*, the Brotherhood would immediately take steps toward the formation of a Players' League, to be conducted upon a co-operative basis. A contract, in which the signer agreed not to place his signature to a league contract for 1890 without the consent of the Brotherhood, was then presented to and signed by a large majority of the brotherhood members. When the plans of the organization were finally divulged in September of 1889, the brotherhood leaders had well nigh completed their plans for a Players' League, with clubs in the cities of Boston, Philadelphia,

New York, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Buffalo, and Chicago.

When the players signed the brotherhood agreement not to sign a league contract for 1890, it was generally understood, as many of them afterward averred, to wit: Sunday, Clarkson, Ganzel, McKeon, Zimmer, Beckley, Glasscock, Denny, Thompson, Smith, and others equally well known, that the Brotherhood would not take steps toward the formation of a rival league, unless the National League refused to grant the concessions asked for. The unexpected exposure of the Brotherhood's plans, however, showed conclusively that the Brotherhood's intentions were in no way provisional; that Ward and his followers had fully determined to break away from the old body, concessions or no concessions; and at the annual meeting of the players' organization in November this avowal was publicly made. The result was that a number of the more intelligent, independent, and prominent players washed their hands of the Brotherhood and told the organization plainly that they did not propose to be led by the nose in any such manner, among such being Clarkson, Welch, Ganzel, Miller, Tiernan, Beckley, Glasscock, Denny, Thompson, Boyle, Sunday, and others, all afterward signing contracts with the National League, and

all of whom were expelled from the Brotherhood.

During the months that have followed, the brotherhood leaders, with the rank and file of the oldest ball-players in the country well in hand, have gone ahead with the work of strengthening their organization, and completing their teams for the season of 1890; the League, meanwhile, accepting the situation and entering into the fight inaugurated by the players, with ample means and long years of experience to back it. The League's first act was to annul the classification law at its November meeting. This law had been adopted simply as an experiment, and its repeal was assured, even though the Brotherhood had taken no steps against it. It was a mistake in legislation, but it harmed not a man among those who led the revolt against the National League, while it unquestionably opened the doors of league clubs to many players of the younger class. The law really looked toward the coming generation of ball-players, and gave promise of enabling the league clubs of six or eight years hence—by classifying, with graded salaries, all young players employed by the League—to go through a championship season with a salary list of from $25,000 to $35,000, where they are now carrying pay-rolls of from $35,000 to $50,000—a

figure far in advance of what twelve of the sixteen leading clubs in the country can stand. The salaries of such players as Ward, O'Rourke, Ewing, Connor, Williamson, Ryan, Duffy, Keefe, Crane, Johnston, Radbourne, and others of the prominent players in the revolt, were in no way affected by the new law, yet it was they who raised the greatest outcry. After repealing the classification act and effecting other commendable changes, the League resorted to such other means as would enable it to recover from the blow aimed at its existence by the Brotherhood, and the moves and counter-moves made by the two bodies—the Brotherhood and the National League—made the winter a never-to-be-forgotten one in the history of the national game.

There can be no question but that the brotherhood leaders had fully determined upon cutting loose from the parent organization long before the request was made for a joint meeting of the league and brotherhood committees. No concessions the League might have granted, nor any steps it might have taken, would have prevented the break. Base ball, as an amusement enterprise, has become so prominent an institution during the past few years, that a thirst for fancied profits could not longer be resisted by the men who have engineered the brotherhood movement.

The League's "oppression," the "odious sales system," the "unjust reserve law," and the "farcical classification law," have been harped upon as the *casus belli* by brotherhood leaders; but the milk in the brotherhood cocoanut has really been the desire of a dozen or perhaps a score of players to secure a controlling hand in affairs of the game, together with a slice of the profits therein; and the feature of the movement which puzzles the oldest heads in base-ball affairs is the action of the remaining eighty odd ball-players, in rallying to the support of this chosen few, under a form of contract which they would have repudiated without an instant's hesitation, had it been offered by the National League. Many of these eighty players could, at any time during the winter of 1889–90, have signed two and three year contracts with their old clubs, whose solvency and ability to pay is unquestioned; yet they stuck to contracts with the brotherhood organization, which especially stipulate that the salaries of the players shall be derived from the gate receipts and no other source.

January 1, 1890, found the players' organization upon an apparently firm foundation; that is, the new league had obtained financial backing, and had established teams in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia in the East, and in

Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and Buffalo in the West. Preparations for securing and equipping grounds for the approaching season were talked of, and the new organization declared its ability to hold all of the players it had under contract, as against any move the National League people might make toward the end of reclaiming the players or inducing them to desert the brotherhood banner. The League, in the belief that the reserve clause in its player's contract gave the organization a legal option upon the services of its men for 1890, resolved to put the point to legal test, and forthwith asked for a temporary injunction in the courts of New York, restraining John M. Ward, by virtue of his contract with the New York league club, from playing ball with any other organization. The court, however, while recognizing the validity of the reserve clause, refused to grant a temporary injunction, upon the ground that there was ample time in which to decide the case by regular trial before the playing season of 1890 began. This decision of the court did much to bolster up the brotherhood cause, and the press of the country for a fortnight afterward blossomed with the opinions and predictions of brotherhood enthusiasts, in which the success of the players' organization and the downfall of the National League was assured.

The League, meanwhile, had been shorn of almost every player it possessed. Every man, with a few exceptions, of the hundred or more who owed their success as ball-players to the success of the National League, repudiated his contract with the parent organization and rallied with his fellow-players beneath the brotherhood standard. Chicago was left with but three of its old players—Anson, Burns and Hutchinson. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Washington, Cleveland, and Indianapolis were swept clean as a ball-room floor, or, rather, were believed to have been for a period of six weeks after the *exposé* of the brotherhood conspiracy. Upon reflection, however, many of the players who had signed brotherhood agreements not to sign league contracts without the consent of the players' organization, saw through the subtle trick of the leaders in binding them by such an agreement, and flatly refused to abide by it. The result was that the following players returned to the league fold before March 1:

Boston—Clarkson (p.), Ganzell (c.), Bennett (c.), Smith (s. s.).

New York—Murphy (c.), Tiernan (r. f.), Welch (p.).

Chicago—Anson (1st b.), Burns (3d b.), Hutchinson (p.), Wilmot (l. f.).

Cleveland—Gilks (c. f.), McKeon (s. s.), Zimmer (c.), Beatin (p.).

Indianapolis—Bassett (2d b.), Boyle (p.), Buckley (c.), Denny (3d b.), Glasscock (s. s.), Russie (p.).

Philadelphia—Anderson (p.), Clements (c.), Decker (c.), Delehanty (l. f.), Day (p.), Gleason (p.), Myers (2d b.), Shriver (c.), Thompson (r. f.).

Pittsburgh—Beckley (1st b.), Miller (p.), Sowders (p.), Sunday (c. f.).

Washington—Riddle (c.).

Thus the first day of March, 1890 (the time of going to press with this volume), finds the league teams reorganized, each with from three to six of its old players as a nucleus for teams made up of talent drawn from the flower of the younger organizations of the country, such as the Western, International, and California Leagues, organizations from which many of the old League's revolting players originally sprung. It finds the National League strengthened by the admission, at the close of last season, of the Cincinnati and Brooklyn clubs entire—the two strongest teams of the American Association of 1890. It finds the National League circuit unbroken, with well-equipped ball parks in every city, with competent generals and capable lieutenants, with a score of the best of its old players back in line, with a bursting treasury to furnish the sinews of war, if there is to be war, and with salary lists lighter by anywhere from $10,000 to $20,000 than its clubs

carried in 1889. It finds the National League deaf to all suggestions for peace by interested press correspondents, and determined to return to the revolting players an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Verily it must (judging from the attitude assumed by the League), be war, unceasing and unrelenting, until one or the other, or both, of the contesting organizations go under.

The Brotherhood, while apparently strong in the present support of its players, will have many redoubts to guard in the coming fight, and many heavy burdens to carry. In order to hold the players it has signed many of them under three-year contracts, and has agreed to figures with all of them that have swelled some of the salary lists to anywhere from $45,000 to $60,000. Some of the star players have been engaged under arrangements which promise them remuneration of from $4,000 to $7,500 for the first season. The expense of organization; the cost of retaining counsel, made necessary by the League's moves in the courts; the outlay attendant upon securing and equipping grounds in each city; of operating and traveling expenses combined, will aggregate close upon three-quarters of a million dollars, which the Players' League will have to take in at the gate before it can pay its stockholders one dollar in dividends. With three

clubs playing ball in Philadelphia, five in Brooklyn and New York, two in Chicago, two in Boston, two in Pittsburgh, and two in Cleveland, the prospects of a paying season in the cities named, even for an organization with established grounds and the lightest salary lists practicable, are, to say the least, uninviting.

In addition to these financial clouds, the brotherhood league is handicapped by being without the pale of the national agreement, which prohibits any professional ball-club in good standing from playing exhibition, practice, state, or inter-state games with any club of any organization not a party to the national agreement. In other words, the brotherhood clubs are black-listed, and while national agreement organizations have been indulging in exhibition and practice games, preparatory to opening the approaching season, the brotherhood clubs have been compelled to remain at home for want of clubs to play against.

Still further, the Brotherhood, being a black-listed organization, is likely to suffer a raid upon its ranks at any time. No agreement exists between it and other professional organizations, by which the latter have in any way consented to recognize the former as being possessed of any rights to players or territory; consequently, any national agreement club that chooses can invade

brotherhood territory and hold out financial or other inducements to brotherhood players. Under these disadvantages, and with unheard-of salary lists, in addition to the expense of organization and equipment, in the face of an assuredly divided patronage, the Brotherhood league, even though it receive the bulk of public patronage the first season—even though petty jealousies and internal dissensions do not arise among its players, as many have predicted, will have a by no means easy "row to hoe."

Many brotherhood sympathizers have criticised the National League for its harsh policy toward its men, have likened the ball-player to a bondman, and have applauded the leaders of the players' revolt upon what some people have termed a "break away from serfdom." The fact is beyond denial that Ward, Keefe, Connor, Richardson, Ewing, Gore, Whitney, Johnston, Kelly, Radbourne, Nash, Fogarty, Wood, Farrar, Buffinton, Irwin, Hanlon, Carroll, O'Brien, Faatz, Duffy, Van Haltren, Dwyer, Tener, Farrell, and each and every one of the remaining prominent players who joined the brotherhood movement, were beyond the reach of any unpleasant effect of the classification or reserve rules or of the sales system. They were drawing salaries ranging from $2,500 to $5,000 for playing ball during seven months in

the year. Not a man of them sustained unpleasant relations with his club, so far as the public knows, not brought about by his own actions. I can cite no instance in which any body of men have been treated with more consideration, or have been better paid for their services than have the players who have led and aided the revolt against the National League. The excuse of hardship and oppressive treatment therefore falls flat. The excuse of insufficient pay, for obvious reasons, has never been offered. The National League has made some mistakes, it is true; but instances are rare in which great organizations, confronted by such difficulties as the National League has overcome, have done better. The National League has made the game of base ball all that it is to-day; it was a National League president and National League teams who introduced and popularized the game in England and Australia. The National League has invariably taken the "strides that tell" in the advance and progress of the sport and the improvement of its players as a class, and it seems unlikely now that the National League will be dismayed, even by so deadly a blow at its existence as the Brotherhood has aimed.

"Why fight us?" is a question the Brotherhood has asked repeatedly. "There is room for

two organizations, and we are only exercising our right and privilege to go into business for ourselves. Admit us to the protection of the national agreement, and let the best organization win."

Naturally the League is averse to entertaining such a proposition. The Brotherhood did its utmost to wipe the older organization out of existence at one bold stroke, and to tell the truth the National League was, for a time, stunned by the blow dealt it.

It has gotten upon its feet within the allotted time, however, and it does not propose at this stage to "double up" with its antagonist and form part of the latter's combination. On the contrary, it will continue the fight and employ all the skill, strategy, tactics, and means of which it is master.

President Ward of the Brotherhood is a bold and cunning operator. He has aimed a more deadly blow at the existing base-ball structure in America than has ever before been delivered, for the reason that, by virtue of his unquestionably shrewd plays, he has bound the players to his cause in a manner that has rarely been equalled in any past instance of the kind. First by the oath of allegiance to the Brotherhood, and then by the written promise of the men not to sign a league

contract without the consent of the Brotherhood, he wove the meshes so tightly about the flower of American playing talent as to hold it securely against all assaults. Whether or not he will continue to do so remains to be seen. In establishing the Players' League the Brotherhood has undertaken a most difficult enterprise, which only the events of the future can stamp as a success. The difficulties of organization seem at this date to have been passed, but the true tests of the Brotherhood's strength and staying powers are still to come.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GAME IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

Notwithstanding the disparaging remarks of Englishmen as to the game of base ball during the tour of Great Britain by the Chicago and All-American teams, and despite the fact that Australia and New Zealand are a long way from the United States, I have no hesitancy in expressing the belief that the national game of America will rapidly become the popular field sport of all three of these countries.

One can readily understand the attitude of Englishmen toward the game at the time the Spalding tourists visited them. Naturally skeptical of all things not English, the residents of Great Britain who attended the exhibition games of the visiting teams, did so prepared to criticise rather than to enjoy. Further than this, the games where wholly lacking in anything calculated to arouse local interest or enthusiasm, and still further, the spectators were in a great measure ignorant, if not wholly so, upon all points of play that make the game so exciting a sport for Americans.

I, myself, have realized how perfectly stupid is a ball game to one ignorant of its rules or theory. Fonder of foot-ball than of any other field sport during my school-boy days, I attained my majority without taking more than a passing interest in the national game, and when I one day sat in the grand stand of the old Chicago grounds on the lake front, in 1881, and witnessed my first league game, I felt very much as I imagine the Englishmen felt when they sat through the games at Kenington Oval, Lords, the Crystal Palace, and other grounds upon which we played during the winter of 1888–89. Of course they voted it stupid. They had never seen an amateur game by which to gauge the degree of skill attained by league players, and they had so little conception of those points of play which raise an American crowd off its feet, that, save for the presence of a few Yankees among them, the day the boys played before the Prince of Wales, at Kenington, not a murmur of applause would have marked the really clever bits of batting, fielding, and base-running that characterized the game despite the wretched conditions under which we played—the weather being abominable.

While the Englishmen were sarcastically critical, however, they showed the interest they felt

in our games by turning out by thousands to witness the exhibitions, and in the face of such weather, too, as no party of enthusiasts in America could have been induced to breast, no matter what the attraction.

Australia is conceded to be a great sport-loving country, and, in proportion to its population, it is with little question the greatest in the world; yet not even in Australia was so great a degree of interest shown in the visit of the American teams as that which marked their tour of England. In Australia the weather was charmingly favorable to the game throughout our entire stay, while in England the reverse was the case, the teams frequently playing with the mud and water ankle-deep in the out-field, while a driving rain and a cold wind wet and chilled them to the marrow. Yet the crowds were so great as to require additional assistance at the gates, and the people invariably grumbled and showed their dissatisfaction when the boys were compelled to cut short the game at the close of the third or fifth innings. Time and again I thought, as I saw thousands of Englishmen standing forty and fifty deep about the field, wrapped in their mackintoshes, and with water splashing in their upturned faces, "Verily, I have never seen such out-and-out lovers of sport anywhere in the world."

Base ball will take in England, for the reason that there is not to-day, and has never been, a sport there that can present such attractive points to the masses as are found in the American game. Cricket will doubtless ever remain the favored sport of the wealthier classes who have the means and the time to devote to it; but among the middle and working classes, so vastly in the majority in Great Britain, base ball is bound to become a national favorite. This class of people in England have not the time to devote to a three-days cricket contest, any more than have the same classes in America, and the two-hours cut-and-run, up-and-at-him game of the Yankees is just the sort of a field sport the working classes in England will enjoy, and which they can obtain the time to patronize.

The English city which is without cricket and foot-ball grounds is an exception. Those that our party visited were splendidly equipped and conveniently located, so that, were the teams in England, there would to-day be no obstacle to introducing the game at a rate of speed that would very soon put it upon the firmest possible foundations. In this respect, the visit of the Americans in 1889 has already borne excellent fruit. Gentlemen prominently interested in both cricket and foot-ball in London have determined to make the

American game a go if possible, and much has already been done in that direction. The National Base Ball League of Great Britain, with John M. Betts, of the Essex County grounds, as Honorable Secretary, has been organized, and foot-ballers in particular are beginning to play the game with a reasonable degree of success. Of course it will take more than a single season's practice, however, for the cleverest of them to attain any especial degree of proficiency, but the injection of a little American talent into each of the English teams—which has already been undertaken—will do much toward helping our English cousins in mastering the art of pitching, catching, throwing, batting, fielding, and running bases. Within two or three years' time—provided the same progress that has marked the past twelve months shall continue—Americans can safely anticipate seeing their national game an acknowledged fixture upon English soil.

As to Australia and New Zealand, both are admirably adapted, in the matters of climate, grounds, and the temperaments of the people, for the successful introduction of the game, and the rapid progress it has made throughout New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and New Zealand, since the visit of the American teams to those countries, leaves little if any room for doubt

but that base ball has been planted there to stay and win a place in colonial hearts second only to that it now holds in the heart of every sport-loving American.

With little question, both England and Australia will very shortly prove an excellent market for American base-ball talent, and the capable, ambitious young players who are first in the field, not forgetting to take with them an ample stock of good resolves as to personal habits and deportment, will be very apt to be the biggest gainers of the Spalding tour.

Strangely enough, the Cubans and Hawaiians have developed a strong fancy for base ball, and if the American game can gain a foothold in such climes and among people of such temperaments, it is certainly safe to predict that the time is not far distant when the crack of the base-ball bat may, like the beat of the English drum, be heard around the world.

CHAPTER VII.

NATIONAL PLAYING RULES OF PROFESSIONAL BASE-BALL CLUBS, AS ADOPTED JOINTLY BY THE NATIONAL LEAGUE AND AMERICAN ASSOCIATION, AND GOVERNING ALL CLUBS PARTIES TO THE NATIONAL AGREEMENT.

[*From the Spalding League Guide of* 1890.]

THE BALL GROUND.

RULE 1. The ground must be an inclosed field, sufficient in size to enable each player to play in his position as required by these rules.

RULE 2. The infield must be a space of ground thirty yards square.

THE BASES.

RULE 3. The bases must be—

SEC. 1. Four in number, and designated as first base, second base, third base, and home base.

SEC. 2. The home base must be of whitened rubber, twelve inches square, so fixed in the ground as to be even with the surface, and so placed in the corner of the infield that two of its sides will form part of the boundaries of said infield.

SEC. 3. The first, second, and third bases must be canvas bags, fifteen inches square, painted white, and filled with some soft material, and so placed that the center of the second base shall be upon its corner of the infield; and the center of the first

and third bases shall be on the lines running to and from second base, and 7½ inches from the foul lines. *Providing,* that each base shall be entirely within the foul lines.

SEC. 4. All the bases must be securely fastened in their positions, and so placed as to be distinctly seen by the Umpire.

THE FOUL LINES.

RULE 4. The foul lines must be drawn in straight lines from the outer corner of the home base, along the outer edge of the first and third bases, to the boundaries of the ground.

THE POSITION LINES.

RULE 5. The pitcher's lines must be straight lines, forming the boundaries of a space of ground, in the infield, 5½-feet long by four feet wide, distant fifty feet from the center of the home base, and so placed that the 5½-feet lines would each be two feet distant from and parallel with a straight line passing through the center of the home and second bases. Each corner of this space must be marked by a flat, round, rubber plate, six inches in diameter, fixed in the ground even with the surface.

RULE 6. The catcher's lines must be drawn from the outer corner of the home base, in continuation of the foul lines, straight to the limits of the ground back of home base.

RULE 7. The Captain's or coacher's line must be a line fifteen feet from and parallel with the foul lines, said lines commencing at a line parallel with and seventy-five feet distant from the catcher's lines, and running thence to the limits of the grounds.

RULE 8. The players' lines must be drawn from the catcher's lines to the limits of the ground, fifty feet distant from, and parallel with, the foul lines.

RULE 9. The batsman's lines must be straight lines, forming the boundaries of a space on the right, and of a similar space on the left of the home base six feet long by four feet wide, extending three feet in front of and three feet behind the center of the

home base, and with its nearest line distant six inches from the home base.

RULE 10. The three-feet lines must be drawn as follows: From a point on the foul line from home base to first base, and equally distant from such bases, shall be drawn a line on foul ground, at a right angle to said foul line, and to a point three feet distant from it; thence running parallel with said foul line to a point three feet distant from the first base; thence in a straight line to the foul line, and thence upon the foul line to point of beginning.

RULE 11. The lines designated in Rules 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 must be marked with chalk or other suitable material, so as to be distinctly seen by the Umpire. They must all be so marked their entire length, except the Captain's and players' lines, which must be so marked for a distance of at least thirty-five yards from the catcher's lines.

THE BALL.

RULE 12. The ball— *

SEC. 1. Must not weigh less than five nor more than 5¼ ounces avoirdupois, and measure not less than nine nor more than 9¼ inches in circumference. The Spalding League Ball or the Reach American Association Ball must be used in all games played under these rules.

SEC. 2. For each championship game two balls shall be furnished by the home club to the Umpire for use. When the ball in play is batted over the fence or stands onto foul ground out of sight of the players, the other ball shall be immediately put into play by the Umpire. As often as one of the two in use shall be lost, a new one must be substituted, so that the Umpire may, at all times, after the game begins, have two for use. The moment

* The Spalding League Ball has been officially adopted by the National League for the past eleven years, and used exclusively in all championship games. It has also been adopted by the National League of Great Britain, and the leading associations of Australia, New Zealand, Sandwich Islands, Japan, Cuba, and Canada, making it the standard ball of the world.

the Umpire delivers a new or alternate ball to the pitcher it comes into play, and shall not be exchanged until it, in turn, passes out of sight onto foul ground. At no time shall the ball be intentionally discolored by rubbing it with the soil or otherwise.

SEC. 3. In all games the ball or balls played with shall be furnished by the home club, and the last ball in play becomes the property of the winning club. Each ball to be used in championship games shall be examined, measured, and weighed by the Secretary of the Association, inclosed in a paper box and sealed with the seal of the Secretary, which seal shall not be broken, except by the Umpire, in the presence of the Captains of the two contesting nines, after play has been called.

SEC. 4. Should the ball become out of shape, or cut or ripped so as to expose the yarn, or in any way so injured as to be—in the opinion of the Umpire—unfit for fair use, the Umpire, on being appealed to by either Captain, shall at once put the alternate ball into play and call for a new one.

THE BAT.

RULE 13. The bat—

SEC. 1. Must be made wholly of wood, except that the handle may be wound with twine, or a granulated substance applied, not to exceed eighteen inches from the end.

SEC. 2. It must be round, except that a portion of the surface may be flat on one side, but it must not exceed 2½ inches in diameter in the thickest part, and must not exceed forty-two inches in length.

In batting against the swift pitching of the period, a tough, light bat is the best; and it should be handled quickly in striking at the ball, giving the wrists ample play, and not hit from the shoulder. A comparatively light, quick stroke of the bat meeting a swiftly thrown ball, will frequently send it out of reach of the out-fielders,

while a safe tap of the ball will send it clear of the in-fielders, and prevent a catch in the out-field, unless the latter are playing very close in.

THE PLAYERS AND THEIR POSITIONS.

RULE 14. The players of each club in a game shall be nine in number, one of whom shall act as Captain; and in no case shall less than nine men be allowed to play on each side.

RULE 15. The players' positions shall be such as may be assigned them by their Captain, except that the pitcher must take his position within the pitcher's lines, as defined in Rule 5. When in position on the field, all players will be designated "Fielders" in these rules.

The field side is not complete without nine men in the field. The Captain can place his men as he likes, even to the extent of playing one of the out-fielders as right short; but the ball can only be thrown to the bat from the pitcher's regular position.

RULE 16. Players in uniform shall not be permitted to seat themselves among the spectators.

RULE 17. Every club shall be required to adopt uniforms for its players; and each player shall be required to present himself upon the field during said game in a neat and cleanly condition; but no player shall attach anything to the sole or heel of his shoes other than the ordinary base-ball shoe-plate.

THE PITCHER'S POSITION.

RULE 18. The pitcher shall take his position, facing the bats-man, with both feet square on the ground, one foot on the rear line of the "box." He shall not raise either foot, unless in the act of delivering the ball, nor make more than one step in such

delivery. He shall hold the ball, before the delivery, fairly in front of his body, and in sight of the Umpire. When the pitcher feigns to throw the ball to a base, he must resume the above position, and pause momentarily before delivering the ball to the bat.

The pitcher must bear in mind the fact that if he lifts his rear foot from off the back line of his position before he delivers the ball, or before it leaves his hand, he violates the rule, as in such case he takes two steps in delivery, whereas the rule confines him to but one step. It is immaterial whether he lifts his rear foot or not after the ball leaves his hand. In every instance of his making a feint to throw to first base, he must afterward make a pause, and take his original standing position before he throws the ball to the bat.

THE BATSMEN'S POSITION—ORDER OF BATTING.

RULE 19. The batsmen must take their positions within the batsmen's lines, as defined in Rule 9, in the order in which they are named on *the score*, which must contain the batting order of both nines, and be submitted by the Captains of the opposing teams to the Umpire before the game; and when approved by him, THIS SCORE must be followed, except in the case of a substitute player, in which case the substitute must take the place of the original player in the batting order. After the first inning, the first striker in each inning shall be the batsman whose name follows that of the last man who has completed his turn—time at bat—in the preceding inning.

The "score" referred to in the rule is the printed or written order of batting handed to the Umpire by the Captain when the game is about

to begin, and it can not afterward be changed in its order except in the case of a substitute player taking his place in the nine, in which case he bats in the same order as that of the retired player.

RULE 20. SEC. 1. When their side goes to the bat the players must immediately return to and seat themselves upon the players' bench, and remain there until the side is put out, except when batsman or base-runner. All bats not in use must be kept in the bat racks, and the two players next succeeding the batsman, in the order in which they are named on the score, must be ready with bat in hand to promptly take position as batsman. *Provided*, that the Captain and one assistant only may occupy the space between the players' lines and the Captain's lines to coach base-runners.

No player has a right to leave the players' bench, except when called to the bat. Neither have they the right to put their bats on the ground when not using them in their position at the bat. In the case of the Captain and his coaching assistant only, can any player leave the bench when not at the bat. Umpires should see that this rule is strictly enforced.

SEC. 2. No player of the side at bat, except when batsman, shall occupy any portion of the space within the catcher's lines, as defined in Rule 6. The triangular space behind the home base is reserved for the exclusive use of the Umpire, catcher, and batsman, and the Umpire must prohibit any player of the side "at bat" from crossing the same at any time while the ball is in the hands of, or passing between, the pitcher and catcher, while standing in their positions.

SEC. 3. The players of the side "at bat" must occupy the portion of the field allotted them, but must speedily vacate any por-

tion thereof that may be in the way of the ball, or of any fielder attempting to catch or field it.

PLAYERS' BENCHES.

RULE 21. The players' benches must be furnished by the home club, and placed upon a portion of the ground outside the players' lines. They must be twelve feet in length, and must be immovably fastened to the ground. At the end of each bench must be immovably fixed a bat rack, with fixtures for holding twenty bats; one such rack must be designated for the exclusive use of the visiting club, and the other for the exclusive use of the home club.

THE GAME.

RULE 22. SEC. 1. Every championship game must be commenced not later than two hours before sunset.

SEC. 2. A game shall consist of nine innings to each contesting nine, except that—

(a) If the side first at bat scores less runs in nine innings than the other side has scored in eight innings, the game shall then terminate.

(b) If the side last at bat in the ninth inning scores the winning run before the third man is out, the game shall terminate.

During the closing months of the season the Umpire should keep himself well posted as to the almanac time for sunset on the day of the month, so as to be ready to call play at least two hours before the official time for sunset. The moment the winning run in a game is made, that moment the contest ends, and the Umpire must call game. For instance, if there be no man out, and a runner on third base, and the score a tie, and a home hit is made, the moment the home base is touched by

the runner from third the game ends, and only a single run can be credited to the batsmen.

A TIE GAME.

RULE 23. If the score be a tie at the end of nine innings to each side, play shall only be continued until the side first at bat shall have scored one or more runs than the other side, in an equal number of innings, or until the other side shall score one or more runs than the side first at bat.

A DRAWN GAME.

RULE 24. A drawn game shall be declared by the Umpire when he terminates a game on account of darkness or rain, after five equal innings have been played, if the score at the time is equal on the last even innings played; but if the side that went second to bat is then at the bat, and has scored the same number of runs as the other side, the Umpire shall declare the game drawn without regard to the score of the last equal innings.

For instance, if the fifth innings has ended, and the sixth has been commenced, and the score is 6 to 5 at the end of the first part of the sixth innings, and the side second at the bat have but five runs to their credit, and before a hand is out a run ties the game, and rain or darkness obliges the Umpire to call the game, the contest becomes a drawn game. But if the score at the end of the fifth even innings is equal and the side first at the bat fails to score, and their opponents then get in one run before a hand is out, and the Umpire then calls the game on account of rain or darkness, the side last at the bat wins.

A CALLED GAME.

RULE 25. If the Umpire calls "Game" on account of darkness or rain at any time after five innings have been completed by both sides, the score shall be that of the last equal innings played, unless the side second at bat shall have scored one or more runs than the side first at bat, in which case the score of the game shall be the total number of runs made.

A FORFEITED GAME.

RULE 26. A forfeited game shall be declared by the Umpire in favor of the club not in fault, at the request of such club, in the following cases—

SEC. 1. If the nine of a club fail to appear upon a field, or being upon the field, fail to begin the game within five minutes after the Umpire has called "Play," at the hour appointed for the beginning of the game, unless such delay in appearing or in commencing the game be unavoidable.

The "unavoidable" delay above mentioned means a detention caused by the breaking down of any conveyance, or that of any accident on a railroad.

SEC. 2. If, after the game has begun, one side refuses or fails to continue playing, unless such game has been suspended or terminated by the Umpire.

SEC. 3. If, after play has been suspended by the Umpire, one side fails to resume playing within one minute after the Umpire has called "Play."

This is a very important rule, as it gives the Umpire full power to put a stop to the unnecessary delays caused by continuous disputing of the Umpire's decisions. When delays were points to play in the game, in the case of an

approaching shower or of darkness, and those delays could be obtained by constant kicking, the Umpire is empowered to call play the moment he renders every decision, and if the kicking is continued one single moment thereafter, the game becomes forfeited under the rule.

SEC. 4. If, in the opinion of the Umpire, any one of these rules is willfully violated.

SEC. 5. If, after ordering the removal of a player, as authorized by Rule 57, Sec. 5, said order is not obeyed within five minutes.

SEC. 6. In case the Umpire declares a game forfeited, he shall transmit a written notice thereof to the President of the Association within twenty-four hours thereafter.

NO GAME.

RULE 27. "No Game" shall be declared by the Umpire if he shall terminate play on account of rain or darkness, before five innings on each side are completed.

It is absolutely essential that five innings on each side shall have been played to a finish and the sixth about to be commenced before the game can legally be ended as a game. In any other case "No Game" must be called by the Umpire, such as in the instance of the second part of the fifth innings not being completed.

SUBSTITUTES.

RULE 28. SEC. 1. In every championship game, each team shall be required to have present on the field, in uniform, at least two or more substitute players.

SEC. 2. Two players, whose names shall be printed on the

score card as extra players, may be substituted at any time by either club; but no player so retired shall thereafter participate in the game. In addition thereto, a substitute may be allowed at any time, in place of a player disabled in the game then being played, by reason of illness or injury, of the nature and extent of which the Umpire shall be the sole judge.

This is a very important rule, and the changes introduced require to be well understood. Under this rule, as it now is, the Captain of either nine is given the power to introduce three distinct pitchers in the game, viz., the one originally named in the batting order, and two extra men; or he can change his battery entire by substituting a pitcher and catcher. This, too, is independent of any substitution of players for those who may be disabled by illness or injury. These changes of players in putting in extra men, too, can be made at any period of an innings, or of a game.

SEC. 3. The base runner shall not have a substitute run for him except by consent of the Captains of the contesting teams.

A substitute for a base-runner—and he only—can only be introduced by consent of the opposing nine's Captain; if he refuses, that ends it. He can, of course, designate the particular substitute he allows to run.

CHOICE OF INNINGS—CONDITION OF GROUND.

RULE 29. The choice of innings shall be given to the Captain of the home club, who shall also be the sole judge of the fitness of the ground for beginning a game after rain.

The advantage in the choice of innings lies with the side who go in last at the bat. The Captain of the home team is sole judge of the fitness of the field for beginning a game, as to its being too wet or muddy, etc. But after play is called, and a shower wets the field again, the Umpire then becomes the sole judge as to whether the field is in proper condition to resume play or not.

THE DELIVERY OF THE BALL—FAIR AND UNFAIR BALLS.

RULE 30. A fair ball is a ball delivered by the pitcher while standing wholly within the lines of his position, and facing the batsman; the ball, so delivered, to pass over the home base, not lower than the batsman's knee, nor higher than his shoulder.

RULE 31. An unfair ball is a ball delivered by the pitcher, as in Rule 30, except that the ball does not pass over the home base, or does pass over the home base, above the batsman's shoulder, or below the knee.

There are two classes of "*fair*" balls referred to in the rules, one of which is the "fair ball" mentioned as touching fair ground from the bat, and the *fair* ball referred to in Rule 30. It would be well to call the latter a good ball, as of old, leaving the term "fair" ball to refer solely to balls hit to fair ground. The Umpire, in judging the range of balls—as referred to in Rule 31—should bear in mind the fact that the rule requires the ball to be *below* the knee, and *above* the shoulder, to be an unfair ball. If it comes in on

the line of the knee, or the shoulder, it is a legal ball.

BALKING.

RULE 32. A balk is—

SEC. 1. Any motion made by the pitcher to deliver the ball to the bat without delivering it, and shall be held to include any and every accustomed motion with the hands, arms, or feet, or position of the body assumed by the pitcher in his delivery of the ball, and any motion calculated to deceive a base-runner, except the ball be accidentally dropped.

SEC. 2. The holding of the ball by the pitcher so long as to delay the game unnecessarily; or,

SEC. 3. Any motion to deliver the ball, or the delivering the ball to the bat by the pitcher when any part of his person is upon ground outside of the lines of his position, including all preliminary motions with the hands, arms, and feet.

The balk rule was violated last season by Umpires, both in the League and the Association, and the result was a poorer record of base-running than in 1888. In the first place the pitcher was frequently allowed to be too slow in his delivery, thereby violating Section 2 of the above rule. Then, too, he was allowed to violate the first section, in making motions well calculated to deceive the base-runner, which the rule explicitly prohibits. The pitcher commits a balk every time he makes any movement of his arms or his body, such as he is regularly accustomed to in his method of delivery, and if he makes any one of these preliminary motions, and then throws to first base

to catch a runner napping, or makes a feint to throw, he unquestionably makes a balk. The base-runner on a base alone is entitled to a base on a balk in all cases where the pitcher makes a motion to deliver the ball to the bat, and fails to do so. The batsman is only entitled to a base on a balk, when the ball is actually delivered to the bat after the pitcher has stepped outside the lines of his position; or has made two steps in his delivery; or has failed to make a pause, and to stand in his position after making a feint to throw to a base. Of course, when the batsman is given a base on a balk, every runner on a base takes a base also on the penalty.

DEAD BALLS.

RULE 33. A dead ball is a ball delivered to the bat by the pitcher that touches the batsman's bat without being struck at; or any part of the batsman's person or clothing while standing in his position without being struck at; or any part of the Umpire's person or clothing, while on foul ground, without first passing the catcher.

The Umpire should be careful and watch the action of the batsman when attempting to "bunt" the ball—viz., to let the thrown ball strike the bat—so as to be sure that it is not a "bunt," but an accidental hit and consequently a dead ball.

RULE 34. In case of a foul strike, foul hit ball not legally caught out, dead ball, or base-runner put out for being struck

by a fair hit ball, the ball shall not be considered in play until it is held by the pitcher standing in his position.

BLOCK BALLS.

RULE 35. SEC. 1. A block is a batted or thrown ball that is stopped or handled by any person not engaged in the game.

SEC. 2. Whenever a block occurs the Umpire shall declare it, and base-runners may run the bases, without being put out, until the ball has been returned to and held by the pitcher standing in his position.

SEC. 3. In the case of a block, if the person not engaged in the game should retain possession of the ball, or throw or kick it beyond the reach of the fielders, the Umpire should call "Time," and require each base-runner to stop at the last base touched by him until the ball be returned to the pitcher standing in his position.

The Umpire is requested to watch all play likely to result in a "block" ball, very carefully, and to promptly call "block ball" in a loud voice the moment the block occurs; and be very prompt in calling time in the case of any such action of an out-fielder as that referred to in Section 3 of the rule. The ball is not in play after a block has been called by the Umpire, until the ball is held by the pitcher while standing in his "box." Whenever the pitcher sees that "block" is likely to occur, he should remain in his box until the ball is fielded in.

THE SCORING OF RUNS.

RULE 36. One run shall be scored every time a base-runner, after having legally touched the first three bases, shall touch the

home base before three men are put out by the opposing side. *Exception:* If the third man is forced out, or is put out before reaching first base, a run shall not be scored.

If, when two men are out, a base hit is made while a runner is on second base and none at first base, and the runner on second is caught napping between second and third, and the runner on third reaches home before the runner caught between bases is touched out, the run counts; but if, under somewhat similar circumstances, there is also a runner on first as well as second, in such case all that is necessary for the base player at third, is to hold the ball there before the runner from third gets home, to prevent the run from counting, as, in such case, the runner from second to third is forced off, and there is no necessity to run him down to touch him.

THE BATTING RULES.

RULE 37. A fair hit is a ball batted by the batsman, standing in his position, that first touches the ground, the first base, the third base, any part of the person of a player, Umpire, or any other object that is in front of or on either side of the foul lines, or batted directly to the ground by the batsman, standing in his position, that (whether it first touches foul or fair ground) bounds or rolls within the foul lines, between home and first, or home and third bases, without interference by a player.

RULE 38. A foul hit is a ball batted by the batsman, standing in his position, that first touches the ground, any part of

the person of a player, or any other object that is behind either of the foul lines, or that strikes the person of such batsman, while standing in his position, or batted directly to the ground by the batsman standing in his position, that (whether it first touches foul or fair ground) bounds or rolls outside the foul lines, between home and first or home and third bases without interference by a player. *Provided*, that a foul hit not rising above the batsman's head and caught by the catcher playing within ten feet of the home base, shall be termed a foul tip.

There is a very important difference between a ball hit directly from the bat to the ground and a ball hit into the air from the bat. In the former case the character of the hit ball, as to its being fair or foul, is decided entirely by the fact of its rolling or bounding from *fair* ground to *foul*, or from foul ground to fair. But, in the case of a ball hit in the air, it becomes *fair* or *foul* from its first touching fair or foul ground, no matter in what direction it may afterward roll. In the case of a ball batted direct to the ground, the fielder should not touch the ball until it has stopped rolling. For only then is it settled either as a fair or foul ball. But if he does pick it up before it stops, it becomes fair or foul according to whether the fielder is standing upon fair or foul ground at the time he fields the ball.

BALLS BATTED OUTSIDE THE GROUNDS.

RULE 39. When a batted ball passes outside the grounds, the Umpire shall decide it fair should it disappear within, or foul

should it disappear outside of the range of the foul lines, and Rules 37 and 38 are to be construed accordingly.

RULE 40. A fair batted ball that goes over the fence at a less distance than 210 feet from home base shall entitle the batsman to two bases and a distinctive line shall be marked on the fence at this point.

The latter rule is intended to govern the batting on ball grounds not sufficiently large in the out-field for ordinary out-field play.

STRIKES.

RULE 41. A strike is—

SEC. 1. A ball struck at by the batsman without its touching his bat; or,

SEC. 2. A fair ball legally delivered by the pitcher, but not struck at by the batsman.

SEC. 3. Any obvious attempt to make a foul hit.

RULE 42. A foul strike is a ball batted by the batsman when any part of his person is upon ground outside the lines of the batsman's position.

An "obvious attempt" to hit the ball foul would occur if the batsman turned round and attempted to hit the ball just as it had passed him to the left of his position. It should be understood that no attempt to bunt a ball can be justly construed as an effort to hit a foul ball intentionally.

THE BATSMAN IS OUT.

RULE 43. The batsman is out—

SEC. 1. If he fails to take his position at the bat in his order of batting, unless the error be discovered and the proper batsman

takes his position before a fair hit has been made; and in such case the balls and strikes called must be counted in the time at bat of the proper batsman. *Provided,* this rule shall not take effect unless *the out* is declared before the ball is delivered to the succeeding batsman.

If the wrong batsman goes to the bat and he makes a fair hit before the error is discovered and declared, the change of batsman can not be made until the turn at the bat comes round again. In all cases the out must be declared before another ball is thrown to the bat.

SEC. 2. If he fails to take his position within one minute after the Umpire has called for the batsman.

If there be any attempt to gain time by delays in batsmen going to the bat, the Umpire should take his watch, ready to note the time, and promptly declare the dilatory batsman out on the expiration of the one minute.

SEC. 3. If he makes a foul hit, other than a foul tip as defined in Rule 38, and the ball be momentarily held by a fielder before touching the ground. *Provided,* it be not caught in a fielder's hat or cap, or touch some object other than a fielder before being caught.

SEC. 4. If he makes a foul strike.

SEC. 5. If he attempts to hinder the catcher from fielding the ball, evidently without effort to make a fair hit.

The action of the batsman should be closely watched in this regard, when a runner is on first base and the catcher is trying to throw him out.

SEC. 6. If, while the first base be occupied by a base-runner, three strikes be called on him by the Umpire, except when two men are already out.

It makes no difference whether the catcher holds the ball on the fly or not, after the third strike has been called, the striker is out when there is a runner on first base, and only one man out when the third strike is called. In all other cases the catch must be made in order to put him out, or otherwise the catcher has to try to throw him out at first base.

SEC. 7. If, while making the third strike, the ball hits his person or clothing.

In other words, if he strikes at an inshoot ball after two strikes have been called, and the ball—without touching the bat—hits his person or clothing, he can not be given his base on being hit by a pitched ball, and neither can the ball be called dead, but neither more nor less than the third strike, and the batsman decided out.

SEC. 8. If, after two strikes have been called, the batsman obviously attempts to make a foul hit, as in Section 3, Rule 41.

BASE-RUNNING RULES.

WHEN THE BATSMAN BECOMES A BASE-RUNNER.

RULE 44. The batsman becomes a base-runner—

SEC. 1. Instantly after he makes a fair hit.

SEC. 2. Instantly after four balls have been called by the Umpire.

SEC. 3. Instantly after three strikes have been declared by the Umpire.

SEC. 4. If, while he be a batsman, his person or clothing be hit by a ball from the pitcher, unless—in the opinion of the Umpire—he intentionally permits himself to be so hit.

SEC. 5. Instantly after an illegal delivery of a ball by the pitcher.

An illegal delivery of the ball is made whenever the pitcher delivers the ball to the bat, after stepping outside the lines of his position; after failing to pause before sending the ball to the bat; after making a feint to throw to first base; and after raising his rear foot from the ground before the ball leaves his hand. The ordinary balk, however, does not give the batsman his base, but only the runners.

BASES TO BE TOUCHED.

RULE 45. The base-runner must touch each base in regular order, viz.: First, second, third, and home bases; and when obliged to return (except on a foul hit) must retouch the base or bases in reverse order. He shall only be considered as holding a base after touching it, and shall then be entitled to hold such base until he has legally touched the next base in order, or has been legally forced to vacate it for a succeeding base-runner.

There is an exception to the latter part of the rule, and that is in the case of a runner being on first and second bases, or second and third bases, and an attempt to steal bases is made. For instance; suppose the runner on third attempts to steal home, and the runner on second in the

interim runs to third and touches that base; under the ordinary working of the rule he would be entitled to hold that base; but, in this exceptional case, if the runner trying to steal home finds that he can not do it successfully, and tries and succeeds in getting back to third base he is entitled to that base, and the runner from second to third, who has touched and held third must return to second, and if touched while standing on third base, he is out.

ENTITLED TO BASES.

RULE 46. The base-runner shall be entitled, without being put out, to take the base in the following cases—

SEC. 1. If, while he was batsman, the Umpire called four balls.

SEC. 2. If the Umpire awards a succeeding batsman a base on four balls, or for being hit with a pitched ball, or in case of an illegal delivery—as in Rule 44, Sec. 5—and the base-runner is thereby forced to vacate the base held by him.

SEC. 3. If the Umpire calls a "balk."

SEC. 4. If a ball delivered by the pitcher passes the catcher and touches the Umpire or any fence or building within ninety feet of the home base.

SEC. 5. If, upon a fair hit, the ball strikes the person or clothing of the Umpire on fair ground.

This is intended to apply when the double umpire plan is in use.

SEC. 6. If he be prevented from making a base by the obstruction of an adversary.

SEC. 7. If the fielder stop or catch a batted ball with his hat, or any part of his dress.

This "obstruction of an adversary" has two distinct meanings under the rules. Of course, when the base-player holds the ball in his hand ready to touch an advancing adversary, he stands in the runner's way and virtually obstructs his adversary; but, in this case, it is a legal obstruction. But, when he does not hold the ball and then in any way obstructs a runner, the latter can not be put out even if afterward touched off the base.

RETURNING TO BASES.

RULE 47. The base-runner shall return to his base, and shall be entitled to so return without being put out—

SEC. 1. If the Umpire declares a foul tip (as defined in Rule 38) or any other foul hit not legally caught by a fielder.

SEC. 2. If the Umpire declares a foul strike.

SEC. 3. If the Umpire declares a dead ball, unless it be also the fourth unfair ball, and he be thereby forced to take the next base, as provided in Rule 46, Sec. 2.

SEC. 4. If the person or clothing of the Umpire interferes with the catcher, or he is struck by a ball thrown by the catcher to intercept a base-runner.

WHEN BASE-RUNNERS ARE OUT.

RULE 48. The base-runner is out—

SEC. 1. If, after three strikes have been declared against him while batsman, and the catcher fail to catch the third strike ball, he plainly attempts to hinder the catcher from fielding the ball.

SEC. 2. If, having made a fair hit while batsman, such fair hit ball be momentarily held by a fielder, before touching the ground or any object other than a fielder. *Provided,* it be not caught in a fielder's hat or cap.

SEC. 3. If, when the Umpire has declared three strikes on him, while batsman, the third-strike ball be momentarily held by a fielder before touching the ground. *Provided,* it be not caught in a fielder's hat or cap, or touch some object other than a fielder, before being caught.

SEC. 4. If, after three strikes, or a fair hit, he be touched with the ball in the hand of a fielder *before* such base-runner touches first base.

If the base-runner from home to first base reaches the base—that is, touches it—at the same moment that the fielder holds the ball on the base, the runner is not out. It must be plain to the Umpire that the ball is held by the fielder *before* the runner touches the base, or he is not out.

SEC. 5. If, after three strikes or a fair hit, the ball be securely held by a fielder, while touching first base with any part of his person, *before* such base-runner touches first base.

SEC. 6. If, in running the last half of the distance from home base to first base, he runs outside the three-feet lines, as defined in Rule 10; except that he must do so if necessary to avoid a fielder attempting to field a batted ball, and in such case shall not be declared out.

Umpires should closely watch the runner from home to first to see that he does not touch fair ground in running along the pathway; for, if he does, he must be declared out. Runners frequently run off the path, touching fair ground, and, when they do, they are out.

SEC. 7. If, in running from first to second base, from second to third base, or from third to home base, he runs more than three

feet from a direct line between such bases, to avoid being touched by the ball in the hands of a fielder; but, in case a fielder be occupying the base-runner's proper path, attempting to field a batted ball, then the base-runner shall run out of the path, and behind said fielder, and shall not be declared out for so doing.

The running out of the reach of a fielder holding the ball ready to touch a runner, must be plainly done beyond the distance of three feet to put the runner out. It makes no matter how far he runs off the line, except the fielder holds the ball in his hand and reaches out to touch the runner. If the runner is near the fielder while the latter is attempting to field the ball, then the runner must run out of his reach in order to avoid obstructing him.

SEC. 8. If he fails to avoid a fielder attempting to field a batted ball, in the manner described in Sections 6 and 7 of this rule; or, if he in any way obstructs a fielder attempting to field a batted ball, or intentionally interferes with a thrown ball. *Provided*, that, if two or more fielders attempt to field a batted ball, and the base-runner comes in contact with one or more of them, the Umpire shall determine which fielder is entitled to the benefit of this rule, and shall not decide the base-runner out for coming in contact with any other fielder.

This obstructing a fielder is a very important matter for the Umpire's decision, and it requires the closest attention. For instance; suppose a fielder is under a fly-ball which is falling on the line of the bases; in such case, the runner has no right of way on the base path, but must run

on one side of the fielder to avoid obstructing him in making the catch. This rule applies in all cases of fielding a *batted* ball; but the base-runner can not intentionally interfere with a fielder attempting to field a thrown ball, and such interference is at all times intentional where it could readily have been avoided, such as purposely getting in the way of a thrown ball so that it might strike him on the back, or putting up his hand to cause it to glance off his arm, etc.

SEC. 9. If, at any time while the ball is in play, he be touched by the ball in the hands of a fielder, unless some part of his person is touching a base he is entitled to occupy. *Provided,* the ball be held by the fielder after touching him; but (exception as to first base), in running to first base, he may overrun said base without being put out for being off said base, after first touching it, provided he returns at once and retouches the base, after which he may be put out as at any other base. If, in overrunning first base, he also attempts to run to second base, or, after passing the base he turns to his left from the foul line, he shall forfeit such exemption from being put out.

So long as the runner overrunning first base keeps on the right side of the foul line he is entitled to exemption from being put out in returning; but the moment he crosses the foul line he forfeits such exemption. In attempting to run to second base after overrunning first, he is not required to return to first, and retouch that base before running to second.

SEC. 10. If, when a fair or foul hit ball (other than a foul tip as referred to in Rule 38) is legally caught by a fielder, such ball is legally held by a fielder on the base occupied by the base-runner when such ball was struck (or the base-runner be touched with the ball in the hands of a fielder), before he retouches said base after such fair or foul hit ball was so caught. *Provided*, that the base-runner shall not be out in such case, if, after the ball was legally caught as above, it be delivered to the bat by the pitcher before the fielder holds it on said base, or touches the base-runner with it; but if the base-runner in attempting to reach a base, detaches it before being touched or forced out, he shall be declared safe.

On all fair or foul fly-balls caught, runners on bases who leave a base the moment such ball was hit, must return to them at once, and if the fielder catching the fly-ball throws it to the base-player in time before the runner can get back, a double play is made, the batsman being out on the catch, and the runner on the base.

SEC. 11. If, when a batsman becomes a base-runner, the first base, or the first and second bases, or the first, second, and third bases be occupied, any base-runner so occupying a base shall cease to be entitled to hold it, until any following base-runner is put out and may be put out at the next base or by being touched by the ball in the hands of a fielder in the same manner as in running to first base, at any time before any following base-runner is put out.

The base-runners in such case are "forced" off the bases they occupy by the batsman's fair hit, and they can be put out at the base they are forced to run to, just the same as in running to

first base, simply by the player holding the ball on the base.

SEC. 12. If a fair hit ball strike him *before touching the fielder*, and in such case no base shall be run unless forced by the batsman becoming a base-runner, and no run shall be scored, or any other base-runner put out.

The change in the rules prevents the double play which could be made under the rule of 1889. For instance, if a ball from the bat struck the runner running from first to second, the fielder fielding the ball could throw it to first base on time to put the striker out. Under the new rule, only the runner who is hit by the batted ball—and before it touches a fielder—can be put out.

SEC. 13. If, when running to a base or forced to return to a base, he fail to touch the intervening base or bases, if any, in the order prescribed in Rule 45, he may be put out at the base he fails to touch, or by being touched by the ball in the hands of a fielder, in the same manner as in running to first base.

In returning to a base on a foul ball the runner is not obliged to touch the intervening bases, thus; if the batsman hit a ball to the out-field on which he runs to third, and the ball be declared foul, the runner can return direct to home base, without retouching second and first.

SEC. 14. If, when the Umpire calls "Play," after any suspension of a game, he fails to return to and touch the base he occupied when "Time" was called before touching the next base.

The call of "Time" by the Umpire deadens the ball, and until "Play" is called, runners can not leave the bases they were holding when time was called.

WHEN BATSMAN OR BASE-RUNNER IS OUT.

RULE 49. The Umpire shall declare the batsman or base-runner out, without waiting for an appeal for such decision, in all cases where such player is put out in accordance with these rules, except as provided in Rule 48, Secs. 10 and 14.

The Umpire should be required to declare how the batsman or base-runner was put out in all cases. It is the most satisfactory.

COACHING RULES.

RULE 50. The Captains and coachers are restricted in coaching to the base-runner only, and are not allowed to address any remarks except to the base-runner, and then only in words of necessary direction; and no player shall use language which will in any manner refer to or reflect upon a player of the opposing club or the audience. To enforce the above, the Captain of the opposite side may call the attention of the Umpire to the offense, and upon a repetition of the same the club shall be debarred from further coaching during the game.

The noisy coaching in vogue last season is a nuisance the Umpire should put a stop to. It is plainly not "words in necessary direction," but is intended solely to annoy the pitcher. If the rule is violated, the penalty is that the side on which the fault lies is prohibited from further coaching during the game.

THE UMPIRE.

RULE 51. The Umpire shall not be changed during the progress of a game, except for reason of illness or injury.

HIS POWERS AND JURISDICTION.

RULE 52. SEC. 1. The Umpire is master of the field from the commencement to the termination of the game, and is entitled to the respect of the spectators, and any person offering any insult or indignity to him must be promptly ejected from the grounds.

SEC. 2. He must be invariably addressed by the players as "Mr. Umpire;" and he must compel the players to observe the provisions of all the playing rules; and he is hereby invested with authority to order any player to do or omit to do any act as he may deem necessary, to give force and effect to any and all of such provisions.

The power of deciding all points of play, whether covered by the rules expressly or not, is given the Umpire in Section 2 of the above rule, in which he is empowered to order any player "*to do or to omit to do*" any act he may deem necessary to give force and effect to the spirit of the Code of Rules. In fact, as stated in the rule —the Umpire is "*master of the field*" from the first innings of the game to the last.

SPECIAL DUTIES.

RULE 53. The Umpire's duties shall be as follows—

SEC. 1. The Umpire is the sole and absolute judge of play. In no instance shall any person be allowed to question the correctness of any decision made by him except the Captains of the contending nines, and no other player shall at such time leave his

position in the field, his place at the bat, on the bases, or players' bench, to approach or address the Umpire in word or act upon such disputed decision. Neither shall any manager or other officers of either club—except the Captains as before mentioned—be permitted to go upon the field or address the Umpire in regard to such disputed decision, under a penalty of a forfeiture of the game to the opposing club. The Umpire shall in no case appeal to any spectator for information in regard to any case, and shall not reverse his decision on any point of play on the testimony of any player or bystander.

This rule has hitherto been violated with impunity each season, and it is high time that it be strictly carried out to the letter. It expressly prohibits any player from speaking to the Umpire during a game except the Captain, and the latter even has no right to dispute a single decision in a game in which a simple error of judgment is alone involved, such as in the case of a base-runner being touched while off a base or not, or as to a ball delivered by the pitcher to the bat, he may justly or unjustly decide a called ball or a strike. In all such cases the Captain has no right to address a word to the Umpire under this rule, except to ask for judgment. The utter uselessness of disputing decisions involving only errors of judgment is shown in the fact that no such decision can be reversed. Only when the Umpire errs in his interpretation of the letter of any special rule can the Captain call for an explanation, or appeal for a reversal of the illegal

decision. It should be borne in mind that the penalty for a violation of this rule is forfeiture of the game.

SEC. 2. Before the commencement of a game, the Umpire shall see that the rules governing all the materials of the game are strictly observed. He shall ask the Captain of the home club whether there are any special ground rules to be enforced, and if there are, he shall see that they are duly enforced. *Provided,* they do not conflict with any of these rules. He shall also ascertain whether the fence in the rear of the catcher's position is distant ninety feet from the home base.

SEC. 3. The Umpire must keep the contesting nines playing constantly from the commencement of the game to its termination, allowing such delays only as are rendered unavoidable by accident, injury, or rain. He must, until the completion of the game, require the players of each side to promptly take their positions in the field as soon as the third man is put out, and must require the first striker of the opposite side to be in his position at the bat as soon as the fielders are in their places.

SEC. 4. The Umpire shall count and call every "unfair ball" delivered by the pitcher, and every "dead ball," if also an unfair ball, as a "ball," and he shall also count and call every "strike." Neither a "ball" nor a "strike" shall be counted or called until the ball has passed the home base. He shall also declare every "dead ball," "block," "foul hit," "foul strike," and "balk."

RULE 54. For the special benefit of the patrons of the game, and because the offenses specified are under his immediate jurisdiction, and not subject to appeal by players, the attention of the Umpire is particularly directed to possible violations of the purpose and spirit of the rules, of the following character—

SEC. 1. Laziness or loafing of players in taking their places in the field, or those allotted them by the rules when their side is

at the bat, and especially any failure to keep the bats in the racks provided for them; to be ready (two men) to take position as batsmen, and to remain upon the players' bench, except when otherwise required by the rules.

SEC. 2. Any attempt by players of the side at bat, by calling to a fielder, other than the one designated by his Captain, to field a ball, or by any other equally disreputable means seeking to disconcert a fielder.

SEC. 3. The rules make a marked distinction between hindrance of an adversary in fielding a batted or thrown ball. This has been done to rid the game of the childish excuses and claims formerly made by a fielder failing to hold a ball to put out a base-runner. But there may be cases of a base-runner so flagrantly violating the spirit of the rules and of the game in obstructing a fielder from fielding a thrown ball that it would become the duty of the Umpire, not only to declare the base-runner "out" (and to compel any succeeding base-runners to hold their bases), but also to impose a heavy fine upon him. For example: If the base-runner plainly strike at the ball while passing him, to prevent its being caught by a fielder; if he holds a fielder's arms so as to disable him from catching the ball, or if he run against or knock the fielder down for the same purpose.

CALLING "PLAY" AND "TIME."

RULE 55. The Umpire must call "Play," promptly at the hour designated by the home club, and on the call of "Play," the game must immediately begin. When he calls "Time," play shall be suspended until he calls "Play" again, and during the interim no player shall be put out, base be run, or run be scored. The Umpire shall suspend play only for an accident to himself or a player (but in case of accident to a fielder, "Time" shall not be called until the ball be returned to, and held by the pitcher, standing in his position), or in case rain falls so heavily that the spectators are compelled, by the severity of the storm, to seek shelter, in which case he shall note the time of suspension, and

should such rain continue to fall thirty minutes thereafter, he shall terminate the game; or to enforce order in case of annoyance from spectators.

The Umpire can not suspend play on account of rain, unless it rains so heavily that spectators are obliged to seek shelter from "the severity of the storm." An ordinary drizzle or a gentle shower does not produce this effect as a rule. "*Time*" can always be called by the Umpire to enforce order in case of any portion of the crowd becoming unruly.

RULE 56. The Umpire is only allowed, by the rules, to call "Time" in case of an accident to himself or a player, a "block," as referred to in Rule 35, Sec. 3, or in case of rain, as defined by the rules. The practice of players suspending the game to discuss or contest a decision with the Umpire, is a gross violation of the rules, and the Umpire must promptly fine any player who interrupts the game in this manner.

The Umpire must do more than fine a player or players who violate this rule. He must call "Play" immediately, and forfeit the game in favor of the side at fault, within one minute after play has been called, if the disputing of decisions does not cease within that time.

INFLICTING FINES.

RULE 57. The Umpire is empowered to inflict fines of not less than $5 nor more than $25 for the first offense on players during the progress of a game, as follows—

SEC. 1. For indecent or improper language addressed to the audience, the Umpire, or any player.

SEC. 2. For the Captain or coacher willfully failing to remain within the legal bounds of his position, except upon an appeal by the Captain from the Umpire's decision upon a misinterpretation of the rules.

SEC. 3. For the disobedience by a player of any other of his orders or for any other violation of these rules.

SEC. 4. In case the Umpire imposes a fine on a player, he shall at once notify the Captain of the offending player's side, and shall transmit a written notice thereof to the president of the association or league within twenty-four hours thereafter, under the penalty of having said fine taken from his own salary.

SEC. 5. A repetition of any of the above offenses shall, at the discretion of the Umpire, subject the offender either to a repetition of the fine or to removal from the field, and the immediate substitution of another player then in uniform.

Umpires did not enforce the rule last year, of removing an offending player from the field for repeatedly disputing an Umpire's decision, as they should have done. It is a very effectual rule against kickers, especially kicking Captains, who are nuisances on the diamond.

FIELD RULES.

RULE 58. No club shall allow open betting or pool selling upon its grounds, nor in any building owned or occupied by it.

RULE 59. No person shall be allowed upon any part of the field during the progress of the game (in addition to the players in uniform, the manager on each side, and the Umpire) except such officers of the law as may be present in uniform, and such officials of the home club as may be necessary to preserve the peace.

RULE 60. No Umpire, Manager, Captain, or player, shall address the audience during the progress of a game, except in case of necessary explanation.

RULE 61. Every club shall furnish sufficient police force upon its own grounds to preserve order, and in the event of a crowd entering the field during the progress of a game, and interfering with the play in any manner, the visiting club may refuse to play further until the field be cleared. If the ground be not cleared within fifteen minutes thereafter, the visiting club may claim, and shall be entitled to, the game by a score of nine runs to none (no matter what number of innings have been played).

There should be a rule in the code, as there is in the constitution of the league, prohibiting any player of a team from being party to any bet or wager on the game in which he participates.

GENERAL DEFINITIONS.

RULE 62. "Play" is the order of the Umpire to begin the game, or to resume play after its suspension.

RULE 63. "Time" is the order of the Umpire to suspend play. Such suspension must not extend beyond the day of the game.

RULE 64. "Game" is the announcement by the Umpire that the game is terminated.

RULE 65. "An Inning" is the term at bat of the nine players representing a club in a game, and is completed when three of such players have been put out as provided in these rules.

RULE 66. "A Time at Bat" is the term at bat of a batsman. It begins when he takes his position, and continues until he is put out, or becomes a base-runner; except when, because of being hit by a pitched ball, or in case of an illegal delivery by the pitcher, as in Rule 44.

RULE 67. "Legal" or "Legally" signifies as required by these rules.

SCORING.

RULE 68. In order to promote uniformity in scoring championship games, the following instructions, suggestions, and defini-

tions are made for the benefit of scorers, and they are required to make all scores in accordance therewith.

BATTING.

SEC. 1. The first item in the tabulated score, after the player's name and position, shall be the number of times he has been at bat during the game. The time or times when the player has been sent to base by being hit by a pitched ball, by the pitcher's illegal delivery, or by a base on balls, shall not be included in this column.

SEC. 2. In the second column should be set down the runs made by each player.

SEC. 3. In the third column should be placed the first-base hits made by each player. A base hit should be scored in the following cases—

When the ball from the bat strikes the ground within the foul lines, and out of reach of the fielders.

When a hit ball is partially or wholly stopped by a fielder in motion, but such player can not recover himself in time to handle the ball before the striker reaches first base.

When a hit ball is hit so sharply to an in-fielder that he can not handle it in time to put out the batsman. In case of doubt over this class of hits, score a base hit, and exempt the fielder from the charge of an error.

When a ball is hit so slowly toward a fielder that he can not handle it in time to put out the batsman.

That in all cases where a base-runner is retired by being hit by a batted ball, the batsman should be credited with a base hit.

When a batted ball hits the person or clothing of the Umpire, as defined in Rule 37.

SEC. 4. In the fourth column shall be placed sacrifice hits, which shall be credited to the batsman, who, when but one man is out, advances a runner a base on a fly to the out-field, or a ground hit, which results in putting out the batsman, or would so result, if handled without error.

FIELDING.

SEC. 5. The number of opponents put out by each player shall be set down in the fifth column. Where a striker is given out by the Umpire for a foul strike, or because he struck out of his turn, the put-out shall be scored to the catcher.

SEC. 6. The number of times the player assists shall be set down in the sixth column. An assist should be given to each player who handles the ball in assisting a run out or other play of the kind.

An assist should be given to a player who makes a play in time to put a runner out, even if the player who could complete the play fails, through no fault of the player assisting.

And generally an assist should be given to each player who handles the ball from the time it leaves the bat until it reaches the player who makes the put-out; or, in case of a thrown ball, to each player who throws or handles it cleanly, and in such a way that a put-out results, or would result if no error were made by the receiver.

ERRORS.

SEC. 7. An error shall be given in the seventh column for each misplay which allows the striker or base-runner to make one or more bases when perfect play would have insured his being put out, except that "wild pitches," "bases on balls," "bases on the batsman being struck by a pitched ball," or case of illegal pitched balls, balks, and passed balls, shall not be included in said column. In scoring errors of batted balls see Section 3 of this rule.

STOLEN BASES.

SEC. 8. Stolen bases shall be scored as follows—

Any attempt to steal a base must go to the credit of the base-runner, whether the ball is thrown wild or muffed by the fielder, but any manifest error is to be charged to the fielder making the same. If the base-runner advances another base he shall not be credited with a stolen base, and the fielder allowing the advancement is also to be charged with an error. If a base-runner makes

a start and a battery error is made, the runner secures the credit of a stolen base, and the battery error is scored against the player making it. Should a base-runner overrun a base and then be put out, he should receive the credit for the stolen base.

EARNED RUNS.

SEC. 9. An earned run shall be scored every time the player reaches the home base unaided by errors before chances have been offered to retire the side.

Earned runs should be charged against the pitching only on the basis of base hits made off the pitching, and should not include stolen bases or bases scored in any other way.

THE SUMMARY.

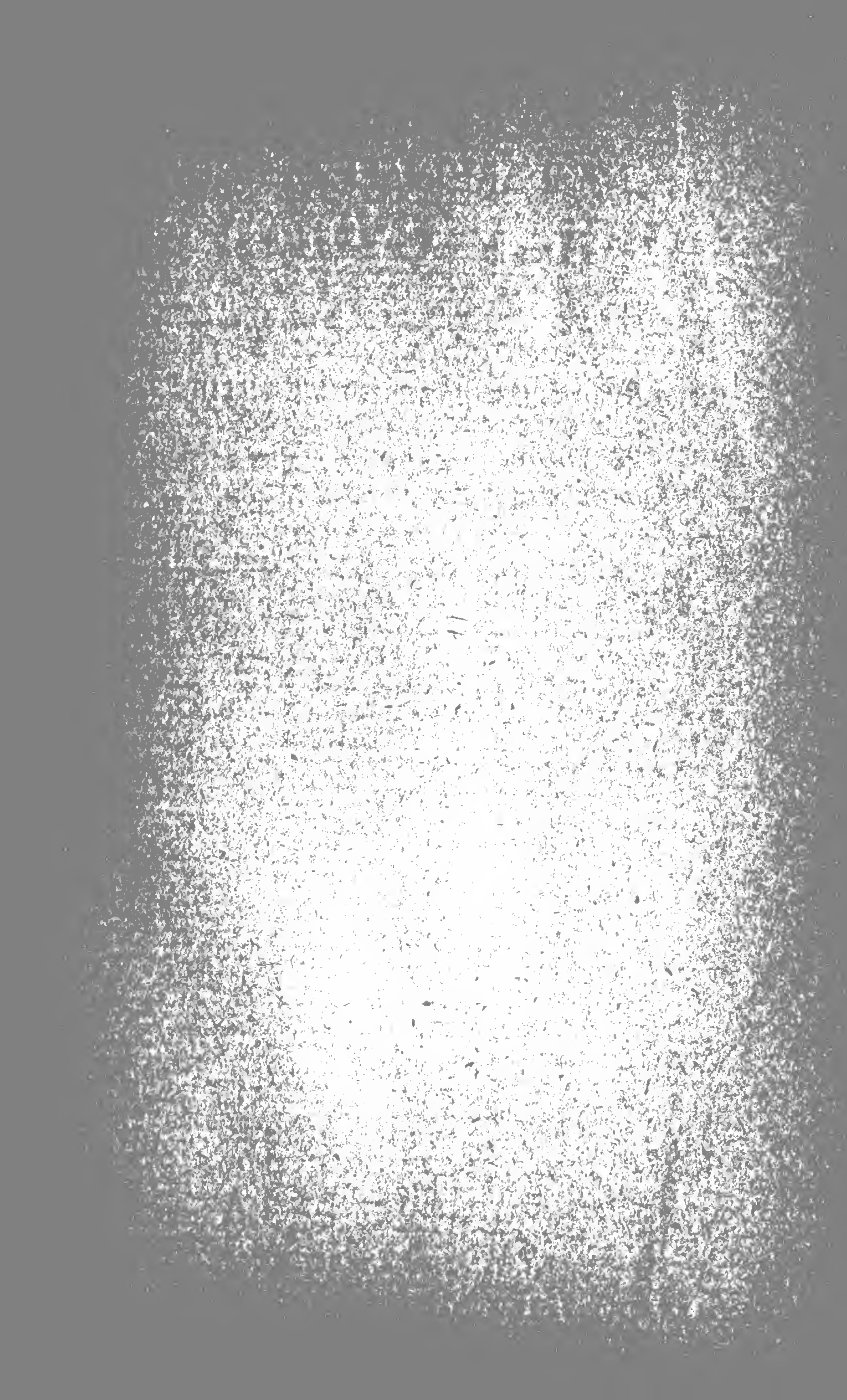
RULE 69. The summary shall contain—

SEC. 1. The number of earned runs made by each side.
SEC. 2. The number of two-base hits made by each player.
SEC. 3. The number of three-base hits made by each player.
SEC. 4. The number of home runs made by each player.
SEC. 5. The number of bases stolen by each player.
SEC. 6. The number of double and triple plays made by each side, with the names of the players assisting in the same.
SEC. 7. The number of men given bases on called balls by each pitcher.
SEC. 8. The number of men given bases from being hit by pitched balls.
SEC. 9. The number of men struck out.
SEC. 10. The number of passed balls by each catcher.
SEC. 11. The number of wild pitches by each pitcher.
SEC. 12. The time of game.
SEC. 13. The name of the Umpire.

By including in the summary the number of total bases made on base hits—such as two and three baggers and home runs—a premium is offered for record-playing at the bat. Assistances on strikes are not to be included in the record of fielding assistances. There should be a record added giving the figures of runs batted in by safe hits and legitimate sacrifice hits.

AMENDMENTS.

RULE 70. No amendment or change of any of these National Playing Rules shall be made, except by a joint committee on rules, consisting of three members from the National League and three members from the American Association; such committee to be appointed at the annual meetings of each of said bodies to serve one year from the twentieth day of December of each year. Such committee shall have full power to act, provided that such amendments shall be made only by an affirmative vote of the majority of each delegation.



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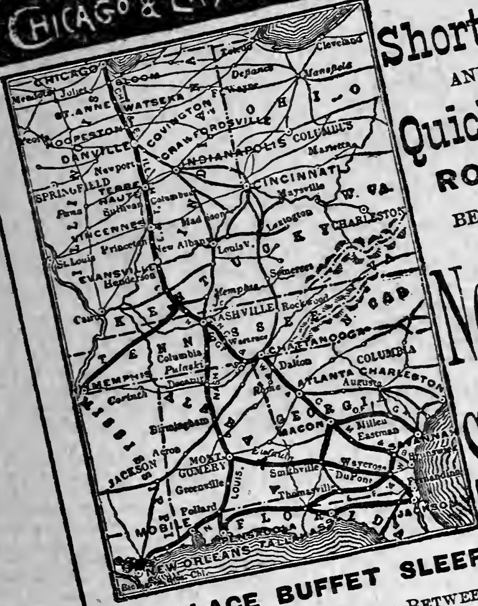

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