

News and Comment
Written by Experts

STAR-BULLETIN SPORTS

Edited By
L. REDINGTON

Big League Stories

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN



L—THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR ARM

From "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm and Other Tales of the Big League"

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WHENEVER a recruit joined the Blue Jays—that famous minor league club which sends so many youngsters to the big league and takes veterans in exchange—the first thing that the recruit was likely to ask was, "Which is him?"

Nobody pretended to misunderstand that question. The players would point out a tall, thin man, with a wrinkled forehead and hair turning gray at the temples, and the recruit would look him all with reverence and some awe in his eyes. "Him" was none other than the great and only Bruno Smelser, "Bruno" of the \$10,000 arm, and our fathers cheered themselves hoarse over him in the late eighties and early nineties.

As the recruit took in each detail of face and figure he would remember that this man was pitching so-bit games away back in the days and distant past when it was customary for the third baseman to wear a moustache, and the \$10,000 arm was a household phrase before the great pitchers of the present day were out of the kindergarten.

To do the recruits justice, it was not the sight of one of the former great ones of the diamond which moved them so strongly, but the thought that old Bruno was still pitching, winning ball—still getting away with it," as they said.

Bruno Smelser was a left hander. Check over the list of the great sportsmen of the past and present, and you will understand why ball players hold the firm belief that every phenomenal left hander is queer. Bruno was no exception to the general rule. He had a peculiar way of looking the amateur feelings of any fan who came to see him from the box side. It may be stated that there have been enough peculiar left handers in history to justify the belief that side-wheelers and loose screws usually go together.

If Bruno had an eccentricity it lay in the almost idolatrous worship which he bestowed upon his \$10,000 arm. If that be an eccentricity then a real fan is eccentric. It was nothing but the extravagant care which Bruno lavished upon his aged wing which made it possible for him to outlast every left hander in the business and all the right handers save one.

Charlie Grubb was the manager and team captain for the Blue Jays, who held his job in spite of the fact that he was always at war with the owner, Dave Bullen. Charlie did not have any particular love for Bruno and would have been glad to rid himself of the veteran, but the only time he mentioned this to Bullen he ran head first into a stone wall. Bullen did not often put his foot down, but when he did there was an end to the argument.

Dressed for public appearance, the old man would cajole some youthful catcher into accompanying him out behind the bleachers, where not a breath of air was stirring. Here he would shed his sweater and pitch for half an hour. If the arm "felt all right" he would work for forty-five minutes, after which he would put on his sweater again and watch the game from the sunny end of the bench.

On the second day the entire process would be repeated, and on the third, if all went well, he would come out from behind the bleachers with a broad grin on his face.

"She's there today, boys," he would say, by which he meant that the \$10,000 arm was ready to earn its salary.

By years of practice Bruno had acquired alarming proficiency in one trick which no pitcher was likely to steal from him. It was especially designed for catching a batter off his guard. Whenever Bruno began studying the ground in front of him Sullivan, his veteran catcher, would know what was coming. The old man would stand in the box, his eyes cast down and his head bent slightly forward. Suddenly and without raising his head to look at the batter he would take his step and deliver his "fast" ball, and nine times out of ten he would split the heart of the plate before the amazed batter could recover from his surprise.

Another neat trick of the sort required Sullivan's collaboration. Ordinarily foul balls against the grand stand were tossed back to the catcher by players from the bench. When Bruno worked Sullivan did his own retrieving. When Steve picked up the ball he would toss it back to Bruno, who would at once step into the box ready to pitch. Sullivan, regarding to the plate, would pick up

his mask where he had dropped it—always behind the batter and from six to ten feet away from the plate. An Steve picked up the mask he would address some remark to the batter calculated to extract a reply. If the batter turned his head to answer Sullivan would drop the mask and give into position, for the turn of the batter's head was Bruno's cue to aim the ball over for a strike.

Charlie Grubb, second baseman, with the team for six years and playing manager for four, found his trouble at last. A recruit from the wilds of Wyoming literally elbowed the boss out of his place at second. Charlie had no wish to become a bench manager, and he hung on as long as he could, but he could not conceal the fact that he was no longer hitting in the 275 class, and to make it worse, his legs were going



He Would Shed His Sweater and Pitch For Half an Hour.

(Picked by Eddie Plank, Athletics)

back on him. McTae, the Wyoming recruit, was not only a sensational infielder, but he could hit like a Delahanty, and he was a streak on the bases.

Two or three of the sporting writers started a campaign to drive Grubb to the bench and tampered away at him so viciously that the entire baseball population took up the cry, and when that happens it is the wise man who will step aside as quietly and unostentatiously as possible. Grubb was not wise.

He took to snoring at the reporters, and this was throwing gasoline on the fire. In the end the manager was forced to retreat and McTae got his chance—and made good.

Grubb began to brood over his troubles and fight with Dave Bullen. The manager went so far as to make threats against his persecutors, which crept into the sporting pages of the papers, and this was the situation when the Blue Jays came winging home for the four games which were to close the season. As luck had it, the four games were with the club which was crowding Grubb's men hard for the pennant—the Canaries, so called because it was believed that they had once shown a streak of yellow.

There was nothing yellow about the way the Canaries twiddled when they rolled into town, needing three games to win the flag. They modestly announced that they would win all four, and the local fans howled.

Nash led off for the Blue Jays, and the Beau won his game on cannon ball speed. Doc Bolcher went in for the second game and sustained a defeat in eleven innings.

On the third day poor Charlie Grubb offered his overladen back to the last straw. The score was a tie at three apiece when the Blue Jays began to hit in the eighth inning—began to hit with one out and Grubb coaching off third base. McTae and "Skeets" Tilford, the two heaviest hitters on the team, were coming up. McTae slammed a fast ball to center

EN SUE'S ANKLE IS GIVING HIM TROUBLE.

According to a postal received by the Star-Bulletin from En Sue, the fast center fielder of the traveling All-Chinese ball team, is in need of a rest, and has been invalidated for a few days to prepare him for future efforts.

En Sue writes:

"I am spending a few days here (Chicago) ahead of the team. On account of my weak ankle Sam Hop sent me here to rest up for our big battle with Chicago university. I was lucky to see the grand suffragette parade here a few days ago, between 11,000 and 15,000 being in line. All well, and aloha to all."

EN SUE.

YESTERDAY'S SCORES IN THE BIG LEAGUES

AMERICAN LEAGUE.
At Chicago—Washington 1, Chicago 0.
At Detroit—Detroit 3, New York 1.
At St. Louis—Boston 1, St. Louis 0.
At Cleveland—Philadelphia 1, Cleveland 0.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.
At Brooklyn—Chicago 5, Brooklyn 0.
At New York—New York 4, Pittsburgh 3.
At Boston—Cincinnati 6, Boston 0.
At Philadelphia—Philadelphia 5, St. Louis 3 (14 innings).

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE.
At Los Angeles—Venice 2, Portland 1.
At San Francisco—San Francisco 3, Oakland 2.
At Sacramento—Los Angeles 6, Sacramento 1.

How They Stand

AMERICAN LEAGUE.
(Standing May 15.)

W.	L.	Pct.
Detroit	37	8.760
Philadelphia	19	8.573
New York	10	10.500
St. Louis	11	12.482
Cleveland	14	14.349
Chicago	12	14.321
Boston	11	14.450
Cincinnati	8	15.348

NATIONAL LEAGUE.
(Standing May 15.)

W.	L.	Pct.
Pittsburgh	15	5.750
New York	10	4.714
Philadelphia	10	7.589
Brooklyn	9	8.523
Cincinnati	12	11.821
Chicago	10	13.435
St. Louis	10	16.344
Boston	3	14.176

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE.

W.	L.	Pct.
Venice	23	17.575
San Francisco	23	19.548
Sacramento	20	19.513
Los Angeles	20	20.500
Portland	15	19.441
Oakland	16	23.410

"How's everything in your house?" asked Smith. "Oh," replied Brown, "She's all right."—Mexican Herald.

was off around the bases like a deer. Jimmy McLennan, the Canary center fielder, played the ball off the fence, and when McTae was between second and third the dullest fan on the bleachers saw Jimmy relay to "Wingo" Jones, back of second base.

"Hold him; hold him!" howled "Fifty" Powell, who was coaching behind first base.

Grubb lost his head completely and signaled McTae to keep on to the plate, and the boy had no choice but to obey the manager. "Wingo" Jones whipped the ball home thirty feet ahead of McTae—as needless a slaughter as was ever seen on a professional diamond.

Coming from any coacher in the world, the blunder would have been inexcusable; coming from poor Charlie Grubb, it nearly precipitated a riot, and the demonstration swelled tenfold when "Skeets" Tilford drove out the single which should have scored McTae from third. And, if that were not enough, the Canaries banged out the winning run in their half of the ninth. Grubb's error of judgment—picking the kindest name for it—had thrown away a cinch on the pennant, and Heinie Pittman, who had pitched a remarkable game, came near weeping in the clubhouse.

That night 2,000 men and boys waited outside the park, and the police had to escort Grubb to the street car. A sensational evening paper, which had headed the campaign against Grubb, printed a savage attack upon him, in which it was stated that the manager had thrown the game in order to revenge himself upon the town.

Grubb, whose nerves were in rags, read this article. It was the finishing touch.

The next morning Dave Bullen was called out of his bed to answer the telephone. He was informed that his manager was seriously ill at his hotel.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

SIX TEAMS ARE TIED FOR FIRST IN ARMY LEAGUE

(Special Star-Bulletin Correspondence) ARMY LEAGUE.

W.	L.	Pct.
2d Infantry	10	1.500
1st Infantry	10	1.500
Field Artillery	10	1.500
Coast Defense	10	1.500
4th Cavalry	10	1.500
25th Infantry	10	1.500

PORT SHAFER, May 15—Twenty-fifth Infantry, 11, 2d Infantry 1.

Waterhouse and eight other positive reasons, and nine additional negative reasons for the defeat of the 2d by the 25th in yesterday's ball game. That makes a total of 18 reasons and it is safe to say that any seven of the reasons selected at random from the list would have given the game to the 25th by a fair score.

The 2d was not there yesterday in any department of the game and the 25th was decidedly present in every department, and the filled bleachers and additional spectators along the baselines were poorly repaid for their loyalty in rooting and attendance.

Sloan, for the 2d, though hit freely during the innings that he occupied the mound, was not supported in any sense of the word, and Easter, who was put in, had but little better backing. It was an off-day for everybody in the Shafter lineup. The first inning for the 25th netted five runs, as had been accurately predicted by Swinton when he trotted out to the coacher's box for the opening. Later, just to show that the trick could be repeated, they whooped five more around in one session and added a couple of additional ones for good measure. The long rally for Lieutenant Lyman's aggregation came in the ninth on a hit by Lyman, a lucky steal and Burton's hit. For the greater part of the time that the 2d was at bat their hitters were in a state of trance, while the 25th showed plenty of "pep" when in the batter's box and eluded everything from the first ball pitched by Sloan to the end of the chapter, and being good front runners they had a merry time.

It is but fair to the 2d to say that owing to circumstances the team has not been able to practice, but once since the last game played, and was further handicapped by the absence of its regular at first, although Lewis, who substituted, played well in the field. His four strikeouts were, however, no contribution.

Swinton, Williamson and Collins starred in the pleasing comedy, while Zuwanski at third for Shafter pulled one fast play on a bunt.

OUTLOOK BRIGHT FOR THE MYRTLE CLUB THIS YEAR

The Myrtle Boat club transacted the regular monthly business on Wednesday afternoon last, with President Ferdinand Schnack in the chair.

Eleven new members were added to the club's rapidly growing list, and Secretary Porter stated that he had more on the way and that pretty soon lockers would be at a premium. He requested the board to look into the matter of putting in fifty additional lockers right away, as he was up against it for accommodations.

Treasurer Bailey stated that never before in the history of the club was the exchequer in such fine shape.

Captain Crozier reported that he had over forty men under his wing handling the spruce, mostly very promising material, and also informed the meeting that he expected delivery of the new barge any day now. As soon as possible a date will be set for the christening ceremony, which will be handled by Mr. Charles A. Brown who has the privilege of naming the boat.

At the same time, Captain Crozier proposed to have the prepared boat used in the last regatta, named, and Colonel Sam Johnson, the well-known Myrtle veteran, has been called upon to furnish the necessary cognomen.

The Myrtles are at present rowing Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons, and also Sunday morning, and a cordial invitation is extended to all interested to visit the club house.

ROOSEVELT WILL WED MISS WILLARD JUNE 11

RICHMOND, Va.—The marriage of Miss Willard to Kermel Roosevelt will take place in Madrid June 11, according to a definite announcement contained in a cablegram from Ambassador Willard to friends here.

The Teacher—What good lesson do we learn from the story of Samson and Delilah? The Kid—That we ought to keep away from the lady barber.

—Kansas City Star.

O CORN-LESS JOY! "GETS-IT" FOR CORNS

Nothing in the World Can Beat It for Corns and Calluses.

Now try the different way, the new way, the absolutely sure way, the painless way of getting rid of those corns that have pestered the life and

IRON AND STEEL MEN DEMAND 6-HOUR DAY

COLUMBUS (O.)—A six-hour day is the ultimate demand of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of North America, according to the statement of John Williams of Pittsburgh, president of that organization, in an address before the annual convention which convenes here.

MARY GARDEN IS SUED BY OHIO MUSICAL CLUB

NEW YORK.—Mary Garden, who sailed for Europe on Monday, was sued for \$1000 by Ella Mary Smith, president of the Woman's Musical Club of Columbus, Ohio.

Hugh McIntosh and Other Sporting Men of Australia Here

The liner Ventura, from Australia, brought several sporting celebrities from the southland who spent the morning shaking hands with acquaintances in this city.

Hugh McIntosh, the father of the fight game in Australia, looking as young as ever, was one of the number. McIntosh sold out all his fight-promoting interests to "Snowy" Baker some time ago, and of late has devoted his time to theatrical ventures, but he still is a keen follower of the fist game. According to McIntosh there is more doing in Australian ringland than anywhere else on the map at the present time, and he predicts a great season.

Pat Brindley, an exponent of the many art, is a returning passenger to the United States. He has had a more or less successful trip to the antipodes.

F. W. Baker and H. Marsden, connected with the racing game, are also aboard.

HAWAIIAN POLO PONIES GET UNSTINTED PRAISE

Under pictures of two Hawaiian polo ponies, Carry the News and Helen C, the Chicago Daily News runs the caption, "Called World's Greatest Polo Ponies," and prints the following text:

The world's greatest polo ponies, as H. F. Whitney calls them, are now engaged at Georgian court, George Gould's country residence at Lakewood, N. J. In practice for the coming international polo match which will take place this summer. Both Carry the News and Helen C are Hawaiian bred, and only recently arrived at Roslyn, L. I. from Hawaii, from which place they were brought all the way to join the Whitney collection by Johnny Caspell. The ponies were shipped on April 23, with some fifty horses from winter quarters at Roslyn to the practice ground at Lakewood. The two ponies in tryouts were closely watched in their gallops after the ball, and nothing save commendation was heard over the tests.

THREE GAMES IN SCHOOL LEAGUE PROMISE SPORT

Honolulu School for Boys vs. Mills at Punahou.
Kamehameha vs. McKinley High School at Kamehameha.
Punahou Academy vs. St. Louis College at Moiliili.

There will be three games in the interscholastic championship baseball series Saturday afternoon, on the three fields about the city. There are only 10 more games to be played, and the fans figure that the last fight since Punahou beat the cadets will be for the second place.

Punahou has to play St. Louis, Mills and Honolulu School for Boys, but the followers of ball say that Punahou will find all these teams easy and will be able to hold its place at the top of the list.

The game at Punahou between the Honolulu and Mills School may result in a lop-sided score in favor of the latter, as the Millsers have played a fine class of baseball in their last few games. Iwasaki will pitch for the Manos team, while Yee will probably hold down the same job for the Kaimuki aggregation.

The Kam-McKinley game figures to be another one-sided affair, but the unexpected has happened so many times during the season that many are looking for the unexpected. The high school men think that if Brash will pitch they can win but since Brash wants to play on the second team he will pitch only five innings. The cadets have not been discouraged by their defeat at the hands of the Punahou bunch and are out to fight harder than ever. They will put up their best game Saturday, and hope to win.

If the Saints do not play any better than they did the last time they met Punahou, another one-sided score will be recorded. Janssen is the man who is going to see to it that his team plays a good game, so it looks like there will be no bad playing on the Moiliili Field. Inman will do the pitching for Punahou and Janssen for St. Louis.

Why is your little brother crying?

"Cause he didn't like my new suit." "But what difference does it make to him?" Lots. He knows he's got to wear it when I've finished with it."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

I Haven't seen Peggy since she left college. Did she succeed in getting a good position?

"Better! She succeeded in getting a husband with a good position."—Boston Transcript.

TONIGHT'S GAME MAY SETTLE THE CHURCH SERIES

INTER-CHURCH LEAGUE.

Methodists	P	W	L	Pct.
St. Andrews	9	3	1	.889
Fort. Evan	12	3	3	.750
Central Union	9	3	6	.333
Christian	5	2	7	.222
Christian	9	2	7	.222

Tonight's match between the Methodist and Christian churches will decide the winner of the second series in the Inter-Church Bowling League. St. Andrews has completed its schedule with nine victories out of twelve games. Their only chance of winning the series is for the Christians to capture tonight's contest.

Monday the Portuguese Evangelical and Central Union teams meet in the closing match of the series. This will decide possession of third place, in case the Methodists win tonight, a special series for the championship will be arranged by Manager Newcomb with St. Andrews, the winning team in the first half of the league season. The line-up for today's match is as follows:

Methodists—Milford, Capt. J. C. Chamberlain, A. B. Chamberlain, Tracy, Edgcomb and Mathew.
Christians—Fiseman, Capt. Harris, Evans, Eumms, Ellsworth and Harper.

TENNIS DOUBLES DOWN TO FINALS

In the last half of the semi-finals of Punahou Academy's doubles tournament, Allen Renton and John O'Dowd defeated Ray Graham and Ralph Gray by the score of 9-7, 3-6, 6-4.

The winners played superb tennis, and had it not been for weaknesses on their part, they probably would have taken the title. O'Dowd was right there with his backhand and hard drive, and much of the credit for winning should go to him.

Graham showed his prowess in a first-class fashion, while Gray surprised the spectators with the game he exhibited. Although the latter is rated as a poorer player, he played the hardest and won more of his serves than did his partner.

In the first set Graham and Gray went after their opponents full speed ahead, and all but won it. Graham's drives to the opposite corners of the court were puzzling to both on the other side of the net. However, O'Dowd and Renton got busy and won nine games to the other team's seven.

Although the losing couple won the next round, 6-1, the lop-sided score was due to fooling, and easy playing on the part of the Eys men. The last two sets saw Graham and Gray trying harder than ever to win but with no avail.

This afternoon the finals of the doubles tournament will be played between LaFollette and Eberole and Renton and O'Dowd.

Mrs. Parvane—That picture in the corner is by an old master. Mrs. Swartleigh—Indeed! I would never have guessed it. Mrs. Parvane—Yes, the man I bought it from gave me a written guaranty that the painter was past seventy-five before he did a stroke of it.—Stray Stories.

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(Picked by Eddie Plank, Athletics)

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