

# The Baseball League on the Stix.

## Being a History of the Most Remarkable Baseball Teams Ever Organized.

By Jim Nashim.

Now that the baseball season had got fairly under way, with all the teams in the league in action, it was a strange thing that nothing else was talked of, except of shades gathered on all the street corners and held impromptu fanning bees, and every new shade that arrived from the upper world said that the Stix had been chased clear out of the table by the new shade being hatched over there. This was explained to one new arrival by Mike Kelley, who said that he had played ball in Pittsburgh when Jake Beckley and "Doggie" Miller and that bunch of crap shooters were breaking all records for losing games, and that he couldn't get enough fans out in that town then to keep the gatekeeper from going to sleep.

"Take it from me," continued Mike, "if Pittsburgh ever scared up a baseball team that could hold a candle to the bunch we've signed up down here, they'd nail up the steel mills and let the town council ball swing on a vacation during the baseball season. Jimmy Galvin sitting over there; he can tell you something about Pittsburgh as a baseball town."

"But they've got a great baseball team in Pittsburgh now, Mike," said the new arrival. "You and Jimmy Galvin played there with a bunch that were hitting .400 against the harders every night. You never saw Hans Wagner smacking the boards in the outfield fences and denting up the whiskey ads till you can't read 'em, and you haven't seen Tommy Leach picking 'em out of the milky way with one hook, either. Baseball has humped along a peg or two up there since you used to swing around the circuit, Mike. If you'll excuse me for saying so."

"There you go with that bush league stuff," replied Mike. "Every one of you guys who come down here springs that spill a lot of chatter about the progress of baseball. You seem to think we're a bunch of has-beens down here. Mebbe we are, but mebbe you've heard of Hercules and Samson and Gollath," continued Mike. "I guess they're a bunch of has-beens all right, but let me tell you that when these guys smack the ball on the nose the residents of the next county all move into the cyclone cellar. That's the kind of has-beens we've got down here."

"There's always a lot of you guys coming down here spillin' this 'inside baseball' chatter. You're always handin' us a lot of gab about us oldtimers not knowin' 'inside baseball,' but when it comes right down to cases let me tell you that the kind of in-

side baseball that wins is slamm'n' the inside out of the baseball. The other fellows ain't got all the high brow stuff they want to, but if my team is steppin' up to the plate an' the pepperin' the whiskey ads on the outfield fences there ain't gonna be nothin' to it but us—you can take it from me. Gimme the hitters an' you kin have all of the fancy fielders an' 'inside baseball' that was ever invented."

"Now," concluded Mike, "if some of you guys who just got here and think that this guy Hans Wagner is a hitter come over to the field this afternoon when our fellows is warm'n' up. I'll show you some real big league hittin'." This guy Wagner is a bush league.

"Say, Buck," spoke up Christopher Columbus, addressing Buck Ewing, who had just joined the fanning bee on the corner. "did you read the story Thackeray had in this morning's paper about yesterday's game?"

"Yes," replied Buck. "I should say I did. That Thackeray's a nut. Who ever told that guy he was a writer, anyway? He might get away with the highbrow stuff all right, but take it from me, he's a rotten baseball writer. He don't know no base hit from no right uppercut. Guess he must have got away with a slick piece of four-fushin' when they stuck him in the Hall of Fame. Why, that guy couldn't pull down \$10 a week doin' baseball on a live sheet in a big league city. Tim Murnane has him skinned to death."

"I can't see where that stiff Thackeray gets off as a writer," put in Ed Deleahy, a money magnate.

"I'd like to see 'im holdin' down a job on the 'Police Gazette,'" Why, he's knockin' the game. He said in his story this morning that the kind of English used on the coachin' lines was disgraceful, and that it was a pity we couldn't find some form of entertainment that is a little more dignified, or else the coaches ought to be selected from a class of citizens what knows the English language. Fine lot of talk to come from a sportin' writer, I don't think."

"He says that instead of yellin' 'that-a-guy' ball players ought to be taught to say that is the gentleman, and that in conversing with the umpire durin' a game they ought to address him as sir and talk in modulated tones and in a pleasant tone of voice."

"Well, I guess that both Thackeray never talked to an umpire," said Mike Kelley. "What does a guy who never wrote about anything but pink teas and ping pong socials know about writin' sports anyway? They got a bunch of sportin' writers here with him an' that guy Homer an' Omar Khayyam an' Carlyle, ha'n't they? Charlie Dickens is the best of the bunch, 'cause a fellow kin tell what he's tryin' to write about an' he ha'n't afraid to write in a little common language. United States talk once in a while, but that Omar Khayyam is the limit! When a fellow tries to read his account of the game you can't tell whether it's the box score or a long meter-



MIKE KELLEY PILOTTED A PARTY OF NEWLY ARRIVED SHADES OVER TO THE BALL GROUNDS TO WATCH THE AFTERNOON PRACTICE.

Methodist hymn you're lookin' at."

"I see some of these writers are criticizin' you, Buck, for releasin' Narcissus," put in Columbus. "They say you shouldn't have kept him on the team to use on ladies' day, anyway, and it was worth the price of admission just to look at him."

"Well," replied Buck. "If they want to run a beauty show they got to get another manager. I don't know much about the beauty circuit, but I know that the average baseball fan don't give a tinker's darn if a player has a shape like the back of a hick and a map on him like a scrambled egg as long as he is there with the goods. And he can have Lillian Russell back clean off the boards for looks, but if he ain't there with the bells on when a hit is slamm'n' in his territory the fans are gonna call him forty different kinds of a dud. The fans ain't worryin' much whether a player is beautifin' the city to any great extent or not as long as he keeps diggin' 'em out of the dirt an' slamm'n' 'em

out with men on the bases. That's what he's there for, an' that's what he's got to do, an' his personal appearance don't cut enough ice with the fans to cool the beer at a Free Methodist camp meetin'."

"That's right," put in the latest arrival from Pittsburgh, "nobody ever heard of Hans Wagner winnin' any medals at a beauty show, but the fans all over the circuit up there would rather see that banded-legged Dutchman ploughed around in that infield than all the matinee idols that ever hired a press agent."

"Well," said Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, "it doesn't matter what a man's qualifications are, he's got to stick in his own sphere or he'll be considered what Americans call a dud. A man may be the most learned scholar and the brainiest person that ever lived, but if he goes out on a farm and shows that he doesn't know how to hitch up a horse the buckwhaters with the liacs under their chin are going to consider him a dunce. And a man may

be the greatest artist in his particular line that the world ever knew, and he amassin' a fortune for his family with his ability, but if he can't hang a picture straight for his wife or do a bit of plumbing on the water pipes or patch up the back steps for her when she wants it done she'll call him a dud."

"That's right," said Buck. "and when I'm tryin' to show the fans around this league a ball team you can gamble that I'm not gonna look through any picture books of halls of statuary to sign my players, I don't matter a continental what any Omar Khayyam or any other kind of yams says about it, either."

"Well," said Mike Kelley, "the Hornets an' the Stars are due for a little practice stunt this afternoon, an' it's about time now for it to come off. So if some of you fellows who just got up here an' think that the big league up above has us skinned to death 'I'll just walk over to the ball grounds along with me 'I'll show you

## A Miracle on the Diamond Every Minute or Your Gate Money Refunded.

some real big league ball players. Are you on any of you fellows?"

"Sure, Mike," said a shade who had just arrived from New York. "We've got a long time to stay here, an' we might as well try to put in the time the best we can. But I suppose it'll be a slow game after seein' this year's Giants play. Mr. Graw's got that team goin' some now, you know."

So Mike piloted a party of newcomers, consisting of two shades just arrived from New York, two from Pittsburgh and one each from Philadelphia, Chicago and Detroit, over to the ball grounds, where they took seats in the grandstand and watched the afternoon practice, it being an open date for all the teams in the league.

Both teams were on the field catching funnies and throwing the ball around the field when the party arrived. The spectacle presented by Geryones, the giant with six hands and six legs, who was turning wagon wheels around the infield and scooping up grounder from all corners of the diamond, set the newcomers off in a roar of laughter.

"Say, Mike," gasped one of the New York shades, "if I thought it was a ball team you was bringin' us to see instead of a side show."

"You'll find you're trimmin' your lamps on the great ball team you ever saw before you get through with it," growled Mike.

"Well," again gasped the shade from New York, "who the dickens is the human spider playin' short?"

"That's Geryones, the star infielder of the league," replied Mike, as Geryones filled the surrounding atmosphere with arms and legs and speared a hot liner over second that looked like a sure hit. "Can you beat him in that bush league of yours up above?"

"N—n—no," stammered the New York shade, "they're all human beings in that league up there."

"Who's the big guy hittin' funnies, Mike?" asked one of the shades from Pittsburgh.

"That's Hercules," replied Mike, "mebbe you've heard of him."

"Holy smoke," gasped one of the New York shades, "is that Tom Sharkey lookin' like a consumptive kid?"

"Yes," smiled Mike, "an' that other big guy slamm'n' 'em down to the infield so hard that they plough up the diamond is Samson, an' that thing that looks like the Flatiron Building out by first base is Gollath, an' the one-eyed catcher, who looks ath, an' the telegraph pole that is skipping is Cyclops, an' that kid who is skipping the clouds in the outfield is Mercury. Mebbe you guys have heard of 'em babies before, huh?"

"Y—y—yes," replied one of the Pittsburgh shades, "but we never heard of 'em as ball players before."

"That's because them old stiffs what knowed these fellows when they was on earth didn't know good baseball talent when they saw it," returned Mike. "It

## Pursuing Runaway Husbands Is Not So Exciting as It Seems

### For the Deserted Wives Often Make the Law Officer's Life a Burden.

Who had once been a newspaper man and therefore had a fellow feeling for the tale of the Charles Rice, Jr. was the member of Mr. Whitman's staff that I wanted to see; that he was the man who had charge of all the abandonment cases.

"I came to ask you," I began in my most lugubrious manner, "if many husbands desert their wives?"

"All of them!" announced Mr. Rice, with conviction.

"What?" I gasped.

"Well," he qualified, "perhaps not quite all, maybe it just seems that way to me now. In the year I've been here there has been one hundred and fifty cases of husbands deserting their wives, and I feel that I shall never be the same again!"

"Can it be as bad as that?" I murmured, sympathetically.

He took up a ponderous tome.

"You see this book?"

"I noted."

"Filled with complaints against runaway husbands," he said. "One hundred and fifty of them since May 1."

"Heavens! No wonder you're discouraged. You don't prosecute them all, do you?"

"No; we can't find some of them, others don't come under the law; but there are a fair number of prosecutions—and convictions. About 25 per cent of the prosecuted are convicted."

"What are their reasons for running away—principally?"

"That depends. All sorts of reasons, I suppose."

"The usual one being, possibly, that it is too much like work to support a family?" I said interrogatively.

Mr. Rice nodded.

### SHUFFLED OFF HIS CARES.

For instance, many a man, after acquiring a family of six or seven, finds the duty of supporting them too onerous. He disappears. In the old days his wife thereupon complained to the authorities that it was impossible for her to support the children. The children were then put into institutions and taken care of at the expense of the municipality. After which event the husband and father returned to raise a second family for the taxpayers to bring up.

This manner of procedure, while it may have made less of a burden to the father in respect, proved exceedingly expensive to the city, and has led the judges of the criminal courts in greater New York to the conclusion that prosecution and conviction in all abandonment cases is absolutely necessary if the evil is to be checked.

But it was to find out, if possible, how the law was working that I visited the District Attorney's office in the Criminal Courts Building.

When we were used to taking care of people who do not know their way about down there. The elevator man genially departed or me whether I was bound, and when I told him, said affably:

"You stick to me, lady, and you'll get there all right."

But I didn't—not then. I landed on the floor above, and blundered into the hallway of something or other, where I met a man who was perfectly lovely to me, and a nice man

fully investigate before spending the county money on a trial.

"I understand the law has brought back more than a hundred runaway husbands from other cities."

"About that, I should say."

"Are they ever glad to get back?"

"They don't appear to be—often."

There was a pause. For a moment I found myself sympathizing with the wretched wife with the unlicked beggar who had failed to make good his getaway, and who had been ignominiously brought back. I dismissed such an improper attitude of mind sharply.

"How about the wives," I asked, "are they glad to get them back?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And do you find them willing to prosecute?"

"Usually. Of course, they would prefer

working in Brooklyn, but she wasn't sure. "You're sure he's in the city, though?" he persisted.

**A USEFUL GLASS.**  
Waiter—Pardon, sir, but why do you use the magnifying glass?  
Patron—I want to make this steak look normal.  
Waiter—When you have finished with it, sir, will you be good enough to let me have it to try on the last tip you gave me?  
—Comic Cuts.



RICHARD MOTT, OF RIVERTON Driving to extra high in match with W. E. Shackelford for chief trophy at Atlantic City.



H. C. KIMBALL, OF ROCHESTER. Making a capital recovery from a sand hazard on third hole at Atlantic City.

to have their husbands support them to having them go to jail, but if it is a choice between having the man punished, and knowing where he is, or letting him go scot free?"

"Why, being merely human, they prefer to get even," I finished.

"That's about it," he laughed. "By the way, have you seen a copy of the law? Here it is, if you care to look at it."

**ONE OF THE VICTIMS.**  
He found the place in another big book and I began to read. Just then one of the abandoned and destitute wives insisted on seeing Mr. Rice immediately, and for a moment I did not know whether I ought to go or not. But she didn't mind me, not in the least. I think, on the contrary, she was rather glad of an audience.

She had been there before. She was rather a pretty woman, who didn't look destitute, but she had been obliged to take her children and go back to her own people to live. She carried in her arms a pretty blue-eyed two-year-old, a healthy, cheerful little kiddie of an exploring turn of mind.

"When we all became most absorbed in the mother's voluble chronicle of her woes Master Baby, who had slid down from her lap, discovered a letter in the mail box on the door and wanted to investigate it thoroughly. He was stopped just in time to rescue the missive from annihilation."

I looked at Mr. Rice, who merely sighed, took his letter from the small vaudal and proceeded with his questions.

"Haven't you any idea where your husband is?" he asked, patiently.

No, she hadn't. She thought he might be

Well, he might be—then again, he might not. But the detective ought to find him and make him support her.

There was already a warrant out for his arrest, it seemed, and Mr. Rice assured her that all that was possible was being done, and that eventually they would get him. Then she had a few ideas of her own on the subject to which Mr. Rice listened sympathetically and patiently, whereupon she settled down to an afternoon's gossip on the merits of the case.

**SO HE FROZE HER OUT.**  
Mr. Rice froze, gently, quietly, convincingly. After a few moments of this process she took her departure.

"Do they always bring the babies?" I asked.

"Usually. Sometimes it's quite exciting. The other day there were two in here, and while our attention was distracted by one of them, the other upset the ink bottle over our book of the records of cases. Oh, they're a lively lot!"

"But you're very patient," I said. "You were awfully nice to that woman."

"But she was ready to stay all afternoon," he said plaintively. "That's the trouble. We do feel sorry for them—no one can help it and be happy—but if we show any sympathy at all they just camp out here. I sometimes feel when some particularly pathetic case comes in that I fall utterly to be properly decent and sympathetic, but one really can't accomplish the work to be done here that way."

He looked troubled for the moment. But it was a self-evident proposition. No one

chances improving rapidly in their game, while the fortunate duffers still stick in the hole, handcap, and for all their practice on one day of the week.

One is inclined to think that the explanation lies in the ability of the improving players to use all their clubs with an almost equal degree of skill. The average duffer can usually handle one club tolerably well and all the rest extremely bad, and in nine cases out of ten he gets into the stupid habit of regarding this particular club as his standby and using it on all occasions of importance in and out of season.

A visit to any busy course on any Saturday afternoon will bring about a full realization of the meaning of this. Numerous duffers will be seen using their iron clubs both off the tee and through the green. Question one of them, and the humiliating confession will be made that he despairs of using his drivers and brassies well, but that he can usually get more or less satisfactory distance by the application of trusty iron weapons. To question one of these players further will be to learn that in every bog burn the beacon fire of hope that a single figure handicap lies not many months ahead.

**CASE ALMOST HOPELESS.**  
For this class the golfing future holds little but disappointment and heartakeness. They may continue to use their irons and even to gain a certain degree of proficiency with them, but they ever so skillful with the cleek, iron and mashie, they can never hope to emerge successful from struggles with men whose command over those clubs

## Much Practice Is Needed to Unravel Golf's Endless Chain.

By F. C. Puffer.

**CHAPTER VI.**  
The golf student doubtless has had the secret of success explained to him in many ways, and most of us who take a passing interest in driver and iron have pet theories of our own. Unquestionably, as regards the great professionals and the leading amateurs, a word of meaning lies in the little word, "practice," but in the case of useful players of the second and third classes that particular idea will not do at all.

There are thousands of amateurs who enjoy nearly as much practice as falls to the share of even the favored few, yet who, despite their lavish opportunities, remain chronic "foolers" and never improve so much as half a stroke from year to year. There must be something radically wrong with such people. We see climates of theirs who have nothing like the same

amount of left is as useful a club as any. A cleek may often be employed with telling effect. Braid uses such a club, its distinguishing feature being the concentration of weight in the centre. When truly hit, the rubber core leaves this club with a gratifying sweetness.

Again, when a strong wind is blowing it is often advisable to use the cleek, though in this case one may see some clever work done with the mashie. Shots of this nature into a head wind require to be played with great boldness; indeed, at one period of the stroke the ball may often be several feet or so past the flag; the force of the wind will then cause it to fall perpendicularly and it may drop dead.

In playing this shot the amateur usually falls through lack of boldness. He must put plenty of "stuffing" into the stroke. If he should be afraid of going too far he will usually find he is woefully short, probably in the bunker if one guards the green.

### COLD CALCULATION.

"Going to take summer boarders this year?"

"Yep," answered Farmer Cottosold.

"We don't need the money, but it's a good idea to have a lot of folks around to share the mortgage bites and lower the average."—Washington Star.

### WILL NEVER KNOW.

Reynour: It is better to be right than President.

Ashley: Is it? How do you know?

Reynour: Never been either, and never will be.—Chicago News.

By constant study of the whole outfit, from driver to putter, he can in course of time achieve a handicap of something in the neighborhood of nine or ten, but if he persistently allows the cobwebs to accumulate on his driver and brassie he will, like the lady in the song, "never get beyond eighteen."

### MUST BOW TO NO CLUB.

With the man who is handy with all his clubs the case is different. Given inherent natural advantages and moderately regular practice, even once or twice a week sufficing, he is bound to develop, but to do so he must swear allegiance to no particular club, his favorite being each one in its bag.

When a man has passed through the various initial stages of golf he usually begins to devote serious attention to the finer points of the game, and under this head must be classed the short approach. Whenever the low handicap player finds himself within fifty yards from the green his aim is to lay the ball within easy executing distance at the next stroke. In various instances, even among first class players, one man swears by the cleek, another by the mashie, while clubmakers have devoted special attention to irons for this department of the game. The despairing player who is "off" his short game is offered a bewildering assortment of implements for laying the ball dead from the

fifty-yard range.

Practice alone will determine which club the player may use with best effect for this delicate and telling stroke. Although under ordinary conditions he may stick to one club, he may do well to adapt himself to playing the shot with one or two others. As to the club to be used under ordinary conditions, it may be a mashie, mashie iron, niblick, cleek, figger or niblick. The condition of the course, the weather, the surroundings of the green and the lie will all have a direct bearing on the choice of weapon.

### A CASE IN POINT.

Assuming, for instance, that a player is faced with an approach to a green surrounded with the hummocky kind of ground that renders the stroke one of extreme difficulty. Here, it is obvious, that he will desire to pitch his ball on the green in preference to playing the run-up stroke, where the ball is to fall short of the green and run the rest. Under the circumstances such a shot is not to be thought of. The ball might easily hit the face of a hummock and stop dead, or else fly off at a tangent. The pitch shot is thus necessary, and this may be played with mashie or niblick. The latter is the better choice for this variety, and with it the player can afford to pitch well up to the flag.

Where the approach ground is flat and no hazards intervene the run-up stroke is to be preferred. In playing this shot the golfer has the choice of several clubs. He may use a mashie, iron or a cleek. A selection is usually made from the last two, and perhaps a good midiron with a medium

### RUNAWAY HUSBANDS.

Continued from fourth column.

who comes into daily contact with the unfortunate and unhappy of a great city has this can afford to explode in sympathy over each individual case. If he did there would be nothing left of him for the work of relieving such distress as is measurable. This last one didn't seem so bad."

"There are dreadful cases, particularly on the East Side. Families are abandoned under most tragic circumstances. I really don't know what would become of them if the city didn't so often step in and do something for them."

Again Mr. Rice reflected on the peculiar character as a chronicler of one's most casual conversation.

### APPEAL FOR THE BACKGROUND.

"Now, please don't make me say anything heroic," he besought. "When I first came here, rather an interesting bigamy case came up, and the reporters came to me for the story. I told them about it, thinking it would amount to a paragraph or so, and the next day it proved to be a two-column story. I've never recovered from the shock. To be pitched into the limelight like that when you don't in the least expect it is awful."

"This was evidently sincere, and it didn't make my next step a bit easier, either."

"By the way," I said, as casually as possible, "the editor told me to be sure to get your picture."

"My last editor looks more like a runaway husband than anything else," he replied, laughing. "You might run it under that caption and label it 'a horrible example.'"

"You know editors do terrible things to writers who return with a story and no picture," I went on ingratiatingly.

"No, really?" Mr. Rice looked really alarmed now, and very firm. "I wouldn't not for anything in the world. I'm awfully glad, of course, to help you to any information about the story you have to write, but I couldn't have my picture in the paper. It would look as if I took myself seriously and—well, that. And you will be careful what you make me say, won't you?"

So I left him to the mercy of the rows of destitute and deserted women waiting outside his door.

### AUTOISTS FLOCK TO BRONXVILLE.

Four hundred automobilists arrived at the Hotel Gramatan, Bronxville, last Sunday for dinner. Miss Rachel Robinson of Mount Vernon, the private banquet hall, Saturday afternoon. Miss Henrietta A. Whiteley, of Brookville, entertained fourteen luncheon, Tuesday the Minerva Club of New York City will give a luncheon in the large dining room. Bridge will be played after luncheon in the ballroom.

GEORGINA EARLE.