

Umpires Who Will Listen to Argument and Those Who Will Not—The Umpire a Necessary Evil to the Luxury of Baseball—Some Stories by the Men Who Make the Decisions.

(Copyright, 1912, by Christy Mathewson.) When the Giants were swinging through the West last year on the final trip the club played three games in Pittsburgh, with the pennant at that time only a possibility more or less remote.

The first contest of the series was on Saturday afternoon before a crowd that packed the gigantic stands which surround Forbes Field. The throw was to see the Pirates win because they were the Pirates and the Giants beaten because they were the Giants and were sticking their heads up above the other clubs in the race.

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most ball players regard umpires as their natural enemies, as a boy does his school teacher. But Bill Klem has friends, because I have seen him with them, and besides he has a constant companion, which is a calabash pipe. And Billy Evans of the American League has lots of friends. And most of all of the umpires have some one who will speak to them when they are in the field.

These men in blue travel by themselves, live at obscure hotels apart from those at which the ball teams stop, and slip into the ball parks unobtrusively just before game time. They never make friends with ball players off the field, for fear that there might be a breath of scandal. Seldom do they take the same train with a club unless it cannot be avoided. Hank O'Day, the veteran of the National League staff, and Brennan, took the same train out of Chicago with the Giants last fall because we stopped in Philadelphia for one game and they had to be with us.

There are several types of umpires, and ball players are always studying them to find out the best way to treat each man. There are the autocrats and the good fellows and the weak kneed ones, almost as many kinds as there are human beings. The autocrat of the umpire world is Silk O'Loughlin, now appearing with a rival show.

There are no close plays, says Silk. "A man is always out or safe, or it is a ball or a strike, and the umpire, if he is a good man, is always right. For instance, I am always right."

He refuses to let the players discuss a decision with him, maintaining that there is never any room for argument. If a man makes any talk with him, it is quick to the shower bath. Silk has a voice that is proud and declares that he shares the honors with Caruso and that it is only his profession as an umpire that keeps him off the grand opera circuit.

Always he wears the high right hand, which is his salary decision. It is some cracked ice that sparkles in the sunlight every time he calls a man out. Many American League players assert that he would rather call a man out than safe so that he can shimmer his diamond, but again they are usually influenced by circumstances. Such is Silk, well named.

Corresponding to him in the National League is Billy Klem. He wears a Norfolk jacket always because he thinks it more stylish, and perhaps it is, and he refuses to don a wind pad. Ever notice him working behind the bat? But I am going to let you in on a secret. That chest is not all his own. Beneath his jacket he carries his armor, a chest protector, and under his trouser legs are shin guards. He insists that all players call him "Mr. K." He says that he thinks maybe next year his name will be in the Social Register.

Larry Doyle thought that he had received the raw end of a decision at second base one day. He ran down to first, where Klem had retreated after he had passed his judgment. "Say, Bill," exploded "Larry," "that man didn't touch the bag—didn't come within six feet of it."

"Say, Doyle," replied Klem, "when you talk to me call me Mr. Klem." "But Mr. Klem—" amended Larry. Klem hurriedly drew a line with his foot as Doyle approached him menacingly.

"If you come over that line you're out of the game, Mr. Doyle," he threatened. "All right," answered Larry, letting his pugilistic attitude evaporate before the abruptness of Klem as the mist does before the classic noonday sun, "but Mr. Klem, I only wanted to ask you if that clock in center field was right by your watch, because I know everything about you is right."

Larry went back grinning, and considering that he had put one over on Klem—Mr. Klem.

For a long time Johnny Evers of the Chicago club declared that Klem owed him \$5 on a bet he had lost to the second baseman and had neglected to pay. Now John when he was right could make all sorts of unempirical goat leap from crag to crag and do somersaults en route. He kept pestering Klem about that measly \$5 bet, not in an obstructive way, you understand, but by such delicate methods as holding up five fingers when Klem glanced down on the coaching lines where he was stationed or by writing a large 5 in the dirt at home plate with the butt of his bat.

Next comes the umpire, Hank. He is the stubborn kind, or perhaps "he is the stubborn kind" would be better, as he is now manager. He is bull headed. If a manager gets after him for a decision he is likely to go up in the air and, not meaning to do it, call close ones against the club that has made the kick, for it must be remembered that umpires are only "poor weak mortals after all."

Let me see if I can get a shooting match, John? he asked McGraw as he passed him. "No, Bob, you're all right. I give it to you," answered McGraw, who had long forgotten his slur on Emalie's eyesight.

Emalie is the sort of umpire who rules by the bond of good fellowship rather than by the voice of authority. Old boy has one "groove," and it is a personal matter about which he is very sensitive. He is under cover. It is no secret or I would not give way on him. But that luxuriant growth of hair appropos comes off at night like his collar

and necktie. It used to be quite the fad in the league to "josh" Bob about his wig, but that astute has sort of passed now because he has proved himself to be such a good fellow.

I had to laugh to myself, and not boisterously, last year when Mr. Lynch appointed Jack Doyle, formerly a first baseman and a hot headed player, an umpire and scheduled him to work with Emalie. I remembered the time several years ago when Doyle took offense at Bob's decision, and wrestled him all over the infield trying to get his wig off and show him up before the crowd. And then Emalie and he worked together like Damon and Pythias and Klaw and Erlanger and the Siamese twins. The business makes strange bedfellows.

Emalie was umpiring in New York one day in the season of 1909, and the Giants were playing St. Louis. A wild pitch hit Emalie over the heart and he wilted down, unconscious. The players gathered around him, and Brennan, who was catching for St. Louis at that time, started to help Bob. Suddenly the old umpire came to and started to fight off his first aid to the injured corps. No one could understand his attitude as he struggled to his feet and strolled away by himself, staggering a little and apparently dizzy. At last he came back and gamely finished the business of the day. I never knew why he fought with the men who were trying to help him until several weeks later when we were playing in Pittsburgh. As I came out from under the stand Emalie happened to be making his entrance.

"Say, Matty," he asked me, "that time in New York did my wig come off? Did Brennan take my wig off?" "No, Bob," I replied, "he was only trying to help you."

I thought maybe he took it off while I was down and out and showed me up before the crowd," he apologized. "Listen, Bob," I said, "I don't believe there is a player in either league who would do that, and if any youngster tried it now he would probably be locked."

Emalie was the old man as he picked up his wild pad and prepared to go to work. And he called more had ones on me that day than he ever had in his life before, but I never mentioned that wig.

EMALIE HAS THEIR OFF DAYS. Most umpires declare that they have off days just like players, when they know that they are making mistakes and cannot help it. If a pitcher of Mordecai Brown's kind, who depends largely on his control for his effectiveness, happens to run up against an umpire with a bad day he might just as well go to the bench.

Brown is a great man to work the corners of the plate, and if the umpire is missing strikes he is forced to lay the ball over, and then the batters whang it out. Johnstone had an off day in Chicago this last season when Brennan was working and couldn't see a strike unless the ball cut the plate.

"What's the use of me tryin' to pitch, Jim," said Brown, throwing down his glove and walking to the bench disgusted, "if you don't know a strike when you see one?"

Sometimes an umpire who has been good will go into a long slump when he can't call things right, and he knows it. Men like that get discouraged as a pitcher who goes bad. There used to be one in the National League who was a pretty fair umpire when he started and seemed to be getting along fine until he hit one of those slumps. He was calling everything wrong, and he knew it. At last he quit, and the next time I saw him was in Philadelphia in the last world's series. He was a policeman.

"Hello, Matty!" he shouted at me as we were going into Shibe Park for the first game there. "I can call you by your first name now," and he waved his hand real friendly. The last conversation I had with that fellow, unless my recollection fails me entirely, was anything but friendly. Funny I can't think of his name.

Umpires have told me that sometimes they see a play one way and call it another, and as soon as the decision is announced they realize that they have called it wrong. The malady has put more than one umpire out. A man on the National League staff has informed me since that he once called a hit fair that was palpably two feet foul in one of the most important games ever played in baseball when he saw the ball strike on foul ground.

"I couldn't help saying, 'Fair ball,'" declared this man, and he is one of the best in the National League. "Luckily," he added, "the team against which the decision went won the game."

Many players assert that it is close, not because he is dishonest but because he has a certain personal feeling which he cannot overcome. And the funny part about it is that Tenney does not hold this against Klem.

Humorous incidents are always occurring in connection with umpires. We were playing in Boston one day three years ago and the score was 3 to 0 against the Giants in the ninth inning. Becker knocked a home run with two men on bases and it tied the score. With men on first and third bases and one out in the last half of the ninth a Boston batter tapped one to Merkle which I thought he caught in the glove and it was simply easy to double the runner up off first base, who also thought Merkle had trapped the ball and started for second. That retired the side and we won the game in the twelfth inning, whereas Boston would have taken it in the ninth if Johnstone had said the ball was trapped instead of caught on the fly.

It was a very hot day and those extra three innings in the box knocked me out. I was sick for a week afterward and my stomach trouble and my head aches and my nerves made our next stop. That was a case of where a decision in my favor "made me sick."

Tim Hurst, the old American League umpire, was the most picturesque judge that ever spun an indicator. He was a sort of who would take a player's glove and throw it at him. He was a runner on first base.

"The man started to steal," says Tim. He was telling the story only the night before in a poolroom in New York, and it is better every time he does it. "As he left the bag he spiked the first baseman and that player was running. I other the champion runner blocked the runner and in sliding into the bag he tried to spike Hugh Jennings, who was playing short stop and covering. While Jennings sat on the ground the runner was sliding. The batter hit Robinson, who was catching, on the hands with his bat so that he couldn't throw, and Robbie trod on his glove and he was called out. I saw him run and there was a runner on first base."

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VACHTSMEN PREPARE FOR A BUSY SEASON Covers to Come Off Soon and Work of Fitting Out Vessels Will Begin.

GRAVESEND BAY COURSES Extraordinary Record of the British Cutter Arrow Built in 1821—New Yachts of 15 Meter Class.

In a few weeks now the covers will be removed from many yachts stored in yards near the city and the work of fitting out will